

MOONBEAM CITY

"Mall Hath No Fury"

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DRAFT TWO

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TEASER

OPEN ON: a pleasant PSA- it feels public access TV circa 1987. There's bubbly Gloria-Estefan-esque stock music, full of synths and steel drums.

VOICEOVER

*Moonbeam City! From the relaxing
shores of the Moonbeam Bay....*

CUT TO: people roller-blading and hang-gliding. Sexy bikini butts on the beach. An overload of palm trees.

Everything's neon pink and teal. All the people are pale and angular, straight off a Patrick Nagel painting or a Duran Duran album cover.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

*To the highest heights of the
Observatorb...*

CUT TO: a giant round observation tower. The city's full of blocky, futuristic skyscrapers- it's like Miami meets Dubai meets EPCOT Center.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

*There's no place more fun, or more
safe!*

CUT TO: PIZZAZ MILLER- a beautiful, austere woman. She's surrounded by police officers.

PIZZAZ MILLER

*I'm Pizzaz Miller, new chief of the
Moonbeam City police. We're committed
to keeping Moonbeam City safe...*

ALL OFFICERS

For YOU!

BLAM! Glass shatters! A brick has smashed the TV playing the PSA, and the window of this. Two ski-masked thugs rush in and grab everything inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOONBEAM CITY GHETTO- NIGHT

The real Moonbeam City. It's a complete and utter mess. Everything that isn't covered in graffiti is on fire. A screaming man goes flying out of the Observatorb.

We pass a PROSTITUTE passed out on a fire hydrant at a spinally impossible angle. A terrifying 9-YEAR-OLD with an eyepatch cocks a big old shotgun.

We settle on an OLD LADY, walking nervously. A THUG (with a big scar on a big fucked-up eye) runs up and grabs her purse.

OLD LADY

No! My pills are in there!!

THUG

Yeah. And your lighter.

He pulls out the lighter and sets her on fire.

OLD LADY

AAAAAAHHHH!

The thug yanks the purse away from the flaming lady. He smiles as he ducks into an alley.

Suddenly, a hard-boiled GANG MEMBER appears. He's got big muscly tattooed arms under a torn up denim vest.

GANG MEMBER

Hold it right there, *esse*.

He pulls out a bat. The thug stops in his tracks.

GANG MEMBER (CONT'D)

You got some nerve, makin' un ruckus
en mi ciudad.

THUG

This your turf or something?

GANG MEMBER

You might say that.

In a flurry, the gang member rips off his wig and mustache. He tears away his muscly arms to reveal a peach blazer. He even tears away his bat - it was a gun in disguise.

He's actually undercover detective DAZZLE NOVAK! He's ruggedly handsome with an arrogant swagger, somewhere between Sonny Crockett, Prince, and Ryan Gosling in *Drive*. He flashes his badge.

DAZZLE

Dazzle Novak. Moonbeam City Police.

Hope your brain's hungry. It's having
bullets for dinner.

He fires.

CUT TO BLACK.

It briefly feels like a cool act break. But then we return to...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Dazzle missed. A pigeon drops to the ground, smoking. Dazzle lowers his gun.

DAZZLE

Lucky break, fartbag. But I got one
bullet left. I only used most of 'em
on that car.

CUT TO: a nearby car with 200 bullet holes, sloppily forming a dick shape.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Brain Splat Diner.

Tonight's special is *you*.

He fires again. A street lamp bursts into sparks. Now it's pitch black.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Do you have any bullets?

The thug runs. Dazzle's left in the dark.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Crap.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**VARIOUS LOCATIONS- TV NEWS REPORT**

Amateur video of rampant destruction. An army of escaped prisoners marches through the streets. Lunatics shoot flame-throwers out of stolen police cars.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Tonight, the city is under siege at the hands of a petty thug turned warlord. Overnight, he turned \$42 of purse money...

CUT TO: evidence photo of the purse the thug stole earlier.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

... into an empire of drug trafficking, arms dealing, and infant neglecting.

CUT TO: babies crawling alone on the sidewalk. There's huge crude banners clearly depicting the thug from earlier- he's got the same crazy eye and scar.

CUT TO: swarthy news anchor at his desk (GENESIS JONES).

GENESIS JONES

The madman answers to the name "El Diablo Malo", or "The Bad Devil". A nickname that is uncreative, yet terrifying.

The TV fuzzes off.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PIZZAZ'S OFFICE- MORNING

Police chief Pizzaz Miller. Her friendly demeanor from the PSA is gone. She glares sternly at Dazzle, who's completely vacant and hungover.

PIZZAZ

Are you pleased with yourself?

DAZZLE

No more than usual.

PIZZAZ

Makes sense. All you did was let one
guy escape, and now he's RUNNING THE
GODDAMN CITY!

DAZZLE

Not the *whole* city. Just Upper Midtown
and Lower Downtown and Middle Uptown
Lowtown. Besides, that's all poor
people.

PIZZAZ

And where exactly were you in the
midst of all this?

DAZZLE

I was pursuing some promising leads.

FLASHBACK:

INT. NIGHTCLUB- NIGHT

Dazzle is getting three lap dances at once. He's surrounded
by a dozen club sleazebags and coked-up girls. He shouts over
the throbbing music.

DAZZLE

Legally, I can make any three people
here do each other.

The world's sketchiest, skinniest girl steals his police
badge. She uses the badge to cut a line of coke.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Take it, show your friends. Who wants
some?

Dazzle blasts a vodka bottle open with a gun. It shatters
into pieces. He sips from a broken shard.

BACK TO:

INT. PIZZAZ'S OFFICE- DAY

PIZZAZ

How long is this going to last?

DAZZLE

As long as heartless crooks have
snakes for hearts.

PIZZAZ

No, *this*.

CUT WIDE: Dazzle's still getting lapdances from three
strippers.

DAZZLE

I paid for 48 hours.

PIZZAZ

Get your skanks out of here!

DAZZLE

Hey, they have names! Probably. (*to
girls*) Keep dancing, I'll meet you in
the mens' room.

The skanks dance-walk out.

PIZZAZ

Things have changed around here,
Dazzle. Sure, back before your daddy
died, you were set.

CUT TO: a painting on the wall of the former police chief, RAZZLE NOVAK. He looks exactly like Dazzle but with an ill-fitting grey beard. Dazzle looks up at him mournfully.

PIZZAZ (CONT'D)

You could just skate on by, right down Easy Street. Well guess what? You're gonna need sharper skates, because Easy Street is on fire.

DAZZLE

Cut to the chase, scorpion.

PIZZAZ

You need to focus. And I'm gonna help, by revoking some distractions. Like your gun.

She grabs his gun from his holster, in a forceful sexual way.

DAZZLE

Oh come on!! All I'll have are worthless knives!

He pulls out five huge knives and throws them into a metal garbage can. They easily slice the can in half.

PIZZAZ

I'm also dismantling your "nap nook".

INSERT: one of Dazzle's shelves is a little fort full of blankets and smiling moons.

DAZZLE

So I'm just supposed to nap on my couch? Like a dog?

PIZZAZ

Oh, and I hope you're not attached to this.

She holds up a very plain mug that says "#1 Cop".

DAZZLE

NO!! No-no-no-no. How else will people know I'm the #1 cop?? A trophy? I can't drink out of a trophy, I'll look like an idiot!!

PIZZAZ

You want to prove you're the best? Go capture that psychopath out there.

She steps into dramatic blinds shadow, even though there are no blinds in the room.

PIZZAZ (CONT'D)

I'm giving you five days. Or you'll be gone so fast your head'll spin.

DAZZLE

My head doesn't know the meaning of the word "spin".

Big hard music sting. Dazzle storms off.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dazzle bitterly sips from a mug labelled "#2 Cop".

DAZZLE

This is humiliating.

Reveal: a bunch of other detectives, all with designated number mugs, from 3 to 40. A guy with a "#7 Cop" mug speaks up.

#7 MUG GUY

You're telling me, brother.

DAZZLE

It tastes like a puke took a dump.

VOICE (O.S.)

Really? Mine's as sweet as sweet sugar
syrup.

We reveal RAD CUNNINGHAM. He looks way dickier than Dazzle. Pony-tail, chains, irritating Arsenio-Hall type jacket. And he's got the #1 Cop mug.

DAZZLE

Rad Cunningham. God's biggest mistake.

RAD

I see you remember my new special
lady. Would you like to hold her?

DAZZLE

(tenderly)

More than anything.

Rad yanks it away.

RAD

'Fraid not. I need her, for all kinds
of things. Spitting tobacco. Giving
baths to my mice. *Storing my farts*.

DAZZLE

She wasn't made for mouse baths! She's
an angel!

RAD

Well, she's mine now. Just like your
office is gonna be. And your salary,
and your crystal house-dome on the
Moonbeam Bay. You're slipping,
Novak...

DAZZLE

Yeah, slipping to the top. It's an upside-down slide.

RAD

Then I guess you can read this.

He gives an upside-down finger.

RAD (CONT'D)

Don't like it? Shoot me.

Dazzle pouts, because he can't.

RAD (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Cat got your gun?

Ahahaha!

Rad pulls out his gun and fires through the glass breakroom door. Then another. He puts his hand through the jagged hole, reaches around to the doorknob, and lets himself out.

CHRYSALIS TATE has overheard all this. She finishes washing her #57 mug and joins Dazzle.

CHRYSALIS

That guy's a real jerk.

DAZZLE

Jerk? Try jerkhole. (*turns to face her*) Hi, I assume we've boned, but remind me your name.

CHRYSALIS

We haven't actually. I'm Chrysalis, Chrysalis Tate. I'm a preliminary-temp-assistant junior-underling in the tech unit.

DAZZLE

I'm Dazzle. I used to rule this place.
Now I'm a nap-deprived husk of a man,
with nothing to put in my holster but
Skittles.

INSERT: his gun holster is indeed filled with Skittles. He reaches down and pops one.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Can't use rainbow candies to bring
down a warlord.

CHRYSALIS

You mean El Diablo Malo?

DAZZLE

Yeah! How'd you know? Are you him??

He shatters a glass and points it at her. She lowers his hand gently.

CHRYSALIS

No. The tech unit's tracking a few of
his men.

DAZZLE

Really? Where do I find em?

CHRYSALIS

Word is there's a drug shipment coming
through tomorrow, at a shopping mall
loading dock.

DAZZLE

Which mall? The Moondale Walkpark
Plazaplace? The Moonstone Ridge Dine-
and-Shopoplex?

CHRYSALIS

I'll tell you. On one condition. If you go after him, I want to help you.

DAZZLE

You, help me? No offense, but you're a girl. And seemingly a nerd.

CHRYSALIS

You might be right. But I'm through being stuck in the lab- fetching coffees, getting pushed down stairs. I want to be in the field.

DAZZLE

And what if I don't let you?

CHRYSALIS

I'll tell Pizzaz you sexually harassed me.

DAZZLE

I did no such thing.

CHRYSALIS

Your pants came off a while ago.

CUT WIDE: that is true. Dazzle didn't even realize it.

DAZZLE

So they did. Fine, you're in. Just keep your eyes peeled and your mouth shut. And keep your nose on the prize, also. The rest of your body I'm not concerned with. Got it?

CHRYSALIS

Got it!

She dutifully writes that down. Dazzle stomps out. Chrysalis looks at him fondly. Finally, someone was nice to her.

EXT. MALL LOADING DOCK - DAY

The loading dock of Turlington Jort Factory. Slogan: "We are no longer more than great jorts".

Dazzle's on the lookout, very badly disguised as a janitor, with an ill-fitting wig, mustache, and jumpsuit. He's got a name tag: "Zlugov"

He speaks into his wire, Chrysalis listens in a nearby van.

DAZZLE

(with crappy half-accent)

So when my fifth wife got run over by a mule cart, I married the mule. That brings me to age 15.

CHRYSALIS

Your janitor has a very extensive backstory.

DAZZLE

Zlugov has suffered more than you or I. So when do these drugs get here?

CHRYSALIS

Well, this is my first stakeout, but I think we just wait.

DAZZLE

Mhm. How long's it been so far?

CHRYSALIS

Six minutes.

DAZZLE

Ugh...

FADE TO: a clock with hour and minute hands spinning. Fade through a few different poses of Dazzle, looking exhausted.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

How long's it been now?

CHRYSALIS

Still six minutes. You just asked me.

DAZZLE

Dammit, I thought picturing a clock would speed things up. Listen, I'm gonna take off.

CHRYSALIS

Wait, no! You can't leave me alone!
I'm unarmed!

DAZZLE

You've got the world's most powerful weapon: a horn. Honk loud, make your attackers go deaf.

CHRYSALIS

Dazzle, please!

Dazzle ducks into a service door.

DAZZLE

I'm getting a soda, you want anything?
Actually never mind, I don't want to double-fist.

Chrysalis is left alone and nervous in the van. She presses the horn- a really pathetic honk comes out.

INT. MALL ARCADE - DAY

Dazzle (still in "Zlugov" mode) is playing a POV police shooter game. Just as he did earlier in real life, he shoots a pigeon, then blows out a street light. GAME OVER.

INT. MALL COURTYARD - DAY

Dazzle happily strolls out of the arcade, sipping on an Orange Julius. A tense stakeout has become a pleasant mall outing. Chrysalis pipes in on his headset.

CHRYSALIS (V.O.)

Dazzle, it's been over an hour! Am I just supposed to listen to you play video games and hit on teenagers?

DAZZLE

Damn right. Do NOT shut off that wire. And if Pizzaz pokes her crooked nose into this, keep your mouth shut. It's all part of the plan.

Dazzle passes by some girls. He talks to them as Zlugov, again with a very poor accent.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Hello, girls. In my country, you're old enough to marry me.

CHRYSALIS

Ick.

Dazzle approaches the food court. There's a musical performance in progress. He stops to watch.

An ambiguously foreign girl plays wind chimes along to prerecorded new age music and spins around a lot. Typical nonsense like you'd hear at 3rd Street Promenade.

WIND CHIME GIRL

(singing)

*She hears the mournful dolphin crow /
From his starship in the stream / She
cloaks him in a crystal cape / And a
quilt made of her dreams / Fight of
the Windstress*

Dazzle is extremely moved by this garbage. He sheds a single neon blue tear.

INT. SURVELLIEANCE VAN- CONTINUOUS

Chrysalis is still listening. Through the wire, the music is just muddy distortion. She has no idea what's going on.

Behind the van, a huge truck pulls up. A bunch of scary dudes with guns jump out. But we cut back to...

INT. FOOD COURT- DAY

The wind chime "music" continues. Dazzle is *captivated*.

He eyes a poster next to the stage: "Aiaiaia: Flight Of the Windstress". It's horribly photoshopped, full of crystal balls and wolves with wings. Dazzle silently mouths her name.

She finishes. There's a smattering of half-applause.

AIAIAIA

(meekly)

Thank you.

She collects money in a hat- doesn't get much. Dazzle heads in with determination. Chrysalis interrupts via headset.

CHRYSALIS

Dazzle! I need help!

DAZZLE

Not today!

Dazzle shuts off his headset.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

I'm on a new assignment. And this
time... my heart's in charge.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALL LOADING DOCK- DAY- CONTINUOUS

Many, many bloody bodies everywhere. Many of them wearing
jean shorts. Obviously some shit went down. Chrysalis is
speechless and horrified. Then back to...

INT. MALL- DAY- CONTINUOUS

Dazzle bobs his head like an idiot.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Yep. Things are looking up for old
Zlugov.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT./ESTAB. MOONDALE WALKPARK PLAZAPLACE - DAY****INT. MALL FOOD COURT - SAME**

Dazzle and Aiaiaia are sharing big cinnamon buns from a food court eatery: Cinnefun! Cinnamon-Flavored Buns. Aiaiaia is shy, but also highly sensual. Dazzle's still in janitor mode.

DAZZLE

Your music is breathtaking. It makes me feel like I'm on a beautiful white lion's knee, and he's telling me he's proud of me.

AIAIAIA

You mean that?

DAZZLE

Yes. And I know a lot about music. I listen to all kinds.

AIAIAIA

Even rap and country?

DAZZLE

God no. Can I just say- you really know how to work those chimes.

AIAIAIA

They're my little miracles. I love caressing them. Putting all my body's passion in my fingers, and letting them run *wild*.

She licks the frosting off her cinnamon bun suggestively.

DAZZLE

What if I was chimes? How would you
play me?

Aiaiaia reaches across the table. She runs her hands across his face like chimes- very realistically. Her fingers get caught on his mouth and nose. He still eats it up.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

What do you say we go somewhere
private?

AIAIAIA

Like where?

DAZZLE

Wherever our dreams take us.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALL HALLWAY

A blunt wooden door labelled "Cinnefun Supply Closet". We zoom through the door into...

INT. CINNAFUN SUPPLY CLOSET

A big weird sex **MONTAGE**.

Dazzle and Aiaiaia fall in slow-motion onto a stack of boxes. Aiaiaia unzips the long zipper of Dazzle's janitor jumpsuit. He strips her down to just a white silk scarf. His holster falls to the ground- lots of Skittles go flying everywhere.

They thrust against each other, oblivious to their unpleasant surroundings (plastic bags of syrup, a huge dusty tub labelled "Frosting Decongealant")

We FADE between steamy super-close-ups:

- Aiaiaia's hands grasping at Dazzle's back
- Dazzle's hand clenching her scarf,
- Dazzle's lifeless eyes (out of which fly neon red hearts).

There's a song playing that sounds like Glenn Frey's "You Belong To The City" and Don Johnson's "Heartbeat" having an orgy in a Yamaha factory.

SINGER

*Heeeeeeeeatstroke / She's giving me a
heeeeeeeeatstroke / The minute she
spoke / My head went weak and my
kidneys faaaaaaaailed*

As Dazzle accidentally breaks open a box labelled "Extra-High-Fructose Corn Syrup", we...

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

EXT. MALL LOADING DOCK - DAY

Bodies still everywhere. Pizzaz and Rad have arrived, with a team of crime-scene cleaners.

PIZZAZ

Fantastic. Nothing I'd rather see than
a pile of dead bodies, next to one of
OUR VANS!

She angrily slides the door open. Chrysalis is hiding inside.

CHRYSALIS

(meekly)

Um. Hi.

PIZZAZ

Start talking or I'll find some stairs
to push you down.

CHRYSALIS

(flop-sweating)

We were, uh, looking for drugs, so we
came here to...

PIZZAZ

"We"? Who put you up to this?

RAD

You know damn well who. I can smell
Dazzle stink from a kilometer away.

PIZZAZ

Cut the Canadian talk or I'll have you
deported. *(to Chrysalis)* And you, take
me to Dazzle or I'll smoke him out.

CHRYSALIS

I, uh, I honestly lost track of him.

From Chrysalis's headset, there's a loud blast of Dazzle sex
sounds.

DAZZLE (V.O.)

UUUHHHHHHHHHHHAAAHH! AUUUUGH! HUH

HUH AAAAUGH!

Chrysalis scrambles to shut it off. Pizzaz grimaces.

PIZZAZ

Back in his pretzel closet?

CHRYSALIS

Cinnamon bun, actually.

PIZZAZ

Mhm.

INT. CINNAFUN STOCK ROOM - DAY

As the music dies down, we pan over to Dazzle and Aiaiaia in
post-sex embrace.

Dazzle's wire is still clearly attached via his chest hair.

DAZZLE

You were amazing, Ayaiay... Aishahs...

how do you pronounce your name anyway?

AIAIAIA

I don't know. In my homeland, a girl cannot utter her own name. The shah will cut off your elbows.

DAZZLE

You've known too much pain, Asaisha. That ends today. I will make the world hear your siren song. And in the process, they will know that I'm banging a freaky foreign chick.

AIAIAIA

What are you saying?

DAZZLE

I'm saying you just slept with your new manager.

AIAIAIA

But you're just a janitor!

DAZZLE

Oh, actually, I'm a police detective. Forgot to explain that.

Dazzle removes his mustache.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Point is, you're gonna play every mall you ever dreamed of.

AIAIAIA

The Moonbay Springs GalleriaSpot? The North Moonpoint Cove Metroplexerium?

DAZZLE

And maybe, just maybe... the Del
Moonridge Oaks NorthSouth
CircleSquare.

AIAIAIA

(gasps) You'll do that for me?

DAZZLE

You bet your boobs I will. And when
Dazzle Novak sets out to do something,
dammit, he does it.

SMASH CUT TO:

Newspaper headline:

"El Diablo Malo SLAUGHTERS TWENTY, STILL AT LARGE"

Subheadline:

"Police have done literally nothing"

INT. MALL FOOD COURT- DAY

We're at a slightly different mall food court, at the Moonbay Springs GalleriaSpot. There's a giant stage with a huge light rig, LCD screens, and a big banner that says Aiaiaia. There's 10 roadies all setting up.

Dazzle's wearing a cow-hide suit and lots of chains. He's in the middle of giving Aiaiaia a tour of the setup. His douchebagginess has tripled.

DAZZLE

62-channel light board. Twin
Jumbotrons. And the best part- no more
collecting money in that old hat. Cuz
I bought you...

Reveal under a giant sheet.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

... a big hat.

AIAIAIA

Dazzle, it's wonderful!

DAZZLE

I've spared no expense.

TECHNICIAN

You spared LOTS of expenses. There's no reenforcement beams in this stage, it could collapse at any minute.

DAZZLE

That's a lie. Just step carefully.

Even weight distribution.

Chrysalis walks up, struggling to carry a dozen coffees in her arms.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Ugh, about damn time!

CHRYSALIS

I told you I didn't want to fetch coffees anymore.

DAZZLE

You'll thank me when you're on a crime scene, juggling cups of blood and semen. Now hand em over!

He grabs all the cups.

CHRYSALIS

These are all for you?

DAZZLE

Some for drinking, most for throwing.

(to Aiaiaia) Now let's meet your band.

Dazzle picks up a coffee and chucks it at a band member.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

HEY! Look alive!

We see the respective band members (all bearded Yanni-esque creeps) and their made-up nonsensical instruments.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

On the symbiosphericus, Jade Armstone.

On the cookeley-coo, Zenu Windstoke.

And on the anal flute, Tyrus---

actually, let's skip him.

We glaze past a freaky guy with an unsettling pipe contraption.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

And on the most crucial instrument,

the rainstick... I'm sorry, remind me

of your name.

Scary music sting. A really scary-ass dude turns around. He's got a weird eye. He looks oddly familiar.

MANHEIM CROWKICKER

Manheim Crowkicker.

DAZZLE

(unnerved) Welcome to the team.

Dazzle leads Aiaiaia to the microphone.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

I set up the pins, my-lady. Now you

knock em down.

They sloppily kiss, with tongue. Chrysalis grimaces as she hits a big cue on the lightboard.

Jade Armstone counts off on the symbiosphericus, whatever that is.

JADE

One! Two! Three! Four!

And with the count, we kick into a big...

MONTAGE!

As the questionable Aiaiaia song "Whisper nymph" plays, we cross-cut between her success in the wind chime world, and the horrible crimes still continuing in the city.

- crowds gather as Aiaiaia sings
- hands throwing money into the giant hat
- copious amounts of cocaine being tossed out of a truck by heavily-armed masked men
- Dazzle proudly watching in the wings and tapping his toes with a dumb grin
- Aiaiaia on the cover of "Ocarina of Time Weekly"
- a tank stolen by El Diablo's army blows up a gas station
- Newspaper: "Aiaiaia To Headline Del Moonridge Oaks NorthSouth CircleSquare". Dazzle and Aiaiaia look at it proudly.
- A group of ski-masked thugs shove a man in a suit out of a helicopter. His body smashes onto some train tracks. A train is barreling towards him.

Right before the train strikes, we transition to a K-BEAM News report, with anchor Genesis Jones.

GENESIS JONES

El Diablo Malo's reign of super-terror rages on. He has seized the city's animal pounds, fed cocaine to "rabies dogs", and unleashed them in elderly communities.

INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

A group of police watch the report, still holding their numbered mugs. Chrysalis is still monitoring Dazzle via headset. Pizzaz shakes her head at the horror.

GENESIS JONES

As a city, we must join hands and pray
for this madness to stop.

Genesis suddenly switches tone.

GENESIS JONES (CONT'D)

Now, on the lighter side! Moonbeam
City music-lovers can't get enough of
bewitching food-court songstress,
Aiashashay.

CUT BACK to the cops watching.

#12 MUG GUY

My damn step-kids won't shut up about
her.

GENESIS JONES

Now, meet the mastermind behind her
meteoric rise: super-svengali Dazzle
Novak.

Dazzle appears on-screen in an annoying Jeremy Piven hat.

PIZZAZ

Oh God.

CUT TO: an interview with Dazzle. He's acting very different. His hair is slicked back, he's got a Long Island accent he didn't have before.

DAZZLE

Look, I'm no genius. I'm just a regular guy who is smarter and more capable than most people.

Shot of a door labelled "Dazzletone Media".

GENESIS JONES

I sat down with Dazzle at his company's headquarters, located within the Moonbeam City Police Station.

DAZZLE

Typical morning for me: I wake up at 5, I take out 6 phones, I make 7 calls, I throw 3 of the phones away. That's the commitment my artists require.

Rad stops to watch. He's bathing a mouse in his #1 Cop mug.

GENESIS JONES

Lesser men would crack under such pressure. But for Dazzle, it's no sweat. He's powered by love.

DAZZLE

Let me show you something. Can you get a shot of this? Get in tight.

He pulls out a very plain mug that says "#1 Manager".

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Look what my girl gave me. Says "#1 Manager". Incredible. Can't believe I get to do this girl.

Rad sees the mug- he explodes with rage.

RAD

Son-of-a-bitch!!

He pulls out his gun and completely annihilates the glass door. He storms out the empty shardy hole.

Back on the TV.

PIZZAZ

This just gets worse and worse.

Pizzaz looks down at Chrysalis's papers. There's a marked-up map of the city: "Aiaiaia Tour Stops". She compares it to a map in her hand: "Drug-Related Homicides". The marks are exactly the same.

PIZZAZ (CONT'D)

Come with me.

She yanks Chrysalis out of her chair.

INT. DAZZLE'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Pizzaz slams Dazzle's door open, with Chrysalis in tow.

His office is covered in gold records and award plaques. It's full of uber-hip interns we've never seen before. Dazzle's on a headset, on the phone while getting a massage.

DAZZLE

Excuse me, this is a private meeting.

PIZZAZ

My foot's about to have a meeting with your privates.

DAZZLE

Meeting requests go through Jun-Li.

Cut to a dutiful assistant at a laptop.

JUN-LI

What time is your foot available?

PIZZAZ

GET THE F*CK OUT!

All the interns and the massage therapist scurry away.

PIZZAZ (CONT'D)

While you're out playing music man,
that maniac is filling every mall you
play with cocaine!

She waves the maps in his face. He obviously has never
noticed this.

DAZZLE

Perfect. He's right under my nose.

PIZZAZ

Then why haven't you caught him?

DAZZLE

Pizzaz, this business is like
baseball. You wouldn't drop a player
who bats .300.

PIZZAZ

And if he's never scored once?

DAZZLE

You keep him on the bench, cuz he's
got good chew!

Pizzaz again steps into blinds shadow- no blinds anywhere.

PIZZAZ

You've got 48 hours. It's his head or
your balls.

She leaves.

DAZZLE

This is all your fault.

CHRYSALIS

My fault?

DAZZLE

You showed that she-snake our
confidential documents. This could
destroy Dazzletone Media!

CHRYSALIS

I haven't said a word! She grabbed the
maps---

DAZZLE

You've been dragging down the
Whispernymph tour since day one. First
you broke my spirit... now you've
shattered my trust. Pack your things.
You're fired.

CHRYSALIS

Fired? You don't have the power to
fire me.

DAZZLE

Sure I do. Get out. Do NOT confer with
anyone on the way out, I definitely
can fire you.

CHRYSALIS

Thanks a lot, jerk. No, wait...
jerkhole.

Chrysalis exits, upset and betrayed. Dazzle's upset too.

EXT./ESTAB. DAZZLE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Dazzle's house is a giant glass tower deep in the Moonbeam City harbor. Several dolphins jump in the foreground.

INT. DAZZLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dazzle and Aiaiaia are sharing a romantic multi-course dinner. They clink glasses.

AIAIAIA

Dazzle, this is wonderful. As a girl,
I dreamt of cleaning the dishes for
such a meal.

DAZZLE

Special food for a special stomach in
a special lady. Besides, tomorrow's
the big one. The Del Moonridge Oaks
NorthSouth CircleSquare.

AIAIAIA

I can't believe it! My parents would
be so proud, if they weren't trapped
in the shah's copper mine.

DAZZLE

Well, I hope you're sitting down.

She is.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Because I've invited a few special
guests tomorrow. The nomination
committee for the Golden Dreamcatcher
Awards.

AIAIAIA

(horrified) Oh GOD!!!

DAZZLE

Jeez, I know it's not the Crystal
Panflutes, but still...

AIAIAIA

No- behind you!

He looks back to find a crazed Rad with a gun!

RAD

Room for one more?

DAZZLE

No. I don't own a third chair.

RAD

(cocks gun) I'll stand. You think
you're King of Winner Mountain...
you're just the Queen of Loser Lake.

DAZZLE

Cut the crap, craphead. You trying to
steal my girl?

RAD

Why would I? I have my own.

A new ambiguously foreign girl steps out! She cuffs Dazzle to
a radiator. Rad grabs Aiaiaia and cuffs her to the other end.

RAD (CONT'D)

That's right. She's got bigger chimes
and an even more unpronounceable name.
What is it again, baby?

UAKPASIAKP;9A

Uakpasiakp;9a!!

The sound she makes is just distortion. It's very loud and
shatters a glass. Dazzle winces.

RAD

Stunning. I even booked her first gig.
Seems there's an opening at the Del
Moonridge Oaks NorthSouth
CircleSquare.

DAZZLE

You'll burn in hell for this!

RAD

Maybe. But at least I won't be
thirsty.

He reaches onto the kitchen counter and grabs the #1 Manager mug!

DAZZLE

NOOOO!!!!!!

RAD

Game, set, OVER.

Rad and Uakpasiakp;9a strut out. Dazzle kicks and screams like a baby.

DAZZLE / AIAIAIA

NOOOOOOO!!! AAAAHHHHH! HELP!!!

He kicks against a nearby table, knocking a flowerpot off. It shatters on his head, leaving a pile of dirt on his head.

DAZZLE

Crap!!

We iris in on Dazzle, like an "Our Gang" movie. Black.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. DAZZLE'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Dazzle and Aiaiaia are still handcuffed. They look weary, clearly they've been up all night. Exhausted, they limply try to wriggle out of their handcuffs.

DAZZLE

Ugh... it's no use.

AIAIAIA

I've never been so hopeless. Besides the seven years I spent in that slave camp.

DAZZLE

Wait, I've got an idea-- maybe we can still bone.

They shift around on the radiator. It doesn't work.

AIAIAIA

It's not working.

DAZZLE

I know. My penis is definitely long enough to reach you, but getting my pants off is another matter.

AIAIAIA

How did it come to this? I just wanted to sing songs about prisms, and coyotes getting married to ghosts.

DAZZLE

And I just wanted to prove myself as a cop. Chrysalis tried to help me... and I pushed her away.

AIAIAIA

What do we do now?

DAZZLE

We try to survive here, eating flies
and spiders, then we die.

Suddenly, there's a loud shatter. Chrysalis repels through
the window!!

CHRYSALIS

Need a lift?

DAZZLE

Chrysalis! How did you find us?

CHRYSALIS

Like you said... never turn off the
wire.

She holds up her headphones. Dazzle smiles.

DAZZLE

Quick- get us out of these cuffs!

CHRYSALIS

(smiling)

Care to do the honors?

Chrysalis hands Dazzle his gun. She smiles a knowing smile.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DAZZLE'S HOUSE - SLIGHTLY LATER

Dazzle loudly blasts at Aiaiaia's handcuffs with his gun.
Every shot misses and scares the hell out of Aiaiaia.

AIAIAIA

AAAHHH!

DAZZLE

Hold still!

CHRYSALIS

Why don't I go find a saw...

INT. NORTHSOUTH CIRCLESQUARE FOOD COURT- DAY

We're in the largest, tackiest mall food court yet. It's got a big window overlooking the Moonbeam City harbor. An inexplicably giant crowd has gathered for the windchime concert.

Onstage, Rad Cunningham paces back and forth. He's now equally as douchey of a manager as Dazzle was. He's taken both Aiaiaia's band and stage.

RAD

Alright everyone, the Golden

Dreamcatcher committee's here.

He points to an older uppity MAN and WOMAN in the crowd.

RAD (CONT'D)

So if you're feeling a little nervous... that's not good enough. I want you all paralyzed with fear, because this is a big goddamn deal.

He points to Uakpasiakp;9a.

RAD (CONT'D)

And you better bring it. Or I'll put you back where I found you. In that sweatshop that makes uncomfortable chairs for other sweatshops.

The band is unpacking their instruments. The suspiciously familiar rainstick player, Manheim Crowkicker, has a crate open. It's full of cocaine.

RAD (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

MANHEIM

It's, uh... gripping powder. Helps me
hold rainstick.

RAD

Ah! Makes sense.

Rad bends down and rubs the "gripping powder" all over his hands. He picks up a mic stand.

RAD (CONT'D)

Alright, we're on in ten, start
vomiting or go home.

(to himself)

Wow, this powder really works...

EXT. MOONBEAM CITY HARBOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dazzle, Chrysalis, and Aiaiaia are aboard Dazzle's speedboat in the Moonbeam City harbor. They're going INCREDIBLY fast. Dolphins jump out of the way to avoid the boat.

CHRYSALIS

The show starts in 3 minutes!

DAZZLE

Yeah- the Skull Cracking Show.

Starring ME!

He revs the engine. The boat speeds way up. It nearly strikes a bunch of Skidoos and an entire pyramid of jet skiers.

INT. NORTHSOUTH CIRCLESQUARE FOOD COURT- DAY- CONTINUOUS

An announcer comes on the PA.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome...

He looks down at the piece of paper with her name. He has no idea how to say it.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

... a singer.

The crowd cheers. Uakpasiakp;9a steps up to the microphone. She takes a breath, starts her first note, then...

BAM!!!! Dazzle's speedboat CRASHES through the mall window, crushing 30 people in the process.

Dazzle jumps out and fires a shot in the air. He yells into a megaphone.

DAZZLE

Bring me the head of Rad Cunningham!

RAD

Come up here and get it!

Dazzle jumps up on stage.

DAZZLE

This is my stage, you jackal!!

RAD

Not anymore, old man!

DAZZLE

We're the same age and you know it!

RAD

Speak up, grandpa!! I couldn't hear through your jewels!

DAZZLE

AAAAAHHH!

Dazzle grabs a rainstick and smashes it in half.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

I hope you're a panda, cuz you're gonna eat bamboo.

He lunges at Rad. Rad dives out of the way.

Chrysalis leaps up and starts catfighting with Uakpasiakp;9a.

The crowd inexplicably starts punching each other.

Now it's chaos, a gigantic brawl. The old stiff Golden Dreamcatcher people are shocked by the violence.

Rad and Dazzle tumble off the stage. Dazzle rams Rad's head into a trash bin.

Rad stands up, trash can on head, and wanders in a daze. He slams into a Mongolian BBQ sign with big neon noodles. The neon explodes into flame.

Aiaiaia's hair catches on fire. She dives in a fountain to put it out.

Meanwhile, Chrysalis and Uakpasiakp;9a sword-fight with broken chimes. Elsewhere, rainstick player Manheim Crowkicker starts piling "gripping powder" bags into his satchel.

Rad throws the trash can off, knocking the cookley-coo player down with it. He spots Dazzle and tackles him. They go sliding across the floor, finally landing towards the stage.

Dazzle's head *barely* grazes the stage's base. This slight touch causes THE ENTIRE STAGE TO COME CRASHING DOWN in a GIANT mash of metal and sparks!!!

Manheim Crowkicker runs to avoid the wreckage. But he's too late- he gets IMPALED right through the head!!

In the process, his disguise flies off. It's El Diablo Malo!!
GASP!!!!

INT. NORTHSOUTH CIRCLESQUARE FOOD COURT - STAGE WRECKAGE - DAY

Some time has passed. An entire cleanup crew has come to dispose of the mess. A visibly shaken Aiaiaia and Uakpasiakp;9a sit on the stage with blankets over them.

CHRYSALIS

Who would have thought rainstick
virtuoso Manheim Crowkicker was really
a wanted drug lord?

DAZZLE

Me. I thought that. Soon as I saw him.

Chrysalis rolls her eyes. Pizzaz storms up.

PIZZAZ

Novak! What happened here?

DAZZLE

I killed the warlord. All I had to do was impale him with the rickity stage at my wind chime concert.

PIZZAZ

Your cockamamie investigation caused the deaths of 537 innocent people.

DAZZLE

Hey- you wanna make an omelette, you gotta crack 537 innocent eggs.

PIZZAZ

(sighs) I will let this slide. But if you screw up again, I will bury you so deep, the world's smartest worms couldn't find you.

DAZZLE

(gulps) Understood.

RAD

This is an outrage! I pushed Dazzle into that stage! I should get a parade for this!

Right then, a drug-sniffing dog goes crazy on his hands.
(Note: the dog has a little mug- "#2 Dog Cop" attached to his collar)

#7 MUG COP

What's this on your hands?

RAD

Gripping powder.

#7 MUG COP

Yeah, right. Everyone knows gripping powder is green.

He leads Rad away, kicking and screaming.

RAD

NO!!! GRIPPING POWDER IS WHITE
SOMETIMES!

The old Golden Dreamcatcher people approach Rad and Aiaiaia.

OLD MAN

Well, well... quite a show today!

OLD LADY

We'd like to present both the girls with these.

Aiaiaia and Uakpasiakp;9a excitedly open two envelopes.

Inside each is a document: "**Deportation Notice**".

AIAIAIA

What?

DAZZLE

You're not from the Golden Dreamcatchers?

OLD MAN

No. Department of Immigration. These two have been living here illegally for 18 months.

Old lady cuffs them.

AIAIAIA

No!!

UAKPASIAKP;9A

(indiscernible distortion sound)

OLD MAN

Of course, if she and a US citizen are
married... she can stay.

Aiaiaia looks up at Dazzle.

Dazzle looks lovingly back at Aiaiaia.

They both smile. Music swells.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT DECK- DAY

Aiaiaia is on an immigration boat, being deported.

Big sad tugboat sound.

END OF ACT 3

ACT FOUR**INT. MOONBEAM CITY ALLEYWAY- DAY**

BLAM! A car window breaks! A ski-masked thug tries to hotwire a car.

DAZZLE (V.O.)

Freeze!!

A nearby fire-hydrant stands up- it's Dazzle in disguise.

DAZZLE

License and registration, asshole.

The thug opens fire. Dazzle starts firing back. All his shots miss- he blasts every window in the car and in the alleyway.

Cut to a pile of boxes. One of them stands up. It's Chrysalis! She easily fires off one shot, knocking the gun out of his hand. She tackles him.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Nice work. For a girl. And a nerd.

And... I need one more. Give me one more.

CHRYSALIS

Um. I'm missing a toe.

DAZZLE

Great. And a 9-toe.

(beat)

A 9-toed *partner*.

Chrysalis smiles.

DAZZLE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta catch up with a few old friends.

INT. DAZZLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dazzle blissfully sleeps, in his beloved nap nook. He's like a big happy baby. He's gently hugging his gun and #1 Cop mug like teddy bears. It's oddly sweet.

Suddenly, his gun fires off. It blasts the #1 Cop mug to pieces.

DAZZLE

AHHHHH!!!!!!

Dazzle falls out of the nap nook.

THE END