The Malcolm Moon Cartoon

"Pilot"

Created By

Mr. Scarecow
EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Nervously, a two tentacled, one eyed creature, CYCLOPTOPUS inches out.

    CYCLOPTOPUS
    I kept telling them, not to hold
    the party down these alleys. It’s
    not safe.

He shoots a look around.

    CYCLOPTOPUS (CONT.)
    Oh well it’s not too bad. Actually,
    this place has a sort of charm.

He inches down, past a bum. Then THE SQUIDO pops out from behind a dumpster.

    SQUIDO
    Surrender your genitals!

He wields a rusty knife, which he branches gleefully.

    CYCLOPTOPUS
    Pardon?

He scratches his chin, confused.

    SQUIDO
    For Ebay, child.
    (beat)
    I need your sweet testicle juices
    for the sexual orgy...

The small mugger puffs out his chest, exposing two syrupy pancakes.

    SQUIDO (CONT.)
    MY NIPPLES ARE SYRUPY PANCAKES!

He advances towards a puzzled yet increasingly horrified Cycloptopus.

    SQUIDO (CONT.)
    (drag queen)
    Touch them.

    CYCLOPTOPUS
    No thank you!

(CONTINUED)
SQUIDO  
(drag queen)  
Touch them!

SQUIDO (CONT.)  
TOUCH THEM!

With that Cycloptopus shrieks and runs off.

He rushes out of the alley and smack dap into

MALCOLM MOON (23) A werewolf who is sloppily dressed, he’s accompanied by PARSON MCCLOONEY (128) but with the appearance of a small Victorian boy. Parson’s shirt reads “give blood”... “to me”

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The three of them collapse on the street. Cyclops picks himself up and brushes off.

Malcolm runs a hand through his hair and Parson dust off his chair.

CYCLOPTOPUS  
You guys could be more specific with your directions, you know. And who’s the kid, Malcolm?

He leans close to Parson.

CYCLOPTOPUS (CONT.)  
He didn’t lure you in with candy canes and video games, did he?

MALCOLM MOON  
No, no, he’s not a kid. This is Parson, the vampire pal of mine.

CYCLOPTOPUS  
No kidding, huh? Well Parson I’m pleased to make your acquaintance.

Parson steps forward.

PARSON  
Charmed as well.

MALCOLM MOON  
Yeah, well we swung by that bagel shop you like... PARSON STOP THAT!

Parson chows down on the neck of a HOOKER

(CONTINUED)
MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
You don’t know where that’s been.

PARSON
Over there.

MALCOLM MOON
No, I mean, well never mind.

The woman collapses. Parson wipes the blood from his mouth.

CYCLOPTOPUS
So what’s the plan for tonight?

Malcolm grins.

INT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT
The three of them hover over a moss covered grave.

MALCOLM MOON
We’re going to raise the dead!

The others cheer.

CYCLOPTOPUS
So what method of reanimation are we using? You bring the old Necronomicon?

A pause.

MALCOLM MOON
Well, to be honest, I was just going to piss on the grave and defame religious symbols until something happened.

Parson sighs.

PARSON
Typical, typical Malcolm. Here, step aside.

He walks over the grave and looks down.

PARSON (CONT.)
Hey asshole, wake up. Same with you other motherfuckers. Get up.

Suddenly the ground starts to tremble.

(CONTINUED)
MALCOLM MOON
Yes, soon we’ll have an army of flesh craving zombies! Undead minions to do are bidding!

The first zombie crawls out from the grave, he’s a meek looking OFFICE WORKER.

OFFICE WORKER ZOMBIE
Hey fellas, how you chaps doing?

Cycloptopus looks over at Malcolm.

CYCLOPTOPUS
Fail.

More and more of the zombies raise out of the grave. A HIPSTER ZOMBIE approaches

HIPSTER ZOMBIE
Hey, you know where I can get a hot brewed latte around here?

MALCOLM MOON
Don’t you mean sweet bloody brains?

HIPSTER ZOMBIE
Eww no, I’m a vegan I’ll have you know.

PARSON
So what, pray tell was your undoing?

The Hipster Zombie turns around to reveal the back of his head is missing.

HIPSTER ZOMBIE
Heart attack.

Malcolm sighs.

CYCLOPTOPUS
What’s wrong?

MALCOLM MOON
Eh these zombies are boring. I thought we’d have some fun.

PARSON
Yeah, zombies are quite the bore.
CONTINUED:

MALCOLM MOON
Damn you Romero and your lies!

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM

The three of them sit in the living room, relaxing on the couch.

PARSON
I’m sorry the zombies didn’t fan out how you wanted.

MALCOLM MOON
Eh don’t worry about it. What’d you say to put them back to sleep?

PARSON
Nothing.

CYCLOPTOPUS
That’s really neat. So I guess they just crawled back in after we left right?

PARSON
No.

MALCOLM MOON
No?

PARSON
No, I didn’t. Yeah their brains will quickly deteriorate until they are functioning on primal levels and devouring everything that moves...

Cycloptopus gasp. A pause.

MALCOLM MOON
Man, zombies kick ass.

The others look at him.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
Fine, I’ll stop the damn things...
EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street is overrun by ravenous corpses. Cycloptopus, Parson, and Malcolm stand in the street.

CYCLOPTOPUS
Oh dear, we’re screwed.

He shivers.

PARSON
Relax, zombies will only attack...

Malcolm interrupts him.

MALCOLM MOON
Hey zombies!

PARSON
If you draw their attention. God damn it, Malcolm.

The hoard of undead turn towards the werewolf. They moan and start to amble over towards the three.

They huddle together as the undead approach.

CYCLOPTOPUS
So what’s the plan?

MALCOLM MOON
Well I was hoping the zombies would feast on your guys flesh while I thought of one.

PARSON
Wait a minute. These are zombies right.

The other two nod.

PARSON (CONT.)
And zombies...

MALCOLM MOON
Kick ass.

PARSON
No, you imbecile. Zombies feast on human flesh. And well your not human for another few hours, I’m undead, and your friend here is a, oh hell what the hell are you, you bastard of nature?
Parson looks puzzled.

PARSON
... You make me want to denounce God.

MALCOLM MOON
So we’re safe?

Parson nods. Cycloptopus moves over towards the zombies.

They lunge forward, narrowly biting him.

CYCLOPTOPUS
I thought you said these things were only after humans!

Parson laughs.

PARSON
Yeah I was just fucking with you. These things will tear you apart.

Malcolm laughs.

MALCOLM MOON
Nice. Fucking nice.

CYCLOPTOPUS
Hahah very funny, now what are we going to do about this hoard of walking dead?

A pause.

MALCOLM MOON
Bail?

Parson nods.

PARSON
Bail.

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Cycloptopus looks out the window.

CYCLOPTOPUS
You know I feel bad about just abandoning all those people down there.
PARSON
Not much we can do.

MALCOLM MOON
Yeah.

CYCLOPTOPUS
Couldn’t we just shoot them in the head or something?

MALCOLM MOON
Yeah but that’s too much work.

PARSON
Way too much work. I mean the three day waiting...

CYCLOPTOPUS
I know you have a gun around here.

Malcolm pulls out a handgun.

MALCOLM MOON
You mean this old thing?

Cycloptopus grins.

CYCLOPTOPUS
Yeah, let’s blast some zombies.

MALCOLM MOON
No, it’s just a squirt gun. That I spray painted black.

He takes aim at a lamp and fires. BANG! The lamp explodes.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
Huh, well would you look at that. It’s real.

He fires off a round in the room.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
And now it’s empty.

He tosses it out the window and slumps down on the couch.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
So you see, Cycloptopus, my good friend, there’s nothing we can do.

(CONTINUED)
PARSON
You might as well sit back and enjoy the rest of the night.

A KNOCK is heard at the door.

Cycloptopus and Parson gasp in horror.

Malcolm walks over to the door and opens it up to reveal a

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY (18)

MALCOLM MOON
Hey thanks man.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY
So you a werewolf?

MALCOLM MOON
Yeah.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY
Kick ass.

Cycloptopus frowns.

CYCLOPTOPUS
You called for pizza?

MALCOLM MOON
Yeah, it's night, and I had a craving.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
This should cover it.

He hands the cash over and takes the pizza.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY
Cool. Later, werewolf dude, later vampire, later bastard of nature thing.

Cycloptopus sighs. Malcolm shuts the door and carries the pizza towards the table.

PARSON
Only you would order a pizza at a time like this.

Malcolm laughs.

(CONTINUED)
MALCOLM MOON
What can I say, I had a craving.

PARSON
You get more cravings then a pregnant woman.

CYCLOPTOPUS
I am a pregnant woman...

A pause.

MALCOLM MOON
Don’t you have kids?

PARSON
Are you sure you don’t just spawn.

CYCLOPTOPUS
Shut up, Parson.

PARSON
My, my, where are your manners? You really should be more polite.

Another KNOCK is head at the door.

MALCOLM MOON
Who’s there.

VOICE (O.S)
Re-pizza.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
Re-pizza?

VOICE (O.S)
Recycled pizza

MALCOLM MOON
Ah re-pizza.

He opens the door wide open.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.)
Wait, that’s not a smart profitable business venture.

With that, dozens of zombies rush into the room. Malcolm screams as he is surrounded by the hungry creatures.

The pizza box opens to reveal, THE SQUIDO.

He brandishes his rusty knife.
SQUIDO
Surrender your genitals!

No response.

The Squido looks confused. Everything lies in a bloody pool of bodies and twisted limbs.

PARSON
It’s no use. They’re all dead.

SQUIDO
All of them?

PARSON
Yeah, I’m afraid every last one.

SQUIDO
Huh, that’s a bit of a downer.

PARSON
Just a bit.

SQUIDO
Yeah so how’d you stop it?

PARSON
Oh, I told them to stop. Though by that time, everyone was already dead.

SQUIDO
That’s a bummer.

Parson shakes his head.

PARSON
No, the real bummer is how dark it is in here, like a fucking cave.

He walks over to the window and throws open the curtains. Daylight pours

PARSON
Hey would you look at that. It’s day-

CUT TO BLACK

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS