

Zoldar, Zoldar, Zoldar

pilot for  
the animated series  
*Irrational Public Radio*

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WGA registration #1565377

Joe Smith  
[www.IrrationalPublicRadio.com](http://www.IrrationalPublicRadio.com)

- COLD OPEN -

INT. CAR - MORNING

We see the back of the driver, some sort of WEREWOLF/  
ALIEN CREATURE - definitely not human, though it is  
dressed in a shirt and tie - on its morning commute.  
It turns on the RADIO.

GUEST REPORTER

(O.S., on the radio,  
MUSIC under)

-with thousands of gallons of  
hot gravy hurtling towards The  
Lost Cat District. (MUSIC  
ends)

Under the following, we see a montage of various  
listeners tuning in to IPR : a slender CAMEL-FACED  
CREATURE listening to her headphones while jogging, an  
OLDER HUMAN COUPLE at the breakfast table, a MOLE  
sleeping through his morning alarm, various CONVICTS  
working out at the prison gym with IPR playing over the  
loud speaker, two ZOMBIE COLLEGE ROOMMATES (one wearing  
a "Z.U." sweatshirt) listening with their speakers  
facing out the window, etc.

GERMAINE

(O.S., on the radio)

Irrational Public Radio would  
not be possible without the  
support of you, our listeners,  
as well as The James B.,  
Penelope Q., And Rashiqua T.  
Bevalaqaterowich Endowment,  
committed to researching  
solutions for streamlining  
user empowerment for the fair  
and equitable redistribution  
of development funds to  
further the goal of  
environmentally-sound business  
practices, using an efficient,  
cruelty-free business model,  
putting children first when it

comes to prioritizing global agricultural strategies in the changing media economy, where the value of the individual is measured by the common yardsticks of courage, self-reliance, and a dedication to a sustainable world market in which a broad scope of cultural values and evolving philosophic landscapes are-

EXT. IPR STUDIOS - MOMENTS LATER

No longer hearing the radio broadcast, we see an ordinary-looking office building in a busy city business district, with "I.P.R." in large letters on the front. Next door is a deli/lunch counter called SIEGEL'S. DOMINIC, a monkey in casual clothes and an obvious toupee, comes out of IPR and looks at the SPEAKER attached to the outside of the building. He scampers up to it, gives it a WHACK, and it starts working again. Over the following, he calmly re-enters the building.

GERMAINE

(O.C., on the speaker)

-philanthropy, and the importance of stretching. I'm Germaine Particle and this... is Irrational Public Radio.

MUSIC FLOURISH and OPENING CREDITS.

- ACT I -

INT. IPR STUDIOS - OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

A somewhat run-down, outdated reception area. A sound-proof glass window looks into the STUDIO. There is a

red "ON AIR" SIGN on the wall, currently unlit, and a small counter with a COFFEE MACHINE on it and a SNACK CABINET above it, boarded up at present. SCROB, a robot with a big red button on its front panel, sits at the RECEPTION DESK. On the desk is a TRASH BASKET, catching drips coming down from the ceiling. DOMINIC stands, hand on hip, examining the leak. The other hand holds a cup of coffee. DOMINIC takes a sip then looks into the cup. We hear the conversation from inside the studio.

MO

(O.C.)

Now, the transcript segments are automatically blogged as an RSS feed, and updates are v-pinged live-

INT. IPR STUDIOS - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A somewhat run-down, outdated RADIO BROADCAST STUDIO with a RED LIGHT BULB on the wall (unlit). MO, a young female intern (blue skin, green hair, vaguely but not entirely human), talks to DANK GRONCH-FIORD, a worm with reading glasses, who sits atop the counter by the mic with his morning coffee, looking over his NOTES for today's broadcast.

MO

-that sync up with both the mobile IPR stream and the data cloud, so that every time you re-fresh the content-

DANK

(interrupting)

Banana loaf.

MO

...Is that-

DANK

(interrupting)

Tupelo Wigwam.

MO

...I don't-

DANK

(interrupting)

Shagga dagga loopa-loo...with  
a side of (makes weird mouth  
noise).

MO has no idea how to react to this.

DANK

We're making about the same  
amount of sense right now, you  
realize. What you're saying  
to me is just... maybe a third  
of those things are actual  
words. The rest is just gibba  
gabba hookie-pookie (whistles)  
- I have no use for it.

GERMAINE

Dank, be nice. She's gonna  
run this place in 5 years,  
mark my words.

GERMAINE PARTICLE is a BRAIN IN A JAR. The brain is  
floating in some sort of liquid, with one WIRE going in  
from the studio ceiling, and one leading from the  
brain, by what look like JUMPER CABLES, to an old DOLL,  
whose face & body move when GERMAINE speaks. There is  
also a MIC in front of the doll.

MO

Thank you, Germaine.

GERMAINE

You're welcome. Hold on-

An ELECTRICAL SURGE has come down the wire going into  
Germaine's brain. Germaine "clears his throat," or  
rather, the doll's throat, and now the on-air light has  
gone red. Everyone else stays still and silent.

GERMAINE

(on air)

Support for Irrational Public  
Radio comes from... Shumke  
Industrial Vagueries,  
providing quality service to  
the greater local area for  
some time.

Beat. The on-air light goes off.

DANK

Mo, I will give you five  
dollars a week if you never  
speak to me about clouds or  
weeping.

MO

Done. I'll get it  
from your backpack.

DANK

Thank you. Is that my mail?

MO

Just the IPR newsletter.

DANK

What's the cover story?

MO

(reading)  
"Zoldar to speak at-"

DANK

Keep it.

MO

(excited)  
Really?

DANK

Yeah, hang it in your locker  
or whatever you're going to  
do.

MO

We have lockers?

DANK

Is my name in there at all?

MO

(scans the  
newsletter)

Uhh...Does the address label  
count?

DANK

(dry)

Fantastic.

MO

Okay, we're on in four.  
Where's Sondra?

DANK

(takes a sip of his  
coffee through a  
straw)

She'll be here. -Oh hell,  
what's with the coffee?

MO

I don't know. I keep running  
water through the machine but  
that taste is still there.

DANK

What *is* that taste?

GERMAINE

Impurities probably. Could be  
anything. That's why I don't  
drink coffee.

DANK

*That's* why you don't drink  
coffee...?

GERMAINE

Among other reasons, yes.  
Look at your coloring today -  
dull and waxy. *Impurities.*

LINDA enters. She is an anthropomorphized dog, dressed shabbily and a little butch, and she carries a steaming coffee mug. She's the General Manager.

DANK

(to Germaine) Impurities. Okay. I'll be on the lookout for those. (TO Linda) Linda, have you heard about the impurities?

LINDA

Is that a band?

MO

Hey Linda.

LINDA

Hey kiddo. Taste this.

She hands Mo the coffee mug. Mo reluctantly takes a sip. It is terrible.

MO

(non-committal)

Hmm. What is it?

LINDA

I know, right? *That* is the finest batch of beef broth I have made in my life. Cooked it up this morning in the coffee machine. I'm on nothing but broth for the next six weeks. (laps some more up like a dog). Mmmph! Damn that's good stuff. Dank, you're next.

DANK

Oh, uh, yes, let's... Let's try that. (tastes it, puts on a brave face)...smoky.

LINDA

(excited)



That's the coffee residue! It really brings out the earthiness of the bouillon. Okay, Sondra next. Where's Sondra?

DANK

She's, uh...

DANK

...going to the bathroom

GERMAINE

...on the roof.

Beat.

LINDA

(concerned)

She can't go to the bathroom on the roof. There's other buildings next door. They can see right onto the roof.

DANK

(giving Germaine a sideways glance)

Yes, that's very true. I will pass that along.

LINDA

Mo, please make sure the Ladies Room is clean and stocked. We can't have our on-air personalities doing their business on the roof.

MO

I'll go do that.

LINDA

Thanks Mo.

Mo EXITS.

LINDA

Germaine, you're up. Oh,  
er... (fumbling to figure out  
how a brain-in-a-jar can try  
her broth) Can you...

GERMAINE

That's okay, that's okay. I  
don't really eat in a  
traditional- oookayyy.

Linda has poured some hot beef broth onto the doll's  
mouth, getting it everywhere.

GERMAINE

Yup, yup, I can taste the  
smokiness a bit, yes.

LINDA

Now... (trying to work out how  
Germaine is able to "taste")  
does it go up those tubes,  
or...?

GERMAINE

No, the chemicals in my float  
solution-

LINDA

Should I pour it in there?  
(begins to)

GERMAINE

NO! No no no... I can taste  
it fine. Mmmm, that's good,  
that's nice.

LINDA

What do you like about it?

GERMAINE

Ehhhh...the smokiness.

LINDA

You picked up on that too, eh?  
I did add some Powdered Smoke  
brand powdered smoke. I tried  
the off-brand stuff but it's

not the same. I have a bunch  
of both in my office if anyone  
wants to do a taste test.

DANK  
Absolutely, yes.

GERMAINE  
Thank you...good stuff.

Dominic ENTERS from outer office.

LINDA  
Dom! Beef broth?

Dominic takes a long sip, giving a thumbs-up...

LINDA  
Atta boy.

He taps on his watch then EXITS into the control booth.

LINDA  
Okay, all, I'll let you get to  
it. I'll be in my office.  
Great show everyone!

She EXITS, but before the studio door closes entirely,  
SONDRA MARQUEZ flips in silently from some high perch  
in the office. She hides behind the door and makes a  
"shh" gesture until the door closes all the way, which  
takes a minute. She is a human woman wearing a  
SUPERHERO OUTFIT with the letters "KN" on it, a karate  
belt, and a nurse's cap. When the door finally shuts  
all the way, she sits down.

SONDRA  
Sorry guys. Sorry, sorry.

DANK  
Karate Nurse never sleeps,  
huh?

SONDRA  
Literally these days.

GERMAINE  
Cutting it real close, Sondra.

SONDRA

(overlapping)

I know, I know. I punched the  
guy too hard. He needed  
stitches. I got here as fast  
as I could.

Dominic TAPS on the glass between the control booth and  
the studio.

SONDRA

Got it, Dominic! Thanks.  
Sorry again. Germaine, I've  
got to move you over just a  
bit.

She moves his doll and mic a bit to the side. The  
doll's hair gets in Germaine's jar.

GERMAINE

The hair's wet, the hair's  
wet....

SONDRA

Okay, settle down.

She lifts the doll's soggy hair from the jar.

GERMAINE

Ugh. It's gonna smell now.

SONDRA

(to Dank, RE: his coffee) May  
I?

DANK

Knock yourself out.

She takes a sip and grimaces. She turns a switch on the  
board and we hear the end of the lead-in broadcast.  
The bad taste lingers. And lingers.

LEAD-IN REPORTER

(O.C.)

...questions remain; Was the  
driver properly licensed? Did  
the eagle distract him when it

flew into the window and changed the settings on radio? Did it intend to set the treble all the way up? We'll follow on that story tomorrow, but now... the news.

A beat. Dominic works the control board. All watch as the in-studio on-air light comes on.

DANK  
(into the mic)  
Today, on Irrational Public Radio...

MUSIC - the IPR THEME - plays under the following. The anchors read from prepared notes.

DANK  
A South Dakota sea captain has punctured a small hole in a nectarine with a chopstick. What will this mean for the economy?

SONDRA  
The Latin world's top boxers are testing the theory that a solid right jab to the sternum may cure or cause either scabies or rabies. We'll talk to a few of the boxers, and see how they stay in such good shape.

DANK  
Thinking about making your own crackers? We'll tell you why that's not a good idea.

SONDRA  
And we revisit a past story about a waffle cannery whose employees attempted a world record for assembling the widest human trapezoid. Why they decided the ones with the

sharpest knees should be on top. For IPR, I'm Sondra Marquez.

DANK

And I'm Dank Gronch Fiord. All this and more in just a few moments ...on Irrational Public Radio.

A beat while the theme music fades out. Sondra begins to fuss about inside her shirt. When the on-air light goes off...

SONDRA

So it's three guys sticking up a museum gift shop of all things. One has a knife-

DANK

I still don't understand how you can do that without taking your shirt off.

SONDRA

Oh this thing has been killing me the whole night - *ahhhhhh* (she removes her PROSTHETIC RIGHT ARM). Ohh boy... Whew!

She gets up and walks out to the office just outside the studio. We see her through the glass.

SONDRA

Anyway, long story short, knife guy lunges, I block the, uh... Why is the snack cabinet boarded up?

DANK

Linda's on a cleanse.

CRACK! Sondra has kicked through the board. She re-enters the studio munching a box of ZAPPY ZOOPS.

SONDRA

I block the guy, elbow him in the head... poor slob *leans into it*, blood everywhere, I've got to sew him up right then and there. The other two guys take off, no time to change or eat breakfast or anything-

GERMAINE

Well don't eat Zappy Zoops, though, come on.

SONDRA

So run on over to Siegel's and get me a bagel sandwich. I'll gladly put these away.

GERMAINE

...That's not appreciated, Sondra.

SONDRA

(sighs) I'm sorry, Germaine, I'm just... irritable right now, okay? I didn't mean anything by it.

GERMAINE

Well that's your thing, isn't it? You punch and kick first, and clean up your mess later.

SONDRA

Germaine, get off your cross. It was a mistake. I said I'm sorry.

GERMAINE

Oh well that should fix everything, right? Fantastic. Well then, here I go to Siegel's. Doo da doo doo...

Germaine's doll starts walking, only to reach the limits of the cables that connect it to Germaine's brain. Sondra rolls her eyes.

GERMAINE

Here I go, walking over to Siegel's to get a bagel sandwich for my dear colleague Sondra. Why can't she just go herself, you ask? *She* isn't confined to a two-foot radius. She's *Karate Nurse*. She's got-

BZZZZZT! A new surge has come down into Germaine's brain and the on-air light has come on.

GERMAINE

(on air)

Irrational Public Radio is made possible with the support of: Amore Silver, a vitamin-rich, high-fiber aphrodisiac for seniors.

Beat. The on-air light shuts off.

SONDRA

I'm going to go change.

She EXITS. Beat.

GERMAINE

Boy, a bagel sandwich sounds really good.

END OF ACT I

- ACT II -

EXT. IPR STUDIOS - SAME DAY

Establishing shot. CLASSICAL MUSIC from the broadcast plays on the outside speaker.

INT. IPR STUDIOS - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The music continues as Dominic, in headphones, monitors the board. A CALENDAR with real (not animated)



pictures of a monkey and a kitten cuddling hangs on the wall. Dominic dips a banana into his mug of steaming beef broth and takes a bite.

INT. IPR STUDIOS - LINDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Linda's office is comfy but a dump. She sits behind her desk, ladling broth into her coffee mug from a big steaming bowl, and Dank lies on the arm of a chair. We can hear the faint sound of the music broadcast in the background.

DANK

(sighs deeply)

I don't know, Linda. Remember Missouri? We were on fire then. In the field, on that pesticide scandal. Remember that?

LINDA

Sure.

DANK

We blasted into that CEO's office, you chewed out those two security guards. Literally chewed!

LINDA

I know.

DANK

What am I doing now? I'm sitting in a studio, reading the weather and reporting on the death of the Minority Whip.

LINDA

Ohhh, I miss Minority Whip. The minute black people invent a dessert topping, it's under scrutiny. Did you ever notice that?

DANK

And I know you told me not to  
obsess-

LINDA  
Don't do it-

DANK  
-but I want that Merplemann  
Prize.

LINDA  
Dank-

DANK  
I want it, I want it, I want  
that Merplemann Prize. It's  
not even the money-

LINDA  
Dank, listen to me. You had a  
good year. Your piece on  
tweed, eh? The shark  
interviews. Your year-end  
wrap-up on yeti folk dancing  
*alone* should put you in the  
running.

DANK  
No one wants to *hear* about  
Yetis dancing, Linda. The  
magic of Yeti dancing is in  
the fluidity of the footwork,  
and that just doesn't  
translate to radio. (beat)  
Zoldar's going to get it.

LINDA  
Well...he might. But I'll  
take one Dank Gronch-Fiord  
over ten Zoldars any day.

Beat.

DANK  
Did you hear his piece on  
dragons?

LINDA

Oh yeah. I never knew how underpaid they are.

DANK

Me neither.

LINDA

(getting emotional)  
They work so hard and they're just trying to support their families.

DANK

(also getting emotional)  
That one who couldn't fly anymore because that jerk teenager shot her with the flaming arrow? He didn't even have the right dragon!

LINDA

(overlapping, fighting tears)  
Don't, don't. I won't be able to get it back.

Beat, as both take a breath.

LINDA

Look, why don't you have a little beef broth-

DANK

What an ego though.

LINDA

Okay-

DANK

"I'm Zoldar - Beware my wrath." Who does he think he is?

LINDA

I don't know. I've never seen him wrathful.

DANK

I've seen him wrathful. It's not as impressive as he's making it sound.

LINDA

You gotta let it go, man. You're a *good radio journalist*, Dank. One of the best. (beat) Who's a good radio journalist?

DANK

I'm a good radio journalist.

LINDA

Yes you are. (beat) You sleeping okay? Your color's a little weird. You look dull and waxy.

DANK

It's the impurities.

LINDA

Well then you should stop listening to them. Find some other hobby. Dominic says he does knitting.

DANK

Yeah but what he's talking about actually involves nits.

INT. IPR STUDIOS - OUTER OFFICE - SAME DAY

Scrob still sits behind the reception desk. The leak from the ceiling still drips steadily into the wastebasket on the desk. Mo pours a JUG OF SPRING WATER into the coffee machine, and removes the pot long enough to stick a mug under where the coffee would come

out. She takes a sip of the steaming hot water and makes a face.

MO  
(under her breath)  
Nope. Not yet.

She replaces the pot and pours a bunch more spring water into the machine.

EXT. SIEGEL'S DELI & IPR STUDIOS - SAME DAY

On the exterior IPR speaker, we hear the music fade and then hear Germaine's voice, as we slowly ZOOM IN to Siegel's.

GERMAINE  
Support for IPR comes from  
Clifton's Irregular Beef  
Jerky, now with FDA honorable  
mention.

INT. SIEGEL'S DELI - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Siegel's is a typical New York-style deli; meat and cheese case, rotating thing with slices of cake, etc. Sondra, now changed from her Karate Nurse outfit into regular clothes (and still without her prosthetic arm), sips a giant COFFEE in a "Siegel's Deli" CUP. She talks with SIEGEL, a rotund, furry creature, who's making her a BAGEL SANDWICH.

SONDRA  
Ahhhh, ohhh boy... Seigel this  
coffee is saving my life. It  
tastes nothing like beef broth  
don't ask - ooh, how'd your  
kid's thing go?

SIEGEL  
She came in 3rd out of eighty-  
seven.

SONDRA

Hey that's not bad! You remember any of her words?

SIEGEL

"Syzygy." She got that one right. Won some toy she has no interest in, but whatever. (RE: the sandwich) I forget - avocado?

SONDRA

Yeah, please. What is she into these days?

SIEGEL

You. She's gonna be you for Halloween.

SONDRA

Get out.

SIEGEL

Honest to god. She's got the outfit, the blood pressure cuff, the whole bit.

SONDRA

Oh that is too cute. Hey I can give her one of my old karate belts if you like.

SIEGEL

Sondra, I would be forever in your debt.

SONDRA

She's a great kid.

SIEGEL

(presenting her bagel sandwich on the counter)

You wanna do the honors?

Sondra puts down her coffee, and karate chops the bagel sandwich in half. A little too hard. There's now a huge spider crack in the glass deli cabinet.

SONDRA

Oh Siegel...

SIEGEL

S'okay. Oddly enough, I have insurance for this exact thing.

SONDRA

For karate damage?

SIEGEL

I got talked into the deluxe package.

INT. IPR STUDIOS - OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Scrob is at the front desk, and the ceiling still drips into the wastebasket. A human VENDOR enters. He leans in close to Scrob and speaks loudly.

VENDOR

REQUEST TO SPEAK WITH MANAGER ABOUT YOUR OFFICE EQUIPMENT NEEDS.

SCROB

(robot voice)

Beep boop bop. My manager is in a a meeting.

VENDOR

SUGGEST ALTERNATIVE PERS-

SCROB

(interrupting,  
regular voice)

I'm not serious, of course. I don't really talk like that. Most people think all robots talk like that and I just

wanted to illustrate how  
thoughtless and hateful that  
stereotype is.

VENDOR

Oh... I'm sorry.

SCROB

I can do the old-time-y robot  
thing if you like.

VENDOR

Oh that's not necessary.

SCROB

(robot voice)

Bzzz boop bing. Please leave  
a message at the tone.

VENDOR

I'm very sorry. Would it be  
possib-

SCROB

Beeeeeeeeeep.

VENDOR

Oh... THIS IS MICHAEL SHRAND  
CALLING FOR THE MANAGER. UH,  
IF YOU GET THIS-

SCROB

She is actually in a meeting.  
I'm Scrob, by the way. How ya  
doin, Mike...

VENDOR

Hi.

SCROB

You wanna leave a business  
card, or...

VENDOR

Certainly, let me get one for  
you.

SCROB



I'm kidding. I've already scanned your retina. I have all your information.

VENDOR

...really?

SCROB

(laughs)

No, no. Look at your face. No, there's laws against that. For some reason. I'll take your card.

INT. IPR STUDIOS - LINDA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Linda and Dank are listening to something on the COMPUTER. Linda looks sad and gives the occasional whimper. Dank has his glasses off and is crying a little.

ZOLDAR

(O.S., over the computer speakers)

And while it's too late for Krystara, her unending optimism for other dragons remains.

KRYSTARA

(O.S.)

My hope is that my daughter will grow up in a world where she can follow her heart and live whatever kind of life she wants to live. She'll fly higher than the world has ever seen, and in my dreams anyway, I'll be flying right there with her.

As MUSIC rises is the background of the program, Linda and Dank are both closer to a full-blown cry.

ZOLDAR

(O.S.)  
...for IPR West, I'm Zoldar,  
Venusian Prince of War.  
Beware my wrath. I... am  
Zoldar.

Sondra enters with four Siegel's COFFEES in a cardboard beverage carrier.

SONDRA  
Hey guys. Scrob said you-

Linda scrambles to shut off the playback on the computer, and Dank puts his glasses back on by throwing his head forward onto them. They both try to hide their crying.

LINDA  
Sondra! Hey! I see you've  
got several cups of coffee  
there. Dank, look, Sondra has  
coffee.

DANK  
Sondra, we were having a  
meeting. We were having a  
meeting. Maybe you could  
knock next time, please,  
that's all I ask, when we're  
having a meeting.

SONDRA  
...sure thing. Er, would you  
guys like a coffee?

LINDA  
(still emotional)  
Uh-uh.

DANK  
(choking back tears)  
Mmph - not thirsty.

SONDRA  
Hey you know the ceiling's  
still leaking out there,  
right?

LINDA

Yeah, Dominic's on it. I'm just... (covering) it's making me a little upset is all.

DANK

It's making us all upset.

LINDA

Doesn't the owner keep up his plumbing maintenance? What are we paying rent for!?

Beat.

SONDRA

She was supposed to start teaching her kid to fly the day after that arrow hit her, you know.

LINDA & DANK

(bursting into tears)

Waaaaaa!-

SLAM. Sondra steps out of Linda's office and closes the door behind her.

SONDRA

Bad timing for *that* little dragon. Heh heh...

Beat, as Sondra's mischievous snicker slowly morphs into a trembling lower lip. Her face contorts as she finds herself choking back her own emotional kick to the gut.

SONDRA

Mmrrghhhh-

END OF ACT II

- ACT III -

INT. IPR STUDIOS - STUDIO - DAY

NATALIE FESTERENCCINI (a lizard), and ROGER OGREMSEN (a square-headed human), sit at the console. Nearby is an open LAPTOP. The on-air light is lit. Germaine's doll reads a TINY MAGAZINE.

NATALIE

Once again, I'm Natalie Festerencchini, and I'm here with Roger Ogresmen-

ROGER

Hello.

NATALIE

-and more than ever we depend on you, our listeners, to keep Irrational Public Radio on the air. For the price of a travel-size shampoo and a medium red onion every five days, you can support IPR at the Friends with Benefits Level.

ROGER

Now Nat, you're allergic to onions. Is that right?

NATALIE

No, that's gluten. I'm allergic to gluten and wasps. Not the sting, just the wasp itself. And I have a fear of squares.

ROGER

The shape?

NATALIE

Nope. Just un-hip, conventional people. If I see a middle-aged man in a polo shirt and khakis, I will flip the hell out.

BOOP. The laptop has indicated a message has come through.

ROGER

Well it looks like (reading on laptop) Dino from Upper Wilburton just texted from the fast lane of the Garret Hobart Expressway to say he'll be writing a check to IPR for \$100 as soon as he gets... It looks like he just stopped in mid-sentence there, but we appreciate your support, Dino, and hope that ice storm that's been hitting Upper Wilburton lets up real soon.

NATALIE

Now don't forget to enter our online raffle for the month-long Chubby Checker fantasy camp in Ho Chi Minh City, and every pledge over \$50 gets you Tor Jorgensen's instructional CD : Erotic Balloon Sculpture for Fun and Exercise.

ROGER

Thanks again from IPR, and we'll leave you with track 12 from that CD; "The Yawning Camel."

He signals to Dominic in the booth, who hits a button to play the CD, which consists of a series of SQUEAKY BALLOON-TWISTING SOUNDS. The on-air light goes OFF, though we still hear the CD. Sondra enters, holding the door for Dank, whom we don't actually see until he worms his way up onto the console desk. Roger and Natalie are packing up to leave.

SONDRA

Hey guys. How's the fund drive going?

ROGER

Really great. We're hoping to, you know, wrap things up soon.

SONDRA

That's good news!

NATALIE

Well, Roger is a little more optimistic than I am. We may still need to come back next week. It'd sure help things if Mr. Gronch-Fiord there gets that Merplemann prize.

DANK

We'll see, Nat. We'll see.

The squeaky balloon noises continue.

ROGER

I think you're due, my friend. People are starting to recognize the value of the work you, and frankly all of us, do here. TV and the internet are fine, but they don't match the serious, in-depth analysis IPR brings to important world events.

More squeaky balloon noises. Under the following, Sondra self-consciously fades them out on the console monitor.

ROGER

There's an integrity there that you're just not going to find in today's otherwise fluffy, disposable news media. Anyway, I'll get off my soapbox. You guys have a good rest of your show.

DANK

Thanks, guys. Take care.

NATALIE

Bye Sondra. Karate Nurse  
forever!

SONDRA

Thanks.

They EXIT.

GERMAINE

Sondra, I'm not making  
accusations, but I sat in some  
Zappy Zoop crumbs a minute ago  
and they stained my dress.  
I'm just saying.

SONDRA

That's terrible. I've got  
something for you.

She picks up Germaine's doll as he protests somewhat,  
and turns her back to the camera as she does something  
with it.

GERMAINE

I've already brushed off the  
crumbs. You don't have to-

He's silent for a moment, then Sondra turns back  
around. She has replaced Germaine's worse-for-wear old  
doll and replaced it with a brand new one; A muscular  
ACTION FIGURE that carries a book.

GERMAINE

-t the hell are you  
doing??? ...Whoa.

SONDRA

Not bad, huh?

GERMAINE

What is it?

SONDRA

It's a Word Warrior action  
figure. Comes with his own  
unabridged dictionary.

GERMAINE

Hey nice! And I'm ripped too!  
Check it out!

He struts back and forth along the console desk,  
flexing and posing.

GERMAINE

Unngh! Gaaahhh! Unabridged!  
Word Warrior, huh?

SONDRA

Courtesy of Siegel's kid.  
What do you think?

GERMAINE

(flipping quickly  
through his  
dictionary)  
I'm... *jubilant*. Oh I haven't  
used that in a  
while. ...Thanks Sondra.

SONDRA

(holding the old  
stained used doll)  
You wanna keep the old one?

GERMAINE

Echh, really?

SONDRA

I don't know.

GERMAINE

Yeah, no. It's like keeping  
fingernail clippings.

JULIA

(O.S.)  
Knock knock.

JULIA SCHNEIZHOFFER, a monkey in a sharp business suit,  
APPEARS in the doorway of the studio. Behind her we  
see Mo crossing with another jug of spring water to run  
through the coffee machine. We also see that the  
dripping from the ceiling has gotten even worse.



SONDRA

Hi, can I help you?

JULIA

Sorry to bother you. Just wanted to introduce myself. Julia Schneizhöffler. I just moved in upstairs.

DANK

Good to meet you, Julia. Dank Gronch-Fiord. This is Sondra Marquez. Germaine Particle.

GERMAINE

(waving via the doll)  
Hello there.

JULIA

It's a pleasure. Been an IPR listener for years. And a big fan of Karate Nurse as well.

SONDRA

Well thank you very much.

JULIA

And, eh, hello!

She waves to Dominic through the booth window. Dominic is transfixed.

SONDRA

What sort of business have you got up there, Julia?

JULIA

I manufacture beef broth neutralizing solution.

All eyebrows go up. Mo's head pops into frame in the background.

JULIA

(cont.)  
It's mostly just me at the moment, but I hope to be

expanding soon. Working on  
the marketing right now.  
(sings awkwardly) *When you  
need the taste or smell of  
beef broth neutralized from  
your industrial food  
preparation equipment, try  
Schneizhöffler Beef Broth  
Neutralizing Solution...today!*  
...I did the jingle myself.  
It's a first draft.

Mo has been listening to all of this, her eyes zagging  
between Julia and the dripping ceiling. Over the  
following, we see Mo in the background, struggling to  
carry the coffee machine over to the reception desk,  
pushing the trash basket aside so that the drips fall  
into the top of the coffee machine instead.

DANK

Well we're glad to have you in  
the building.

GERMAINE

Yes, welcome.

Linda enters from her office.

LINDA

Hey guys, I just saw a  
squirrel out my window! ...Oh,  
hi there.

SONDRA

This is Linda Fink, our  
station manager.

JULIA

Julia Schneizhöffler. Good to  
meet you.

GERMAINE

Julia just moved in upstairs.

LINDA

Oh! Welcome welcome! Have you eaten at Siegel's next door yet?

JULIA

Not yet, but I hear good things.

LINDA

Sometimes he burns the brisket. It's just as tasty and great for your teeth. Tell him I sent you. He'll hook you up.

JULIA

I will, thank you. It's great to meet you all. I've got a furniture delivery meeting me out front in a minute so I'll leave you to it. Hope we won't be in your way.

SONDRA

I'm sure it'll be fine. If it's too noisy we'll just bang on the ceiling.

JULIA

Sure. Well, actually I'm in the *back* of the building. The people right above you are new too though. I just met them. Bob and Cindy from Bob & Cindy's Foot Fungus Scrub-a-Dub. Apparently they wash some pretty extreme feet. They said they're dealing with some drainage issues right now but they'll come say hi soon. Anyhow, it was great to meet you all.

LINDA

You too! We'll see you around!

DANK

Nice meeting you, Julia.

TAP TAP TAP. Dominic taps at the booth window, smiles and waves awkwardly, still transfixed. Julia gives a tentative wave back, then EXITS. As she does, we see Mo, defeated, in the background, as the coffee machine continues to catch the drips.

EXT. IPR STUDIOS - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

We hear JAZZ MUSIC wrapping up on the exterior speaker. The coffee machine is now out on the curb with a "FREE" sign on it. It's being examined by a small stray CAT, who sniffs it and flinches.

INT. IPR STUDIOS - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

They are wrapping up the day's broadcast. The on-air light is lit.

DANK

We conclude with a remembrance. Today would have been the 100th birthday of inventor Harriet Vijou, who worked tirelessly for over 60 years, then worked an additional five though very tired. At just 19, she invented the taco thermometer, and the prototype for what is now the walk-in spice cabinet. Her personal life was fraught with struggle, however. She married and had a child at twenty-one, but within the year, she and her husband, a flan-maker, divorced and had a messy custard battle. But she persevered, and in her life patented over 150 inventions. Without her, we would not have the glue bazooka, the no-string guitar, triangular ham, or dog sombreros. Harriet Vijou, we remember and

pay tribute to your vision,  
and hope that our remembrance  
suffices as our birthday gift  
to you.

MUSIC rises, the slowly fades out. When it does, the  
on-air light goes off. We hear Scrob through the  
speakerphone.

SCROB

(O.S.)

Dank, I have a call for you  
from, and I quote, "Zoldar,  
Venusian Prince of War, beware  
my wrath, I am Zoldar."

All in the studio exchange looks.

DANK

Thank you, Scrob. You can  
(long, deep breath) send it  
through.

Beat. During the conversation, there is a split-  
screen. Dank is on one side, on speakerphone, with  
Sondra and Germaine listening in. On the other side is  
a TIGHT SHOT of ZOLDAR, a human-ish space creature,  
wearing some sort of BATTLE HELMET with a SMALL MOON  
orbiting it.

ZOLDAR

Dank, It's Zoldar, Venusian  
Prince of War, beware my  
wrath-

DANK

(interrupting)

Beware your wrath, yes, how  
are you, Zoldar?

ZOLDAR

I just caught your thing on  
Harriet Vijou. Great stuff.  
Great. From now on, when I  
think of taco thermometers,  
I'm going to think of you,  
buddy.

DANK

You broke up there for a second, Zoldar. I didn't catch a word of it but don't worry about saying it again. What's up?

ZOLDAR

I just wanted to make the call and say as far as I'm concerned, the prize belongs to all of us. And I think Old Man Merplemann would have said the same thing.

DANK

Well, that's a nice gesture, Zoldar. I'm sure whoever gets it will keep that sentiment in mind. Merplemann set a good example for us all.

ZOLDAR

...nobody's called you today?

DANK

You're calling me. Wait, what?

ZOLDAR

(sigh) I figured they'd call me last. They've done that the previous times I've won.

DANK

...You won? You got the Merplemann prize?

ZOLDAR

Dank, I had an exclusive seven-part interview with the Sultan of Shri Bong Fip. The last three covered the attempted coup in real time. He choked on babaganoush when they busted down the front door of the palace. I had to

perform the Heimlich maneuver live on the air. When a piece of eggplant seed flew out of his mouth and hit the microphone, the revolutionaries, who were listening to my broadcast, thought he'd been shot and laid down their arms, which allowed enough time for the loyalist guards to regain control of the palace. They all rushed in and things got pretty heated but fortunately I was able to intervene. These guys aren't terrorists, they just want fair representation in what's essentially an oligarchy. So I'm standing there in a room filled with Sultanist loyalists on one side and freedom fighters on the other, every one of them armed to the teeth, and I thought to myself, Zoldar, if ever there was a time for the great poet K. Kipward Kee - you know, "The light of a new dawn illuminates all equally." Well, as soon as I recited that whole poem from memory, this *glow of possibility* just blossomed in the hearts of all those men, and so for the next fourteen hours, we all just sat around a conference table and hammered out what became the Shri Bong Fip New Dawn Peace Accord. I'm going back for the official signing ceremony in a month or so. They're waiting to hear back from my agent regarding my availability before they

schedule it. Anyway, we don't really need to get into it.

Beat.

DANK

Hmm.

ZOLDAR

But, uh, look, Dank, I just wanted to make the call and say no hard feelings and best of luck for next year. Yeah?

We hear a few POPPING sounds.

DANK

(disheartened but covering)

Yes, of course. Congratulations, Zoldar. You've had a great year. ...is that gunfire?

ZOLDAR

(louder)

Yes! Yes it is. I'm, er, in Qilat. It's near Turkey. I'm on assignment here. Getting pretty hairy.

DANK

Do you need to take cover?

The popping intensifies.

ZOLDAR

I should probably take cover, yes. But you know, I'm here to get the tough stories, so danger's just a part of the job.

DANK

Zoldar, I'll let you go. Go take cover, and



congratulations, okay? Be safe.

ZOLDAR

Yeah, I've got to take cover I think. Okay then, Dank. There's firing all around me, here in Qilat, where I am, so I'm going to go take cover now! I'll get the story though! Take care, buddy! Gotta run!

Zoldar hangs up. The split screen remains long enough for us to see Dank and his coworkers shrug and exchange looks, then that half wipes away and we're left only on Zoldar. We hear a DING! The popping FADES OUT, and we PULL BACK to reveal that Zoldar is in his kitchen, in a stained robe and fuzzy slippers, making MICROWAVE POPCORN. He removes the popcorn, sighs deeply, and slowly, sadly eats a piece. It gets stuck in his teeth.

END OF ACT III

TAG

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Music video for the punk rock band The Impurities. They are an assortment of various creatures in punk dress, rockin' out. Title text reads :

The Impurities

*We Are The Impurities*

Album : We Are Almost Everywhere

LEAD SINGER

(singing)

We are the rat guts in your hot dog. The algae in your water. The black spot on your heart! WE ARE THE IMPURITIES...

PULL BACK TO

:

INT. IPR STUDIOS - CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The video appears on Dominic's little B&W TV. But he's not watching it. He's got a JAR of Schneizhöffler Beef Broth Neutralizing Solution, and is staring at the picture of Julia on the front. Head in hand, he sighs wistfully.

THE END