



WHALE OF A TIME

by
Brandon Beck

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Reich My Fire - Paris, 1971

Written by

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OPENING TITLES:

A jaunty song plays as we see the quick history of TILLY THE WHALE, a big, goofy lookin' cartoon whale, and his best friend, HERR BLUDHAMMER.

Tilly swims along, happily eating seaweed and krill. Off in the distance is an ominous looking submarine.

Inside the submarine, we see a bunch of evil Nazi scientists working on all sorts of dark, horrific looking technology. Herr Bludhammer, 50s, an intense, scowling genius, stands next to a machine marked "Zeitmaschine" (Time Machine). A tiny blue portal opens, providing a glimpse of a field full of dinosaurs. Another scientist walks past, and Herr Bludhammer kicks him through the portal, where he is immediately consumed by the beasts.

Outside, Tilly swims along contentedly. Without noticing he swallows the submarine whole.

Inside, shit goes CRAZY. Machines explode, people scream. It's horrific. The Time Machine fuses with Tilly's stomach.

WHOOOMP! Tilly disappears--and reappears in a dark, Blade Runner-esque future. Herr Bludhammer climbs out of his blowhole to investigate. (The time period they appear in can change in each episode, ala *The Simpsons'* couch gags)

Title Card: Whale of a Time!

Title Card: "Reich My Fire - Paris, 1971"

EXT. UNDERWATER -- AFTERNOON

It's still. Silent. Peaceful.

BWHOMMMMMMP.

A swirling blue vortex appears, and out pops TILLY THE WHALE.

TILLY

This water tastes funny.

(Beat)

When are we, Doc?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

It appears to be 1971, but the water is too thick with garbage and human waste to get a good reading.

Tilly notices that there are hundreds of broken, empty wine bottles floating around them.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)
 Surface, mein aquatic freund, so
 that we may see which wonderful
 piece of the Reich we have reached.

They surface to--

EXT. RIVER SIENE - CONTINUOUS

--a beautiful view of Paris along the water. The Eiffel Tower
 glistens off in the distance.

TILLY
 Ooooh! Paris!

Herr Bludhammer climbs out of Tilly's blowhole.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
 Ugggh, Paris.
 (Beat)
 A city of drunk, oversexed cowards
 unable to face the beauty and
 thickness of the Reich's protrusion
 into their country. I would spit on
 the ground, but that would only
 make it cleaner.
 (Beat)
 Sadly, this is our destination.

TILLY
 Oh boy! An adventure! What're we
 doing this time, Doc?

HERR BLUDHAMMER
 We seek the means to create Das
 Uber Voice. Paris, as much as she
 disgusts me, is home to some
 history's greatest, most compelling
 orators. Men whose words have the
 power to move, to uplift, to
 inspire those who hear them to do
 their bidding, to dress or act or
 think differently.
 (Beat)
 Orators who could even teach Der
 Fuhrer himself a thing or two, but
 don't tell him I said that.

TILLY
 I don't even know who he is, so no
 worries pal-o-mine!

HERR BLUDHAMMER

A power that, when harnessed by
Deutschland's most brilliant
scientific mind, can be turned into
a weapon of ultimate thought
control!

(Beat)

And hopefully, once we have found
our way back to the glorious days
of the war, will finally earn me
the position of power that I
deserve!

Herr Bludhammer reaches into his tool bag and removes a hand-held scanning device. He scans the city around him, the machine letting out a tiny, intense "NEIN! NEIN!" when it doesn't find what it's looking for.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)

Ugh. According to my Grundstück
Gerät we'll have to venture into
the city.

TILLY

Does this mean we get to stay and
explore?!?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Only until we find our subject...or
the creeping disgust within my
heart reaches an all-consuming
boil.

(Beat)

We've got about an hour at best.

TILLY

YAAAAAY! Let's go!

Herr Bludhammer hops into Tilly's blowhole. Tilly swims in a few circles to gain some speed, then leaps majestically out of the water, soaring through the air. The water glistens in the sunlight as he soars overhead.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jesse and Celine from the *Before Sunset* films walk along, talking intellectually.

JESSE

Maybe what I'm saying is the world
might be evolving the way a person
evolves. Right? Like, me for
example. Am I getting worse?

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Am I improving? I don't know. When I was younger, I was--

WHAM! Tilly slams down from the sky, crushing Jesse.

CELINE

Dieu merci, I don't think I could take another second of that idiot's pretentious rambling.

TILLY

Bonjour, madame!

Tilly picks himself up, tips an invisible hat to Celine, and begins to walk down the street on the tip of his tail. Jesse is smooshed on his belly.

EXT. MONTMARTE - AFTERNOON

Tilly and Herr Bludhammer walk through a bustling square, filled with buskers, caricature artists, and art galleries. They follow the relentless "NEIN! NEIN!" of his scanner.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Ugh. The Artist. The lowest form of humanity.

TILLY

What's so wrong with wanting to make stuff?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

The potential to do or create anything? To challenge societal moors and traditions? It's sickening.

TILLY

Isn't that what you do, though? You just wanna make new stuff that'll change the world.

A look of absolute rage comes over his face.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

No! No! It is NOT the same! I am the establishment! I am the fist of government! I am--

The scanner begins beeping positively, and shouting "Ja! Ja! Ja!" They look up at their target: A music venue.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)
 Hmm. Something must be wrong...all
 musicians are braying, sub-animal
 intellects possessed by that toe-
 tapping succubus known as "melody."
 He can't possible be there.

TILLY
 Oh my blowhole! Doc! Look!

They look up at the marquee. It reads, in big letters:

"Tonight: Jim Morrison!"

And in significantly smaller letters:

"(Spoken Word Performance. NO MUSIC. NO REFUNDS.)"

TILLY (CONT'D)
 (In awe)
 I lovvvveeee Jim Morrisonnnnnnnnn.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
 Who?

TILLY
 He's the singer/shaman/prophet in
 The Doors! They're just a mediocre
 blues band, but, like, his poetry
 changed my life! He was ALL I
 listened to when I was a kid.

CUT TO:

INT. TILLY'S "BEDROOM" -- FLASHBACK

It's a tiny undersea grotto, with a bed made out of a sunken
 ship and a bunch of seaweed.

A younger Tilly lies on his tummy in his "bed." He flaps his
 tail around like he's a teen girl kicking her feet back and
 forth.

TILLY
 I learned so much about life, about
 philosophy...about my body...from
 his music.
 (Beat)
 I even had a poster!

We see the "poster": It's a billboard for the "Morrison
 Hotel" album that's clearly just been ripped out of the
 pavement, still attached to its tower.

EXT. MONTEMARTRE

Herr Bludhammer looks really grossed out.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Tilly, that was six weeks ago...

TILLY
Ooooh, right, sorry. All this time travel gives my noggin a floggin'.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
(To himself)
And that explains the high levels of ejaculate in my drinking water.
(Beat)
I detest this man's very being, but his readings are off the charts, and charts don't lie, so in we go.

Tilly rushes up to the box office.

TILLY
Hi! How many tickets are left for the Jim Morrison spoken word performance?

BOX OFFICE WORKER
All of them.

TILLY
We'll take 'em!

INT. ROCK CLUB - LATER

Art-y close up of Jim Morrison on stage. It's not sexy young Morrison, but fat "old" Jim Morrison with a scraggly beard and scraggly-er hair. He takes a loooong sip of red wine from a giant glass.

JIM MORRISON
Sex is a dying man on a sun-scarred, desert highway...his arms reaching for a last vestige of comfort, of humanity, before the diesel rig that is our sexually crippled society runs him over with its tires of repression. It is meaningless. It is dark. It is all consuming.

We hear two claps. One quiet, single clap and then a series of massive, reverberating wet slaps.

Jim looks up, startled.

JIM MORRISON (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, I didn't think there were
gonna be people at this thing.

We now see the rest of the club. Tilly is crammed in so tightly he can barely move. Herr Bludhammer stands in front of him, unimpressed.

Jim shields his eyes from the stage lights.

MORRISON
I say thee, creature: Be you a
spirit of hate or a spirit of
loooooove?

TILLY
The second one! Totally the second
one!

JIM MORRISON
Cool, just makin' sure.
(Beat)
Jim.

TILLY
Tilly!

MORRISON
Far out.
(Beat)
You wanna get high? LSD?

TILLY
Oh, no thank you, I'll have to
pass. LSD isn't for L-S-Me.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
What mein freund means to say is we
would one hundred percent like to
get high and steal as much of your
blood as possible.

JIM MORRISON
Right on, right on.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

The three of them round a corner, stopping in front of a nondescript apartment building. There are large picture windows on the higher floors.

JIM MORRISON

I'll be back in juuuust a minute. I must spew forth the engorged spirits of my dark netherrealms.

TILLY

Huh?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Schizen.

TILLY

Who?

Jim and The Doctor look at each other. They can't believe he doesn't have it yet.

JIM MORRISON

...I have to poop.

TILLY

Oh!

(Beat)

I just do that in the water!

(Embarrassed)

I pooped on land once and it crushed a lady's Volkswagen.

Jim disappears inside.

TILLY (CONT'D)

This is so much fun! Thanks for hanging out in Paris with us, Doc!

(Beat)

You're a real good friend.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

It is no problem, Tillsworth.

(Ominous)

No problem at aaaaalllllll.

Tap Tap!

Jim is inside, tapping on one of the picture windows. He does a finger gun snap at Tilly. Tilly does one back, cracking the window slightly.

Jim walks off into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

TILLY

I can't believe he likes me! My hero wants to be friends with me!

(Atonal Singing)

(MORE)

TILLY (CONT'D)
 Jim and Tilly, pallin' around
 Havin' fun in France
 And America too!
 And wherever we go it's me and you
 HEEEEY
 A hoagie party
 A hot dog safari!
 Fun times fun times whoa yeah
 whoaaaa
 (Finger Snaps)
 Jim and Tilly best best friends

His shitty rhyming devolves into nonsensical scattling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- SOME TIME LATER

Tilly sits against the building. Herr Bludhammer sits on his head, slowly pouring a tiny little bucket of water onto Tilly to keep him wet.

TILLY
 Sure is taking a while.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
 Purging takes time, young one. Just give him a minute.

TILLY
 I dunno, I'm gonna go check. I think I saw a window in the bathroom.

Tilly walks around to the other side of the building. He peeks through a few windows, before settling on one.

Inside is Jim, unconscious in the bathtub.

TILLY (CONT'D)
 Awww, he fell asleep taking a bath! What a buddy! What a li'l sleepy buddy!

He taps on the window.

TILLY (CONT'D)
 Hey sweeeppy buddy, whose a widdle sweepy boy?

Nothing.

TILLY (CONT'D)
(Concerned)
...widdle sweepy buddy?

Nothing.

Tilly screams in terror!

TILLY (CONT'D)
Ohmygosh! Oh no! Oh no! Oh gosh oh
gosh ooooooh goodness no no no
nonononononononono!

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Vat's wrong?

TILLY
I think he's dead! Oh gosh I think
he's dead! Oh gosh oh gosh
ohgoshohgoshohgosh--

He starts to hyperventilate. He picks up a nearby Fiat, tears off the hatchback and begins to breathe into it like a paper bag.

TILLY (CONT'D)
You have to help him! You're a
doctor! Please!

HERR BLUDHAMMER
I'll try, but you might not like
the results.

INT. STAIRWELL

Herr Bludhammer dashes up the stairs, rifling through a bag of ominous looking tools.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
My glorious plan to create Das Uber
Voice shall be fulfilled upon this
disgusting Parisian eve!

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Herr Bludhammer enters. Calmly. Clinically.

He approaches the bathtub and begins to examine Jim Morrison's body. Tilly's face is pressed up against the window, but we can only really see his eye. It's welled up with tears.

Without looking the Doctor holds out his bag of tools

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Hold please.

TILLY
But--I--

HERR BLUDHAMMER
You are killing your friend!

TILLY
Yes sir sorry sir...

Tilly moves back slightly and sticks the tip of his flipper in through the teeeny tiny window. The wall cracks around him. The Doctor's bag hangs daintily off the tip of his flipper.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Bone winch.

Tilly hands him an horrific looking device. He cracks open Jim's chest.

Jim's soul, a psychedelic, multi-colored ghost version of himself, flies out from the hole.

JIM MORRISON
Now my spirit is free to roam
dawn's highway, inseminating the
ether with my--

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Spirit lasso.

Tilly hands him an ominous, glowing lasso. He effortlessly ropes Morrison's spirit with it.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)
Trans-dimensional mittens.
(Beat)
Aka Transmittens.

Tilly hands him a pair of mittens, blue lightning swirling around them.

He grabs Morrison's spirit, pinning him down, the electricity coursing through Morrison's spiritual form. He screams in pain.

TILLY
What was that? Is he okay?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

It's all part of the process. He's going to be better than ever!

TILLY

Oh peaches and cream! Thank goshness!

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Comically large syringe.

Tilly hands him just that. It's filled with a strange, glowing red liquid.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)

Injecting Der Fuhrer's Extract.

He injects it into Morrison. His beard falls away from his face, leaving only a Hitler mustache.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)

And now ve insert ze new soul into ze cavity...

He picks up Morrison's bound, struggling spirit and begins to forcibly shove it back into the open chest cavity.

Once his spirit is inside, Morrison's body lets out an agonizing moan, shudders, and goes limp.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)

Tilly, I have some bad news.

TILLY

What? What is it?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Jim Morrison is dead.

TILLY

Noooooo!!

He begins to cry.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

But I also come bearing good tidings!

(Beat)

Like the Phoenix, Das Uber Artist has risen from his stanky ashes!

Morrison-Hitler jerks to life and hops up onto the edge of the tub, howling with excitement!

MORRISON
C'mon baby light Mein Kampf!

TILLY
Oh thank you so much, Doc!

Tilly looks in and sees the strange looking new Morrison.

TILLY (CONT'D)
...I think.
(Beat)
So now what?

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Now we begin the greatest part of
my plan: A large scale, worldwide,
mind-controlling concert!

"Riders on the Storm" by The Doors begin to play as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE EIFFEL TOWER - AFTERNOON

There is a giant stage set up for an out door concert. It's
set up to look like the stage from *Triumph of The Will*.

It is surrounded by signs reading: "Führchella."

Tilly's head can be seen poking above the backdrop.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Herr Bludhammer paces back and forth in a control room set up
for a live broadcast.

CONTROL ROOM TECHNICIAN
World wide live feed is set.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Excellent! In a matter of moments
the mind-controlling words of The
Reich shall be broadcast to every
home on the planet, forcing every
citizen to do as our glorious
leader demands!

Silence.

CONTROL ROOM TECHNICIAN
Yeah, we know.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Right, I just...I was...

Herr Bludhammer snaps his fingers. A group of stormtroopers rush in, dragging the tech out kicking and screaming.

EXT. GREEN ROOM -- LATER

Tilly knocks on the door, delicately. It makes a dent each time.

TILLY
Hey Jiiiiim! It's your best friend
Tilly The Whaaaaaale!
(Beat)
We met before...in
Paris...remember?

His last knock whacks the door off its hinges. Tilly opens it delicately.

TILLY (CONT'D)
Jiiiiim?

Inside, we see Jim, slumped over dead on the couch.

TILLY (CONT'D)
SCRAMBLED EGG SANDWICHES!!!

EXT. CONCERT GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

Tilly and Herr Bludhammer run from the control center towards the green room!

TILLY
Why does this keep happening?!?!? I
thought you said he was better!!!!

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Appaaaaarently you're not supposed
to use darke psyence--

Caption: DARKE PSYENCE

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)
--to bring people back from the
dead, but it's a soft rule, I mean,
we've *all* done it!

TILLY
...we have?

They burst into--

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--where Jim's lifeless body has now slumped onto the floor.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Bone winch!

He quickly winches open Jim's chest. Morrison's spirit floats out, more slowly than before. He looks a little bit tired.

JIM MORRISON
Now my soul is free, once again, to--
-
(Yawn)
--roam dawn's highway--'scuse me--
and--

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Ghoulfibrillators.

Tilly hands him a pair of glowing defibrillator paddles.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)
(Counting)
One for ze Fuhrer, two for ze
show...KLAR!

He shocks Jim's soul! His energy comes roaring back!

JIM MORRISON
Oh my god, I've never had a high
like--

Bludhammer shoves him back into his chest cavity, and Morrison springs back to life without missing a beat.

JIM MORRISON (CONT'D)
--that before.
(Beat)
Oh, hey guys!

TILLY
Hiiii Jiiiiim!!

JIM MORRISON
Anybody else feel a little funny?

Jim's skin has turned slightly green, and one of his eyes is now a yellow lizard's eye.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
 It's probably just pre-show
 jitters! Have some complementary
 hors d'ourves and you'll feel
 better.

Jim looks over to the catering spread.

JIM MORRISON
 Ooooh, li'l pepperonis!

EXT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jim and Tilly walk away from the green room. Tilly looks
 confused and sad.

TILLY
 Hey Doc...I know it's not my place
 to question the schemes and plans
 of The Ripe, but... something seems
 wrong with Jim...

HERR BLUDHAMMER
 (Brushing him off)
 Oh, that's just the universe trying
 to compensate for the fact that he
 was supposed to have died today and
 we defied the will of the cosmos
 for our own wretched gain.

(Beat)
 Do not fret, young one. Fretting is
 for cowards who are unable to look
 fear in the eye and murder it with
 science.

He pats him on the flipper.

HERR BLUDHAMMER (CONT'D)
 Whoops! Forgot my tools!

Herr Bludhammer opens the door to the green room. Jim
 Morrison lies on the ground, dead, covered in pepperoni and
 heroin gear.

TILLY
 CHICKENS AND CHILI!

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jim Morrison's spirit slowly arises from the chest cavity.

MORRISON

An' now my spirit shall
roaaaaam....uh.....dawn's
highway...

SHOCK!! Herr Bludhammer blasts him with the ghoul fibrillator, rocketing him back into his body.

Jim bolts back to life. His skin is now scaly and reptilian, and his eyes are twice as big as before, almost like a Sleestak.

JIM MORRISON

(Dazed)

Oh.

(Beat)

Hey guys.

(Beat)

Is anybody else's soul on fire?

EXT. CATERING AREA - LATER

Tilly paces back and forth, concerned. He is stress eating entire tanks of fish. Herr Bludhammer walks past.

TILLY

Hey, Doc...can I ask you an ethical question?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Absolutely not.

TILLY

Oh.

(Beat)

Okay.

Herr Bludhammer hurries off to the control room.

Tilly looks around for someone to talk to. He spots somebody!

TILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, Robby Krieger from The Doors, can I ask you an ethical question?

ROBBY KRIEGER

Sure! Go ahead!

TILLY

So, like...say you had a friend, and he kept getting killed, and each time he came back to life he was weirder and weirder...but then you had this other friend that you really wanted to help out, but, like, if your first pal was perma-dead it would really dingle over your second buddy, so, like, you want all your bestest-besties to get the stuff they want, but, like, don't want one of them to be dead but also don't him to be a weird monster thing with creepy, dead eyes, but still want your firstest friend to get the thing he wants...what would you do?

ROBBY KRIEGER

Hmm.

(Beat)

I'd probably write a song about it.

(Beat)

You know, "Light My Fire" was written when I was--

TILLY

That's it!

He turns and dashes off, his tail whipping around and knocking Robby Krieger of The Doors violently into a nearby stack of speakers.

TILLY (CONT'D)

Thanks Robby Krieger of The Doors!

ROBBY KRIEGER

Uggggghhhhh...everything is broken...

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Jim and Tilly wait just off stage, silently.

TILLY

Hey, Jim...I know you were going to open with "Reich My Fire," but, uh...I wrote a song...it's about us...

Tilly hands him a piece of seaweed with words hastily scribbled on it.

JIM MORRISON
It's beautiful, Tilly.

Jim looks at them, hums a couple bars, clearly working some music out in his head.

JIM MORRISON (CONT'D)
F# to--no, D-flat...yeah,
yeaaaaaaahhh. I'll get the guys to
play it. You can sing back up!

TILLY
Really?

JIM MORRISON
Yeah!

TILLY
Awww! Yayzle-Dayzle!!

EXT. STAGE

Herr Bludhammer stands at the microphone, looking out over the massive crowd.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
People of the virulent cesspool
known as Paris!

AUDIENCE MEMBER
WOOOO! PARIS!!!

HERR BLUDHAMMER
I now introduce you to the greatest
artist of all time, a man whose
words have the power...
(ominous)
...the darke power...
(beat)
...to move you in ways you have
never been moved before!

TILLY (O.S.)
(Stage whisper)
Doc!

Herr Bludhammer looks off stage. Tilly is standing next to Morrison's dead body, pointing frantically with one flipper and fanning himself with the other. He mouths the words "Look! Help!"

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Ladies and Gentlemen...THE LIZARD
KING!

The rest of the band walks on stage and begins playing.

EXT. OFF-STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jim's spirit drunkenly crawls out of his chest cavity. Tilly is silently freaking out.

JIM MORRISON
Showwww meee, the waaaay, to the
nexxtt, lebensaraaaaaum--

EXT. STAGE

The band keeps vamping, unsure of where Jim is. There is a flash of blue light from off-stage.

After a beat, Morrison appears on top of the light rig. He is now a six foot tall lizard with a Hitler mustache and *great* hair. He climbs down one of the banners head first like a newt crawling down a wall.

He skitters across the floor, and wraps his body around the mic stand. His tongue flicks back and forth through the air.

The crowd is confused and disgusted.

JIM MORRISON
This is a new song about my best
friend. D-flat blues, boys.
(Beat)
Jim and Tilly, pallin' around
Havin' fun in France
And America too!
And wherever we go it's me and you
HEEEY
A hoagie party
A hot dog safari!
Fun times fun times whoa yeah
whoaaaa
(Finger Snaps)
Jim and Tilly best best friends

The band is really confused. The crowd begins booing. A mass walk out occurs.

Off stage, a look of panic comes across Herr Bludhammer's face.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

No! No!

A technician approaches.

TECHNICIAN

The networks are cutting the feed because, and I quote, "this is awful and dumb."

On stage, Tilly and Jim dance. Tilly plays a tambourine. It's really adorable.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

...all is lost...

EXT. PARIS STREET - SUNSET

Tilly and Morrison walk along the beautiful, Parisian streets at sunset. Herr Bludhammer sits on Tilly's head, pouting.

TILLY

Sorry the concert didn't work out, guys.

JIM MORRISON

It happens, bud. 'least they didn't lock me up like when I showed my wangle-dangle to half of Miami. You win some, you lose some.

TILLY

No sir! We didn't just win *some*, we won ALL!

HERR BLUDHAMMER

How? How is zat even possible? My plan was a failure, making a mockery of the Reich and all it stands for.

TILLY

Because we made a new friend!

They arrive at the same apartment building as before.

JIM MORRISON

It is the will of the spheres that we met today, Tilly.

(Beat)

Nazi Guy whose name I never actually got.

(Beat)

(MORE)

JIM MORRISON (CONT'D)
Excuse me for juuuuuuuust one
second.

Before Tilly can say anything Jim disappears into the apartment building.

TAP TAP!

Jim taps on the window. He shoots finger guns at Tilly, but with his reptillian hands it just produces a gross slapping sound.

Tilly snaps back! It is also wet and gross.

TILLY
So when's next, Doc?

HERR BLUDHAMMER
I have a plan to enslave the people
of--

TILLY
HEY WAIT A MINUTE!

Tilly bolts around to the other side of the building.

INT. BATHROOM

Lizard Monster Jim Morrison lies dead in the bathtub. Tilly peaks in.

TILLY
(Annoyed)
AWWW BISCUITS AND BEESWAX!!
(Dejected)
I'll get your tools, Doc.

HERR BLUDHAMMER
Not this time, young one. He has
suffered enough. It's time to let
him go.

TILLY
(Incredibly sad)
Yeah...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Tilly slumps against the building, sad.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Fin up, young one. His spirit will live on in the hearts of philosophy majors and high school freshmen for all eternity.

(Beat)

We can go whenever you want next.

Tilly sniffles through his tears.

TILLY

Really really?

HERR BLUDHAMMER

As long as there is a way to make it beneficial to ze Reich, of course.

TILLY

Oh man! So many options! I can't decide!

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Well...whenever we go, I'm sure we'll have--

TILLY

(Excited)

A WHALE OF A TIME!

Tilly smiles and does a little dance.

Silence.

HERR BLUDHAMMER

Sure.

(Beat)

That.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.