

"THE FANGS OF JUSTICE"

by

J Willie

FADE IN:

EXT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Six men in their late twenties to early thirties share a drink looking out at the lake. A duck floats by with her five ducklings. An unusually large black HAWK hovers in formation with two smaller HAWKS.

MIKEY, the youngest, boyish with Shirley Temple locks, is a reporter with a penchant for satire, and an intuitive that fears the occult.

MIKEY
(glancing at the HAWKS)
Slightly north of their habitat,
that's odd.

DEREK, the eldest, pragmatic, and roguish displays an aura that exudes his protective instinct.

DEREK
No, it's nature.

MIKEY
(pointing at the mother
duck)
Some things never change.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

YOUNG DEREK, sixteen-years-old, accompanied by faceless figures with flickering lights, frantically tugs the wooden plank of a desolate shack.

SUPER: "FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER."

YOUNG DEREK
Mikey, push it with your feet. Kick
the damn thing out!

INT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Intermittent light emits from between the loose planks and their open knots, revealing twelve-year-old YOUNG MIKEY. His SNEAKERS SLAM into the planks.

YOUNG MIKEY
I don't think I am strong enough.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Young Derek works the plank.

YOUNG DEREK

You are! It's weak; we only need
one more. Smash the fucker!

EXT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - DECK - DAY (PRESENT)

Blown bubbles float as the children frolic with their mothers
on the lawn below. Smoke ascends from the barbecue.

Mikey moves to the LARGE FLAT SCREEN TV, picking up the
remote, he turns on the TV.

ON THE TV

The word "WARNING" flashes at the center of the black screen.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

FOX NEWS warns that the following
content is not acceptable for children
under the age of fourteen. Viewer
discretion is advised.

MIKEY

Hey, something is coming down.

Derek, SCOOTER, TRAVIS, BRYANT, and SHAUN join Mikey at the
TV.

ON THE TV

MONTAGE - FOX NEWS PROGRAM

- A multi-alarm fire of a burning school building.
- Puddles of blood soak a dorm floor.
- Blood-splattered walls surround urinals in a lavatory.
- Children lay on a dirt floor of a dark cabin.
- An office shredding party is in full swing.

BACK TO SCENE

The men stare at the TV in SILENCE.

ON THE TV

DERANGEDO, FOX NEWS reporter, a tad dramatic, likable, and
known for his skirt chasing, leans against a sign, "HELL
ACADEMY."

DERANGEDO

The State of Atlantis has shut down HELL ACADEMY in the wake of a fire-storm of accusations against its owner, Dr. Spongecake. Sources tell me more was hidden in the dense forest foliage than previously uncovered. Staff affirms out-of-court settlements silenced his victims.

Images unfold of a tranquil campus. Well-manicured school buildings and dorms reflect a Southern flavor, on nourished rolling hills, overlooking a magnificent lake.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

One would never imagine such skullduggery masked amid two-hundred acres of breathtaking scenery, nestled in the foothills of Mount St. Helens.

A raging fire engulfs a building.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Fifteen years have passed, since the fire decimated the OLD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING at HELL ACADEMY. Dr. Spongecake faces new indictments on State and Federal charges from Arson to Mail Fraud. His psychology license is up for grabs, and, apparently, so is his competency. Get this one; Spongecake waived his rights - no juries. His lawyers cite confidence! I say insanity. Can Spongecake skirt these new charges? We'll cover all trials beginning Monday. This is Derangedo for FOX.

BACK TO SCENE

Mikey turns off the TV. They down their drinks.

Scooter, sweet-faced, and stout, can be gruff, but he would take a bullet for a rabbit.

SCOOTER

Jeez, where did he get this stuff?

DEREK

A few elves, perhaps?

MIKEY

He certainly goes for the jugular.

SCOOTER

Are you coverin' the trials?

MIKEY

Yup, Baylor doesn't know. After ten years of therapy, I don't think it would go over well.

Bryant's lumberjack appearance, reminds one of "why not" to cross a picket line.

BRYANT

The dipshit deserves to wear stripes.

SCOOTER

Any news from the Psychology Board?

MIKEY

No, but word has it, the Governor is lookin' to buoy his image.

Travis, skeptical, a cross between a Metrosexual and an OCD candidate, carries a staple packet of Cottonelle hand wipes in his shirt pocket.

TRAVIS

We'll nail his ass in the arson case, this time, won't we?

Derek flashes his infectious smile.

DEREK

(mischievous)

Burning down one of your own buildings doesn't look so good. The DA said our testimony was solid.

Shaun's shaved head and crisp shirt impart confidence, while his hole-infected jeans depict his bipolar nature.

SHAUN

Yeah, man, we heard "solid" all these years. The SOB has nine freakin' lives; no one has done shit! Pansies!

MIKEY

The press is strong now; the State can't get away with squat.

SCOOTER

I'll believe it when I see it. If he walks in the arson case, we're screwed, again.

DEREK
Mikey would just dream us up another
way to skin the SOB.

MIKEY
Me?

SHAUN
(to Mikey)
Nightmares still coming?

MIKEY
Yeah. Fangs and more fangs.

BRYANT
Once the freak is behind bars, we'll
have a chance to live free.

MIKEY
A fanged-free life would be good.

DEREK
We may get rid of this fuckin' sicko,
but to pull it off, we carry the
rest, to our graves.

TRAVIS
Obviously.

DEREK
(to Mikey)
We have your back, Man. He can't
hurt you anymore.

MIKEY
Yeah, I know, "nothing to fear,"
blah blah blah.

DEREK
I think we all agree that we'll put
in for vacation?

Nods and thumbs-up.

DEREK
Meantime, Derangedo will be there.

MIKEY
Great, who's gonna babysit who?

TRAVIS
Point!

MIKEY

Just keep in mind the DA said for us
to "maintain a low profile."

TRAVIS

Could we possibly be there invisible?

DEREK

Anything is possible.

(pausing)

Well, it's time. ALL IN?

Derek raises his glass; they follow his cue.

ALL THE MEN

(in succession)

Second that, third that, fourth that,
fifth that, sixth that.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

SPONGECAKE, mid-sixties, arrives in his JAGUAR convertible with COLOSSUS, fiftyish, elegant, and very tall. The Jaguar is dressed with spray-paint. The VALET, sizing up the car, takes the Jaguar keys from a diminutive, plump Spongecake; his hand left empty of gratuity.

Reporters swarm Spongecake. Colossus offers him his arm. Arm in arm they climb the steps taking notice of the imminent THUNDERSTORM.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spongecake and Colossus waltz toward the defense table. Swollen gallery eyes follow their every step.

Derangedo, amongst a handful of reporters, preens himself in the window. Mikey enters and pokes fun at Derangedo's preening. Mikey's face flushes upon seeing Spongecake.

TWO OFFICERS flank the doors to the full gallery. BAILIFF #1 opens the chamber door.

BAILIFF #1

All rise for the Honorable Judge
Clareese Tyree. This is the Federal
Government for The People vs.
Spongecake. Mail fraud.

Flamboyant JUDGE TYREE, a Triny woman in her early sixties, sashays through the door to the bench. Pink tennis balls garnish her desk.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Good mornin', y'all may be seated.

ALL
Mornin', ya Honor.

A CLAP of THUNDER. Judge Tyree glances toward the windows.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Y'all hear that? It's the music of
the day.

Judge Tyree turns toward Spongecake.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
We appear to be dealin' with two
counts of Mail Fraud, lumped into
one hell of a stew pot. Prosecutor?

JUBILEE BLAKE, a statue of perfection, flaunts her audacious
style.

JUBILEE BLAKE
I am Jubilee Blake for the People,
Your Honor.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Jubilee, it seems like yesterday
when you were pullin' 'part June
bugs, child!
(looking at Spongecake)
This here is one big June bug.

Laughter. Jubilee takes her seat; her penetrating eyes find
Mikey. Mikey shivers, lowering his baseball cap visor.

MIKEY (V.O.)
She knows ... how could she know?

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Defense?

CHRISTY LORD rises, a startling image of an electrified
Albino.

CHRISTY LORD
Christy Lord, Your Honor.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
You been playin' with electrical
sockets? Mercy, that skin, you alive?

Lord fiddles with her hair, knocks over papers, and clumsily
retrieves them.

CHRISTY LORD
No ... yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Is the defendant present?

CHRISTY LORD
He is.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Well, stand the defendant up, so's
we can get a real look-see.

Spongecake, erect, waves to the Judge.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Mother a mercy, you short everywhere?

Laughter. Spongecake's irritated.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Jubilee darlin', you up.

Jubilee's Jimmy Choo's glide her before the court.

JUBILEE BLAKE
The People call Dr. Spongecake.

Spongecake shuffles to the front as Bailiff #1 approaches.

Mikey, whispering to Derangedo, motions toward Jubilee.

BAILIFF #1
Hand on the Bible.

Spongecake cockily places his right, then left hand on the Bible.

BAILIFF #1
Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, so help you God?

SPONGECAKE
As I know it.

BAILIFF #1 (V.O.)
Shifty little bastard.

THUNDER RESONATES AND LIGHTNING FLOODS THE ROOM.

BAILIFF #1
Please be seated.

Spongecake takes the stand; only his head is visible.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Dr. Spongecake, you understand that
The Almighty will strike you dead,
if you even think of fakin' him out.

Spongecake salutes, uneasy. Jubilee advances like a cougar.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Dr. Spongecake, you are the owner of
HELL? HELL ACADEMY?

Spongecake attempts to lift himself up.

SPONGECAKE

Undisputed.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Would you like a cushion, Dr.
Spongecake?

SPONGECAKE

Absolutely not, Your Honor.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Is there anything done at HELL which
you are not aware of?

SPONGECAKE

It's my HELL and I run things the
way I wish. Everyone is accountable
to me.

JUBILEE BLAKE

You personally sign off on everything?
You have no accountability?

SPONGECAKE

I would have it no other way. A god
is accountable to no one.

A pony-tailed Lord meekly raises her hand.

CHRISTY LORD

Objection? The prosecution is leading
the witness, Your Honor.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Obviously to the path of no return
Counselor, denied. Oh, this isn't a
classroom, Ms. Lord; you need not
raise your hand.

Laughter. Lord withdraws.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 Their goddess, god, Dr. Spongecake?

SPONGECAKE
 Their god.

Jubilee returns to the plaintiff's table. Picking up papers, she refers to them.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 Before continuing, I request Your Honor take notice of testimony, stating the sins of Dr. Spongecake.

Lord trips on the chair leg attempting to rise.

CHRISTY LORD
 (collecting herself)
 Your Honor, objection. This is not a church inquiry. Dr. Spongecake's "sins" are not on trial.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
 Sustained. Jubilee, careful darlin'.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 Apologies Your Honor.

Jubilee deposits the papers on the plaintiff's table, grinning at Lord; her eyeteeth, a shimmering prism.

Mikey winces at the sight of her reflective incisors.

MIKEY (V.O.)
 Oh, fuck. Here we go.

Jubilee turns in Mikey's direction, then back, while nearing Spongecake. Mikey pales.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 Are you aware of the illegality of withholding or opening mail? Mail that is addressed to another party.

SPONGECAKE
 I do as I wish. We needed to protect the children from their families.

Whispers. Torrential rain SPLATTERS the windows. Disgust builds in the gallery.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 Protect them? Or, protect yourself?

SPONGECAKE

As I stated, it was to protect the
little bast, er, children.
(painfully)
I just love ...

INT. HELL ACADEMY - NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING -
SPONGECAKE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spongecake, perched at his desk, moves stacks of money aside. Unlocking the bottom drawer, he pulls out a two-foot DOLL, and a bunch of VODOO NEEDLES. The DOLL sits on his desk. His psychosis shines with each needle SCREWED into the doll.

SPONGECAKE

(singing)
Ten little, nine little, eight little
bastards, seven little --

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Spongecake's face contorts as Jubilee's expression appeals to the Judge. Judge Tyree clutches a tennis ball, pitches it at Spongecake, jarring his head.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Dr. Spongecake? Are you with us?

SPONGECAKE

Unfortunately.

JUBILEE BLAKE

You not only authorized the reading
of their mail, but you had counselors
alter their mail, or, in some cases,
throw the mail out. Did you not?

SPONGECAKE

I think one would agree it was in
the best interest of the students.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Was it in their best interest to
isolate them from their families?

SOBS. A GENTLEMAN leaps forth from the first row. His WIFE attempts to contain him. Spectators shift in their seats.

GENTLEMAN

You Son of a Bitch!

The Gentleman lunges over the rail, charging to the witness stand. Jubilee, obligingly, dashes out of the way. The gallery grows loud; spectators rise.

JUDGE TYREE

(blasé)

Order. Officers. Bailiff.

Two Officers and Bailiff #1 race toward the Gentleman on the witness stand.

GENTLEMAN

This is for my daughter!

The Gentleman's hands grip Spongecake's neck, lifting him as Spongecake gasps for air. Judge Tyree roused, boxes the air.

Two Officers and Bailiff #1 pry the Gentleman's hands from Spongecake's neck and handcuffs click. The gallery is still.

Colossus seems amused. Spongecake sags into his seat adjusting his collar and tie; removing a hanky from his suit pocket, he pats his face.

The Wife's tear-soaked face follows the broken Gentleman as the Two Officers escort him out. A SPECTATOR comforts her out the doors. Derangedo confers with Mikey.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Well, that was exhilarating.

(to Spongecake)

Still here, I see. Jubilee?

Spongecake forces a smile. Jubilee prances forth.

JUBILEE BLAKE

To reiterate, was it better for those children to feel abandoned?

SPONGECAKE

Students had to know who was in charge.

JUBILEE BLAKE

HELL ACADEMY, as I understood, was a Special Needs School, not a prison.

SPONGECAKE

We needed to contain things. The students would fabricate stories.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Containment? I bet. Stories that panned out.

CHRISTY LORD

Objection, Your Honor. Conjecture, nothing has been proven.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
 Yet. Sustained.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 Did the parents' letters to their
 children tell "stories," too?

SPONGECAKE
 Our mail protocol was instituted to
 maintain control.

JUBILEE BLAKE
 You did a fine job.

Jubilee shoots a grin at Spongecake. Spongecake's eyes widen
 at the shot of Jubilee's sparkling eyeteeth.

Mikey catches Spongecake's reaction to Jubilee's incisors.

MIKEY (V.O.)
 He sees them. I'm not nuts.

Jubilee looks to the back of the court at Mikey. Derangedo
 takes notice.

MIKEY
 How the fuck did she hear me?

DERANGEDO
 Hear, whom? You, okay? What's with
 the chick? You know her?

MIKEY
 Uh, no.

DERANGEDO
 I sure would like to.

Jubilee smirks and turns back to Spongecake.

MIKEY (O.S.)
 You already have five ex-wives. You
 don't need a sixth. Besides, she'd
 bite your dick off.

Jubilee flashes an unsavory look at Mikey. Mikey's stunned.

MIKEY (V.O.)
 Oh, shit.

Derangedo coifs his hair. Jubilee winks at Derangedo.
 Derangedo is pleased. Judge Tyree is annoyed.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
 Jubilee?

JUBILEE BLAKE

(turning back)

Yes, Your Honor. Sir, Mail Fraud 18 U.S.C. 1341 makes it a Federal crime or offense for anyone to use the United States mail in carrying out a scheme to defraud.

Lord stands frazzled. Spongecake squirms.

CHRISTY LORD

Your Honor, objection. Where is this going? What "scheme?"

JUBILEE BLAKE

A little latitude, Your Honor? The "scheme" is on the way.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Denied. I'll allow, but do pick things up a bit, Jubilee.

JUBILEE BLAKE

With regard to The Church Fund ...

Spongecake's head lowers.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Did you not willfully mail out letters, either personally or through your staff, to donors in order to obtain money that was never going to be used to build a Church on the school grounds?

Lord leaps up, surprised by her exuberance.

CHRISTY LORD

Objection! Further line of questioning with regard to the Church Fund, walks us into the IRS case against my client, which commences this afternoon. What he states here, could jeopardize his trial.

JUBILEE BLAKE

May we have a sidebar Your Honor?

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

So granted.

Both attorneys approach the bench. Lord fidgets. Judge Tyree directs her testiness at Lord.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
My patience is thinnin'.

JUBILEE BLAKE
The People could request that we
table this part of the examination
and request Your Honor allow The
People to pursue this matter after
the IRS concludes their case. Of
course, that means coming back to
your court.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Ms. Lord, you know damn good and
well, Spongecake defrauded the People.
I certainly do not want this WHO-DO
back in my court. Jubilee, your
point is well taken.

Lord simmers. Jubilee shines.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
This would just prolong the inevitable
and irritate me more. I'll allow
the defendant to answer the questions
with respect to the Church Fund,
only as it pertains to Mail Fraud.
You got a problem with that, Lordy?

CHRISTY LORD
In light of everything, no Your Honor.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
I may just end up likin' you, Lordy.
I see you growin' before my very
eyes. Just that hair a yours and
you so lily white. Maybe you should
consider that spray-on stuff.

Judge Tyree shoos away the attorneys. Lord takes her seat.
Jubilee remains in front of the court.

The sun slips through the windows, a RAINBOW has formed.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE
Objection denied. The Court finds
that the Church Fund with regard to
Mail Fraud charges pertains to this
case. I'll allow.

JUBILEE BLAKE
Using the U.S. Mail, did you not,
with full intent, defraud Church
fund donors?

SPONGECAKE

Not exactly.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Did you build the Church?

SPONGECAKE

We cleared the land ...

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - DIRT LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spongecake stands with BATES, a hollowed-out man, topped with a worn, leather outback hat. A BULLDOZER cranks up the road passing uniformed teenagers holding books.

A sign anchored above the road reads, "WELCOME GRANDPARENTS." A SKETCH of a CHURCH attached to a pole flutters in the breeze. Underneath the sketch, "PLEASE GIVE."

SPONGECAKE

Put the Bulldozer in the center, by the road. Grab two brats and place them in front of it with a table.

Spongecake shoves brochures at Bates.

SPONGECAKE

You know the drill.

BATES

Sir, we can't keep doin' this.

SPONGECAKE

We can, you will ... do it!

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Spongecake dabs his face with his hanky.

JUBILEE BLAKE

(snapping her fingers)

Hello?

Spongecake refocuses.

JUBILEE BLAKE

It appears the land was cleared several times over. Did you not take in just over 1.7 million dollars?

SPONGECAKE

I, I'm not sure.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Your COO maintains you did. As of last week, you were still soliciting donations for the Church Fund, eight years later. He also stated the Church Fund was bilked, gone.

Lord jumps up. Spongecake wriggles in his seat.

CHRISTY LORD

Objection, Your Honor, jurisdiction.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Sustained. Ordered. Jubilee, you're trespassin'.

JUBILEE BLAKE

Forgive me, The People rest.

Jubilee confidently strolls to her seat, playfully hissing at Lord, she exposes her teeth. Lord wilts.

Derangedo cocks his head at Jubilee's canines.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Delighted. Dr. Spongecake, why don't you step down and remain standin' next to Lordy.

Spongecake ambles over to Lord. Lord carefully rises.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

I know you can already hear the Gospel according to me.

Spongecake glances behind himself at Colossus. He turns back to a glaring Judge Tyree.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

You may be a god in your own mind, but here, I am, shall we say, Venus. This here court rules for The People. Whatever the number of ingredients listed in that there stew pot, you made it, dove head on into it, and now you shall eat it to the tune of one year for each ingredient.

A speechless Spongecake. APPLAUSE. GAVEL hits.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE

Order, order. Officers, you will hold "god" until three o'clock, when you shall deliver him to Judge Chicken's court. We are adjourned.

BAILIFF #1

All rise.

CHEERS ensue. Officers are on Spongecake.

Judge Tyree pitches a tennis ball; Jubilee palms it mid-air.

JUBILEE BLAKE (V.O.)

Thank you Great-Aunt.

Jubilee shifts her sights on Mikey. Derangedo notices Mikey exchanging stares with Jubilee.

DERANGEDO

Okay, what the fuck is up with you
and the cougar?

MIKEY

You saw her teeth?

DERANGEDO

Oh, yeah. Snorkeling is out.

Judge Tyree's dander flares upon hearing Derangedo's thoughts,
as do her incisors.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Reporters set up for feed; spectators speak with the press.
Derangedo prompts his CAMERAMAN. Mikey takes out his
Blackberry and pushes a key.

MIKEY

Derek, we got him on two counts.
I'm okay, fangs are back. I thought
vampires only came out at night.
Freakin' nuts in there. See you at
hoops. Later, Man.

Colossus emerges, racing down the steps; he ignores the SHOUTS
from spectators and reporters. The Valet waits at the JAGUAR;
Colossus seizes the keys from the Valet, who flips off
Colossus as he speeds away in the JAGUAR.

FREEZE FRAME - JAGUAR

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Breaking News Ladies and Gentlemen,
today in court, a father attempted
to strangle Spongecake. He survived.
The court found him guilty on two
counts of Conspiracy to Commit Mail
Fraud.

(MORE)

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

We still have no word from the Psychology Board. GLAAD has issued a statement denouncing Spongecake for his "despicable" behavior. Stay tuned to FOX NEWS for further updates. This is Derangedo reporting for FOX.

EXT. J.B. PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

Travis drinks a beer, sitting off to the side on a cooler. His WIPES peep out of his shirt pocket. Celebratory, Mikey, Derek, Derangedo, Scooter, Shaun, and Bryant shoot hoops.

DEREK

(to Travis)

Why you don't play, Man.

TRAVIS

(raising a beer)

Someone has to keep score.

MIKEY

(shooting)

Would it help if I told ya we boiled the freakin' ball?

Boyish fun continues as they dribble, pass, shoot, and drink.

TRAVIS

(smiling, tipsy)

Fuck you.

DERANGEDO

(to Scooter)

I'll spot you two, for the two we got on Sponge today!

DEREK

(grabs a beer)

All IN?

Scooter, breathless, falls down totally tanked.

SCOOTER

Don't ... think ... so.

Shaun and Bryant move to help Scooter up.

BRYANT

Come on, sun is goin' down.

SHAUN

And thankfully, a long walk home.

They start to pack up. Derek and Mikey grab the cooler. Shaun and Bryant hold Scooter up. Travis, his sneaker on the ball, wipes down the ball, then his hands.

SCOOTER

Ever wonder what the J.B. in J.B. Park stands for?

TRAVIS

Dah, John The Baptist.

They teeter toward a beautiful sunset on the neighborhood walk. Travis carries his dirty wipes in a Ziplock bag.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Derangedo saw canines on a hot prosecutor today.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Ouch.

EXT. ATLANTIS BOARD OF PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - DAY

Sumptuous flowerbeds edge the walkway to the Victorian structure.

SUPER: "THREE DAYS EARLIER."

Colossus drags off his cigarette, while speaking with Spongecake. He drops the butt, smudging it with his Berluti.

Two men in suits approach them, MONTY JERKLOFF, a henchman, extends his hand. MOE FARROW, a homophobic stooge, keeps his hands by his side.

SPONGECAKE

Hey, Monty, Moe.

MONTY

Sponge, Colossus.

Colossus nods, he steps toward Moe, Moe retracts. Colossus backs off.

MONTY

You ready?

SPONGECAKE

The question is, are you? Did you reach our benefactors?

MONTY

Fuck, yeah! They have nothing. It's a perfunctory hearing. Done deal. We'll be in and out.

SPONGECAKE

You better be fuckin' right.

MONTY

Relax. Trust me.

Spongecake and Colossus head for the door, Monty and Moe lag behind. Monty faces Moe.

MONTY

What the fuck is wrong with you?
They are our largest resources!

MOE

I can't fuckin' help myself.

Moe gestures in the direction of Colossus.

MOE

That guy gives me the creeps.

MONTY

Well de-creep your fucking self, or
you'll find your ass out on the
streets wishing he'd pick you up!

MOE

Sir, maybe there's a rehab --

Monty's piercing eyes cut Moe off.

An old BENTLEY drives by, BACKFIRES, Spongecake hits the pavement just outside the entrance. Colossus picks him up.

Monty and Moe cringe as Colossus dusts off Spongecake's suit.

SPONGECAKE (V.O.)

Fucker! My nerves are shot.

INT. ATLANTIS BOARD OF PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

RICKY, richly artistic and gay, JJ, a hot Southern belle, and DIDDY, a native Alabamian with rustic charm, warmly greet each other. Chatty, they wander to the dais providing coffee, juice, tea, and donuts; they help themselves.

A huge antique conference table looms in the background.

All turn as Spongecake, Colossus, Monty, and Moe enter. Spongecake freezes; Colossus, Monty, and Moe scoot to the opposite side of the dais.

DIDDY
 (to Ricky and JJ)
 This is a slam-dunk. Did you read
 this shit?

The door opens. DOLLY MAE and gentleman JACK emerge. Jack tips his hat to Dolly Mae as they squeeze by Spongecake.

JJ
 It's scat and yes, I did.

Dolly Mae and Jack join JJ, Diddy, and Ricky; hugs and kisses.

DOLLY MAE
 Mornin', Gentlemen, JJ.

RICKY
 Mornin', Miss Dolly.

DOLLY MAE
 Did I hear skunk "scat?"

JACK
 Mornin' y'all, JJ.

JJ coyly rubs against Jack.

JJ
 How's it hangin', Jacky boy?

DOLLY MAE
 JJ, I see you haven't lost your grace.

DIDDY
 Sweet Jesus, I'll take some a that!

Laughter. Dolly Mae surveys the room, grabs a donut, and flicks off the powder with her nail tips.

DOLLY MAE
 So, which one are we fryin' this
 glorious, God-given day?

Spongecake stares at the group from just inside the door.

SPONGECAKE (V.O.)
 Who the fuck are these people? I'll
 be a SOB.

Colossus drifts to Spongecake. Lovingly, he accompanies Spongecake to the dais. The Board members look on.

RICKY
 Unusual. Which one is the skunk?

JJ
Baby boy, the little one.

Laughter.

RICKY
I believe I hear Miss Cicelee.

CICELEE, slightly Bohemian, enters, carrying a hat that looks like its been through a wood chipper.

CICELEE
Mornin', y'all. Forgive me for bein'
a bit tardy ... lost my hat in the
wind; blew clear across own.

ALL
Mornin', Miss Cicelee.

RICKY
It was a darlin' hat, Dear.

CICELEE
Thank you, Sweets. I trust y'all
grabbed a bite. Let's get started,
shall we? You'll find place cards
at the conference table.

Carrying their dais fare, they take their respective seats at the conference table. Colossus stands alone.

MONTY
We seem to be short a chair, Cicelee.

CICELEE
It is Miss Cicelee to you.

DOLLY MAE
(leaning into Jack)
I'd say fried, skinned, and hog-tied.

Cicelee BUZZES the intercom.

CICELEE
Beth Ann, another chair please.

BETH ANN (V.O.)
Yes Ma'am.

BETH ANN enters with a chair, parks it by Colossus, then exits.

COLOSSUS
Thank you, Ma'am.

Cicelee turns the recorder on.

CICELEE

The Atlantis Board of Psychology will now open its hearin' regardin' the possible Suspension or Revocation of Mr. Spongecake's license due to alleged ethical violations.

MONTY

Technically, it's Doctor, as in PhD.

CICELEE

Let's see what we can do about that! This hearin' is bein' recorded. I'd like to introduce our two new Board members, Beau "Diddy" Ketchum, replacin' Rudy Felps, and Bertram "Ricky" Dunham, replacin' Jesop Huckster. P-H-D Spongecake is represented by his attorneys Monty Jerkoff --

MONTY

It's Jerk-loff.

CICELEE

(ignoring Monty)

In addition, Moe Farrow.

(referring to Colossus)

Blondey over there, is an uninvited guest, but we shall extend our hospitality.

(taking a breath)

Please refer to the purple-highlighted portions of the documents before you. JJ?

JJ

Well, I'd be delighted.

"Psychologists do not engage in sexual harassment. Sexual harassment is sexual solicitation, physical advances, or verbal or nonverbal conduct that is sexual in nature."

CICELEE

Specifically, we have four complaints from young counselors.

SPONGECAKE

I was misunderstood.

JACK

How the hell could this have been
misconstrued?

SPONGECAKE

Damned if I know.

JJ

I wouldn't even pick that fruit.

RICKY

Nor would I.

CICELEE

JJ, Ricky, please.

DOLLY MAE

Well, shut my mouth.

RICKY

Precisely.
(to Spongecake)
Beyond incorrigible.

CICELEE

Mr. P-H-D Spongecake, your answer?

MONTY

Objection! The allegations
disappeared, as you all will note.

CICELEE

Well, their back.

SPONGECAKE

Again, I was misunderstood, and for
this misunderstanding, the claimants
were handsomely taken care of.

DIDDY

Are you sayin' you did do this or
you didn't?

RICKY

I kind a think he's sayin' he paid
them off.

Monty nudges Moe with his foot.

MOE

Uh, our client stands by his statement
that he was "misunderstood."

JJ

Well, Sugar, he may have been misunderstood, but he buttered 'em real good, know what I mean? No disrespect Ricky.

Board laughs, Moe starts to laugh, Monty wallops Moe with his foot. Moe groans. Spongecake fumes.

RICKY

On this account, none taken JJ.
These cases were not consensual.

DIDDY

Sick.

CICELEE

We have sworn statements, witnesses.

Spongecake quickly stands.

SPONGECAKE

There were no wit --

Monty cuts off Spongecake with a chop to the back of the knee, knocking Spongecake back in his seat.

JACK

Buddy Boy, if I drop a pen and bend over to pick it up, let's have no misunderstandin', that ain't no invite.

Dolly Mae bites into her stale donut.

DOLLY MAE

Throw me up.

CICELEE

Let's move on. You falsely marketed your school as a Therapeutic Boarding School, it had no license, and your counselors weren't licensed. You were the only one licensed.

Spongecake appears indifferent. Cicelee sighs.

CICELEE

You falsely advertised an M.D. and PhD on staff. What were you thinking?

MOE

These statements were for marketing purposes only.

SPONGECAKE

I was not responsible for marketing.

JACK

Your school marketed two different doctors, one as an M.D. and one as a PhD, knowing they had no credentials.

MONTY

The PhD was fired; the M.D. was dropped from the former doctor's name.

JACK

The PhD was presented as an M.D., who had no PhD and no M.D. for seven years. The M.D. was there for fifteen years and still is, without the M.D.

DOLLY MAE

I'm confused.

DIDDY

Move freakin' over.

JACK

What kind of organization have you been runnin'?

SPONGECAKE

A quite lucrative one!

MONTY

Dr. Spongecake unequivocally denies any wrongdoing. Marketing believed in their First Amendment rights.

Spongecake gestures in agreement. The board is stunned.

RICKY

Listen up, Jerkoff! One cannot market an M.D., when they don't have one.

Cicelee gestures for calm.

CICELEE

Movin' on ... As far as fees assessed to clients, I understand your accountin' department utilizes a rather murky approach that's not offered in Accountin' 101 or 102.

SPONGECAKE

Fired the lot of them. I was not aware of what accounting was doing.

MOE

A moot point, as there is no
accounting department.

JACK

Well, who the fuck is doin' the books?

SPONGECAKE

(bored)

It's a process. Could we wrap this
up?

CICELEE

Another concern, why did you sign
off on monthly counseling reports
when you never counseled your clients?

SPONGECAKE

I was licensed to do so.

RICKY

That's fraud.

SPONGECAKE

Not in my book.

DIDDY

I bet those dang books are somethin'.

COLOSSUS

(under breath)

Don't ask, don't tell.

CICELEE

Excuse me Blondy, do you have
somethin' to say?

MOE

No, he doesn't.

DOLLY MAE

Is it me or does someone else not
git it?

Moe takes a sip of his coffee.

JJ

Oh, he's gettin' "it."

Moe spews out his coffee. Colossus winks at JJ. Cicelee
raises her hands in indignation as Moe wipes the table.

MONTY

Look, HELL was just licensed as a
Therapeutic School two years ago.

JACK

There was no licensed oversight,
ever, having horrid consequences.

(carotid bulging)

Your students were bipolar, suicidal
schizophrenic, sociopathic, depressed,
violent, ADD, ADHD, ODD, arsonists,
and pedophiles.

RICKY

Just to name a few ...

(to Spongecake)

... the last one fits, quite well.

DOLLY MAE

Sure sounds like more of an asylum.

DIDDY

You sure this here is a "Special
Needs" school we're talkin' 'bout?

MONTY

A unique kind of school.

DIDDY

More like a horror show.

CICELEE

I do believe it's a fine time to
take a fifteen-minute recess, after
which, we shall render our decision.

Spongecake, Colossus, Monty, and Moe rise and walk out the
door. Cicelee turns off the recorder. Jack's furious.

CICELEE

Come down, Jack. Anything to add?

JJ

Surely, you are joking. He's a
pompous, narcissistic ass.

JACK

Is that all? Reprehensible.

RICKY

They do say he's bloodless and nuts.

DIDDY

No, they say he has none. Ha!

DOLLY MAE

Well, fry 'em, smoke 'em. I have my
hair at one.

CICELEE

Governor Perdy unpadding this Board,
he wants this over with. Agreed?

All nod. Cicelee BUZZES the intercom.

CICELEE

Beth Ann, please send them in.

Spongecake, Colossus, Monty, and Moe enter, taking their
seats. Cicelee turns on the recorder.

CICELEE

(to Spongecake)

This Board doesn't give a hoot who
your connections are in Atlantis.

The Board members show approval.

CICELEE

You have come here today without
humility and have avoided every issue
presented. The Board sees no remedy;
therefore, your license is REVOKED.
Good day, Gentlemen.

Monty angrily rises.

MONTY

This is far from over!

A seething Spongecake, Colossus, and Moe follow Monty to the
door. Spongecake grabs Monty's arm.

The board sits quietly content.

SPONGECAKE (O.S.)

"They have nothing?" You're fucking
fired!

EXT. SCOOTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Scooter and his wife, CAMPBELL, spirited, sit on their lush
front lawn playing with Toto, a black Cairn terrier.

CAMPBELL

So let me get this straight, you
took vacation, but we're not goin'
anywhere?

Toto leaps into Campbell's lap; she hugs him tight.

SCOOTER

Baby ... I told ya, we're gonna
make a video for Mikey's birthday.

CAMPBELL

Scot, I'm beginnin' to think y'all
have a screw loose.

Blaring MUSIC and a BLACK HUMMER round the bend pulling up the drive. Derek's pearl white's gear up for serious ingratiating as the music ebbs. Scooter and Campbell with Toto, approach the truck.

DEREK

Hey Campbell. Sure do look pretty.

CAMPBELL

Uh, huh.

Scooter kisses Campbell and hops in the passenger seat. Still smiling at Campbell, Derek reverses the truck. Campbell's steel blues would freeze a bird off its bough.

DEREK (O.S.)

Shit, Toto! You forgot Toto.

The truck abruptly stops. Scooter scurries to Campbell.

SCOOTER

Baby, we need Toto.
(grabbing Toto)
Mikey loves Toto, bye Baby.

A stunned Campbell watches Scooter leap into the truck with Toto. Derek reverses the truck out of the drive and takes off as "We're Off to See the Wizard" wakes the dead.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Mikey takes the steps, baseball cap in hand, he turns hearing someone call to him amidst the frenzied reporters.

DERANGEDO (O.S.)

Mikey, care to comment on the Board
taking Spongecake's license?

Mikey offers a thumbs-up. Derangedo and his Cameraman continue filming.

DERANGEDO

Well, folks, it appears there are some happy campers celebrating the revocation of Spongecake's psychology license. We are minutes away from entering Judge Chicken's court, where we'll hear the IRS case against Spongecake. This should be something! Derangedo signing off, for FOX NEWS.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Mikey and Derangedo lean against the back wall. It's packed.

A plump Dorothy holding Toto, The Scarecrow, The Tin Man, and The Wizard enter. The Cowardly Lion drags behind with a makeshift breast pocket holding a packet of Cottonelle wipes. Laughter breaks out as they find seats.

DERANGEDO (O.S.)

You are kidding.

MIKEY (O.S.)

'Fraid not.

SCOOTER (V.O.)

I don't know why I had to be Dorothy.

DEREK (V.O.)

'Cause your ass wouldn't fit in the tin can.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Try wiping your paws.

BAILIFF #2

All rise for the Honorable Judge Chicken. Court is now in session. This is the IRS vs. Spongecake.

A spry eighty-year-old, robust JUDGE CHICKEN enters taking his seat on the bench.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Afternoon. Please be seated. I'm sure y'all had a delightful mornin' with Judge Tyree, she sure is somethin'. I had the pleasure of havin' Judge Tyree join me for lunch at Miss Jo Jo's. She didn't eat, but she sure missed the best damn fried chicken this side of Mount St. Helens.

Judge Chicken scans the room, setting his eyes upon "The Wizard of Oz" characters.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Shoot, Dr. Oz even sent his crew.

MIKEY (V.O.)

"Low profile."

JUDGE CHICKEN

Now to matters at hand, prosecutor?

DUDDLEY DOOLITTLE, very starched, rises.

DUDDLEY DOODLE
(British accent)
Duddley Doodle, Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Okay, Duddy Do, I guess you don't
speak American. Where you from?

DUDDLEY DOODLE
English, Sir. Marlboro, England.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Well, boy, you take it real slow, so
I don't need no dictionary. We speak
American in this here Federal court.
I love bacca; they grow bacca in
Marlboro, don't they?

DUDDLEY DOODLE
Sir?

JUDGE CHICKEN
Too fast for you, Son? Ha! Defense?

MOSHA MOORE, frank, comes forth as Doodle takes his seat.

MOSHA MOORE
Moore, Mosh. English, Hebrew, Latin,
uh, American, from Venezuela.

JUDGE CHICKEN
"Well, bust my butt and call me a
biscuit."

Laughter.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Moore, Mosh, la-di-da, we don't
speak no Latin-American in this here
court, you got that? From here on
in, you are Mo Mo.

MOSHA MOORE
Uh, a, yes Your Honor.

Moore takes his seat.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Good God almighty! Where is the
defendant? Mo Mo? Your client.

Spectators stir.

MOSHA MOORE

Your Honor, the defendant is temporarily indisposed. He is refreshing his make-up.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I see, well I could have stayed a bit longer at Ms. Jo Jo's -- Refreshin'... what?

Judge Chicken leans back, looking up at the ceiling. Spongecake sneaks in, cowering behind Moore.

MOSHA MOORE

Mr. Spongecake is in the courtroom Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Where? Stand him up.

Spongecake peeks from behind Moore. Judge Chicken squints.

SPONGECAKE

I am standing, Your Honor.

A fresh-faced suit bounds through the doors, down the aisle, and plops down next to Doodle.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I see we have another Federal prosecutor ... that is late! Were you puttin' on your make-up, too? Who the hell are you?

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS rises.

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS

I represent the IRS Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I somehow figured that out, Counselor. It's like a damn bakery in here. Name, Counselor!

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS

Christian Jennings, Sir.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I don't suppose you speak American either. Let me guess, Swedish?

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS

No Sir, born and raised in Appalachia, American. I will be tryin' the case with Mr. Doodle.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, I'll be, somethin' is goin' right. I know they got chickens in Appalachia! Yesseree, welcome to a fellow American! Okay, my understandin' from readin' the documents, I do read, that the IRS is concerned with some Church Fund that just plain disappeared. Appalachia? Or Duddy Do?

Jennings rises.

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS

Yes, Your Honor, we would like to start with the Church Fund.

JUDGE CHICKEN

By all means, and just to let y'all know, I pretty much made up my mind, where this is goin', but if y'all want to chat about it, we cut at four, 'cause Miss Jo Jo is caterin'.

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS

Your Honor, it's almost four o'clock.

Moore rises.

MOSHA MOORE

Your Honor, we object, and at this time, wish to file a motion for change of venue to Gooberville.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mo Mo, you didn't state your objection; motion denied. We'll adjourn until ten o'clock tomorra.
(to Spongecake)

I'm advisin' you not to do anymore pleadin' for that Church that ran away. If you wish to raise money to find it, don't.

CHRISTIAN JENNINGS

Your Honor, The Church Fund?

JUDGE CHICKEN

Appalachia, you will prepare to finish up with any proof of where the Church Fund went and move on to tax invasion, er, evasion, and tax fraud. Is that right? Adjourned.

BAILIFF #2

All rise.

As Judge Chicken exits, he notices Derangedo, then beams with pleasure at the sight of HLN reporter YANCY MACE, who delivers a devilish smile. Mikey catches Mace's fangs.

MIKEY (V.O.)

I need help.

INT. BAR - HAPPY HOUR - LATER

Derek, Shaun, Travis, Scooter, and Bryant enjoy a drink at the bar. The TV is on. Mikey enters.

ON THE TV

DERANGEDO

Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been some afternoon. The IRS might as well be in "Oz," as The People are nowhere in their case against Spongecake. Judge Chicken has not lost his touch, nor his love of fowl. This is Derangedo for FOX NEWS.

BACK TO SCENE

Mikey arrives at the bar. Scooter hands him a Killians.

SCOOTER

Hey, Man, not much happened.

MIKEY

Where's Toto?

SCOOTER

Home. Can I sleep on your couch?

DEREK

Campbell was so pissed. She could'a lit a match under our asses and never looked back.

TRAVIS

(wiping his hands)

Surprised? She's your sister.

(to Bryant)

Imagine what she could do with a can opener.

Shaun's face is raw on each side.

MIKEY

(to Shaun)

What the hell happened to your face?

SHAUN

Shit. I used crazy glue on the mutton-chops.

Laughter. Derek takes Mikey aside. The guys horse around.

DEREK

Seriously, you handling this?

MIKEY

Yeah. Seeing the freak sucks, but I don't fear 'him' anymore. I'm okay, except --

DEREK

Except what?

MIKEY

Daytime vampires, telepathy ...

DEREK

Okay. Focus. Justice. No time to freak out.

Scooter sticks straws in his nose and ears.

MIKEY

Really?

BRYANT

The Judge seems unbalanced.

TRAVIS

That's a brilliant observation.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Filled. Five Drag Queens charm the gallery. Spongecake gestures to them, receiving the finger in return.

Judge Tyree resides inconspicuously in the gallery.

Mikey and Derangedo hang out in the back with the reporters. Derangedo cautiously glances around the room.

DERANGEDO

Notice anything?

MIKEY

(sniffing)

The zoo must have locked their cages.

Judge Tyree spies Mikey and Derangedo.

BAILIFF #2

All rise for the Honorable Judge
Chicken, court is now in session.
This is the IRS vs. Spongecake.

Judge Chicken enters and takes the bench. He motions for
all to sit.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Good mornin', y'all.

ALL

Mornin', ya Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Okay, everyone present? Anyone stuck
in the little girls' room?

(to The Five Drag
Queens)

Jeez, even MADD emptied outta there.
A note, the court granted media access
startin' tomorra. So, git it right,
or you're history. Prosecutor?

Judge Chicken glances at the plaintiff's table.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Where the hell is Duddy Do and
Appalachia?

BIG KAHUNA, sun-kissed by the wave he just rode in on, rises.

BIG KAHUNA

Big Kahuna, Hawaii. Mr. Doodle and
Mr. Jennings were pulled to cover
another trial.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Did I know that?

BIG KAHUNA

The court was informed.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Not my damned court! My mind isn't
that gone. You flunkies need to get
ya asses above water. Defense?

Moore, timid, stands as Big Kahuna takes his seat.

MOSHA MOORE

Still present, Your Lordship.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mo Mo, I don't look at that as a positive.

Moore slumps.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Big Kahuna, ya got nice chickens in Hawaii? I love chicken. Have I told ya 'bout Miss Jo Jo's chicken?

BIG KAHUNA

Yes, Your Honor, yes to both. May The People begin?

JUDGE CHICKEN

As long as y'all wrap this up before noon, I got me another one of those free bar luncheons.

BIG KAHUNA

(rising)

I call Mr. Spongecake to the stand.

Spongecake strolls to Bailiff #2. Spongecake places his hand on the Bible, teetering.

BAILIFF #2

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you God?

SPONGECAKE

So ... help me.

BAILIFF #2

You may be seated.

Spongecake takes the stand, stretching to see over the grand woodwork. Big Kahuna crosses over to the witness stand. Bailiff #2 takes his stance to the right of Judge Chicken.

BIG KAHUNA

Sir, can you enlighten the court as to where the Church fund went? Did it go up in smoke?

SPONGECAKE

No idea, 'could have gone up in smoke.

BIG KAHUNA

Are we talking records? I understood they were all shredded at your shredding party. You are being accused of losing the Church Fund, apparently your mind as well.

MOSHA MOORE

I Object! Your Honor, whether or not my client has lost his mind is not on trial here, his mindset has no RELEVANCE.

JUDGE CHICKEN

(troubled)

REL-I-VINCE? Sustained.

BIG KAHUNA

My apologies, Your Honor. That's for another day, another prosecutor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Let me make somethin' perfectly clear, I have about had it, another Federal prosecutor?

BIG KAHUNA

No, State, mental health.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well tell the SOB to take a freakin' ticket. Wrap this part up, Counselor; we know he didn't throw the Church Fund in Mount St. Helens. At this here point, I don't give a rat's ass if he did, but he didn't, 'cause I know people and he would have jumped in after it.

Laughter. Spongecake shifts toward the Judge.

SPONGECAKE

Your Honor, I don't know where the fund went; everything was thrown in the kitty.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Ugh. I don't particularly like cats.

Moore meekly stands.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mo Mo?

MOSHA MOORE

Your Honorship, my client is being honest, the Church Fund got mixed up with everything, it went in, it went out. He blames the accountant.

JUDGE CHICKEN

For God's sake, I don't want him in here! If I were in the defendant's shoes, I'd damn well blame the accountant, too. Look enough, the defendant will step down and remain standin' by Mo Mo.

MOSHA MOORE

What?

Spongecake meanders over to Moore.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mo Mo, remember, less is mo. Right now, I rule the little SOB basically threw the Church Fund into the Pacific, so he could jump in after it. My patience has thinned and my fuel tank is empty, that free bar luncheon is a callin'. We'll finish up tomorra mornin' at eleven. The court will then tackle the FTC's charges. Adjourned.

BAILIFF #2

All rise.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Mikey converses with Derangedo and his Cameraman at the bottom of the steps. Mikey glances up the steps as Five Drag Queens struggle in their heels down the steps, waving at Mikey.

FREEZE FRAME

Drag Queens blow kisses at Mikey.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

BREAKING NEWS in the Spongecake case today. Cameras will be operational in court tomorrow. Judge Chicken has taken the afternoon off to attend his "free bar luncheon", but not before, he ruled that Spongecake threw the Church Fund into the Pacific! You heard it right folks, the Pacific! Look at this, even Drag Queens showed up for the trial. This is Derangedo for FOX NEWS.

INT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bookshelves laden with stuffed animals and children's literature warm the room.

A luminescent BASKET rests on the shelf above the bed of his two-year-old daughter, KILEY.

Mikey sits on the bed next to Kiley, while his MAGICAL wife BAYLOR reads aloud "The Velveteen Rabbit" to Kiley. He kisses them both and closes the door behind him.

INT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mikey grabs a sandwich platter from the fridge and plants himself at the island, where a lovely basket sits filled with chocolates. Mikey gazes at the basket.

INT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mikey lies on the dirt floor. Hearing GIGGLES coming from outside the shack, Mikey peers through an open knot in a plank.

Three young girls chase each other in the moonlight. Mikey smiles, until two of them smile back sporting fangs.

INT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Mikey, skittish, wakens to the sunlight creeping through the planks. A BASKET FULL OF CHOCOLATES awaits him.

INT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Grabbing a chocolate, and then biting into the sandwich, he checks his voice mail.

DEREK (V.O.)

Hey, Buddy, it's the Queens, give us a call.

Mikey grins, takes another bite of his sandwich, he picks up his cell phone and punches a key.

EXT. DEREK'S MOUNTAIN HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Derek marvels at the bright stars and the city's twinkling lights below. SOFT MUSIC plays in the background.

KIRA, his wife, a delicate woman, is seen through the palatial windows climbing the wooden staircase. His cell phone RINGS, he answers it.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DEREK

Queen Bee, how may I help you?

MIKEY

Y'all are pieces of work, thanks.

DEREK

Glad to oblige, encore tomorrow.
Enjoyed your column.

MIKEY

Thanks Man, appreciate the support.

DEREK

Hey, "Newsweek" is waitin'.

MIKEY

More like the loony bin. I didn't
get to finish the other day, 'cause
the guys were there.

(deep breath)

As God is my witness and I'm certain,
He's not pleased with me, all of us,
but I saw what I saw. This time
it's not just me, Derangedo, even
Spongecake saw it.

DEREK

Why you? Derangedo? The asshole.
Hysterical transference?

MIKEY

No idea. But that "cougar" heard my
thoughts and those canines ... now
Mace. It's a freakin' zoo in there.
They pop in. They pop out.

DEREK

Well, then, where were "they?"

MIKEY

Lucky me, today, "they" were out.

DEREK

"They" took the day off?

MIKEY

How the fuck should I know? Maybe
they're planning a party, an invasion.

DEREK

Hypnosis, regression is not an option.
We can't afford any leaks, not now.

MIKEY

I know. Hey, do you remember the
basket?

DEREK

Yeah, the basket from nowhere. Get
some sleep.

MIKEY

Thanks. Catch ya tomorrow.

DEREK

With bonnets on. Night, Man.

Derek hangs up, sips his drink, pondering their conversation. Kira's silhouette appears in the upstairs window.

KIRA

Derek, everything all right?

DEREK

Yeah, Baby.

He catches the stars as he walks into the house; the lights go out.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Spongecake lingers on the edge of his seat. Cameras sweep the court.

Mikey counts Five Bright Bonnets interspersed in the crowd. A sixth bonneted figure strolls into court; it's Yancy Mace. Mace sulks at the sight of the other bonnets, removing hers.

Mikey spots Mace, she returns the glance.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Just perfect.

Mace sends a malevolent grin Mikey's way.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Maybe they are angels in disguise.

Mace negatively gesticulates as Derangedo nears Mikey.

MIKEY

Didn't think so. Maybe here to help.

Mace positively nods.

MIKEY

But, why?

DERANGEDO

Hey, Man. Who the hell is your clairvoyant self talkin' to now?

BAILIFF #2

All rise for the Honorable Judge Chicken. This is the IRS for the People vs. Mr. Spongecake.

Bailiff #2 bows before the cameras. Judge Chicken enters surveying the gallery, he notes the BONNETS as he sits.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Good mornin' y'all. Is it me or is it Easter? You may be seated. Since I don't want to chat anymore regardin' the Church whereabouts, I will finish my rulin'.

Big Kahuna rises from his chair.

BIG KAHUNA

Your Honor, this is highly --

JUDGE CHICKEN

Latitude, my boy.

Moore jumps up.

MOSHA MOORE

I object!

Spongecake jumps up.

SPONGECAKE

I object!

JUDGE CHICKEN

I wouldn't. Denied. Now sit your asses down!

Moore and Spongecake slump into their seats.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I figure that Church Fund was indeed dumped into the Pacific, probably came ashore in Hawaii, then onto Tahiti, ending up back in Atlantis. Clean as a defrocked chicken. The defendant is guilty.

Judge Chicken's mug emulates Bugs Bunny.

JUDGE CHICKEN

This court will reconvene later this week to address further IRS charges against the defendant. Now let's move on to the FTC.

BIG KAHUNA

At this time, Your Honor, I would like to turn over questioning to my esteemed colleague, ESTEEM.

Esteem, quite scholarly, stands.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Now I freakin' object!

MOSHA MOORE
I object, too!

JUDGE CHICKEN
Denied! Sit down, Mo Mo! Esteem?
You are jokin'.

ESTEEM
No, Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Let me guess, you from Tahiti?

ESTEEM
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Look, you cronies have to learn that
one of you can try a case! What's
this "esteemed colleague" shit?
Pardon, Ma'ams. My name is Chicken,
Lordy knows I love my chicken, but I
ain't no chicken. Mr. Spongecake
loves dick, but he ain't no dick, um
... strike that.

Laughter.

JUDGE CHICKEN
You git my drift, boy?

ESTEEM
Yes, Your Honor. May I begin? The
FTC case, Sir?

MOSHA MOORE
Your Lordship, it is almost noon.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Excellent point, Mo Mo. Miss Jo Jo
is makin' cornbread, special for me.
We'll break; pick up the FTC at one.

BAILIFF #2
All rise.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Big Kahuna and Esteem place their lunch order with the WAITER.
Waiter leaves.

ESTEEM

Okay, what the fuck was that?

BIG KAHUNA

Are you referring to the one and only life-sized Chicken?

The Waiter arrives with their drinks and exits.

ESTEEM

You know what I'm referring to. He's fuckin' daft.

Waiter arrives with their sandwiches and leaves.

BIG KAHUNA

(smiling)

Look, he's not on the good 'ole boys payroll. Granted he's a kook, but he's a clean kook. I'd say we're in for a remarkable afternoon.

ESTEEM

Easy for you to say, you're not on the GD hot seat.

BIG KAHUNA

Relax ... enjoy your chicken sandwich.

ESTEEM

Yeah, well fuck you.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Mikey arrives with Derangedo and his bonneted friends. He chooses the opposite side of the aisle from a parasol-enshrined Yancy Mace.

DERANGEDO

Where we goin'?

MIKEY

Far from Mace.

DERANGEDO

Why?

Mikey turns, baring his teeth.

DERANGEDO

Oh, shit. This is gettin' old.

Bailiff #2 places a STAND with a CHAIR PAD next to the defense table; he proceeds to the chamber door.

BAILIFF #2

This is the case of the FTC vs.
Spongecake. All rise for the
Honorable Judge Chicken.

Judge Chicken saunters in thrilled with the media presence.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Afternoon, Ladies, Gents. I see we
have a lot more friends this
afternoon, HLN, FOX, CNN, and MSNBC.
Derangedo is still with us.

Ecstatic, Derangedo waves. Everyone sits.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Yancy Mace, is that you, darlin'?

Yancy Mace closes her parasol.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I didn't expect this case to GENERATE,
like that, so much interest. I know
y'all didn't come just to eat at
Miss Jo Jo's. Oh, Mr. Sponge-cake,
can I call you Spongie? I had that
there PORTASTAND brought in special
for you and that there CHAIR PAD.
Raise you up a bit.

SPONGECAKE

Gee, thanks, Your Holiness.
(to Moore)
I am so screwed.

MOSHA MOORE

I concur.

SPONGECAKE

Maybe you ought to entertain the
thought of objecting more.

MOSHA MOORE

Why bother? You're screwed.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Swear in defendant Spongie and bring
the CHAIR PAD.

Spongecake drags himself to Bailiff #2, with the chair pad
in tow. Placing the CHAIR PAD between his legs, he's sworn
in; their voices muffled. Spongecake takes the stand with
the CHAIR PAD beneath him.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mr. Esteem prosecutor, you're up.

Esteem approaches Spongecake.

ESTEEM

Thank you, Your Honor. Mr. Spongecake are you familiar with the Federal Trade Commission, the FTC?

SPONGECAKE

Vaguely.

ESTEEM

Are you aware that falsely advertising and marketing something, which you do not have, is an FTC violation?

SPONGECAKE

No, Sir.

ESTEEM

No, Sir? HELL ACADEMY lists the highest credentials, advertises all-in-one drop-off service, and markets it can fix any ANOMALY known to man.

JUDGE CHICKEN

(scans the DICTIONARY)

What the hell is an ANNOOMALEE?

Moore falls asleep.

ESTEEM

Mr. Spongecake, you can offer none of these, because you have none.

SPONGECAKE

Correct.

ESTEEM

Would you please ELABORATE?

SPONGECAKE

I did not list anything. Marketing thought it would be INNOVATIVE.

Judge Chicken flips through the DICTIONARY, summoning Bailiff #2. Moore SNORES.

JUDGE CHICKEN

What kind language they speak in Tahiti?

Esteem shakes his head at Kahuna, who grins.

ESTEEM (V.O.)

You owe me.

SNORES grow louder. Light laughter.

JUDGE CHICKEN

(to Bailiff #2)

Would you go cork that SOB!

Bailiff #2 grabs a DICTIONARY from the table, reaches Moore, lifts the book and whacks him aside the head. Moore lurches.

MOORE

Objection!

JUDGE CHICKEN

Plug it, Mo Mo. Prosecutor?

ESTEEM

(aghast)

Your Honor ... this NARCISSIST wishes the court to believe he knew nothing. This is PREPOSTEROUS!

Judge Chicken airlifts his DICTIONARY behind the bench.

ESTEEM

The People rest Your Honor, and ask for a swift RESOLUTION from this Court. Did the defendant know what was being portrayed to an unsuspecting public regarding HELL ACADEMY?

JUDGE CHICKEN

Spongie, the People aren't happy with you. Whatever they seem to be sayin', I agree with. You may step down.

Moore shields himself from Spongecake's wrath.

SPONGECAKE

You ever hear of Voodoo dolls?

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mr. Spongebobcake, set yourself on that there PORTASTAND.

Spongecake reluctantly submits. Moore stays put.

JUDGE CHICKEN

You are one sneaky little guy. I'll give you that. But your number is up on this here FTC count and, yes, you are screwed.

REJOICING. Mace raises her parasol toward Judge Chicken. Judge Chicken relishes the moment, bows, bidding thank you.

SPONGECAKE

This is about me! This is about me!

JUDGE CHICKEN

Okay, order, thank you, thank you, order. You are quite right, Spongie. Is Mr. Big Kahuna in the court?

Big Kahuna stands in first row. Mikey flinches as a light-ray glistens off Yancy Mace's fangs.

BIG KAHUNA

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

The IRS case will begin at ten tomorra. We kind'a need to hurry this up, 'cause the State is comin' down on my ass, me takin' all their glory. Dinner is a callin'. See y'all tomorra. We're adjourned.

BAILIFF #2

(relieved)

All rise.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - LATER

Spongecake intermittently thrashes out at Moore as they move briskly down the steps passing the media.

MOORE (V.O.)

Colossus needs to be in court tomorrow. Trust me.

SPONGECAKE (V.O.)

"Trust you?" My ass.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Thanks for watching "y'all." Easter arrived late this year, maybe it will be Christmas in July "tomorra." This is Derangedo for FOX news.

YANCY MACE (V.O.)

People, people, justice will prevail. Tune in tonight, at eight, for The Yancy Mace Show. 'Til then, good-day friend.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

It's standing room only. Camera lights are blinding.

Mikey and Derangedo bust-up as their friends, decked out as Cirque Du Soleil characters, bounce through the doors captivating the gallery.

Mace's enthusiasm gives rise to her incisors, dampening Mikey and Derangedo's short-lived euphoria.

BAILIFF #2 (O.S.)
Please rise for the Honorable Judge
Chicken. This is The IRS for the
People vs. Spongecake - Tax Evasion.

Judge Chicken heads for the bench. Piles of books are stacked on a table next to Bailiff #2.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Good mornin'. You may be seated.

ALL
Good mornin', Ya Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Whew, this has been some week! Shoot,
I have networks camped outside my
house. The news is callin' these
here proceedin's "SPONGEGATE."

Judge Chicken eyes the Cirque Du Soleil people.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Nice to see Barnum n' Bailey. Bein'
that this is live, I wish to make a
statement. First, where is that
damn DICTIONARY I asked for?

Bailiff #2 hands Judge Chicken the DICTIONARY; he bows.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Thanks. The defense filed a motion
asking me to RECUSE myself, like
that? The defense feels this court
is bein' too judgmental.
(to Moore)
Better off sawin' wood.

Moore recoils.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Motion denied!
(MORE)

JUDGE CHICKEN

Now I want to make somethin' perfectly clear, this court believes "every dog should have a few fleas." Some just got mange.

Chuckles from the gallery.

SPONGECAKE

(mumbling to himself)

I am so deep in it.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Swear in Spongie.

Spongecake comes forward, Bailiff #2 swears in Spongecake with a DICTIONARY, which remains unnoticed.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mr. Big Kahuna, it's showtime.

Kahuna rises as Bailiff #2 clears his throat.

BAILIFF #2

It's Hawaii, Your Honor.

Judge Chicken lifts the DICTIONARY toward Bailiff #2.

JUDGE CHICKEN

So, git me one from Hawaii!

Bailiff #2 sorts through the books on the table, confused, chooses one, swaps DICTIONARIES with Judge Chicken.

BIG KAHUNA

The IRS will prove that Mr. Spongecake willfully defrauded the Federal government. Millions of dollars in tax revenue was avoided by padding corporate expenses, double-dipping, and claiming numerous expenses that were paid for by the school's clients.

Gallery whispers.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Order!

SPONGECAKE

Shit!

JUDGE CHICKEN

A truckload to boot!

MOSHA MOORE

Can I object, Your Lordship?

JUDGE CHICKEN

I wouldn't advise it.

BIG KAHUNA

The Church Fund, is a prime example of how he commingled non-profit funds with for profit-funds. His personal financials are three years coming.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Three years? Where have I been? Let's see, Miss Jo Jo's, bar luncheons, bar dinners, skeet shootin', huntin', oh, yes, and there's my chicken farm.

SPONGECAKE

(sucking up)

I bought a chicken coup a few years back.

JUDGE CHICKEN

That I do remember readin' 'bout, but there were no chickens, right? Just green feed goin' in and out.

Chuckles. Big Kahuna grasps papers at his table and heads toward the bench.

BIG KAHUNA

The People would like to submit these tax filings as evidence. We ask the court to accept sworn testimony stating that it was indeed the clients who paid for all the goods and services that Mr. Spongecake wrote off. In addition, we have statements from banks around the globe.

Moore leaps up.

MOSHA MOORE

Objection! Your Honor, the defendant did not sign those tax forms.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Let me guess, Mo Mo, the Accountant did it.

Moore excitedly swings his arm.

MOSHA MOORE

Yes, yes, you are exactly right!

JUDGE CHICKEN

Counselor, that won't cut it. Oh, yes, I go fly-fishin', maybe that's where I've been. Uh, did anyone else sign the tax filings?

MOSHA MOORE

Innocently, his wife, Sir.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Wife? As in Missus?

MOSHA MOORE

Yes, Sir.

Giggles. Judge Chicken scratches his head. TAPS the GAVEL.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Order. Come to order. Mo Mo, you wish this court to believe that Spongeie over there has a WIFE?

MOSHA MOORE

Absolutely.

JUDGE CHICKEN

What kind a wife? Is she present?

Whispers. A very tall, blue-eyed god of elegance appears. Whispers stop.

COLOSSUS

Colossus, Sir, I am from Atlantis.

Laughter.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, glory be, you certainly are, um, Colossus. One thing for sure, you don't need no stand, boy. And, I am glad we're back in Atlantis. They speak American in Atlantis?

COLOSSUS

No, Sir. Greek.

Laughter. The Judge eyes Colossus in disbelief.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Oh I, I see. Is the accountant here?

MOSHA MOORE

Yes, yes Your Honor!

Moore points out DRILLIE GAY and THORNEY MORBID looking more crooked than a doornail. They are seated behind the defense.

MOSHA MOORE

There are two accountants, Your Honor.
Drillie Gay and Thorney Morbid.

Gay and Morbid nod.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Who's holdin' the bank accounts?

MOSHA MOORE

Gay, Morbid, and ... Colossus.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, I have to give y'all credit,
showin' up.

Judge Chicken scrutinizes Gay and Morbid. Gay and Morbid offer a strained, plastic smile.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Your client appears to be throwin'
y'all under the bus, an RV for sure.
Not that it is any skin off my ass.

BIG KAHUNA

We have signed affidavits from Drillie
Gay and Thorney Morbid, stating that
the defendant forced them to sign
documents under extreme duress.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I bet you do.

Spongecake's nostrils flare at Gay and Morbid.

SPONGECAKE (V.O.)

Fuckin' maggots.

BIG KAHUNA

The People would like to submit these
into evidence as well.

JUDGE CHICKEN

So ordered. Mr. Spongie, they beat
you to it; the bus appears to be
draggin' your ass to the Federal
Pen. You may step down and stand on
your PORTASTAND.

Spongecake meanders to the defense table, struggling to get on the PORTASTAND.

JUDGE CHICKEN

The court is disturbed. Not only am I late for the lunch of my OCTOGENARIAN life, learned that one last night, you've tried to screw the IRS, The People, your wife, and colleagues. To say you have stepped in it, well, there is light in my life, 'cause there's one sorrier SOB than me. I find for The People!

Explosive cheers. Cirque Du Soleil characters cartwheel in the aisle. The Judge plays to the cameras.

JUDGE CHICKEN

GOD BLESS AMERICA! Are we back in America? GOD BLESS MISS JO JO!

Judge Chicken TAPS the GAVEL, smiling. The gallery quiets.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mr. Spongie, you shall be remanded to the State, some DA wants a crack at you. When the State concludes its Arson case against you, I'll be waitin'. We are adjourned.

Jubilance.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Chicken speaks with Yancy Mace on the top of the steps. Colossus appears near to them. Mikey high-fives Cirque Du Soleil people. Judge Chicken calls to Colossus.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Ah, Colossus, care to join little darlin' Yancy and me for lunch?

COLOSSUS

I'd be delighted.

Judge Chicken takes Mace's arm. Colossus follows behind. Watching them, Mikey's flesh crawls.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Chomp, chomp, they're done for.

Mace glances back at Mikey and his friends. Colossus follows.

FREEZE FRAME

Mikey and Cirque Du Soleil figures.

COLOSSUS (V.O.)

What's up with Barnum and Bailey?

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome back to our coverage of SPONGEGATE. What a morning, one crazy morning in court. The Judge threw the book at Spongecake, even a circus troupe showed up. The State Arson case is scheduled the day after "tomorra." We'll be there. Stay tuned to FOX NEWS at six for complete details. This is great! Derangedo for FOX.

INT. BAR - LATER

Mikey and Derangedo are at the bar, along with patrons. Bryant, Derek, Scooter, Shaun, and Travis exit the men's room in street clothes carrying gym bags. Their faces are laden with make-up. They join Mikey and Derangedo.

DERANGEDO

You guys had me laughing my ass off!
I tried to contain my Cameraman.

Mikey glances at the bar TV. Patrons watch TV.

MIKEY

It didn't work.

ON THE TV

The men view images of themselves cartwheeling through court. Derangedo stands alongside TWO REPRESENTATIVES from Cirque du Soleil and Barnum and Bailey.

DERANGEDO

(jovial)
Care to comment?

CIRQUE DU SOLEIL REP

I am telling you for the last time,
we did not send members of our cast
to the GD courthouse!

BARNUM AND BAILEY REP

No way, don't look at us.

BACK TO SCENE

Entire bar erupts in laughter.

DERANGEDO

What's next? Goldilocks, three bears,
and the wolf?

DEREK

Stay tuned.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Mikey walks Derek to his Hummer.

MIKEY

Just one more thing.

DEREK

That's about all I can handle.

MIKEY

Although "they" bite, Mace conveyed
to me, "they" were there ... to help.

DEREK

You spoke with her?

MIKEY

No, she sends me telepathic messages.

DEREK

That's, it. I love ya, Man, but
this has got to stop. I'll take you
to the fucking shrink myself.

INT. SPONGECAKE'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Spongecake nervously rolls on his sumptuous leather throne,
behind an intricately carved, mahogany desk. Sensuous male
statues garnish the ornate room. Colossus lies on the
overstuffed sofa, a magazine on his lap.

COLOSSUS

You have no heart.

SPONGECAKE

Never purported I did.

Spongecake parks his feet, wrapped in T-REX slippers, on the
desk. He picks up his cell phone and hits one key.

SPONGECAKE

It's Sponge.

(MORE)

SPONGECAKE

(swaying his head)

Well, I haven't heard from you. I
fucking own you! It's Friday. How
the fuck am I going to find an
attorney by Monday!

Spongecake hurls his cell at a large phallic. It breaks.

EXT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTHOUSE - DAY

The charm of Southern architecture amongst the old oak trees
gives way to the media vans parked street-side. Marketers
pitch T-SHIRTS and BONNETS embossed with "SPONGEGATE."
Derangedo paces by the fountain, his Cameraman stands by.

DERANGEDO

Where the hell are they?

Cameraman looks around.

CAMERAMAN

Snow fucking White.

Derangedo sees eight figures, Snow White, Dopey, Sneezy,
Bashful, Happy, Sleepy, Grumpy, and Doc amidst majestic beds
of flowers. The Cameraman rolls the film.

DERANGEDO

Ha! Damn, I love my job. Eight?
Did you get it?

CAMERAMAN

Sure did. Who the fuck are they?

DERANGEDO

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTROOM - DAY

Spectators are tickled as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
enter. Mikey's heart careens; three of the "Dwarfs," female,
tearfully smile.

Colossus enjoys the show from the front row.

Derangedo hangs with Mikey, who spies Yancy Mace; he jabs
Derangedo. Alongside Mace, icing their core, they see the
riveting eyes of Jubilee Blake.

DERANGEDO (O.S.)

Oh, shit.

MIKEY (O.S.)

Maybe, but maybe not. Then again --

Spongecake's attorney arrives at the defense table. He nods, a lot. Bailiff #3 gestures for all to sit and quiet down.

BAILIFF #3

The State of Atlantis vs. Spongecake.
ARSON. The Honorable Judge Malcolm
Boob presiding. All rise.

A handlebar-mustached JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB enters wearing Jesus sandals. He takes the bench thrilled by the crowded room.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Good morning. You may be seated.
We're broadcasting live this morning.
We have some serious issues, so we'll
cut to the chase, and it has been
some chase. Counsel for the State?

JOSH D. CROTCHET removes his Stetson as he stands.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Good morning, Your Honor. Josh D.
Crotchet for the State.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Sir, did you say CROCKET as in Davy?

JOSH D. CROTCHET

No Sir, C-R-O-T-C-H-E-T, Crotchet.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Yes, yes, I was afraid of that.

Light laughter. Crotchet sits.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Thank you, Counsel. Defendant's
counsel?

A cagey, slight, LE-ROY JUST rises.

LE-ROY JUST

(stuttering)

Present Your Honor, my name is Le-
roy Just.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Just, what?

LE-ROY JUST

J-U-S-T.

Spongecake, reeling from shock, grabs his hair, and then leans into Just as he takes his seat. The MIC is ON.

SPONGECAKE

For Christ's sake, you didn't tell
me you couldn't talk! You stutter!!

LE-ROY JUST

You never asked, Sweetums.

Just's eyes roll down to Spongecake's groin.

LE-ROY JUST

My mouth was a little busy.

Gasps. Some snickers.

LE-ROY JUST

All ya did was rattle on about your
case. Told me you needed an attorney.
So, here I am.

SPONGECAKE

I thought you couldn't talk because
you were "busy!"

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Mr. J-U-S-T? Counsel, we don't wish
to intrude, but what the hell is
goin' on?

Spongecake jumps up on his PORTASTAND.

SPONGECAKE

Your Worship, I need help!

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

You are out of order! We're well
aware you need help; we will do
everything in our power to see you
get it, but good. Sit down. Where
the hell did that stand come from?

SPONGECAKE

Judge Chicken donated it. Judge, my
attorney cannot talk, he cannot defend
me. He cannot talk, for God's sake!

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Mr. J-U-S-T can you raise your hands?
If you can, raise one arm now.

Just lifts one arm.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Good. Now, one arm for yes, two
arms for no, and bang the table to
object. Okay?

Just nods.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

This is an equal opportunity court; we don't need the likes of the A.C.L.U. or Stutterers Anonymous claiming we did any injustice. We like everyone, right, Mr. J-U-S-T?

SPONGECAKE

I object! This is unconscionable.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Mr. Spongecake, if I were you, I wouldn't throw that word around, 'cause we all know it will come back to bite you, especially you, in the ass. Any objections, Mr. J-U-S-T?

Just raises two arms, smiling.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

You did that real well. Sit down, Mr. Spongecake.

Spongecake, fuming, takes his seat.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Let us move on. Mr. Crotchet?

Crotchet's boot spurs clank on the hardwood floors.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

The State calls defendant Spongecake.

Spongecake's head hangs; he moves toward Bailiff #3.

BAILIFF #3

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you God?

SPONGECAKE

Yes, yes damn it.

Spongecake takes the stand. Crotchet approaches him.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Good morning, Mr. Spongecake. Any idea what arson is? Arson is the crime of deliberately, and maliciously setting fire to structures. I would like to take you back to the fire at your academy.

SPONGECAKE

Yes. I was informed.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

You weren't there? On the premises?

SPONGECAKE

That was fifteen years ago. My memory isn't so good. The stress, sometimes I feel I cannot breathe.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Now ya know how Mr. J-U-S-T felt.

Laughter and an "Oh my." Judge Boob is amused at the sight of Snow White characters. Dopey waves.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Your Honor?

Crotchet and the spectators notice Judge Boob's fascination.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Your Honor? May we continue? If it's okay, with Dopey.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Yes, ofcourse, by all means, proceed.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Thank you, Your Honor. The Fire Marshall stated that the accelerant used, obliterated your building. Would you happen to know what kind of accelerant would do that?

SPONGECAKE

Please, do I look like a Fire Marshall?

JOSH D. CROTCHET

You built a new administration building, yet you kept all the files in the old building that burned.

Crotchet walks over to an easel housing a picture of the campus buildings. He removes a conference pointer.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

(using the pointer)

One would need to walk down the stairs of the new building and traipse over to the old building to access all the files and computers. Doesn't seem too convenient. A bit odd?

SPONGECAKE

I believe we had a runner.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Are you referring to the runner that deposited records in a fired-up, eighty-gallon drum?

Crotchet shifts the pointer toward Spongecake.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Did you carry insurance on the building?

SPONGECAKE

I would have to ask my accountant.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

I do not think either of your accountants will answer your call. They testified against you.

Crotchet returns the pointer to the easel. He turns.

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Did you hire a professional to torch the building?

SPONGECAKE

Do I look that stupid?

JOSH D. CROTCHET

Frankly, yes.

Just BANGS on the desk.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Objection sustained. We already have sworn affidavits delivering who, what, when, and where.

SPONGECAKE

I swear I didn't torch the place!

Just raises one arm.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Sustained! Mr. Crotchet, I understand what you are after, but read my lips, this isn't Universal, he isn't Casper, and that ain't gonna happen. He'd do well in Washington.

Gallery laughs.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

You'll have my ruling after lunch.
Mr. Spongecake, you may step down.
To Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,
I trust after this case is over, I
will not see you back in my court.
We're adjourned until two.

GAVEL HITS.

BAILIFF #3

All rise.

Spectators and journalists file out of the court.

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs exit into the hallway. Mikey
rushes out to join them. JESS, DARBY, AND MOIRA joyfully
jump up and down.

JESS, DARBY, AND MOIRA

Surprise!

Mikey hugs all three of them. Jess messes Mikey's hair.

MIKEY

Oh, my God, how long has it been?

JESS

Fifteen years. Athena is set to
deliver, sends her love. Derek phoned
us last week. We couldn't resist!

Mikey hugs them again. Tears of glass stain their cheeks.

SCOOTER

Maybe we need to tone things down.

MIKEY

Ya fuckin' think?

An irate Spongecake, hollering at Just, storms out of court
into the hallway.

SPONGECAKE

Don't say another fucking word! You
can crunch lunch, can't you?

Spongecake acknowledges Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs as
he passes them.

SPONGECAKE

Who the fuck are these people? Don't
answer that!

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTROOM - DAY

The gallery is jumping. Mikey and Derangedo, show relief upon noticing Mace and Blake's seats remain empty.

Spongecake chastises Just at the defense table.

Happy comes up the aisle, stops with a sweet smile, offering Spongecake a BOUQUET. Spongecake accepts the BOUQUET AND WATER SQUIRTS UP ALL OVER HIS FACE, running his make-up. Happy runs.

Spongecake shoves Just as he takes out his handkerchief and pats his face.

SPONGECAKE

Grab the SOB!

Just ignores him. Bailiff #3 calls out.

BAILIFF

All rise for the Honorable Judge Malcolm Boob. This court is reconvening in the State of Atlantis vs. Spongecake - Arson.

Judge Boob enters fiddling with his handlebars.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Welcome back. Please be seated. Mr. Spongecake, I hope you had a light lunch. For the record, as we are Special Needs friendly in this court, you are welcome back anytime, Mr. J-U-S-T.

Spectators applaud. Just is somber.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Order. Now, Mr. Spongecake, will you rise and when you leave, take that damn PORTASTAND with you. Do you have anything to add?

Spongecake steps up on his PORTASTAND.

SPONGECAKE

Your Honor, I did not burn down that freakin' building.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Sure you didn't. This court finds for the State. Congratulations, Mr. Crotchet.

(MORE)

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB
 We'll stay sentencing, until the
 court hears the other related cases.
 We are adjourned.

GAVEL comes DOWN, exaltations.

BAILIFF #3
 All rise.

Spongecake, immobile, stares at the Judge. Judge Boob shakes his finger at Spongecake.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB
 You should have given more to the
 Museum, you tight little bastard.

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTHOUSE - OFFICE OF THE CLERK -
 LATER

Just leans on a counter, smiling, filling out a form. He moves to the CLERKS counter, slapping PAPERS down.

LE-ROY JUST (V.O.)
 "Special Needs" indeed.

CLERK
 Thank you, Mr. Just. Have a great
 weekend!

INT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mikey eats breakfast at the table while typing on his computer. Baylor, with Kiley in tow, taps the basket, and kisses Mikey good-bye. The phone RINGS. Mikey kisses Kiley.

MIKEY
 I'll get that, Baylor, go ahead.

BAYLOR
 Okay, love you; promise you boys
 will stay out of trouble.

Baylor moves through the door carrying Kiley as Mikey checks caller ID and answers the phone.

MIKEY
 Hey, Man, what's up?

INT. FOX NEWS BUREAU - DAY

Derangedo paces outside the BUREAU CHIEF's office.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DERANGEDO

You tell me. I got called in early.
Bureau Chief said to get down to the
courthouse by ten. Something about
Judge Boob calling a special session.

MIKEY

Haven't heard anything.

Mikey's phone BEEPS.

MIKEY

Must be my Editor. I'll see you
down there.

INT. MIKEY'S CAR - DAY

Mikey drives his restored 1968 Porsche 911 out of the garage,
stops, picks up his cell phone and punches a key.

DEREK (V.O.)

Derek here, leave a message.

MIKEY

No time for costumes, call the guys,
Boob is reconvening at ten.

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTROOM - DAY

It's chaotic. Just arrives with Spongecake and Colossus.
Reporters swarm them. Derangedo calls out, waving his MIC
back and forth between Just and Spongecake.

DERANGEDO

Mr. Just, Mr. Just, care to comment?
Why are we back here? Mr. Spongecake?

All MICS AND CAMERAS favor Just.

LE-ROY JUST

(broadly smiling)
Special Needs session.

Aloof, Colossus walks up the aisle. Crotchet enters, clearly
upset. Spongecake, enjoying the attention, clears his throat,
and Just cuts him off.

LE-ROY JUST

Not a fuckin' word.

Just firmly leads Spongecake by his arm to their seats. A
miffed Crotchet clicks his pen. Bailiff #3 enters.

Five sun-glassed men walk through the door garbed from head to toe in Atlantis Bravo Baseball attire. Mikey and Derangedo hurry to a seat, while scoping things out.

DERANGEDO

Hey Man, no vamps, a good sign.

BAILIFF #3

Hear, hear, all quiet, all quiet.
All rise for the Honorable Judge
Malcolm Boob; this is a continuation
of the State of Atlantis vs.
Spongecake - Arson.

Judge Boob enters, his face the color of berries, he takes the bench.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Good morning, everyone. I am not
thrilled to say the least, for the
reason we are back here.

Judge Boob views the Atlantis Bravo figures and a smug Just.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

I am sorry to inform you, this one
was not hit out of the park. Mr. J-
U-S-T for defendant Spongecake has
filed a motion for a mistrial and
dismissal of all arson charges based
on my error.

Spectators reveal their shock and dismay. Judge Boob RAPS the GAVEL. Room grows quiet.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

I sustained Mr. J-U-S-T's single
arm, meaning yes, when I shouldn't
have. I took it as an objection.
My apologies to the People of the
great State of Atlantis. This court
has no recourse, but to declare a
mistrial. All State arson charges
against Mr. Spongecake are dismissed.

Outbursts of emotion. Just raises his fist. Expletives emit from Crotchet's mouth. Spongecake, relieved, zips his mouth. Judge Boob PLUNKS down his GAVEL several times.

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB

Simmer down, simmer down, please.
Since I am biased beyond contempt
for the weasels before me, I hereby
recuse myself from hearing the other

(MORE)

JUDGE MALCOLM BOOB
 State cases against Mr. Spongecake;
 another judge has 'personally'
 volunteered. My sincere apologies
 to you all. We are adjourned.

BAILIFF #3
 All rise.

EXT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTHOUSE - DAY

The networks scramble to file reports. Protesters carry signs, screaming "INJUSTICE."

Police barricades hold back protesters as Spongecake is ushered and lifted by police into an awaiting black armored SUV. Just lifts his arm in triumph.

Bewildered Atlantis Bravo clad figures and Mikey observe Derangedo deliver his story, filmed by his Cameraman.

DERANGEDO
 A shocking turn of events this morning. The State Arson case against Spongecake has been dismissed. You heard it right, a travesty of injustice. The Judge erred, apologized, and recused himself. Beware of the quiet ones. A new Judge has been assigned to hear the rest of the State's case against Spongecake. Stay tuned for further updates on "Spongegate." Derangedo here, for FOX. Cut!

Derangedo drops his mic; he moves toward his friends.

DERANGEDO
 Okay, who the fuck's the new Judge?
 This is getting ridiculous.

SHAUN
 Hey, Man, tell me about it.

SCOOTER
 That freakin' quiet stutterer. Should have known. Screwed again.

LAWYER ONE and LAWYER TWO stop within earshot of Mikey and his friends.

LAWYER ONE
 This one's for the books. No freakin' way I'm missing the next trial. Horrifico?

Derangedo eavesdrops on the lawyer's conversation; everyone follows.

LAWYER TWO

Yeah, Man, I'd rather have my nuts cut off.

LAWYER ONE

With Horrifico, that's entirely possible.

Lawyer Two protectively cups his testicles as he walks.

LAWYER ONE

I'll meet ya outside the courtroom Monday evening. Better wear a jock!

DERANGEDO

Horrifico? Who the hell is he?

MIKEY

Fuck if I know.

TRAVIS

(using a wipe)
Evening? Night court?

SCOOTER

My wife is goin' to freak.

SHAUN

I can already see the divorce papers.

BRYANT

May I suggest we tell 'em we're goin' bowlin'?

DEREK

Bowlin'?

DERANGEDO

I'll check out the court time. The guy must have meant to say morning.

INT. FOX NEWS BUREAU - DERANGEDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Derangedo's open door finds him roosted on his desk; he makes a phone call. Nautical pictures of him, family, and friends decorate the walls. Mikey's answering machine picks up.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Hey, I'm tied up, leave a message and I'll get back to you.

DERANGEDO

I know this is gonna sound odd, but we're meeting at the Pub at seven. It will be jammed in there. Game starts at nine. Workin' on their bio's. Thanks, Man.

Derangedo hangs up as his feisty assistant, PISTOL BURKETT, hustles through the doorway carrying a folder. She hands Derangedo the folder.

PISTOL BURKETT

Here's what you asked for.

DERANGEDO

(opening the folder)
Did you show anyone?

PISTOL BURKETT

No, why all the secrecy?

DERANGEDO

This can't be right. Nee ...
Horrifico? Mt. St. Helens?

INSERT - AN 8X10 BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO OF JUDGE HORRIFICO WITH HIS DAUGHTERS, MACE AND BLAKE HORRIFICO, 1899.

BACK TO SCENE

PISTOL BURKETT

Oh, it's right. I do restorative work on the side. They also have cousins in LA.

DERANGEDO

LA?

PISTOL BURKETT

You got it. Oh, and a Great-Aunt from Trinidad, here.

Pistol references the next picture in the folder.

PISTOL BURKETT

She's a Judge.

DERANGEDO

What?

PISTOL BURKETT

Will there be anything else?

DERANGEDO

Ah, no, thanks, you're my Pistol.

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. Candles light the end of each aisle and throughout key areas. LITTLE BLACK FLASHLIGHTS are handed out at the door. Members of the news media playfully walk like zombies.

Spongecake, in awe, mugs for the cameras as he receives his FLASHLIGHT. Colossus settles in front with Thorney Morbid.

Mikey, near the doors, remains puzzled by the presence of Yancy Mace and Jubilee Blake. Robin Hood and His Merry Men are seated midway in the gallery.

Derangedo enters, preoccupied. Mikey notices Derangedo's ashen face.

MIKEY

Derangedo, over here.

Derangedo, worn, joins Mikey.

MIKEY

Hey Man, you okay?

DERANGEDO

(lying)

Yeah.

Bailiff #4 enters, hunched-over.

MIKEY (O.S.)

(facetious)

Renfield. Where's Papa?

BAILIFF #4

All rise for the Honorable Judge
Bela Horrifico.

JUDGE HORRIFICO enters as Bailiff #4 bows before him. GASPS. Horrifico's smile indicates he is in need of dental work. His slicked-back hair opens a dignified, chiseled, centuries-old face. His eyes are of coal, but not without wisdom.

MIKEY (O.S.)

The HAWK.

JUDGE HORRIFICO (V.O.)

Rightfully so.

Mikey hastily looks around.

MIKEY

Who said that?

DERANGEDO

Said what?

MIKEY

They're in my head, Man.

DERANGEDO

Just keep it between you and them.

MACE AND BLAKE (V.O.)

GIGGLES.

MIKEY (V.O.)

I've heard those before ...

The Judge explores the spectators; CALM settles in. His EYES stop at Colossus, and Thorney Morbid. He nods. His senses find Mace and Blake, whom acquiesce.

Derek catches Mikey's expression that has an "I told you so," written all over it.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

(heavy Transylvanian
accent)

Good evening. I am aware this is highly irregular to hold court at night, but I find the evening schedule more suitable. Our lights are noticeably dim, as my eyes are light sensitive.

Judge Horrifico flutters his eyelids. Gallery noise.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Counselors and the defendant will also note a FLASH-A-LIGHT is provided, to light their face when speaking. As we are live, cameras equipped with special lenses and lighting shall emit from behind the bench.

Murmurs. The Judge peers into the gallery, a DEAD QUIET.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

To continue ... we are here to examine and determine the mental stability of Mr. Spongecake and whether he should be embalmed, excuse me, interred in an asylum or prison for the insane. Also, we will address if Mr. Colossus will be appointed his guardian.

Spongecake clutches his attorney by the collar.

SPONGECAKE

Do something!

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Defense, control your client. I hear him, but I don't see him. Ah, don't forget your FLASH-A-LIGHT. Prosecutor, identify yourself.

YURI HOVRITZ stands self-assured, with a FLASHLIGHT under his chin.

YURI HOVRITZ

I am Yuri Hovritz for the State Your Honor.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Ah, Yuri, I knew your grandparents well, they attended all my families funerals. The defense?

Hovritz returns to his seat, JE'SUS CROSS slowly rises, trembling. He reaches back for his FLASHLIGHT, the light dances around his face.

JE'SUS CROSS

Je'sus Cross for Mr. Spongecak, er, cake, Your Honor.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Ah, welcome, Mr. Je'sus Cross, this is going to be an interesting evening. Relax. Yuri, my boy, you may begin.

Cross is paralyzed.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Mr. Cross, you may be seated. A, Mr. Cross?

Judge Horrificio's EYES pierce into Cross. Snapping out of his trance, Cross sits.

JE'SUS CROSS

Yes, yes, thank you, Your Honor.

The restless gallery dangles off their seats.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Yuri?

Hovritz, FLASHLIGHT under his chin, walks before the bench.

YURI HOVRITZ

Yes, Your Honor. The State placed into evidence all depositions and testimony regarding Mr. Spongecake's mental health, rather lack of it. No one in their right mind could have consciously allowed the events stipulated, to unfold.

Hovritz moves before the defense table.

YURI HOVRITZ

He lied to all the State agencies, he lied to the Psychology Board, incurring numerous ethical violations. He sexually preyed on his own staff.

Spongecake slouches. Hovritz presses.

YURI HOVRITZ

He bilked families of their savings, he stole from the freakin' Church Fund, the pool fund, he misappropriated school funds, and he lied to families, his staff, his attorneys, accountant, and his own wife for God's sake. I am sure he even lied to his own mother.

Gallery sighs. Horrifico motions for Hovritz to reel in his gratuitous ramblings.

YURI HOVRITZ

I could go further Your Honor, but I won't try your patience. Therefore, it is the State's contention that Mr. Spongecake would have to be totally insane, without scruples, no heart.

JE'SUS CROSS

Objection. Mr. Spongecake is not on trial for his scruples.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Too bad. I mean, no heart, sustained.

YURI HOVRITZ

Only a sociopathic narcissist would even think of committing such offenses. I tell you Your Honor, it makes my blood curl.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Easy, Yuri. I must admit, it is not palatable for me either, but we shall see. Call Mr. Spongecake.

YURI HOVRITZ

The State calls Mr. Spongecake.

Spongecake rises with a FLASHLIGHT under his chin and trudges to Bailiff #4, a sentinel, before the Judge. Bailiff #4, donning gloves, picks up the Bible and looks to the Judge.

Judge Horrifico reaches for his IPOD; he places earphones in his ears. The Judge CONDUCTS a SILENT ORCHESTRA.

Spongecake reaches Bailiff #4.

SPONGECAKE

Hey, didn't I see you in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame?"

BAILIFF #4

Raise your right hand, Sir; place your left hand on the Bible.

Spongecake's eyes shift to the Judge, along with everyone else.

BAILIFF #4

Sir? Sir! Do you swear to tell the whole truth, so help you ...
(cringing)
... God?

SPONGECAKE

Yes. Yes. Yes.

BAILIFF #4

(loudly, retreating)
Please take the stand.

Judge Horrifico sits back up and removes his earphones. Spongecake takes the stand. Hovritz moves toward Spongecake.

YURI HOVRITZ

Mr. Spongecake, do you believe you are sane?

SPONGECAKE

As sane as they come.

YURI HOVRITZ

If you're sane, how could you do all this?

SPONGECAKE

(belligerently)

One word, Counselor, money, and if I can answer that one, I'm sane.

Cross leaps up.

JE'SUS CROSS

Objection! My client has no fucking clue as to what he's saying.

Cross, shocked by his own vulgarity, stumbles.

JE'SUS CROSS

Ah, move to strike my client's statement.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Denied! You should move to strike yours. You are full of surprises, Mr. Cross. If I had blood, it would be boiling.

Cross retreats to his seat.

YURI HOVRITZ

Mr. Spongecake, did you willfully hurt all these people for your own gain? Do you feel any remorse?

SPONGECAKE

Yes, I willfully did and without reservation. Now try and prove I'm nuts!

Je'sus Cross pitches his pen. Gallery is noisy.

YURI HOVRITZ

Would you do it all over again?

SPONGECAKE

Absolutely.

Thorney Morbid congratulates Colossus. Horrifico's hand moves as if he is giving a blessing. The court quiets.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

(waning)

We shall take an hour recess for supper. Le Cafe is serving pasta al denté and steak tartare. I will be most happy to render my decision afterward. Oh, ah, Mr. Colossus, would you be so kind as to join me in my chambers for sup?

Colossus rises, FLASHLIGHT under his chin.

COLOSSUS
(perplexed)
I'd be honored.

BAILIFF #4
All rise.

Judge Horrifico exits through his chamber door as Bailiff #4 beckons Colossus. Colossus turns to look at Spongecake, Spongecake flips him the finger, then turns to Cross.

SPONGECAKE
No fucking way I'd have "sup" with
that freak a nature. "La,di,da!"

INT. DOOLEY'S PUB - NIGHT

Robin Hood and His Merry Men enter with Mikey and Derangedo. Dooley's Pub is jumping. The clientele HOOTS AND HOLLERS at Robin Hood and His Merry Men. BUBBA, the burly bartender, glances over at them.

BUBBA
Hey, Man, where's Maid Marion?

DEREK
Real funny, Bubba.

Derangedo, troubled, is first at the bar, followed by Robin Hood and His Merry Men. They order their drinks.

DERANGEDO
Triple Scotch. It's all on me.

Derangedo places a Benjamin on the bar, followed by a folder. Their quiet posture gives credence to the unease that has befallen them.

DEREK
(softly to Derangedo)
No dinner?

DERANGEDO
It's freakin' 10:30.

DEREK
(to Bubba)
Black Jack, a double.

BRYANT
Make that two.

BUBBA
Comin' right up, anything else?

Travis takes out his wipes.

TRAVIS
Jim Beam, rocks, double. At least
we made it to a pub, we didn't lie.

BUBBA
Anyone I missed? Friar Tuck?

SCOOTER
Same, Jim Beam, double, rocks.

SHAUN
Beck's Light.

MIKEY
Second that.

Bubba fixes their drinks and delivers them.

BUBBA
That must have been some hearin'.

DERANGEDO
You have no fucking idea!

Derangedo GULPS down his drink, pushing the empty glass toward
Bubba.

DERANGEDO
Hit me again.

Bubba complies. Mikey senses Derangedo is uneasy.

MIKEY
(whispering)
What's wrong?

DERANGEDO
(avoiding eye contact)
Nothing, Man. Later.

Mikey curiously, backs off.

MIKEY
We have to be back in an hour. How
the hell are we gonna explain this?

BRYANT
Shit, Man, we're gonna have to come
clean to our wives.

SCOOTER

Oh, great. What the fuck do we tell them? Halloween came early and we're sittin' in a courtroom with Dracula? That's goin' over real well.

TRAVIS

(wiping his hands)
Might as well add we freaked out n' dropped acid.

SHAUN

Well, did we? I mean, what the fuck?

DEREK

Yeah, the Bailiff's chompin' spiders about now.
(hunching over)
"Spiders Master."

Laughter.

DERANGEDO

No tellin' what the Judge is suckin'.

Bubba places seven filled shot-glasses on the bar.

BUBBA

Looks like y'all could use them.
Then, maybe not.

MIKEY

(whispers to Derek)
You saw his teeth.

DEREK

(taking a shot)
I saw them.

Scooter, Shaun, Travis, and Bryant cut-up taking a shot.

SCOOTER

Better call home; we never should have bought those shotguns.

MIKEY

(taking a shot)
This shit is freakin' me out.

DEREK

Mikey, relax; apparently Horrifico goes for the tall Greeks.

Everyone laughs. Derangedo cashes out, tips Bubba, and picks up the folder.

Thanking Derangedo and Bubba, they raise their cell phones to their ears on the way out the door.

Mikey stops Derangedo in the doorway.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Did you get anything on Mace, Blake,
and Horrifico?

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Yeah, but you're not gonna like it.

Derangedo hands Mikey the folder.

DERANGEDO

Mt. St. Helens, Atlantis. 1899.

INT. STATE OF ATLANTIS COURTROOM - NIGHT

Horrifico converses privately with Colossus at the bench. Bailiff #4 is in a protective stance. Spectators arrive.

Mikey enters with Derangedo. Derangedo stays behind as Mikey, still in shock, approaches Robin Hood, seated on the aisle.

DEREK

What's up?

Mikey drops the FOLDER on Derek's lap, a sticky-note attached.

INSERT - FOLDER WITH STICKY NOTE, which reads:

"Now what, Mother Duck?"

Derek opens the FOLDER to the "8X10 BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO," startled, he snaps the FOLDER shut. His apologetic face meets Mikey's; Mikey accepts his apology.

Colossus, his collar open, wanders to his seat. Mace and Blake show their ecstasy.

BAILIFF #4

Court is now in session.

Mikey quickly returns to Derangedo.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

(refreshed)

Well, that was a spectacular supper!
All present? Good! Let us proceed.

Spongecake stares at Colossus.

SPONGECAKE

(to Cross)

What the hell is wrong with Colossus?

Colossus mockingly growls at Spongecake, his fangs aglow.

SPONGECAKE

Whore!

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Hors d'oeuvre, did you say, Mr.
Spongecake? Not yet. Yuri?

Hovritz rises, FLASHLIGHT under his chin.

YURI HOVRITZ

The State of Atlantis feels justified
in asking the court to find the
defendant criminally insane. The
State does not wish for the defendant
to see the "light of day" Your Honor.
The State rests.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

I think that could be arranged. But
first, will the defendant, Mr.
Spongecake, please rise and not to
forget your FLASH-A-LIGHT.

Spongecake places his FLASH-A-LIGHT under his chin; his eyes
find Colossus. He's uncomfortable.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Mr. Spongecake, it's only fair to
disclose to you that my third wife
and children were your clients. I
do not hold this against you.

Cross springs forth keeping his FLASHLIGHT under his chin.

JE'SUS CROSS

Objection! Objection! This is an
undeniable conflict of interest!

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO

Mr. Je'sus Cross, denied. You have
my word; there is no conflict of
interest. It may be more like you
take blood and you giveth blood.

Spongecake leaps up with his FLASHLIGHT aimed at Judge
Horrifico.

SPONGECAKE

Bite me, you pontificating fuck!

Unrest from the gallery.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO
The thought of that repulses even
me.

Laughter floods the court.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO
Order, Dahlings. What a travesty
that you have been able to avoid my
court for years. Since, it's this
court's opinion that there is a need
to protect The People from you, this
court finds for the State. You will
remain on bond until after you are
sentenced in the IRS case.

Spongecake is stunned.

JUDGE BELA HORRIFICO
You will then be remanded to Chalet
M.I.A. for a period of twelve months.
Afterward if you can still be found,
you will be placed in the new
Alcatraz, which will house the
Guantanamo detainees and the likes
of you. Thank you Noncee Pellopee.
If released, Mr. Colossus is granted
guardianship. Mr. Spongecake, welcome
to Hell.

BAILIFF #4
All rise.

Horrifico humbly bows, making eye contact with Mikey and
Derangedo, then his daughters. Mace and Blake bow.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)
Holy, shit.

Horrifico exits to a STANDING OVATION. Spectators leave.

Spongecake remains alone in front of an empty bench. As the
candles wane, with Spongecake's back to Colossus, Colossus
snuffs out the candle next to his seat.

COLOSSUS
(in a Transylvanian
accent)
"I will drink to that."

Colossus moves in on Thorney Morbid's neck.

INT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Baylor and Kiley enjoy breakfast at the table. A FIFTY-INCH SCREEN TV is on in the den with FOX MORNING NEWS. Baylor, preoccupied, reaches for Kiley's pop-up book. Kiley points at the TV and claps.

KILEY

Da-dee fa-nee.

ON THE TV

A distant shot of Robin Hood and His Merry Men inside a courtroom.

BACK TO SCENE

Baylor glances at the image on the TV; she lovingly turns to Kiley.

BAYLOR

(spirited)

Bébé, that's not Daddy, it's a bunch of loons out of Sherwood Forest.

Baylor glances back to the TV.

BAYLOR

That's Robin --

ON THE TV

Mikey's talking with Robin Hood and His Merry Men. FOX pans the court, the camera freezes on Judge Horrifico.

DERANGEDO (V.O.)

Good morning, Ladies and Gentlemen. Halloween came early this year. Today, we'll be live for a special court session at ten o'clock, more details coming up after a message from our sponsors.

BACK TO SCENE

Below Baylor's perky nose, her mouth drops open. She picks up the portable phone and punches the keys.

BAYLOR

Kira?

KIRA (V.O.)

Hey, Baylor. What's up? Boys had a late night.

(MORE)

KIRA (V.O.)
 What's all this Halloween junk?
 They must have really tied one on.

BAYLOR
 Do you have the TV on?

KIRA (V.O.)
 No, I just got back from taking the
 kids to school.

BAYLOR
 Turn on FOX. They've been at the
 courthouse ... Kira?

KIRA (V.O.)
 Oh, my, God. Robin Hood?

Baylor's cell phone RINGS. She quickly picks it up off the
 table, checking caller ID.

BAYLOR
 That's my Uncle on the other line.
 Call the girls. Tell 'em charity
 attire. Federal court, ten o'clock.

KIRA (V.O.)
 They just couldn't stay away. This
 should be a hoot. On it, bye.

Baylor hangs up, takes a breath, and answers her cell phone.

BAYLOR
 (reverent)
 Yes Uncle ...
 (pausing)
 I understand ...
 (looking at Kiley)
 She is absolutely wonderful.

Kiley smiles at the cell phone.

BAYLOR
 Thank you Uncle.

INT. FOX NEWS BUREAU - DERANGEDO'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is closed. Derangedo and Mikey watch the city from
 the large bow window. Derek, in OUTBACK attire, paces.

DERANGEDO
 Did you tell the guys?

DEREK

No fuckin' way. Three hysterics are enough.

A KNOCK on the door. Pistol enters with papers that she hands to Derangedo. Derangedo glances at them.

PISTOL BURKETT

(to Derek)

Nice digs.

Derek lifts his hat.

PISTOL BURKETT

It appears the adjacent land to HELL ACADEMY has been owned by the Horrifico family for over a century.

MIKEY

You're fucking kidding me. Sorry Pistol.

PISTOL BURKETT

No problem, it's become the norm around here.

DEREK

Where does it adjoin? We were everywhere. There's nothing.

DERANGEDO

(referring to papers)

Looks like the north end.

PISTOL BURKETT

It shares the lake, but high up. Hidden. Our satellite zoomed in, it's beautiful, a family compound; kind of like Hyannis Port comes to the mountains.

DEREK

The northeast end is where Spongecake lobbied to build a youth lock-down facility.

DERANGEDO

I wouldn't doubt Horrifico sat on that Board.

PISTOL BURKETT

He did.

MIKEY

The publicity, the lawsuits, a new facility ... "they" didn't want the exposure. They're taking Sponge out of the equation.

DEREK

How did they acclimate to normal human behavior?

MIKEY

"It's nature," and the ability to "morph."

DEREK

Quit rubbing it in.

MIKEY

Remove the mythology.

DERANGEDO

Survival of the fittest ... with heart. A great story.

DEREK

What else is on the north end?

Mikey ponders a second too long.

PISTOL BURKETT

There was something odd, out of place, on the HELL ACADEMY property line. With all that beauty --

MIKEY AND DEREK

A shack!

PISTOL BURKETT

Yes, that's it.

Mikey hears GIGGLES in his head.

MIKEY

My "Lucky Charm."

PISTOL BURKETT

Thanks.

Derangedo is the odd ball out.

MIKEY

We'll fill you in on the way to court.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Mikey, Derek, and Derangedo join their Outback-garbed friends seated halfway up the gallery.

TRAVIS
(wiping his hands)
Where have you been?

DEREK
Huntin' "angels."

SCOOTER
Good ones, I hope.

DEREK
Maybe. Maybe not.

Draped in hats and bug-eye sunglasses, Mace, Blake, Colossus, and Morbid take a seat behind Mikey and his friends.

Judge Tyree enters through the chamber door, excitedly waving at Mace and Blake. While passing Mikey and his friends, she winks.

DEREK
Who the hell is she?

DERANGEDO
She ain't no "Auntie Em."

Spongecake trudges in with his attorney, toting his PORTASTAND and FLASH-A-LIGHT. Snickers break out as he passes each aisle and takes his seat. Spongecake's eyes flit high and low retreating when he sees Colossus, Morbid, Mace, and Blake.

Bailiff #2 stands.

BAILIFF #2
All rise for the Honorable Judge
Chicken. This is the sentencing
hearing in the case of the IRS for
The People vs. Spongecake.

Judge Chicken strolls into court, gesturing to all, clearly in a fine mood.

JUDGE CHICKEN
(taking the bench)
Good mornin' y'all! A special welcome
to the Press! I had the PRIVILEGE,
like that?, of runnin' into a few of
you at Ms. Jo Jo's. She whips up
some grits, don't she?

Judge Chicken observes the Outback figures in the gallery.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Shoot, we even have friends from
Austria with us today!

MIKEY (V.O.)
Apparently, "Auntie" hasn't paid
Chicken a visit ... yet.

JUDGE CLAREESE TYREE (V.O.)
Chocolates, anyone?

Mortified, Mikey closes his eyes.

Judge Chicken surveys the rest of the gallery; he stops wide-eyed.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Gladys Knight & The Pips? The
Supremes? I am honored. Just don't
go breakin' into no song, ya here?

The Outback group is startled at the sight of their grinning wives, dressed as Gladys Knight & The Pips, and The Supremes.

MIKEY (O.S.)
Busted.

JUDGE CHICKEN
This here hearin' is for the
sentencin' of Spongie over there.
Is everyone present? Prosecutor?

DA NAMAGOOCHI, quite formal, stands, he bows his head.

JUDGE CHICKEN
And WHOM, like that, whom might you
be? Where is Mr. Big Kahuna?

DA NAMAGOOCHI
I am DA Namagoochi. I have taken
over for Mr. Big Kahuna Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Now just one minute ... DA? This
here's Federal, flunky. You are in
the wrong GD courtroom, Mr. Namanana
freakin', Gucci?

DA NAMAGOOCHI
It is FEDERAL DA NAMAGOOCHI, Sir.

JUDGE CHICKEN
You sure, boy?

DA NAMAGOOCHI

Yes, Your Honor, I have been chasing the SOB for years.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Shoot, I'm not too big, to admit, you understand. Where you be from?

DA NAMAGOOCHI

Japan, Sir. I came prepared, this is for you.

Namagoochi takes a BOOK from his table entitled ENGLISH DICTIONARY, hands the BOOK to Bailiff #2, who gives it to Judge Chicken. Namagoochi takes his seat.

JUDGE CHICKEN

They speak English in Japan? Not American? You're on top a things Counselor, I like that! Counsel for the defense?

MR. GUMBO wears his white suit, plantation necktie, white hair, mustache, and goatee well. He utilizes a diamond-studded, walnut cane to lift himself.

MR. GUMBO

Present, Ya Honor. Mr. Gumbo, Sault St. Luis. Creole. I am in for Mr. Moore. We eat lots of s'rimp.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, Mr. Jumbo Creole, best if you keep things to a minimum. Sure do look like you'd be eatin' chicken.

MR. GUMBO

Yes, Sir.

Gumbo turns as he sits, saluting his cane to the four sun-glassed spectators.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Where is our little defendant?

Spongecake seizes the PORTASTAND, leaps on it with his FLASH-A-LIGHT under his chin. Judge Chicken leans forward.

JUDGE CHICKEN

What the Sam hill are you doin'?

SPONGECAKE

It's a FLASH-A-LIGHT.

Spongecake begins to crack.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Dimwit, I know what a damn flashlight is. A FLASH-A-LIGHT? Put it up.

Laughter. Spongecake whips around his FLASH-A-LIGHT.

Judge Chicken SLAMS down his GAVEL. Spongecake is out of control. Gumbo is up on his cane.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Order, come to order. Sit down, Mr. Spongecake! Jumbo, control your client! ORDER!

The GAVEL comes DOWN. Gumbo reaches Spongecake, prodding him with his cane. Spongecake scrunches in his seat with the FLASHLIGHT. Gumbo takes his seat unruffled.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Sweet Jesus ... where were we, oh, sentencin'. Mr. Gucci, do you have anything further to add before I pass sentence?

DA NAMAGOOCHI

The IRS for The People request that Mr. Spongecake be required to pay The People two-million dollars out of the defendant's private coffers. The defendant's school, HELL ACADEMY is facing foreclosure, and HELL ACADEMY has filed Chapter 11 to prevent the foreclosure of HELL.

Spongecake slinks to the floor unseen.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

In evidence, Your Honor will note, we have documentation of asset transfers to prevent attachment prior to the Chapter 11 filing, after the IRS charges were filed and Your Honor issued judgment. The People believe this was done to prevent payment.

MR. GUMBO

Objection! Mr. Namagoochi is misleadin' this court.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

If Your Honor will allow, evidence clearly shows, not to be glib, where the beef was, where it went, and where it is now.

JUDGE CHICKEN

You didn't have to. Objection noted and denied. There is a track record Mr. Jumbo. They got tracks in Sault St. Luis? Well, I have had 'bout all I can take. It's gettin' past noon and it's time for --

Bailiff #2 motions toward Judge Chicken; he hops up and down. Judge Chicken is engrossed in the moment.

COURTROOM CHORUS

Miss Jo Jo's!

Bailiff #2 flails his arms at the Judge.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Y'all are too much. I sure have had a fine time of it.

Gumbo interrupts Judge Chicken.

MR. GUMBO

Ya Honor, where is --

Judge Chicken cuts Gumbo off.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Will the defendant please rise? Spongie? Bailiff?

BAILIFF #2

(breathy)

Last I saw him Your Honor, he was on his knees, in the darkened area of the court, and I think he was pleadin' to Mr. Colossus.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Who was pleadin' to Mr. Colossus? I never saw Colossus today.

BAILIFF #2

Mr. Spongecake, he high-tailed it outside, swingin' the FLASHLIGHT, and Mr. Colossus disappeared, gonzo.

Reporters flee the court. Whispers grow louder.

JUDGE CHICKEN

You bin hittin' the Black Jack, boy?

BAILIFF #2

No, Sir.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Calm down, people. Order. Calm
down.

The Judge looks toward TWO OFFICERS.

JUDGE CHICKEN
All points, Gentlemen.

OFFICER #1 takes out his phone, OFFICER #2 takes out his
radio, and they rush to the doors, blocking the entrance.

OFFICER #1
All points bulletin, apprehend
defendant Spongecake, possibly driving
a Jaguar, the letters F-A-G-U-A-R
spray-painted all over it; he may
have a FLASHLIGHT.

A few minutes pass, Officer #2 gets a crackled transmission.

OFFICER #2
Can't copy. Repeat.

Another transmission. Officer #2 leans out the doorway.

OFFICER #2
Copy that. Are you sure? Copy.
Thanks. Out.

Officer #2 jaunts up the aisle, stopping halfway.

OFFICER #2
(loudly)
Got 'em your Honor! Three minutes
out. They copied he's babbling about
giant teeth, black eyes, red tongues,
and waving that FLASHLIGHT. Officers
think he may have to be restrained,
appears nuts.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Now that, Officer, has foundation.

Judge Chicken TAPS his PEN to "Dixie."

TWO FEDERAL OFFICERS bound through the doorway, flanked on
each side of Spongecake, whose feet float. Spongecake's
incoherent. Spectators rise.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Come forward, come forward.

Spongecake babbles away as his eyes dart. Whimpering, he
lurches with the FLASHLIGHT.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Silence, Mr. Spongegatecake! And put down that damn FLASHLIGHT! Take it from him, for God's sake!

Officers #1 and #2 aid the Federal Officers wrestling the FLASHLIGHT away from Spongecake. Officer #1 gets it. Gumbo is tickled. The Federal Officers retreat.

SPONGECAKE

Your Worship, oh, Your Worship --

JUDGE CHICKEN

"Your Worship," my ass. What the fuck is wrong with you? Pardon Ma'am's. No one leaves my court unless I say so.

SPONGECAKE

Big teeth, mammoth teeth, behemoth teeth, black eyes, red tongue ...

Spongecake screams in a ball on the floor.

SPONGECAKE

... I need my FLASH-A-LIGHT, give me my FLASH-A-LIGHT!

Gumbo interjects from his seat.

MR. GUMBO

Ya Honor, clearly my client is under a bit of stress --

JUDGE CHICKEN

Put a lid on it, Creole! "Clearly," is an UNDERSTATEMENT. Nice word, eh? What the hell did the guy eat for breakfast?

Judge Chicken raises his water glass to drink, hesitates.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Jeez, is there somethin' wrong with the water?

Judge Chicken reaches for the pitcher and pours another glass. He signals for Bailiff #2, who accepts the glass.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Bailiff, have some water.

Bailiff #2 drinks the water. Spongecake is delirious.

BAILIFF #2

Seems okay.

Judge Chicken hands the pitcher to Bailiff #2 with another glass. Spongecake screeches for his FLASHLIGHT.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Give the defendant some water, calm down the little SOB. Damn it, give him the freakin' FLASHLIGHT. Order! Order!

Judge Chicken STRIKES down the GAVEL, the BASE breaks off, STRIKING Spongecake on the head. Spongecake is knocked out. The entire gallery stands.

JUDGE CHICKEN

There now, that's better.
(to Bailiff #2)
Now, could you give Spongie water?

Bailiff #2 struts over to Spongecake and Officer #1. He kneels down, tosses the water from the glass on Spongecake's face. Spongecake wakes, grabbing his FLASHLIGHT.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Spongie, you there? Hello? Prop him up. Mr. Spongebobcake, do you have anythin' to say before sentencin'? And it better be good, 'cause I missed my lunch.

SPONGECAKE

Guilty, protect me, eyes, giant teeth.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Yes, yes you are. This court also rules that Mr. Spongegatecake has to pay The People back with interest. It is my understandin' that the State of Atlantis is waitin' to take you to a place where you can be as nuts as you wish.

Spongecake moans.

JUDGE CHICKEN

If you git out, your Federal sentence is ten years. Your sentence shall run CONCURRENT, like that, with the great State of Atlantis. Thank y'all for joinin' us. Glory be, we are adjourned.

BAILIFF #2

All rise.

Judge Chicken's enthusiasm shines as cheers erupt. Spongecake, curled in the fetal position on the floor, holds his FLASH-A-LIGHT tight to his neck. Colossus moves into the darkened shadows with Mace, Blake, Judge Tyree, and Morbid.

Gladys Night & The Pips, along with The Supremes are at the doorway, hands on their hips, glaring at the approaching OUTBACK group.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spectators and the press are rapturous leaving the building.

Gladys Night & The Pips and The Supremes pose for the press. Mikey, Derek, and Derangedo take watch. Scooter, Travis, Bryant, and Shaun rejoice with the people.

MIKEY

Don't you have to file a report?

DERANGEDO

No, we have a special broadcast tonight ...

(pointing to his
Cameraman)

... only need the feed.

Cheers greet Judge Chicken. Mikey and his friends notice an enamored Judge Chicken, waving to Mace, who remains in the shade of a very old oak tree.

DEREK

Should we save him?

MIKEY

Might help his diction.

DERANGEDO

So, now what?

DEREK

We remain vigilant. We weren't their target, but all good things can end.

MIKEY

Why the Chicken? Assurance? It must not be over.

Judge Chicken dances his version of Gene Kelley, making his way to Yancy Mace.

JUDGE CHICKEN

There you are, Yancy darlin'. How's
'bout joinin' me for a spin to Miss
Jo Jo's, in that there F-A-G-U-A-R!
Pretty damn colorful, yesseree.

Yancy Mace flashes a luminous, fanged smile, while twirling
her parasol. Behind her, medical personnel carry Spongecake
strapped on a stretcher to an awaiting ambulance.

YANCY MACE

Your Honor, I'd be enchanted.

Judge Tyree looks on, pleased.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE PARK - DAY

Burgundy linen adorns the table where MICA and JOSH, both
reporters in their early thirties, drink bottled-beer.

SUPER: "TEN MONTHS LATER."

Couples stroll by; cyclists toot along, on this sun-drenched,
breezy, Spring day. A fountain GURGLLES across the street
that leads to the park.

MICA

(Cockney accent)

So, whatever happened to Spongecake?

JOSH

He's been held in Atlantis, being
Greek and all. Went to some nut
farm. The Feds are going to re-try
him for arson. Say he's sane enough,
except for that FLASHLIGHT.

Chuckling, they down their beer.

MICA

Who's got the case?

JOSH

That Chicken Judge. Were you here
when the Judge lost his chicken farm?
Freakin' weird.

MICA

No.

JOSH

Someone slaughtered his chickens.

MICA

Blimey!

JOSH

It gets better, the chickens were
sucked dry.

MICA

I should'a stayed in England!

Mica and Josh glance toward the park fountain. Mikey appears waving; he crosses the street to his friends.

MIKEY

(offering his hand)
Hey, Josh, Mica. It's been awhile,
what's up?

JOSH

Just going over the "Spongegate"
tribunals and the bloodletting at
the Judge's farm. A new trial is
set for Monday, did you hear?

MIKEY

I'm covering it. Just glad I don't
have to go back to that fucking farm.

EXT. JUDGE CHICKEN'S FARM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Swarms of police toting flashlights dodge thousands of
chickens strewn across the property. Empty coups sit idle.
Mikey, repulsed, sidesteps the chickens as he approaches
LIEUTENANT CARLA SPARKS, a no-nonsense veteran.

MIKEY

Hey Carla. Don't we need booties?

LIEUTENANT CARLA SPARKS

Pretty-boy, this ain't no hospital.

Carla skewers a chicken.

LIEUTENANT CARLA SPARKS

Besides, ain't no blood.

Carla shoves the skewered chicken in Mikey's face.

MIKEY

(appalled)
Shit, Carla.

LIEUTENANT CARLA SPARKS

None a that, neither.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE PARK - DAY (PRESENT)

Mikey quivers.

MICA
Vendetta? Zombies?

MIKEY
Don't think so ...
(laughing)
... chicken bodies would have been
torn apart.

MICA
Ha! Next thing you know, "THE NEW
MOON" will be reporting we have
fucking vampires running around!

Mikey and Josh look stone-faced at Mica.

MICA
It's a joke. Okay, we won't go there.

MIKEY
Good idea. I was at HELL.

MICA
Get the fuck out! The guy's a bloody
loon, eh?

JOSH
No shit, Man. You never let on.

MIKEY
Maybe we should order some more beers,
this may take some time, but it's
off the record, between friends.

MICA AND JOSH
We're in!

Mikey nods to the WAITRESS, a vision of Liesl from the "Sound
of Music," she retrieves his credit card.

MIKEY
Can you keep whatever they're having
coming for the three of us?

WAITRESS
Certainly, Sir.

The Waitress disappears. Mikey leans back as darkness settles
upon his face.

MIKEY
There were six of us ...

INT. CAFETERIA - HELL ACADEMY - DAY (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

It's lunchtime and jammed with teenagers. Six boys and four girls, crammed together at one table, eat, and joke around.

SUPER: "FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER."

MIKEY (V.O.)

Me, Derek, Travis, Shaun, Bryant,
and Scooter. I was the youngest by
almost four years.

TWO BOYS walk around with straws hanging out of their mouth
and nose.

MIKEY (V.O.)

I was always falling behind and
getting in trouble 'cause they said
I was "ADD."

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - DAY (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Two people clad in fatigues on a trail lined by enormous
trees, casting a very dark shadow, accompany Young Mikey.
They reach a lonely, rundown shack, THE CHALET.

FATIGUE #1 opens the door, FATIGUE #2 pushes Young Mikey
inside, THUMP, the door SLAMS and the BOLT is THROWN.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Spongecake would have me thrown in
THE CHALET saying it would grow me
up a bit.

INT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK
SEQUENCE)

Young Mikey feels his way in the dark. Finding a corner, he
crouches in a fetal position. Tears flow.

MIKEY (V.O.)

I was afraid of the dark. It was
dank, with a cold floor, no toilet,
no lights, no windows, and no heat.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Saturated in moonlight, Fatigue #1 holds a sparse MEAL TRAY,
Fatigue #2, FLIPS the BOLT, and opens the door.

INT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK
SEQUENCE)

Fatigue #1 shoves the meal tray across the dirt floor; he
cracks a sinister smile.

Young Mikey pushes his back into the wall.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Fatigued #2 closes and BOLTS the door.

MIKEY (V.O.)
Meals were infrequent.

INT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Young Mikey creeps slowly across the floor, finds the meal tray, and lifts a tin cup of water to his parched lips.

MIKEY (V.O.)
It wasn't the food I looked forward
to, it was the light, 'cause with
the darkness ... came horrific dreams.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Five figures skulk through the woods to the back of THE CHALET. They LOOSEN A WALL PLANK and push items underneath the base. Lying down, they gaze at the stars, VOICES frisky with LAUGHTER.

MIKEY (V.O.)
My friends would smuggle food out of
the cafeteria and bring it to me at
night. They'd stay until just before
morning call, take my poop in a baggy
and bury it. Travis' OCD wipes came
in handy. When Spongecake finally
released me from THE CHALET, they
ordered me Metamucil, 'cause there
was no poop!

EXT. TAVERN ON THE PARK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

The Waitress arrives with bottles of Beck's Light. She returns Mikey's credit card. Mica and Josh reach for their beers. Mikey GULPS three-quarters of his and signals sweetly to the Waitress to keep them coming.

MICA
Those are friends!

JOSH
Here's to friends!

The Waitress drops off more beer, picking up the empty bottles. Josh and Mica down chug more beer.

MIKEY

My last night, Derek and my friends
came to break me out.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - THE CHALET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Young Derek, Young Scooter, Young Shaun, Young Bryant, and
Young Travis jump back just as a SPLINTERED PLANK takes
flight, leaving a breach. Young Derek helps Young Mikey out
of THE CHALET. Young Mikey hugs him, then his friends.

YOUNG DEREK

We're outta here!

MIKEY (V.O.)

We started running. Suddenly, I
stopped.

YOUNG MIKEY

Derek, I forgot something. I have
to go back.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Earlier that morning, after freaky
dreams, I woke up to find a basket
full of chocolates. I couldn't
leave them.

YOUNG DEREK

What?

YOUNG MIKEY

The basket you all brought me, full
of chocolates. It's my "Lucky Charm."

YOUNG DEREK

(confused)

Mikey, we didn't bring you a freakin'
basket.

The boys move through the woods toward the OLD ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING with lighted columns.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE PARK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

A tear drops from Mikey's eye, he shrugs it off, taking a
sip of beer. Josh and Mica down their beer.

MIKEY

Hey, Man, sorry. That was the night
of the fire.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - OLD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Six young boys on the edge of the forest watch Spongecake, tipsy, douse the perimeter of the OLD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING with a hose and watering can. Spongecake meanders down the street and disappears.

MIKEY (V.O.)

I was so frightened. I don't know how long we stood at the edge of the forest. We watched that blaze never looking back, except in my dreams.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE PARK - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Mica and Josh are speechless.

JOSH

Holy Jesus, Man.

MICA

Were other kids harmed?

MIKEY

There was a boy named Deter ...

INT. HELL ACADEMY BOYS DORM - DETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Three masked boys storm through DETER'S bedroom door, snatch him out of his sleep, tape his mouth shut, and tie his hands behind his back.

MIKEY (V.O.)

Night Staff found him zip-tied and unconscious on the toilet.

FREEZE FRAME ON DETER'S LIFELESS BODY

MIKEY (V.O.)

He made it, but his brain was slightly traumatized. Then, there was Christophe ...

INT. HELL ACADEMY BOYS DORM - CHRISTOPHE'S BEDROOM - DAY
(FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

CHRISTOPHE, fourteen, fiddles with a noose on his bed.

MIKE (V.O.)

Thank God, the noose was loose.

FREEZE FRAME ON CHRISTOPHE'S DANGLING FEET.

MIKEY (V.O.)

He never would have hurt a living creature. The troubled one was Sasha.

INT. HELL ACADEMY BOYS DORM - BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Having sliced his wrists, SASHA bleeds from his forearms.

FREEZE FRAME ON BLOODIED WALLS

MIKEY (V.O.)

Sasha was an artist, even with his own blood.

EXT. TAVERN NEAR FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Josh plays with the abundant empty bottles.

MICA

Good God, Man. Simply appalling.

JOSH

No fuckin' wonder you have nightmares.

The Waitress arrives, very apologetic; she reaches for the empty bottles.

WAITRESS

I am so sorry. I can't seem to keep up with you.

MICA

(smiling)

Not to worry, luv. I need something to play with.

The Waitress cheerfully removes the bottles.

MICA

What was the scoop with the JAG?

MIKEY

Toole, a counselor, would refer to Spongecake as FAGUAR, since the freak drove a JAG. It didn't take that long to get around campus and one night a few students got hold of some spray paint, thus F-A-G-U-A-R!

They laugh.

MICA

That JAG was the talk of the hearings.
Why keep the JAG painted?

MIKEY

It reminded the sadistic psycho of
how much he hated kids.

MICA

Anymore?

MIKEY

Much more, but happy hour is over.
If we stayed all night, it wouldn't
cover it. FOX got it right.

JOSH

Damn, next time don't make me promise
it's "off the record." Give me some
fuckin' warning!

Mikey gently summons the Waitress for the tab; signing off,
he takes his receipt. Mica and Josh shake Mikey's hand.

MICA

Thanks, Man. How do you sit on
something like this?

MIKEY

Not very well. Catch ya Monday night.

Mikey leaves. Mica looks puzzled.

MICA

Night? I thought you said Judge
Chicken had the case.

JOSH

I did.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Cherry Blossoms twinkle in the camera lights. The media's
held at bay by a rope partition extending from the street up
the courthouse steps. Officers flank each side of the rope
every twenty feet. Court valets park cars.

Marketers peddle T-shirts that capture Judge Horrifico as a
giant with protruding fangs over Spongecake with his FLASH-A-
LIGHT. Ricky Dunham leads the GLAAD protesters with signs,
"NOT OUR BROTHER!"

Derangedo wraps up his report, joining Mikey, his friends,
and all their wives wearing white coats and scrubs.

DERANGEDO

Great! You've all lost it.

BAYLOR

Why should they have all the fun!

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight crowns the aisles of the gallery seats, the bench and the attorney's tables. Battery-operated candles are distributed to everyone at the door.

Mikey, his wife, and friends sit halfway up the full gallery. Derangedo scoots by Derek and squeezes in next to Mikey. Mikey remains next to Baylor.

A huge BOX, with the letters F-A-G-U-A-R embossed, graces the front of the defense table. Candelabra's guard the BOX.

SUPER: "WHATSOEVER A MAN SOETH, THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP!"

Bailiff #2 moves to the front of the bench.

BAILIFF #2

All rise for the Honorable Judge
Chicken in the case of the Federal
Government for The People vs.
Spongecake - ARSON.

Judge Chicken enters, his hair slicked back.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Evenin', ya'll. Please be seated.

Judge Chicken smiles wide, eyeteeth protruding.

MIKEY (O.S.)

Told ya.

DEREK (O.S.)

Okay, okay.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I never expected to be back here,
yesseree, never. Mr. Spongecake,
wherever you are, I surely never
expected to see the likes of you.
Let's see if we here in Federal can
fix what the State APPARENTLY, like
that, couldn't.

Judge Chicken notices twelve medical staff.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I see the nut farm has sent an
 ENTOURAGE, like that? I sincerely
 hope we don't need you. Veta Vander-
 Justice, I am honored.

VETA VANDER-JUSTICE of "On the Stand" waves. She's next to
 Yancy Mace, Jubilee Blake, Colossus, Thorney Morbid, and
 Judge Tyree. Mikey, Derek, and Derangedo are guarded.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Hope y'all enjoy the candlelight.
 Judge Horrifico lent us his lightin'
 specialists, so we could be live! I
 would like to personally thank y'all
 for your condolences with regard to
 my dearly departed chickens. They
 remain with me forever.

Judge Chicken displays a mischievous face.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Also, Miss Jo Jo is still in business,
 although she only serves an evenin'
 fare of raw dishes, Southern style,
 ofcourse. Prosecutor?

Namagoochi, stands, candle under his chin, he holds a BOOK.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

DA Namagoochi, Your Honor. Japan.
 Here is your DICTIONARY.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Gucci, nice to see. No need for the
 dictionary, I woke up one evenin'
 and I was a LINGUIST! Like that?

Chuckles in the gallery, Namagoochi returns to his seat.

JUDGE CHICKEN

For the defense?

A woman rises, her talents radiate like dancing moonbeams.
 Her candle-lit face exposes a "perky nose" and an impish
 grin.

TABITHA STEVENS

TABITHA STEVENS. LA, Your Honor, a
 language of its own.

MIKEY (O.S.)

No broomsticks allowed. Fangs only.

BAYLOR (O.S.)

Shame on you. That's my cousin.

MIKEY (O.S.)

Yeah, right. You're from here.

BAYLOR (O.S.)

So was she.

Tabitha finds a shell-shocked Mikey; she twitches her nose at Baylor, Baylor returns the gesture.

Blake eyes Derangedo. Derangedo winces.

DERANGEDO

Shit, Man, uh, Woman, I get it.

Tabitha turns back to the Judge.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Ah, Tabitha, I recently saw your dear mother, absolutely bewitchin'. I trust you enjoyed your flight from LA? Now why on this here Earth, would you defend this ... lunatic?

TABITHA STEVENS

I purely enjoy mayhem Your Honor. I find it all quite stimulating.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well stated. This here is the Feds comin' down on your ass, Spongie. Spongie? Where's the loser now?

TABITHA STEVENS

Still in his BOX, Your Honor, with his FLASH-A-LIGHT. He has been medicated Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, git him the hell out!

TWO COURT OFFICERS meet Bailiff #2 at the BOX. Bailiff #2 holds the BOX, while both Officers remove Spongecake. Spongecake, droopy in the legs, hugs his FLASH-A-LIGHT.

Tabitha walks over.

JUDGE CHICKEN

And give him a GD candle; this here is a candlelight ceremony.

Bailiff #2 returns to his position by the bench as Tabitha gaily moves Spongecake's head up and down by his hair.

Spongecake's eyes shift, not releasing his FLASH-A-LIGHT.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, lo, and behold, Mr. Spongie.
Are you with us, Mr. Spongie? Jeez,
how much stuff did they pump in his
veins? Can you git that FLASHLIGHT?

TABITHA STEVENS

They loaded him up. Let's put it
this way, I wouldn't bite him.

Tabitha tries to pry the FLASHLIGHT from Spongecake.

TABITHA STEVENS

It's like rigor mortis Your Honor.
The defendant hears everything.

JUDGE CHICKEN

That's fine, Counselor, but The People
cannot try him if he is not aware of
what's goin' on. I was updated that
his only problem was his fetish for
that freakin' FLASHLIGHT.

TABITHA STEVENS

Your Honor, we ask that the defendant
be allowed to go back into his BOX.

Laughter. Judge Chicken puts DOWN the GAVEL.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Order, people, order.

TABITHA STEVENS

We request that the defendant's
guardian, Mr. Colossus, be allowed
to stand in for him.

Spongecake's head lifts in alarm, the two Officers strengthen
their hold on him.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Well, this certainly is novel. I
like it. Officers, dunk him back in
that there BOX.

Officers effortlessly place Spongecake back in the BOX.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Will Mr. Colossus come forward?

Colossus strolls to the defense table; he playfully knocks
on the BOX. Mace is hysterical, fangs glistening.

JUDGE CHICKEN

(amused)

Welcome, Mr. Colossus, welcome.

Colossus beams, unveiling his long incisors. Derek flinches.

COLOSSUS

Good evening, Your Honor.

The BOX shakes and jumps forward.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Bailiff? Get some cord and tie down that GD BOX! My blood is thinnin'.

Bailiff #2 exits as Two Officers reach the BOX and push it back to the front of the defense table, holding it in place.

Bailiff #2 returns with cord, which he and the Two Officers wrap around the BOX; they anchor the BOX to the defense table. Spectators strain to view the BOX.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mr. Colossus, you may be seated next to Miss Stevens.

Colossus kicks the BOX; a THUMP fires back from inside.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Okay, Mr. Gucci, hit it.

Namagoochi nears the bench, papers in hand.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

Your Honor, The People have testimony from five former students. The former students are now grown men with families and pillars of their community. These men have reaffirmed what they stated years ago to the Fire Marshall. I would like to submit their depositions into evidence.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Do you have copy for me?

Namagoochi hands the papers to the Judge.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

If you'll notice Your Honor, all five men swore under oath as to the events the night of the fire. All implicating Mr. Spongecake.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Tabitha, no objection?

TABITHA STEVENS
I have no problem with "implicating."

DA NAMAGOOCHI
All five men stated that they snuck out the night of the fire and saw defendant Spongecake outside the Old Administration Building, using what appeared to be a hose on the plants, then a watering type can, pouring liquid around the building.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Doin' what? Gucci, you wish this court to believe a grown man was watering his plants near midnight, when he has a wife, like that?

Judge Chicken points to Colossus. Laughter.

JUDGE CHICKEN
Wifey over there is like Hercules, I mean, not my bag.

Colossus blows Judge Chicken a fanged kiss.

JUDGE CHICKEN
(embarrassed)
Shoot, boy.

DA NAMAGOOCHI
The People believe Spongecake watered those plants because he knew the building would be torched that night. He tried to save the plants.

JUDGE CHICKEN
So, the little freak was out waterin' his precious plants. Was anyone else out there?

DA NAMAGOOCHI
Not that we know of, the boys saw the fire erupt and ran.

TABITHA STEVENS
Your Honor, there were six boys that ran that night, yet only five came forward, why is that?

JUDGE CHICKEN
Good point, my dear.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

The State of Atlantis felt that since the five boys were sixteen, their affidavits would be viewed as more believable than that of a twelve-year-old, who was the sixth boy.

Mikey sinks in his seat. The BOX is quiet.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

In the end, all the boys' testimony was suppressed as the State felt the boys were traumatized enough.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Satisfied, Tabitha?

TABITHA STEVENS

More than.

DA NAMAGOOCHI

The People rest Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Anything else, Tabitha?

TABITHA STEVENS

No, Your Honor, it's been a privilege.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Thank you, darlin'. Will Colossus please rise DE FACTO, like that?

Colossus rises, nudging the BOX. Stevens remains beside Colossus, totally captivated.

JUDGE CHICKEN

This court finds for The People in this here ARSON case. Since the State found that under the law, Spongie is mad as a juniper flowerin' rosebuds, this court will not dispute. Alcatraz has a new nut case unit, where you'll remain until judged sane, although highly doubtful.

BOX gyrates.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Mr. Colossus, this court expects that any insurance funds paid to the defendant as a direct result of the fire shall be given back, pronto!

COLOSSUS

Done, Your Honor.

JUDGE CHICKEN

I would like to extend an invitation to an after-party at my new home. We have a vineyard now, first crop tastin'. I'm hearin' it's TRES BON! Like that? Miss Jo Jo is caterin' a very rare cuisine. Tabitha darlin', I hope you and your dear mother fly on over for the festivities.

TABITHA STEVENS

We wouldn't dream of missing this.

Looking toward Namagoochi.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Nice one, Counselor.

Looking toward the Officers.

JUDGE CHICKEN

Officers, remove that BOX of "scat."
We are adjourned.

Judge Chicken raises the GAVEL, lauding THE PEOPLE. The gallery bursts into merriment. Judge Chicken waves, dances a little shuffle, his fangs glow. Flashes go off.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Lampposts provide subtle lighting. Mikey and Baylor walk hand in hand. Mikey slowly stops. He gently lays his hands on each side of her face.

MIKEY

You are a ... witch?

BAYLOR

It's complicated.

MIKEY

Kiley?

BAYLOR

She's very bright.

MIKEY

And the Horrifico family?

BAYLOR

The other side. My mother is Tabitha's Aunt.

MIKEY

Mace and Blake?

BAYLOR

Aunts. Uncle's fourth marriage. I visited in the summers. We were like sisters.

MIKEY

It was you.

BAYLOR

Yes, we brought you the basket. It's magical.

MIKEY

Are we safe?

BAYLOR

Always have been.

MIKEY

The basket in Kiley's room?

BAYLOR

From Uncle Horrifico, to protect Kiley from the ugly ones. He has his ways, but he is not without heart.
(pausing)

Just remember, NOTHING happens on that mountain without my Uncle's blessing.

MIKEY

Sounds more like a "Godfather."

Baylor's expression acknowledges Mikey's words.

MIKEY

"Nothing?"

Baylor places her hand on Mikey's heart as if giving him a gift.

MIKEY

(stunned)
My God.
(pausing)
Shit ... can you order up more baskets?

Yancy Mace chats with Veta Vander-Justice across the street.

YANCY MACE

Let me give you our dentist dear.

EXT. MIKEY'S LAKE HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Scooter, Travis, Bryant, and Shaun peer out at the sparkling lake. Ice CLINKS as they sip their drinks. Mikey and Derek are off to the side fixing a drink.

MIKEY

"It's complicated," and just the beginning.

DEREK

We're in for some ride.

SHOUTS OF JOY fill the air from their children and wives in the JUMPMOBILE. Derek turns lifting his glass.

DEREK

You are my brothers, to friendship,
our mates, and our children; may
they always feel safe in our embrace.

They toast each other.

TRAVIS

What was all that shit about the
Judge hosting an after-party?

SCOOTER

Mikey, did you go?

MIKEY

Hell no. I had to file my story.

SHAUN

A party without you?

MIKEY

Shit, Shaun, I doubt they were waitin'
on me with the likes of Derangedo,
Mace, and Vander-Justice. Anyone
heard from Derangedo?

Everyone shakes their head.

SCOOTER

He's sizin' Blake up for number six.

An alarm goes off in Derek and Mikey's head.

BAYLOR (O.S.)

Mikey, the baskets have arrived.

MIKEY

That's my "Lucky Charm."

SHAUN
Am I missin' somethin'?

DEREK
(gazes at Shaun's
jeans)
Yeah, patches!

TRAVIS
(taking out his wipes)
This has been some avant-garde
experience.

BRYANT
(looking at wipes)
You really need to work on that.

TRAVIS
(using the wipes)
At least I don't snatch bodies.
(to Mikey and Derek)
I don't see giant sea pods, zombies,
or, the fanged undead. There's more
than one intuitive around here.

SCOOTER
Fanged? Like a Gila monster?

BRYANT
Look, the only MONSTER in that
courtroom was in a freakin' BOX,
with his freakin' FLASH-A-LIGHT.

TRAVIS
Says you.

SHAUN
I'll give you this, there were a lot
of people with one fucked-up dentist.

SCOOTER
Don't look at me, I was busy watchin'
the BOX.

TRAVIS
Figures.

BRYANT
Fuck if I know, I was staring at
Tabitha Stevens.

Shaun addresses all of them.

SHAUN
Any regrets?

MIKEY

No, but my priest could use a few more shots of Vodka.

SCOOTER

We could have just shot the SOB.

BRYANT

Yeah, but this was more fittin'.

Derek raises his glass and they all follow in succession.

EXT. HELL ACADEMY - OLD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT
(FLASHBACK)

An ominous HAWK, flanked by two smaller HAWKS, luminous in the moonlight, peers down from its aerie as if choreographing what is about to transpire.

SUPER: "FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER."

Six obscured figures, one holding a basket, are spaced around the outside, their feet damp from dripping leaves of freshly watered plants.

YOUNG DEREK

NOW! It's time. ALL IN?

In the dark of night, each takes a turn LIGHTING THEIR MATCH.

YOUNG SHAUN

Second that.

YOUNG TRAVIS

Third that.

YOUNG SCOOTER

Fourth that.

YOUNG BRYANT

Fifth that.

YOUNG MIKEY

Sixth that.

FADE OUT.

THE END