

MOTHER FUNNER
"Tiffany's .98 Value Menu"

Written By:
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FADE IN:

**A CLOSEUP OF TIFFANY FAJITA-LLAMA DUMME'S FACE, WITH A
TIFFANY MILK MOUSTACHE.**

On the closeup, above TIFFANY'S face, are these words: Got
Tiffany Milk?, and below TIFFANY'S chin, are these words:
It's fresh from the Soy Cow.

Suddenly, TIFFANY falls out of a nostril, on her closeup,
and lands, feetfirst, on the ground.

Then she turns around and has her back facing the CAMERA,
as she's looking at her closeup.

TIFFANY
(excited)
Woo man, I look good with a
Tiffany Milk moustache!

TIFFANY turns around and walks to the CAMERA.

Then she starts breathing on the CAMERA LENS and fogs it
up, until the screen is completely white.

Immediately, the white fog, on the CAMERA LENS, fades away,
revealing the next scene.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is full of tables with PEOPLE sitting and
eating at them. TIFFANY is serving a FAMILY, at a table, a
tray of food.

MAN #1
(to himself, at another
table)
I sure wish I could eat in the
pool.

TIFFANY overhears MAN #1 talking and turns around, to look
at him.

TIFFANY
(to MAN #1, excited)
Okay, I'll make your wish come
true!

TIFFANY runs to MAN #1'S table and pushes it, while MAN #1
is still sitting at it, into the pool that's in the middle
of the kitchen.

MAN #1'S table and MAN #1 sink to the bottom of the pool.

Suddenly, TIFFANY jumps into the pool and swims to MAN #1.
The CAMERA is underwater.

Then she grabs MAN #1 and swims, with him, up to the
surface. The CAMERA is, now, outside of the pool.

TIGHT ON the pool.

TIFFANY swims backwards to the stairs of the pool and walks
backwards out of the pool, pulling MAN #1 by his arms. MAN
#1 is on his back.

MAN #1
(to TIFFANY, angry)
You nut!

TIFFANY
(to MAN #1)
I'm not a nut. I'm a lifesaver.

MAN #1
No, you're not. I almost drowned,
because of you!

TIFFANY

True, but, also, you were saved because of me. So I guess I'm not such a nut after all. If you want a nut, meet my sister, Madison.

MAN #1

(angry)

No way! I met Madison already, and she isn't nuts at all. All she is is crazy. Madison is a real letdown in the Nuts department, but she sure is an expert in the Facial Hair department.

TIFFANY

(agreeing)

Tell me about it.

TIFFANY and MAN #1 burst out laughing.

Suddenly, the words: 10 Minutes Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

Then TIFFANY and MAN #1 stop laughing.

TIFFANY

(to MAN #1)

I sure am sick of laughing so much.

(changing topics)

Do you want me to blow up an inflatable picnic table and put it in the pool, so we can sit on it and enjoy a delicious meal?

MAN #1

(to TIFFANY, excited)

That sounds lovely!

TIFFANY

(excited)

Great!

TIFFANY pulls a flat piece of Hot pink-colored plastic out of her "pants" and blows it up with her mouth.

As TIFFANY is blowing the plastic up, it is resembling an inflatable picnic table, more and more, until it's totally inflated.

Then she stops blowing into the inflatable picnic table and throws it into the pool. The inflatable picnic table is floating on the surface of the pool.

TIFFANY
(looking at the inflatable
picnic table, excited)
Cannon ball!

TIFFANY does a Cannon ball, into the pool, and lands, on her butt, on a seat of the inflatable picnic table.

MAN #1
(looking at the inflatable
picnic table, excited)
Another Cannon ball!

MAN #1 does a Cannon ball, into the pool, and lands, on his butt, on the seat, of the inflatable picnic table, opposite of TIFFANY. TIFFANY and MAN #1 are sitting across from each other.

Suddenly, 2 plates, covered in food, fly onto the inflatable picnic table and land right in front of TIFFANY and MAN #1.

MAN #1
(looking at his plate)
This food sure looks delicious.

Then MAN #1 bursts out laughing, looks at TIFFANY who isn't laughing, and stops.

MAN #1
(to TIFFANY)
Why aren't you laughing? Don't you think what I just said is funny?

TIFFANY

(to MAN #1)

Yes, of course. I'm just not laughing, because I'm sick of laughing so much. I already told you that, but you, probably, didn't hear me, because your laughter was drowning out the sound of my voice, and you couldn't hear me.

MAN #1

I wasn't laughing, when you told me that. I heard you loud and clear.

TIFFANY

Oh. Well, I'm glad that you heard me.

MAN #1

I'm not glad that I heard you at all. I wish I would have drowned out everything you said with my laughter. The sound of my laughter is much more enjoyable than the sound of your voice. Don't be offended by that.

TIFFANY

I'm not offended at all, probably, because Madison has told me that so much of my life that I've built up immunity to it, and it doesn't effect me anymore.

(changing topics)

What a nut Madison is!

MAN #1

(agreeing)

I know!

TIFFANY and MAN #1 burst out laughing and quickly stop.

TIFFANY

I sure am sick of laughing so much again. Let's try to stop laughing entirely, so we can enjoy the tasty meal in front of us, as we float on an inflatable picnic table, that's full of my stinky breath, in a pool that's full of stinky water.

MAN #1

(delighted)

That sounds great!

TIFFANY

(excited)

Great!

(changing topics)

While we're floating on this inflatable picnic table, in my pool, eating our food, do you, also, have some kids that you'd like to come into the pool and get onto this inflatable picnic table with you? It doesn't matter how young your child is or children are.

MAN #1

Well, now that you mention it, I'd like to bring my 3 week old infant son into this pool, so he can eat with me.

TIFFANY

That's a little on the young side to be eating in a pool, but, thankfully, he'll be eating close to you. You'll be like his lifeguard. You know, his supervision. But I have to admit that I'm not looking forward to having your 3 week old son eating in the pool, with us, because babies are notorious for spitting

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

up all over the place. Plus, there's a rule about not going swimming, until it's been 1 hour, since you last ate, and your baby will be, actually, eating in the pool. Also, since your baby is so young, he, probably, has a really sensitive stomach and is susceptible to Motion Sickness, and he'll, probably, be spinning around everywhere, in the pool, while he's eating. It's going to be a real stinky mess in here, if your baby ever eats in this pool. Sorry I have to tell you that, but that's the truth, and the truth's the truth. You can't run away from the truth, because it's a really fast runner, like a cheetah, and will, eventually, catch you, then, tickle you to cheer you up.

MAN #1

Well, now that you say all that, I guess I'll keep my baby out of this pool.

TIFFANY

Yes!

(to herself)

Go Tiffany! Go Tiffany!

(replying to herself)

Okay! Okay!

MAN #1

(excited)

Hooray!

TIFFANY

(with her index finger over her mouth)

Shhh!

MAN #1

(embarrassed)

Sorry. I just get really excited,
when I hear a person cheering
themselves on.

TIFFANY

I get that same way and get really
excited, when I spell Pants.
P-A-N-T-S spells Pants, Yeah!

MAN #1

(excited)

Yeah! Hooray!

Suddenly, TIFFANY and MAN #1 give each other a High Five.

TIFFANY and MAN #1

(High Fiving each other,
in unison)

Awesome!

TIFFANY

If you just have to have your son
eating with you, in this pool, we
can always put a fake, plastic
peeing baby doll on a totally
inflated inflatable high chair,
and you could feed that fake baby,
just like you were feeding your
real life son. How does that sound?

MAN #1

(excited)

Awesome!

Then TIFFANY and MAN #1 give each other a High Five.

TIFFANY and MAN #1

(High Fiving each other,
in unison)

Awesome!

TIFFANY pulls a flat piece of Hot pink-colored plastic out of her "pants" and blows it up with her mouth.

As TIFFANY is blowing the plastic up, it is resembling an inflatable high chair, more and more, until it's totally inflated.

Then she stops blowing into the inflatable high chair and throws it into the pool.

The inflatable high chair floats to TIFFANY.

TIFFANY pulls a plastic baby doll out of her "pants", sits it on her lap, and begins tickling it.

TIFFANY
(to the baby doll,
tickling it)
You're going to eat with your
daddy. How's that sound?

Suddenly, the baby doll pees on TIFFANY'S lap.

TIFFANY
(to MAN #1)
I guess this baby peed on me,
because he's really excited to
be fed by his daddy.

TIFFANY picks up the baby doll and sits it in the inflatable high chair.

Then TIFFANY and MAN #1 give each other a High Five.

TIFFANY and MAN #1
(High Fiving each other,
in unison)
Awesome!

MAN #1 crawls onto the top of the inflatable picnic table and pulls a spoon out of his pants.

Then he starts spoonfeeding some of his food to the baby doll. The food just runs down the baby doll's chin.

MAN #1

(panicking)

No, my son isn't eating! I don't want him to starve to death!

TIFFANY

It's okay! There's nothing to worry about, because, remember, you're feeding a fake baby, not your real son. A fake baby can never starve, and your real son will never starve, because he'll, eventually, be spoonfed by a loving dad like you.

MAN #1

Oh, yeah. I guess I got too carried away with the whole I-don't-want-my-son-to-starve! thing, and I forgot the baby, that I was feeding, was fake and not my real son.

TIFFANY

(looking at the baby doll)

Man, I sure feel bad for that fake plastic baby. I hope his parents aren't as fake and plastic as him.

MAN #1

His parents are, probably, metal, because he was made in a factory that was, probably, full of metal. Maybe his parents are robots. After all, robots are made of metal.

TIFFANY

Yeah. Good point.

MAN #1

I don't know if this is a good time to say this or ever say it, but I need to just get this off my chest before it, eventually, eats me alive and, then, comes after my son and eats him, as well, to feed it's hunger for people. My wife gave birth to our son in the salty Pacific Ocean and lassoed him, over to her, with his umbilical cord, so he wouldn't be carried away by the tide.

TIFFANY

You know what? Now that I imagine it, it would be pretty sad to see the sea kidnap your son. I mean, it's one thing to have a person kidnap your son, but it's a much bigger and worse thing to have the sea kidnap your son. See what I mean?

MAN #1 closes his eyes.

MAN #1

Yes, I do.

Then MAN #1 opens his eyes.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Suddenly, there's a loud beeping sound.

FADE IN:

INT. "ROTTEN WINGS" RESTAURANT - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting in a Restaurant Booth. TIFFANY'S eyes are closed.

TIFFANY

(with her eyes closed)

A beeping sound is a nice sound to wake up to, but a farting sound, coming from that Farting Alarm Clock the Beeping Alarm Clock Company, accidentally, sent me, would have been an even better and more ha ha larious sound to wake up to. When it comes to the sound of farts, coming from a Farting Alarm Clock, waking you up instead of your traditional beeping sound from the typical Beeping Alarm Clock, it's hard to find that kind of humor anywhere, especially, in our house, nowadays.

(changing topics)

Oh, yeah. I need to open my eyes to completely wake up.

TIFFANY opens her eyes and looks all around the restaurant.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX)

I must have been Sleepwalking again. How long have I been Sleepwalking?

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Six hours.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Am I fun, when I Sleepwalk?

MADISON

Yes, you are pretty entertaining, when you're Sleepwalking.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

But you're even more ha ha larious, when you're Sleepdancing, Sleep Mountainclimbing and, especially, Sleepfalling. How can I ever forget how ha ha larious you are, when you're Sleepfalling? Out of Sleepwalking, Sleepdancing, Sleep Mountainclimbing and Sleepfalling, I like, most of all, when you're Sleepfalling. It's so ha ha larious!

MADISON bursts out laughing.

While MADISON is laughing, TIFFANY wads up her fist and punches MADISON'S face with it.

MADISON is knocked out of the Restaurant Booth and crashes to the floor. MADISON stands up and sits back in the Restaurant Booth.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Sorry, but I can't help it. You're really ha ha larious, when you're Sleepfalling.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

True. I can imagine that I must be a real blast, when I'm Sleepfalling, but I think I would be even more fun to look at, when I'm Sleepdancing and, also, Sleepfarting. I love Sleepfarting.

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX

(in unison, disgusted)

Eew!

TIFFANY

Well, it's true. I love Sleepfarting.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON,
changing topics)
When I was Sleepwalking, was I
fun?

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Yes. I just told you, a short time
ago, how you're pretty entertaining,
when you're Sleepwalking.

TIFFANY
Now that I know that I was fun,
when I was just Sleepwalking, I
need to know if I could have been
funner. Madison, when I was just
Sleepwalking, could I have been
funner?

MADISON
Yes. I guess you could have been
funner, when you were just
Sleepwalking. There's always room
for improvement, and, boy, does
your Sleepwalking need it! Pee
yew! When it comes to your
Sleepwalking, where's the fun?

Then MADISON looks around and points at MAN #2.

MADISON
(pointing)
There it is!

MAN #2 blushes.

MADISON
(looking around)
Where's the funner?

MADISON
(looking around,
panicking)
I can't find the funner! Maybe
somebody kidnapped it!

MADISON
(to TIFFANY, relaxed)
Yeah, your Sleepwalking could
have been funner.

TIFFANY
Where's the Mother Funner?
(pointing to herself,
smiling)
Here she is!

MADISON begins smacking TIFFANY'S face.

MADISON
(smacking TIFFANY'S face)
No, I'm Mother Funner!

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Okay! Okay! You're Mother Funner,
and I'm not! I'm just a stinky,
wannabe Mother Funner imposter,
and you're the real Mother Funner.
The real deal. The Big Bang. Oh,
you get the idea. Madison's Mother
Funner, and I'm not.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
It's good that you, now, admit
that.

TIFFANY
Now that I admitted that you're
Mother Funner, could you, please,
stop smacking me?

MADISON

Oh yeah, of course. I just get really carried away, when I'm smacking Tiffany. It's a lot of fun, funner and Mother Funner, when I'm smacking Tiffany.

MADISON stops smacking TIFFANY'S face.

TIFFANY

(relieved)

Thank you!

MADISON

(delighted)

You're welcome!

TIFFANY

(to MADISON,
changing topics)

Madison, what does the sign on the front of Rotten Wings say?

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Rotten Wings colon Serving rotten Hot Wings, and, in parentheses, U know, rotten Chicken Wings with some butter and hot sauce on them, since 1993.

THORNZ

(changing topics)

Man, my brain's fried!

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Thornz, how can your brain be fried, because you don't even have a brain?

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

Oh yeah, I forgot about that. Thanks for reminding me that I don't have a brain.

MADISON

(delighted)

You're welcome! Also, Thornz, the only thing fried in Rotten Wings are rotten Hot Wings.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

That's not true at all, Madison, because my brain is fried!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, your brain can't be fried, because you don't even have a brain.

TIFFANY

Oh yeah, I forgot about that. Thanks for reminding me of that. I really appreciate it.

MADISON

(delighted)

You're welcome! And like I just told Thornz, the only thing fried in Rotten Wings are rotten Hot Wings, nothing less and nothing more.

TIFFANY

(awkward)

Okay. That was really weird and awkward.

WAITER #1, holding a pen and notepad, walks up to MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX.

WAITER #1

(to MADISON, TIFFANY,
THORNZ and THORAX)

What would you 4 like to order,
today?

MADISON
(to WAITER #1)
Give us whatever food your
restaurant is famous for serving.

WAITER #1
(to MADISON)
Okay, so you all would like 4
orders of rotten Hot Wings.

Then WAITER #1 writes on his notepad.

WAITER #1
Before I go, I need to tell you
all this: You are the craziest
family I've ever seen, and, also,
the smelliest family I've ever
smelled. Bye.

WAITER #1 hurries and runs off.

Then before he gets very far, he runs back to MADISON,
TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX.

WAITER #1
(running in place)
Also, I forgot to mention that
beverages are free of charge, but
you have to order them from a
waiter. You can't serve yourself
to free beverages. Also, let me
say this again: You all are very
crazy and smelly.

MADISON
(to WAITER #1, angry)
Hurry up and get us our rotten
Hot Wings, before we hurt you with
some rotten Hot Wings!

WAITER #1 looks scared, as he runs off into the kitchen.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY, THORNZ and
THORAX)
I wish we weren't such a turn off.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

But if we're a turn off, isn't that a good thing?

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

How is us being a turn off a good thing?

TIFFANY

If we're a turn off, that means that we're not turned on and using no energy which is much less energy that we're using up, than if we were a turn on and turned on. Us being a turn off is much better for the environment and our electric bills, than if we were a turn on. Plus, if we're a turn off, we're so gross that we're making tons of people turn off their lights, so they won't have to look at us any longer which is saving even more energy and is even better for the environment. Isn't that great?

MADISON

Us being a turn off is not great, so, please, Tiffany, get into your cage.

TIFFANY

(holding her head down)

Okay.

TIFFANY looks around and looks back at MADISON.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Madison, I can't find my cage. The next closest thing, in Rotten Wings, to my cage is that Ballpit...

TIFFANY
(pointing to a Ballpit)
...that's fenced in, so kids and,
more importantly, colorful, plastic
balls can't roll out and escape.

TIFFANY stops pointing.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Well, since that's the case, get
into the Ballpit and have a lot
of fun.

TIFFANY
(holding her head down)
Okay.

TIFFANY waddles, like a penguin, to the Ballpit, and
MADISON follows TIFFANY to the Ballpit's open door.

Then TIFFANY, with her head still held down, jumps into the
Ballpit.

MADISON closes the Ballpit's door and pulls a Taser Stick
out of her dress.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Don't you dare even think about
tasering me with that Taser Stick.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY, disappointed)
Man! Okay.

MADISON pushes the Taser Stick down into her dress.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Whenever you push a Taser Stick down into the next dress you ever wear, if you ever wear a dress, make sure the Taser Stick isn't on, because if it is, you'll taser yourself pretty badly. Take it from me, Tiffany, it really hurts when you, accidentally, taser yourself.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

I'll make sure to remember that. The only person I'll ever taser is you, not myself.

MADISON

(offended)

Hey!

TIFFANY

I'm just being honest.

MADISON

Well, hey, I'd rather have an honest Tiffany than a lying Tiffany any day of the week, especially Thursdays.

TIFFANY

Yeah. Thursdays suck like straws.

(changing topics)

Madison, could you, please, leave me alone? The only way I can have fun is if you're nowhere around me, ready to creep me out at any moment.

MADISON

Sure.

Then MADISON shimmies her way back to the Restaurant Booth and sits down.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Madison is nowhere around! I'm so excited that I just want to do the Irish Jig on top of the balls, in this Ballpit, like this.

Then TIFFANY starts doing the Irish Jig on top of the balls, in the Ballpit, and is laughing the entire time.

TIFFANY

(while Irish Jigging)

Yeah! I'm having so much fun! I love to do the Irish Jig, especially on top of the balls in Rotten Wings' Ballpit! But since I'm having so much fun and tiring myself out so much by Irish Jigging with so much energy and passion, I'm going to have to stop now.

TIFFANY stops doing the Irish Jig.

Then a bunch of CHILDREN pop up out of the balls, and TIFFANY starts playing with them. They're throwing balls at each other and laughing the entire time.

Then they all stop laughing and throwing balls at each other.

CHILD #1

(to TIFFANY,
wearing a backpack)

Since you're so much fun, I want to give you my backpack as a present.

Then CHILD #1 takes off her backpack and gives it to TIFFANY. TIFFANY wears the backpack on the front of her body.

TIFFANY

(to CHILD #1)

Thank you for your backpack. A girl can never have too many backpacks.

CHILD #2

(to TIFFANY,
wearing a backpack)

Well, since that's the case, I,
also, want to give you my
backpack, as a present, for being
so much fun.

CHILD #2 takes off his backpack and gives it to TIFFANY.
TIFFANY wears the backpack on her back.

TIFFANY

(to CHILD #2)

Thank you for your backpack. A
girl can never have too many
backpacks.

CHILD #3

(to TIFFANY)

Well, since that's the case, I,
also, want to give you my
backpack. It's my way of telling
you, "Thanks for being so much
fun."

CHILD #3 takes off her backpack and gives it to TIFFANY,
but TIFFANY won't take it.

TIFFANY

(to CHILD #3)

I wish I could take your backpack,
but I already have a backpack on
the front and back of my body.
There's nowhere else, on my body,
where I can wear a backpack.

CHILD #3

You can wear a backpack on your
butt.

TIFFANY

I know, but I don't want to make
myself look even freakier, than I
already am. You can keep the
backpack.

CHILD #3

(disappointed)

Man.

TIFFANY

I know. I'm mad about that too.
I'm, also, mad that you'd want
to give me your backpack that
smells like rotten lunch meat.

CHILD #3

I can't help it if my backpack
smells like rotten lunch meat. I
never eat the lunches that my
brother's mother makes me. If the
lunches that she made, for me,
tasted better, then I could eat
them, and my backpack wouldn't
smell like rotten lunch meat.

TIFFANY

(disappointed)

Man! Your brother's mother really
needs to learn how to make you
lunches that you actually eat. If
she doesn't learn how to do that
on her own, then I'll have to
teach her that myself. But I have
to warn you, because that's not
going to be easy.

CHILD #3

It may not be easy to teach my
brother's mother how to make tasty
lunches that I eat, but I'll tell
you that doing that is much easier
than my homework. Gee whiz kid!

CHILD #1

(to TIFFANY, changing topics)

Tiffany, could you, please, teach
us how to Irish Jig just like you?

TIFFANY

(to CHILD #1)

No.

CHILD #1

Well, why not?

TIFFANY

Because since you all are just kids, you're still growing up, and your bones aren't at their strongest. I don't want you all to do the Irish Jig and break your legs.

CHILD #1

We won't break our legs.

CHILD #2

(to TIFFANY)

Yeah, we won't break them.

TIFFANY

(to CHILD #2)

Why?

CHILD #2

Because our parents make us all drink lots of milk, and the calcium in milk makes our bones very strong. Even if you tried to break our legs with a baseball bat, you couldn't break any of them, because our bones are so strong from drinking so much milk.

TIFFANY

You promise that none of you will break your legs?

CHILD #2

Yeah, we promise. Now, will you teach us how to Irish Jig?

TIFFANY

Yeah, of course. I love to teach children how to Irish Jig. I should become a professional Irish Jig dance teacher.

TIFFANY
Now, I'm going to teach you all
how to Irish Jig.

CHILDREN
(in unison)
Yes!

TIFFANY
(to the CHILDREN)
To Irish Jig, you need to, first,
get on top of the balls in this
Ballpit like this.
(demonstrating,
standing on top of the balls)
Now, do what I just did.

CHILDREN
(in unison)
Okay.

All the CHILDREN stand on top of the balls, in the Ballpit,
and are smiling, with pride.

TIFFANY
Very impressive. You're all much
better at getting on top of balls,
in a Ballpit, than my sister,
Madison, is.

MADISON (O.S.)
(overhearing, offended)
Hey, Tiffany, I heard that!

CHILD #1
(to MADISON O.S.)
Yeah, well hear this!

Then CHILD #1 throws a ball at MADISON, and it hits
MADISON'S face.

MADISON runs to the Ballpit, opens the Ballpit door and
jumps into the Ballpit.

Then she swims, in the balls, to CHILD #1, puts her hands
around her neck and starts choking her.

MADISON

(to CHILD #1, choking her)

Why you stinky little booger!
Don't you dare throw balls at my
head! You can throw bricks and
even rocks at my head, but never
balls, and that's a promise! I'm
the only person that can ever
throw balls at my head! If someone
other than me throws balls at my
head, that person is going to get
choked, by me, for breaking the
rules!

TIFFANY pounces on top of MADISON and smacks MADISON'S
face.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Stop choking that child! She's so
young and her bones aren't fully
developed and at their strongest,
even though she says that a baseball
bat couldn't break her bones. I
know she's lying, so I'll think
she has strong enough legs to Irish
Jig on. Plus, I'm showing these
kids how to Irish Jig, and I can't
finish showing them how to do it,
if you're choking them, interrupting
my Irish Jig demonstration. Now,
please, Madison leave us alone and
let us Irish Jig without having to
worry, if you're going to jump in
here and start choking us.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Fine. I'll let you all Irish Jig
in peace.

TIFFANY

What a relief!

(to the CHILDREN)

Right, kids?

CHILDREN
(in unison)
You betcha!

TIFFANY
(to the CHILDREN)
Great! And it would be even greater,
if Madison left us alone. Bye,
Madison.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Bye.

Then MADISON jumps out of the Ballpit and stomps back to the Restaurant Booth.

TIFFANY
(to the CHILDREN)
Now, let's finish learning how to
Irish Jig.

CHILDREN
(in unison, excited)
Yeah!

TIFFANY
(singing)
We all love balls! What we even
love more than balls is standing
and Irish Jigging on top of balls
like this!

Then TIFFANY starts Irish Jigging on top of the balls.

TIFFANY
(while Irish Jigging)
All you spoiled, rotten kids,
copy me!

CHILDREN
(in unison)
Okay!

Then the CHILDREN are Irish Jigging along with TIFFANY, and they're all laughing, while they're Irish Jigging.

PUSH IN on THORNZ, who is crying.

THORNZ

(to MADISON and THORAX,
looking at TIFFANY)

It's such a beautiful sight to
see my stinky, dingbat wife, in
a Ballpit, having a bunch of fun
with other kids. Truly beautiful.

THORNZ grabs MADISON'S napkin and blows his nose into it,
then, gives it back to MADISON.

MADISON

(to THORNZ, angry)

Hey! You blew your nose into my
napkin!

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

Yeah, so what? It's your napkin
which, automatically, means that
it's the least important napkin
in Rotten Wings, and since I had
to blow my nose into somebody's
napkin, it had to be your napkin.
Sorry. You can always get another
napkin.

MADISON

True. I guess I'm no longer mad at
you, Thornz, for blowing your nose
into my napkin.

THORNZ

(excited)

Awesome!

Then THORNZ gives MADISON a High Five.

Suddenly, THORNZ bursts out laughing.

THORNZ

(in between laughs)

Ha ha larious! It tickles, when
you slap my hand! I love it!

PAN TO TIFFANY, who is still wearing a backpack on the front and back of her body, as she walks back to the Restaurant Booth, with her back hunched over.

MADISON is looking at TIFFANY.

MADISON
(to THORNZ and THORAX)
I sure hope Tiffany's back isn't
hunched over, because her backpacks
are full of colorful, plastic balls.

TIFFANY, finally, reaches the Restaurant Booth and sits down.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Madison, shut up.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Fine. Can anyone, nowadays, say
a ball joke without someone getting
mad at them?

TIFFANY
No.

Suddenly, TIFFANY props her feet up on the Restaurant Booth, then, takes off her shoes, revealing her toeless feet.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Madison, could you, please, do
This Little Piglet with my
invisible toes?

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Sure, why not?

MADISON
(grabbing TIFFANY'S invisible
big toe)
This little piglet went to the
market...

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
And what was the name of that
market? Every market has a name,
so what was the market's name?

MADISON
(still grabbing TIFFANY'S
invisible big toe)
This little piglet went to Up
chuck Checkers' Market...

TIFFANY
But I'm not familiar with the
name of that market. Plus, it
sounds like some name you made
up. There can't possibly be a
real Up chuck Checkers' Market.
I mean, what a horrible name for
a market. The only name you can
give the market is Allmart,
because that's the only market
I'm familiar with.

MADISON
Okay, okay.

MADISON
(still grabbing TIFFANY'S
invisible big toe)
This little piglet went to
Allmart...

Then MADISON grabs TIFFANY'S invisible second-longest toe.

MADISON
(grabbing TIFFANY'S invisible
second-longest toe)
This little piglet stayed home...

MADISON grabs TIFFANY'S invisible middle toe.

MADISON
(grabbing TIFFANY'S invisible
middle toe)
This little piglet had roast
beef...

MADISON grabs TIFFANY'S invisible second-shortest toe.

MADISON
(grabbing TIFFANY'S invisible
second-shortest toe)
And this little piglet had none...

MADISON grabs TIFFANY'S invisible baby toe.

MADISON
(grabbing TIFFANY'S invisible
baby toe)
This little piglet went "Wah! Wah!"
all the way home.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Madison, don't grab my invisible
toes too much, because who knows?
You might grab them so much that
you, accidentally, rip them off,
and I don't want that. I do
everything in my power to prevent
that from ever happening. That's
how much I love my invisible toes,
and you better love them as much
as I do, or else.
(changing topics)
I need to find the little piglet
that went "Wah! Wah!" all the way
home, so I can comfort him or her
and make that piglet happy again.
Madison, if I can make you happy,
I can, definitely, make this little
piglet happy. I mean, you're the
biggest piglet and pig of them all.
If I can make you happy, I can make
any pig or piglet happy. Bye.

TIFFANY stands up and runs out of Rotten Wings.

Suddenly, the words: 2 Hours Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear, as TIFFANY runs back into Rotten Wings, skips to the Restaurant Booth and sits down.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

I, eventually, found that little piglet, that went "Wah! Wah!" all the way home, in his home and made him happy again. I just tickled him, and he was instantly happy.

As WAITER #2 is passing by...

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #2)

Do you have a deck of Flash Cards that I can shuffle?

WAITER #2

(to TIFFANY)

Sorry. I just gave our last deck of Flash Cards to an infant who is somewhere, right now, probably shuffling them. Since we're all out of decks of Flash Cards...

(pulling a stack of laptop
computers out of his pants)

...let me give you this stack of laptop computers, so you can split them into 2 piles and shuffle them.

WAITER #2 hands TIFFANY the stack of laptops, and TIFFANY snatches it away.

TIFFANY

Do any of these laptops have people's personal information on them?

WAITER #2

I'm not sure. Maybe you should turn on some of the laptops to make sure that nobody's personal information is on them.

TIFFANY

I'll do that.

WAITER #2

And while you're on a laptop, feel free to clean out the cookies, whenever you like or feel like it's right.

TIFFANY

The only cookies that I'm cleaning out are the cookies at Rotten Wings. I love cookies, and I can't wait to eat Rotten Wings' cookies!

WAITER #2

Seriously. Feel free to clean out the cookies on the laptop and the cookie crumbs on it as well. Also, make sure to eat a lot of Rotten Wings' cookies, so Rotten Wings makes a lot of profit, and I get a little piece of the pie.

TIFFANY

(cracking a joke)

I hope it's Caramel Pecan-flavored.

Then TIFFANY bursts out laughing and quickly stops.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

I need to hang out at comedy clubs more often, so I can work on improving my non-stop comedy routine.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

What non-stop comedy routine?

TIFFANY
My life.

MADISON
(disappointed)
Man!

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Madison, you're a woman, not a
man, but you do look like a man.
Even though you look more like a
man than a real man does, I'll
accept the answer of: woo man.

MADISON
(disappointed)
Woo man!

MADISON, continuously, bangs her forehead on the Restaurant
Booth, then, eventually, stops.

MADISON
My forehead is so sore!

TIFFANY
It wouldn't be sore, if you
didn't bang your forehead on our
Restaurant Booth.

MADISON
(to herself)
I'm so stupid!

Then MADISON, once again, continuously, bangs her forehead
on the Restaurant Booth.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Stop it!

MADISON
(banging her forehead)
No!

TIFFANY

Well, fine then. If you're not going to stop banging your forehead on our Restaurant Booth the easy, painless way, then I'm going to make you do it the hard and painful way like this.

TIFFANY picks up a laptop from the stack of laptops.

TIFFANY demonstrates by hitting MADISON, in the back of the head, with the laptop.

MADISON

(screaming)

Ow, Tiffany! That was really hard and painful, when you hit the back of my head with a laptop!

TIFFANY

That's what I meant, when I told you, earlier, that I was going to make you stop banging your forehead on our Restaurant Booth the hard and painful way.

MADISON

Well, it worked. Ow!
(rubbing the back of her head)
I'll be feeling this for a long time.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)
Will you ever interest me?

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)
Probably not.

TIFFANY

Well, since you'll, probably,
never interest me, that means
that you're never interesting.
I better do something else, so
I can block out your mindless
chit chat.

(changing topics)

Why don't I surf the internet on
the laptop that I banged Madison
in the back of the head with.

MADISON

(angry)

Yeah, why don't you?!

TIFFANY

(excited)

Okay!

TIFFANY looks at the laptop, covered in cookie crumbs.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

Boy, this laptop sure is covered
in cookie crumbs! I better blow
them off, hoping that I don't,
accidentally, blow them into
Madison's eyes.

TIFFANY blows the cookie crumbs off of the laptop, and tons
of cookie crumbs blow into MADISON'S eyes.

MADISON

(panicking)

I've got cookie crumbs in my eyes!

(relaxed)

But, hey, at least, my eyes are
sweet. I guess having cookie
crumbs, in my eyes, isn't so bad
after all, unless I have
Snickerdoodle cookie crumbs in my
eyes.

MADISON

Having Snickerdoodle cookie crumbs, in my eyes, would hurt pretty bad, because there's cinnamon in Snickerdoodles, and cinnamon really burns, especially when it's in your eyes. I found that out the hard way the couple of times, last year, that Tiffany, accidentally, blew Snickerdoodle cookie crumbs into my eyes.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Yeah, your eyes are the only sweet part of your body, because the other parts of you are sour like a lemon or a glass of really bitter lemonade.

(changing topics)

I better hurry up and start surfing the internet, on my laptop, before Madison's words enter my ears and fry up my brainless head.

TIFFANY flicks the laptop open, with her thumb and index finger.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #2)

Man! That is one weak laptop, if I can flick it open with my thumb and index finger! I thought they designed laptops better, nowadays, but I guess I was wrong.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Yeah, you're always wrong.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Shut up!

MADISON

(disappointed)

Okay. I'll try to keep my piehole shut for as long as possible.

TIFFANY

Yeah, in fact, you should shut your piehole forever and never talk again, so nobody will ever have to hear you again. That's the best thing that can ever happen to the Animated and Real worlds.

MADISON

But if I shut my piehole forever, how will this waiter get a little piece of the pie, preferably Caramel Pecan-flavored?

TIFFANY

But if you shut your piehole forever, doesn't that mean that there will be more pie to go around, and this waiter can get an even bigger, which is always better, piece of the pie?

MADISON

Now, that you explain it, it sounds like a really good idea to shut my piehole forever and never talk again.

TIFFANY

It's not just a good idea. It's the best thing that can ever happen to the Animated and Real worlds.

MADISON

I'll try to keep my piehole shut forever and never talk again, but I can't promise you that I'll never talk again, because I talk a lot. If I talk anymore, my piehole will be remaining open, and I won't attempt, anymore, to shut it. Once my piehole's open, it's always open.

THORNZ

This talk of pieholes is making me even hungrier than I already was just a couple of seconds ago.

WAITER #2

(to MADISON)

Can I go now?

MADISON

(to WAITER #2)

Yeah, sure.

WAITER #2 runs off into the kitchen.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Mad Mad, could you, please, turn on this laptop? I'm so stupid that I don't know how to do even the simplest things like turn on a laptop.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Okay.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yeah!

MADISON pushes a key, on the laptop, and the laptop turns on.

Then TIFFANY, with her hands in the air, pretends like she's typing.

TIFFANY

(to everybody)

Hey, look, everybody in Rotten Wings! I'm typing in the air!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Stop it, Tiffany! You're embarrassing me, and our whole Doo May D-U-M-M-E family. By typing in the air and bringing lots of attention to yourself, you're not only embarrassing our whole Doo May family, you're, also, embarrassing everyone in our family tree. Everyone in our family tree is, probably, so embarrassed by you, right now, that they fell out of the family tree and broke their legs. You're really embarrassing, Tiffany, especially, right now, so stop being embarrassing.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Okay. Sorry, for being so embarrassing. I just wanted to have a little fun.

TIFFANY returns to typing, in the air, with her hands.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Typing in the air is getting you nowhere. If you want to get somewhere, stop typing in the air and type on the laptop.

TIFFANY

But that's what I'm doing: Typing on this laptop.

MADISON

No, you're not. To type on your laptop, you need to, actually, have your fingertips pushing the keys on your laptop, not the keys of your invisible laptop in the air.

TIFFANY

Thanks for telling me that, Madison, because I would have never learned that, if you weren't around. I guess it's a good thing that you're around me.

MADISON

(blushing)

Thanks.

TIFFANY

(blushing)

You're welcome.

THORNZ

(to THORAX)

After seeing Madison and Tiffany with red cheeks at the same time, I'll, probably, never be able to look at another set of red cheeks again.

THORAX

(to THORNZ)

Well, at least, Madison and Tiffany's cheeks aren't green like your's, Thornz. I like their cheeks way more than your cheeks. No offense.

THORNZ

(offended)

Hey!

THORAX

I said, "No offense.", so don't be offended.

THORNZ

Okay, Thorax. I'm not offended anymore.

THORAX

And you should never be offended again, after I tell you, "No offense."

TIFFANY

(typing in the air)

I've been typing in the air for so much of my life that it's hard to not type in the air and, instead, type on this laptop. But since Madison told me that I'm getting nowhere by typing in the air, I need to put my fingertips on this laptop's keyboard and get to pushin', to, actually, be typing, because I want to go somewhere and not nowhere.

TIFFANY puts her fingertips on the laptop's keyboard and starts, actually, typing.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yeah, I'm actually typing! Isn't it amazing?!

MADISON

Yeah, it is pretty amazing, because I never thought you'd actually ever type, because you're such a Doo May and, uh, dummy.

TIFFANY stops typing, smashes her face into the laptop's screen and starts laughing continuously.

Then she, eventually, stops laughing and lifts her face off of the laptop's screen, revealing that her face is smashed, red and flat as a pancake.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

Man! That laptop's screen really
smashed and burned my face. My
face feels like a burnt pancake.
I better check my face to make
sure that it doesn't, actually,
look like a burnt pancake.

(to MADISON)

Madison, could you give me a
mirror, so I can look at my face
and make sure it doesn't look like
a burnt pancake?

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Sure. Which kind of mirror do you
want to look at your face in? A
vanity mirror?

TIFFANY

No way! Vanity mirrors are too
big. I want to look, at my face,
in a small mirror like the mirror
of a makeup compact.

MADISON

Okay.

MADISON reaches down, into her dress, and pulls out her
makeup compact.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Here ya go.

Then MADISON throws the makeup compact at TIFFANY, and
TIFFANY catches it with her feet.

TIFFANY opens the makeup compact, with her toes.

When TIFFANY looks into the makeup compact...

She, suddenly, screams.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

So, I guess that means that your face looks like a burnt pancake?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, horrified)

Yeah, my face looks like a burnt pancake!

MADISON

Don't worry about your face looking like a burnt pancake, because I'll fix it.

TIFFANY

(excited)

You will?!

MADISON

Yeah, silly. Of course, I will.

TIFFANY

Awesome! But how are you going to fix my burnt pancake face?

MADISON

By putting a mask over it that looks just like your face.

TIFFANY

Neat! Put the mask over my burnt pancake face and cover it up, Madison.

MADISON

I'd love to, but I can't, because I'm all out of Tiffany Fajita-Llama Dumme masks. I gave them away to a bunch of comedians at a local comedy club.

TIFFANY

It's too bad that you're out of Tiffany Fajita-Llama Dumme masks. I was really looking forward to covering my burnt pancake face with one of them. Since I can't cover my burnt pancake face with a Tiffany Fajita-Llama Dumme mask, I'll have to cover it with the Animated and Real worlds' second favorite mask, makeup. I'll put so much makeup on, my burnt pancake face, that nobody will be able to tell that I have a burnt pancake face.

THORNZ

Will everybody stop talking about burnt pancake faces?! That term really grosses me out.

MADISON and TIFFANY
(to THORNZ, in unison)

Okay.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX)

Since I can't talk about my burnt pancake face anymore, I guess I'll just surf the internet like the best internet surfer there is. While I'm typing, from now on, I'll have my fingertips on the keys, of an actual laptop's keyboard, not on the keys, of an invisible laptop's keyboard in the air.

MADISON

That's good to know. Now get back to surfing the internet and typing on that laptop, so you'll leave us alone.

TIFFANY

Okay. That seems easy enough.

TIFFANY starts typing on her laptop and is looking at the laptop's screen.

Then, suddenly, TIFFANY stops typing and has a really puzzled look on her face.

MADISON

(looking at TIFFANY,
fed up)

Oh great, Tiffany, what is it now? You having a puzzled look, on your face, and not typing must mean that there's something wrong, so what's wrong, Tiffany?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Madison, how do I open an email? I know how to open a d mail and an f mail, but I don't know how to open an email.

Suddenly, MADISON spits a bunch of chewed up sausage into TIFFANY'S eyes.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

I don't ever remember you eating sausage earlier today. In fact, I don't remember you ever eating sausage at any time in your life. How did you get sausage in your mouth?

MADISON

Well, Tiffany, while nobody's looking, I sneak into the kitchen and eat sausage. Then, I don't swallow some of the chewed up sausage and store it in my cheeks and under my tongue to keep me warm during the winter.

TIFFANY

Oh, so you're not a person, and,
actually, a squirrel or bear?

MADISON spits some more chewed up sausage into TIFFANY'S
eyes.

TIFFANY

When the chewed up sausage, in
my eyes, starts rotting, my eyes
are really going to stink.

MADISON

I'm not going to tell you how to
open up an email. Now, leave me
alone.

TIFFANY

Okay. Since that's the case, I
better go to the bathroom and
wash the chewed up sausage out
of my eyes before it starts
rotting and stinking them up.
Hopefully, the chewed up sausage
hasn't already rotted and stunk
up my eyes.

TIFFANY stands up.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

I guess I'm off to the little
retarded girl's room. Bye.

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX

(to TIFFANY, in unison)

Uh, yeah, bye.

Then TIFFANY waves her hand, and MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX, in unison, wave their hands at TIFFANY.

TIFFANY runs into the girl's bathroom, and the camera
follows TIFFANY.

We see TIFFANY, at a bathroom sink, washing out her eyes.

TIFFANY turns off the sink, reaches for a paper towel, hanging from a paper towel dispenser, and pulls it out. Then she dries her eyes with it.

TIFFANY looks into the bathroom mirror.

TIFFANY

(looking at her face in the mirror)

It's a good thing that the chewed up sausage, that Madison spit into my eyes, wasn't spicy, because my fiery eyes and I would have been in the hospital, right now.

TIFFANY pulls another paper towel out of the paper towel dispenser and eats it.

Then she licks her lips.

TIFFANY

Um, tastes like chicken. In fact, it tastes like rotten Hot Wings. Delicious! That reminds me that I need to hurry and get back to the Restaurant Booth before a waiter delivers our rotten Hot Wings. I don't want Madison, Thornz or Thorax to eat my rotten Hot Wings, while I'm in the little retarded girl's room!

TIFFANY looks into the mirror and waves at her reflection.

TIFFANY

(waving into the mirror)

Bye.

Then TIFFANY runs out of the bathroom, and the camera follows her, until she is sitting back in the Restaurant Booth with MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX.

CLOSE UP on MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX.

TIFFANY starts typing on her laptop again and laughs continuously, while looking at the laptop's screen.

MADISON looks at TIFFANY'S laptop's screen.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, stop laughing at that man's personal information.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON,
in between laughs)

I can't help but laugh, because this guy's love letter, to his girlfriend, is so ha ha larious! Anyone who read this guy's love letter would be laughing at it too.

MADISON

Really? That must be one ha ha larious love letter. I better read it and decide if it's ha ha larious or not.

MADISON is looking at the laptop's screen, and her eyes are going from side to side, revealing that she must be reading that guy's love letter.

Suddenly, MADISON starts laughing continuously.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY,
in between laughs)

Hey, Tiffany, you are right. This guy's love letter is pretty ha ha larious!

TIFFANY stops laughing and looks really bored, while MADISON continues to laugh.

MADISON stops laughing the next time she looks at TIFFANY and notices that she isn't laughing anymore.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Why aren't you laughing at that guy's ha ha larious love letter anymore? Is it not ha ha larious anymore?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Yes. I've been looking at it so much that the humor, that I once got from it, has now, instantly, turned into boredom.

(changing topics)

I better turn off this laptop, so nobody can steal this guy's personal information. No matter how boring this guy's love letter is, he never deserves to have his identity stolen.

(to MADISON)

Could you turn off this laptop?

MADISON

I have no choice but to turn it off. I turned it on which, automatically, means that I have to, also, turn it off.

MADISON pushes a key on the laptop's keyboard and closes TIFFANY'S laptop.

TIFFANY

Yeah! My laptop's off and closed!

(changing topics)

Why would people be stupid enough to save their personal information on a public computer that is used by trillions of people everyday? Even a stupid person like me is still smart enough to know that you never save personal information on a public computer, especially on a public computer that is used by millions, billions and maybe even trillions of people everyday.

TIFFANY

Whoever wants to save their personal information on a public computer needs to call me first, so I can come over to their house, with a laptop, and hit them over the head with it. Maybe, that will knock some sense into their brains, and a lightbulb, hopefully a CFL lightbulb that's good for the environment, will go off in their heads, and they'll realize that they should never save their personal information on a public computer, even if that person's personal information belongs to their mother-in-law who they don't like. No matter how much a person doesn't like their mother-in-law, they can't save their mother-in-law's personal information on a public computer. It just isn't safe, nowadays, to do that, even to your mother-in-law who you, probably, don't like whatsoever. Well, I've said all that I need to say right now, but I'll think of something else to say very soon.

MADISON

(disappointed)

Man!

TIFFANY puts her laptop on top of her stack of laptops.

Then she splits the stack of laptops in half and has 2 decks of laptops that are equal in size.

Suddenly, TIFFANY starts shuffling the 2 decks of laptops and is laughing continuously.

Then she, eventually, stops shuffling and laughing.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

I need to do something else to
pass the time, while my rotten
Hot Wings are being made.

TIFFANY turns around and is facing MAN #3'S back.

Then TIFFANY turns to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

Maybe I should talk to the man
or woman behind me, while I'm
waiting for my rotten Hot Wings
to be made and delivered to me
and my stomach named Mr. Tiffany
Fajita-Llama Dumme's Stomach.

TIFFANY turns around and is facing MAN #3'S back again.

TIFFANY

(to MAN #3)

Do you have angel wings?

MAN #3 turns around and is facing TIFFANY.

MAN #3

(to TIFFANY)

No, but I did have Buffalo Wings
for lunch, today, and man, were
they spicy! They should have a
disclaimer, on all Buffalo Wings,
that reads: Danger! These Buffalo
Wings are really spicy. Make sure
you eat them in the bathroom,
because you'll be in there the
entire day, with diarrhea. And
even if you don't have diarrhea,
you'll still be in the bathroom
the entire day.

MAN #3

You'll keep farting and will be trapped in the bathroom, because you're too embarrassed to leave it, knowing that all you'll do, when you're out of the bathroom, is fart, and everyone will be able to smell your farts!

TIFFANY

(to MAN #3)

I know exactly what you mean. Lactose does the same thing to me.

(changing topics)

Do you love Rotten Wings' rotten Hot Wings?

MAN #3

Of course! I even love them more than my mother. But if you ever see her, don't tell her that, because that will really hurt her feelings.

TIFFANY

Don't worry. If I ever see your mother, I'll never tell her how you love Rotten Wings' rotten Hot Wings more than her. You may find this quite ha ha larious, but I love rotten Hot Wings more than Madison.

MADISON overhears TIFFANY.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, offended)

Hey, Tiffany, I heard that!

MAN #3

(to TIFFANY)

We all love rotten Hot Wings more than Madison.

MADISON overhears MAN #3.

MADISON
(to MAN #3, offended)
Hey, I heard that too, man or
woman!

MAN #3
(to MADISON, offended)
Hey! I'm 100% man! By the looks
of your facial hair, you must be
the same.

MADISON
(offended)
Hey! I'm 100% woman!

MAN #3
(not believing her)
Yeah, sure you are, Mr. 100% Man.

MADISON
Call me Ms. 100% Woman.

MAN #3
Okay, Ms. 100% Woo man!

Then MAN #3 bursts out laughing.

Suddenly, MADISON kicks him really hard, in the back of the
head.

MAN #3 stops laughing and bursts out crying.

Then he starts running towards the exit door.

MADISON
(to MAN #3)
Yeah, you better run! Then make
sure to take breaks every now and
then to make sure you don't get
overheated, while you're running.

MAN #3, finally, runs out of the exit door and is out of
the scene.

Suddenly, there's a loud beeping sound.

TIFFANY looks at the watch on her hand.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)
It's time to play in the Ballpit
again! Yeah!

TIFFANY, with her back hunched over, runs towards the
Ballpit.

TIFFANY
(while running)
What are the balls, in my
backpacks, filled with?! Cement?!
They better not be, because I
won't go for that any day of the
week, even on Fridays!
(happy)
And Fridays are my favorite day
of the week. In fact, T.G.I.F
doesn't stand for Thank goodness,
it's Friday, it, actually, stands
for Tiffany's gitty it's Friday.
It's the truth. Friday's make me
happy and very gitty, but Fridays
don't make me as happy and gitty
as when I jump into Ballpit City
like this.

TIFFANY jumps into the Ballpit's open door and lands in the
Ballpit that's filled with a bunch of balls and CHILDREN.

TIFFANY
(to the CHILDREN, excited)
Lets all jump out of this Ballpit,
so you can all chase and throw
balls at me, and we can all laugh
the entire time! How does that sound?

CHILDREN
(in unison)
Awesome!

TIFFANY
(to the CHILDREN)
Get me while I'm hot, and the
gettin's good.

CHILDREN
(in unison)
Okay!

TIFFANY and all the CHILDREN jump out of the Ballpit.

Then TIFFANY starts running around the restaurant, with her
back hunched over, as all the CHILDREN run after her,
throwing balls at her. TIFFANY and the CHILDREN are
laughing continuously, in unison.

MADISON
(looking at TIFFANY)
Looking at a laughing Tiffany
running around Rotten Wings, with
a backpack on the front and back
of her body, while being chased
by a bunch of laughing children
that are throwing balls at her
can really build up a thirst. I
could sure use some Kiwi Juice
right now.

As WAITER #3 skips by MADISON...

MADISON
(to WAITER #3)
Hey, Up chuck Checkers!

WAITER #3 stops in front of MADISON and is facing her.

WAITER #3
(to MADISON)
Yes?

MADISON
Get me a cup of freshly squeezed
Kiwi Juice.

WAITER #3

Sorry. I can't do that, because Rotten Wings' juicer is broken. If you want freshly squeezed Kiwi Juice, the only way you're going to get it is by smashing a kiwi on Tiffany's face and holding a cup, under her chin, to catch the Kiwi Juice that runs down her face.

MADISON

I'll do that. I'm a girl who needs her Kiwi Juice, because no other type of fruit juice will quench my thirst.

WAITER #3 pulls a kiwi out of one of his pants' pockets and throws it at MADISON, who catches it.

WAITER #3

Good luck with juicing that kiwi on Tiffany's face.

Then WAITER #3 skips into the kitchen.

MADISON pulls a cup out of her dress and holds it under TIFFANY'S chin.

Then she smashes the kiwi on TIFFANY'S face, and Kiwi Juice is running down TIFFANY'S face and dropping into the cup.

MADISON

(to THORNZ and THORAX,
juicing the kiwi)

Tiffany's face can be used as a juicer by simply smashing something juicy like a kiwi on her face and catching the juice, that runs down her face, in a cup. Don't worry about cleaning the Kiwi moosh off Tiffany's face, because she'll clean the Kiwi pulp off it the next time she takes a bath, if she ever takes a bath.

MADISON

And if you like your juice with lots of pulp in it, just scrape the pulp off of Tiffany's face with a sharp knife, if you're mad at her, or a dull butterknife, if you love her and don't want to hurt her. Then, scrape the pulp into your cup. Let me demonstrate.

MADISON picks up a butterknife, from the Restaurant Booth, and scrapes the Kiwi pulp off of Tiffany's face with it.

Then she scrapes the butterknife across the edge of the cup, and Kiwi pulp runs down the inside of the cup and floats on top of the Kiwi Juice.

MADISON holds up the cup.

MADISON

Ta da!

Then MADISON drinks some Kiwi Juice, from the cup, and stops.

MADISON

Now, that's what I call a thirst quencher. I wish all beverages quenched my thirst like Kiwi Juice, juiced on Tiffany's face, always does.

(to TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, changing topics)
Does anybody have any kiwis on them? I want some more Kiwi Juice.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)
I have a kiwi on me.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)
Good. Now give it to me, so I can juice it on your face and catch the Kiwi Juice, that will run down your face, in a cup.

TIFFANY

Okay. Don't say I didn't warn you. This is going to be one nasty kiwi.

MADISON

That's okay. Just give it to me.

TIFFANY

Okay, but be careful.

TIFFANY pulls a kiwi out of her "pants" and holds it up to MADISON'S face.

TIFFANY

Amazing. When I hold this kiwi up to Madison's face, I can't tell who's Madison and who's the kiwi. They look like clones of each other. Sometimes, I swear that this kiwi is the twin sister of Madison, not me. This kiwi looks much more like Madison than I do. No doubt about it.

(to THORNZ and THORAX)

Thornz and Thorax, hold a kiwi up to Madison's face and tell me if you can tell who's the kiwi and who's Madison.

THORNZ and THORAX

(in unison)

Okay.

THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, reach their arms under the Restaurant Booth and pull out kiwis.

Then THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, hold the kiwis up to MADISON'S face, which makes MADISON really mad.

THORNZ

(looking at MADISON)

Amazing. I can't tell who's who. Who's the kiwi, and who's Madison?

THORAX
(looking at MADISON)
I don't know.

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ and THORAX)
Lets put on our glasses. Maybe,
we'll be able to tell who's the
kiwi and who's Madison, if we get
a better look at the two of them.

While still holding their kiwis up to MADISON'S face,
TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, pull out pairs of
Reading Glasses, with the other hand, and put them on.

Then they, in unison, look at MADISON.

TIFFANY
I guess I can tell who's who, but
I'm still not sure what I'm
holding up to Madison's face is a
kiwi and not Madison herself.

THORNZ
I have to agree with you.

THORAX
Me too.

MADISON
(upset)
Oh, will you three just stop your
insanity?!

TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, gulp.

TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX
(in unison)
Okay.

Then TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, take off their
Reading Glasses and give them to MADISON, who snatches them
out of their hands.

MADISON drops the pairs of Reading Glasses into the top of
her dress.

TIFFANY

When you bite into a kiwi that still has it's hair on it, you can, eventually, get all the kiwi hair out of your mouth. But if you bite into Madison's face, you can never get her facial hair out of your mouth, no matter how much you spit and wash out your mouth. It's been over a month, since the last time I bit into her face, and I still have her facial hair in my mouth. No matter how much I spit or wash out my mouth, I can never get all of her facial hair out of my mouth. Madison's just that hairy.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, angry)
Oh, Tiffany, shut up!

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)
Okay.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)
Maybe you could, finally, get all of Madison's facial hair out of your mouth, if you swish around some water, in your mouth, and spit all the water at Madison's face, since it's her facial hair that's in your mouth.

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)
I like that idea. I'll do that right now.

TIFFANY reaches over to the Restaurant Booth in front of her and grabs a PERSON'S cup of water.

Then she sits back down, drinks some of the water and swishes most of it in her mouth.

TIFFANY gargles the water.

THORNZ tickles TIFFANY'S armpits, and TIFFANY laughs.

TIFFANY, eventually, spits all the water into MADISON'S eyes.

MADISON

(panicking)

Aah! There's a bunch of hairy
Tiffany Water in my eyes!

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, fed up)

Oh, Madison, shut up!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, relaxed)

Okay.

MADISON rubs her eyes, for a short while, and stops.

WAITER #4, holding a tray of rotten Hot Wings, walks up to TIFFANY.

WAITER #4

(to TIFFANY)

Would you like to try some of our
rotten Hot Wings? They're free and
on the house.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #4)

They may be free, but they're not
on the house. They're on a plate,
and they're, eventually, going to
be in my stomach.

WAITER #4

Since the rotten Hot Wings are free,
hurry up and eat them before I
strangle you.

TIFFANY

Okay.

TIFFANY grabs a handful of rotten Hot Wings, from WAITER #4'S tray, and drops them into her lap.

TIFFANY

It's fun having rotten Hot Wings
in my lap, but it'll be even more
fun, if I eat them.

TIFFANY picks up a rotten Hot Wing, from her lap, and bites into it.

Then she spits it out.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #4, disgusted)
What are these rotten Hot Wings,
rotten?!

WAITER #4

(to TIFFANY)
Yeah, duh. That's why the name of
this restaurant is Rotten Wings.

TIFFANY

Oh, yeah. I never thought of that.
I just thought this restaurant was
named Rotten Wings to pull in more
customers.

WAITER #4

How would the name Rotten Wings
pull in more customers?

TIFFANY

I don't know. I'm the idiot. You
tell me.

(changing topics)

Even though these rotten Hot Wings
are rotten, they still taste pretty
good. So good that I think I'll eat
more and more of them.

TIFFANY starts eating more and more rotten Hot Wings and is really gobbling them down.

Then she stops eating them.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #4)

Now, these rotten Hot Wings aren't on the house or a plate, because they're finding a way into my stomach. Delicious! Great use of spices, and a great amount of them used!

TIFFANY continues to eat rotten Hot Wings, from her lap, until her lap is empty.

Then she starts eating the rotten Hot Wings, from WAITER #4'S tray, until the tray's completely empty.

WAITER #4

(to TIFFANY)

This may be a bad time to say this, because I should have said this, to you, much earlier than now. But you just ate up the rest of Rotten Wings' rotten Hot Wings, and now, Rotten Wings is all out of rotten Hot Wings, and no other customers can eat them.

Suddenly, many angry-looking customers walk up to TIFFANY and start poking her with chicken bones.

TIFFANY

(to the customers poking her)

Ow! Stop poking me with clean chicken bones!

ANGRY CUSTOMER

(to TIFFANY)

Not until the kitchen staff makes some more rotten Hot Wings that we get into our stomachs.

TIFFANY
(to the KITCHEN STAFF,
panicking)
Hurry up in there, and make some
more rotten Hot Wings before a
customer punctures my skin, with
a chicken bone, and kills me!

A CHEF runs out of the kitchen, with some toilet paper
stuck to his shoe.

Then he stops, after running only a short distance.

CHEF
(to TIFFANY)
You got it, boss...
(pausing)
...and customer! Some more rotten
Hot Wings...
(pausing)
...coming up that will feed these
customers and save your life!

The CHEF runs back into the kitchen.

O.S., we hear loud crashing sounds.

CHEF (O.S.)
Does anybody clean this floor,
nowadays? I mean, it's covered
in tons of chicken grease! I
crashed into a bunch of pots and
pans and knocked them to the floor.
I could have even broken my back.
To make it even worse, I could
have broken my mother's back,
because if you step on a crack,
you break your mother's back. And
I didn't just step on one crack,
I stepped on two of them. I don't
want my mother to ever break her
back, especially twice. I love my
mother too much to let that happen!
Mommy, I love you!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I love you too, son!

CHEF (O.S.)
(excited)
Yeah, my mommy loves me!

Then the CHEF runs out of the kitchen, smiling, and runs to a WOMAN, who we assume is his MOTHER.

The CHEF picks up his MOTHER, kicks her in the forehead, then rocks her, back and forth, in his arms.

CHEF
My arms sure are getting tired! I don't think I can rock my mother, in my arms, any longer.

Suddenly, the CHEF throws his MOTHER through a closed window, and she crashes through it. The CHEF'S MOTHER is, now, outside and out of the scene.

CHEF
That sound of my mother, crashing through a glass window, reminds me that I need to make some more rotten Hot Wings for all these customers, especially the ones that are poking Tiffany with chicken bones, before they poke her so much that they puncture her skin and kill her. I don't want Tiffany to die, especially in this restaurant. We could get sued, and I don't want that to happen. So Sayonara!

The CHEF hurries and runs toward the kitchen.

Then, he stops at the kitchen's swing doors, turns around and is facing the customers.

CHEF
(to the customers)
I don't want to slip on the greasy floor again.

The CHEF turns back around and tiptoes into the kitchen.

As TIFFANY sees WAITER #5 walking by...

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #5)

You're not a hard worker. You're a soft worker. What are you filled with, soft-serve ice cream? Let me poke you with a smelly, rotten chicken bone to find out.

TIFFANY grabs a chicken bone, from her lap, and jumps on top of WAITER #5.

Then, she starts poking him with the chicken bone.

WAITER #5

(to TIFFANY)

Ow! You're poking me really hard! If you poke me too hard, I could burst open and squirt soft-serve ice cream everywhere!

Suddenly, the MANAGER runs out of his office and runs toward TIFFANY.

Then, he jumps on top of TIFFANY.

MANAGER

(to TIFFANY, panicking)

Stop poking my worker with your chicken bone! If you poke him too hard, he could burst open and squirt soft-serve ice cream everywhere!

TIFFANY

(to the MANAGER)

Okay.

TIFFANY stops poking WAITER #5 with the chicken bone.

Then the scared WAITER #5 runs off into the kitchen.

TIFFANY jumps back into the Restaurant Booth and crashes, into it, headfirst.

There's a loud cracking sound.

Then TIFFANY flips herself onto her butt.

There's a loud farting sound.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX)

Now that this restaurant is all out of rotten Hot Wings, there's only one thing left to do.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Wait for some more rotten Hot Wings to be made, or go to another restaurant that has Hot Wings that are, hopefully, fresh and not rotten?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

No. What I'm about to say is much better than what you just said. The only thing left for me to do is cover my arms in hot sauce and eat them. I'll have to turn my arms into Hot Wings and eat them.

MADISON gets a big smile on her face that keeps getting wider and wider.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, happy)

That sounds good to me.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Great! Here I go.

TIFFANY gulps and grabs a bottle, of hot sauce, off of the Restaurant Booth.

Then she pours the entire bottle on her arms, and her arms are completely covered in hot sauce.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX)

Could you guys not look at me?
It's making me really nervous. If you want me to eat my arms, you have to look the other way, while I do it.

MADISON

(to THORNZ and THORAX)

Hurry up and turn around, so Tiffany can eat her arms!

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, turn around, and their backs are facing TIFFANY.

MADISON

(excited)

I'm so glad that one of my dreams is finally coming true!

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

One of your dreams is to have Tiffany cover her arms in hot sauce and eat them?

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Yeah.

THORNZ

What a weird dream to have.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, have you eaten your arms yet?

TIFFANY
(to MADISON, delighted)
Yes, and I'm so glad I did.

MADISON
(delighted)
I'm so glad you ate your arms
too. Can we turn around now?

TIFFANY
Sure.

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, turn around and are
facing TIFFANY.

THORNZ
(panicking)
Aah, Tiffany! Your arms are gone!
What happened to them?!

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ)
Don't you remember? A couple of
seconds ago, I covered them in hot
sauce and ate them.

THORNZ
(relaxed)
Of course. How could I have ever
forgot that? I must be so hungry
that it's effecting my memory. I
really hope our food comes soon
before I fall into a coma.

TIFFANY
Since I'm so bored and hungry,
I'm going to look at people to
take my mind off of how bored
and hungry I am.

TIFFANY'S head does a complete 360 degree spin.

Suddenly, a BIRTHDAY BOY wearing a birthday hat and holding
a birthday cake, jumps onto a Restaurant Booth. The
birthday cake is covered in flaming candles.

TIFFANY is staring at the BIRTHDAY BOY, who is sitting at a Restaurant Booth with 5 other people, staring at his birthday cake with a big smile on his face.

TIFFANY
(to the BIRTHDAY BOY)
Faker, faker. Birthday caker.

BIRTHDAY BOY
(looking at TIFFANY)
I'm not faking it. It's really my birthday.

Then the BIRTHDAY BOY pulls his birth certificate out of his pants and smashes it into TIFFANY'S face.

BIRTHDAY BOY
See? I have proof.

TIFFANY grabs the birth certificate out of the BIRTHDAY BOY'S hands and looks closely at it.

TIFFANY
(shocked)
Well, I'll be a stinky monkey's uncle. It really is this boy's birthday. I guess you can't judge a birthday boy by his cover.

BIRTHDAY BOY'S MOM
(to the BIRTHDAY BOY)
Blow out your candles and make a wish.

The BIRTHDAY BOY closes his eyes, ready to blow out the candles.

BIRTHDAY BOY
I wish...
(pausing)
...that stinky blonde girl would stop looking at me.

Then the BIRTHDAY BOY blows out all his birthday candles and opens his eyes.

BIRTHDAY BOY'S MOM

(to TIFFANY)

Hey, Blondie. Could you, please,
turn around and look the other way,
so you'll make my son's birthday
wish come true?

TIFFANY

(to the BIRTHDAY BOY'S MOM)

But, then, I'll be facing the
wall.

BIRTHDAY BOY'S MOM

Yeah, so? I don't care. Just make
my son's birthday wish come true,
and stop looking at him.

TIFFANY

Okay. After all, it is your son's
birthday.

TIFFANY turns around and is facing the wall.

Then TIFFANY reaches behind her back and is feeling all
over the Restaurant Booth.

TIFFANY

(frustrated)

Where is that basket of free
rolls?

Eventually, TIFFANY feels a basket of free rolls.

TIFFANY

(excited)

A ha!

TIFFANY pulls the basket of free rolls in front of herself
and eats it with her back facing the camera.

The CHEF carefully tiptoes to MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and
THORAX and puts a huge tray, of rotten Hot Wings, on their
Restaurant Booth.

All the customers, in unison, stare at the CHEF.

CUSTOMERS
(in unison, angry)
Hey! Where's our rotten Hot
Wings?!

Suddenly, the CHEF runs back into the kitchen and is out of the scene.

Then, a bunch of rotten Hot Wings fly out of the kitchen's swing doors and are flying everywhere.

CHEF (O.S.)
Here they are!

CUSTOMERS
(to the CHEF, in unison)
Thank you!

CHEF (O.S.)
You're welcome.

TIFFANY looks at their tray of rotten Hot Wings and notices that there's 30 containers of Ranch Dressing on it.

TIFFANY
(disappointed)
Man! These rotten Hot Wings came
with Ranch Dressing.

As WAITER #6 walks by TIFFANY...

TIFFANY
(to WAITER #6)
Could you, please, get rid of this
Ranch Dressing? I can't eat it.

WAITER #6 stops and stares at TIFFANY, in shock.

WAITER #6
(to TIFFANY)
Why can't you eat the Ranch Dressing?

TIFFANY
Because I'm lactose intolerant, and
the milk in Ranch Dressing will give
me diarrhea.

A CUSTOMER, in the b.g., is heard vomiting continuously. Very quickly, the vomiting sounds stop.

WAITER #6

(to TIFFANY)

Okay. I'll make sure to get rid of all the containers of Ranch Dressing on your tray. What would you like for me to do with your Ranch Dressing, other than get rid of it?

TIFFANY

Since I'm so nice, give it to somebody with a naked salad, so they can put it on their naked salad, and it won't be naked anymore. Hey, you can't spell Ranch Dressing without the word Dress, and somebody, in Rotten Wings, has a naked salad that needs to be clothed and dressed with some of my Ranch Dressing.

WAITER #6

Okay. I'll take your Ranch Dressing with me, as I go around Rotten Wings, looking for a customer with a naked salad, so I can give your Ranch Dressing to that person. Then he or she can put it on their naked salad, so it won't be naked anymore.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Awesome!

WAITER #6 picks up all 30 containers of Ranch Dressing, from their tray, and drops them into his pants' pockets.

Then he starts shaking his pants' pockets, and we can hear a loud crunching sound.

WAITER #6

(to MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ
and THORAX)

Do you hear that crunching sound?
That sound is coming from the
plastic containers of Ranch
Dressing, in my pants' pockets,
that are crashing into each other.

MADISON

(to WAITER #6)

Could you, please, leave, and do
whatever you are planning to do?

WAITER #6

(to MADISON, excited)

Why, of course!

Then WAITER #6 skips all over Rotten Wings and stops at
every customer's Restaurant Booth, so he can look at all of
their plates.

As WAITER #6 skips to WOMAN #1'S Restaurant Booth and looks
at her plate...

WOMAN #1

(to WAITER #6)

What are you doing?

WAITER #6

(to WOMAN #1)

I'm going around Rotten Wings,
looking at each customer's plate
to see if they have a naked salad,
so I can give that person all the
containers of Ranch Dressing in my
pants' pockets. Then he or she can
put it on their naked salad, so it
won't be naked anymore.

WOMAN #1

Oh.

WAITER #6

(to himself)

To make this easier on myself, I should just scream out to everybody and ask them all, "Hey, does anyone, in here, have a naked salad that they want to put all the containers of Ranch Dressing, in my pants' pockets, on, so their naked salad won't be naked anymore?"

(screaming)

Hey, does anyone, in here, have a naked salad that they want to put all the containers of Ranch Dressing, in my pants' pockets, on, so their naked salad won't be naked anymore?

WOMAN #2, right in front of WAITER #6, raises both of her hands.

WOMAN #2

I do! I do! Gimme all the containers of Ranch Dressing in your pants' pockets!

WAITER #6

(to WOMAN #2)

Okay.

WAITER #6 rips off both of his Ranch Dressing container-filled pants' pockets and throws them in WOMAN #2'S direction.

The pants' pockets hit the right eye of WOMAN #2'S mother.

WAITER #6

(to WOMAN #2'S MOTHER)

Sorry.

WOMAN #2'S MOTHER

(to WAITER #6)

That's okay. I'm fine.

WOMAN #2 looks at her mother.

WOMAN #2

(to her mother)

Mom, gimme my ripped off pants' pockets full of containers of Ranch Dressing! They're mine, not your's! If you want some Ranch Dressing, get it from someone else, because you sure aren't getting it from me!

WOMAN #2'S MOTHER

(to WOMAN #2)

Okay.

WOMAN #2'S MOTHER hands the pants' pockets to WOMAN #2, who snatches them out of her mother's hands.

WOMAN #2

(to her mother)

You better be glad, Mom, that it's your birthday, because if it wasn't, I'd hurt you for stealing my Ranch Dressing.

WOMAN #2 empties both of the pants' pockets, onto her Restaurant Booth, and containers of Ranch Dressing are rolling all over her Restaurant Booth but, eventually, stop rolling.

WOMAN #2 is looking at the containers of Ranch Dressing, and her mouth is drooling.

She, one by one, opens all the containers of Ranch Dressing and pours them onto her naked salad, until it's completely covered in Ranch Dressing.

WOMAN #2

(looking at her salad,
excited)

Yippee! My naked salad isn't naked anymore!

Then WOMAN #2 starts eating her Ranch Dressing-covered salad.

CUT BACK TO:

TIFFANY

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

I sure hope I enjoy my rotten Hot
Wings as much as that woman loves
her not-so-naked salad. Well,
rotten Hot Wing chicken bone
appetit!

TIFFANY picks up a rotten Hot Wing, from the tray, and
smells it.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

This sure is one smelly rotten
Hot Wing! I hope it tastes a lot
better than it smells.

TIFFANY tries to bite into the rotten Hot Wing, but she
can't bite into it.

Then she picks up a butterknife, from the Restaurant Booth,
and cuts through the tough rotten Hot Wing with it.

Suddenly, TIFFANY, accidentally, stabs her hand, and blood
is gushing out of the gash on her hand.

TIFFANY

(looking at her gash)

I wonder if my blood tastes like
hot sauce, after I ate my other
set of arms that were covered in
hot sauce. They say that you are
what you eat, and if that's the
case, my blood and I must taste
like hot sauce. It wouldn't hurt
to check and taste the blood,
gushing out the gash on my hand,
to taste if it tastes like hot
sauce or not.

TIFFANY balls her hand, with the gash on it, into a fist.

Then she crams her fist into her mouth.

TIFFANY

(disgusted)

Eew! My blood doesn't taste like hot sauce at all! It just tastes like blood! It tastes just like a dirty, old tuna can! Gross!

(changing topics)

I wonder if there's still blood gushing out of the fist in my mouth.

TIFFANY pulls her fist out of her mouth, and blood is still gushing out of it.

TIFFANY

(looking at her fist)

That's way too much blood to be gushing out of my fist. I need to stop the bleeding somehow.

TIFFANY grabs her napkin and covers her gash with it. The napkin is absorbing a lot of the blood and, eventually, stops the bleeding. The entire napkin has turned from white to red.

TIFFANY takes the bloody napkin off her gash and throws it at MADISON.

MADISON

(to herself)

Whoever knew Tiffany's blood was such a beautiful red color.

TIFFANY

(looking at the gash,
excited)

Yeah! No more blood is gushing out of the gash on my hand! I love napkins!

(to herself,

changing topics)

I wonder what the kitchen of Rotten Wings looks like.

As WAITER #7 walks by TIFFANY...

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #7)

Sir or Ma'am, could you, please, give me a Grand Tour of Rotten Wing's kitchen? I want to know what this restaurant's kitchen looks like.

WAITER #7

(to TIFFANY, excited)

Why certainly! Follow me.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Okay.

As WAITER #7 walks into the kitchen, TIFFANY follows him into it.

TIFFANY'S head does a complete 360 degree spin, as she looks all around the kitchen.

When TIFFANY sees a sausage machine...

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #7, amazed)

Can it be? I need to get a closer look to make sure my eyes aren't playing tricks on me like some sort of mean practical jokester magician!

TIFFANY, in excitement, runs up to the sausage machine and touches it.

TIFFANY

It's real! This sausage machine is real! I need to try it out!

TIFFANY flips a switch, on the sausage machine, and turns it on.

Suddenly, raw sausage meat comes flying out of the sausage machine's nozzle and flies all over the kitchen.

TIFFANY
(panicking)
How do you turn this sausage
machine off?!

While TIFFANY is looking all over the sausage machine for its switch, she, accidentally, gets the sausage machine's nozzle caught in the gash on her hand.

Suddenly, her arm is, instantly, filling up with raw sausage meat, until her arm is so stuffed, with raw sausage meat, that it's about to burst.

TIFFANY
(to the KITCHEN STAFF,
panicking)
Somebody, turn this sausage
machine off before it injects my
arm with so much raw sausage meat
that my arm bursts and even more
raw sausage meat gets all over this
kitchen!

CHEF #2
Okay!

CHEF #2 runs to the sausage machine, flips its switch and the sausage machine turns off.

TIFFANY
(to CHEF #2, relieved)
Whew, what a relief! If you had
turned off that sausage machine
even just a few seconds later,
my arm might have burst and
squirted even more raw sausage
meat all over this messy, raw
sausage meat-covered kitchen.
(changing topics)
Could you seal up the gash on my
hand, so nothing else can get
into my arm, other than the huge
amount of raw sausage meat that
is already in it?

CHEF #2

Okay.

CHEF #2 pulls up one of his pants' legs, revealing his knee that has a bandage on it.

Then he rips his old, used bandage off his knee and covers TIFFANY'S gash with it.

TIFFANY

(looking at the bandage)

Perfect!

TIFFANY holds her nose up, in the air, and starts sniffing heavily.

TIFFANY

(to CHEF #2, delighted)

Umm, that raw sausage meat smells really good! You must use a lot of seasonings in your raw sausage meat, because I can really smell the raw sausage meat's deliciousness through my nose.

CHEF #2

Of course. I mean, who wants to eat bland sausages?

TIFFANY

I know! I know I don't want to eat bland sausages, because I like to eat only flavorful sausages.

CHEF #2

The same goes for, practically, the rest of the Animated and Real worlds. Nobody wants to eat bland sausages.

Suddenly, CHEF #2 and TIFFANY laugh continuously, in unison.

CUT BACK TO:

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, SITTING AT THEIR RESTAURANT BOOTH

THORNZ and THORAX are gobbling up the rotten Hot Wings from their tray, but MADISON isn't eating any of them.

MADISON

(looking at the rotten Hot Wings, scared)

Those rotten Hot Wings sure look spicy. I need to close my eyes, for a couple of seconds, to decide if I want to eat any rotten Hot Wings or not.

MADISON closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

BLACK

The words: 10 Seconds Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

MADISON'S POV - OUT HER EYES:

Total darkness - The screen is black, while her eyes are closed.

As MADISON opens her eyes, we can see inside of Rotten Wings again.

MADISON'S POV ENDS

The backs to all of the Restaurant Booths are gone, and many customers' backs are touching each other.

MADISON is back-to-back with another customer.

As WAITER #8 walks by MADISON...

MADISON

(to WAITER #8)

What happened to all the backs of the Restaurant Booths? Now, many of the customers are back-to-back, including me.

WAITER #8

(to MADISON)

While your eyes were closed for just a quick second...

MADISON

(interrupting)

I'll have you know that my eyes were closed for more than a second. They were closed for several seconds, but I closed them for a good reason, so I could make a decision, while they're closed. My eyes were closed for such a short time that I don't even think of it as closing them. I think that I just blinked them. Yeah, I blinked my eyes! After all, we're only human, and don't all humans blink?

WAITER #8

Yeah. Whatever you say, Sleeper. Well, actually, most humans blink, except for this human.

Then WAITER #8 points to himself.

MADISON

You should get some eye surgery, so you can do something about that weird problem and be able to blink like a normal human.

WAITER #8

I'll use the money, from my next pay check, to pay for my eye surgery, so I can blink like a normal human.

MADISON

(excited)

Yes!

THORNZ

(to WAITER #8)

I'll have what he or she is having.

(to MADISON, in pain)

Ow, Madison! Stop kicking me!

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Okay.

WAITER #8

(to MADISON)

I guess it's time to tell you what happened to all the backs of these Restaurant Booths. Well, while you were asleep...

MADISON

(correcting him)

I was blinking.

WAITER #8

Yeah. Whatever you say, Closed Eyelids. Anyways, when you were blinking, some person came into this restaurant, stole all the backs to these Restaurant Booths, ran off and is, probably, somewhere, right now, selling them for money.

MADISON

How is that person ever going to sell the backs to Restaurant Booths? The backs to Restaurant Booths never sell.

WAITER #8

That may be, until people find out that the backs are from Rotten Wings' Restaurant Booths. When they find that out, they'll sell like hot cakes.

MADISON
I guess that's good news.

WAITER #8
(excited)
Is it ever!

MADISON
Could you, please, put something
in between me and the customer
that I'm back-to-back with, so our
backs will no longer be touching,
and I can, finally, enjoy my food?

WAITER #8
Okay. Let me go outside and get
a piece of dirty, smelly
cardboard from the dumpster,
behind this restaurant, so I can
put it in between you and the
customer that you're back-to-back
with, so your backs will no longer
be touching. Apparently, you don't
want to have another person's back
touching your's, as you eat. You're
so picky.

MADISON
(offended)
I'm not picky! What I'm asking you
to do is quite reasonable. I mean,
who wants a person's back touching
their back, as they're eating? I
know I don't.

WAITER #8
It'll just be a second, as I get a
piece of dirty, smelly cardboard
out of the dumpster and put it in
between you and the customer that
you're back-to-back with.

MADISON
(excited)
Thank you!

WAITER #8
You're welcome.

Then WAITER #8 walks out of the exit door and is out of the scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND "ROTTEN WINGS"

WAITER #8 is digging through a dumpster and throwing tons of trash out of it. We see a bunch of trash flying out of the dumpster.

Then the words: 3 Hours Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

WAITER #8 climbs out of the dumpster.

WAITER #8
(to himself)
I can't believe it. There wasn't
a dirty, smelly piece of cardboard
in the dumpster.

WAITER #8 walks up to the camera.

WAITER #8
(to the camera)
I won't let you look at me, right
now, because I'm a dirty, smelly
failure.

Then WAITER #8 puts his palm over the camera lens and completely covers it.

We see: BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. "ROTTEN WINGS" RESTAURANT

WAITER #8 walks to MADISON, holding a clean piece of cardboard.

WAITER #8

(to MADISON)

I couldn't find a dirty, smelly piece of cardboard, in the dumpster, so I had to buy a piece of cardboard from some stranger, on the street, and bring it to you. But as I was bringing that piece of cardboard to you, some guy snatched it from my hands, and I was, again, cardboard pieceless, so I had to rip a piece of clean cardboard off a homeless man's box, while he wasn't looking. Then I came back into this restaurant, and now, here I am, talking to you, ready to put this cardboard in between you and the customer that you're back-to-back with.

MADISON

(excited)

Thank you!

WAITER #8

(blushing)

You're welcome.

Then WAITER #8 puts the cardboard in between Madison and the customer that she's back-to-back with, and their backs are no longer touching.

MADISON

(excited)

Yes!

MADISON starts eating the rotten Hot Wings off the tray, in front of her.

MADISON

(eating, excited)

Awesome!

MADISON eats all the rotten Hot Wings off the tray, and it's empty.

MADISON
(excited)
Sweet! Awesome! Yes!

THORNZ
(to WAITER #8)
Once again, I'll have what he or
she is having.

THORNZ
(excited)
Sweet! Awesome! Yes! Madison
didn't kick me this time!

TIFFANY looks at the wall.

TIFFANY
(to herself)
I wonder what's underneath that
wall. Maybe, there's buried
treasure. I have to figure out
what's underneath that wall.

TIFFANY turns to MADISON.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Madison, do you have any rocks,
with you, right now, that I can
throw at Rotten Wings' wall, so
I can break it open and see if
there's any buried treasure
underneath it?

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
No. I never have any rocks with
me and never will.

TIFFANY
Why not?

MADISON

Because I wouldn't trust you with them. Since I've made you so mad for most of your life, you could throw those rocks at my head to get back at me.

TIFFANY

I do have to admit that if there was ever any rocks around, there would be a good chance of me throwing them at your head.

MADISON

I already knew that. That's why I'll never have rocks, with me or in the house. I'll let a lot of things happen, but there's one thing that I will never let happen, I'll never let my retarded sister hit me in the head with rocks. So get some rocks from someone else, because you won't ever get them from me.

TIFFANY

Okay.

TIFFANY does a complete 360 degree spin, on her butt.

When TIFFANY sees WOMAN #3'S back facing her, she stops and...

TIFFANY

(to WOMAN #3)

Do you have any rocks with you?

WOMAN #3 does a complete 360 degree spin, on her butt, and stops when she's facing TIFFANY.

WOMAN #3

(to TIFFANY, excited)

Of course! I have a bunch of rocks in my purse.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Wonderful! Can I use some of them?

WOMAN #3

Sure.

WOMAN #3 picks up her purse and gives it to TIFFANY, who happily snatches it out of her hands.

WOMAN #3

Well, there ya go. You can use all of the rocks, in my purse, if you want, but after you're finished with them, you can keep all the rocks, but, please, give me back my purse, because it's very expensive.

TIFFANY

Okay. That seems easy enough.

(changing topics)

Why do you carry a bunch of rocks in your purse?

WOMAN #3

So I can throw them at people I don't like.

TIFFANY

Neat! If I ever had any rocks of my own, I'd throw them all at Madison's head.

MADISON

(overhearing TIFFANY,
offended)

Hey! I heard that!

WOMAN #3

(to TIFFANY)

Well, I guess I better leave you alone, right now, so you can use my rocks in privacy. Bye.

TIFFANY
(to WOMAN #3)
Bye.

WOMAN #3 turns around, until her back is facing TIFFANY.

TIFFANY turns to the wall, picks up rocks, one-by-one, and throws them at the wall. MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, are staring at TIFFANY.

As rocks are hitting the wall, it is crumbling apart before our very eyes. Big chunks of the wall crash to the floor, until...

We see a window.

TIFFANY, MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, stare at the window.

TIFFANY
(excited)
Neat! A window! I wonder if it
still opens up, or is it rusted
shut?

TIFFANY reaches over, to the window, and opens it up.

TIFFANY
Awesome! The window, actually,
opens up and isn't rusted shut.

Then TIFFANY holds her head up and gets a good whiff of the air coming through the window.

TIFFANY turns to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)
The fresh air, coming through the
window, is the only fresh thing in
Rotten Wings. Even the name, Rotten
Wings, isn't fresh, because it has
the word, Rotten, in it.

TIFFANY turns to the window.

TIFFANY

I wonder if something, other than
fresh air, will come through this
window.

Suddenly, a paper airplane flies through the window and
lands in TIFFANY'S lap.

TIFFANY looks at the paper airplane, in excitement.

TIFFANY

Ooo! A paper airplane! I love
paper airplanes! I really hope I
can fly a paper airplane someday.

(changing topics)

I wonder if there's any people
in this paper airplane. I better
open it up and check.

TIFFANY picks up the paper airplane and looks at it, as she
unfolds it.

Suddenly, TIFFANY screams.

TIFFANY

There's two babies piloting this
paper airplane!

Then she turns around and is facing MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX, with a big smile on her face.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

Just joking. There aren't really
two babies piloting this paper
airplane. In fact, there's no one
in it, but it appears that someone
folded a flyer into a paper airplane.
But I'm not quite sure what the flyer
says, because the font is so small.
I need to hold it closer to my face,
so I can read what the flyer says.

TIFFANY holds the flyer in front of her face and is
completely blocking it.

TIFFANY

This flyer says, "Allmart's indoor fast food restaurant has a new .99 Value Menu! So make sure to bring in your kids, and more importantly, make sure those kids bring in their mothers, because Allmart's president loves mothers more than their children, since he loves his mother way more than his children."

TIFFANY lays the flyer, in her lap, and looks at MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, upset)

Allmart's indoor fast food restaurant has a new .99 Value Menu. I can't let Allmart be even more successful than they already are, because they'll be stealing even more success from hard working people. I have to stop Allmart from getting any more success by opening up my own fast food restaurant and having a .98 Value Menu, so all the people that want to eat at a fast food restaurant will eat at my fast food restaurant instead of Allmart's, because my Value Menu is 1 cent cheaper than Allmart's.

(changing topics)

Even though I want to open up my own fast food restaurant, in our house, I can't think of a name to call it. I need to be on the lookout for a name for my new fast food restaurant.

(changing topics)

I sure am getting thirsty. I need to look at Rotten Wings menu for some drinks that I can order and drink, until I'm no longer thirsty anymore.

TIFFANY picks up Rotten Wings' menu and is reading it.
Then she begins laughing continuously.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Why are you laughing so much?

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
Because Tea is the first letter of
my name. I'm going to order some
Tea.

As WAITER #9 walks by TIFFANY...

TIFFANY
(to WAITER #9)
Hey, waiter guy!

WAITER #9 stops in front of TIFFANY.

WAITER #9
(to TIFFANY)
Yes?

TIFFANY
I'd like to order some Tea.

WAITER #9
Okay. Would you like to order some
food to go along with your Tea?

TIFFANY
No, because I already ate...
(pausing)
...the most delicious meal of my
life! I just want to order some Tea-
i-f-f-a-n-y. No seriously, I just
want to order some Tea.

WAITER #9
Okay, Tea it is.

TIFFANY

Actually, my name is Tiffany, not
Tea it is.

WAITER #9

Whatever. Bye.

TIFFANY grabs one of WAITER #9'S arms.

TIFFANY

Wait, don't go! I need to tell
you something.

WAITER #9

Okay. Tell me what you want to
tell me, because I'm listening.

TIFFANY

While I was looking at your menu,
I noticed that Rotten Wings doesn't
have any kind of Value Menu. Well,
I'll have you know that very soon
I'm going to open up my very own
fast food restaurant, in my house,
that has a Value Menu. Not just a
dollar menu or a .99 Value Menu,
even cheaper. My fast food
restaurant is going to have a .98
Value Menu. Nah, nah, nah, nah,
nah! While, I'm profiting greatly
from my .98 Value Menu, you're still
going to be a waiter at a restaurant
that has no Value Menu. You need to
keep up with the times. People want
Value Menus.

WAITER #9

I know exactly what you mean. Rotten
Wings needs a Value Menu. We need to
keep up with the times, and give
people what they want, not what they
don't want. If people want Value
Menus, they're going to get one from
Rotten Wings.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yippee pee! That's awesome! Don't get too excited, because you'll forget to get me my Tea.

WAITER #9

Oh, don't worry. I won't forget, because I'm going to get your Tea right now.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yippee Longstockings!

WAITER #9 turns around, but TIFFANY, once again, grabs one of his arms.

TIFFANY

Wait, don't go! I forgot to tell you that I need to tell you something else.

WAITER #9

Okay. Tell it to me.

TIFFANY

Is the Tea I'm ordering free?

WAITER #9

The Tea you're ordering is as free as a tree.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yippee! Bye.

TIFFANY waves at WAITER #9.

Then WAITER #9, hesistantly, waves back at TIFFANY.

WAITER #9

(waving)

Uh, bye.

Then WAITER #9 walks into the kitchen.

The words: 1 Minute Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

WAITER #9 walks out of the kitchen and to TIFFANY, holding a cup of Tea.

Then he places the cup of Tea in front of TIFFANY.

TIFFANY picks up the cup of Tea and takes a sip of her Tea.

Then, suddenly, she spits it out.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #9, disgusted)
Eew, room temperature Tea! You can't ever serve someone room temperature Tea, no matter how cheap or lazy you are. Tea can only be served hot or ice cold with tons of ice cubes in it. So you need to break out the kettle and stove, or the ice cubes, because I can't drink room temperature Tea.

WAITER #9

(to TIFFANY)
Okay. Okay. Would you like your Tea hot or ice cold?

TIFFANY

It doesn't matter. Just make sure it's hot or ice cold and no longer room temperature.

WAITER #9

Okay. Boiling hot, it is, then.

WAITER #9 reaches O.S, with his hands, and pulls a stove into the scene and to TIFFANY. We see that the stove already has a kettle on one of it's burners.

Then WAITER #9 pours TIFFANY'S cup of Tea into the kettle and turns the stove on.

Very quickly, the kettle whistles, and steam gushes out of the spout on it.

TIFFANY, with a big smile on her face, stares at the whistling kettle and tries to whistle, but TIFFANY can't whistle.

Then TIFFANY licks her lips continuously and tries to whistle again, but she still can't whistle.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #9)

I was never really good at whistling during my life. Everybody in my life could whistle, except for me. But this is no time to mope about that part of my life, because it happened in the past. And I can't change the past, no matter how hard I try. The only thing left for me to do, right now, is enjoy my hot Tea.

WAITER #9

(excited)

Exactly!

WAITER #9 picks up the kettle and pours the boiling-hot Tea back into TIFFANY'S cup.

WAITER #9

(pouring, in pain)

Hot! Hot!

WAITER #9, finally, stops pouring the Tea and gives the boiling-hot cup of Tea to TIFFANY.

When TIFFANY grabs the cup...

TIFFANY

(in pain)

Hot! Hot!

TIFFANY takes a sip of her boiling-hot Tea.

TIFFANY
(in pain)
It burns!

WAITER #9
(to TIFFANY)
Maybe you should blow on the rest
of your tea before you drink it,
so you can cool it down and no
longer burn your mouth.

TIFFANY
(excited)
Great idea!

TIFFANY starts blowing on the rest of the Tea in her cup.

The words: 3 Hours Later, appear at the bottom of the
screen, then, disappear.

Suddenly, TIFFANY passes out.

MADISON throws a cup of ice cold Tea on TIFFANY, and
TIFFANY wakes up.

TIFFANY sticks her tongue into her cup.

TIFFANY
(delighted)
Great! My hot Tea is cool enough
to drink!

TIFFANY gulps down the rest of her Tea, and her cup is
empty.

TIFFANY
(delighted)
How refreshing! Way better than
any kind of Tea Madison could make
me.

Suddenly, MADISON smacks the back of TIFFANY'S head, and
TIFFANY smiles.

TIFFANY
(to WAITER #9)
Before you leave, can you wait
for just a second, as I look at
your menu again, so I can figure
out what else I want to drink?

WAITER #9
(to TIFFANY)
Sure.

TIFFANY
(excited)
Great! I promise this will take
just a few seconds.

TIFFANY picks up her menu and looks at it.

Then the words: 1 Minute Later, appear at the bottom of the
screen, then, disappear.

TIFFANY stops looking at her menu and sets it down.

TIFFANY
(to WAITER #9)
I see that Rotten Wings serves
Coconut Milk. I love anything
coconut, because I have the I.Q.
of a large coconut. But before I
order the Coconut Milk and drink
it, I need to know if it has milk
in it. I can't eat or drink
anything with milk in it, because
it'll give me diarrhea.

A customer, in the b.g., can be heard vomiting
continuously.

Then that customer stops vomiting.

WAITER #9

(to TIFFANY)

The Coconut Milk we serve doesn't have any milk in it. We just call it Coconut Milk, because it has a thick and milky consistency like milk. Coconut Milk is just thick Coconut Juice.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #9)

Now that you explain how Coconut Milk is just thick Coconut Juice, I'm grossed out and don't want to order it anymore. The image of me drinking it inside of my head and me having a thick Coconut Milk moustache really turns me off and grosses me out. So I really need to pass on the Coconut Milk. Sorry.

WAITER #9 stomps out of the scene.

Suddenly, we hear a loud, continuous crunching sound.

The customer, back-to-back with TIFFANY, turns around and taps TIFFANY on the shoulder.

TIFFANY turns around and is facing the customer.

CUSTOMER

(to TIFFANY)

Could you, please, turn your radio off? I'm trying to eat.

TIFFANY

(to the CUSTOMER)

I don't have a radio on.

CUSTOMER

Well, stop all those crunching sounds.

TIFFANY

Oh! You must be talking about my
diaper. It crunches really loud
when it's dry and I haven't used
the bathroom in it yet.

Another customer, in the b.g., can be heard vomiting.

Then that customer, eventually, stops vomiting.

CUSTOMER

(to TIFFANY, continuing)

Well, use the bathroom in it, so
you'll moisten it up and stop it
from crunching anymore.

TIFFANY

Okay, but it may take a few
seconds for it to moisten up
enough that it doesn't crunch
anymore.

The words: 6 Seconds Later, appear at the bottom of the
screen, then, disappear.

CUSTOMER

(to TIFFANY, excited)

Yes! Your diaper no longer crunches!
Thank you.

TIFFANY

Don't mention it.

A little girl runs up to the CUSTOMER.

LITTLE GIRL

(to the CUSTOMER,
horrified)

Little Cheeky has diarrhea, and
it's getting everywhere!

A customer, in the b.g., can be heard vomiting.

A customer can be seen, in the b.g., passing out and
falling to the floor.

Eventually, the customer stops vomiting.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

I now remember what I wanted to
say. D-I-A-R-R-H-E-A spells
Diarrhea.

Another customer, in the b.g., can be heard vomiting and
seen passing out and falling to the floor.

TIFFANY looks at the 2 people passed out on the floor.

TIFFANY

Will someone call the ambulance,
because there's two people passed
out, possibly dead, on the floor?
I didn't know that calling an
ambulance, nowadays, costs extra.
What happened to the good old days
when you could call an ambulance,
and the ambulance would come to a
restaurant to save the lives of
two passed out people, free of
charge?

WAITER #10

(to TIFFANY)

I don't know, and I don't care.
Give me a \$20 tip, and an ambulance
will soon be there.

TIFFANY

(to WAITER #10)

Okay. Okay. Two people's lives are
on the line here, and, passed out,
on the floor.

TIFFANY pulls a \$20 bill out of her "pants" and smells it.

Then she gives it to WAITER #10.

WAITER #10 stuffs it into one of his pants' pockets and
pulls out a cell phone from the same pants' pocket.

Then he starts punching his cell phone with his fist and starts talking into the cell phone. We can't hear what he's saying, and only see his mouth moving.

The words: 15 Minutes Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

Suddenly, an ambulance crashes through the wall of Rotten Wings and stops in front of the 2 passed out people on the floor.

Two people jump out of the ambulance's open windows and run to the 2 passed out people.

Then they pick up the 2 passed out people, one-by-one, and throw them into one of the ambulance's open windows.

TIFFANY

(looking at the ambulance)

I hope those two people can be saved
in time.

WAITER #10

(to TIFFANY)

Me too. Me too.

Then WAITER #10, suddenly, runs out of the restaurant and is out of the scene.

THORNZ

(looking at the camera)

Could you turn that camera off,
because I don't want everyone in
the Animated and Real worlds
seeing me eat anymore rotten Hot
Wings, because they'll think I'm
an even bigger little rotten Hot
Wing-eating piggy. And I'm not a
little rotten Hot Wing-eating
piggy, I'm a cactus...

(pausing)

...who wants you to turn the camera
off, while I eat some more rotten
Hot Wings.

CUT TO:

BLACK

Then the words: About 3 Minutes Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

THORNZ (O.S)
(over the black screen)
You can turn the camera back on,
because I'm done eating.

CUT TO:

THORNZ

THORNZ has his leg propped up on top of the Restaurant Booth.

THORNZ
(to MADISON, TIFFANY and
THORAX)
I'm so full that I'm becoming
really sleepy. I wouldn't be
surprised if I fell asleep, while
I was still in here.

Suddenly, THORNZ falls asleep, and continuous ZZZ'S are coming out of his mouth.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY and THORAX,
upset)
I swear, if any of those ZZZ'S,
coming out of Thornz' mouth, get
on me, I'll strangle them.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON and THORAX)
I think it would be so funny if
I started hitting Thornz' stomach
and played it like some bongo
drums, while he's still asleep.

TIFFANY starts tiptoing towards THORNZ and is giggling.

Then she reaches THORNZ and smacks his stomach.

Suddenly, THORNZ wakes up.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

Hey, Tiffany. What happened?

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

I was tickling your stomach.

THORNZ

Are you sure that was a tickle?
Because it felt like you smacked
my stomach instead, which is
something you're famous for doing
when I fall asleep and have a big
stomach. I mean, you've done that
about 100 times, and I've caught
you doing it each time. Also, you
don't like to play my stomach like
any kind of old, regular drums, you
like to play my stomach like some
bongo drums.

TIFFANY

I didn't smack your stomach. I
tickled it like this.

TIFFANY begins tickling THORNZ' stomach, and THORNZ is
laughing continuously.

THORNZ

(in between laughs)

It tickles! Tiffany, let me tickle
your stomach.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Okay!

THORNZ begins tickling TIFFANY'S stomach, and she is
laughing continuously.

TIFFANY
(in between laughs)
It tickles!

THORNZ
And it would tickle even more if
you lifted up your shirt and
exposed your stomach.

TIFFANY lifts up her shirts and is exposing her stomach.

THORNZ starts tickling TIFFANY'S bare stomach, and she
laughs even harder.

TIFFANY
(in between laughs)
It tickles even more!

THORNZ
Now, let me tickle your belly
button.

THORNZ sticks the tip of one of his arms into TIFFANY'S
belly button and starts tickling it.

THORNZ
(to TIFFANY)
Tiffany, I'm really getting sick
of tickling your belly button. Can
I stop tickling it?

TIFFANY
Sure.

THORNZ
(excited)
Awesome!

THORNZ tries to pull his arm out of TIFFANY'S belly button,
but it's stuck.

THORNZ
(to TIFFANY)
Uh, oh. My arm is stuck in your
belly button.

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

Could you do the embarrassing action of pulling my arm out of Tiffany's belly button? Tiffany's belly button must have a lot of suction, because there's so much moisture in it.

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Sure. I mean, after all, you've asked me to do much more embarrassing things before, and I did them. So I should, definitely, do this.

MADISON pulls THORNZ' arm out of TIFFANY'S belly button.

THORNZ turns to MADISON and wipes his arm, that was in TIFFANY'S belly button, all over MADISON'S dress.

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

If I were you, Thornz, which, thankfully, I'm not and, hopefully, never will be, I'd wash your arm, because it, probably, has a bunch of stinky stuff on it.

THORNZ puts his hand to his head.

THORNZ

(doing the Sailor Salute)

I, I, Captain!

Then THORNZ hops out of the scene.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY and THORAX)

I hope you two and Thornz don't sleep with me, in my bed, tonight.

CUT TO:

BLACK

MADISON'S VOICE
(over the black screen,
upset)
Man! Rotten Wings' electricity
went out!

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are in MADISON'S bed, and we see all 4 of their heads peeking out of the top of a bed sheet.

THORNZ shimmies his whole body out of the top of the bed sheet and jumps out of MADISON'S bed.

Then THORNZ reaches O.S. and pulls a portable refrigerator into the scene.

Suddenly, THORNZ throws the portable refrigerator into MADISON'S bed.

THORNZ backflips into MADISON'S bed.

Then he crawls under the bed sheet, and his head is peeking out the top of it, once again.

THORNZ, with one of his hands, reaches for the portable refrigerator and opens it. We see a package of hot dogs and near-empty ketchup and mustard bottles in the portable refrigerator.

Then he grabs the package of hot dogs and a ketchup bottle out of the portable refrigerator and crawls under the bed sheet with them. We can see the shape of THORNZ' body moving underneath the bed sheet.

MADISON
(to THORNZ)
Thornz, why are you going to eat
hot dogs and ketchup under my bed
sheet?

THORNZ

(under the bed sheet)

Because all my guitar playing
really builds up an appetite. I
mean, everything I ate at Rotten
Wings still couldn't keep my
stomach full for very long.

Suddenly, there's a loud farting sound.

THORNZ peeks his head out of the bed sheet and is looking
at MADISON, TIFFANY and THORAX.

THORNZ

(embarrassed)

Sorry about that farting sound.
It wasn't me farting, even though
I have been eating a lot of beans.
It was coming from my ketchup
bottle that made a loud farting
sound, because it doesn't have
very much ketchup in it and is
almost empty. I wonder why near-
empty condiment bottles always make
embarrassing and loud farting
sounds, when you squeeze them?
Maybe it has to do with suction or
something. Oh, I don't know why it
happens. I mean, I'm not a scientist.

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Thornz, get yourself and your food
out of my bed. I can feel the
ketchup squirting all over my legs.
If someone saw all this ketchup in
my bed, they'd think that I killed
someone in it, and I'd go to prison.

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

You need to go to prison.

MADISON

No, I don't, because this house is way worse than any other prison in the Animated and Real worlds. Thornz, when you and your food get out of my bed, you can get back into my bed, but you can never bring your food into my bed again. Okay?

THORNZ

Okay.

THORNZ throws the package of hot dogs and ketchup bottle out of MADISON'S bed, and they fly out of the scene.

THORNZ

(to MADISON, excited)

This is going to be a lot of fun!

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

It better be, because all my life has done is suck, and you've all been sucking the fun out of my life, my entire life, through straws.

We hear another loud farting sound coming from under the bed sheet.

MADISON

(relieved)

What a relief! Whenever I hear a farting sound coming from under my bed sheet, I can rest assured that it's coming from a near-empty condiment bottle, and it's not a fart coming out of anyone's butt or butts.

THORNZ

(to MADISON, embarrassed)

Sorry about that. The beans, that I've been eating most of my life, are really starting to catch up with me and my intestines. Also, Madison, I want to tell you that when you hear farting sounds coming from under your bed sheet, from now on, the only thing it can be is farting, because we can't bring food into your bed anymore.

(fanning his farts with the bed sheet)

Pee yew! Stinky! Funky!

MADISON starts vomiting in THORNZ' face.

THORNZ reaches O.S. and pulls an umbrella into the scene.

Then he covers his face with it, and MADISON'S vomit is dripping down the umbrella.

THORNZ turns to the camera and has a big smile on his face.

PUSH IN on one of THORNZ' pupils and go deeper and deeper into it, until the screen is completely black.

We see: BLACK

TIFFANY'S VOICE

(over the black screen,
relieved)

Finally!

(changing topics)

Since we already have so much food in our house, I should open up my fast food restaurant, in our house, tomorrow. But I still can't think of a name for it yet.

PULL OUT of THORNZ' pupil, until the camera's in MADISON'S bedroom again. We see MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX peeking their heads out of the top of the bed sheet.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

You can't open up a nameless fast food restaurant in our house. Your fast food restaurant needs to have a name before you open it up.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Okay. I won't open up my fast food restaurant, until I have a name for it.

MADISON

That's good to hear, but Thornz' farts are not good to hear.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

When you have a name for your fast food restaurant and, finally, open it up, in our house, will it have a Drive-Thru window?

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

Of course, it'll have a Drive-Thru window! What a crazy thing to ask a future fast food restaurant owner! I'll turn one of our kitchen windows into a Drive-Thru window.

THORNZ

Very creative.

TIFFANY

I know. I'm not just a future fast food restaurant owner. I'm, also, a very creative, future fast food restaurant owner.

MADISON

Will somebody, please, turn off the lights, so we can all go to sleep and end this insanity?

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
I'll turn them off.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY, delighted)
Wonderful!

TIFFANY
But I'm going to crawl on the
floor to get to your bedroom's
light switch.

MADISON
Why are you going to crawl on the
floor to get to my bedroom's light
switch?

TIFFANY
I don't know. I just feel like
crawling. Good night.

MADISON
Not-so-good night to you too.

TIFFANY crawls out of MADISON'S bed and across the floor.

Then she stands up and flips MADISON'S bedroom light switch
off.

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the kitchen
table, eating breakfast.

TIFFANY, finally, walks into the kitchen, wearing a
backpack on the front and back of her body.

TIFFANY stops walking and is looking at MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)
Bye. I'm off to class with my
packpack on my back...
(pausing)
...and the front of my body.

TIFFANY skips out of the kitchen and is out of the scene.

MADISON
(to THORNZ and THORAX)
I'm going to say this way behind
Tiffany's back: I hope Tiffany
gets ran over by a school bus.

THORNZ
I need to say something to really
lighten up the mood in the room.
(changing topics)
I hope Tiffany comes up with a
name for her fast food restaurant
by this afternoon, so we can hurry
and open it up tomorrow. I hate to
wait, and I hate to anticipate.

MADISON
(to THORNZ)
Would you like some Mace in your
face?

THORNZ
(panicking)
No! Anything but that!

MADISON
Okay, okay. Calm down. I won't
spray Mace in your face.

THORNZ
(excited)
Yes!

THORAX

(to MADISON and THORNZ)

While we're waiting for Tiffany to come home, from school, let's have some fun, because time really flies by when you're having fun.

THORNZ and MADISON

(in unison)

Okay.

THORAX

Let's have a...

(pausing)

...food fight!

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, start throwing food at each other, and food is flying all over the kitchen.

Then THORNZ throws something brown, at the camera, which completely covers the camera lens. All we can see is a brown screen.

MADISON'S VOICE

(over the brown screen)

I hope what's on the camera lens isn't the gross thing that I think it is.

THORNZ' VOICE

(over the brown screen)

What's on the camera lens isn't the gross thing that you think it is. It's chocolate pudding.

MADISON'S VOICE

(relieved)

What a relief! If it was the other thing, I would have passed out.

THORNZ' VOICE

I know. If it was the other thing, we would have all passed out, in this kitchen, together.

The words: 8 Hours Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

The chocolate pudding is wiped off the camera lens. We see MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, in the kitchen, again.

We, suddenly, hear a loud creaking sound.

THORAX

Is Tiffany coming home, from school, already? It seemed like only a few minutes ago, she was walking to school. I guess it really is true what people say about time really flying by when you're having fun, because we really had a fun time, while Tiffany was at school, and the time seemed to just fly by like the food we threw at each other.

(changing topics)

I love to watch cars drive by.

TIFFANY, still wearing a backpack on the front and back of her body, walks into the kitchen with a panda. TIFFANY and the PANDA, in unison, are gnawing on Bamboo Chutes and laughing.

Then TIFFANY and the PANDA look at MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX, who are staring at them.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX)

Don't stare at me like that! So none of you have seen me come home from school, eating bamboo chutes and laughing with a panda before?

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX

(to TIFFANY, in unison)

Yes.

TIFFANY

Well, that's too bad.

(changing topics)

Anyways, let me just start off
by saying, "Hey, everybody."

(pointing to the panda)

This is my best friend slash Panda
named Up chuck Checkers from school,
and did I, also, tell you all that
the school I go to is a zoo?

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

No, you never told us that, but
thanks for bringing home a Panda,
from school, named Up chuck
Checkers, and telling us that you
go to school at a zoo, because now,
we know that you go to school and
get your education and stupidity
at a zoo and are best friends with
a bamboo chute-eating Panda named
Up chuck Checkers.

TIFFANY opens up her front backpack and digs in it, with
her hands.

Then she pulls out another Bamboo Chute and gnaws on it.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Why are you and Up chuck Checkers
gnawing on Bamboo Chutes?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

We're eating Bamboo Chutes, because
this is Up chuck Checkers' favorite
food in the Animated and Real worlds.

MADISON

Up chuck Checkers loves eating Bamboo
Chutes even more than humans?

TIFFANY

Yes, he or she does.

MADISON

Tiffany, why don't you know what
gender Up chuck Checkers is?

TIFFANY

(disgusted)

Gross, Madison! Don't ask me that
question! How am I suppose to know
if Up chuck Checkers is a he or
she? By checking him or her down
there? Because, no sir-e-bob! That's
never happening! The only way that
will ever happen is if you put on
your rubber gloves and check for
yourself.

MADISON

(disgusted)

No way!

TIFFANY

Okay, then. Anyways, Up chuck
Checkers loves eating Bamboo Chutes
even more than humans.

MADISON

Up chuck Checkers loves eating
Bamboo Chutes even more than eating
really meaty humans?

TIFFANY

Yes, he or she does. Okay?

MADISON

Okay, sure, whatever.

(changing topics, upset)

I'm going to Bamboo Chute you and
Up chuck Checkers in the face if
you two don't shut up!

UP CHUCK CHECKERS throws a bunch of Bamboo Chutes at
MADISON'S head.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Bamboo, you stink!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

The Bamboo, probably, stinks,
because it's been with a stinky
panda and has made contact with
stinky Tiffany.

Then MADISON points and laughs at TIFFANY and UP CHUCK
CHECKERS.

TIFFANY and UP CHUCK CHECKERS

(in unison, offended)

Hey!

TIFFANY

(gnawing)

I've got it! I need to name my
fast food restaurant Up chuck
Checkers. That's the perfect name
for my fast food restaurant.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

An even more perfect name for
your fast food restaurant is Up
chuck. It's just like the name Up
chuck Checkers, with the only
difference being that you're
leaving off the Checkers part and
naming it Up chuck, because all
your fast food will, probably,
make people up chuck.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, offended)

Hey, that's not true at all! At
first, my fast food will make
people gag, choke and maybe even
up chuck, but I can guarantee
you that if any of my customers
up chuck from my food, it'll be
only for a short while, and
they'll, eventually, get use to
the taste of it and stop up
chucking, because my food will
be an acquired taste.

TIFFANY

It may take some getting use to,
but my customers will, eventually,
get use to the taste of my fast
food and stop up chucking.

MADISON

What if they don't stop up
chucking? What will you do, since
you wouldn't be delivering on your
promise of your customers, eventually,
not up chucking from your fast food?

TIFFANY

I'll give them all their money
back.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

Even the tip?

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

Yes, Thornz. Even the tip.

THORNZ

(upset)

Man! I wanted to use the tips
customers will give you to buy
myself some neat, wallet-friendly
knick knacks. Maybe I could even
give one of the knick knacks to
Madison, since I feel so bad for
her, since she has to raise us.

MADISON

(to THORNZ, touched)

That's really sweet that you're
considering giving me a knick knack.
I really feel good knowing that you
care enough about me to give me a
knick knack.

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

Well, Madison. I can't make any promises just yet, because I can only give you a knick knack if Tiffany doesn't give back any of the customers' tips and gives those tips to me, so I can buy neat, wallet-friendly knick knacks with them.

MADISON

(disappointed)

Man. I was really looking forward to you giving me one of your knick knacks.

THORNZ

I'm really looking forward to whatever you just said too.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

We, now, know that you go to school, at a zoo, but could you tell us what zoo you go to school at?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, delighted)

Certainly! It's the Reno Rejects' Zoo. Don't you remember enrolling me into it, about 3 weeks ago?

MADISON

Sorry, I don't remember enrolling you into the Reno Rejects' Zoo at all. I guess I don't care enough about you to, actually, care about anything you do or even remember anything I did that involved you.

TIFFANY digs into her front backpack and pulls out a lump of wet clay.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Maybe, you'll start to care about me, after I give you this as a present.

MADISON

For me to start caring about you, you're going to have to give me something better than a lump of wet clay for my present. I hope that thing is not the only thing you're giving to me. Please tell me there's more to your present besides a lump of wet clay.

TIFFANY

I wish I could tell you that, but sorry, your only gift is a lump of wet clay.

MADISON

(upset)

Woo man!

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

Where'd you get the lump of wet clay, anyways?

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

From art class. You see, and smell, of course, in art class, today, we had to make some pottery and give it to the person, in our lives, that we love the most.

THORNZ

I can't believe you love Madison more than Thorax and me!

TIFFANY

Madison is the only person, in my life, that I could give this wet clay to. I don't even love her at all.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, offended)

Hey!

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

I can't help but say it, because it's the truth. And you can't run away from the truth, because it's a fast runner and will, probably, catch you.

(to THORNZ and THORAX)

Anyways, Madison is the only person that I can give this lump of wet clay to, because she's the only real person that I know. My own parents aren't even real people. They're only parts of real people, since they have no brains like me. I can't give this wet clay to Thornz, because he's a cactus and not a person. I, also, can't give it to Arm Pitt, because he's only the torso of a real person and not a complete person. I, also, can't give it to The Rooster with Emphysema or The Bat from Hell, because they're animals and not people. The only person left to give this lump of wet clay to is Madison. Don't worry. I don't love her at all.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, offended)

Hey!

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, upset)

Stopping haying me, because I'm
about to give you this lump of
wet clay for your present.

TIFFANY gives the clay to MADISON, and MADISON grabs it.

Then MADISON smells the lump of clay.

MADISON

Well, hey. At least, it smells
good.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

I know. In art class, I sprayed it
with some Panda Perfume to make it
smell better.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, since you were suppose to
make pottery in Art Class today,
why did you just give me a lump
of wet clay? It looks like you
didn't even attempt to sculp this
lump of clay into pottery.

TIFFANY

I know, and there's a reason why
I did that. I didn't sculp it,
because I want it to reflect what
I think about you. To me, you're
nothing more than a lump of wet
clay. I, also, pounded the clay
a few times with a hammer to
make sure it, accurately,
represented what I think about
you. And plus, I'd like to pound
you with a hammer, but that's
against the law, and I don't
want to go to jail.

THORAX

I need to put on my Reading Glasses, so I can get a better look at the lump of clay in Madison's hand.

Then THORAX sneezes, and a pair of Reading Glasses shoots out of his nose.

THORAX catches the Reading Glasses, in his hands, and puts them on.

THORAX looks at the lump of wet clay.

THORAX

Amazing! That lump of wet clay looks just like Madison's face! If only Madison's face looked that good in real life.

MADISON bends down and punches THORAX'S face.

THORAX

(to MADISON, in pain)
Ow! My nose!

TIFFANY

Oh, and I forgot to say that I, also, couldn't give that lump of wet clay to Thorax, because he's a scorpion and not a person.

MADISON

(looking at THORAX)
Thorax isn't a scorpion. He's more like a scor-peein'. S-C-O-R-P-E-E-I-N apostrophe. Get it?

THORAX

(to MADISON)

Oh, ha ha larious, Madison. A joke making fun of how I pee in many situations that don't call for it. Well, I'll have you know, Madi-son, that I only pee in stressful situations. I can guarantee you that if no situation I was in was stressful, I wouldn't be peeing anywhere, except for the bathroom, of course. I'd have to pee sometime, but I'd only do it in the bathroom and nowhere else. That's a promise.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Now, that I've been holding this lump of wet clay for a while, it feels really gross, so I'm afraid, Tiffany, that I'm going to have to give it back to you. I don't want it anymore.

MADISON gives the lump of wet clay back to TIFFANY, and TIFFANY is holding the lump of clay, once again.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, upset)

Fine then, Madison. If you don't want it, then I'll just use it. I'm going to sculp it into ten clay toes. Then, I'm going to glue those ten wet clay toes to my toeless feet where my toes are missing, so I can, finally, make my dream of having toes come true. I'm going to reach for the stars, because I've already reached for and grabbed this lump of wet clay.

TIFFANY sculps the lump of wet clay into 10 clay toes and glues them to her toeless feet, where the toes are missing.

Then TIFFANY looks at her 10 new wet clay toes and cries tears of joy.

TIFFANY
They're so beautiful! Much more
beautiful than Madison.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY, offended)
Hey, I heard that!

THORAX
(to TIFFANY)
What is inside of the packpack
on your back?

TIFFANY
(to THORAX, proud)
Sugar.

THORAX
Tiffany, why are you proud about
sugar inside of the packpack on
your back?

TIFFANY
I don't know, but all I know is
that sugar makes everything, even
Madison's face, taste better. Plus,
I can eat the sugar out of my back
packpack, whenever I get hungry at
school.

THORAX
Doesn't Madison ever feed you?

TIFFANY
Yeah. Madison does feed me, but
the amount of food she feeds me
couldn't fill up a dead bird let
alone a hungry, retarded sister.
You know that, Thorax. To fill
myself up, I eat sugar right out
of the backpack, on my back, so
I'll never be hungry again.

THORAX
Well, that sure was a gross tidbit.
I sure wish you didn't tell me that.

TIFFANY

I know.

(to MADISON)

Why don't you feed me more food?

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Because you're not worthy of being fed more food.

TIFFANY bursts out crying.

MADISON

(fed up)

Tiffany! Stop your crying, because I'll have you know that if you were more important, I'd feed you more food.

TIFFANY

You promise?

MADISON

Yes, I promise.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yeah!

TIFFANY runs toward the front door.

As TIFFANY is running...

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Look both ways before running across the street.

TIFFANY

(running)

Oh, shut up, Madison!

MADISON

Okay, then. But don't tell me that I didn't warn you, after you get run over by a car and are recovering in the hospital.

TIFFANY

Bite me!

MADISON

Thanks, but no thanks. Because I've already taken a bite out of you before, and I know how horrible you taste.

TIFFANY reaches the front door and opens it.

Then she runs outside and is out of the scene.

Suddenly, TIFFANY runs back into the kitchen.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Could you, please, get rid of Up chuck Checkers before he or she uses the bathroom all over the house?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Sure.

TIFFANY picks up UP CHUCK CHECKERS, who's gnawing on a Bamboo Chute, and throws him or her out of a closed kitchen window. We hear a loud crashing sound, as Up chuck Checkers crashes through the closed kitchen window. There's a huge hole in the window that Up chuck Checkers crashed through.

MADISON

(looking at the hole)

We can just put a piece of plastic over it, and nobody will know the difference.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

Now that I know that I want to name my fast food restaurant Up chuck Checkers, I wish we could turn time forward to tomorrow, so I could hurry and open up Up chuck Checkers.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, you can turn time forward, if you believe hard enough.

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

Okay. I'll believe that I can turn time forward, and when I believe hard enough, it will come true, be tomorrow, and we'll be opening Up chuck Checkers up for business. Everybody, believe with me. Maybe if we all believe together that we can turn time forward, we can turn time forward and get to tomorrow's grand opening of Up chuck Checkers quicker.

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX
(in unison, excited)

Okay!

TIFFANY

Let's turn off all the lights, so it's pitch black in here. That way, we can concentrate on believing we can turn time forward and get to tomorrow's grand opening of Up chuck Checkers quicker, since we won't have the light distracting us.

Each person goes to a separate light switch, in the living room, and turns it off.

Then they, in unison, leave the living room. We assume that they're turning off all the rest of the light switches in the house.

Gradually, each room, suddenly, becomes pitch black, until the entire house is pitch black.

We see: BLACK

Suddenly, the words: 10 Hours Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON is sitting at the kitchen table, reading Up chuck Checkers' menu. TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are, also, sitting at the kitchen table, tickling each other.

MADISON finishes reading the menu and throws it into the pool that's in the middle of the kitchen.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

While I was looking at Up chuck Checkers' menu, I noticed you don't have any dairy products on it. Why?

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Because I'm lactose intolerant, that's why. Even a trace amount of dairy, on my skin, could give me diarrhea that kills me, and I don't want to die. I want to live! I love living!

MADISON

Well, can't you just wear gloves, when you're handling dairy products? That way, you won't die of diarrhea, and you'll be able to serve dairy products at Up chuck Checkers.

TIFFANY

I can't take that risk! I mean, what will I do if the gloves break and I, accidentally, get dairy on my skin? No way, woo man! I'm not serving dairy products at Up chuck Checkers, even if I'm wearing gloves.

MADISON

Okay, but I'm warning you, Tiffany. Not having dairy products, at Up chuck Checkers, could really drive all your potential customers to Allmart, where they have an indoor fast food restaurant that does have dairy products.

TIFFANY

I am what I am, man. Since I believe Up chuck Checkers is going to be more successful than Allmart's indoor fast food restaurant, than that, automatically, means Up chuck Checkers is more successful than Allmart's indoor fast food restaurant. I just have to make sure to work hard to make sure my strong belief a.k.a affirmation comes true.

(changing topics)

Before I officially open Up chuck Checkers up for business, I need to, first, put a little something special on the front door of the house.

MADISON

What you're about to put on the front door, of the house, can't, possibly, be that special.

TIFFANY

You'll change your mind, Madison, when you see it with your own eyes.

MADISON

Okay, but I am a tough customer
and critic.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Madison, in a couple of seconds,
when you come outside to look at
the front door, of the house,
you're really going to love me.

MADISON

I hope you're right.

TIFFANY

I know I'm right, so that,
automatically, means that I'm
right. I'm going to put this
little special something on the
front door, right now. Bye.

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX

(in unison)

Bye, Tiffany.

TIFFANY walks to the front door, of the house, and opens
it.

Then she walks outside and closes the door behind her.

We see: CLOSED FRONT DOOR

The words: 30 Seconds Later, appear at the bottom of the
screen, then, disappear.

The front door opens up, and TIFFANY walks back into the
house.

TIFFANY closes the front door behind her.

Then, she opens it again.

MADISON (O.S)

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, you sure are opening and
closing the front door a lot, today.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON O.S.)

Madison, shut up and bring Thornz and Thorax outside, so they can see what I put onto the front door.

MADISON (O.S.)

Okay.

(to THORNZ O.S. and
THORAX O.S.)

I guess, follow me.

THORNZ (O.S.) and THORAX (O.S.)

(to MADISON O.S.,
in unison)

Okay.

Then MADISON, with THORNZ and THORAX behind her, go outside.

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX turn around and are facing the open front door and the camera.

Suddenly, TIFFANY runs back to the front door and closes it.

We see: CLOSED FRONT DOOR

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DUMMES' HOUSE

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are looking at the front door. We see a sign taped, on it, that reads: My sister eats for free.

TIFFANY

Madison can eat as much of my fast food as she wants, free of charge, because she's my sister, and as the sign on the front door reads, my sister eats for free. Wee! I want everybody, who goes inside the house to eat, to see it and know that Madison doesn't pay for her Up chuck Checkers' fast food.

MADISON

By the looks of things, I think we're ready for business. Let's keep the front door open all day, everyday, so customers can come into our house and get some fast food whenever they want. Up chuck Checkers must be open 24/7, and the same goes for our front door. But before customers come inside our house, make sure to lock your bedroom doors, so nobody can sneak into our bedrooms and steal any of our stuff.

TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX
(to MADISON, in unison)

Okay.

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, approach the front door, and MADISON opens it.

We follow MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, into the house, and MADISON closes the front door.

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX, in unison, slowly creep to their closed bedroom doors, pull out a key and lock all of their bedroom doors.

Then they all turn to each other and give each other a Thumbs Up.

MADISON

(remembering)

I forgot to leave the front door open to tell people that they are free to come into Up chuck Checkers whenever they want and eat some fast food. I need to open it before it's too late.

MADISON runs down the stairs and to the closed front door, then, opens it.

MADISON pokes her head outside. We see people walking by, on the sidewalk.

MADISON
(to the people)
Hey, everybody! Come into Up chuck
Checkers for fast food that costs
no more than .98!

PEOPLE
(in unison, excited)
.98?!

MADISON
(to the people)
Yeah, everything at Up chuck
Checkers is .98 or less.

PEOPLE
(in unison)
That's awesome!

PERSON
(to MADISON)
But where is Up chuck Checkers?
We want to eat some of Up chuck
Checkers' fast food.

MADISON
(to the people)
Up chuck Checkers is in my house.
Follow me.

PEOPLE
(in unison, excited)
Okay!

All the PEOPLE follow MADISON into her house, and the
Dummes' house is full of people.

MADISON walks into the kitchen. We see TIFFFANY, THORNZ and
THORAX sitting at the kitchen table.

MADISON walks to the kitchen table and sits down.

THORNZ

(to MADISON, TIFFANY and
THORAX)

I sure wish there was someone that could fill out the empty leg hole in my bikini bottoms. I feel really sad, because if you all were wearing bikini bottoms, both of the leg holes in your bikini bottoms would be filled, while only one of my leg holes in my bikini bottoms is filled while the other leg hole is still empty and is waiting for the perfect person to fill it up, so my bikini bottoms and I will no longer be lonely anymore.

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

I can fill out the empty leg hole in your bikini bottoms.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

No, Tiffany. You can't, because you're too big. The only way you could fit your body into the empty leg hole in my bikini bottoms is if you chopped your body in half, and only put half of your body in the leg hole in my bikini bottoms and got rid of the other half of your body.

TIFFANY

(panicking)

No! I need the other half of my body to survive. I can't cut my body in half, hotdog-style, so I can fit into the empty leg hole in your bikini bottoms! If I do that, I'll die, and I want to live! I love living! It isn't worth dying to fit into the empty leg hole in your bikini bottoms and fill it out!

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

Madison, make Tiffany change her mind!

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

I can't do that, because when Tiffany wants to live, she wants to live. I can't make her not love living, because she loves living. End of story, but you can borrow a neighbor's very small child for the day, but make sure to return that child to their parents before 8 p.m., because if you don't, you'll have to pay a \$25 Late Fee. Plus, that child's parents will report you to the police for kidnapping their child. Also, don't try to kidnap that child and keep them prisoner in Austria, because that child's parents will report you to the Austrian police. Also, don't try to kidnap that child and keep them prisoner in Norway, because that child's parents will report you to the Norwegian police. You get the idea. Don't mess with Nevada, and, also, don't mess with Texas.

TIFFANY

Okay, that was weird.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DUMMES' HOUSE

We see a closed kitchen window and a gigantic, dirty handwritten menu next to it.

Suddenly, a car, with the driverside window rolled down, drives up to the closed kitchen window. We see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1 in the driver seat.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1 honks their car horn.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX hear the loud honking sound, but they don't know where the sound is coming from.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

Where did that loud honking sound come from? It sounded like it came from right outside the kitchen window. Let me check.

Then TIFFANY stands up, from the kitchen table, and walks to the closed kitchen window.

TIFFANY looks out of it and sees DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1.

TIFFANY turns around and is facing MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX.

TIFFANY

(excited)

That loud honking sound we heard came from outside, because it looks like we have our first Drive-Thru customer!

Then TIFFANY turns around and is facing the closed kitchen window again.

TIFFANY opens up the kitchen window and gets a better look of DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1.

TIFFANY

(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1,
smiling)

What would you like to order?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1
(to TIFFANY)

I'd like to order a hamburger and milk shake. Also, can I have a slice of cheese on my hamburger?

TIFFANY
Sorry. Up chuck Checkers doesn't sell any dairy products.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1
Why not?

TIFFANY
Because I'm lactose intolerant, and even the touch of dairy can give me diarrhea that might kill me, and I don't want to die.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1
Well, can't you just put on some rubber gloves, before you handle dairy products?

TIFFANY
I can't take that chance of those gloves breaking and dairy products getting all over my skin and giving me diarrhea that might kill me. Instead of ordering dairy products, order some more non-dairy products for the same price.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1
(angry)
No! I want cheese on my hamburger, and a milk shake!

TIFFANY
(angry)
Well, you can't have that! Replace that cheese and milk shake with non-dairy products that cost the same price!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1
No! If you won't put a slice of
cheese on my hamburger and give
me a milk shake, I guess I'll
leave your restaurant, and you
won't get any of my money. Bye.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1 speeds off and is, immediately,
pulled over by a cop.

TIFFANY laughs continuously, as she sees a cop giving
DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1 a speeding ticket.

TIFFANY
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #1)
I showed you! Next time, you better
be nice to me, and do as I say by
ordering non-dairy products that
cost the same price as dairy
products, instead of ordering any
dairy products.
(to herself)
I better get out my binoculars and
get a closer look at what that mean
customer looks like.

TIFFANY pulls some binoculars out of her "pants" and looks
into them.

TIFFANY
(shocked)
I can't believe it! That customer,
that I thought was a man, turned
out to really be a woman. Amazing!
She even looks a little like Madison.

TIFFANY throws her binoculars, out the window, into the
Drive-Thru lane.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 drives up to the open kitchen
window.

We hear: A LOUD CRACKING SOUND, as DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2,
accidentally, drives over TIFFANY'S binoculars and crushes
them.

Inside of DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2'S S.U.V, we see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 in the driver seat, and a baby in the passenger seat.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(to TIFFANY)
Sorry about running over your
binoculars.

TIFFANY
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2)
Oh, you don't have to apologize,
because they're not even my
binoculars. They're my sister,
Madison's, binoculars, and I don't
really care that you ran over her
binoculars, because I don't like
her at all. I, actually, think
it's really funny that you ran
over her binoculars and crushed
them. It's a true moment in Comedy
History. A true piece of Comedy
Bronze, Silver and Gold. But don't
tell Madison that I was the one
who threw her binoculars into the
Drive-Thru lane, because she'd kill
me.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
I don't even know what Madison
looks like, so how can I tell her
that you threw her binoculars into
the Drive-Thru lane?

TIFFANY
(delighted)
When you say that, it's like music
to my ears.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
What does Madison look like? Can
you point her out to me?

TIFFANY
(excited)
Sure!

TIFFANY points, into the kitchen, at MADISON. We see MADISON blending in with a group of hairy bikers, women and dogs.

TIFFANY
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2)
Madison's the hairy one.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
I still don't know who she is,
because she's blending in with
all those hairy bikers, women
and dogs.

TIFFANY
Madison's the hairiest one in
that hairy group.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
Oh, now I know what Madison looks
like.

TIFFANY
Man!
(correcting herself)
I mean, woman. Are you ready to
order?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
Sure am! I'll have a big, juicy
Rotten Burger, and my son will
have a Kid at Heart Meal.

TIFFANY
Oh, that's your son? I thought
that thing was your daughter.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(offended)
No. It's my son, and I love him
very much.

TIFFANY
That's good. Love is the most
important thing in life.

MADISON

(in the b.g.)

Tiffany, stop confusing customers' and their children's genders! Are you trying to scare away all our customers?!

TIFFANY turns around to MADISON.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, scared)

No!

TIFFANY turns around and is facing DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 again.

TIFFANY

(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2)

See how scary Madison is?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

(to TIFFANY, horrified)

Of course! She looks like she could kill you with her bare hands! If you want, you can hide in my trunk. That way, Madison will never be able to find you, and she can never kill you.

TIFFANY

I have to think on that one. I'll hide in the trunk of your car, under one condition. There better not be any junk in your trunk.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

I'm sorry to say that my trunk is so full of junk that it's about to burst and squirt junk all over the place.

TIFFANY

I thought you'd say that, because you look like the type of person who has tons of junk in your trunk.

TIFFANY

You must, because you're ordering food from a fast food restaurant.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

Anyways, does the Kid at Heart Meal come with any milk or cheese? Because my son is a growing boy who needs lots of calcium and vitamins.

TIFFANY

Sure he is, sure he is. But sorry, I don't sell any dairy products at my fast food restaurant, because I'm lactose intolerant and even the touch of dairy gives me diarrhea that could kill me, and I don't want to die.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

Well, can't you just wear rubber gloves, before you handle dairy products, so you'll never get dairy on your skin or diarrhea, and you can feed all these customers the food that they really came here for, tons of dairy-filled products like cheese, milk, ice cream and milk shakes?

TIFFANY

Of course, I have no choice but to wear rubber gloves and serve dairy products to my customers, because if I don't, I'll lose all my customers, and Allmart will win them back. I want to steal Allmart's customers, not the other way around. Could you wait a second? I'm going to put on some rubber gloves and serve dairy products to my customers.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

Sure thing!

TIFFANY is putting on rubber gloves, and DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 is watching her.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(proud and excited)
That's the spirit! Show Allmart
who's the boss! Who's the boss?

TIFFANY
(excited)
I'm the boss!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(excited)
There ya go! Go get 'em tiger!

Suddenly, TIFFANY turns around and pounces on a customer, who she, then, starts attacking.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(to TIFFANY)
Stop attacking that person!

TIFFANY stops attacking the customer and walks back to the open kitchen window.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(to TIFFANY)
When I said, "Go get 'em tiger!",
I didn't mean to, actually, attack
the way a tiger attacks a person!

TIFFANY
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2)
Sorry about that. I guess I really
got carried away with the pride
that I feel knowing that I'm
feeding dairy products to my
customers which is what most of
them come here for. I got so filled
with competitive spirit, that I
felt energized like a tiger and
felt like attacking somebody. But
I think I got most of the craziness
out of my system, and I'm ready to
return to work.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(excited)
Yeah!

TIFFANY
(excited)
Yeah!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
You remember my order?

TIFFANY
Of course. A hamburger and a Kid
at Heart Meal. Am I right?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(excited)
Heck yeah!

TIFFANY
Before I prepare your order, do
you want two slices of cheese on
your hamburger, and twenty slices
of cheese on your son's burger,
since he's a growing boy who needs
all the calcium and vitamins in the
Animated and Real worlds?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2
(delighted)
That's sounds wonderful!

TIFFANY
(excited)
Great. Also, since I've decided
to sell dairy products at Up chuck
Checkers, I'm letting the customers,
who order cheese on their hamburgers,
choose between these two kinds of
cheeses, Full O' Lactose Cheese and
Lack Toes? Cheese, to put on their
hamburgers. So which kind of cheese
would you like on you and your son's
hamburgers? Full O' Lactose Cheese
or Lack Toes? Cheese?

TIFFANY

Also, I'd like you to know, before you make your decision, that I use only the Animated and Real worlds' finest cheeses.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

That's good to know. I guess, I'd like Full O' Lactose Cheese on our hamburgers.

TIFFANY

Why are you saying that you guess you'll have Full O' Lactose Cheese? You don't know for certain that you want Full O' Lactose Cheese?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

I know that I want it, but I have to admit that the name Full O' Lactose Cheese really grosses me out. But the name Lack Toes? Cheese grosses me out even more. Lack Toes? Cheese is such a creepy name. The next horror movie that is about to be released at the movie theater should be named Lack Toes? Cheese. That's how bad and creepy the name Lack Toes? Cheese is.

TIFFANY

So you're certain that you want Full O' Lactose Cheese over Lack Toes? Cheese?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

Of course!

TIFFANY

Okay. I'll have your order ready very soon. Also, since I use only the Animated and Real worlds' finest cheeses, it is going to be the tastiest cheese you've ever had.

TIFFANY

Don't let the creepy and gross names of: Full O' Lactose Cheese and Lack Toes? Cheese, fool you.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

Okay.

(changing topics)

Could you, please, hurry up? I'm kind of in a hurry. Also, I'm in a S.U.V.

TIFFANY

Okay. I'll get your order to you as quickly as possible.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

(excited)

Great! Bye.

TIFFANY

Well, bye.

Then TIFFANY walks up to THORNZ, who we see is standing next to an indoor grill in the kitchen, with his back facing TIFFANY.

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ)

Are you ready to cook up our first customer's order?

THORNZ turns around. We see him, proudly, showing off his apron that reads: Kiss the cack, on the front of it.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY, proud)

Yes. What did our first customer order?

TIFFANY

She ordered a hamburger and Kid at Heart Meal, but don't put the cheese on the hamburger and Kid at Heart Meal's hamburger, because I'll do that.

THORNZ

A hot hamburger and Kid at Heart
Meal coming up!

THORNZ, happily, hops to the freezer, opens it and pulls out 2 unwrapped, frozen hamburger patties.

Then he throws them onto the indoor grill.

THORNZ keeps looking at his watch, from time-to-time.

THORNZ

(anxious)

I want to flip those two hamburger patties, on the indoor grill, so badly! When will it be time for me to flip them?

THORNZ looks at his watch again.

THORNZ

(excited)

Yes! It's finally time to flip those two hamburger patties!

THORNZ hops to the kitchen counter and picks up a spatula.

Then he hops to the indoor grill.

Just as THORNZ is about to flip the 2 hamburger patties on the indoor grill...

MADISON jumps on his back.

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Don't you dare think about pressing down on those hamburger patties with your spatula, because you'll make all their juices run out which will make them tough, and customers won't want to come back to Up chuck Checkers if they eat dried-out hamburgers time-and-time again!

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

Okay. When I flip hamburger patties, I promise to never press down on them with my spatula.

MADISON

(delighted)

Terrific!

THORNZ

Can I, please, flip the two hamburger patties, on the indoor grill, before they burn up?

MADISON

Of course. We, also, don't want to serve our customers burnt hamburgers. Bye.

Then MADISON backflips out of the scene.

THORNZ flips the 2 hamburger patties, on the indoor grill, with his spatula.

Then he slides each hamburger patty, one-by-one, onto it's own hamburger bun and finishes each hamburger by putting a Sesame Seed Bun on top of the hamburger patties.

THORNZ gives the 2 hamburgers to TIFFANY, who's wearing rubber gloves.

Then TIFFANY puts 2 slices of Full O' Lactose Cheese on DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2'S hamburger and 20 slices of Full O' Lactose Cheese on her son's Kid at Heart Meal hamburger.

TIFFANY kisses both hamburgers, one-at-a-time and puts them into a paper bag that is sitting on the kitchen counter.

Then TIFFANY runs to the pantry, grabs a bottle of Tiffany Milk and throws it into the paper bag that keeps getting greasier and greasier.

TIFFANY

Man, I'd make a good basketball player, and woo man, I look good with a Tiffany Milk moustache!

TIFFANY dances to the freezer and opens it.

Then she pulls out a full bag of Chicken Chunks (a brand of chicken nuggets) and claps her hands.

Suddenly, the microwave door opens, and TIFFANY throws the frozen bag of Chicken Chunks into the microwave.

Then she runs to the microwave and kicks the microwave door shut with her foot.

TIFFANY pushes some buttons on the microwave, and it turns on.

The words: 4 Minutes Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

Suddenly, we hear the microwave's buzzer buzzing.

TIFFANY runs to the microwave, opens it and pulls out the bag of Chicken Chunks.

Then TIFFANY throws it into the greasy paper bag.

TIFFANY skips to the refrigerator, opens it and grabs a small container of a white, mayonnaise-looking substance and throws it into the greasy paper bag.

TIFFANY kicks the refrigerator door shut and runs to the greasy paper bag, picks it up and runs back to the open kitchen window.

We see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 covered in sweat.

TIFFANY

(holding out the paper bag)
Here's a greasy, slippery paper bag full of the even greasier fast food that you ordered.

TIFFANY

It's filled with a hamburger with cheese times two on it, and a Kid at Heart Meal that contains a Hambooger, with twenty slices of Full O' Lactose Cheese on it, a container of Tiffany Milk that's fresh from the Soy Cow, some Chicken Chunks and a mixture of some Cinco de Mayo and Portland, Mayonnaise.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 snatches the paper bag from TIFFANY'S hands and reaches into it, pulling out her hamburger.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 unwraps her hamburger and bites into it.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

(to TIFFANY, smiling)

You really do use only the finest cheeses in the Animated and Real worlds! This is the tastiest cheese I've ever had!

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2 looks excited, as she speeds off in her S.U.V. We see tons of smoke gushing out of her S.U.V.'s tailpipe.

TIFFANY

(to the speeding S.U.V.)

You forgot your change!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

(to TIFFANY)

I don't care. You can keep the \$700 bill, because you really need it!

TIFFANY

(happy)

Thank you!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2

Yeah, whatever!

We see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2'S S.U.V. continuing to drive off into the sunset.

TIFFANY

(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #2)

There's a lot of smoke coming out of your backend! You better get a Hybrid car, because it's better for the environment. Plus, a car is much less likely to roll over than a farting S.U.V.! Bye!

TIFFANY walks back into the kitchen and puts on another pair of rubber gloves over the rubber gloves she already has on her hands.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

I better wear two pairs of rubber gloves, just in case one pair breaks. That way, I'll never get dairy on my hands, and I'll never, possibly, die from diarrhea. I don't want to die! I want to live! I love living! Do you hear that, everyone in the Animated and Real worlds? I love living!

Then TIFFANY pokes her head out of the open kitchen window.

EVERYONE IN THE DRIVE-THRU LINE

(to TIFFANY, in unison)

Yeah, we do! Now, take our orders one-by-one, of course!

TIFFANY

(excited)

Okay!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3 drives up to the open kitchen window. Inside DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3'S car, we see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3 in the driver seat, and a baby in the passenger seat.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3 pokes her head out of her driverside window.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3

(to TIFFANY)

I would like to order some of your Chicken Chunks for my 6 month old son's 6-months-away-from-my-first-birthday birthday party, and, also, could you cut the Chicken Chunks into really small pieces, so my 6 month old son doesn't choke on them?

TIFFANY

(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3,
frustrated)

Fine. I'll cut the already small Chicken Chunks into even smaller Chicken Chunks just for your 6 month old son, so he doesn't choke on them. Apparently, you love your son too much to let him choke on our Chicken Chunks, when if I had a daughter and that imaginary daughter ordered some Chicken Chunks, I wouldn't cut the Chicken Chunks into smaller Chicken Chunks, no matter how much I loved my imaginary daughter, because I would just be grateful that she was getting a hot, delicious meal into her stomach and wouldn't die of hunger during that day.

TIFFANY smashes her hand into DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3'S face.

TIFFANY

Talk to the hand!

TIFFANY walks off into the kitchen, and we follow her.

Then TIFFANY starts dancing in the middle of the kitchen.

TIFFANY

(to herself, dancing)

To get back at that woman for wanting me to cut the already small Chicken Chunks into even smaller Chicken Chunks, I'll leave the Chicken Chunks as really big Chicken Chunks and won't cut them into their normal small size, so that woman's 6 month old son will choke on the really big Chicken Chunks. That's what I'm going to do to get back at that woman and her innocent 6 month old son.

(changing topics)

I wonder what it would be like if I made really big Chicken Chunks in the dark. I need to turn off the lights to find out.

TIFFANY claps her hands once.

CUT TO:

BLACK

TIFFANY'S VOICE

(over the black screen,
excited)

Yeah! It's dark in here! Now, I can finally make that woman's really big Chicken Chunks for her 6 month old son.

(changing topics)

Now, that I've already made that woman's really big Chicken Chunks for her 6 month old son, I need to turn on the lights, because I can't serve really big Chicken Chunks in the dark. It just isn't ethical.

Suddenly, we hear a loud clapping sound.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

We see that the loud clapping sound turned the kitchen lights back on.

TIFFANY, holding a paper bag, walks back to the open kitchen window and hands the paper bag to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3 snatches the paper bag, out of TIFFANY'S hands, and looks into it.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3

(to TIFFANY)

These aren't small Chicken Chunks at all! They're huge! My son will choke on them!

TIFFANY

(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3)

That's exactly what I want to happen.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3

(horrified)

Why would you want a poor, helpless 6 month old to choke on huge Chicken Chunks?!

TIFFANY

So I can get back at him for being so young and having no teeth to chew big Chicken Chunks with and making my job of preparing Chicken Chunks harder than it already is by having to cut the Chicken Chunks into really small pieces so he can eat them without choking. Six month olds make life super difficult, also, your son smells.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3

He smells, because I haven't changed his diaper.

TIFFANY
(disgusted)
Eew!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3
But you're even more eewy, so
bye, sucka!

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3 speeds off. We see tons of smoke coming out of her car's tailpipe.

TIFFANY is looking at DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #3'S car and starts laughing continuously.

TIFFANY
(in between laughs)
Ha ha larious! It looks like that
woman's car is farting! Classic!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4 drives up to the open kitchen window.

TIFFANY
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4)
And what would you like to order
on this mantastic day?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4
(to TIFFANY)
Well, how nice of you to ask. I
guess I'll order your Birmingham
and Cheese Sandwich.

TIFFANY
Anything else?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4
No, that's it. All I want to order
is your Birmingham and Cheese
Sandwich. I don't want to order
anything more or anything less.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Terrific choice. Our Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich tastes much better than a regular ham and cheese sandwich, because of the Birming in it. The Birming part of our Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich is what makes our Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich much tastier than a regular ham and cheese sandwich.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4

That's good news. Now, will you, please, hurry up and give me my Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich, before I starve to death?

TIFFANY

Why, of course, because I don't want you to starve to death. I'm sure the same is for your daughter. Every daughter needs a mother to raise them in their life. That's what moms are for. I guess I better make your Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich now, before you starve to death and deprive your daughter of a mother or father. I don't know whether you're a man or woman.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4

(offended)

I'm 100% man! Now, make me my Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich, before I turn you into a Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich and eat you!

TIFFANY

(scared)

Okay!

TIFFANY runs into the kitchen, then, quickly, runs back to the open kitchen window.

Then she pulls a Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich, out of her "pants", and throws it at DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4 catches the Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich in his hands.

Then he turns around and looks down at the car floor.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4
Sweetie and my sweetie's pet mouse
and dog, you can all stop hiding
now.

Suddenly, a GIRL, MOUSE and DOG, jump into DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4'S lap and tickle him.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4
(to the GIRL, MOUSE and DOG)
Stop tickling me, because it's
time for us to eat a Birmingham
and Cheese Sandwich.

The GIRL, MOUSE and DOG stop tickling DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4.

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4, the GIRL, MOUSE and DOG, in unison, bury their faces into the Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich and eat it.

When they all lift up their heads, we see that they all have Birmingham and Cheese Sandwich all over their faces.

They all look at each other, in unison, and start laughing continuously. Even the MOUSE and DOG are laughing.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4 backs up his car and crashes into JON'S car parked behind him.

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4, the GIRL, MOUSE and DOG, in unison, stop laughing, and DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #4 speeds off.

JON drives up to the open kitchen window.

TIFFANY
(to JON, excited)
Hey, Jon! What would you like to order?

JON
(to TIFFANY)
Is it okay if I order inside?

TIFFANY
Sure.

JON
Okay. It'll take me just a second to get inside.

JON climbs out of his open driverside window and climbs into the open kitchen window. We see TIFFANY and JON in the kitchen.

TIFFANY
Jon, why did you climb into my open kitchen window to get inside Up chuck Checkers? You could have walked into the front door, because it's always open.

JON
I want to eat inside so badly that I do crazy things like climb through open kitchen windows.

TIFFANY
Man, you are one crazy man!

JON
Of course. That's why my wife divorced me.
(changing topics)
Tiffany, could you seat me at a table?

TIFFANY

Sure. Just follow me.

JON

Okay. I love following my best friends to tables where they seat me.

TIFFANY

Of course you do. I mean, who wouldn't love that?

JON

I don't know the answer to your question, because I've never met a person who doesn't love following their best friends to tables where they seat them.

TIFFANY

Follow me.

JON

Okay.

TIFFANY walks to an empty table, and JON follows her.

Then TIFFANY seats JON at the table that already has a spoon, fork, piece of steak and bowl of soup on it.

JON looks at the food on his table, then, looks at TIFFANY.

JON

(to TIFFANY)

How did you know I was coming? I didn't make any reservations.

TIFFANY

I could sense you were going to eat here today, and I made sure there was a table available for you to sit and eat all of your favorite foods at.

JON

Thank you so much, Tiffany! You are the best friend a person can ever have!

TIFFANY

You're welcome, and thank you for the compliment!

JON

It was my pleasure.

TIFFANY

Enjoy your soup and steak.

JON

Don't worry, Tiffany, I will love my soup and steak more than any other person who has ever loved their soup and steak.

TIFFANY

That's great news! Bye.

JON

Bye.

TIFFANY walks off into the kitchen and is out of the scene.

Suddenly, THORNZ crawls out of the kitchen and crawls under JON'S table.

JON starts eating his bowl of soup, with a spoon.

Then he, accidentally, drops his spoon under his table.

JON bends down and pokes his head under his table.

THORNZ

(to JON, under the table)

Jon, your facial hair tickles my stomach, when you, accidentally, brushed up against it.

JON pokes his head out, from under his table, and sits back in his seat.

JON
(to THORNZ, depressed)
Life sure is sad without the sound
of my brother's laughter.

THORNZ
(excited)
Then brush your facial hair up
against my stomach some more and
tickle me like you've never
tickled me before!

JON
(excited)
Yeah!

JON bends down again and pokes his head under his table.

We hear THORNZ, from under JON'S table, laughing
continuously.

THORNZ
(in between laughs)
Jon, your facial hair is tickling
my stomach!

MADISON (O.S.)
Thornz, stop laughing!

THORNZ
(to MADISON O.S.,
in between laughs)
I can't, because Jon's facial hair
is tickling my stomach!

MADISON runs out of the kitchen and runs to JON.

MADISON
(to JON)
Jon, please stop tickling Thornz'
stomach with your facial hair.

JON
(to MADISON, depressed)
Okay.

JON, with his head still under his table, tries to stand back up, but he, accidentally, hits his head under his table.

JON

(in pain)

Ow! I just hit my head under the table!

JON crawls backwards, until his head is no longer under his table.

Then he sits back in his chair and stares at his food.

THORNZ

(to JON)

If you rub the top of your head onto my stomach, your head will feel better quicker.

JON

(excited)

Great!

JON bends down and pokes his head under his table.

Then THORNZ starts laughing continuously.

THORNZ

(in between laughs)

Jon, it tickles, when you rub the top of your head onto my stomach!

MADISON

(to THORNZ)

Thornz, stop laughing!

THORNZ

(to MADISON,
in between laughs)

I can't, because Jon's hair is tickling my stomach.

MADISON

(to JON)

Jon, please stop tickling Thornz'
stomach with your hair.

JON

(to MADISON, depressed)

Okay.

JON crawls backwards, until his head is no longer under his table.

Then he sits back in his chair.

We see JON with a bald spot on the top of his head.

JON picks up his bowl of soup and drinks it with his mouth.

MADISON

(to herself)

I am so bored! I need to get back
into the kitchen, so I can get
away from my boredom.

MADISON runs back into the kitchen.

THORNZ

Me too.

THORNZ crawls out, from under JON'S table, and stands up.

Then he hops into the kitchen.

MADISON, TIFFANY and THORNZ are in the kitchen and out of the scene.

JON sets his empty bowl of soup down, on his table.

Then he starts eating his piece of steak.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

(panicking)

Somebody please feed this poor cactus! I mean, he's so hungry that he has a huge indentation in his stomach! His stomach has sunken in too much!

(pausing)

Why isn't anyone feeding Thornz?! Stop feeding yourselves and feed Thornz instead!

(pausing)

Fine. If nobody will feed Thornz, then I'll just feed him!

THORNZ (O.S.)

Tiffany, stop forcefeeding me! My stomach is not sunken in, because I'm hungry. It has a huge indentation, in it, because Jon rubbed the top of his head onto my stomach so fast that he shredded part of it off.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Oh. So you're not hungry?

THORNZ (O.S.)

Yes. I'm not even the slightest bit hungry. I'm as full as an overflowing turkey pot pie.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Thanks for telling me that you're not hungry, because I was about to tie you down to your chair, so you couldn't escape, as I forcefed you some more.

MADISON (O.S.)

Tiffany's fast food has really stopped me up, if you get my drift. I'm even more stopped up than the toilets that Tiffany stops up, if that's even possible. Could someone, please, unstop me?

TIFFANY (O.S.)
I'll unstop you, help you go to
the bathroom and get rid of your
constipation, by jumping on your
stomach like this.

A couple of seconds later...

TIFFANY (O.S.)
(shocked)
I can't believe it. When I jumped
onto Madison's stomach, she didn't
make a loud farting sound. In fact,
no sound came out of her whatsoever.
Maybe, Madison will fart, if I push
on her stomach with my big toe like
this.

Suddenly, there's a loud farting sound.

MADISON (O.S.)
Even though I farted when Tiffany
pushed on my stomach with her big
toe, I still don't feel an urge
to go to the bathroom, because
I'm still stopped up. You know,
constipated.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
Since you're still constipated,
even after I pushed on your stomach
with my big toe, eat some of Mom's
Homemade Fruit Salad, because that
always gets me going, when I have
trouble going. You know, am
constipated. Probably, because of
all the fiber in the fruit. Fiber
is like Mother Nature's plunger
that always unstops everybody's
toilets, if you get my drift.

MADISON (O.S.)
I get your drift, Tiffany. Now,
get me some of Mom's Homemade
Fruit Salad.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Okay.

MADISON (O.S.)

(excited)

I think that Homemade Fruit Salad
is working already, because it
feels like something is about
ready to go on down there!

Everyone, sitting at tables in the living room, pulls out a paper bag and holds it up to their mouths.

MADISON, in excitement, runs out of the kitchen, up the stairs and into her bathroom.

The words: 30 Minutes Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

We see a smiling MADISON walk out of her bathroom and look at everyone in the living room.

Then MADISON gives them a Thumbs Up.

Then everybody in the living room, in unison, vomits into their paper bags. We hear tons of vomiting sounds.

MADISON runs back into her bathroom and slams the bathroom door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the kitchen table, with tons of people around them.

TIFFANY

(to THORNZ and THORAX)

Thornz and Thorax, after my fast food made Madison constipated, I knew that I needed to put some fruits and vegetables on the menu.

TIFFANY

I'm going to grow my very own garden of vegetables, fruit trees and strawberry vines, inside our kitchen, so I can guarantee that my fruits and vegetables are healthy and not covered in pesticides. My customers' health is very important to me. As soon as Madison comes out of her bathroom and into the kitchen, I'll tell her to order some vegetable seeds, fruit trees and strawberry vines on the internet.

MADISON walks into the kitchen and sits down at the kitchen table.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Madison, order some vegetable seeds, fruit trees and strawberry vines, on the internet.

MADISON

Sure.

Then MADISON, in excitement, jumps into the air.

CUT TO:

BLACK

We see the words:

After Madison has ordered some vegetable seeds, fruit trees and strawberry vines, on the internet...

appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

We see MADISON all by herself.

MADISON

(to herself)

I wonder when those vegetable seeds, fruit trees and strawberry vines, that I ordered on the internet, will get here.

Suddenly, we see a bunch of fruit trees crash through the roof and line the pool, standing upright. There's a huge hole in the roof, and we can see the sky.

Then, we see a wooden crate, overflowing with strawberry vines and vegetable seeds, fall into the hole and land in front of MADISON.

MADISON

(to herself)

I just got my answer. The vegetable seeds, fruit trees and strawberry vines got here just now.

(changing topics)

Whoever delivered those things gives new meaning to the term, Drop Shipping.

(changing topics)

I wonder why Tiffany isn't growing Cantaloupe. Because, in my opinion, Cantaloupe is one of the easiest fruits to grow. Tiffany is stupid not to grow Cantaloupe in her garden. I wish it was tomorrow, so I can tell Tiffany that, right to her face.

CUT TO:

BLACK

We see the words:

Your wish came true, Madison. It's tomorrow.

appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see MADISON and TIFFANY sitting on the sofa.

MADISON turns to TIFFANY.

MADISON

Tiffany, I know you're growing a lot of different fruits and vegetables, in your garden, but why aren't you growing Cantaloupe?

TIFFANY turns to MADISON.

TIFFANY

Because Cantaloupe has the word Can't in it, and I never eat or serve foods with the word Can't in them, because I only can, and I never can't.

MADISON

But the word Cantaloupe, also, has the word Can in it.

TIFFANY

(upset)

Hey, don't argue with me. I'm not serving Cantaloupe to any of my customers, because I can do that, and I always will do that. Up chuck Checkers is my restaurant, so I can do whatever I want to do. I can do it, and I never can't do it, and the same goes for everyone at Up chuck Checkers. I love all my customers so much. I, especially, love them more than you.

MADISON

(offended)

Hey!

Suddenly, we see a man walk into the open front door, scratching his arm pits like a monkey.

TIFFANY and MADISON look at him.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Well, look who it is! It's my
Uncle Dingbat! Hi, Uncle Dingbat!

UNCLE DINGBAT becomes really excited and starts jumping into the kitchen, still scratching his arm pits.

UNCLE DINGBAT starts jumping towards the Italian Tomato Tree and Blueberry Tree, by the pool.

When he's really close to those trees...

We hear the beat to the "George of the Jungle" theme song, playing in the b.g., as these words are being sang:

"Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany's uncle, as stupid and monkey-like as he can be.

Ahhh! Watch out for those Italian Tomato and Blueberry Trees, you little monkey-like freak!

Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany and Madison's uncle, livin' like a freak.

No, really, I'm serious, when I say, Ahhh! Watch out for those Italian Tomato and Blueberry Trees!

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, I forgot a lot of lyrics. I'm going to nah, nah, nah some more, until I remember some more of this song.

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah. Oh yeah, Tiffany has a sister that's hairy like an ape, and she must be hairy like an ape, because her uncle acts crazy like a monkey, and monkeys are very small, shrunken down apes. Yeah!

Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany and Madison's uncle is a stupid, monkey-like friend to you and me, and since he's my stupid, monkey-like friend I need to tell him, Ahhh! Watch out for those Italian Tomato and Blueberry Trees, you little stupid, monkey-like freak!

Well, hey, at least I tried."

Then the song and "George of the Jungle" theme song's beat end.

PUSH IN on WOMAN #4, in the kitchen, sitting at a table, by herself.

WOMAN #4

(to herself)

To celebrate that horrible song ending, I'm going to order some Homemade Fruit Salad and eat it.

As MADISON walks by WOMAN #4...

WOMAN #4

(to MADISON)

I'd like to order some Homemade Fruit Salad.

MADISON stops in front of WOMAN #4.

MADISON

(to WOMAN #4)

Okay.

(to TIFFANY,
into a Walkie Talkie)

Stiffany. Get into the kitchen and make an order of Homemade Fruit Salad, because some sour and sweet customer ordered it. If you want, you can, also, just throw the order of Homemade Fruit Salad at the customer. I'm sure he or she won't mind.

WOMAN #4

(to MADISON, offended)

Hey!

MADISON

(to WOMAN #4)

Hey, to you too.

MADISON

(continuing,
into the Walkie Talkie)

And, also, Tiffany, make sure that the fruit used to make the Homemade Fruit Salad hasn't rotted or ever been on the floor, stinking up the house with all it's grossness, stinkiness and rottenness. If you use rotten, stinky fruit in the Homemade Fruit Salad, that's been on the floor and rotted on it, this customer will be eating some really nasty Homemade Fruit Salad. Nasty! Pee yew!

WOMAN #4 pulls a paper bag out of her purse and holds it over her mouth. Suddenly, we hear loud, continuous vomiting sounds.

TIFFANY, in excitement, runs into the kitchen and runs to a Banana Tree, by the pool.

Then TIFFANY climbs to the top of the Banana Tree, picks a banana off of it and bites into the unpeeled banana.

TIFFANY

(delighted)

That is one tasty banana! It tastes just like Thornz. That's a real keeper!

When TIFFANY slides down the Banana Tree...

She gets tangled in a Strawberry Vine.

TIFFANY picks a strawberry off of the Strawberry Vine and bites into it.

TIFFANY

(delighted)

Um! Another keeper! Two keepers in a row. I am on a roll, man!

Suddenly, we see a Kiwi Vine hanging from the kitchen ceiling, and TIFFFANY jumps onto it.

Then TIFFFANY swings on the Kiwi Vine and jumps to the top of a Kiwi Tree.

TIFFFANY picks a kiwi off the Kiwi Tree and bites into it.

Suddenly, we see her spit the kiwi out.

TIFFFANY

(disgusted)

Eew! This kiwi is gross and hairy
like Madison!

TIFFFANY begins spitting tons of Kiwi Hair into MADISON'S eyes.

We see MADISON'S eyes covered in Kiwi Hair.

MADISON

(panicking)

I can't see! Will someone, please,
lead me to Tiffany?

THORNZ

(to MADISON)

It would be my pleasure.

THORNZ pushes MADISON, from behind, and MADISON falls onto TIFFFANY.

MADISON

I don't know if I'm on Tiffany,
but it sure feels and smells like
Tiffany, so I must be on her. I
guess it's time to slap her.

MADISON begins slapping TIFFFANY'S face continuously.

TIFFFANY

(fed up)

I'm not going to let Madison slap
my face for even one more second!

TIFFANY grabs MADISON and throws her through a closed kitchen window.

We hear: A LOUD CRASHING SOUND

as MADISON crashes through the window.

Outside, we see MADISON on her butt, crying.

MADISON cries, until all the Kiwi Hair is out of her eyes.

Then MADISON stops crying.

MADISON

(excited)

I can see again! I must have cried
all the Kiwi Hair out of my eyes.
Awesome!

Suddenly, MADISON jumps back, into the kitchen, through the kitchen window that she crashed through.

MADISON jumps on top of TIFFANY and starts slapping her some more.

Then MADISON runs out of the kitchen, up the stairs and into her bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM

MADISON is looking at the camera, with her index finger over her mouth.

MADISON

(to the camera)

Shhh! Don't tell Tiffany that
I'm hiding in my bedroom, because
I'm going to hide, in here, until
tomorrow morning. So Tiffany has
enough time to cool off and won't
be mad at me anymore. Bye.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

TIFFANY

(to herself)

Since kiwis are hairy like Madison,
I won't use them in the Homemade
Fruit Salad. I'll only use bananas
and strawberries in it. I better
get to making that Homemade Fruit
Salad a customer ordered.

TIFFANY climbs to the top of the Banana Tree again, picks
several bananas off of it and drops the bananas onto a
cutting board, on the kitchen counter.

Then she slides down the Banana Tree.

TIFFANY runs to the Strawberry Vine and pulls a handful of
strawberries off of it.

Then she runs, with them, to the cutting board.

TIFFANY dumps the strawberries onto the cutting board and
slices them.

TIFFANY picks up the sliced bananas and strawberries, dumps
them into a bowl and serves the Homemade Fruit Salad to
WOMAN #4.

TIFFANY

(to WOMAN #4)

Here's the Homemade Fruit Salad
you ordered.

WOMAN #4

(looking at her order)

Looks delicious! I'm glad it doesn't
have kiwis in it, because kiwis are
hairy like Madison.

MADISON overhears WOMAN #4.

MADISON
(to WOMAN #4, offended)
Hey!

Suddenly, we see a CRAZY MAN run through the front door and into the kitchen.

Then he grabs MADISON and traps her head in a Headlock.

The CRAZY MAN starts whispering into MADISON'S ear, and MADISON has a really scared look on her face.

TIFFANY
(to the CRAZY MAN)
Let her go...
(pausing)
...to Allmart, because they have a sale! But since I don't want Allmart to be any more successful than it already is, eat at Up chuck Checkers, because it has an even better sale on fast food. All my fast food is .98 everyday.

CRAZY MAN
(to TIFFANY)
.98 fast food! I've got to eat at Up chuck Checkers!

Then the CRAZY MAN releases MADISON'S head and runs to a table, where a family is sitting.

CRAZY MAN
(to the family)
Boo!

Suddenly, the family runs off, screaming.

The CRAZY MAN sits at their table.

As TIFFANY is walking by the CRAZY MAN...

CRAZY MAN
(to TIFFANY)
Yeah, I'd like to order a piece of Caramel Cake.

TIFFANY
(to the CRAZY MAN)
Tasty choice. Caramel reminds me
a lot of Toffee, and Toffee is
the tastiest thing in the Animated
and Real worlds.

Then TIFFANY turns around and faces the kitchen.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON O.S.)
Hey, Madison. Throw me a piece of
Caramel Cake, so I can give it to
this crazy guy for his order.

MADISON (O.S.)
(to TIFFANY)
Okay.

Suddenly, a piece of Caramel Cake flies out of the kitchen
and lands on the CRAZY MAN'S table.

CRAZY MAN
(looking at the cake)
This sure looks delicious!

TIFFANY
(to the CRAZY MAN)
Before I go, I need to ask you
this: Is there anything else you'd
like to order?

CRAZY MAN
No. I only wanted a piece of Caramel
Cake.

TIFFANY
Are you sure that's all you want?

CRAZY MAN
Yes.

TIFFANY
Because if not, please speak now,
or forever hold your peace...
(pausing)
...of cake, 'cause I'm gonna eat
it!

Then TIFFANY jumps at the piece of Caramel Cake.

Suddenly, we see another cake, with flaming candles on it,
fly into the scene and hit TIFFANY'S face, knocking her
down.

TIFFANY stands up.

TIFFANY
(to herself)
I hope the lit candles on that
cake didn't start my butt on fire.

TIFFANY turns around, with her back facing the CRAZY MAN,
and starts walking backwards, until her butt is,
practically, in the CRAZY MAN'S face.

TIFFANY
(to the CRAZY MAN)
Is my butt on fire?

CRAZY MAN
(voice muffled by
TIFFANY'S butt)
No. Now get your stinky butt out
of my face and leave.

TIFFANY
Okay.

TIFFANY takes off her shoes. We see her wet clay toes.

Then TIFFANY walks to the kitchen and leaves behind a trail
of wet clay toe chunks.

As MADISON runs into the kitchen...

she slips on the trail of wet clay toe chunks.

MADISON
(to herself, fed up)
Tiffany's wet clay toes have got
to go.

TIFFANY runs out of the kitchen.

Then she runs around the living room continuously,
continuing to leave behind a trail of wet clay toe chunks.

WOMAN #5
(to TIFFANY)
Hey, clay toe girl!

TIFFANY stops running.

TIFFANY
(to herself)
That lady must be talking to me.

TIFFANY runs to WOMAN #5'S table. We, also, see 3 other
children sitting at WOMAN #5'S table.

TIFFANY
(to WOMAN #5)
Hi, why did you call me over here?

WOMAN #5
(to TIFFANY)
Yeah, my family and I would like to
order some of your Tiffajitas.

TIFFANY
Yummy! Do you like the name?

WOMAN #5
I do have to admit that it's pretty
clever.

TIFFANY
I know. The word Tiffajitas is a
combination of the words Fajitas
and my name Tiffany. You get it?
Tiffajitas.

WOMAN #5

Oh yeah.

TIFFANY

Are Tiffajitas all you'll be ordering today?

WOMAN #5

Yes.

TIFFANY

Okay. Some Tiffajitas coming up.

TIFFANY walks back into the kitchen and leaves behind a trail of even bigger, wet clay toe chunks.

The words: 1 Week Later, appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

Then TIFFANY walks out of the kitchen and towards WOMAN #5'S table, carrying a metal tray of Tiffajitas, with her arms covered in bandages.

TIFFANY reaches WOMAN #5'S table and sets down the tray of Tiffajitas. We see that one of WOMAN #5'S children is missing from the table.

TIFFANY

(to WOMAN #5)

There you go.

WOMAN #5

(to TIFFANY)

Where were you? We've been waiting for our Tiffajitas for an entire week.

TIFFANY

About a week ago when you all ordered your Tiffajitas and they were ready to be served, the metal tray, that they were on, was so hot that it burned me so much that I had to go to the hospital and was recovering from my burns, for a week, in the ICU.

TIFFANY

That's why you've been waiting
for your Tiffajitas for a week.

WOMAN #5'S DAUGHTER

(to TIFFANY)

Did you blow on the metal tray?

TIFFANY

(to WOMAN #5'S DAUGHTER)

Yes, I blew on the metal tray for quite some time, but it still was really hot when I picked it up and really burned me. You can blow all day on a hot metal tray, to cool it down, but it won't cool down. When it's hot, it's hot, and when it's not, it's not. You have to let Mother Nature do the cooling down, and let the metal tray cool down on it's own, or if you can't wait that long for Mother Nature to cool down your hot metal tray, put it in the freezer. That's what my mother always did, and I guess that's what I should have done too.

TIFFANY

(to WOMAN #5)

About a week ago, didn't you have another son at the table? I could have sworn last week, that I saw another son.

WOMAN #5

(to TIFFANY)

You're right. A week ago, I had another son, but about three days after we ordered our Tiffajitas, he had to go to the hospital for starvation and dehydration, and he's still recovering in the hospital.

TIFFANY

Well, didn't your son eat the free biscuits and sweet tea on your table? If he would have done that, he wouldn't have needed to be rushed to the hospital, because he wouldn't be starving or thirsty, since he'd be filled with free biscuits and sweet tea.

WOMAN #5

I don't let my children eat free food on a stranger's table.

TIFFANY

Not even in an emergency?

WOMAN #5

Yes, not even in an emergency.

TIFFANY

(to WOMAN #5)

Man, you are one crazy family to pass up free biscuits and sweet tea, even when you're starving and thirsty. Your son should, also, check into the hospital's Psych Ward and have his brain checked, since he's been raised by a crazy woman like you.

WOMAN #5

(offended)

Hey!

TIFFANY

Don't get mad at me, because it's the truth. And you can't run away from the truth. I tried it once, and you can never get away from it. No matter how far or fast you run, the truth always catches you. Then tickles you to cheer you up.

WOMAN #5

That is true. That Truth is one fast runner. Definitely, the Animated and Real worlds' fastest runner.

WOMAN #5'S DAUGHTER picks up a Tiffajita, bites into it and chews it.

WOMAN #5'S DAUGHTER

(to TIFFANY)

Instead of calling these Tiffajitas, they should be called Stiffajitas, because they're so stiff.

TIFFANY

(offended)

Hey!

WOMAN #5'S DAUGHTER

Well, it's the truth.

TIFFANY

True, my Tiffajitas sure are stiff and nasty.

MAN #4

(to TIFFANY,
sitting at another table)

Hey, Greasy, I need some mayonnaise over here! My hamburger's dry as a bone!

TIFFANY

(to MAN #4)

Okay. Let me scoop you up some mayonnaise.

TIFFANY pulls some Cinco de Mayo mayonnaise out of her "pants" and opens it up.

Then she digs her arm into it and scoops up a handful of mayonnaise.

TIFFANY scrapes the mayonnaise onto MAN #4'S plate.

TIFFANY
(to MAN #4)
There's your Man-nayse.

Then TIFFANY bursts out laughing.

TIFFANY
(in between laughs)
Ya get it? You ordered Mayonnaise,
and I gave you Man-nayse, because
you're a man.

MAN #4
Oh, I get it. Man-nayse! Classic!

MAN #4 bursts out laughing with TIFFANY, and they're both
laughing, in unison.

MAN #5, sitting at MAN #4'S table, coughs, and TIFFANY and
MAN #4, suddenly, stop laughing.

Then TIFFANY runs out of the scene, in embarrassment.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

We see MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX sitting at the
kitchen table.

Suddenly, TIFFANY puts her index finger over her mouth.

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ)
Shh!

THORNZ
(to TIFFANY)
Why are you telling me to, "Shh!"?
I didn't even say anything.

TIFFANY

I'm not telling you to Shhh! The only reason I'm saying, "Shh!" is because I'm practicing to be a librarian, and I want to make sure I know how to Shhh! people properly, so I don't get fired from my librarian job. P-A-N-T-S spells Pants, yeah!

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX
(to TIFFANY, in unison)

Shhh!

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX, embarrassed)

Sorry. I just get really excited,
when I spell Pants.

(excited)

I, also, get really excited when
I poke a customer's back like this.

TIFFANY stands up and walks over to MAN #6.

Then she pokes MAN #6'S back.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)

It sure is good that I'm serving
food that's full of lean protein
and not filling it up with flour
and oil to save money, because
if this man that I was poking
had been eating food filled with
flour and oil, his back that I
poked wouldn't have been firm
and muscular, it would have been
soft and squishy.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

Honey, since you're so successful,
could you, please, give me some
money?

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ)
Of course.

TIFFANY digs into her "pants" and pulls out a huge wad of money.

As THORNZ sees it...

he gets dollar signs in his eyes.

Then TIFFANY hands the money to THORNZ, and he snatches it.

THORNZ starts kissing the money.

Then THORNZ starts hopping towards the open front door.

As THORNZ is hopping away...

THORNZ
(to TIFFANY)
Bye, honey. I'm going to Tieland.
I'll be back in an hour or so,
so don't miss me too much, because,
then, you'll be missing me too
much to concentrate on serving your
customers terrific fast food. Um!
Um!

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ)
But Thornz, you can't go to Thailand,
because it's too far away. Plus, if
you want Thai food, why don't you
get it from my fast food restaurant.
Getting Thai food from here is much
easier than going all the way to
Thailand to get Thai food.

THORNZ hops back to TIFFANY.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

I'm not going to Thailand as in T-H-A-I-L-A-N-D, I'm going to Tieland as in T-I-E-L-A-N-D to get some ties, so bye.

TIFFANY

That's good that you're going to Tieland as in T-I-E-L-A-N-D and not Thailand as in T-H-A-I-L-A-N-D, because Tieland T-I-E-L-A-N-D is much closer than Thailand T-H-A-I-L-A-N-D. Go to Tieland and buy some ties before you cry. Bye.

THORNZ

Bye.

Then THORNZ kisses TIFFANY'S forehead, causing MADISON to gag and cringe.

THORNZ hops out of the scene.

MADISON walks up to the camera and puts her hand over the camera lens.

CUT TO:

BLACK

We see the words:

5 Hours Later

appear at the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We are looking at the open front door.

THORNZ hops into the open front door, holding a bag.

We ZOOM IN on the bag and see that it's full of ties and has a bottle marked: Shell Softener, on top of the ties.

THORNZ grabs the bottle of Shell Softener.

THORNZ
(to THORAX O.S.)
Hey, Thorax. Catch.

Then THORNZ throws the Shell Softener to THORAX.

PULL BACK, until THORNZ and THORAX are both in the scene.

We see the bottle of Shell Softener flying towards THORAX, in slow motion.

THORAX jumps into the air and catches the bottle of Shell Softener, in his hands.

THORAX looks at the bottle, then, looks at THORNZ.

THORAX
(to THORNZ, sarcastic)
Oh, ha ha larious, Thornz! Am I suppose to put this Shell Softener all over my body and wait for 45 minutes, so it can soften my shell and make me really soft, squishy and feminine like you?

THORNZ
Yeah, I want you to be more like me.

THORAX
(excited)
Neat! Thank you!

THORNZ
You're welcome!

ARM PITT walks into the open front door, on his arms, and starts walking around the living room, feeling everything in his path.

ARM, finally, feels an empty table and jumps into it's empty seat.

As TIFFANY is walking by ARM...

ARM

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, will you, please, take my order?

TIFFANY

(to ARM)

Of course. What would you like to order?

ARM

Tiffany, before I order, I want to tell you that I came into Up chuck Checkers, to see what all the buzz is about and see why people love your fast food so much. Now, I'm going to order. Tiffany, I'd like to order some edible bananas. You know, the kind of bananas that you can eat, not the ornamental bananas that you can't eat.

TIFFANY

(thinking to herself)

I know Up chuck Checkers is sold out of edible bananas and only has the ornamental bananas, but I won't tell Arm that, because I want his money. Maybe, I can pass off the ornamental bananas as edible bananas, since Arm can't see anything, and he won't be able to know the difference.

We see TIFFANY pull a bunch of ornamental bananas out of her "pants".

Then she places the ornamental bananas on ARM'S table.

TIFFANY

(to ARM)

Here's your order of edible bananas. There's nothing even the slightest bit ornamental about these edible bananas. They're 100% edible, and 0% ornamental.

TIFFANY crosses her fingers.

ARM starts feeling the top of his table and, eventually, feels up his order of ornamental bananas.

ARM

(to TIFFANY)

Really uncool. Trying to pass off my order of ornamental bananas that I can't eat as edible bananas, thinking I won't know the difference since I'm just a torso with arms and can't see anything. Well, I'll have you know What-if-any that I can too tell the difference between Edible and Ornamental Bananas just by feeling them up. You can't fool me with your ornamental bananas, no matter how hard you try. Take your ornamental bananas and the ornamental banana tree they're on and get the heck out of here before I call the cops.

TIFFANY

(to ARM)

You're the one who should get out of here, not me, because this is my house, not yours. So get out before I call the cops.

ARM

(scared)

Okay.

Then ARM runs out of the house and is out of the scene.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA waddles into Up chuck Checkers and sits at an empty table.

TIFFANY, in excitement, runs up to THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA'S table.

TIFFANY
(to THE ROOSTER WITH
EMPHYSEMA)
Why are you in Up chuck Checkers
today?

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA
(to TIFFANY)
To see what all the buzz is about
and find out why people love your
fast food so much.
(changing topics)
Anyways, I'd like to order some
figs.

TIFFANY
Okay. You'll be eating your figs
in 10 minutes or less. Now, I'm
going to go into the kitchen to
make your order. Bye.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA
Bye.

TIFFANY skips into the kitchen.

We see the words:

5 Minutes Later

appear on the bottom of the screen, then, disappear.

Suddenly, TIFFANY walks to THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA'S table, holding a bowl of figs.

Then she places the bowl of figs in front of THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

(to TIFFANY, excited)

Neat! You must have given me these
figs, because the poop nuggets I
lay, on the ground, look like figs.

TIFFANY

No. I'm giving you figs, because
you ordered them. Remember?

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

No, I don't remember ever ordering
figs from you, probably, because
I'm so hungry and unable to remember
anything in the state of hunger I'm
in.

TIFFANY

Isn't Hungary a country, not a state?

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

I said Hunger, not Hungary, but I
do have to admit that I'm very hungry.
But that will no longer be the case
once I gobble down these delicious
figs. What kind of figs are these?

TIFFANY

Black Mission.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

Knowing that will make my figs even
tastier.

TIFFANY

How does knowing that you're eating
Black Mission Figs make your order
of figs even tastier?

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

It's a real long story. Way too long
to tell you, because you're so stupid
that you, probably, would lose track
of what I was saying a couple of
words into my story.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

I'll only tell the long story to a person who, actually, has a brain and is smart enough not to lose track of what I am saying only a couple of words into the story. I want the person I tell it to to be so smart that after I tell them the whole story, I can give them a pop quiz about the Black Mission Fig story that I just told them, and that person can get at least a C - or higher on the Black Mission Fig pop quiz. Since you don't have a brain, you'll, probably, go insane and get on a cuckoo and poo poo train.

TIFFANY

What are you talking about? The brain, insane, cuckoo and poo poo train thing you just said doesn't make any sense.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA

Don't tell me that I don't make sense, even though you're the one making cents C-E-N-T-S, not me. Don't rub that in. It's already hard enough eating Black Mission Figs from your best friend's house that is, also, a fast food restaurant named Up chuck Checkers. You talking about how I don't make sense is only reminding me of how you're the one making cents C-E-N-T-S, not me.

TIFFANY

Since you're so jealous of me and my success, why don't you just take your bowl of Black Mission Figs and get the heck out of here, before I call the cops.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA
(panicking)
Ahh! Not the cops!

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA grabs his bowl of figs and scoots on his butt, until he's out of the house and out of the scene.

THE ROOSTER WITH EMPHYSEMA (O.S.)
(upset)
Hey! The wind blew away some of my Black Mission Figs! Stupid wind! Stop being such a Black Mission Fig stealer.
(changing topics)
I wonder if that's a fig, or a nugget of my poop. Let me check to make sure it's a fig. I sure hope you're a fig.
(pausing)
Yes, it was a fig, and not a nugget of my poop! What a relief that was! Whoo! Dodged a bullet there with that one!
(changing topics)
I can really taste the Black Mission in that Black Mission Fig. I think some of it is even stuck in my teeth. A-B-C-Delicious!

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

We see MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX sitting at the kitchen table, with tons of people around them.

TIFFANY
Even though Up chuck Checkers has only been open for a short while, all my terrific success so far is a good indicator that Up chuck Checkers is a real success that's going to be around for a good, long while.

TIFFANY

Since Up chuck Checkers is so successful, I need to go to my bedroom, find my vase and bring it down here, so I can show it off in the kitchen, and people can see it, while they're eating. Bye.

TIFFANY runs out of the kitchen, up the stairs and into her bedroom.

TIFFANY closes her bedroom door without letting us into her bedroom. We see TIFFANY'S closed bedroom door.

Then we...

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM

We see a vase on TIFFANY'S night stand.

TIFFANY walks to her vase, picks it up and carries it downstairs...

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

TIFFANY sets her vase on the kitchen counter.

THORNZ looks at the vase.

Then he walks up to TIFFANY.

THORNZ

(excited)

Vawesome!

Then THORNZ gives TIFFANY a High Five.

TIFFANY and THORNZ, in unison, walk to the kitchen table and sit down.

TIFFANY yawns.

TIFFANY

I sure am sleepy. Must be,
because I'm full of food and
success. I should, probably,
go to sleep.

WOMAN #6

(to TIFFANY,
sitting at another table)
Can we go to sleep, with you, in
your bedroom?

TIFFANY

Sure. We'll have a Sleepover in
my bedroom. In my bedroom, there's
a box of many pairs of PJ's and
feather pillows, so we can all
put on some PJ's and have a
Pillow Fight. Let's go to sleep.
Everybody follow me to my bedroom,
so we can have the Sleepover of a
lifetime.

EVERYBODY

(in the house, in unison)
Okay!

As TIFFANY walks out of the kitchen, up the stairs and into
her bedroom...

EVERYBODY is following her, until they're all at her closed
bedroom door.

TIFFANY

(to EVERYBODY)
Even though this is my bedroom,
I still like to knock on my
bedroom door, first, before
opening it, to make sure I want
myself in my bedroom.

TIFFANY knocks on her bedroom door, but nobody's opening
it.

TIFFANY

This is really embarrassing. It looks like I don't want my own self in my bedroom. Well, I'm going into my bedroom, whether I like it or not. If I don't like myself going into my bedroom, that's my problem.

TIFFANY pulls a key out of her "pants" and unlocks her bedroom door.

Then she opens her bedroom door, and EVERYBODY goes...

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Then TIFFANY and EVERYBODY, instantly, falls to the floor and sleeps on it.

Later in the night, we're still...

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM

PUSH IN on TIFFANY'S alarm clock that reads: 1:30 A.M.

Suddenly, we hear a loud creaking sound.

PULL BACK to reveal that the sound is coming from MADISON who's opening up TIFFANY'S bedroom door, just a crack, and looking inside.

MADISON

(whispering to herself)

Good, everybody's asleep.

Then MADISON opens TIFFANY'S bedroom door some more and tiptoes to TIFFANY.

MADISON smashes the wet clay toes on TIFFANY'S feet. We see 2 huge clay moosh patties on TIFFANY'S feet.

MADISON, carefully but quickly, tiptoes out of TIFFANY'S bedroom and quietly closes her bedroom door.

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - DAY

We see that it says: 8:35 A.M. on TIFFANY'S alarm clock.

TIFFANY wakes up and sees the clay moosh patties on her feet.

TIFFANY
(looking at her feet,
horrified)
My beautiful wet clay toes were
smashed into two clay moosh
patties on my feet. I must find
who's responsible for this!

TIFFANY stomps down to the living room. We see MADISON,
THORNZ and THORAX laughing, in unison, on the sofa.

TIFFANY walks in front of MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX and
blocks their view.

TIFFANY
Which one of you smashed my wet
clay toes into clay moosh patties
that are still on my feet?

MADISON
(to TIFFANY,
raising her hand)
I did it, and it's the best thing
I've ever done. I'm going to give
myself a pat, on the back, for
doing everyone, in the Animated
and Real worlds, a favor.

MADISON pats herself on the back.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

Well, to me, it's the worst thing you've ever done. I'll never forgive you for this! And to get back at you, I'm going to leave these clay moosh patties on my feet, and no matter how much chunks of clay I leave behind, I'm not going to clean any of it up. Madison, that's your responsible.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY, upset)

Woo man! To make my job easier, could you, from now on, wear shoes, even when you're sleeping, so you never leave behind chunks of clay?

TIFFANY

No way! My clay needs to take in a breath of fresh air and smell the wide open spaces. I can't suffocate it with my stinky shoes. Gross!

TIFFANY, sadly, looks down at the clay moosh patties.

MADISON

(thinking)

I sure am starting to feel really guilty about smashing Tiffany's wet clay toes into clay moosh patties on her feet. I need to make it up to her, somehow, and show her how bad I feel about smashing her wet clay toes into clay moosh patties that are still on her feet. I know what I could do! I could give Tiffany a lemon and lime, because those are some of her favorite things in life.

MADISON

(thinking)

I know, for sure, that there's nothing in the Animated and Real worlds that Tiffany would want more than a lemon and lime. I think there's still a few lemons and limes, in the refrigerator. I better hurry and give Tiffany her lemon and lime before we're all out of lemons and limes.

MADISON runs into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator and steps back. We see that MADISON'S holding a lemon and lime.

Then she runs to TIFFANY and gives her the lemon and lime.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

I felt so bad about smashing your wet clay toes into clay moosh patties that are still on your feet, I thought I'd make it up to you by giving you this lemon and lime. It's the least I could do.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON, upset)

Real cute, Madison. You must have given me a lemon, because it's yellow like my hair. Plus, I have the intelligence of a lemon. And you must have, also, given me a lime, because when I go swimming, the chlorine, in the pool, turns my hair green. Also, I have the intelligence of a lime.

MADISON

No. I just told you the reason of why I gave them to you. Here's the reason: I'm giving you a lemon and lime, because I feel so bad about smashing your wet clay toes into clay moosh patties that are still on your feet, and I feel giving you a lemon and lime would be a good way of apologizing. But what you just said are, also, good reasons I would have given you a lemon and lime.

TIFFANY

I can't mope around too much, because my customers want to see me happy, when I serve them.

TIFFANY

(smiling)

I've got customers to serve. Bye.

TIFFANY walks off into the kitchen. We follow her.

Then TIFFANY walks to the closed kitchen window and opens it.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 drives up to the open kitchen window.

TIFFANY

(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5)

Would you like to order inside?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

(to TIFFANY)

Are you nuts? Why would I do that when I'm already in my car, at a Drive-Thru window, ready to order?

TIFFANY

Well, since my middle name is Fajita-Llama, only inside can you order a fresh, hot plate of fajitas and pet the llamas in my indoor llama-petting zoo. Inside this restaurant, you can even buy a llama for \$250, and if you buy 3 llamas, you only have to pay \$650. What a steal! I mean, any person knows that it's much smarter to order inside the restaurant than at the Drive-Thru window.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Why do you have to go inside the restaurant to order fajitas? Can't you deliver them through the Drive-Thru window? Fajitas are small enough to fit through this Drive-Thru window.

TIFFANY

That may be the case for most fajitas, but that isn't the case for my fajitas, because they're huge. Way too huge to fit through this Drive-Thru window.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Well, I guess I better order inside then, because what's the point of living if you can't order fajitas at a fast food restaurant. The only important things, to me, in my life are my wife, children and fajitas. Plus, I love llamas and would love to pet them while I'm waiting for my food to be ready. I hope you don't mind me asking you this.

TIFFANY

I don't mind. Go ahead and ask me whatever you want to ask me.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Why can't you deliver llamas through the Drive-Thru window?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
Are they too big to fit through it?

TIFFANY
Of course, llamas are too big to fit through this Drive-Thru window. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure that one out.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
I guess that's another reason why I want to order inside, because I want to buy a llama for \$250.

TIFFANY
And don't forget that if you buy 3 llamas, you only have to pay \$650.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
What a bargain!

TIFFANY
I know! It is, isn't it. Now, come inside.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(excited)
Okay!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 climbs out of his driverside window and climbs into the open kitchen window.

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN

We see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 looking around, with amazement.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
Nice place ya got here.

TIFFANY
Thanks, I know. It's a real beauty, this one. Now, let me seat you at a table. Follow me.

TIFFANY walks all over the bottom floor of the house, and DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 is following her. We see that all the tables on the bottom floor are full.

TIFFANY, with DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 behind her, walks upstairs to her bathroom.

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 follows TIFFANY...

INT. TIFFANY'S BATHROOM

We see TIFFANY and DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 in her bathroom, with the bathroom door closed.

TIFFANY

Sir, please, have a seat on my toilet, because all of my restaurant's tables are full.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Sure.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 sits on TIFFANY'S toilet and props his feet up on the edge of her bathtub.

TIFFANY

Are you ready to order now?

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Of course, I am. Now, bring on the fajitas and llamas!

TIFFANY

Okay, some fajitas and llamas, it is. While you're waiting for your fajitas and llamas to be ready, make yourself at home and feel free to pet the llama and her llama baby that are hiding under the sink. But don't pet them too much, because you might scare them off.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Okay.

TIFFANY

Oh, and I forgot to ask you, how many llamas do you want to order? At the Drive-Thru window, you mentioned something about buying a llama, but, hopefully, you changed your mind and will take me up on my offer of three llamas for \$650.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Okay, I'll buy three llamas for \$650, because I'm sure I can squeeze three llamas into my small studio apartment. How big will these three llamas be? Are they big?

TIFFANY

That depends, because you can order llamas in three sizes. They come in small, medium and large just like the food that I serve at this restaurant.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

I'll order three small llamas.

TIFFANY

Terrific choice. Remember that big things come in small packages.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

I'll always remember that. I'll, especially, remember that when you said it, because you said it in such a strange way that it's hard to ever forget. I'll, probably, remember that big things come in small packages for the rest of my life.

TIFFANY

It should only take about five minutes for your fajitas and three llamas to be ready and get here, to you, in this bathroom, while you're on my toilet. If you get hungry during that time, feel free to munch out on the llamas under the sink. Bye.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Do you have any spices on you, right now? Because I don't think I can make it five minutes, without eating the llamas under the sink. That's just how hungry I am. I forgot to eat breakfast this morning. Those llamas should have wished for me to eat breakfast this morning, but they didn't, and now I'm going to eat them, with or without spices on them.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 opens up the cabinet under the sink.

And sees...

A horrified mother llama and baby llama, staring at him.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

You bad boys are going into Papa Jones' stomach, and there's nothing that you can do about it. Llama bone appetit!

TIFFANY

To answer your question, yes, I have spices on me and even more in me. I love spices. In fact, I have every single spice in the Animated and Real worlds in my "pants".

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Let me pull them out, smell them,
to make sure they're fresh, and
give them to you, so you can put
them on the llamas under the sink
and eat them, while your fajitas
are being cooked and your three
small llamas are being packaged.

TIFFANY digs into her "pants" and pulls out a huge pile of
spice bottles.

Then she puts the pile of spice bottles up to her nose and
smells them.

TIFFANY

All of these spices smell fresh,
so here you go.

Then TIFFANY throws all the spice bottles at DRIVE-THRU
CUSTOMER #5.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 neatly lines up and stacks all the
spice bottles, along a bathroom wall. We see the bathroom
wall covered in spice bottles.

TIFFANY

Llama bone appetit!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5

Llama bone appetit! To you too.
Bye.

TIFFANY

Thanks for buying...
(pausing)
...some of my fast food. Your
business is greatly appreciated.

Then TIFFANY skips out of the bathroom and closes the
bathroom door.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 looks under the sink, at the
horrified mother llama and baby llama.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(licking his lips)
Yummy!

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 pulls a bottle of ketchup out of his pants.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(to the llamas)
You baby llama and it's momma are going to be covered in so much ketchup that you won't know what to do or who you are. You, also, won't know where you are, because you'll be in my stomach and will be unfamiliar with the look of my internal stomach.

(changing topics)
I sure hope I don't, accidentally, squirt ketchup all over my shirt, because it'll look like I have llama blood all over it.

Suddenly, ketchup squirts all over DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5'S shirt.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(looking down at his shirt)
Man! I, accidentally, squirted ketchup all over my shirt. Now, it looks like I have llama blood all over it.

(relieved)
Well, hey. At least, this isn't my favorite shirt.

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 aims the ketchup bottle at the llamas and squirts ketchup all over them.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(looking at the ketchup
bottle)

I better make sure that I used up
every last drop of this ketchup,
before I flush the ketchup bottle
down the toilet to, improperly,
get rid of it.

When DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 squeezes the ketchup bottle...

We hear a loud farting sound.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
It is so cliché how empty ketchup
bottles make loud farting sounds,
when you squeeze them. Why can't
they laugh, when you squeeze them?
I'd take the sound of an empty
ketchup bottle laughing over the
sound of it farting, when it's
squeezed, any day of the week,
even Saturday which is my favorite
day of the week.

(changing topics)

When my ketchup bottle just farted,
I guess it was trying to tell me
that it's completely empty. Since
my ketchup bottle is completely
empty...

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 lifts up the lid on the toilet.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(continuing)
...I need to do this.

Suddenly, DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 throws the ketchup bottle
into the toilet and flushes it.

We hear a loud flushing sound.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(to himself)
That sound, of a toilet flushing,
means that I did a good job.

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 crawls to the sink and puts his head into the cabinet under the sink.

We get a good look and laugh at DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5'S butt, as we ZOOM IN on it.

CUT TO:

INT. SINK CABINET

We see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 with his mouth open, ready to eat the llamas.

Suddenly...

We see DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 slurp up the llamas.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(licking his lips,
delighted)
Those whole, live llamas were
A-B-C-Delicious!
(changing topics)
Now that I've eaten two live
llamas, I need to put on a shirt
that tells everyone, in the
Animated and Real worlds, what
I just did.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 pulls a shirt out of his pants.

We ZOOM IN on the shirt and see that it says, "I just ate 2 live llamas!" and is covered in red stains.

Then DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5 puts on the shirt and smiles, with pride.

Suddenly...

We see P.E.T.A.L (People for the Ethical Treatment of All Llamas)burst through the bathroom door.

Every P.E.T.A.L person looks horrified.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(to P.E.T.A.L, scared)
I just want you all to know that
the red stains on this, "I just
ate 2 live llamas!" shirt are
ketchup, not llama blood.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #1
(horrified)
Why did you eat two live llamas?!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(calmly)
Because Tiffany encouraged me to
do it. She put two live llamas
under her bathroom sink, so I
could eat them, if I got hungry.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2
(horrified)
That's terrible!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(to P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2)
Would you like to know what isn't
terrible?

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5)
Yes, of course! I have a family to
feed!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
This is what isn't terrible, the
two live llamas that I just ate.
They were delicious. And not just
delicious, but, also, A-B-C-
Delicious! I'd eat more live llamas,
if I had the chance.

Suddenly...

We see P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3 handcuff DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(to P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3,
upset)
Why did you handcuff me?!

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5)
I'm not handcuffing you, because
you ate two live llamas. I'm
handcuffing you, because you said
that you'd eat more live llamas,
if you had the chance. I have four
beautiful llama children, at home,
that I don't want you to eat. You
can eat my mother-in-law any day
of the week, even on Tuesday which
is my favorite day of the week.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(excited)
Saturday is my favorite day of the
week! Yea, Saturday! Go Saturday!
Go Saturday! It's your birthday!

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3
No, it's not! It's not Saturday's
birthday. Also, it isn't your
birthday.

(changing topics)
Anyways, you can eat my mother-in-
law any day of the week, but you
can never eat my four perfect llama
children. The only way to make sure
you can never eat them is if I
handcuff you and make you spend life
in prison. I should, also, handcuff
Tiffany and make her spend life in
prison for encouraging you to eat
two live llamas.

(changing topics)
I wish there was an even crueller,
more inhumane way to punish
Tiffany.

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
(to P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3)
Luckily, there is an even crueler,
more inhumane way to punish
Tiffany. Much crueler and way more
inhumane than just handcuffing
Tiffany and making her spend the
rest of her life in prison.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3
(to DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5)
Well, what are you waiting for?!
Tell me the even crueler, more
inhumane way to punish Tiffany that
is much crueler and way more
inhumane than just handcuffing her
and making her spend the rest of
her life in prison!

DRIVE-THRU CUSTOMER #5
Okay. Okay. The even crueler, more
inhumane way to punish Tiffany that
is much crueler and way more
inhumane than just handcuffing her
and making her spend the rest of
her life in prison is...drumroll
please. Okay, I don't hear any
drumroll. Anyways, the answer is,
suing Tiffany. You need to sue
Tiffany!

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #3
I like that answer! Yeah, we'll do
that. P.E.T.A.L, which stands for:
People for the Ethical Treatment
of All Llamas, is going to sue
Tiffany!

Suddenly...

We see TIFFANY run into her bathroom.

TIFFANY
Never! P.E.T.A.L is never going
to sue me!

P.E.T.A.L
(to TIFFFANY, in unison)
Oh, yes, we are going to sue you!

TIFFFANY
Never! Please don't sue me! I'll
give you anything in the Animated
and Real worlds, so you don't sue
me! So what do you want me to give
you, so you don't sue me?

P.E.T.A.L
(to TIFFFANY, in unison)
We want some Hummus and Pita Chips.

TIFFFANY
(excited)
Okay!

TIFFFANY pulls a bowl of Hummus and Pita Chips out of her
"pants" and sets it down, on the floor.

TIFFFANY
Enjoy your Hummus and Pita Chips,
and I'll enjoy the fact that you
aren't suing me anymore.

P.E.T.A.L
(excited, in unison)
Okay! Thank you!

TIFFFANY
(blushing)
You're welcome.

P.E.T.A.L, in unison, jumps onto the bowl of Hummus and
Pita Chips and starts gobbling down the Hummus and Pita
Chips.

Suddenly, P.E.T.A.L PERSON #4 stops eating.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #4

(to TIFFFANY)

When you just blushed, your red cheeks told me to ask you this: What are the red things in the Hummus I was eating?

TIFFFANY

(puzzled)

What red things? There aren't any red things in the Hummus that you were eating.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #4

Yes, there are. Don't you see the red things in the Hummus that I was eating?

TIFFFANY pulls a pair of binoculars out of her "pants".

TIFFFANY

(looking through her binoculars)

No, I don't. Even when I zoom in on the Hummus, with my binoculars, I still can't see any red things in it.

TIFFFANY stops looking through her binoculars and puts them back into her "pants".

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #4

If you can't see the red things in the Hummus that I was eating, you need to get your eyes checked. Also, you need to get a new pair of binoculars or wash your current pair of binoculars that spend a lot of time in your "pants", because your current pair of binoculars that spend a lot of time in your "pants" must, either, be broken or really dirty to the point that they stop you from being able to see the red things in Hummus.

TIFFANY

Even though I can't see the red things in the Hummus that you were eating, I'm not getting my eyes checked, because I have great vision. Also, I'm not going to get a new pair of binoculars or wash the current pair of binoculars that spend a lot of time in my "pants", because the current pair of binoculars that spend a lot of time in my "pants" are not broken or really dirty. They are a little dirty, because they spend a lot of time in the dirtiest "pants" in the Animated and Real worlds. But they, certainly, aren't really dirty.

Suddenly...

We see MADISON poke her head into TIFFANY'S bathroom.

MADISON

To answer your question, everybody, the red things in the Hummus you all are eating is Red Pepper. You all are eating Red Pepper Hummus.

P.E.T.A.L

(in unison)

A-B-C-Delicious! We love Red Pepper Hummus!

(to MADISON)

Thank you!

MADISON

(blushing)

You're welcome. Bye!

Then MADISON pulls her head out of TIFFANY'S bathroom. We can't see her anymore.

Suddenly...

We hear (but, hopefully, don't smell) a loud fart sound.

MADISON (O.S.)

Woo man, I really need to lay off
the Red Pepper Hummus! Pee yew!
Stinky!

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #5

(to TIFFANY)

Do you think Madison is done
farting?

TIFFANY

(to P.E.T.A.L PERSON #5)

To tell you the truth, I don't
know if Madison is done farting.
I never know if Madison is done
farting, because I still don't
know much about her after 26
years of knowing her. Even though
I don't know much about Madison,
I still know enough about her to
tell you that I think she is done
farting.

P.E.T.A.L

(in unison)

Yes!

(pausing)

I'll have what he or she is having.

TIFFANY

I'll, also, have what he or she is
having, as long as it doesn't have
any milk in it. You see, I'm lactose
intolerant, and anything containing
milk will give me a bad farting
episode, followed by diarrhea that
might kill me. It's gross, but it's
the truth. I'd much rather tell the
gross truth, than tell ungross lies.

P.E.T.A.L, in unison, jumps onto the bowl of Hummus and
Pita Chips and continues to gobble down the Hummus and Pita
Chips.

We see that, instantly, P.E.T.A.L eats up all the Hummus
and Pita Chips.

P.E.T.A.L
(to TIFFANY, in unison)
That was A-B-C-Delicious!

TIFFANY
(excited)
Great! I'm so glad you loved the
Red Pepper Hummus and Pita Chips.
Since I gave you all what you
wanted, and it was A-B-C-Delicious,
do you all promise not to sue me?

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #1
(to TIFFANY)
Talk to us some more, and we'll
tell you the answer when the time
is right.

TIFFANY
Okay, I'll talk to you all some
more.
(changing topics)
I know that P.E.T.A.L stands for:
People for the Ethical Treatment
of All Llamas, but do you, also,
promote ethical treatment for all
Alpacas and Billy Goats?

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2
(to TIFFANY)
Yes, we, also, fight for the ethical
treatment of Alpacas and Billy Goats.
So in reality, we should call
ourselves P.E.T.A.L.A.B, People for
the Ethical Treatment of All Llamas,
Alpacas and Billy Goats.

TIFFANY
(to P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2)
Since P.E.T.A.L.A.B has the word
Lab in it, can I get a job at it
as a scientist?

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2
No, you can't, because P.E.T.A.L.
A.B is an acronym and not a real
lab.

TIFFANY
(disappointed)
Man! I always wanted to do some
science experiments on Madison.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #1
(to TIFFANY)
I guess now's the right time to
tell you if we promise not to sue
you. We promise not to sue you, if
you do one more thing for us.

TIFFANY
Whatever you want me to do, I'll
do it! I'll do anything not to get
sued.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #1
We want you to shut down Up chuck
Checkers.

TIFFANY
Okay, I'll do that.

P.E.T.A.L PERSON #2
(to TIFFANY)
Could we, please, leave your
bathroom? Because it's really
smelly.

TIFFANY
Sure.

P.E.T.A.L
(to TIFFANY, in unison)
Awesome!

Then every P.E.T.A.L person runs out of TIFFANY'S bathroom.

TIFFANY sits on the bathroom floor.

Then she scoots, on her butt, out of her bathroom, down the stairs and out the front door. We see TIFFANY outside, still on her butt.

TIFFANY scoots, on her butt, to the front door and closes it. We see TIFFANY outside, still on her butt, facing the closed front door.

TIFFANY pulls a rolled up sign out of her "pants" and unrolls it. We see that the sign says, "Up chuck Checkers is closed forever."

Then TIFFANY tapes the sign on the front door.

Suddenly...

We see TIFFANY burst out crying.

From behind, MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX walk up to TIFFANY, and TIFFANY has her back to them.

TIFFANY
(to herself)
I wonder if there's anything
behind me.

TIFFANY turns around and sees MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON, THORNZ and
THORAX)
Where were you guys?

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
We were Allmartin' it up.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
I have no idea what you're talking
about.

MADISON

I figured you'd say that. After all, you are dumber than a box of stinky Madison Rocks and way dumber than a bottle of Tiffany Milk.

(changing topics)

Anyways, Thornz, Thorax and I were at Allmart. "Allmartin' it up" is just a term for going to Allmart. All the cool kids, who go to Allmart, are saying it.

(changing topics)

While Thornz, Thorax and I were coming home, from Allmart, we couldn't help but notice that huge sign, on the front door, that says, "Up chuck Checkers is closed forever."

TIFFANY cries even harder.

TIFFANY

To take my mind off of how sad I am, I'm going to take a bath and make sure to wash the clay moosh patties off my feet, because they don't have a purpose anymore, now that Up chuck Checkers is closed forever. Bye.

Then TIFFANY walks back into the house and closes the door behind her.

MADISON

(to THORNZ and THORAX)

Well, at least, the front door is closed. It's been so long, since we've closed it. We can finally get some privacy! Yes!

(changing topics)

The front door is closed, but it's about to be opened, so we can go inside.

THORNZ and THORAX
(in unison, excited)
Yeah!

MADISON
Yeah, I'm glad about going inside
too. Let's go inside.

THORNZ and THORAX
(in unison, excited)
Okay!

MADISON, THORNZ and THORAX enter the house.

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

MADISON
(to herself)
Now that we're inside, I better
have a little talk with Tiffany,
while she's taking a bath.

MADISON walks upstairs to the closed bathroom door and
knocks on it.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
Come in.

MADISON opens the bathroom door, walks into the bathroom
and closes the door behind her.

Then MADISON sits on the closed toilet and looks at
TIFFANY.

MADISON
(to TIFFANY)
Tiffany, I know how you must be
really mad at me.

TIFFANY
(to MADISON)
To tell you the truth, yes, I am
really mad at you, but I just
didn't want to admit it to you.
(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to MADISON)

Because I love you too much to hurt your feelings, even though you have no problem hurting my feelings all the time.

MADISON

Is there anything that I could do that would cheer you up?

TIFFANY

Well, you could cheer me up, if you put some of these soap bubbles all over your mouth, so you look like Santa.

MADISON

Okay, I'll do that.

MADISON digs her hands into the soapy bathtub and scoops up a handful of soap bubbles.

Then MADISON rubs them all over her mouth. We see MADISON'S facial hair completely covered in white soap bubbles.

MADISON

Do I look like Santa now?

TIFFANY

Yes, you look like Santa, and it makes me smile.

MADISON

(excited)

Yes!

Suddenly...

We see wet clay chunks floating on the surface of the water and going down the bathtub's drain.

When TIFFANY sees wet clay chunks going down the bathtub's drain, she starts laughing hysterically.

TIFFANY

I sure hope those wet clay chunks don't clog up the drain.

(changing topics)

It's fun to see chunks of my former clay toes go down the drain, while the rest of the clay, on my feet, dissolves in the water and, also, goes down the drain. It's a good thing that I don't have my clay toes anymore, because all they were doing was leaving behind a trail of wet clay toe chunks, practically, everywhere I went, and those wet clay toe chunks are really slippery.

MADISON

That's why I snuck into your bedroom, last night, and smashed your wet clay toes into two huge clay moosh patties on your feet, because all your wet clay toes were doing was leaving behind many wet clay toe chunks, practically, everywhere you went, and I ran and slipped on your trail of wet clay toe chunks.

TIFFANY

Madison, is it okay if I go down to the basement to get rid of all the wet clay toe chunks and junk in my trunk?

MADISON

Yes. But how can you go down to the basement, if this house doesn't have a basement?

TIFFANY

By walking down the Pretend Stairs, of course! By pretending to walk down stairs, the Pretend Stairs have to go down somewhere, and the only place below this bathtub is the basement.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Bye, Madison. I'm going to walk down the Pretend Stairs, until I get to the basement, so I can get rid of all the wet clay toe chunks and junk in my trunk.

MADISON

Bye, Tiffany. Be careful when walking down the Pretend Stairs.

TIFFANY

Okay, Madison. I'll be careful with a capital C.

MADISON

Yippee pee! Bye!

TIFFANY

Bye!

Then TIFFANY, still in the bathtub, pretends to walk down the stairs, until we can't see her anymore.

Suddenly...

We hear a loud tumbling sound.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Stupid Pretend Stairs! I should have been more careful, when I was walking down them!

Suddenly...

MADISON bursts out laughing.

CUT TO:

BLACK

We can still hear MADISON laughing.

THE END