

SEAHORSES FOREVER "PILOT"

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FADE IN:

INT. BIG CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A classroom is half filled with PARENTS, FOLDING CHAIRS, TABLES with COFFEE and SNACKS and a heavy aura of **DISINTEREST.**

Front and center is a LONG TABLE with FOUR PEOPLE looking out to the crowd. RICK O'HARA, the Seahorses' ARCH NEMESIS, sits in the middle, the king at his throne, YES MEN and YES WOMEN at either side of him.

RICK (V.O.)
(echo like thoughts from his mind)
Look at them. Cows in a field. Not a thinker among them. Part of the job, I guess. Appeasing the less-thans.

An indignant PARENT stands arms folded.

INDIGNANT PARENT
Did you hear what I said?!

RICK
Cow...

The Indignant Parent's EYES WIDEN.

RICK (CONT'D)
Cow-ould you repeat what you said?

INDIGNANT PARENT
Everyone knows that drug dealers use the term "nuggets." Why are we still calling them chicken nuggets?

RICK
What would we call them?

INDIGNANT PARENT
Chicken shapes.

RICK
(sly smile)
Chicken shapes?

A Beat.

(CONTINUED)

RICK (CONT'D)
Motion to rename chicken nuggets to
chick shapes?

THE YES MEN/WOMEN
(In unison)
Aye!

BOOM!!!!

THE DOUBLE DOORS to the classroom KICK OPEN and **JAKE & JOSH (XAVIOR)** from the band **SEAHORSES FOREVER**, stand in the doorway looking at the pathetic, bored faces of all the parents.

JAKE
IS THIS THE PTA MEETING? SORRY FOR
YELLING. OUR CAR PLAYED A PRANK US.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
ARE THOSE DONUTS? OH MAN. I'VE GOT
THE MUNCHIES LIKE A MOTHERFU--

JAKE
JOSH!

JOSH (XAVIOR)
XAVIOR!

JAKE
JUST GO EAT QUIETLY.

Rick stands up in a rage.

RICK
Excuse me! Gentlemen! This is a
meeting for the parent teacher
association.

Jake is mid stride crossing the room towards Rick.

JAKE
No, excuse me! This is the United
States of AMERICA! And I'm a care
giver. We're here to offer our
professional baby sitting services
to any and all parents in need. We
offer competitive rates.

Josh (Xavior) is scarfing down DONUTS. His face is covered
in a mix of POWDERED SUGAR, GLAZE and JELLY.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (XAVIOR)

These donuts are so good! They have just the right amount of stale!

RICK and Jake get in each others faces.

JAKE

I think we got off on the wrong foot.

RICK

Get out.

JAKE

We're just trying to help out these parents.

RICK

This is my meeting. I make the rules. I am king here. Get. Out.

RICK starts pushing Jake towards the door.

RICK (CONT'D)

You've made a mockery of this fine institution. This is a temple for the precious synergy between parents and teachers and those teachers who are also parents!

JAKE

Josh, it's not our time to be here yet.

JOSH

(Pouting)

XAVIOR! But the donuts...

Back to Rick and Jake facing off.

RICK

If I never see you again in my life, it'll be too soon.

CU on Jake.

JAKE

We're just trying to be good upstanding young men, making our way through this crazy messed up world. Isn't THAT, the American dream?! You sir are preventing us from achieving our destiny! How dare you!

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER

Jake and Josh (Xavior) lean against their "SEAHEARSE", A HEARSE decked out like an UNDERWATER SEA CREATURE.

JAKE

Well, that was our best chance at getting new clients. We need to have a more professional demeanor.

JOSH (XAVIOR)

I'll demeanor your face.

MRS. HARGROVE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

MRS. HARGROVE (50, right out of a 1950's Sears catalogue) desperately approaches Josh and Jake.

MRS. HARGROVE

Please, I heard you at the meeting. I need your help. It's my son. My son Billy. He's deathly afraid of the boogeyman. I keep telling him the boogeyman doesn't exist. Please, can you help him?

JAKE

Of course we can! That's what we specialize in!

Josh (Xavior) pulls Jake aside.

JOSH (XAVIOR)

Uh, Jake, isn't that above our paygrade?

JAKE

What are you our financial consultant all of a sudden? Didn't even know that you know what "paygrade" means.

JOSH (XAVIOR)

(To Mrs. Hargrove)

What kind of boogeyman is Billy seeing? A Demon? A monster born out of a terrible accident? A serial killer brought back from the dead?

The SEAHEARSE VEHICLE makes a primordial sound.

(CONTINUED)

SEAHEARSE
R'LYEH WAGAH'FAHSHSLA TAFANAA

MRS. HARGROVE
My goodness! What was that?

JOSH (XAVIOR)
I just ate about 20 donuts. My
stomach hurts. But that was our
car.

Jake, beaming with confidence steps towards Mrs. Hargrove.

JAKE
Congratulations! You have yourself
two babysitters for the price of
one!

INT. SEAHORSES' HQ - NEXT DAY

Jake and Josh (Xavior) are in what looks like a SMALL
WAREHOUSE on the outskirts of a big city.

They sit at a couple of OLD WOODEN DESKS facing each other.
CHIPS and BEER are sprawled out on both desks. MUSIC
EQUIPMENT is scattered everywhere.

JAKE
This is our big chance. How do we
cure Billy's fear of the boogeyman?

SUDDENLY their GUITARIST named SCOTT (40, BEARD and GLASSES,
MULTIPLE ARMS!) drops down from the ceiling attached to a
HARNESS and ROPES.

With the 6 arms we see on him, he is:

-drinking a BEER

-doing his TAXES

-smoking a GANDOLF LORD O' RINGS TYPE PIPE

-grooming a TOY POODLE

-handling his STOCKS on an IPAD

-playing EASY LISTENING ACOUSTIC GUITAR

SCOTT
You gotta put a nightlight in his
room.

(CONTINUED)

Scott snags a BEER CAN from the desk with one of his OTHER ARMS and zips back up towards the ceiling.

JAKE
Thanks, Scott.

INT. RICK O'HARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Rick's OFFICE is a CLASSIC VILLAIN'S LAIR, feels GOTHIC and STEAMPUNK and LAVISH. He stands by the BIG WINDOW that looks over the city.

RICK
Those darn FOOLS! How DARE they
make a mockery out of the PTA?! I
must teach them a lesson.

INT. SEAHORSES' HQ - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Josh (Xavior) continue to strategize at their desks.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
We keep Billy up all night on some
trucker pills. If he doesn't sleep,
the boogeyman can't get him.

Scott zips down again on his harness, multitasking with his multiple arms...

SCOTT
You can't give a child, trucker
pills. And I'm pretty sure trucker
pills don't exist, Josh really--

JOSH (XAVIOR)
Xavior!

SCOTT
Xavior really means meth and
cocaine, don't you Xavior?

Josh weighs this statement.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rick admires his wall of CERTIFICATES, DEGREES and AWARDS then continues talking to himself.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
They are stunted man-children. What
scares children?

INT. SEAHORSES' HQ - CONTINUOUS

Scott grabs a beer off Jake's desk.

JAKE
Remember how we cured Josh's
addiction to huffing gas fumes?

SCOTT
That didn't really work though.

PAN TO Josh (Xavior) sniffing a SHEET drenched in GASOLINE.

JAKE
The only way to help Billy is to...

Scott leaves the groomed TOY POODLE on Josh's (Xavior's)
lap.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CU on Rick who gets a sick look of realization.

RICK
I know how to scare those stoner
punks. I'll...

SPLIT SCREEN between Rick and Jake both saying,

JAKE/Rick
BECOME THE BOOGEYMAN!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MRS. HARGROVE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Hargrove's house is a quaint 2 floor habitat right out
of an Edward Hopper painting.

The SEAHEARSE MOBILE is parked near the curb outside.

WORDS FADE IN and OUT: **Saturday, 5pm.**

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HARGROVE (O.S.)
Okay boys, I think that's
everything you need to know.

INT. MRS. HARGROVE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Hargrove stands by a table where Billy plays SOLITAIRE,
by himself. Jake and Josh stand nearby lookin' around.

MRS. HARGROVE
If you need anything don't hesitate
to call the theater. My
church group is seeing a local
production of "WHEN PETER PAID
PAUL."

Awkward beat.

MRS. HARGROVE (CONT'D)
Billy, honey, Mommy's leaving. Jake
and Josh--

JOSH
(To the side)
Xavior.

MRS. HARGROVE
Xavior... are really cool and will
keep you safe.

Mrs. Hargrove kisses Billy on the cheek.

MRS. HARGROVE (CONT'D)
Are you sure you don't want me to
stay?

Billy timidly nods. Mrs. Hargrove gently ruffles his hair.

MRS. HARGROVE (CONT'D)
Alright then, you guys have some
fun!

Mrs. Hargrove leaves. Jake and Josh walk over to the table
and sit down next to Billy.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
So guy, whatcha playin?

BILLY
Candyland, whattaya blind?

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (XAVIOR)
I LOVE CANDYLAND!

Jake and Billy look at Josh like their let down by him.

Jake points to a bunch of BOARD GAMES.

JAKE
You don't like to play these?

BILLY
I like trivial pursuit every now
and then but I don't have anyone to
play with.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
Pfff, what a loser!

A Beat.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Just kiddin' kid... we're losers
too...

EXT. MRS. HARGROVE'S HOUSE - SUNSET

The sun is setting on the quiet suburban street. The
Seahearse dimly lights up and makes a gurgling noise. Like
it farted while taking a nap.

SEAHEARSE
N'yalama WeeegrUUuflurrGGG

INT. MRS. HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake is holding down a BLENDER with all his might.

JAKE
(Yelling to the other room)
Billy! I'm blending your fish
sticks right now! Do you want a
full purée?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Josh (Xavior) sit on the couch in the living room
playing video games on a big FLATSCREEN TV.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Sure Jake, thanks! I always throw a little tartar sauce in the blender as well!

JAKE (O.S.)

Right on!

Josh (Xavior) is furiously playing the videogame.

JOSH (XAVIOR)

You fucking green looking cheating shit stain!

Billy looks at Josh (Xavior) with a shocked glee! Josh looks at Billy.

JOSH (XAVIOR)

What? You're being a fuckin' asshole.

EXT. MRS. HARGROVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets cherp. Night is settling in.

SCOTT pops up from the Seahearse like it's a submarine. He hops out and starts polishing the Seahearse with a myriad of rags in his myriad of arms.

The Seahearse makes relaxing grunt noises.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Josh finishes tucking Billy into his bed then gives him a fist pound which turns into a secret kind of handshake.

Jake stands nearby.

Billy's got fear in his eyes.

BILLY

Please don't leave me guys. The Boogeyman is gonna get me! He's already hiding under my bed I know it!

Jake checks under his bed.

JAKE

Nah bro, ain't no boogeyman there. We'll be right outside. If you get
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (cont'd)
scared just yell and we'll come in
to check on you.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
Nothing can hurt you. Not while
we're here.

They wave goodnight to Billy and leave.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Jake walk down the stairs and into the living room.
Jake takes out a WALKIE TALKIE and speaks in to it.

JAKE
Scott, come in Scott.

EXT. MRS. HARGROVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Scott finishes up rubbing the Seahearse with a wrag then
takes out his WALKIE TALKIE.

SCOTT
Yeah, whats up?

JAKE (O.S.)
(Through the walkie talkie)
Time to transform into the
Boogeyman!

SCOTT
This is such a bad idea.

Scott and his arms climb back into the Seahearse.

INT. BILLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Josh sits on the couch watching TV by himself.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
Does anyone else smell sharpies?

Josh looks around to no one then back to the TV.

On the FLATSCREEN which hangs on the wall we see a NORMAL
LOOKING MAN in NORMAL LOOKING CLOTHES talking from behind
the counter of a DONUT SHOP.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW MEYER

Hi, I'm Andrew Meyer. In 2007 I was
tasered by the police for
disrupting a John Kerry speaking
event.

Andrew holds up a TRAY OF DONUTS.

ANDREW MEYER (CONT'D)

Now I'm asking you to buy a
delicious donut from Stuffin'
Donuts.

Andrew puts the donut tray down and walks through the donut
shop checking on his guests.

ANDREW MEYER (CONT'D)

Stuffin' donuts are never glazed,
always stuffed with sweet jelly,
tasty cream, or yummy chocolate.

A large logo for Stuffin' Donuts is behind Andrew.

ANDREW MEYER (CONT'D)

You can buy Stuffin' Donuts in one
of their five convenient locations.
And remember: Don't Glaze Me, Bro!

Back to Josh on the couch.

JOSH (XAVIOR)

Glaze me once...

Josh can't think of what else to say so he sits back and
starts to softly CRY.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A WHITE VAN is parked down the street from the Hargrove
residence.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the van Rick struggles to put on his BOOGEYMAN
COSTUME.

RICK

Those little stinkers are in for
the scare of their lives.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rick exits the van in full boogeyman costume.

Rick
Now. Which way to the Hargrove
residence?

INT. HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake is half dressed in his BOOGEYMAN COSTUME but is having trouble putting it on all the way.

JAKE
Goddamnit Jake, think. How do I zip
up this costume?

Jake grabs his WALKIE TALKIE and presses the talk button.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Scott, you there?

SCOTT (O.S.)
(Through the walkie)
Copy, I'm here. What's up?

JAKE
Can you come here and help zip up
my costume?

SCOTT (O.S.)
Like a ballroom dress? What are you
fuckin' crazy? I'm too equipt for
that. Below my paygrade. Also I'm
begging you to please don't do
this. You're gonna traumatize the
poor kid even further.

Josh enters the kitchen still WET in his EYES.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
I've decided not to buy glaze
donuts anymore.

JAKE
A thought is occurring to me. Do
you think this is going too far?

Josh looks at Jake half in his costume.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
No. Don't be a pussy.

JAKE
Who are you calling a pussy?

SCOTT (O.S.)
(Through the walkie)
You two are ridiculous. We're never
gonna get another client after
this.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rick has snuck around to the side of the house where he starts futzing with the wires to the house's ELECTRIC BREAKER.

INT. HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen light starts to dim and then fade back up and then goes completely DARK.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
Do you think...

JAKE/JOSH (XAVIOR)
(Same time)
THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED!!!

JOSH (XAVIOR)
What do we do?

JAKE
Follow me!

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick wraps around to the front of the house but doesn't take notice of the Seahearse parked out front by the curb.

Rick
Prepare to be scared in to
maturity!

INT. SEAHEARSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the Seahearse is like a Spacecraft meets a European Disco Dance Club: PARTY LIGHTS, MONITORS, SOUND SYSTEM, FULL BAR... it's a living machine.

Scott sips on TWELVE MARGARITAS and takes notice of Rick on one of the monitors, dressed in his monster costume, entering the Hargrove house.

Scott desperately tries to radio in a warning on the Walkie Talkie.

INT. HARGROVE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In the dark kitchen, we hear a Walkie-Talkie go off...

SCOTT (O.S.)
(Through the walkie)
Guys! Someone's going into the house! I repeat, someone dressed as a monster, is walking into the house!... Hello?

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Billy is tied up to the bed.

Jake and Josh both wear PRIEST OUTFITS as they perform an exorcism on Billy.

Jake holds a BIBLE up to Billy, Josh flicks HOLY WATER onto the bed.

JAKE
The power of Christ compels you!

JOSH (XAVIOR)
A spiritus sanctus, a maximus sanctus.

BILLY
Guys! Stop! I'm not possessed. I actually know the bible pretty well.

JAKE
I command thee to renounce Satan!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rick (IN COSTUME) sneaks up the stairs and over to the outside of Billy's door.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick bursts into the room.

Rick
RAAAAAAAAAWWWWRRRRR!!!

Jake and Josh hold each other and cower in the corner, holding up CROSSES but looking away.

JOSH (XAVIOR)
(Eyes closed)
HUM-DUM SHIVA, HUM-DUM SHIVA,
HUM-DUM SHIVA, HUM DUM SHIVA,

Rick roars one more time at Josh and Jake in the corner then leaves the room.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rick walks out of the house and walks confidentially down the sidewalk.

INT. SEAHEARSE - CONTINUOUS

Scott watches Rick on one of the monitors.

SCOTT
Bunch a freaks in this town.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rick saunters down the street back to his van, still dressed in costume.

A WOOP WOOP suddenly goes off as a COP CAR creeps up beside Rick.

COP
Uh, excuse me? What are you doing right now?

Rick takes his MASK OFF.

(CONTINUED)

COP (CONT'D)

Ah, Mr. O'Hara! Sorry. Didn't know it was you. Carry on.

The cop car keeps driving.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Cop looks at Rick in his rear view mirror as Rick keeps walking down the street away from the cop car. The Cop gets on his radio.

COP

Boys! You're never gonna guess what kinky shit Rick O'Hara is in to!

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT - LATER

Rick is back in his van, mask off, rest of the costume on.

RICK

Those punks oughta be running home to mommy right now. They'll never disrespect the PTA again!

Suddenly concerned.

RICK (CONT'D)

Were they performing an exorcism on Billy Hargrove?

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Hargrove walks up to her house.

INT. HARGROVE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Hargrove walks through to the kitchen.

MRS. HARGROVE

Hello boys! I'm back!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Hargrove walks into the kitchen to find JAKE, JOSH (Xavior), AND SCOTT sitting around the dining room table enjoying UNGLAZED PLAIN DONUTS.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HARGROVE

How was everyting? Is Billy still
afraid of that dastardly boogeyman?

SCOTT

All good Mrs. Hargrove.

MRS. HARGROVE

Who are you?

SCOTT

I'm Scott. I play guitar, drums,
oboe, trumpet, xylophone, marimba,
saxophone, ukulele, banjo, bassoon,
chapman stick, harp, dulcimer,

As Scott continues naming off all the instruments he plays
for the band, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Hargrove, Jake, and Josh (Xavior) all look bored as
Scott continues naming off instruments he plays for the
band.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Didgeridoo, mandolin, tuba, French
Horn, triangle, cello, violin,
viola, hardanger fiddle, hurdy
gurdy, hydraulaphone, Ocarina, and
nyckelharpa for the band.

MRS. HARGROVE

Well, I'll just say goodnight to
Billy and get my pocketbook for you
fellas.

Mrs. Hargrove exits the kitchen.

SCOTT

You gotta tell her what you and
Josh--

JOSH (XAVIOR)

Xavior.

SCOTT

...did to Billy.

JAKE

What we did? What we did was save
that young man's life!

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

She's going to sue us for all we're worth! Which is nothing. But still!

EXT. GENERIC MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the MIDDLE SCHOOL where the PTA meetings take place. _____

INT. PTA CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're back at the PTA MEETING. Very similar to the opening scene.

Half filled room. Rick at his throne with his LACKEYS surrounding him.

WORDS FADE IN and OUT: **The following week...**

RICK

Is Mrs. Hargrove here?

MRS. HARGROVE

Right here, Mr. O'Hara.

RICK

Will you please tell the rest of the PTA about your experience with those new babysitters?

MRS. HARGROVE

Those were the sweetest boys! They helped my Billy get over his fear of "the boogeyman." Now my Billy is the most perfect brave little angel. He listens to everything I say, never makes a peep, and is always neat and tidy!

PAN OVER to reveal BILLY standing next to Mrs. Hargrove. He's completely CATOTONIC, silent shocked unresponsive stupor.

RICK

What?! They performed an exorcism on your boy! How could you find that to be acceptable behavior? You can sue them! I can help you! The PTA CAN HELP YOU!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. HARGROVE
THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH MR. O'Hara! YOU
SOUND VINDICTIVE AND IT'S VERY
UNBECOMING. Some people have no
respect for those who deserve it.
And those "Punks" as you so
willingly call them are just
misunderstood! They're artists and
men of hobby. They're in a band
together too! Betcha didn't know
that either didja Mr. O'Hara? Their
work may be controversial, but it
works nonetheless. Come on Billy!
There's a stench coming from this
room, a self righteous, close
minded stench that we don't have
time for!

Mrs. Hargrove storms out of the PTA meeting pulling Billy
along with her.

INT. SEAHORSE HQ - DAY

Scott sits at a desk playing MULTIPLE GAMES OF TETRIS, on
MULTIPLE SCREENS.

Josh (Xavior) smokes a BONG at his desk.

Jake walks in.

JAKE
Boys I just got back from the check
cashing place.

SCOTT
(Not looking away from Tetris)
I can't believe we got paid for
that job.

JAKE
What are you talking about? We
provided a service we should get
paid!

SCOTT
We put a little kid into a fugue
state. He might not ever recover!

JAKE
That's not what happened!

Josh innocently hits the bong.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know what the real lesson is?
We didn't simply babysit for a few
hours. We changed this kid's life!
Word will get out about our
unconventional but effective
methods!

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

RICK stands by a LARGE PAINTING of HIMSELF.

RICK

Those insolent seahorses think they
can get in the way of my plans.

Rick presses a button. The painting disappears into the wall!

EVERYTHING DROPS DOWN!

INT. HIDDEN LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Rick is now inside some sort of secret hideout. There's
COMPUTERS, LAB EQUIPMENT, MAPS, and LOTS OF VIDEO SCREENS.

RICK

They will rue the day they crossed
Rick O'Hara, President of the PTA,
former all star team captain, and
future leader of the free world!
From here on out I declare
Seahorses Forever my sworn mortal
enemies until the end of time!

Rick starts to cough.

GLORIA IGORIA (OLD LAKOTA MEDICINE WOMAN, pronounced
IGOR-REEYA) suddenly enters the scene and hands Rick a TEA
MUG.

RICK (CONT'D)

Thanks Gloria. Don't know what I
would do without you.

RICK takes a LONG sip.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey ya think I could get one of
your "Lakota" blessing prayer
thingamajingy's? Helps balance my
chi.

(CONTINUED)

Gloria puts down the TEA KETTLE on a table, takes off her GLASSES, approaches Rick and CUPS her HANDS around his head.

GLORIA
Heeeeeyamineeeey,
heeeeeyamineeeey. Hey, yey, yo,
yeeeeyaaaay.

A GLOWING LIGHT first grows from Gloria's hands and seeps in and around Rick's head then explodes and disappears.

RICK
Thanks, I needed that.

Rick sits down in his EVIL HOLIDAY CHAIR and sips on his tea as he looks over DOCUMENTS and MONITOR SCREENS.

RICK (CONT'D)
(Back to Gloria)
You may retire to your quarters
now. Have a blessed evening.

We follow Gloria down a corridor and into her ROOM.

INT. GLORIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gloria's room is a mini GLAM WINTER LODGE adorned with TRIBAL ARTIFACTS.

She picks some PEYOTE off a cactus, eats it, then sits down at her desk. She faces a WALL with an ELK HEAD mounted out. SMOKE suddenly starts rising from the Elk's head.

Gloria presses a button and the elk head FLIPS OVER INTO THE WALL and a MONITOR revolves around and TURNS ON.

ON THE MONITOR appears a FEDERAL AGENT in a BLACK SUIT.

Note* Gloria's speaking voice is a TOUGH RASPY BITCH FROM NEW YORK!

AGENT POLIKOWSKI
You're in deep shit Igoria. Your
notes from last week didn't check
out.

GLORIA
How is that my fault? I report what
I see.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT POLIKOWSKI

Our federal archaeologist says
there are no records whatsoever of
the symbols you claimed to see.

GLORIA

Well your federal Archaeologist is
a federal fuckin' idiot who
wouldn't know hyroglyphics from
graffiti.

AGENT POLIKOWSKI

You gotta give us something better.

GLORIA

What more do you need, Polikowski?
Can you be any more polish and
ignorant, I mean Jesus fucking
Christ, just because there's no
record of these symbols, doesn't
mean they never existed. There are
lost civilizations being discovered
every day with drones and modern
technology. Gobekli Tepe in Turkey,
pre dates the Pyramids by 12,000
years. You're gonna just sit there
and screen time me like the lazy
ignorant horse-riding pollack that
you are?

AGENT POLIKOWSKI

Look all I know is you're skatin'
on thin ice! and these Punks and
their shitty band are driving
around in some supernatural vehicle
possessed by some unknown evil
entity that harbors enough ancient
galactic power to blow us all into
oblivion!

GLORIA

Sounds like you need a good
blowing, Polikowski, unfortunately
I'm not that kinky, so this is
where I sign off and say Fuck
yourself goodnight.

Gloria gives him the middle finger, presses the button, and
watches the ELK HEAD reappear!

INT. SEAHORSE HQ - DAY

TRACK THROUGH the warehouse headquarters as the Seahorses are practicing a song. ROCKING OUT!

JAKE

DO ALL YOUR CHORES, EVEN IF THEY
ARE A BORE, HAVE AN OPEN MIND, THOU
SHALL BE CARING AND KIND!

JOSH (XAVIOR)

DO ALL YOUR CHORES, EVEN IF THEY
ARE A BORE, HAVE AN OPEN MIND, THOU
SHALL BE CARING AND KIND!

JAKE/JOSH (XAVIOR)

DO ALL YOUR CHORES, EVEN IF THEY
ARE A BORE, HAVE AN OPEN MIND, THOU
SHALL BE CARING AND KIND!

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END!