

NAPPYVILLE

"Pilot"

Written by

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WGA REGISTRATION

ACT ONE

EXT. WITTLE STREET - MORNING

A suburban street in NAPPYVILLE, a colorful city where houses are made of giant toy blocks, everyone looks like toddlers in diapers, and animals are stuffed plush toys.

An alarm clock goes off in one of the houses.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

SIMON SUMMERS (egg-shaped head, nervous look and timid posture) shuffles downstairs. His face is tired and droopy.

SIMON  
Morning, Esteban.

ESTEBAN (stuffed cactus, a flower for hair, always indifferent), statically positioned next to the couch in the living room, pretends not to have heard Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Ahem. Wow, your flower is coming out nicely.

ESTEBAN  
Somebody, compost me please.

GABBY SUMMERS (Simon's sister, feminist, smoking hot) comes downstairs. She extracts colorful bills, like monopoly money, from a wallet.

SIMON  
Eh, Gabby, I think that's *my* wallet.

GABBY  
Duh, Simon, I don't have any money.

SIMON  
What do you need money for? You're not in your heroin phase again, are you?

GABBY  
I'm protesting for women's rights. We've had enough of men ogling in the gym, when we wear leggings so tight it's like wearing nothing at all.

ESTEBAN  
Ha! You don't need to worry about being ogled with that flat ass, dear.

SIMON

But that's all the money I have  
left after paying rent for all of  
us.

Gabby pockets the money in her diaper.

GABBY

Maybe you should get off your butt  
if you need money so badly. You  
can't expect people to just hand  
you money you know.

Gabby leaves. Simon sighs.

ESTEBAN

Ey, is euthanasia still illegal?

SIMON

I think so.

ESTEBAN

Dammit.

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

STEVEN STUD (cocky, short, self-important) lets out a  
finishing grunt and rolls over to his side of the bed. He's  
in bed with STACY -- an inanimate barbie doll.

STEVEN

Well, good mornin' to you too,  
Stacy.

Steven hops out of bed, butt-naked, and pulls on his diaper.

He walks by his bedroom poster of an ATTRACTIVE GIRL,  
sporting a diaper bikini, posing seductively at a beach.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I bet that diaper was wet *before*  
you went for a swim.

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Steven looks through his cabinets.

STEVEN

Stacy? STACY! Where are the mugs?

Stacy is sitting in a chair, wall-eyed.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Yes, I *did* look in the third  
cabinet from the right.

Steven counts from the right and opens the third cabinet.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Oh, there it is!

(lying)

No, it was not where you said it was. It was... Somewhere else.

Steven looks out of his window and sees...

EXT. WITTLE STREET, SIMON'S HOUSE - MORNING

In front of Simon's house, CHAD FUSELAGE (muscular, dumber than snot, wears a 1930 leather aviator hat with goggles) "pets" Simon so hard, that the skin on his face almost peels off and his eyes almost pop out.

CHAD

Nice doggy.

WENDY WINGO (Asian, apple cheeks, short pigtails) attempts to tell Chad off with a raised index finger.

WENDY

No, Chad! Bad!

Chad skips away merrily.

SIMON

Thanks, Wendy.

STEVEN

Hey, fellas.

WENDY

Oh hi, Steven.

STEVEN

Why are you carryin' that laptop around, Wendy?

WENDY

Oh, I've written a romance story for a movie. Tomorrow, I'm pitching it to a group of directors from Hollywood.

STEVEN

You're a writer now?

WENDY

Isn't it great? After all this time, I've finally found my calling in life.

STEVEN

Your calling in life? You said the same thing about drummin' yesterday. And about the guitar the day before that. And the day before *that* you wanted to be a gynecologist for Vietnamese rescue dogs. You change hobbies all the time.

WENDY

I don't change hobbies all the time!

Steven points to Wendy's trash can which has a tall stack of objects from past hobbies like sports equipment, instruments, and other gadgets.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. But this time it's different. Writing is my true passion, I can feel it.

STEVEN

Ah, like when Mike Tyson got into pigeon racin'.

SIMON

What's your story about, Wendy?

WENDY

Okay, guys, get ready. This girl falls in love with this boy on Halloween but a werewolf with a cocaine problem gets between 'em.

Simon and Steven exchange looks.

WENDY (CONT'D)

And then there's this trailer park with a bunch of rednecks.

(to self)

Or, maybe I should call them lower-class citizens to avoid offending anybody.

STEVEN

Wendy, stop. This is a bigger nightmare than having Caitlyn Jenner sit on your face.

WENDY

Well, what do you know about writing stories, Steven?

Wendy storms off.

SIMON  
I thought it was pretty good,  
Wendy.

STEVEN  
Well, we better not be late for  
work, buddy. The boss will murder  
us and bury our bodies. And perhaps  
not even in that order.

Steven is about to board a one-seat car (think the ride-on cars for toddlers).

SIMON  
Eh, Steven, I think that's *my* car.

Steven wraps his arm around Simon.

STEVEN  
Simon, how long have you and I been  
best friends for?

SIMON  
Uh, a year?

STEVEN  
A whole year! Half of our lives!  
And do you know what best friends  
do for each other?

SIMON  
Well, last week you said best  
friends mow each other's law-

STEVEN  
They borrow each other's stuff! I  
don't have a car, so why don't you  
be a good best friend and let me  
borrow yours?

Steven hops in the car and takes off.

SIMON  
Oh, I wish everyone would show me a  
little more appreciation.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Simon rides through the street on a tricycle. By a pond, he sees LOUISVILLE WRENCHFIELD (Black, chubby, wears a lab coat) collecting something into a brown sack.

SIMON  
Louisville?

EXT. POND - MORNING

Louisville kidnaps DUCK plushies into a sack. The ducks squeal and struggle to escape.

SIMON

I never see you outside your science lab, Louisville. What's going on?

LOUISVILLE

I'm collectin' victims for- Uh, *volunteers* for my newest invention.

SIMON

What kind of invention?

LOUISVILLE

I have built a portal to the moon.

SIMON

(gasp)

A portal to the moon!

(beat)

What does it do?

Louisville stares blankly at Simon. Only the squeals and struggles from the sack are heard.

LOUISVILLE

You stupid white mother fucker.

A duck escapes the sack and runs for its life. The other ducks cheer for it. Louisville grabs a ray gun from his diaper and shoots the duck. It freezes into a block of ice. The ducks in the sack lament.

SIMON

Heh, volunteers?

EXT. DIAPER DRY CLEANER - MORNING

Simon parks his tricycle next to a long queue of impatient customers.

SIMON

Hmm?

INT. DIAPER DRY CLEANER - MORNING

Simon pushes through the crowd.

SIMON

Sorry, coming through. I work here. Did someone just touch my butt?

Steven, hands behind his neck, sits behind the counter.

STEVEN

Simon, thank God! All these poor people have waited for service all mornin'.

SIMON

Then why haven't you-

MR. J (O.S.)

Simon!

MR. J, their always-yelling Middle Eastern boss who constantly adjusts his fake mustache, enters. Steven quickly pretends to be working and grabs a bag of diapers.

MR. J (CONT'D)

Late again! What do I even pay you for? Steven! Good work on those diapers! You're promoted!

Mr. J sticks a shiny promotion badge onto Steven's shirt.

MR. J (CONT'D)

You're a lazy creep, Simon! I'll be in the back with my iPad.

Mr. J sniffs the bag of dirty diapers in Steven's arms.

MR. J (CONT'D)

Nice!

INT. LOUISVILLE'S LAB - DAY

Louisville tightens a bolt on a machine -- the moon portal. Suddenly, the power in the lab fades.

LOUISVILLE

Chad!

Chad tongues an electrical socket and is violently electrocuted.

LOUISVILLE (CONT'D)

Stop that! Get over here!

CHAD

Did you see me wrestle that owi ow? No hands!

LOUISVILLE

Listen, I've finished my moon portal and I need you to do something for me.



CHAD

I don't wanna drink hot lava again,  
daddy.

LOUISVILLE

For the last time, I ain't yo  
daddy. And don't worry -- you won't  
have to for at least another week.

CHAD

What's a week?

LOUISVILLE

When I open the portal, I need you  
to go through and make sure it's  
safe. I will watch you through this  
monitor.

A monitor on the machine shows the surface of the moon.  
Eerie.

CHAD

Uh, Louissval... I played badminton  
last month. Can I still go through  
the moon potty?

LOUISVILLE

What? Y- yes, that should be fine.

Louisville presses a button on the machine and a portal to  
the moon opens.

LOUISVILLE (CONT'D)

Alright, Chad, go through the  
portal!

Chad walks to the corner of the lab.

CHAD

Over here?

LOUISVILLE

No, man! The big square you can  
look straight through to the moon.

Louisville pinches the bridge of his nose in exasperation.

Chad knocks over a couple of round-bottomed flasks on a table  
that shatter loudly on the floor, releasing chemicals.

CHAD

Huh? What was that noise? The ice-  
cream man!

Chad giggles like a schoolgirl and skips out of the lab,  
stepping in the chemicals and shattered glass.

## LOUISVILLE

Good guinea pigs are hard to come  
by these days.

The chemicals and shattered glass are shaped like Simon's  
face. Louisville rubs his chin in thought at it.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DIAPER DRY CLEANER - DAY

Simon flips the 'open' sign to 'closed'. Steven stretches  
with a satisfied smirk.

STEVEN

Augh, my back's all stiff. Who knew  
sittin' down for eight hours  
straight could be so tiresome?

SIMON

It sure would have been nice with  
some help today, Steven.

STEVEN

Simon, how long have we been best  
friends for?

SIMON

A ye-

STEVEN

A year! And do you know what best  
friends do for each other?

SIMON

They borrow each other's st-

STEVEN

They do each other's work!

SIMON

But you never do *my* work.

Steven hops into Simon's car and takes off.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh...

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Wendy enters and looks around at the many smug cafe-goers on  
their laptops.

WENDY

Wow, a cafe! The best place for pretentious artists to work on a breakthrough that'll never happen.

Wendy goes to the counter. A BARISTA with a cracking voice and pimples takes her order.

BARISTA

Welcome to Goo-goo coffee shop, what may I get you today?

WENDY

Hit me with your strongest coffee. I need all the caffeine you can give me for what I'll be doing today.

BARISTA

Okay.

Barista turns around to make her coffee.

WENDY

I've written a story for a movie. That's why I'm here.

Barista hands Wendy her coffee.

BARISTA

That'll be \$2.55, ma'am.

WENDY

A group of directors want me to pitch my story for them.

BARISTA

Ma'am, \$2.55.

Wendy grabs money from her diaper.

WENDY

You know, a lot of people ask me what my story is about. It's quite good actually.

BARISTA

Is there anything else I can get you, ma'am?

Beat.

WENDY

Okay! So this girl and this boy's love story is sort of complicated because...

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh wait, did I mention both of  
their parents work at a coal mine?  
That's probably important for you  
to know.

Barista walks out back. A gunshot is heard followed by a body  
dropping to the floor.

EXT. WITTLE STREET - DAY

Simon parks his tricycle and sees that his car is completely  
wrecked.

SIMON

My car!

Simon knocks on Steven's door. Steven opens.

STEVEN

(to Stacy)

No, I don't need to learn how to do  
things myself around the house,  
Stacy!

(to Simon)

Simon!

SIMON

Steven, what did you do to my car?

STEVEN

Oh, right. I was gonna slip you a  
note later.

SIMON

It's completely wrecked!

STEVEN

I am as devastated as you are. How  
am I going to get to work tomorrow?  
Why don't you be a good best friend  
and get that fixed for me, huh?

Steven shuts the door.

SIMON

Does nobody appreciate me?!

Simon hears the doorbell ringing over at his own house.  
Louisville is at the door.

EXT./INT. SIMON'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Gabby opens the door.

GABBY (CONT'D)

Who are you?

LOUISVILLE

My name is Louisville Wrenchfield.  
I run the science lab down the  
street.

GABBY

Your name is Louisville?

LOUISVILLE

Family Guy has Cleveland. Why can't  
we have a Black guy named after a  
city?

Simon comes over. Gabby goes back inside.

SIMON

Louisville, what are you doing  
here? You're not turning all red-  
haired people into muffins again,  
are you?

LOUISVILLE

Simon, how would you like to be the  
appreciated captain of a very  
special mission... To the moon!

Simon gasps.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./INT. SIMON'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

SIMON

Louisville, I can't go to the moon.  
What about everything I have here  
on Earth?

Gabby pokes her head out of the door. She has Simon's wallet.

GABBY

You're out of money?! What kind of  
an atrocious brother are you?

SIMON

(to Louisville)  
When do we start?

INT. LOUISVILLE'S LAB - EVENING

Simon and Louisville walk through the lab, passing shelves of inventions, cages with creatures in agony, and other oddities.

SIMON

Tell me again, Louisville -- what  
is this mission about?

LOUISVILLE

I need a captain to lead a team of  
men on the moon to uncover  
somethin' very special.

An inflamed duck runs past them.

SIMON

You really want me to be a captain?

LOUISVILLE

That's right!

SIMON

Wow, someone following *my* orders.

LOUISVILLE

Simon, this is your team.

Three rough and torn ducks are lined up, each bearing a space helmet under their wings. One shakes uncontrollably, one drools, and another coughs out stuffing.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Wendy types on her laptop.

WENDY

And then the boy drops down on his knees after the werewolf bit off his father's head. No, no, no! The werewolf bites off the father's head *after* the boy proposes.

She backspaces and sighs hopelessly.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I don't understand. I know my story is good, but I don't know how to tell it properly so that it sounds interesting.

Wendy hears shouting through a megaphone from a park across the street. Through the cafe window, she sees..

EXT. PARK - DAY

Gabby stands on a soapbox and preaches to a gathered crowd of women and CASEY (limp wrists, well-dressed, unicyclist).

GABBY

And that's why I believe women deserve more paid time off for our hard labor!

The crowd agrees.

INTERCUT--CAFE/PARK

WENDY

Is that Simon's sister?

GABBY

Don't forget, it is *never* okay for a man to hold the door open for you!

CROWD

We can open that door ourselves!

GABBY

That's right!

WENDY

Wow. Gabby sure knows how to captivate an audience.

Wendy gets an idea.

GABBY

And remember, even if you get him drunk, tie him up, and fuck him silly, it is rape if the next day, you decide it's a mistake!

The crowd mutters among itself, unsure if they agree or not.  
Wendy pushes through the crowd.

WENDY  
(to self)  
Ooh. She swung and she missed.

The crowd dissolves.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
Gabby! What an... Interesting speech.

GABBY  
Wingo? What do you want?

WENDY  
Gabby, what you just did there was amazing. You really know how to tell stories so that people listen. I'm proposing that you and I work together on a story for a movie.

GABBY  
Ha! Why would I want to help you?

WENDY  
What if I... Put a few subliminal messages about feminism in the story?

GABBY  
Hmm. A nationally played movie is a good way for me to tell the world that we need more female electrical power-line installers. Wingo, you have yourselves a deal!

They shake hands.

EXT. WITTLE STREET, SIMON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chad stands outside of Simon's house and looks miserable.

CHAD  
I lost my doggy!

Chad runs off, wailing, as Steven comes over.

STEVEN  
Where is Simon today?

Steven sees Simon's wrecked car.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Oh, great! That car is a bigger wreck than Amazon's Lord of the Rings prequel.



Steven notices Simon's tricycle.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Ugh.

EXT. DIAPER DRY CLEANER - MORNING

Steven parks the tricycle. There's a long queue of unhappy customers.

INT. DIAPER DRY CLEANER - MORNING

STEVEN

Excuse me, coming through, watch out. Okay, someone definitely just touched my butt.

Steven pushes through the crowd and sees..

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Chad?

MR. J

Steven! Since that red-haired virgin didn't show up for duty today, Chad is your new comrade.

STEVEN

But, Mr. J-

MR. J

Get to work!

Mr. J leaves. Chad is picking his nose.

STEVEN

Do you even know where you are?

Chad pulls his finger out with a loud pop.

CHAD

Boogers. Ahahaha. Boogers, boogers, boogers, boogers, boogers.

STEVEN

You know, the more you say that, the more it's starting to sound like a racial slur.

(to camera)

Right? Doesn't it?

CHAD

Boogers!

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Gabby enters. Wendy is on the couch with her laptop.

WENDY

Okay, so, now that you've read the story, how do we turn it into a killer pitch that will convince the directors to turn it into a movie?

GABBY

We've got to show these fuckers that this story can rake in enough money to have their dicks plated in gold!

ESTEBAN

If I had a dollar for every time you wished a man's penis debilitated.

WENDY

How do we do that?

GABBY

We have to show a deeper meaning with it all. When the boy proposes, is it all a symbol of society's way of making a woman a man's property?

WENDY

I think it's just because he loves her and wants to marry her.

GABBY

If a man wants to own a woman, he should have to pay taxes for her!

ESTEBAN

We do. It's called shoes, fur coats, and jewelry.

INT. LOUISVILLE'S LAB - DAY

Simon puts his space helmet on. The three ducks walk straight into one another and fall over.

SIMON

I've gotta admit, Louisville -- I'm slightly nervous about going to the moon.

LOUISVILLE

Just remember, you're in charge up there. All you've got to do, is do exactly what I tell you with no questions asked, all the time.

Simon nods, looks nervously at the portal, and takes a few deep breaths.

LOUISVILLE (CONT'D)

Oh, and Simon?

(beat)

This is hella appreciated!

SIMON

(elated)

It is?

LOUISVILLE

You bet.

Simon turns back at the portal, this time with determination in his eyes.

He goes through. The three ducks right behind him.

MORE

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