

Mascot Murders

By Michael Zielinski

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

JOHNNY JOHNSON, white, attractive and fit in his 40s, is driving a BMW. Beside him is his wife JENNY JOHNSON, black, attractive and fit in her 40s. He keeps looking in the rearview mirror to check himself out. Several times the BMW crosses over into the oncoming lane as he preens and fiddles with his hair.

JENNY

Keep your eyes on the road, Johnny.
You're not that good looking.

JOHNNY

Then why did you marry me?

JENNY

One reason only. And the only reason
I'm still married to you.

JOHNNY

The reason being?

JENNY

You damn well know the answer.

An approaching tractor trailer with somebody wearing a GROUNDHOG mascot costume at the wheel crosses into their lane and is heading for a head-on collision.

JENNY

(Screaming)

JOHNNY!

A startled Johnny toggles his gaze from the rearview mirror back to the road, sees the truck barreling right at them and veers sharply right to drive on the shoulder of the road just in time to avoid a collision.

JENNY

The stupid groundhog costume that jerk
was wearing must have screwed with his
vision.

JOHNNY

Must have.

2 EXT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

Johnny and Jenny drive into the parking lot of the strip mall that houses the Johnson and Johnson Law Office. They quickly exit the BMW and walk into the reception area, which features plush carpeting, plush chairs, several file cabinets and a receptionist desk with a PENNY LANE nameplate on it.

PENNY LANE, their receptionist who's cute and in her 20s, emerges from an office with JENNY JOHNSON on the door. The office next door has JOHNNY JOHNSON on the door.

PENNY

Jenny, I just dropped off some files on your desk and noticed a bra hanging from your chair.

JENNY

What did you do with it?

PENNY

Dusted your desktop.

JOHNNY

Holding down the fort?

PENNY

Trying my best. But those damn Apaches keep coming back.

JENNY

A quick consult in your office, Mr. Johnson.

3 INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnny whips off his suitcoat and shirt, drops down and does some pushups. Then jumps up and does some pull-ups on a chinning bar. He repeats the cycle several times while Jenny removes her suitcoat and blouse. She alternates planks and jumping jacks.

They grab each other and make love on an exercise mat on the floor. They quickly jump up and get fully dressed.

JOHNNY

Nothing like a little stress reliever.

JENNY

Why is it that I lust for you while not particularly liking you?

JOHNNY
Because I'm cocky.

JENNY
But God sure didn't endow you above
the neck.

JOHNNY
Would you prefer the inverse?

JENNY
Where did you learn a word like that?

4 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Johnny is driving their convertible Ferrari on a rural highway threaded between farmlands while Jenny is reading legal documents in the front passenger seat.

JENNY
Do you realize I've given you a free
ride in life?

JOHNNY
What? We're partners.

JENNY
Come on. That's in name only.

JOHNNY
What do you mean?

JENNY
I'm the brilliant lawyer. You're
basically my paralegal. And you don't
even do that well. I should divorce
you.

JOHNNY
We're divorce lawyers. A divorce would
be bad for our practice.

JENNY
Just the opposite. I'd advertise the
hell out of how I took you to the
cleaners.

JOHNNY
You're always saying you're a better
divorce attorney than me.

JENNY

I prove it everyday.

JOHNNY

In your dreams. It's what you do on the job that matters. Your academic credentials are moot once you go into practice.

JENNY

Of course a guy with his undergrad from Pensacola State College and his law degree from Ave Maria School of Law would say that to someone with an undergrad from Yale and a law degree from Harvard.

JOHNNY

Ave Maria is the best law school in Naples, Florida.

JENNY

And you graduated last in your class.

JOHNNY

So you graduated with honors and I graduated with a great tan.

Somebody in a PIG mascot costume flying a single-engine agricultural aircraft spraying insecticide starts making a series of passes over the Ferrari.

JOHNNY

Damn. Wrong day to drive the convertible.

He accelerates the Ferrari.

Johnny and Jenny start coughing and sweating as they get soaked with insecticide.

JENNY

My eyes are tearing and I have blurred vision.

JOHNNY

Same here.

JENNY

How can you see to drive?

JOHNNY

I can't.

He floors the gas pedal and now the Ferrari is flying. The ag plane keeps hovering over them and spraying them.

JENNY

Pull over!

JOHNNY

Fuck no!

JENNY

We'll crash!

JOHNNY

Beats being fatally poisoned by a fat fuck like Porky Pig.

JENNY

Never was a fan of that fucking porker.

The prolonged pesticide shower stops as the crop duster flies off.

JOHNNY

Must be lunch time for Porky Pig.

JENNY

Hope he gets trichinosis. And what's with the fucking mascot costumes? It's not even Halloween.

JOHNNY

The inside of our Ferrari is a fucking mess.

JENNY

We'll get a new one.

JOHNNY

Our insides must be a mess, too.

JENNY

We can't buy a new us.

JOHNNY

Time for a colon cleanse.

JENNY

I'd rather we just fuck the shit out of each other. Pull over!

JOHNNY

Kinky.

He slows down and pulls off the road.

5 EXT. TWO-LANE COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Jenny is driving her Porsche while Johnny is riding shotgun.

Somebody wearing a CROW mascot costume operating a bulldozer in the oncoming lane suddenly veers into their lane. Jenny whips the steering wheel hard left, veers off the road, narrowly misses a tree stump and splashes through a shallow pond of water to avoid a collision with the bulldozer. Jenny then drives the Porsche back onto the two-lane road.

JOHNNY

There seems to be an epidemic of bad drivers wearing mascot costumes. I wonder if the CDC knows about this.

JENNY

I'm not a big believer in coincidences. Could it be somebody is targeting us?

JOHNNY

Some folks say a thousand lawyers chained together at the bottom of the ocean is a good start.

JENNY

Let's cancel our upcoming cruise.

JOHNNY

At least we're still in one piece.

JENNY

I was more worried about the Porsche. I love it so much I've been tempted to get off on its console gearshift knob.

6 INT. TIERED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Johnny is driving their Aston Martin down several levels in a large interior parking garage. Jenny is sitting in the passenger seat fiddling with her hair.

JOHNNY

You didn't say much at dinner.

JENNY

Something is gnawing at me.

JOHNNY

What?

JENNY

These fucking mascots. We've got to find out who's behind this nonsense before we get whacked.

Their Aston Martin reaches ground level and is heading for the exit.

JENNY

Speaking of mascots, watch out for the asshole in a HONEY BADGER mascot costume standing at the exit.

JOHNNY

Damn, it's holding a Honey Badger assault rifle.

JENNY

Rather thematic.

Johnny whips the Aston Martin into a violent U-turn and zips away in the opposite direction as the Honey Badger fires a torrent of bullets from the Honey Badger rifle. The hail of bullets destroys the rear window of the Aston Martin and riddles its trunk.

JENNY

Fuck, that was a sexy maneuver. I'm turned on!

JOHNNY

You won't feel too sexy when we report this to our insurance company.

JENNY

Screw that. We'll just buy another Aston Martin.

JOHNNY

In that case.

Johnny suddenly pulls off another nifty U-turn and starts

barreling down toward the parking garage exit. He lowers his window.

JOHNNY

Please pull out the Glock from the glove compartment, my dear.

JENNY

God, you're really making me hot.

She pops open the glove compartment, pulls out the Glock and hands it to him, then slams the glove compartment shut. The Aston Martin zooms toward the exit. The honey badger mascot still is standing there and opens fire.

JOHNNY

Duck, Jenny!

She ducks below the dashboard. Steering with his right hand and holding the Glock in his left as shards of glass litter them from their blown-out windshield, he fires a round of shots at the honey badger, who scampers into a Buick parked just outside the exit. The Buick, driven by somebody else in a HONEY BADGER mascot costume, speeds away.

Johnny guns the decimated Aston Martin after them but after about a quarter-mile it runs out of fuel and coughs to a stop.

JOHNNY

The damn bullets must have ruptured the fucking gas tank.

JENNY

(Screaming)

I must have you now!

She pounces on him and starts kissing and groping him savagely.

7 EXT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

Someone in a TIGER mascot costume is perched behind the wheel of a flatbed truck with a catapult on it that is firing large boulders through the large window of the Johnson and Johnson law office.

Johnny and Jenny drive into the parking lot of their law office and see the boulders crashing through their window. He speeds right up to the truck, slams on the brakes, they bolt from the BMW and run up to the tiger mascot.

The tiger mascot guns the engine of the flatbed truck and drives away. Then does a U-turn and returns, firing flaming tiger dolls at the Johnsons, who duck and dodge them. The tiger mascot then drives away.

JENNY

Oh my God! Penny!

Jenny and Johnny race into their office.

8 INT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

The reception area is littered with boulders and shards of glass. Their receptionist's desk is in splinters. Chairs and filing cabinets are battered, crushed and toppled.

Penny is huddled in a corner, crying.

JENNY

Thank God you're all right.

PENNY

I'm lucky I'm not dead.

Jenny gives her a comforting hug. Penny scans the room.

PENNY

This place is a total disaster. I'll never get our files straightened out.

JOHNNY

We'll hire a temp to lend a hand.

PENNY

Maybe I'll just quit. That clown in the tiger mascot costume may come back. A receptionist's job isn't worth dying for.

JOHNNY

We'll give you a twenty dollar weekly raise.

PENNY

Forty bucks.

JENNY

Agreed.

JOHNNY

Penny, you have the makings of a good
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
divorce lawyer. You should think about
law school.

PENNY
The Ave Maria School of Law turned me
down.

JOHNNY
Maybe Harvard will admit you.

JENNY
This is no time for levity. Somebody
is really pissed at us.

JOHNNY
There's plenty of people who hate us
because they feel they got screwed
when we did a superlative job
representing their former spouses.

PENNY
That's the understatement of the
century.

JENNY
We've got to figure out who's angry
enough to hire mascots to destroy our
office and us.

PENNY
I'll get started sorting through the
rubble.

JOHNNY
Let's start with Billy Bob Bobson and
see if he's the tiger we have to tame.

JENNY
He was livid about the generous
divorce settlement we got for Bubbles
Bobbie.

JOHNNY
He owns a plumbing supply store and
claims we left him with nothing but
lint in his pockets.

9 EXT. BENSON PLUMBING SUPPLIES STORE - DAY

Johnny, at the wheel of the BMW, and Jenny pull into the

parking lot in front of a large store with a sign reading BILLY BOB BOBSON PLUMBING SUPPLIES. They exit their vehicle and walk toward the entrance. As they do so, BILLY BOB BOBSON, chunky, bald and in his 50s, walks out to greet them. He's wearing a scowl and has a large monkey wrench in his right hand.

JOHNNY

Do you always come out to greet your customers, Billy Bob?

BILLY BOB

Only when I know they're thieves like you two pirates.

JENNY

It's no crime to do an excellent job for your client.

BILLY BOB

Fuck you. You two scoundrels let that skank Bubbles Bobbie fleece me.

JOHNNY

That's not a polite thing to say about the mother of your two children.

BILLY BOB

Shit, I don't even think those two brats are mine. They look like Brad Pitt. Do I look like fucking Brad Pitt to you?

JENNY

Well, you both have eyes, ears and a nose.

BILLY BOB

So what do you dickheads want? You already cleaned me out.

JOHNNY

I take it you harbor a grudge against us.

BILLY BOB

Just say at any moment I'm gonna shove this monkey wrench up both your asses.

JENNY

Would you say you're pissed enough to
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

hire a guy in a tiger mascot costume to drive a flatbed truck catapulting boulders into our office?

JOHNNY

And then the damn tiger mascot fired flaming tiger dolls at us.

BILLY BOB

(Laughing)

Awesome. Wish I thought of that. But it wasn't me.

A beach ball bounces toward them. They all start sneezing and coughing.

BILLY BOB

My damn eyes are burning.

JENNY

Mine, too.

JOHNNY

Ditto.

BILLY BOB

Which one of you assholes farted?

JOHNNY

I didn't fart. But I smell something awful.

JENNY

I didn't shit. Did you shit?

BILLY BOB

I didn't shit.

JOHNNY

I didn't shit.

BILLY BOB

Well, somebody sure as hell shit.

JOHNNY

Wait! It's not gas from an ass. It's mustard gas leaking from that damn beach ball!

Johnny kicks the beach ball away from them.

JENNY

How did you know that?

JOHNNY

My grandpappy's grandpappy was mustard gassed several times in World War I. After the war, he never put mustard on a hot dog. Just ketchup.

BILLY BOB

Gross.

JENNY

Everybody knows God created mustard for hot dogs and ketchup for hamburgers.

JOHNNY

My damn eyes still are burning.

JENNY

Mine as well. And now I feel like I may get the shits.

JOHNNY

Must be the mustard gas.

Billy Bob coughs and sneezes.

BILLY BOB

Some fucking clown is running toward us!

Somebody in a CLOWN mascot costume tosses a hand grenade at them but the throw is errant and the grenade sails wide of them and blows up a Billy Bob Bobson Plumbing Supplies truck parked nearby. The clown runs away.

BILLY BOB

Damn it! That clown just blew up one of my trucks. I'm billing you two clowns for it.

JOHNNY

My eyes are so irritated it's blurring my vision.

JENNY

Tell me about it.

The clown sprints back to them, holding a basket in its left

hand, and with its right hand quickly throws three loaves of pumpernickel bread and hits the three of them in the head with one before running off.

JOHNNY

That clown has some arm.

BILLY BOB

Maybe it was Tom Brady.

JENNY

If so, I wish he had taken his clown costume head off.

BILLY BOB

That pumpernickel bread was as hard as an anvil.

JOHNNY

Must have been stale as hell.

JENNY

Chewing stale bread is like chewing rocks.

JOHNNY

My Uncle Ziggy went through a half-dozen sets of dentures because he ate a loaf of stale pumpernickel every morning.

BILLY BOB

Was he a fucking idiot?

JOHNNY

Philosophy professor at Princeton.

BILLY BOB

So he was a fucking idiot.

JOHNNY

Swear you didn't vandalize our office, Scout's honor.

BILLY BOB

If I had, the building still wouldn't be standing.

JOHNNY

I'd love to jam some putty in your plumber's crack.

BILLY BOB

Need a new shitter? Our lead-pipe cinch guarantee is if the toilet crumbles before your ninth shit, we'll give you a free roll of toilet paper.

JENNY

Mighty tempting. But we prefer to shit on our clients' ex-spouses.

JOHNNY

The best ex-lax there is.

10 EXT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

The Johnsons stare at the exterior front of their law office, which now sports plywood where the large window used to be. Also new is a message in white paint on the red bricks that reads MY FORMER SPOUSE'S DIVORCE LAWYERS SCREWED ME LONG AFTER WE STOPPED FUCKING.

JOHNNY

We're in the only profession where you create animosity if you excel at your job.

JENNY

I'm sure gifted assassins also are victims of that.

11 INT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

The receptionist area is now immaculate with new file cabinets and chairs, a new desk for Penny and no more shards of glass and rubble on the floor. Penny sits with her feet up on her desk. She is looking at her phone.

JOHNNY

I see we have some new signage on our exterior wall.

PENNY

I haven't had time to check it out yet. Been busy straightening out the mess in here.

JENNY

The place looks great.

PENNY

No thanks to you guys.

JOHNNY

We picked up a few file folders.

PENNY

And left all the heavy lifting for me.
I've got a pelvic floor to take care
of.

JOHNNY

Did you see anybody outside painting
our wall?

PENNY

Saw somebody wearing a dragon mascot
costume carrying a paint can and
brush.

JENNY

A penny for your thoughts, Penny. Did
you think of calling the cops while he
was here?

PENNY

I was busy using my vibrator to push
my pelvic floor back up after lifting
all the file cabinets.

12 INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

A shirtless Johnny is punching a large heavy bag hanging from his office ceiling while Jenny, wearing only a bra and panties, alternates bodyweight squats and shoulder presses with light dumbbells. They then pounce on each other for some quickie sex. Afterward they sit on the floor, sweating and smiling.

Penny walks in through his open office door.

PENNY

How times must I tell you heterosexual
perverts to close the door?

JENNY

Voyeurism not your thing?

PENNY

Shower up and check out Jesus
Goldberg. Our files say he's a devil
in angel's clothing. Why?

JOHNNY

A money mercenary who actually wears angel's wings.

PENNY

Holy hell.

JENNY

He hates us because his ex-wife got the house and he has to pay alimony and child support even though she's a violinist in a symphony orchestra and an interior decorator.

JOHNNY

He has no beef. He makes a nice buck as a Bible salesman who sells two different editions -- one with both the Old and New Testaments and one with just the Old Testament.

PENNY

Divine.

JENNY

He's got the the market covered. He also sells the Koran because his ex is a Muslim.

JOHNNY

When your mother is a Baptist preacher and your father is a Jewish rabbi, it was sort of predestination.

JENNY

He's an atheist. But he knows there's a buck in religion.

PENNY

A bible peddler but no bible banger.

13 EXT. RURAL HOME - DAY

The Johnsons are standing on the front porch of Jesus Goldberg's home. Johnny rings the doorbell. JESUS GOLDBERG, a thin Latino with very long hair and beard in his 30s, steps out on the porch to join them. He's wearing a white tunic with angel's wings and sandals.

JESUS

Johnson and Johnson. What brings you
(MORE)

JESUS (CONT'D)

two charlatans to my humble abode? Did my ex have a pang of conscience and now wants to reimburse me?

JENNY

Ever hear of the phrase vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord?

JESUS

Of course. You know my occupation.

JOHNNY

So why are you vandalizing our office with large boulders crashing through the front window and a blatant lie painted on our exterior wall?

JESUS

Do I look like Samson to you? Boulders are too heavy for me to lift and paint would splash on my white tunic.

JENNY

Keeping that tunic so white must be a bitch.

JESUS

I'm careful. Especially when I eat at Italian and Thai restaurants. I'm a real artist with utensils. Think Miles Davis on the trumpet.

JOHNNY

Or the angel Gabriel's horn.

JESUS

Mind if I steal your analogy? Makes for a great marketing line.

JENNY

How else do you promote yourself?

JESUS

When I dine out I always put a stack of bibles on my table.

JOHNNY

How do other patrons react?

JESUS

They either pray over or swear on my stack of bibles.

JENNY

Do you own groundhog, tiger, clown and dragon mascot costumes?

JESUS

Amen, amen I say to you that I do not.

JOHNNY

Do you have a fetish for beach balls that leak mustard gas?

JESUS

Amen, amen I say to you that I do not.

JENNY

You talk like Jesus.

JESUS

I am Jesus.

Jesus walks off his porch and down to the bottom of his driveway and removes a stack of mail from his box.

JESUS

All these checks for bible sales are like manana from heaven. Thank you Lord!

JENNY

I thought you were an atheist.

JESUS

I am. Just a figure of speech.

Jesus looks skyward and locks his glance toward the heavens.

JOHNNY

Looking for the real Jesus in the sky with diamonds?

JESUS

I believe that was Lucy, not Jesus.

JESUS

Duck! Incoming flaming arrow!

They duck. The arrow soars over the house and ignites a small

fire in his lawn.

JESUS

Yep, somebody is trying to kill you.
You can rule out Robin Hood and
William Tell.

JOHNNY

Apparently so.

JESUS

I'll send you my landscaping bill for
reseeding my burnt-out lawn.

JENNY

Wait and see if God sends another 40-
day flood. Your grass might grow back.

JESUS

Amen, amen I say to you that I'm
Jesus, not Noah.

JOHNNY

The Apostle Paul wrote a lot of
letters to the Corinthians. Did they
ever write him back?

JESUS

They had no time to write. Too busy
making Corinthian leather.

JENNY

A shame they couldn't text in those
days.

JESUS

Duck! Incoming flying tomahawk!

They all duck. The tomahawk soars over his house and lands in
his burning lawn.

JESUS

Somebody definitely is trying to kill
you. You can rule out Geronimo and
Sitting Bull.

Somebody in an ARMADILLO mascot costume throws three
baseballs at them. The armadillo then runs away.

JESUS

Duck! Incoming baseballs thrown by an
(MORE)

JESUS (CONT'D)
armadillo mascot!

They all duck. The baseballs crash through one of his upstairs bedrooms.

JESUS
Somebody definitely is trying to kill you. You can rule out Sandy Koufax and Bob Feller. An invoice for a replacement window is coming your way.

JENNY
We're going to split before the armadillo splits your house in half.

The armadillo returns, this time carrying a 16-pound metal ball attached by a four-foot-long steel chain to a handle. The armadillo makes three full quick turns in a circle and heaves the ball, chain and handle at the trio. It veers wide of them and crashes through Goldberg's living room bay window, shattering glass everywhere.

JOHNNY
I don't think that armadillo won a medal in the hammer throw at the last Olympics.

JENNY
A window for a window, sayeth the Lord.

JESUS
Amen, amen I say to you there will be weeping and the gnashing of teeth when you open my bill for damages.

JOHNNY
Sue us, you bible pitching hypocrite.

A bible sails toward them and explodes upon impact with the mailbox.

JESUS
Christ, now I'll have to drive to the post office to collect my checks.

14 EXT. TWO-LANE COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Jenny is driving her Porsche while Johnny is riding shotgun.

JOHNNY

I don't think Rip Rockman is our tormentor. You just want to ogle him again.

JENNY

He's worth the sacrifice of making eye contact with. But you're obsessed with his ex.

JOHNNY

Roxie Rockman is my favorite client of all time. She's perhaps the most gorgeous creature ever to walk the face of the earth.

Jenny coughs.

JOHNNY

Next to you, of course.

JENNY

It could be Rip. He was livid that Roxie got the generous slice of the division of assets and she was the one cheating on him.

JOHNNY

I remember Roxie saying Rip was so pissed because she now owns his gym and he works for her.

Jenny pulls up in front of the ROCKMAN FITNESS STUDIO. They exit the Porsche, she leans over and kisses its hood, and they walk into the gym.

15 INT. ROCKMAN FITNESS STUDIO - DAY

Standing at the front desk is RIP ROCKMAN, black, handsome and in his 30s with a shaved head and sculpted physique.

RIP

You here to screw me again? Or for a workout? I'd love to put you two through a killer workout.

JOHNNY

We work out in our office.

JENNY

Saves expensive gym fees.

RIP

I'm sure Roxie would give you a discount to the gym you stole from me and gave to her.

JOHNNY

Is she in?

RIP

Too busy having guys in her.

JOHNNY

Not an amicable divorce, I take it.

RIP

I take it you wouldn't like a three-hundred-pound barbell dropped on your head.

JENNY

The size of your grudge against us is even too big for you to bench press.

JOHNNY

Big enough to kill us and annihilate our law office?

RIP

Most definitely. But I'm not a killer or a vandal. No cracks in my moral compass. Which is why I couldn't tolerate Roxie's serial adultery.

JENNY

She claimed you have a short fuse.

RIP

Temper wise or dick size?

JOHNNY

Both.

RIP

Careful. I'm reconsidering my position on murder. Excuse me. I have to check on my pet in the back room.

Rip walks away. Johnny and Jenny walk over to check out the dumbbell rack.

Somebody in a DINOSAUR mascot costume walks into the gym and

quickly approaches the Johnsons. The dinosaur tries to stab Jenny in the neck with a large syringe. But Johnny knocks the dinosaur's arm away. The dinosaur then tries to stab Johnny with the syringe but Jenny disables the dinosaur by slamming a 20-pound dumbbell into the mascot's stomach. Whimpering, the dinosaur scampers away.

The dinosaur returns, wielding a chainsaw. It walks defiantly toward Jenny and Johnny, who throw 10-pound dumbbells at the dinosaur, hitting it in the stomach and the head. Bellowing in pain, the dinosaur runs out of the gym, leaving the chainsaw behind.

JENNY

I'm never going to a costume party again.

The dinosaur returns yet again and tosses a stick of dynamite at the Johnsons. But it sails over their heads and explodes in the cardio section, destroying some treadmills and elliptical machines.

An enraged Rip returns from the back room, carrying a turtle. He looks at the damage in the cardio section.

RIP

(Yelling)

I step away for a few minutes to feed my pet turtle Shelly and all hell breaks loose! What the fuck happened?

JOHNNY

While you were gone, somebody in a dinosaur costume tried to kill us three times. Dynamite fucked up your cardio section.

RIP

Glad I no longer own the gym. Roxie is going to be pissed. That makes me happy.

He suddenly smiles.

JENNY

Maybe you were wearing the damn costume.

He suddenly grimaces.

RIP

No fucking way. I have a phobia about dinosaurs ever since I saw Jurassic World.

JENNY

Can I hold your pet turtle Shelly?

RIP

I call her Shell for short.

JOHNNY

Any particular reason?

Rip hands Jenny the turtle. The dinosaur mascot pops back in, Rip sees it and immediately faints -- falling to the floor. Johnny races over to the chainsaw the dinosaur had previously dropped and after Johnny grabs it, the dinosaur does another retreat.

Jenny puts the turtle on Rip's chest and he immediately comes to. He soothingly pets the turtle.

RIP

Shell is my emotional support pet.

JENNY

She's cute.

RIP

But a bitch to walk. I need a sundial to clock our morning constitutional.

16 EXT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

The Johnsons are pulling into the parking lot when they see somebody in an ORANGE mascot costume spraying the exterior of their law office with a flamethrower, scorching the brick.

Jenny guns the Porsche toward the mascot, who turns and fires the flamethrower at the Porsche, scorching the finish on the hood. Jenny slams the Porsche into reverse to escape the flames while the orange mascot throws the flamethrower on the back of its flatbed truck and pulls away.

JOHNNY

I'd love to squeeze that fucking orange until the juice runs down my arm.

JENNY

We're going to the autobody shop and
get my beloved Porsche repainted.

She slams her palm on the steering wheel.

JENNY

Fuck it. I'll just get a new one.

JOHNNY

Perhaps you can fuck the new one.

JENNY

At least the fucking orange didn't
damage our new office window.

JOHNNY

We're blessed.

JENNY

Blessed are the poor in spirit.

JOHNNY

Who have oodles of money.

17 INT. LORENZO PORTRAITS - DAY

The Johnsons walk into the studio of Lorenzo Portraits. They are greeted by the receptionist, FELICIA FELINE, curvy and pretty in her 20s wearing a form-fitting black leather outfit.

FELICIA

I'm Felicia Feline, receptionist for
the world's most gifted blind portrait
painter Leo the Lion Lorenzo. Do you
have an appointment?

JOHNNY

I notice both your names have a cat
theme going on.

FELICIA

Pure coincidence.

JENNY

We're not here for a portrait. We want
to talk to Leo.

FELICIA

Leo only talks to people he's
(MORE)

FELICIA (CONT'D)
painting. Except for me, of course.

JOHNNY
Why's that?

Felicia sighs loudly and shakes her head.

FELICIA
What can I say? He's a temperamental
artist.

JENNY
Fine. We want Leo to paint a portrait
of us together. And we want it now.

FELICIA
It'll cost you. Leo needs lots of
money. His wife Lois Lamb stole him
blind in the divorce settlement. She
had Jewish lawyers.

JOHNNY
I believe his divorce attorneys are
not Jewish.

FELICIA
I'll summon Leo.

She whistles loudly.

FELICIA
(Yelling)
Leo, get your ass in here!

LEO THE LION LORENZO, in his 40s with a lion's mane of
flowing blond hair and sporting a cape, walks in with a regal
bearing.

Felicia sets up his easel and canvas along with a variety of
brushes and paints in a large palette.

LEO
Egad! It's you two monsters.

JOHNNY
How could you tell? You're blind.

LEO
I can smell you. You smell like dirty
money.

JENNY

We want to talk to you.

LEO

No portrait, no talk.

JOHNNY

How can a blind guy paint our portrait?

LEO

Because I am king of the portrait jungle. I have the ultimate artist's muse. I paint with God's eye.

JENNY

So start brushing.

Leo grabs a paintbrush and it explodes. He grabs a second brush and it explodes. Then a third explodes and then a fourth.

JOHNNY

You have temperamental brushes. Happen often?

LEO

Never before. Felicia, what did you clean these brushes with?

FELICIA

Turpentine. But let me check the bottle.

She walks over to a shelf on the wall and inspects a bottle.

FELICIA

Oops. It's nitroglycerin.

LEO

Why the hell do we have nitroglycerin?

FELICIA

My bowels have been blocked up. By the way, I also cleaned the canvas, easel and paint palette with it.

As if on cue, the canvas, easel and paint palette explode and drench Leo in a rainbow of colors.

LEO

I'd fire your ass if you weren't such a lovely piece of ass.

FELICIA

I promise I'll make it up to you in bed tonight.

LEO

No portrait. No talk. Goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

JOHNNY

Fuck that. Are you trying to kill us and destroy our office with an army of evil mascots?

LEO

Of course not. Just because you helped my ex steal me blind, and somebody named Lois Lamb should never fleece their ex-spouse, I won't resort to murder and mayhem.

JENNY

Are you sure?

LEO

I'm allergic to crime ever since I embezzled money from a loan shark who then blinded me with a hot fireplace poker.

Leo explodes into a violent spastic fit for what seems to be an eternity but actually is only for about twenty seconds.

FELICIA

A word of caution. Leo freaks out whenever he hears the word poker.

Leo erupts into another spastic fit.

JOHNNY

Jenny, remind me to buy a new fireplace poker on the way home.

Leo melts down into another spastic fit.

LEO

(Bellowing)

Enough! Out! I wasn't trying to kill
(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)
you but I will if you don't leave now!

JENNY
By the way, Lois Lamb is living in
Paris on the money we got her in the
divorce settlement.

JOHNNY
And dating a handsome actor who was
one of the voices in The Lion King.

Just then somebody dressed in a LION mascot costume runs in
and tries to bludgeon Jenny and Johnny with a frozen leg of
lamb. They see the attack coming and sidestep the lion, who
then slams Leo in the head with the frozen leg of lamb,
instantly rendering him unconscious.

He drops to the floor. The lion lets out a roar, drops the
leg of lamb and runs out of the studio. Felicia rushes over
to revive the unconscious Leo.

Johnny picks up the leg of lamb and tries to bite into it.

JOHNNY
The lion froze the shit out of this.
No wonder it knocked out poor Leo. He
never saw it coming.

JENNY
Who's next on our list?

JOHNNY
Alice Stumpf, the lovely widow maker.

JENNY
Now there's a lady with a killer
instinct.

JOHNNY
She goes through husbands like shit
through a goose addicted to MiraLAX.

JENNY
Thank God her first husband lived long
enough to divorce her and provide us
with a handsome payday.

Felicia revives Leo and helps him stand up. Moments later the
lion mascot returns with a bucket of corn on the cob and
starts flinging the cobs at the four of them.

Felicia, Jenny and Johnny dodge all of them before the cow departs. Leo, however, gets nailed in the head with four of them and sinks to the floor.

LEO

Forget sex tonight, Felicia. I have a headache.

FELICIA

Talk about role reversal.

18 INT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

Johnny and Jenny are working out in his office. He's alternating bench presses with a barbell and bent-over rows with dumbbells in a series of super sets. Jenny is alternating side planks, pushups, triceps kickbacks with light dumbbells and jumping backs.

Johnny suddenly stops working out and sits on his bench. Jenny also stops exercising.

JOHNNY

I feel dizzy and nauseous.

JENNY

Me, too. And I got a killer headache.

JOHNNY

Let's skip our usual post-workout fuck.

JENNY

We still can do it after I sit down and catch my breath.

She plops down on the floor. And then lies on her back.

JOHNNY

We must be getting sick.

JENNY

We both were fine before we came into your office.

JOHNNY

Fuck! Let's run outside! Now!

Looking a little wobbly, they race out of the room.

19 EXT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

The Johnsons run outside just as somebody in a CLAM mascot costume is putting a ladder into a truck. The clam sees them, jumps in the truck cab and zooms out of the parking lot.

Johnny and Jenny look up at the building roof and see the heating vent pipes covered with tarp.

JENNY

Carbon monoxide!

JOHNNY

That fucking clam was trying to kill us with carbon monoxide poisoning by clamming up our vent pipes.

JENNY

I'm feeling better. We can screw after all.

JOHNNY

Not in my office until we open the window and air it out.

JENNY

It's dark so let's fuck right here in the parking lot.

JOHNNY

You don't mind brush burns on your ass from the asphalt?

JENNY

Definitely. So, I'm getting on top.

She jumps his bones and they both fall down with him on the bottom.

20 INT. ALICE STUMPF HOUSE - DAY

The Johnsons are standing in the living room with ALICE STUMPF, a petite, pretty brunette in her 30s.

ALICE

Not sure why you two are bothering me again. The police exonerated me of any wrongdoing in the deaths of my husbands.

JENNY

As you know, all the families of your late seven husbands asked us to investigate you.

JOHNNY

They think it defies plausible belief that all seven of your husbands could die of heart attacks on their honeymoon without something sinister going on.

ALICE

That's because they and you refuse to accept the truth. I vehemently deny being responsible for their deaths.

JENNY

So you keep insisting.

ALICE

I'm totally pissed at you two. My first husband divorced me and the settlement you two crooks authored raped me.

JOHNNY

You're overstating the case.

JENNY

You have a sense of the dramatic.

Alice starts sobbing.

ALICE

Then I became a serial widow and you guys start a side hustle representing the families of my late husbands.

Alice now is crying hysterically.

ALICE

My goodness, do you think I wanted them to die? I miss the old coots. And do you know what a hassle it was to search for the perfect wedding gown seven times over?

JOHNNY

Why didn't you just wear the same gown for all seven weddings?

ALICE

That would be uncouth, perhaps even barbaric. Besides, I had them all dyed black to wear to their funerals.

JENNY

That's touching.

ALICE

My goodness, ordering seven different wedding cakes was a nightmare. So many choices. Enough to wrinkle a bride's forehead. White cake, devil's food cake, strawberry cake, spice cake, marble cake, black forest cake, coconut cake, chocolate lava cake.

JOHNNY

I count eight different flavors.

ALICE

My goodness, why do you think I'm hunting down an eighth husband? I still got devil's food cake.

JENNY

Uh-oh.

ALICE

Want to know another reason why I need an eighth wedding?

JOHNNY

You've got a side hustle as a wedding planner?

ALICE

I've got eight best friends. Seven of them have been my matron of honor. It'll simply break Betty Bushman's heart if I don't get married again.

JENNY

God forbid.

Alice is now shedding tears like a cocker spaniel sheds a soaking rain.

ALICE

Do you have any idea how demeaning it is to be the butt of jokes everywhere
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

you go? People calling you The Widow Maker behind your back and sometimes even to your face.

JOHNNY

I can see how that could put a big dent in your self-esteem.

Alice's tears suddenly stop, as if she had turned off the spigot.

ALICE

I'm not getting into a lengthy rehash with you today. But I don't want to be impolite. Please have a seat.

She motions to two chairs beside her sofa. Johnny sits on one and there is a loud boom. He jumps out of the chair faster than a jackrabbit shot in the ass.

JOHNNY

What the hell was that that?

ALICE

My goodness! My cleaning lady, ever the prankster, must have put an exploding whoopee cushion on that chair.

JOHNNY

I almost had a heart attack.

JENNY

I'll take my chances sitting on the floor.

Jenny sits on the floor, Alice sits on her sofa and Johnny sits on the other chair. But not for long. He immediately springs off the chair like a jack-in-the-box.

JOHNNY

Something almost bit me in the ass!

He whirls around to look at the seat.

JOHNNY

A fucking black widow spider!

He then kicks the spider to the floor and stomps on it repeatedly.

ALICE
Are you done?

He stomps on the spider again.

ALICE
I'll have a talk with Martha. That
prank isn't funny.

JOHNNY
I'd fire her.

ALICE
So why are you here?

JENNY
To find out if you're trying to kill
us.

ALICE
My goodness no. I'm a lover, not a
killer. I'm a Quaker with impeccable
morals. I don't even have premarital
sex. And why would I want to kill you?

JOHNNY
You were angry as a hornet over your
divorce settlement. Then you were
hotter than a firecracker straight out
of a blast furnace when we told your
late husbands' families that you were
responsible for their deaths.

ALICE
True, I was angry both times. But when
I wasn't charged by the legal
authorities, I moved on. I'm busy
searching for my next husband.

JENNY
After your divorce settlement, you
screamed at us that you would be
widowed before you ever got divorced
again.

JOHNNY
And now you've been widowed seven
times, believed to be a state record.

ALICE
Bad luck stalks me like a timber wolf.
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

But I'm looking diligently for my next
buttercup.

JENNY

Guess there's a premium on elderly
millionaires willing to sign a prenup
giving you total access to their
fortunes immediately upon their
demise.

ALICE

Men like that don't exactly grow on
trees. But what can I do? They're my
type. Younger, poorer men don't
interest me.

JOHNNY

If you find another victim, uh,
husband, I hope this time you verbally
forewarn him about your remarkably
responsive vagina.

JENNY

You claim it was your incredibly
intense orgasms, not something
nefarious, that triggered their fatal
heart attacks.

ALICE

My goodness, that's what happened.

JOHNNY

If so, we think you're culpable in
their deaths for not whispering in
their ears during foreplay that your
vagina delivers a sonic bang.

JENNY

Whisper? You should've had a bullhorn
and screamed it into their ears.

ALICE

For the last time, a tattoo on my
lower abdomen that reads The Widow
Maker with an arrow below the script
pointing down to my vagina is ample
warning.

JOHNNY

Did any of your late husbands wear

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
their glasses while making love to
you?

ALICE
My goodness no. Our molten passion
would've steamed up their glasses.

JENNY
Our investigation discovered all seven
were nearly blind without their
glasses.

ALICE
I don't give prospective suitors an
eye exam.

JOHNNY
Marry an eye doctor the next time.

JENNY
So why did your first husband survive
long enough to divorce you?

ALICE
Mercy me, I've no idea.

JOHNNY
Because he was 20 and had 20-20
vision.

Her phone rings. She glances at it.

ALICE
Excuse me for a moment. It's my lovely
bookie. What were the odds he'd
interrupt our conversation with a
phone call?

Alice walks out of the living room.

JENNY
Do you think the murderous widow has a
mascot fetish?

JOHNNY
I think I'd like a go at her
remarkably responsive vagina.

JENNY
You want to experience a sonic boom,
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

lover boy? I'll hire The Blue Angels
to fly their jets up your ass.

Just then somebody in a DUCK costume with an evil-looking head barges in and with a lacrosse stick hits a lacrosse rubber ball at Jenny. The ball misses, so the duck runs up and nails Johnny right in the nuts with the lacrosse stick. He grabs his crotch and screams.

JOHNNY

Jesus Christ, that hurts!

The evil duck ducks out and returns with a 10-pound bag of rock salt, which he flings at Jenny, nailing her right in the bread basket. She clutches her stomach and screams.

JENNY

Sweet Lord, my abdominal wall has been
breached!

The evil duck ducks out once again and returns with a large potted plant, which it tosses at Jenny and Johnny. But the plant sails over their heads and behind the sofa. A loud explosion takes out the wall to the dining room.

JOHNNY

These assaults by mascots are getting
old.

Alice returns to the living room.

ALICE

For heaven's sake, I go to place an
innocent wager and suddenly find you
two have redecorated and I now have a
great room. What will that cost me?

JOHNNY

Ever fuck a duck, Alice?

ALICE

I have. It kept quacking during coitus
until my snatch blew its brains out
all over my lovely nightgown.

21 INT. BARRE BEAN BALLET STUDIO - DAY

The Johnsons are hanging out at a ballet studio barre with BARRE BEAN, a skinny as a foul pole ballet dancer in her 40s with striking looks and flaming red hair.

JOHNNY

I didn't get a chance to ask you during the divorce proceedings. Is Barre your given name?

BARRE

Indeed. My mother was a ballet dancer and wanted me to follow in her footsteps.

JENNY

(Giggling)

Or toe steps.

BARRE

I wish you had been this friendly when you fucked me over in the divorce settlement. My ex Chili Bean got full custody of our daughter String Bean because you convinced the judge I was an unfit mother.

JOHNNY

We didn't. The facts did.

JENNY

You forced String to walk exclusively on her toes and restricted her diet to only string beans and celery.

BARRE

It was for her benefit. She was pudgy. Porkers don't become ballet dancers. Her weight would've derailed her destiny.

JOHNNY

She was bulking up because she wants to be a shot putter like her father Chili.

JENNY

She's nine. Chili poisoned her mind. He gets full custody and he's never home. He's either running his Chili Beans fast-food franchises or hanging out at a bar.

JENNY

I take it that's an alcohol bar, not a ballet barre.

BARRE

What do you think?

JENNY

I take it Chili is seldom up on his toes.

BARRE

Only when one of his rip-roaring farts levitates him. You can't imagine how much a guy who only eats chili rips ass.

JENNY

Because Chili has String and you don't, are you trying to kill us?

BARRE

I dream every night of killing you two in a variety of barbaric, agonizing and hideous ways.

JOHNNY

Carried out by mascots?

BARRE

Bulgarian assassins trained in torture techniques.

JENNY

Why Bulgarian?

BARRE

I love how they'd dance the polka on your remains.

JOHNNY

People wearing mascot costumes are trying to whack us.

BARRE

Remove one of their masks and see if they're Bulgarian. If so, my dreams have come true.

JENNY

You'll be the first to know.

BARRE

I've got to piss like a racehorse who just swallowed a barrel of bourbon. Be
(MORE)

BARRE (CONT'D)
back in a jiffy.

Right after Barre walks away, somebody dressed in a sexed-up DOMINATRIX MOUSE mascot costume complete with whips, chains and a riding crop rushes in.

JOHNNY
This mascot has gotten my attention!

JENNY
Looks like her exaltedness, Winnie
Mouse the rodent dominatrix.

The dominatrix mouse flings a dildo at them but the dildo sails over their heads before exploding. Pissed, the dominatrix mouse whips Johnny in his upper torso, then his legs. He winces in pain and drops to a knee momentarily.

JOHNNY
Guess I'm not into dominance.

JENNY
You're simply not the submissive type.

The dominatrix mouse rushes up to Johnny, knees him in the crotch, slams him down on a nearby chair, smacks him across the mouth with the riding crop, chains his legs to the chair legs, whips out a studded bondage dog collar from its leather bra and starts choking him with it. He flails his arms and gasps for breath.

JENNY
Johnny, perhaps you are the submissive
type. I won't interfere with your
pleasure.

The dominatrix mouse is going to town choking Johnny with the dog collar. His arms now are furiously flailing and his body is writhing like a snake in his chair.

JENNY
But now you're turning blue. Very
blue. Forgive me for interrupting.

Jenny kicks the dominatrix mouse in the ass and it scampers away. Johnny is gagging and clutching his throat. He looks angrily at Jenny.

JOHNNY

(Raspy)

A little slow to the rescue, weren't you buttercup?

JENNY

At first you looked into dominance.

JOHNNY

Nah. I'm staunchly against it.

JENNY

Pussy.

Barre Bean returns.

BARRE

What was all the racket?

JENNY

You have a mouse.

JOHNNY

A kinky mouse.

BARRE

Not surprised. Chili stopped by this morning to bitch that I was late with a child support payment and he cut the cheese while he was here.

JENNY

We have our eye on you. So stay on your toes.

JOHNNY

Twinkle toes.

BARRE

Watch out for Bulgarians in mascot costumes. They won't be tippy toeing around.

22 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jenny, Johnny and Penny are sitting at a table in an upscale restaurant.

JOHNNY

I'm tired and hungry. Let's order now.

JENNY

Give her a few more minutes.

JOHNNY

She's already twenty minutes late.

PENNY

So where is Olive Martini?

JENNY

She's a diva. Shows up whenever she pleases.

JOHNNY

Thinks she's a rock star because she's the lead singer in a band that's big on the area bar circuit.

JENNY

Shaken Not Stirred Olive Martini does Joan Jett and Kate Smith covers.

PENNY

Kate Smith?

JOHNNY

A 20th century singer. Great pipes but had the sex appeal of a throw rug.

PENNY

I had sex on a throw rug the other night. Got a new lover and she's hotter than a habanero pepper. A clam bake every night.

JENNY

Too much information.

JOHNNY

Tell me more.

JENNY

Enough.

PENNY

I know the mascots are job number one, but your prep work on other cases is getting very backed up.

JENNY

That's a concern.

JOHNNY

Maybe not. We could always get whacked.

PENNY

If so, then I'll have to deal with all the shit closing up the business.

JENNY

Then don't do it. We won't give a shit. We'll be dead.

JOHNNY

Just ashes in an urn.

PENNY

Then I'll drop off all outstanding paperwork and have the funeral home cremate it along with your bodies.

JENNY

Please remind them not to cremate Johnny's penis.

PENNY

Why not?

JOHNNY

So they can put it in a street sign, just like they do with a knee replacement prothesis.

PENNY

Cool. I'll look for it the next time I'm driving on the highway to hell.

OLIVE MARTINI, a statuesque blonde in her 30s, walks in and joins their table.

PENNY

You must be Olive Martini. Care to have a martini with me?

OLIVE

Not my cup of tea. I drink bootlegged moonshine. Keeps my nipples hard.

PENNY

Looks like you could hang wash on your nipples.

OLIVE

If my hotel room doesn't have enough hooks in the bathroom to hang up wet towels, my nipples do the trick.

JOHNNY

What other tricks do your nipples do?

JENNY

Never mind, Johnny.

OLIVE

The only reason I've chosen to dine with the enemy is because I'm optimistic that my ex has changed his mind.

JENNY

Dirty Martini isn't giving up the cigarette speedboat he got in your divorce settlement.

OLIVE

Then fuck it. I'm out of here.

Olive leaps to her feet, grabs her water glass and spills it on Johnny's lap. He angrily grabs some napkins from the table and starts drying his lap.

JOHNNY

(Sharply)

Sit the fuck down!

Olive senses he means business and sits back down.

JENNY

We know that you and Dirty didn't buy that speedboat with your earnings from McDonald's.

JOHNNY

We don't care if you still are a high-end cocaine dealer. But we do care if you're trying to kill us.

Olive belly laughs.

OLIVE

Not so far. But that's subject to change.

JENNY

You and Dirty know some nasty people so it's not a stretch for you to hire one of them to attack us in a variety of mascot costumes.

Olive belly laughs again.

OLIVE

No amount of money could entice the hard asses I know to put on a mascot costume.

JOHNNY

So we're barking up the wrong tree?

OLIVE

Christ, nobody uses that analogy anymore.

JENNY

So, you're not our girl?

OLIVE

Nope.

JOHNNY

Then no dinner for you.

OLIVE

(Sarcastically)

You're breaking my heart. Dining with sleazy lawyers is so appetizing my salivary glands are shifting into fifth gear.

Olive stands up, flashes the middle finger and sexily walks away.

The fire alarm starts screaming and all the PATRONS and STAFF rush out of the restaurant. Johnny and Penny jump up and are about to run out when Jenny stops them.

JENNY

I don't smell smoke or see flames yet. Let's hang for a minute. Perhaps we can do a side hustle as subrogation lawyers and pick up a big payday from an insurance company.

Nervously Johnny and Penny sit down with Jenny.

Somebody dressed in a CHICKEN mascot costume rushes into the restaurant. The three spring to their feet and run up to confront the chicken. The chicken pulls a large rubber hammer from its costume and bops them all in the head. Unconscious, they fall into a pile.

The chicken pulls a roll of duct tape from its costume and duct tapes the fallen trio together. It then attaches a bomb to it. The chicken runs away and the three of them regain consciousness. They immediately realize their predicament as smoke and flames now consume the restaurant.

JENNY

I believe the three of us are in a bit of a pickle.

PENNY

Bit of a pickle? We're in a pickle barrel about to explode to kingdom come!

Johnny is lying closest to the bomb and its attached detonator. He strains to look at it.

JOHNNY

I've good news and bad news.

PENNY

Start with the good news.

JOHNNY

The detonator has only two wires. Red and blue. Which one do I snip?

JENNY

Blue is my favorite color

PENNY

Red is the color of blood.

JOHNNY

Cutting the correct wire will stop the timer. Cutting the wrong wire will set off the bomb.

JENNY

No shit. We all watch movies, too. What's the bad news?

JOHNNY

The device is going to blow in twenty
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
seconds.

BARB
Jesus Christ!

JOHNNY
Relax. When the detonator clock is
down to two seconds, whom would you
rather snip the bomb wire?

BARB
Jesus Christ!

JOHNNY
He's preoccupied alerting St. Peter
we're on our way.

JENNY
Cut the blue wire!

PENNY
Cut the red wire!

JOHNNY
With what? My hands, like yours, are
duct taped.

JENNY
I chipped an incisor the other day
eating peanut brittle. My jagged tooth
is sharp as a knife.

JOHNNY
Then, by default, you're our savior.

PENNY
Jesus Christ!

The three roll around so Jenny is closest to the bomb
detonator.

JENNY
Bye, bye blue wire!

Jenny opens her mouth and then chomps down on the detonator.

JENNY
Fuck! I accidently snipped the red
wire!

PENNY

We're not all pudding right now so you snipped the right wire.

Jenny peers at the detonator.

JENNY

The clock stopped with one second remaining. Talk about going down to the wire. Am I good or what?

JOHNNY

Remind me never to play a game of chicken with you.

PENNY

Remind me never to go out to dinner with you two again.

The restaurant now is totally dense with smoke and flames and the water sprinklers are soaking the three of them.

JENNY

Fuck subrogation! We're out of here!

JOHNNY

Damn straight. I hate my meat well done.

The three free themselves from the duct tape and, coughing, scramble out of the burning restaurant.

23 INT. JOHNSONS MANSION - NIGHT

Jenny and Johnny are sitting in their large, beautiful kitchen eating fast food.

JOHNNY

I miss my mother's kitchen. Pots and pans always banging and clashing. That little kitchen belongs in a war museum.

JENNY

I prefer the silence of DoorDash.

JOHNNY

So why do we have such a big kitchen with the very best appliances?

JENNY

A symbol of our success.

JOHNNY

Somebody is going to a whole lot of trouble and expense to kill us. Are we too combative and aggressive in our practice?

JENNY

High-conflict divorce attorneys are best for their clients, not to mention themselves.

JOHNNY

If we were more diplomatic and less contentious, the other side wouldn't always feel that we raped them.

JENNY

Fuck them.

24 EXT. BUD WEISER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jenny and Johnny are talking to BUD WEISER, a beer delivery truck driver in his 50s with a beer gut and a Mohawk haircut. They are standing next to his truck in his driveway.

BUD

If I knew you two crooks were coming, I would've put arsenic in a couple cans of Budweiser and served them to you.

JOHNNY

We're wine drinkers.

BUD

I'm proud of my beer gut. Worked hard for it. I had 10,000 Budweiser cans in my beloved collection. And I drank every one of them.

JENNY

You still a tad miffed that Definitely, your ex, was awarded the beer can collection in the divorce settlement?

Bud opens the door to his truck cab, pulls out a shotgun and points it at the Johnsons.

BUD

Damn Thirsty would love to shoot both of you.

JOHNNY

You named your shotgun Damn Thirsty?

BUD

Yep. And I have a handgun named Definitely Dumber.

JENNY

That's an odd name for a gun.

BUD

My former wife is a smart ass. Only married me because it gave her the name Definitely Weiser.

JOHNNY

Is she smarter than you?

BUD

Fuck no. Never got past 11th grade and then flunked out of beauty school. But she lorded it over me because I flunked out in 10th grade, then couldn't cut the mustard as a school crossing guard.

JENNY

It's hard on a husband when his wife is smarter than him. Ask Johnny.

BUD

Lady, then you're first on my hit list for stealing my beer can collection.

JOHNNY

Speaking of hit lists, and from one dumbass to another, have you been trying to whack us?

BUD

Been too busy working two jobs, thanks to the damn child support you fuckers saddled me with.

JENNY

What's your side hustle?

BUD

Uber. I'm make a good buck driving drunks home who are scared shitless of another DUI. And since I'm my own boss, I drink beer while doing so.

JOHNNY

Aren't worried about getting your own DUI?

BUD

I've built up an enormous tolerance over the decades. I need about four cases to get drunk.

JENNY

Practice makes perfect.

BUD

Excuse me for a moment. Got to take a wicked piss. My liver and my bladder are both shot. Don't know how the fuck that happened.

Bud turns around and walks into his garage.

Somebody in a CLYDESDALE mascot costume carrying a big bucket runs up to the Johnsons and flings some horseshoes and horse manure at them. They're nimble enough to dodge the horseshoes but get hit with horse manure -- Jenny in the torso and Johnny in the face. The Clydesdale mascot runs off.

JOHNNY

This job eats shit.

JENNY

I'll never, ever kiss your face again. That is, if I ever get out of the shower. I may spend the rest of my life in it.

The Clydesdale mascot returns, this time with a machine gun. The Johnsons see him coming and duck behind the delivery truck. The Clydesdale sprays the truck with a torrent of bullets, chewing up the exterior of the truck as dozens of riddled cans and bottles leak beer onto the driveway. The Clydesdale gallops off after it runs out of ammo as Bud races out of his garage.

BUD

(Screaming)

I curse the day I was born! I wish I had never come into existence to suffer such misfortune.

JENNY

Your lament is straight out of the biblical Book of Job.

BUD

I'm studying to be a rabbi even though I'm an evangelical Christian.

JOHNNY

People never cease to amaze me.

JENNY

And amuse me.

BUD

You won't be amused when I get enough money to quit my Uber job. Then I'll have time to end you.

JOHNNY

Think twice about that, Mr. Bud Weiser. There's no beer in prison.

BUD

Hadn't thought of that.

JENNY

Your ex definitely is wiser.

BUD

In name only.

JOHNNY

Definitely Weiser is a great name. What was her maiden name?

BUD

Loose.

JOHNNY

A girl named Definitely Loose isn't predestined to become a vestal virgin.

JENNY

I hope when she came of age she

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
smacked both her parents in the mouth.

25 INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

HONEY POT, Latino, built and in her 30s, is wearing lingerie and sitting on the edge of her bed. A lamp with a lit red bulb and several packs of condoms sit on a small table beside her. There is a knock on her door.

HONEY POT
It's open, hon.

Jenny and Johnny walk in.

HONEY POT
My, my! John One is a dude and John
Two is a doll.

JOHNNY
We're not here for sex.

HONEY POT
The counselor for lonely losers is
down the hall, hon. Ask for Gertrude.

JENNY
We're here to talk to you.

HONEY POT
It still 500 bucks a hour even if you
just stand there and pick your nose.
Just don't toss the boogies on my bed.

JENNY
Starving out the bedbugs, huh?

HONEY POT
What's up? Oops, wrong question for
you doll.

JOHNNY
The name Frank Furter ring a bell?

HONEY POT
What a hot dog. For an extra 100 bucks
I had to smear mustard on him. The
mustard ruined my sheets.

JENNY
Bet the bedbugs loved it.

HONEY POT

If you've got a bedbug fetish, hop in
bed with me, hon.

Just then somebody wearing a BEAR mascot costume and holding a large trash can runs into the room. The bear slams Jenny and Johnny over the head with the can, knocking them out.

The bear pulls a box of Honey Nut Cheerios out of the trash can and pours some cereal into Jenny's mouth. The bear moves the unconscious Jenny's jaw back and forth so she chews the cereal. The bear then repeats the process twice more.

HONEY POT

Mr. Bear, that's not nice. The doll
might have a pollen allergy, hon.

The bear then pulls out a cloth and a jar of honey from its mascot costume. It puts the cloth over Johnny's mouth and starts pouring honey on the cloth. The bear pauses and then resumes. Pauses and resumes once again.

HONEY POT

I've heard of waterboarding, hon.
Honey boarding is taking matters to a
whole different level.

Jenny and Johnny both regain consciousness. Johnny slugs the bear and Jenny kicks the bear, who then runs out of the room. Jenny bends over in pain.

JENNY

Fuck, I've got awful stomach cramps.

HONEY POT

An allergic reaction to pollen, hon.

JOHNNY

Crap, I've got to shit bad.

HONEY POT

Diarrhea also is an allergic reaction
to pollen, hon.

JOHNNY

I'll be mortified if I shit myself.
Where's the bathroom?

HONEY POT

There's three down the hall, hon. One
for men, one for women and one for

(MORE)

HONEY POT (CONT'D)
undecided and/or in-between.

Johnny races out the door, cupping his hands on his ass.

HONEY POT
(Giggling)
If he dies, hon, it'll be a cereal
murder.

JENNY
Frank Furter's ex-husband, Wiener
Schnitzel, hired us to investigate
you.

HONEY POT
Regarding what?

JENNY
Frank Furter's death. Apparently that
hot dog was bisexual.

HONEY POT
Isn't everybody these days, hon?

JENNY
Not everybody is Frank Furter.

HONEY POT
Frankly, I'm sick of hearing that
name. Just call him Frank. Or Furter.

JENNY
Will the deceased work for you?

HONEY POT
Whatever. I didn't kill him, if that's
what you think.

MATT
Wiener Schnitzel said Frank Furter,
uh, the deceased, was found dead in
his bed shortly after being with you.

HONEY POT
The guy was no kid, hon. Maybe he had
a heart attack after the bang of his
life. It happens.

JENNY
No heart attack. Frank Furter slowly
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

suffocated to death because all his orifices were overflowing with honey.

HONEY POT

What a sweet way to go. Unless, of course, you have a pollen allergy. But just because my name's Honey Pot doesn't mean I killed him. Is a guy named Tommy Gunn a suspect in every mass shooting?

Honey Pot laughs.

MATT

Wiener Schnitzel claims you had motive.

HONEY POT

Please! Either Wiener or Schnitzel. Never together.

Johnny walks into the room.

JOHNNY

I fucking destroyed three bathrooms. None of which had toilet paper.

HONEY POT

What did you wipe your ass with, hon?

JOHNNY

Nothing.

HONEY POT

Oh, poo.

JENNY

Wiener said Frank told him that you threatened to kill him because he stiffed you. Wiener said you wouldn't accept crypto and Frank was out of cash.

HONEY POT

Crypto is useless to me, hon. I get logged into. I don't log in.

JOHNNY

Makes perfect sense.

HONEY POT

I gave him 24 hours to make good or
I'd turn the matter over to Aunt Bee.

JOHNNY

Who the hell is Aunt Bee?

HONEY POT

My accountant, hon.

JENNY

Otherwise known as your madam.

HONEY POT

Whatever.

JOHNNY

And now you're trying to kill us
because we're working the Frank Furter
case on behalf of Wiener Schnitzel,
who we represented in their divorce.

HONEY POT

I'm not trying to kill you, hons.

JENNY

Wiener Schnitzel says Frank Furter
stole all his money to pay you for
prior fucks and Wiener Schnitzel now
can't pay us.

HONEY POT

Again, either Wiener or Schnitzel. And
shyster divorce lawyers who get
stiffed is hardly a tragedy. Some
would call it justice.

JOHNNY

We beg to differ.

JENNY

You killed Furter for the money and
now you're trying to whack us with a
platoon of assassins in mascot
costumes.

JOHNNY

The bear being the latest example.

JENNY

There also was a bear sighting at
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Wiener Schnitzel's house in the wake
of Frank Furter's fatal honey
overdose.

HONEY POT

I'm not trying to off you. But I swear
I will if you string those two fucking
names together one more time!

MATT

You're pretty testy for somebody who
gets laid all the time.

HONEY POT

You think fucking all these lame dicks
is getting laid? I've faked so many
fucking orgasms I should have at least
two Oscar Mayers.

The bear returns and shoves Jenny and Johnny onto the bed
with Honey Pot and tosses a bee hive on top of them. The
three roll around frantically while yelling and smacking
their arms, legs and torsos.

Finally they roll off the bed, stand up and see the bear
mascot still standing there. Johnny picks up the bee hive and
fires it at the bear mascot, who catches it and runs out of
the room.

JOHNNY

I swear that fucking bear was laughing
at us.

JENNY

I don't know what hurt worse, the bee
stings or the bedbug bites.

HONEY POT

I'm charging you two double for the
thrown-in threesome. By the way, would
you two like a piece of my honey bun
cake?

JOHNNY

Another taste of honey would put me in
adult diapers for the rest of my life.

JENNY

And then I'd divorce you and the
settlement would make you shit even

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

more.

HONEY POT

Oh, poo.

26 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The Johnsons are standing at the front desk of a library with a number of shelves populated with books when a scowling BAMBI BOOKMAN, a gorgeous black librarian with a killer body and braids in her 40s, approaches them.

BAMBI

Why the hell are you two here? We don't have any books instructing divorce lawyers on how to further fuck people.

JENNY

We're here to talk, not read.

BAMBI

Then fuck off. Imagine. A black sister stabbing me in the back. I guess your white cracker husband here calls the shots.

JOHNNY

Jenny's the brains of the operation. I'm just the court jester to the queen.

BAMBI

Then we have books for you. You'll find the dummy selections in the D section.

JENNY

Someone is trying to kill us with a whole collection of mascots. We think it could be you.

BAMBI

Hell, if it were me, I wouldn't use mascots. I'd use MS 13, one of the most lethal gangs in America.

JOHNNY

We'll stick with the mascots.

BAMBI

I should enlist MS 13. My ex-husband, the notorious dermatologist Dr. C. Wilbur Love, fucks his teenage patients with acne and winds up paying me no alimony or child support for our four kids.

JOHNNY

Perhaps your father being billionaire Booker B. Bookman had something to do with that.

BAMBI

My old man is a prick and has never given me a dime. I made that clear but all you two cared about was getting a sweetheart deal for C. Wilbur so he could pay you a ransom in legal fees.

JOHNNY

You're a librarian who lives in a 27-room mansion and drives a Lamborghini. Your kids go to an exclusive boarding school in London and you live with famed Italian opera singer and film superstar Alfredo Fettuccine in Monte Carlo.

JENNY

And commute daily to work at this library on his \$125 million Gulfstream III private jet.

JOHNNY

Are you and Alfredo members of the mile high club?

BAMBI

Alfredo is blessed with a spicy Italian sausage. What do you think?

JENNY

I have another question. Why does your ex go by Dr. C. Wilbur Love? Just using his first name would be less embarrassing.

BAMBI

Two reasons. One, he's a total asshole. Two, his first name is Zippy.

JOHNNY

Why?

BAMBI

Said his old man suffered from premature ejaculation.

JOHNNY

Dr. Zippy Love should be a sex therapist, not a dermatologist.

BAMBI

Dr. Zippy Love or Dr. C. Wilbur Love is a scumbag by any name. But who cares? I've got Alfredo now.

JENNY

Speaking of Alfredo, can I have his cell number?

BAMBI

Arrivederci.

Bambi walks away. Just then somebody in a BUFFALO mascot costume runs in and starts throwing exploding books at them. The Johnsons duck behind the front desk and the buffalo runs back outside.

Bambi rushes back to the front desk and sees the Johnsons cowering behind it.

BAMBI

(Screaming)

What's all this noise? Quiet! This is a library! Please exit now before I have security mutilate you beyond recognition!

JOHNNY

Damn, I'd hate to cross you.

BAMBI

How did a fucking numbskull like you pass the bar?

JENNY

One of the great mysteries of Western civilization.

JOHNNY

The first and last time I ever pass a
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
bar in my life.

27 EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

As Jenny and Johnny depart the library building, the buffalo returns and starts firing arrows from an automatic cross bow at them but proves to be a pathetic marksman. Johnny and Jenny both flash middle fingers at the buffalo and it scampers away.

28 INT. GROCERY STORE PRODUCE SECTION - DAY

The Johnsons are in the produce department of a grocery supermarket talking with BUBBY BERRY, a skinny, greasy-haired produce manager in his 60s.

JENNY
Remember us?

BUBBY
Of course. Helen and Tom Willis from
The Jeffersons.

JOHNNY
Close but no cigar. We're Jenny and
Johnny from The Johnsons.

JENNY
Remember Buffy?

BUBBY
Who?

JOHNNY
Your former wife. We represented her
in your divorce case.

BUBBY
Oh, yeah. Straw. She divorced me
because she hated being called Straw
Berry.

JENNY
We thought her name was Buffy?

BUBBY
Straw was her nickname. She had a
drinking problem. Couldn't drink
without a straw. Otherwise the liquid
would just roll down her chin.

JOHNNY

A bummer. Especially if you're drinking top-shelf booze.

BUBBY

Tell me about it. She only drank Macallan single malt scotch whiskey.

JENNY

Were you angry with the divorce settlement?

BUBBY

Straw fucked me up the ass with that one. She got my beloved toadstool collection because she had better lawyers. I only had my Uncle Elder, who was a big Perry Mason fan but whose only exposure to law school was buffing the floors at Ave Maria School of Law.

JOHNNY

I went there. The floors were immaculate.

BUBBY

Elder Berry should be in the Buffing Hall of Fame. And his wife.

JENNY

What's his wife's name?

BUBBY

Cran Berry.

JENNY

Sorry I asked.

JENNY

Did the divorce settlement make you angry enough to kill us?

BUBBY

Nah. You were just doing your job. I killed my ex instead. Indirectly, of course. I stole all her straws and she died of thirst.

JENNY

We took up enough of your time. Your
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
bananas are getting overripe.

Just then somebody in a BANANA mascot costume, another in an APPLE mascot costume, another in a PEACH mascot costume, still another in a MELON mascot costume, yet another in a CARROT mascot costume and finally somebody in a CUCUMBER mascot costume enter the produce department and all start flinging apples, oranges, bananas, berries, grapes, melons, plums, peaches, carrots, broccoli, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers, cream pies, apple pies and cow pies at the Johnsons.

After the barrage stops bombarding Jenny and Johnny, they look like they just lost a food fight with Genghis Khan's Mongol hordes. The mascots, all panting audibly, flee the premises.

Miraculously, Bubba Berry was not hit with a single piece of produce.

BUBBY
I guess I'll go home. You two are
wearing my entire inventory.

29 INT. JOHNSONS MANSION - NIGHT

Jenny and Johnny are sitting in plush chairs on opposite sides of their expansive, beautifully decorated family room. He's watching a football game on their massive 98-inch television screen and she's looking at her phone and playing with her hair. Seated next to Johnny is a cannon straight out of the Civil War.

Suddenly four people wearing BOLL WEEVIL mascots costumes and carrying medieval swords crash through the large bay windows. When the mascots see Johnny about to fire his cannon, they all make a hasty retreat.

Johnny and Jenny run up to their shattered windows and look outside.

30 EXT. JOHNSONS MANSION - NIGHT

The boll weevils jump into the back of a van with BOLL WEEVIL PEST CONTROL lettering on both sides.

31 INT. JOHNSONS MANSION - NIGHT

JENNY
Did you call an exterminator?

JOHNNY

Not for boll weevils.

He shakes his head in disgust.

JOHNNY

Those fucking mascots ruined two of our cars and now our house.

JENNY

Don't call our homeowners insurance. We got two new cars. Now we'll get a new house.

JOHNNY

Suppose people start killing their spouses instead of divorcing them? We'll go bankrupt.

JENNY

No problem. We'll become criminal defense attorneys.

JOHNNY

Who we kidding? We're fucked. We have no clue who is trying to kill us. Let's preplan our funerals.

JENNY

Fuck that! All is not lost! We're going to interrogate all of our suspects one right after another and identify the wannabe killer.

JOHNNY

That overload will just confuse me.

JENNY

You get confused when there's more than three items on the menu. Fortunately, you have me.

JOHNNY

And you me.

JENNY

If you ever get erectile dysfunction you're yesterday's sex toy.

32 EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Jenny, Johnny and Penny are sitting on folding chairs at a table in an empty church parking lot. Facing them is a single folding chair. There are some papers and a pen in front of Penny on the table. She is sitting between the Johnsons and beaming.

JOHNNY

Penny, you're absolutely glowing.

JENNY

Practically incandescent.

PENNY

Just had the greatest sex of my life.
I'm in love. Totally in love. Heels
over head in love.

JENNY

Isn't it head over heels?

JOHNNY

Let's not split pubic hairs, OK?

PENNY

I can't believe none of our suspects
would agree to come to our office.

JOHNNY

They thought a church parking lot was
a safer venue for a follow-up
interrogation.

JENNY

They must think we're morons for not
yet having a clue who's our wannabe
killer.

PENNY

I'm not surprised. Take you guys out
of a legal setting and you need to be
briefed on how to pick up your fork.

Somebody in a BULL mascot costume sneaks up behind them with a rocket launcher and fires it at them. The rocket roars over their heads and with a large explosion transforms Chuckie's Condom Emporium factory across the street into a giant ball of fire.

JOHNNY

Holy fuck!

PENNY

I just love the smell of burning rubber.

JENNY

It smells of victory.

PENNY

There's no glory in divorce settlement victories if they get you divorced from life.

Billy Bob Bobson ambles over to the lone chair facing the trio and plops down on it.

JENNY

Billy Bob Bobson, the man who delivers salvation from clogged drains and backed-up toilets.

JOHNNY

Where were you on the afternoon of the 12th?

BILLY BOB

Shopping for pumpernickel bread for my notorious ex, Bubbles Bobbie Bobson.

JENNY

Trying to win back her heart?

BILLY BOB

I'm going to shove the pumpernickel bread so far up her ass it'll literally break her heart.

JENNY

She's the mother of your two kids.

PENNY

A mother is like a flower. Each one is beautiful and unique.

BILLY BOB

This mother is an ugly weed who sprouted two brats I pay excessive child custody for.

The clown mascot, carrying a fishing rod with a fishing hook attached to its end, sneaks up behind the interviewers. Like someone fly casting, the clown tries and fails to snag the threesome around the neck. Johnny, Jenny and Penny all stand up and whirl around to see the clown running off.

JOHNNY

That clown sure isn't hung up on whether to fish or cut bait.

JENNY

Never suspected a clown to be a fisherman.

PENNY

A good thing you aren't a private detective.

Billy Bob laughs.

JOHNNY

Do we amuse you?

BILLY BOB

Of course. You guys are clowns.

JENNY

Do you prefer circus clowns or rodeo clowns?

BILLY BOB

Clowns in my rearview mirror.

Billy Bob stands up, burps and casually strolls away.

JOHNNY

Well, that certainly was helpful.

JENNY

It was?

PENNY

We learned why fishing sucks as a hobby.

Somebody in a SHARK mascot costume drives up in a flatbed truck with a large aquarium on the back. The shark quickly jumps from the cab, climbs up on the back of the truck and starts flinging squid, octopi, clams, oyster, clams and seals at Johnny, Jenny and Penny who take so many direct hits they look like they jumped into the aquarium for a swim. The shark

gets back in the truck and drives off.

JOHNNY

Something fishy is going on.

PENNY

I'm swearing off seafood for life.

JENNY

I'm never stepping foot in an ocean again.

JOHNNY

I'm removing a visit to the Pike Place Fish Market in Seattle from my bucket list.

Jesus Goldberg, still wearing his white tunic with angel wings and carrying a bible, approaches them and sits facing them.

JOHNNY

Jesus Goldberg, who sells the bible even though he doesn't believe a word of it.

JESUS

As long as they're believers out there that's all the faith I need.

JOHNNY

Where were you on the morning of the 13th?

JESUS

Conducting a hallelujah bible meeting meeting at a bowling alley.

JENNY

Why a bowling alley?

JESUS

To keep people out of the gutter.

PENNY

Spare me.

JESUS

Who's this Jezebel? And you're not going to pin this on me.

The armadillo mascot carrying three bowling pins with knives attached to them sneaks up behind the trio. It tosses the first bowling pin/knife at Johnny but misses.

JESUS

Strike one.

The armadillo quickly tosses the second bowling pin/knife at Jenny but misses.

JESUS

Strike two.

The armadillo rapidly tosses the third bowling pin/knife at Penny but misses, then runs off.

JESUS

Strike three.

Johnny, Jenny and Penny twist around in their chairs and see the armadillo mascot running away.

JOHNNY

The fucking armadillo is back. Ugly fuck.

JENNY

Never saw bowling pins and knives flying in tandem before.

PENNY

Must be tough to roll a strike with sharp pins like that.

JESUS

Three strikes and you're out.

Jesus bangs his bible, stands up and walks away.

JENNY

We should've asked him more questions.

JOHNNY

The man wanted to leave.

PENNY

You don't screw with a guy selling a book full of hail, fire and brimstone.

JOHNNY

What the hell is brimstone?

JENNY

Patio pavers.

JOHNNY

We could use some patio pavers around our outdoor grill.

JENNY

A waste. The last time you barbecued a chicken Colonel Sanders was a brown-haired kid.

Rip Rockman walks up to the chair and sits down.

JENNY

Rip Rockman, a sexy fitness trainer with abs you could play like an xylophone.

JOHNNY

Where were you on the evening of the 14th?

RIP

Took my pet turtle to the movies. Shell wanted to see Barbie.

PENNY

Did she like it?

RIP

Loved it. And she was so proud of her newly painted pink shell. I even wore a pink shirt.

JOHNNY

Barbie and Ken move over and make way for Shell and Rip.

JENNY

Why would you take a turtle to the movies?

RIP

To bring her out of her shell.

The dinosaur mascot sneaks up behind the trio. It goes to whack them with an ironing board but the sheer force of its swing blows the notes Penny is taking onto the ground. She and her associates duck down to retrieve the papers just as the ironing board is about to violently slam into their

heads.

The dinosaur almost screws itself into the ground after its mighty swing hits nothing but air. The trio spins to see the dinosaur running off.

The dinosaur immediately returns, this time with an iron. It sprints up to the trio, slaps Jenny in the face, shoves Penny backwards and knees Johnny in the groin, doubling him over. The dinosaur pulls down Johnny's pants, places the hot iron on his butt and then pulls up his pants. Johnny screams as he dances around in pain and the dinosaur runs off.

JOHNNY

(Bellowing)

He scorched my fucking ass! I may never sit down again!

PENNY

Who still irons these days?

JENNY

A dinosaur mascot without a steam feature on its dryer.

JOHNNY

My damn ass must be raw, burnt to crisp meat.

Jenny pulls down his pants and checks out his ass.

JOHNNY

How bad is it?

JENNY

There are no words.

PENNY

Thank God the dinosaur didn't scorch my ass. It's my best feature.

Penny and Jenny resume sitting while Johnny remains standing as they face Rockman, who's now shaking like a leaf in a tsunami.

JENNY

What's wrong, Rip?

RIP

I told you I have a phobia about dinosaurs.

JENNY

Nevertheless, let's continue our line of questioning.

JOHNNY

Rip, are you a peanut butter and jelly guy or a gin and tonic guy?

RIP

I'm a Jenny and Johnny twisted pretzel guy.

No longer shaking, Rip stands up, flashes them a middle finger and walks away.

PENNY

That was rude.

JENNY

He's so fucking hot even Miss Manners would forgive him.

PENNY

He doesn't start my love juices flowing like Niagara Falls.

Leo the Lion Lorenzo, wearing dark sunglasses and using a white cane, walks up.

JENNY

The chair is two steps over to your right.

Leo reaches out, locates the back of the chair with his hand and sits down.

JOHNNY

Leo the Lion Lorenzo, an elite portrait painter and lover of lamb chops.

LEO

Fuck you!

JOHNNY

Where were you on the afternoon of the 15th?

LEO

Playing hopscotch with Felicia Feline.

JENNY

Does she ever get catty with you?

LEO

Of course. My biggest pet peeve about her is I wish she'd stop moving the furniture on me just to fuck with me.

PENNY

Do you ever fuck with her?

LEO

I just fuck her.

JOHNNY

That should make her purr.

The lion mascot sneaks up behind the trio and starts shooting them with radioactive platinum pellets from a BB gun.

The three of them yelp in pain and quickly duck under the table and turn around on their knees to see the lion run off. Johnny picks up one of the platinum pellets, takes a look at it and quickly tosses it aside. They crawl out from under the table and stand up.

PENNY

Damn, getting hit with a BB gun sure stings.

JOHNNY

That damn BB gun was shooting radioactive platinum pellets.

LEO

Are radioactive platinum pellets worse than a hot fireplace poker?

Leo goes into a short, spastic fit.

PENNY

Neither is a walk in the park.

LEO

A walk in the park is no easy stroll when you're blind.

JENNY

How do you know they were radioactive pellets? Packing a Geiger counter on you?

JOHNNY

Those BB gun pellets are hot to the touch. Have to be radioactive.

LEO

Fireplace pokers can be hot to the touch. Are they radioactive, too?

He goes into another short, spastic fit.

PENNY

I knew we should've held these fucking interrogations in the office. Fuck them if they didn't want to show up.

JENNY

An interrogation without suspects is somewhat pointless.

PENNY

Might be a better alternative than getting shot with BB gun radioactive pellets.

LEO

Getting blinded by a hot fireplace poker is worse.

He goes into yet another short, spastic fit.

LEO

I wonder if that fucker in the lion costume has a fireplace, uh, err, tool.

JOHNNY

The lion didn't target you. So probably not.

Jenny and Penny sit back down on their chairs while Johnny remains standing.

JENNY

Let's resume our interrogation.

JOHNNY

Leo, are you any good at playing blind man's bluff?

Enraged, Leo springs from his seat and quickly approaches the table. The three back away from the table. Leo flails

furiously and fruitlessly at the table with his cane. Penny's pile of notes fly off on the ground.

LEO

(Bellowing)

I'm going to kill you all!

JOHNNY

You can't kill what you can't see.

JENNY

My husband has painted a rather black portrait of your predicament, Leo.

Huffing and puffing, Leo stops swinging the cane. He turns around and, relying on his cane, slowly walks off.

PENNY

I pity the blind.

JOHNNY

I can't even imagine being deaf, dumb and blind.

JENNY

Since you never listen and have an IQ in single digits, you've got two out of three.

Barre Bean goes through a ballet routine as she approaches the threesome and then sits in the chair.

JOHNNY

Barre Bean, the ballet dancer whose delicious toes could give even a corpse a foot fetish.

BARRE

Make it quick. I ate too many chili beans for breakfast.

JENNY

Missing your ex, Chili Bean?

BARRE

Hell, no. I eat chili beans because I love turning his only product into shit. And since chili beans make me shit more than a bull, they keep me ballet thin.

JOHNNY

Got it. Where were you on the morning of the 16th?

BARRE

Getting a colonoscopy.

JENNY

Any polyps?

BARRE

Nah. Just some imbedded chili beans.

The dominatrix mouse mascot rushes up behind the trio and tosses a water balloon filled with acid at them. The balloon sails just over their heads and lands on Penny's pile of notes and soaks them. The dominatrix mouse then runs off.

JOHNNY

Holy shit! It was a water balloon filled with acid! Look at Penny's notes!

PENNY

Fuck! They're disintegrating! I knew I should've taped these interviews instead.

BARRE

I loved that mouse's outfit. I'm adding a dominatrix routine to my next ballet performance.

She stands up.

BARRE

Shit! I just shit myself.

JOHNNY

Get the hell out of here, Barre, before you attract flies.

Barre begins to walk away on her toes.

JENNY

Wait! We've got a few follow-up questions for you.

Barre walks back to them on her toes.

JOHNNY

In three words or less, what's the meaning of life?

BARRE

What kind of lame question is that?

JENNY

Just answer the question, twinkle toes.

BARRE

Nutcracker.

JOHNNY

That's your answer?

BARRE

Nutcracker is the only thing that matters in life. Whether it's the ballet or busting the balls of some dude who did you wrong.

PENNY

That's an interesting philosophy.

BARRE

You a shrink?

JOHNNY

Where were you on the afternoon of the 17th?

BARRE

Prancing with Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer.

JENNY

Why?

BARRE

Keeps both of us on our toes.

JOHNNY

I didn't know Rudolph was a ballet dancer.

BARRE

It's his side hustle. Working only on foggy Christmas Eves doesn't cover the mortgage on his igloo. North Pole real
(MORE)

BARRE (CONT'D)
estate is insane.

Just then the chicken mascot holding a club sneaks up behind the trio and starts pounding the three of them. Barre prances over to them and kicks the chicken mascot in the crotch, who groans and grabs its groin as it hobbles away.

JENNY
That was damn nice of you, Barre.

PENNY
Agreed.

BARRE
I only did it because the chicken was hurting Johnny.

She gives Johnny a passionate kiss.

JENNY
Excuse me. That's my husband.

BARRE
Johnny, when you're done with this nonsense come over to my place and tickle my ovaries.

JOHNNY
Please wipe your ass first.

JENNY
Any more questions for Barre?

JOHNNY
Are you on the pill?

JENNY
We're done here. Thank you for your time.

Barre pirouettes and prances away.

JENNY
Johnny, if you hook up with her I'll bend your Hall of Fame penis into a pretzel.

PENNY
Too much information.

Somebody in a RAT mascot costume drives an exterminator panel truck with RATS B GONE painted on the sides up to them, pops out of the driver's seat, opens up the back of the truck and starts heaving a bunch of rat carcasses filled with plastic explosives that have the not-so-terrific trio dancing around dodging the explosions. After running out of rats, the rat mascot hops back in the truck and drives off.

JENNY

I'm beyond creeped out.

JOHNNY

I'm having flashbacks of the Willard and Ben horror movies.

PENNY

I'm having flashbacks of my junior prom.

JENNY

Junior prom?

PENNY

My date looked like Ratso from the Midnight Cowboy movie.

JOHNNY

Little wonder you turned gay.

Olive Martini strolls in, gives each of them the middle finger and sits down.

OLIVE

Keep this short. I was up all night practicing my scales.

JENNY

I listened to some Shaken Not Stirred Olive Martini on YouTube. Your band is so fucking loud you can't hear your voice.

OLIVE

So?

JOHNNY

So why bother practicing your scales?

OLIVE

What else am I going to do all night when I spend all day fucking, doping

(MORE)

OLIVE (CONT'D)
and drinking?

JENNY
Sleeping. Eating.

JOHNNY
Where were you on the night of the
32nd?

OLIVE
Drinking olive martinis with the
Rolling Stones.

JOHNNY
Wrong. There is no 32nd.

OLIVE
Maybe on your calendar.

JOHNNY
So where you on the morning of the
30th?

OLIVE
Gargling warm saltwater for my pipes
down at the beach.

JOHNNY
Were you wearing sunblock?

OLIVE
I wasn't wearing anything. It's a nude
beach.

Just then somebody in a KING NEPTUNE mascot costume comes running carrying a spear gun and starts shooting harpoons at Jenny, Johnny and Penny. The three of them duck out of harm's way as King Neptune sprints away.

OLIVE
Sorry about the intrusion. King
Neptune was one of my groupies when I
was the lead vocalist for The
Mermaids.

JOHNNY
Why did you quit The Mermaids?

OLIVE
We couldn't do any dance routines.

King Neptune returns carrying a pitchfork. It ignores Jenny, Johnny and Penny as it knocks Olive to the ground on her back and slams the pitchfork just above her head.

OLIVE

King Neptune, you sure are a frisky rascal, aren't you?

JENNY

A bit of advice, Olive. Screwing on asphalt can lead to brush burns on your ass.

JOHNNY

Between asphalt burns and a hot iron scorching, my ass is more tender than a first kiss between rhinoceros.

JENNY

It's rhinoceroses.

PENNY

Nah. It's rhinoceri.

OLIVE

Neptune, you can do me in my swimming pool. Let's scram.

Holding hands, Olive and King Neptune skip away.

JOHNNY

At times like this I wish I had gone into a more solitary life.

JENNY

Hermits don't have anybody to fuck.

Bud Weiser drives onto the parking lot in his new Budweiser delivery truck and pulls up to the trio. He climbs out of the cab and with his beer gut preceding him, walks over to the chair and plops down on it.

JENNY

New wheels, huh?

BUD

I'm not going to deliver Bud cases and kegs on my back.

JOHNNY

Ever cheat on Budweiser and enjoy a
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
good Belgian, German or Mexican beer?

BUD
That would be adultery.

JOHNNY
Where were you on the afternoon of the
15th?

BUD
Drinking Budweiser on my porch.

JOHNNY
Where were you on the evening of the
15th?

BUD
Pissing Budweiser on my porch.

JOHNNY
I'm sensing a theme here. Where were
you on the morning of the 16th?

BUD
At the track.

JENNY
Racetrack?

BUD
High school track. Running laps.

JENNY
The fuck you were.

BUD
My beer gut wouldn't fit into the
Vatican if I didn't burn calories.

Just then somebody in a sexy ST. PAULI GIRL beer mascot
costume drives up in a St. Pauli Girl beer delivery truck and
parks next to the Budweiser delivery truck.

The St. Pauli Girl beer mascot gets out of the cab and opens
the back of the truck. It then starts throwing St. Pauli Girl
beer bottles at Johnny, Jenny and Penny. They hold up their
hands to protect their faces and dance around to avoid some
of the shrapnel. Still, they get soaked with beer and covered
with glass, suffering a few cuts on their hands and faces.

BUD

At least she's not wasting good beer
like Budweiser.

The St. Pauli Girl Beer mascot gets back in its truck and
speeds away.

BUD

Pardon me but I just gotta see what's
under that costume.

Bud Weiser climbs into his truck and zooms away.

JOHNNY

I think Bud just fell in love with the
enemy.

JENNY

It happens.

PENNY

The heart wants the heart wants.

JOHNNY

Until it doesn't.

JENNY

That's where a good divorce lawyer
comes in.

A helicopter flies over the parking lot and circles back for
a landing. Hopping out of the copter are Bambi Bookman and
her boyfriend pilot ALFREDO FETTUCCHINE, a tall, lithe,
handsome hunk with a sexy brown stubble and a mane of
gorgeous brown hair. They athletically approach the table.

JENNY

Oh my God! He's fucking divine!

PENNY

At the moment I'm reconsidering my
sexual orientation.

JOHNNY

I, on the other hand, find Bambi to be
a rather delicious dish.

BAMBI

Make this quick. Alfredo and I have to
catch a flight to Rome. We have a
prayer meeting with the pope.

JOHNNY

Where you on the evening of the 27th?

BAMBI

Eating Fettuccine.

Alfredo flashes an incandescent smile.

JENNY

God, even his teeth are impossibly beautiful. I'd pay to watch him floss.

JOHNNY

And what was Alfredo eating?

ALFREDO

(Heavy Italian accent)

Deer meat.

JOHNNY

As in Bambi?

Alfredo flashes an incandescent smile.

ALFREDO

Buon appetito.

JOHNNY

Bambi, have you read every book in your library?

BAMBI

You're a goddamn jerkoff.

JENNY

I have a question. Do you guys read books in bed after sex?

BAMBI

I wasn't trying to kill you. But my position has changed. Alfredo has Mafia connections.

ALFREDO

Si. You guys wake up in bed with beheaded horse's head, no?

JOHNNY

No, no, no, no.

JENNY

No, no, no, no.

PENNY

No, no, no, no.

Just then somebody wearing a STATUE OF DAVID mascot costume drives up in a large Domino's Pizza delivery truck. It exits, opens up the truck and starts tossing exploding pizzas at Jenny, Johnny and Penny who get covered in dough, sauce, pepperoni, mushrooms, anchovies, ham, pineapple and pieces of parking lot asphalt as Bambi and Alfredo laugh hysterically.

The Statue of David mascot stops flinging pizzas, jumps into the cab of the truck and drives way.

JOHNNY

Thanks for lunch. No further questions.

JENNY

I have one more. Do you sleep with married women, Alfredo?

BAMBI

Nothing you could do because I'm stuck like glue to my guy.

ALFREDO

Arrivederci.

They smile and wave goodbye as they climb back into their helicopter and take off. Jenny, Penny and Johnny still are wearing pizza and asphalt debris as Jenny and Penny sit down while Johnny remains standing, tenderly patting his ass.

JOHNNY

I doubt I'll ever eat pizza again.

JENNY

When we were in Florence I regret not defacing Michelangelo's David statue.

PENNY

With the paltry peanuts you pay me, I'd have to hijack a plane to get to Florence.

JENNY

Find out who the hell is behind all these insane mascot assaults and we'll

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
consider giving you an additional ten
bucks a week.

Bubby Berry, carrying a banana in one hand and an apple in
the other, walks up and sits.

BUBBY
Another food fight, this time with
pizza?

JENNY
Never mind.

BUBBY
I'm a timid guy. Butterflies scare me.
I'm terrified of ladybugs. In high
school even the teachers bullied me.

PENNY
The point being?

BUBBY
I'm not your guy. I would never hurt
anybody, let alone kill them. And
mascots give me the creeps.

JOHNNY
Still I must pursue my line of
questioning. Can you distinguish your
black socks from your blue socks in
dim lighting?

BUBBY
What does that have to do with
anything?

JOHNNY
I'm conducting an investigation.
Answer the question.

BUBBY
Don't know. I only wear yellow socks.

JOHNNY
Any particular reason?

BUBBY
I'm yellow.

JOHNNY

Were you wearing yellow socks on the morning of the 17th?

BUBBY

Of course.

JOHNNY

And where were you on the morning of the 17th?

BUBBY

Teaching my karate class.

JENNY

Come on. A pussy like you teaches karate?

BUBBY

To Marines. I have a black belt in Shotokan. For self-defense only.

PENNY

Bully survival?

BUBBY

And Straw survival. She rarely used pots and pans to cook. But she sure as hell used them to bang away on me.

PENNY

I hate it when pots and pans bang.

BUBBY

Definitely not the kind of bang I was expecting when we got married.

Just then somebody in a BRUCE LEE mascot costume runs up to the table and assaults Johnny, Jenny and Penny with sidekicks, front kicks, roundhouse kicks, left hooks, right crosses and ridge hands. After just a couple minutes, the battered and bruised trio slumps to the ground in a hapless heap. The Bruce Lee mascot then runs off.

BUBBY

My, my. I'd teach you a few karate moves but I've got to run to the advanced weapons training class I'm instructing.

He walks away.

Honey Pot, wearing a nun's habit, walks up to the fallen threesome and helps them up to their chairs.

JENNY

Thank you, Sister.

Honey Pot sits on the solitary chair.

PENNY

Sister, that chair is reserved for attempted murder suspects we're interrogating.

HONEY POT

Heaven's sake I know that, hon.

JENNY

Wait! Is that you Honey Pot?

PENNY

Honey Pot?

HONEY POT

I'm Sister Redemption during my day job, hon.

JOHNNY

What do you do?

HONEY POT

I teach religion at Holy Redeemer Parochial School.

JENNY

Perfect day job for a hooker.

HONEY POT

I give all my nocturnal earnings to the church, hon.

JOHNNY

Very laudable.

HONEY POT

I'm still awaiting payment from you two for our threesome.

PENNY

Threesome?

JENNY

Never mind.

JOHNNY

Some things are worth waiting for,
Honey Pot.

JENNY

Just like the second coming.

HONEY POT

In my day job, yes. In my night job,
not so much.

PENNY

You seem so sweet for a hooker.

HONEY POT

Sweet as honey. Sorry. Couldn't
resist. Lord knows, temptation
sometimes gets the best of me.

JOHNNY

We're all sinners because Adam and Eve
fucked up.

HONEY POT

You guys run into a cyclone?

JOHNNY

A Bruce Lee mascot.

HONEY POT

You guys need an exterminator to get
rid of your mascot infestation.

JENNY

Now there's a thought.

JOHNNY

Sister Honey Pot, where were you on
the morning of the 13th?

HONEY POT

Sister Redemption.

JOHNNY

Sorry. Force of habit.

HONEY POT

Teaching the Act of Contrition to our
(MORE)

HONEY POT (CONT'D)

first-graders. They'll need it. Half of them already seem to be on the road to hell.

JENNY

How do you justify your unusual double life?

HONEY POT

Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and render unto God the things that are God's.

MATT

Who's Caesar?

HONEY POT

My first trick, Caesar Rubicon.

The bear mascot sneaks up on the three interrogators. It struggles to put a large bear trap around Johnny's neck as Jenny and Penny flail at the bear. Honey Pot jumps out of the chair, runs up to the table, pulls some honey glazed doughnuts from under her habit, puts them under the bear's nose and starts walking off. The bear follows her.

PENNY

Those honey glazed doughnuts saved your scorched ass, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Why didn't she share some doughnuts with us? I'm starving.

JENNY

Some people are never satisfied.

JOHNNY

Now what will I eat? You tell me. You tell me!

JENNY

There's one thing I'll tell you. Our wannabe killer always knows exactly where we are.

JOHNNY

It could be Nostradamus but that's doubtful because he's been dead since 1556.

They both look at Penny.

JENNY

Penny, you were the only one who knew our daily schedule.

PENNY

Fuck you guys if you think I'm trying to kill you. I easily could've shot you dead in our office at anytime.

JOHNNY

Our apologies.

PENNY

You still hurt my feelings.

JENNY

To make it up to you, you now can have off every other Saturday.

PENNY

Every Saturday.

JOHNNY

Deal.

The lion mascot holding a bazooka storms up to the table.

JOHNNY

I don't know about you two, but I'm all in favor of a hunting season to thin the mascot herd.

JENNY

I'll call our congressman.

PENNY

Forget it. He's paralyzed by gridlock.

While its bazooka is trained on them, the lion places a clothespin on each of their noses to restrict their breathing. The lion then puts a plastic bag over their heads to further restrict their breathing.

However, the lion neither fastens the plastic bags nor ties their hands to their chairs. The three simply remove the plastic bags and clothespins.

JENNY

You may be lion-hearted but you're
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
 bird-brained. You didn't fasten the
 clothespins, plastic bags and tie our
 hands.

The lion shakes its head and snaps its fingers in
 frustration. And then brandishes the bazooka at the trio.

JENNY
 Some fucking lion king!

JOHNNY
 Fuck you, Simba!

PENNY
 Hey nitwits, stop antagonizing it!

JOHNNY
 Jenny, remember the old defensive line
 stunt?

JENNY
 Copy that.

JOHNNY
 On two.

JENNY
 Hut! Hut!

Johnny and Jenny rush the lion mascot as if it were a
 quarterback. Before arriving at the mascot, they cross in
 front of each other and loop around, crashing into the
 befuddled lion from both sides. Not only does their sandwich
 tackle knock the bazooka loose but also knocks the mascot's
 costume head off -- revealing Alice Stumpf.

ALICE
 Oh my goodness!

JOHNNY
 Alice!

JENNY
 Alice!

PENNY
 Dolly!

JOHNNY
 Who?

Alice scrambles to her feet while retrieving the bazooka.

JENNY

I recall that Quakers are pacifists.

ALICE

Only practicing Quakers.

PENNY

I can't believe it's you, Dolly.

JOHNNY

Dolly who?

PENNY

Dolly Poppenpuss, my live-in girlfriend.

JENNY

That explains things. Dolly Poppenpuss really is Alice Stumpf, the big bang Widow Maker.

PENNY

Fuck me.

ALICE

My goodness, I'm not even gay. I gritted my teeth every time Penny and I made love. Just so I could get to you legal beagles. I was checking your schedule on her phone.

PENNY

You used me! And don't give me that grit your teeth shit.

ALICE

My goodness, making love to you was like making love to a coyote.

PENNY

I made you so hot your remarkably responsive vagina burned up three of my vibrators. Thank God I didn't have a penis to stick into that firepit of yours.

ALICE

Instead of all the silly animal costumes and absurd kill attempts, I

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
should've just fucked Johnny and Jenny
to death.

JENNY
I don't have a penis.

ALICE
You've got a tongue!

PENNY
If we were lovers, how could you put
me in harm's way?

ALICE
Penny, you simply were collateral
damage if I took you out along with
these two jerks.

Enraged, Penny levels a startled Alice with a flying tackle
of her own. The bazooka drops to the ground and Johnny
quickly picks it up.

ALICE
My goodness! Can't we just play touch
football and forget all the tackling?

JOHNNY
Sit down on the chair, Alice.

She complies. Penny, Jenny and Johnny stand in front of her.

JENNY
Why do you want us dead, Alice?

ALICE
Because of your investigative
bullshit, all of my late husbands'
families sued me. Tying up all the
prenup monies in litigation and
temporarily and perhaps permanently
depriving me of millions.

JOHNNY
I'd say that's reasonable motive for
murder.

PENNY
Hope your skanky ass likes prison for
the rest of your pathetic life.

ALICE

I have other plans.

She suddenly stands up, pulls a hand grenade out from under her lion costume, pulls the pin, tosses the grenade up in the air toward the trio and starts running away.

Jenny tries to catch the grenade but it bounces off her hands. Penny tries to grab the rebound but the grenade clangs off her hands. Johnny snatches the grenade just before it hits the ground and fires a perfect strike toward the fleeing Alice. There is a loud explosion as Alice hits the ground. Penny, Johnny and Jenny run over to where Alice's body lies.

JOHNNY

Alice doesn't live here anymore.

PENNY

(Screaming)

Johnny, you killed her! Why, you fucking idiot?

Penny starts crying hysterically, kneels down and cradles Alice's head in her arms while Johnny and Jenny run around whooping and hollering and slapping each other with high fives.

JENNY

Safe at last! Safe at last! Hallelujah
safe at last!

JOHNNY

We cracked this fucking case like it
was a walnut!

Penny still is hysterically crying as she quickly springs up and runs off.

JOHNNY

Penny certainly is shedding tears of
joy.

JENNY

If you were anymore clueless, you
would've suspected Colonel Mustard of
trying to kill us with a candlestick
in the conservatory.

JOHNNY

Is conservatory a fancy word for
lavatory?

The evil duck mascot returns, carrying a couple of rubber duckies. It throws them at Johnny and Jenny but they both sail over their heads and explode behind them.

Suddenly somebody dressed in a HOT DOG mascot costume runs onto the scene and starts kickboxing with the evil duck mascot. The combatants unleash a furious fusillade of alternating left hooks and sidekicks, right crosses and front kicks, and uppercuts and roundhouse kicks.

The hot dog then punishes the evil duck with a volley of vicious body shots to the stomach. The evil duck crumples to the parking lot surface.

Johnny and Jenny rush over and remove the head from the evil duck lying on its back, revealing Penny in the costume.

JENNY

Penny!

JOHNNY

It was you all along, wasn't it?

PENNY

Yes and no.

JENNY

That's rather ambivalent.

PENNY

I've wanted you two dead for years.
You've overworked and underpaid me.
You've disrespected me. Always having
disgusting straight sex without
closing the office door.

JOHNNY

You wanted us dead just for that?

PENNY

And because you just killed the love
of my life. I had no idea until today
that Dolly was trying to kill you all
this time. Just shows that we were
twin souls.

JOHNNY

How so?

PENNY

I couldn't bring myself to kill you
(MORE)

PENNY (CONT'D)

all these years. Didn't have the guts.
Dolly must have sensed that and tried
to do it for me.

JENNY

She used you and dismissed you as mere
collateral damage if you got caught in
the crossfire.

PENNY

She was joking. What a sense of humor
she has. Or had.

Penny starts gagging. The hot dog mascot returns and removes
its head -- revealing Honey Pot.

JENNY

Honey Pot?

JOHNNY

You're a hell of a fighter for a nun.
Or a hooker.

HONEY POT

You've got to be in my professions. My
johns can be violent and the kids in
school are worse.

JENNY

You saved our ass.

HONEY POT

You'd better get her ass to the
hospital, hon. She likely has a
ruptured spleen. I've been working on
my spleen splitter body shots.

JOHNNY

I'd pay good money to see Honey Pot
fight Bubby Berry.

Penny remains flat on her back but raises her head to speak.

PENNY

Please call an ambulance.

JOHNNY

Honey Pot, why did you dress up as a
hot dog and save us?

HONEY POT

In memory of Frank Furter. He's not the first client of mine who got a taste of my honey, then went home and gorged himself to death on honey.

JENNY

Why else did you save us?

HONEY POT

To collect my money for our little chat and impromptu threesome the other day. We're running low on crayons at school.

JENNY

I'll write you a check.

HONEY POT

Cash. Checks often bounce more than basketballs. If you stiff me, I'll stick Aunt Bee on you.

PENNY

Guys, I'm sorry to interrupt. Call an ambulance. Pretty please.

JOHNNY

We're a bit preoccupied at the moment.

JENNY

Geez. Some people only think of themselves.

Honey Pot pulls her phone from her costume and makes a call.

HONEY POT

Just called 9-1-1. It's busy.

PENNY

How the fuck can it be busy?

HONEY POT

Relax. The dispatcher knows my number and will send the cavalry in white coats shortly.

PENNY

My whole life is passing before my eyes. A montage of clam bakes.

Suddenly we hear an ambulance siren screaming. The siren stops and somebody dressed in a giant BEE mascot costume stomps up to them.

HONEY POT

Uh-oh, guys. Aunt Bee looks pissed! She's got a stinger on her like an electric cattle prod.

JOHNNY

Why did she arrive in an ambulance?

HONEY POT

Besides being my jaw breaker, she moonlights as an EMT. Double duty as an angel of mercy and an instrument of death.

The bee kneels down to attend to Penny. While still kneeling, the mascot whips out a cattle prod and tries but fails to stick it up Johnny's ass. The bee runs away.

JENNY

Why did the bee suddenly buzz off?

JOHNNY

Pure frustration. It couldn't jam the cattle prod up my ass because I'm wearing a chastity belt backwards. Got the last one on Amazon.

JENNY

I didn't notice it when I checked out your scorched ass.

JOHNNY

It's flesh covered. You don't want to be embarrassed if you get caught with your pants down.

PENNY

With Aunt Bee gone, who'll get me to the hospital?

HONEY POT

Andy and Barney are in the ambulance. As soon as their game of checkers is over, they'll get you to the hospital lickety-split.

PENNY

Where's Opie? He should be old enough to drive by now.

HONEY POT

He's playing pickleball with Floyd the barber.

33 INT. JOHNSON AND JOHNSON LAW OFFICE - DAY

Johnny and Jenny are standing in their office reception area. Paperwork is piled up high on Penny's desk and on several filing cabinets.

JOHNNY

Where is Penny when we need her? If this paperwork gets any higher, we'll have to become mountain climbers just to scale it.

JENNY

She's likely to be in prison for a stretch now that's she's out of the hospital.

He sighs loudly.

JOHNNY

A stretch of incoming bills and no outgoing invoices.

JENNY

We could always hire someone else.

JOHNNY

No one else would put up with our shit.

JENNY

Penny's behind bars and we're behind paperwork.

JOHNNY

Prisoners either way.

A bunch of canned goods and sacks of potatoes come flying at them in rapid succession and land with loud thuds on the floor.

JOHNNY

I didn't know the Food Bank delivered.

JENNY

I shouldn't have opened the window to let in some fresh air.

A hammer, crowbar, monkey wrench, power drill, power saw and cordless belt sander come flying at them in rapid succession and crash into Penny's desk and the filing cabinets, toppling piles of paperwork onto the floor.

JENNY

That's one way to level the paperwork.

JOHNNY

Building services has to be more careful with tools.

They dodge a battle axe, a long sword, a battering ram and a cauldron of burning oil flying at them and crashing into the desk and filing cabinets.

JOHNNY

We're being attacked by Germanic barbarians!

JENNY

Your forebears must be freaking pissed at you.

JOHNNY

Did you tell them I was rooting for the Romans when they were squabbling over Gaul?

JENNY

That's it! I quit!

JOHNNY

You know, I'm done, too!

JENNY

Seems like everybody and anybody who may or may not be a somebody is trying to whack us.

JOHNNY

We're magnets for kill shots because we fucked a lot of people over being ruthless lawyers.

JENNY

Let's be good guys for a change.

JOHNNY
And hide from the world.

JENNY
How?

JOHNNY
In a mascot costume.

JENNY
Let's be rabbits! They fuck a lot.

34 EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

Three people wearing RABBIT mascot costumes are squeezed into the front seat of a rusty, banged-up 1957 Chevy convertible as they drive on an open highway.

HONEY POT
Hons, I knew we were destined to be a threesome.

JOHNNY
Being mascots for the Fertility City Rabbits minor league baseball team is going to be great fun.

JENNY
I won't mention my new profession at my next Harvard and Yale reunions.

HONEY POT
Hons, it's going to be cozy in our one-bedroom apartment.

JENNY
I hope it doesn't have bed bugs.

FADE OUT:

THE END