

GROOVY AND THE GUMDROPS

"Groovy and The Gumdrops Meet Zippy Zebra"

Written by

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OPENING TITLES

The theme song, "Gonna Grab A Gumdrops For My Groovy Gal" plays. It's a bouncy, peppy 60s style funk-pop song. Think something like "Sugar Sugar" by the Archies but with a skuzzier bassline and deep, soulful vocals. There are tons of Tra La Las and La Tee Dahs.

We see the four members of the band, GROOVY (a dog), NEIGHTHAN (a horse), PROFESSOR RAYMOND K. TALONS (an owl) and KUSHIE (a giant nug of weed) galavanting around an amusement park and getting into all sorts of trouble. They're very clearly people wearing ratty old costumes with very minimal facial movement and big floppy mouths. Think *The Banana Splits*. It's shot on 16mm to have a lo-fi, 60s look. All of the footage is ever so slightly sped up to give it a slightly more manic feel.

TITLE: GROOVY AND THE GUMDROPS

GROOVY (V.O.)
Oh boy oh boy, it's time for The
Groovy and the Gumdrops Show,
starring GROOVY AND THE GUMDROPS!

HONKING SOUND EFFECT

GROOVY (V.O.)
Thaaaaat's right, that's us!

ACT ONE

INT. THE GUMDROP GALLEON - DAY

It's a psychedelic old ship, with bright, colorful walls, slides, and all sorts of weird stuff for the boys to play on.

In reality it's one of those old TV sets that looks nice from a distance, but the second you get close to it you can see the ricketiness of the walls and practically smell the smoke from a teamster's cigarette.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And now, here they are: Groovy and
the Gumdrops!
(Beat)
Groovy!

Groovy, an old hound dog, runs out of a dog house, does a little barrel roll across the floor and howls up at the sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Professor Raymond K. Talons!

He pops up from inside a nest. He wears a graduation cap and has a monocle. He looks very wise indeed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kushie!

He's a six foot tall nug of that fiiiiine, fiiiiine kush, with big sunglasses and a li'l snout. He pops out from inside an over-sized mason jar

NARRATOR

And Neighthan!

He's a horse dressed like a cowboy, including a cowboy hat with a Sheriff's Star (which in turn has a li'l horse on it). He reaches up to tip his hat, but Kushie grabs it. Neighthan chases him around in circles, with Groovy and Professor Talons soon following.

GROOVY

Alright alright youse mugs, come to order come to order! It's time for a band meeting!

(Beat)

Who's ready for our big CONCERT today?

They all raise their hands!

GROOVY (CONT'D)

I wanna make the people dance!

PROFESSOR TALONS

I wanna make the people sing!

Kushie makes a weird, boi-oi-oing sound to continue the rhythm.

NEIGHTHAN

I just want a pizza!

WHOMP WHOMP NOISE

GROOVY

Let's do a final check!

(Beat)

Instruments!

Professor Talons wheels in a rack of music gear, including guitars, basses, a baritone sax, two ukuleles, a cotton candy machine and a unicycle!

Groovy produces a check list written on an incredibly large scroll of paper. He checks it off with a feathered quill.

GROOVY (CONT'D)
Guitars!

PROFESSOR TALONS
A'check!

GROOVY
Basses!

NEIGHTHAN
A'checkity check check!

GROOVY
Saxy-waxys!

Kushie makes an affirmative "BOING."

GROOVY (CONT'D)
And last but not least, the cotton
candy machine!
(Beat)
COTTON CANDY MACHINE?!?!?!? Why I!
Who I! A'Whaddja! Who put that on
there?

Neighthan raises his hand.

NEIGHTHAN
Well shucks, I've got the appetite
of a horse twice mah size!
What'd'ja 'SPECT me to do?

GROOVY
A'why I oughtaaaaaaaa!

He takes Neighthan's cowboy hat off and whacks him on the
head with it.

GROOVY (CONT'D)
Go get the van started ya' maroon!

NEIGHTHAN
I'm not a maroon, I'm a horse!

FLIP DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. THE GUMDROP GALLEON - LATER

There's an eight passenger van with a big ol' smile and eyes
on its hood sitting outside. His name is VANIEL DAY LEWIS.
Neighthan approaches holding a car key the size of a
SuperSoaker.

NEIGHTHAN
Mornin' Vaniel Day Lewis! Ready to
go to THE BIG CONCERT?

Vaniel lets out a sick, pained moan as Neighthan climbs in.

VANIEL
I don't feel so good, Neighthan...

Neighthan tries to turn him on, but he won't start.

NEIGHTHAN
Sounds like you're havin' some
engine trouble, pardner!

He hops out and walks towards Vaniel's mouth. He grabs a
giant tongue depressor.

NEIGHTHAN
Say aaaaah!

VANIEL
Ugggghhhhh...

He places the tongue depressor in Vaniel's mouth, and sticks
his entire head inside to get a closer look.

NEIGHTHAN
Hmmm, from the looks of it, I'd say
you're suffering from--

Vaniel lets out a cough. At first it's small, but then grows
violent and unstoppable. It eventually sounds more like
vomiting, and a torrent of bloody motor oil shoots out of
Vaniel's mouth with the force of a firehose. It knocks
Neighthan back a few feet, leaving him covered in blood, bile
and motor oil.

NEIGHTHAN (CONT'D)
And I just got these boots washed!

WHOMP WHOMP

SPIN DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. THE GROOVY GALLEON - LATER

The rest of the gang stands around Vaniel, trying to diagnose
the problem. Vaniel is clearly dead, with X's over his eyes.
There's a ton of car parts scattered around them, and his
engine sits on the pavement smoking.

GROOVY
Didja' try jumpin' the engine

NEIGHTHAN
I did, and it don't work none at
all!

(Beat)
See?

He jumps over Vaniel's engine twice. Groovy whacks him with his hat.

PROFESSOR TALONS
Gentlemen, I have concluded my
extensive research, and it appears
to me that the only conclusive
conclusion is that our chum and
conveyance, Vaniel Day Lewis, is
suffering from a severe case of non-
hodgkins van-phoma.

GROOVY
Sounds like he's got a PRE-EXISTING
IGNITION!

SLIDE WHISTLE SOUND

NEIGHTHAN
What the heck are we gonna do,
greenhorns? We gots'ta get
ourselves to that dang ol' concert
I tells ya'! The fans are
expeck'tin us!

GROOVY
There's only one thing left to
do...

Groovy GULPS dramatically.

GROOVY (CONT'D)
C-call our manager.

THE WHOLE GANG
UH-OHHHHHHHH!

STARWIPE TO:

INT. THE GUMDROP GALLEON - LATER

Mean Ol' Mr. Pigglesworth, a pig dressed like a robber baron with a top hat, monocle, and big cigar, walks THROUGH the door, leaving a pig shaped hole.

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
Well well well, what have we here?

GROOVY
H-hi M-m-m-mr. P-Pigglesworth!

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
What did you numbskulled ninnies do
this time?

NEIGHTHAN
We ain't do nuthin', sir! Our van
got sick an' now we can't get to
the concert and we're just so durn
upset about it we just dunno what
to do no more!

GROOVY
We wanna make the people dance!

PROFESSOR TALONS
We wanna make the people sing!

Kushie does his part of the routine with a boing.

NEIGHTHAN
I just want a pizza!

WHOMP WHOMP.

GROOVY
And if we can't get to the concert,
then--

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
THERE'S NO BIG PAY DAY!
(Beat)
This is simply unacceptable! You
ding-a-ling dumb-dumbs need to play
that concert so I can buy my
supper!

(Beat)
And do you wackadoos know what I
have for supper every single day
without fail and with no
exceptions?

ALL OF THEM
(Sad)
A thousand lobsters dinners.

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
 Precisely! And if I don't get my
 thousand lobster dinners I get very
 grumpy, and when I get grumpy--

ALL OF THEM
 (Sad)
 You get stabby.

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
 Exactly! You wouldn't want to wind
 up like Croc O'Dile, would you?

Pan up to above their door: There's the mounted head of an
 alligator wearing sunglasses. He speaks with a heavy Irish
 brogue.

CROC O'DILE
 Ach, lads, ya' nae wanna end up
 like me! Me soul's gone up to
 heaven but me head's stuck up on
 the wall!

ALL OF THEM
 N-no sir.

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
 Fear not, my children: I've secured
 you a new van, complete with
 everything you need for the
 concert.

The band goes nuts!

GROOVY
 Oh boy oh boy!

PROFESSOR TALONS
 Cracking good show old bean!

NEIGHTHAN
 Yeeeeee-haw!

Kushie makes a happy honking sound.

GROOVY
 I don't know how we could ever
 repay ya', Mr. P!

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
 I know *exactly* how: Before the
 concert I need you to drop off
 some...packages...for me on the
 way.

GROOVY
Sounds lee-jit-a-mit to me!

PROFESSOR TALONS
I certainly have no further
questions!

Kushie honks, and sounds concerned...

NEIGHTHAN
I don't even know what we're
talkin' about it!

RAINBOW WIPE
TO:

EXT. THE GROOVY GALLEON - MOMENTS LATER

It's a beaten down, sketchy looking white van. Some dark shit
has gone down in this van.

The band runs are trying to pile into the front row of the
van. They wind up rearranging their sitting order two or
three times before finally settling in.

GROOVY
Okay boys, who's ready to rock and
roll?

They all cheer! Groovy starts the car, but a big buzzer goes
off.

GROOVY (CONT'D)
Whoops! Looks like we got a door
that's ajar!

NEIGHTHAN
A door that's a jar? That don't
seem very useful, jars is so tiny
and doors is so big!

He whacks Neighthan with his hat.

GROOVY
Kushie, why don't you go shut it?

He honks and hops out of the car!

He runs around to the back, where we can now see inside:
There looks to be about forty eight kilos of choice,
Colombian heroin.

Kushie gets a good look, and makes a very concerned honking sound while holding his hands up to his face!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH GROOVY AND
THE GUM DROPS...ON THE ROAD!

END ACT 1

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ACT 2

INT. THE VAN - AFTERNOON

The gang are all crammed into the front row, chooglin' down the highway.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Groovy and the Gumdrops are ON THE ROAD!

GROOVY

Okay fellas, where's our first stop?

NEIGHTHAN

Somewhere I can get a pizza!

GROOVY

We gotta run a few errands for Mr. Pigglesworth, ya' galoot!

NEIGHTHAN

I'm not a galoot, I'm a horse.

Groovy whacks him with his cowboy hat.

PROFESSOR TALONS

As official group navigator it seems our first stop is...right here!

EXT. SKETCHY LOOKING WAREHOUSE IN THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Their van pulls up to a corner. This broken down chunk of warehouses and abandoned factories makes industrial Detroit look like Disneyland.

On the corner is ZIPPY ZEBRA. He looks like he needs a fuckin' fix and BAD. He's visibly shaking, and looks like he could explode with rage at any minute.

NEIGHTHAN

Oooh, a lady horse!

PROFESSOR TALONS

My research has concluded that's not a lady horse, it's a Zebra, aka homo zebrectus, the American Plains Zebra!

NEIGHTHAN
 (Swooning)
 A laaaaaady horse.

The gang hops out of the van. Neighthan takes his hat off and holds out a very large daffodil.

NEIGHTHAN (CONT'D)
 Well hullo, my dearest darlin'.
 Would you care to hear a sweet,
 plaintive song about my undying
 love for you?

ZIPPY ZEBRA
 Get the fuck out of my face,
 faggot.

NEIGHTHAN
 (Cheerful)
 I'm not a faggot, I'm a horse!

WHOMP WHOMP

GROOVY
 What my compatriot means to say is,
 we've got a--

TRUMPET FANFARE!

GROOVY (CONT'D)
 SPECIAL DEEEE-LIVERY, JUST FOR YOU!

ZIPPY ZEBRA
 'bout fucking time.

GROOVY
 It's just in the back there.

NEIGHTHAN
 Open'er up at yer leisure, m'lady.

Zippy opens the door and sees all the heroin. His eyes go wide with joy...

ZIPPY ZEBRA
 Sweet christ...

Kushie tosses him a bundle of heroin.

NEIGHTHAN
 Saaaaaaaay, what is this stuff
 anyhow?

ZIPPY ZEBRA
Pep powder.

KALEIDOSCOPE
WIPE TO:

EXT. SKETCHY LOOKING WAREHOUSE IN THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT -
LATER

Neighthan yawns and stretches.

NEIGHTHAN
Boy, I sure am plum tuckered after
an adventure like that. You think I
got time for a nap 'fore we make
the people daaaance...
(sleepier)
And siiiiiing....
(barely awake)
And...

He starts audibly snoring.

Groovy whacks him with his hat.

GROOVY
Wake up, bonehead!

Kushie honks.

PROFESSOR TALONS
Perchance I might suggest the
liberal application of some of Mr.
Pigglesworth's Patented Pep Powder,
formulated to calm the nerves and
enhance the senses!

He holds up a little parcel of heroin.

NEIGHTHAN
Don't miiiiiiiiind if I do!

He tears the parcel open and eats a little bit.

NEIGHTHAN (CONT'D)
Ewww, that's yuckier than a sweaty
cowboy in Ju-ly.

Kushie honks and taps at his nose.

NEIGHTHAN (CONT'D)

Huh.

(Beat)

Might as well give 'er a shot!

He dunks his nose into the parcel of heroin and takes a huge snort.

QUICK SPIN WIPE
TO:

INT. THE VAN - LATER

They're all sitting up front. Neighthan is fucking ZONKED OUT and barely conscious, his snout covered in white powder.

GROOVY

Who's ready to rock 'n' roll?

Kushie and Professor Talons cheer! Neighthan just moans incoherently.

GROOVY (CONT'D)

I wanna make the people dance!

PROFESSOR TALONS

I wanna make the people sing!

Kushie honks his part!

NEIGHTHAN

...mmmmmmmm....

He falls over into Kushie's lap.

PROFESSOR TALONS

If my calculations are correct--

GROOVY

And they always are!

NEIGHTHAN

An....alw.....re.....

PROFESSOR TALONS

It would behoove the rest of us to partake in some pep powder in order to have peppiest performance scientifically possible!

Kushie honks skeptically.

PROFESSOR TALONS (CONT'D)

Addiction?

(Beat)

Oh, my sweet boy, that's not a word.

SPIN DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. THE BACK OF THE VAN - EVENING

They all lie there completely zonked out. Groovy drools and it's disgusting, his saliva caked and dried on the felt and wool of his costume.

Neighthan sits in the corner, knees to his chest, shaking.

NEIGHTHAN

S-say, G-Groovy, we got anymore'a that p-p-pep powder?

GROOVY

(incoherent mumbling)

Huhnahzawha...

PROFESSOR TALONS

If my calculations are correct--

GROOVY

(Snarling)

AN' THEY BETTER BE!

PROFESSOR TALONS

--we have approximately one spoonful left.

He holds up a comically over sized spoon with about a pound and a half of heroin on it.

NEIGHTHAN

...d-d-dibs...

Kushie makes a concerned honking sound...

GROOVY

Now hold on just one dern cotton lickin' second! I'm the band leader, I say who gets the last bit of the pep powder and I say it's me!

NEIGHTHAN

B-b-but Groovy, I'm feelin' awful
funny and I--

GROOVY

You're always feelin' funny!

He whacks Neighthan with his cowboy hat.

NEIGHTHAN

STOP HITTING ME OR I WILL KICK YOUR
HEAD CLEAN OFF WITH MY POWERFUL
HORSE LEGS, HOSS!

Groovy growls at him.

GROOVY

Just say that t'my face, wouldja'?

They get nose to nose.

NEIGHTHAN

Stop.
(Beat)
Hitting.
(Beat)
Me.

GROOVY

Give.
(Beat)
Me.
(Beat)
The PEP POWDER!

Lou Reed's "Perfect Day" begins playing as they start fighting. Professor Talons proceeds to snort the rest of the heroin and dissolves into the floor of the van.

PROFESSOR TALONS' POV:

It's basically just that shot from Trainspotting where it looks like we're looking up from a coffin in the ground. We see Neighthan and Groovy wrestling each other and it's INCREDIBLY violent. They eventually both take massive facefuls of the Pep Powder, hug, and even start to kiss.

We see Professor Talons smile. It's a hollow, empty smile behind the dead eyes of his costume.

The song crescendoes as we see that there is in fact NO ONE at the wheel of the van as it FLIES down the highway.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

The front of the van is wrapped around a tree, flames billowing out of the windows.

A little girl, DAFFODIL, sits on a swing out front. The back door swings open, and the band, dazed, emerges from the back.

GROOVY

Ok...ugh...band M-meetin', b-band meet....m...

He makes a little "Circle up" motion with his hands.

The rest of the gang try to do their usual "switch places frantically and wind up in the same spot" routine, only this time they're incredibly lethargic and it takes foreverrrrrrr.

GROOVY (CONT'D)

Any'a youse mugs f...feel like yer soul is made'a fire and you just can't put it out?

NEIGHTHAN

I feel hollow an' empty like a pig's trough after supertime.

PROFESSOR TALONS

If my cal...if...if my math is...guh...

He violently pukes out a mess of brown gunk and collapses onto the floor, shaking.

Daffodil approaches.

DAFFODIL

Is your friend okay Mr. Puppy?

GROOVY

(Very excited)

Oh boy oh boy, a lit--

He holds a hand up to his head, pained.

GROOVY (CONT'D)

Ow.

(Beat)

Ugh.

(Beat)

Criminy crackers this is a doozy of a headache.

(Beat)

(MORE)

GROOVY (CONT'D)

A little girl for us to p-p-play with.

NEIGHTHAN

What's your...wh....you got a name or sumpthin'?

DAFFODIL

My name is Daffodil and I'm eight and a half years old.

Professor Talons, still passed out, vomits up some blood and bile. It's disgusting. None of them seem to notice.

DAFFODIL (CONT'D)

Are you here to give my Daddy his medicine?

GROOVY

You betcha, little girl!

NEIGHTHAN

Say, where's yer Paw at, anyhow?

DAFFODIL

He's...he's inside...but he says I can take it...

NEIGHTHAN

Well, if there's one thing I know, it's that eight year old girls can never tell a lie--

GROOVY

'cause they're cute as a button--

GROOVY AND NATHAN

And sweet as pie!

Kushie honks along with them and hands her the giant spoon of heroin.

GROOVY

Is there anything else we can do for ya', Daff-o-dil?

DAFFODIL

(Happily)

Get on the ground, motherfuckers.

NEIGHTHAN

Do h'what now?

BOOM! A half dozen members of a DEA squad come bursting out of the house and repelling down from helicopters.

AGENT
GET ON THE GROUND NOW
MOTHERFUCKERS!

NEIGHTHAN
I'm not a motherfucker, I'm a--

The officer pounds him violently to the ground.

NEIGHTHAN (CONT'D)
--I--I--I'm...I can't...I can't
breathe....

The officer just presses down harder. Nathan's eyes start to roll back in his head and his face starts to go purple as he begins choking.

ANNOUNCER
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE GROOVY AND THE
GUMDROPS HAVE HIT A GUM-SPOT OF
TROUBLE!
(Beat)
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH GROOVY AND
THE GUMDROPS....IN THE BIG
HOUSE?!?!?!?

END ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. PRISON YARD - HIGH NOON

NARRATOR (V.O.)
AND NOW, MORE GROOVY AND THE GUM-
DROPS! LIVE...FROM PRISON?!?!?!?

The band sits at a table, now clad in orange prison jumpsuits. Neighthan has an orange cowboy hat and Professor Talons is sporting an orange graduate's cap with his prisoner ID number on top.

They look terrified.

A group of PRISON TOUGHS stares at them.

GROOVY
Hi there new friends!

NEIGHTHAN
We're Groovy and the Gumdrops!

PROFESSOR TALONS
And we're scientifically proven to
make you wanna shake shake to the
music we make make!

PRISON TOUGH
Don't be surprised if y'all get
stabbed real quick.

Kushie honks!

GROOVY
Kushie's right, you mugs! We
gots'ta get outta here, uddawise
we're gonna miss our big concert!

Everybody panics!

GROOVY (CONT'D)
I wanna make the people dance!

PROFESSOR TALONS
I wanna make the people sing!

Kushie honks affirmatively.

NEIGHTHAN
I just want a pi--

WHAM! A SKINHEAD clocks him.

SKINHEAD
Shut the fuck up.

NEIGHTHAN
...OW...

The skinhead approaches Kushie.

SKINHEAD
What's your deal?

Kushie honks.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
...you fuckin' serious?
(Beat)
We talkin' indica or sativa?

Kushie honks again.

SKINHEAD (CONT'D)
Hybrid is fine.
(Beat)
HOLD HIM DOWN, STRIP HIM BARE!

Kushie lets out a terrified honk, as a FUNKY POP SONG begins to play.

MONTAGE:

We see the band playing in various parts of the prison, like the commissary, the warden's office, and the execution chamber during a lethal injection, as we cross cut between the following scenes:

--Kushie runs away from A GAGGLE OF SKINHEADS who chase him. The other band members get involved, chasing the skinheads but also, in turn, chasing themselves.

--In a static shot down a long hallway we do the classic cartoon "doors" gag where the gang runs into a cell and pops out of another while being chased by the skin heads.

--Groovy has a "Bad" style knife fight with one of them.

--Neighthan gets put in solitary. He tries to bounce a baseball off the wall like Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape*. He throws it FULL FORCE at the wall and it bounces back, violently cracking him in the mouth.

--Professor Talons gets a swastika tattooed on his forehead.

SPIN TRANSITION
TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - LATER

The boys have finally escaped the toughs.

A guard approaches. He reads off a sheet of paper.

GUARD
Goofy and the Gumfucks?
(Beat)
Yer up for trial.

The band cheers!

LADY JUSTICE
WIPE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The gang sits behind a table. They're all wearing suits. A BORING LOOKING HUMAN LAWYER sits with them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Finally, Groovy and the Gumdrops
will have their day...IN
COURT?!?!?

JUDGE MITCHELL H. DVORAK, 72, sits at the stand. He looks like you turned a melted ice cream cone into a person.

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
Good morning, everyone.
(Beat)
Regarding the case of State of New
Jersey v. Gumdrops, representing
the state is Marcia Horndall.

A well put together female lawyer stands for the prosecution.

MARCIA HORNDALL
Yes your honor.

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
And representing the defense--

The boring looking lawyer starts to stand up, but--

PROFESSOR TALONS
REPRESENTING THE GOOD GUYS, IT IS
IIIIIIII, PROFESSOR RAYMOND K.
TALONS, ESQUIRE, PHD, DDT, LOTR,
BBW, DMV.

The Judge sighs.

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
(To himself)
Christ I hate furry cases.

MONTAGE:

A peppy country rock song, "(Loving You Is) Tough (But Fair)" plays as we see Professor Talons animatedly defending them in court. Think "Sweetheart of the Rodeo" era Byrds. We see the band playing in various places throughout the courthouse. At one point Lady Justice dances in a Go Go cage between them.

INT. COURTROOM

The song ends.

Looooong silence.

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
That wasn't a testimony, that was a
pop song, and as toe-tapping a
summer jam as it may have been, it
is not, in fact, considered legally
admissible.

(Beat)

Now could you please get that
cotton candy machine out of my
courtroom?

NEIGHTHAN (O.S.)
Just oooooone second!

Pan over to Neighthan, his head caught in the cotton candy machine.

He pulls himself out, revealing a perfect cotton candy replica of his head covering his real head.

NEIGHTHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, what's up?

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
I will give you furry buffoons ONE
more chance to present your
testimony, otherwise you will be
held in contempt of court.

NEIGHTHAN
Held in who now?

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
(Sighs)
You'll get a court room time out.

THE WHOLE GANG
A COURTROOM TIME OUT?!?!?!?

GROOVY
Band meetin', band meetin'!

They do their "changing places" gag around the table. The boring human lawyer doesn't move at all.

GROOVY (CONT'D)
We gots to give this ol'
judge'a'mine a reaaaaal
convincalatin' argument uddawise
it's back to the klink for us!

Kushie honks a suggestion.

PROFESSOR TALONS
Kushie my dear sweet honeydewdrop,
I don't understand how--

Kushie honks at him very aggressively.

GROOVY
Well, it's the only chance we got.

NEIGHTHAN
Whatever it is.

PROFESSOR TALONS
Give 'em "the business," Kushie!

PROFESSOR TALONS (CONT'D)
The defense calls to the
stand...Kushiam Sienkiewicz (Sin-
Kev-Itch).

Kushie walks up to the bench. He takes a few deep breaths in and out, accompanied by airy, light honks like you were slowly honking a bike horn.

He then raises a lighter to his head and sets himself on fire.

A "The End" style 60s psychedelic guitar begins to play as we push in on Kushie.

The rest of the band finally gets it.

THE WHOLE GANG
Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhh.

MONTAGE:

Everybody in court is turbo baked! We pan through the hazy, smoked filled courtroom, psychedelically dissolving between:

--Groovy spin dancing, crashing into everybody.

--Neighthan opens his mouth and eats a burrito in one bite. He basically just places it in the lower half of his mouth and swallows it whole.

--Professor Talons writing intensely, profoundly on a white board. We pan around and see that all he's written is "BOOOOOOBIES :)".

--Kushie, still burning, being felt up by several of the women of the courtroom, including the opposing lawyer. Beneath his burned away leaves we can see a set of ROCK HARD ABS. It's uncomfortably sexual.

--The BORING HUMAN LAWYER with his tie tied around his head doing karate like Martin Sheen in "Apocalypse Now."

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

A hazy smoke fills the air. The judge is wearing a deerskin vest OVER his robe. The bailiff finger paints on the wall behind him.

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
Having reviewed your
kind....kiiiiiiiind statements...I
hereby let you off with a warning!
(Beat)
You're free to go to your concert!

The boys jump for joy!

GROOVY
Thank you, your honor!

PROFESSOR TALONS

But thank you most of all to our
airtight legal system!

GROOVY

We don't know how we could ever
repay yas!

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK

Whatever, man. It's chill.

(Beat)

Hey, is anybody else suuuuuuuuper
horny?

Kushie honks!

GROOVY

Let's go, ya' mug-a-lugs! We're
gonna get to make the people dance!

PROFESSOR TALONS

We're gonna get to make the people
sing!

Kushie, who is now just a stem again, honks. It sounds like a
coughing bird.

NEIGHTHAN

I just want a pizza!

The courtroom door opens. A pizza delivery man opens enters.

PIZZA DELIVERY MAN

Did somebody--jesus, it reeks in
here--who ordered a large pepperoni
pizza?

Neighthan's eyes go wide. Romantic music begins to play.

NEIGHTHAN

Neighthan's dreams have come
true...

Neighthan romantically dashes towards the delivery man. He
flips open the pizza box, spins around with it, and hugs the
hot, greasy pizza to his chest!

GROOVY

You play any instruments, yer
honor?

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
 Naaaaah dawg.
 (Beat)
 But I can spit straight FIRE!

EVERYBODY BUT NEIGHTHAN
 LET'S GO!

EXT. CONCERT GROUNDS - LATER

The band plays their big, bubblegum pop hit "Gonna Grab A Gumdrop For My Groovy Gal" to an excitable crowd of six to eight year olds and their bored looking parents.

They get to a chorus.

GROOVY
 Take it away, your honor!

A HEAVY ASS BEAT drops onto the track. His flow is a bit like Killer Mike from Run The Jewels.

JUDGE MITCHELL H DVORAK
 LISTEN UP FUCCBOI
 I AIN'T AIMIN' TA' FIGHT YOU
 YOU MESS WITH MY BITCH
 MY D.A. WILL INDICT YOU
 (Beat)
 I'M MORE SERIOUS THAN
 THREE HEART ATTACKS
 YOU COULD KILL MY ASS WHITE
 AND I'D COME BACK BLACK

EXT. BACKSTAGE

Mean Ol' Mr. Pigglesworth stands off stage, scowling.

MR. PIGGLESWORTH
 Where's my big payday?

A nearby technician presses a button, and hundred dollar bills begin to rain down from the sky around him.

MR. PIGGLESWORTH (CONT'D)
 A big pay day!
 (Beat)
 A big pay day all over my face and
 neck! Oh how I love it so!
 (Beat)
 Lobster dinners for all!

EXT. CONCERT GROUNDS

The band finishes up their song as the crowd eats lobster dinners off of beautiful china plates.

GROOVY

Thank you, everybody!

NEIGHT

Now if'n you'll ex-skee-use us,
it's time fer us return to our home
dimension!

A vast, inter-dimensional portal opens behind them, revealing a glimpse of what can best be described as a "techno-sexual nightmarescape" that would make H.R. Giger go "That's maybe a bit much."

They all hop in.

NEIGHTHAN

G'bye, kids!

The portal closes behind them.

Looooong silence.

One single child begins to cry from the back third of the audience.

ANNOUNCER

ON THE NEXT GROOVY...AND THE
GUMDROPS...

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The boys paddle around in paddleboats. It's super wacky.

THE END