

MASTERPIECE

WRITTEN BY

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INT. SHADY ROOM - UNKNOWN

ALBERT FINSTRIPP sits in a windowless room lined by computer monitors and tape decks.

In the middle of the room is a small desk with a single computer monitor on it. Albert sits at this desk.

INT. KLYREAN EMBASSY

Patterson walks through the tall double doors and approaches the information desk. An ATTENDANT sits behind the desk.

PATTERSON

Hello, I'm looking for... uh...

Patterson searches his pockets. He pulls out the slip of paper.

PATTERSON

Ambassador... Ghú?

ATTENDANT

Yes, okay, very good may I please have your name?

PATTERSON

Patterson. Greg Patterson?

ATTENDANT

Okay one moment please thank you.

The Attendant hits keys on the keyboard.

Patterson fidgets.

ATTENDANT

Okay, I have your name here sir, may you please step over there Ghú will be with you soon it it very much appreciated thank you.

PATTERSON

Sure. Uh... do you know how long he'll be?

ATTENDANT

The Ambassador is not a short man.

PATTERSON

No. I mean... time? Is he close?

ATTENDANT

The ambassador lives here, please
sit and wait thank you.

Paterson puts the slip of paper back in his pocket. He sits
down.

EXT. GLORIOUS KLYREAN PARK OF THE CITY - GOLDEN HOUR

HAPPY PRESIDENT INTI stands atop a stage, he addresses his
people.

HAPPY PRESIDENT INTI

Thank you all for coming here very
much, I am greatly
appreciating. Ladies and
Gentlemen, I am not a short man. I
am a very tall man whose long arms
reach to the skies. There in the
skies I find clouds and flying
machines with massive propellers.
But worry not, for the propellers
will not hurt my hands for I am a
Happy President and I will do what
is best. What is the best thing I
can do for you, you may ask? Well
do not ask, for I shall tell you
now thank you. Ladies and
Gentlemen, I am having a building
of the nuclear weapons, and once it
is built we shall be known as a
tall nation thank you. We shall no
longer be crushed under the boot
heels, we shall no longer be the
second best, we shall be a first
and they will pay attention thank
you. You have been electing me, and
this is very nice. It means you
are wishing that I will do what is
best and I know what is best for my
brain is crushing against my skull.
This is painful, but I have the
clear vision of a future. Please
trust me for I care for you all
very much thank you.
Many will be scared, but this is
understandable. You shall not fear

HAPPY PRESIDENT INTI

please, you shall not quake please,
you shall not hunger please. For I
shall clear it and make it well for
a while. Thank you, you are all
kind people.

The Happy President waves and smiles.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

PRESIDENT STAG JENSEN sits in the oval office, polishing a
cow skull. Stag has a scar across his right eye and a
goatee. He wears a black turtleneck and a black leather
coat.

Stag's assistant, GREG PHILLIPS, bursts into the office.

GREG

Mr. President, I have some terrible
news, it seems as though Texas has
declared itself a free republic.
Also, I think Qyleira's gotten the
Nuclear weapons.

PRES. STAG JENSEN

You pronounce it with an accented
"E", Greg, making it "Quileera".
And of course they have the
weapons, China wanted it that way.

GREG

Sir, with all do respect, I'm
pretty sure China wanted the
nuclear weapons to go to Canada.

PRES. STAG JENSEN

Lets talk about Texas. Get the
governor on the phone and tell him
that if they want to be a new
republic, then be sure to make it
to the next League of nations
meeting. Also, let them know that
we're going to be putting a terif
on their sugar.

GREG

I don't think sugar cane can grow
in Texas, sir.

PRES. STAG JENSEN
Good, then the tariff won't be a
problem.

GREG
Very good sir, but back to the
nuclear weapons issue-

PRES. STAG JENSEN
Have you talked to Chairman Tang?

GREG
No sir, and I don't think you're
pronouncing it correctly.

PRES. STAG JENSEN
Of course I am, Greg, I spent eight
years in China training with the
shaolin monks, honing my body and
mind. NOW if you excuse me, Greg, I
have to go FIGHT CRIME!

The President is airlifted out of the oval office by a
helicopter. Greg salutes him.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg bursts through the doors to the oval office.

GREG
Sir, The Dakotas have joined forces
and they're invading Wisconsin!

PRES. STAG JENSEN
Call in the military, we're going
to war!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg bursts into the oval office.

GREG
Sir, Jackson Hole's swallowed most
of Wyoming!

PRES. STAG JENSEN
That'll cost me election points!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg bursts into the oval office.

GREG

Sir, I'm being held at gunpoint!

PRES. STAG JENSEN

Thanks, I've been working out.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg bursts through the doors of the oval office.

GREG

Sir, I think I love you.

PRES. STAG JENSEN

Well then what are you so afraid of?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg walks into the oval office.

GREG

Sir, I've been looking over your financial records, and it seems as though you've bought a moon bounce.

PRES. STAG JENSEN

I WANT TO FLY AWAY!

The President shoots out his arms and runs about the room making airplane noises.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg kicks in the doors to the oval office.

GREG

Sir, this is a coup!

PRES. STAG JENSEN

I always knew it would come to this.

The President shoots himself in the head.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg enters the oval office.

GREG
Sir, I have the negatives!

PRES. STAG JENSEN
You're a liar, a thief, and a
transvestite grass dwelling rodent,
swine!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg apparates into the oval office.

GREG
It was me all along! I was the
wizard!

PRES. STAG JENSEN
GREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEG!!!!!!

The president raises his hands to the heavens.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg runs into the oval office.

GREG
Sir, you're dinner reservations
have been canceled!

PRES. STAG JENSEN
My marriage is ruined.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

Greg hangs up his phone, he approaches the president.

GREG
Sir, Heisenburg II has just proved
your nonexistence.

PRES. STAG JENSEN
(whilst fading out of
existence)
Curse you Heisenburg! Curse you...

INT. NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

AMBASSADOR ØGIR speaks to the general assembly.

AMBASSADOR ØGIR

It has been seven years since the Great War resulted in the creation of Qyleira. We are grateful for this, and yet we have many problems. Over thirty percent of our five million citizens are going hungry, yet our soil is not fertile enough to feed them all. We have come to you before with this problem, and you have sent us care packages. We appreciate this gesture, and yet what good is it? We are able to feed our people for a week, a month, and yet our soil still cannot produce many plants, our people continue to be ignorant of proper farming practices, and economy is still too low to compete on a global scale. Our Happy President of seven years, Yms, does what he can and he is very gracious. Yet it is not enough. I come to you today with a simple request: Do not send us food care packages, send us education, send us fertilizer, send us what we need.

We are aware that this request will be met with scorn. And so, we have come up with a solution. Qyleira is in possession of thirteen nuclear warheads which can be launched at any moment. They are pointed to Earth's top cities: London, Chicago, Johannesburg, Tokyo, Beijing, New York, Paris, Port-au-Prince, São Paulo, Delhi, Bangkok, Quebec, and Mexico City. Happy President Yms requests that the New League send him seven agricultural specialists and three fruit trees within the week, or else he will be forced to launch. This may seem drastic to you, but I assure you it is not. Thank you.

INT. CAR - NOON

WALDEN and REMBRANT drive in a car. Rembrant sips on a milkshake.

WALDEN
How's the shake.

REMBRANT
I don't think it's a powder shake.

WALDEN
Really?

REMBRANT
Yeah... and... I don't know it's just... creamy.

WALDEN
I read that all shakes used to be creamy. Back before the Great War.

REMBRANT
Yeah. They were. I remember it. What... the time you're talking about was only ten years ago. We were in high school.

WALDEN
Yes, and what troubled times they were.

REMBRANT
Yeah, I guess.

Rembrant sips his shake. He grimaces.

REMBRANT
Shakes... were made of milk?

WALDEN
Yes, I believe so.

REMBRANT
Okay.

He takes the lid off his shake. He looks into it.

REMBRANT
It's been a while since I've drunk milk. Scientists used to say it wasn't good for us.

WALDEN

Then it's probably okay that you're not drinking milk anymore.

REMBRANT

I guess so. It's... god this is creamy.

Rembrant sips his shake. He shakes his head.

REMBRANT

Do you want a taste?

WALDEN

No thanks. Lactose intolerant.

REMBRANT

Naturally?

Walden shakes his head.

WALDEN

Mother took Lipitor.

REMBRANT

That's rough.

WALDEN

Probably.

They drive.

INT. NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Sanctioning Wizard Reeves paces around the front lobby.

He checks his watch.

He sighs.

A buldge forms on his head.

He slowly take his hand up to the buldge. He screams.

His head explodes, and one thousand butterflies exit from it, leaving rainbows in their wake. **THIS. IS. LIFE.**

INT. NEW LEAGUE OF NATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sanctioning wizard Reeves sits in the conference room, facing Pres. Stag Jensen, his assistant Gary, and CHAIRMAN YUEN (The leader of China).

Reeves drums his fingers on the table.

He smiles at the delegation.

He checks his watch. He sighs.

He looks around for a salt shaker or something, but soon realizes that he's in a conference room.

He sighs.

COL. MAXWELL GLIK enters the conference room. The delegation exhales.

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

I am sorry to be late, the traffic was terrible.

SANCTIONING WIZARD REEVES

Oui... no... euh...

Reeves traces letters in the air.

SANCTIONING WIZARD REEVES

I am very happy to see you.

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

It is an honor to once again meet you as well, Sanctioning Wizard. Shall we discuss the incident?

CHAIRMAN YUEN

China is very upset by this development. Qyleiryn has always been a worry to us, but now they are dangerous.

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

Your concerns are noted, and I assure you they are the concerns of both the New League of Nations and most of the Earth.

PRES. STAG JENSEN

So then you're sending the forces in?

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

That would be... unwise. If I were to call for a full scale UEFF invasion, no matter how justified it would be, critics would wonder at the point of creating Qyleiryn in the first point.

CHAIRMAN YUEN

What is your plan then? We have less than a week before Yms rearranges his atoms.

SANCTIONING WIZARD REEVES

You have a plan, I'm right?

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

Of course I do, your Wizardliness. I am planning on sending two of the UEFF's best political agents into Qyleiryn to talk some sense into the Happy President.

CHAIRMAN YUEN

He will not listen.

PRES. STAG JENSEN

I'm going to have to agree with Chairman Yuen.

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

If Yms fails to cooperate, the agents are also prepared to sabotage the Atom Rearrangement machine.

SANCTIONING WIZARD REEVES

Are they going to use violence?

COL. MAXWELL GLIK

If necessary.

INT. QYLEIRYN EMBASSY

WALDEN and REMBRANT walk into the Qyleiryn embassy in New York. They approach the CLERK behind the front desk.

REMBRANT

Hello, we'd like some counterfeited Qyleiryn passports.

CLERK

I'm sorry sir, our counterfeiting machine is broken. It only counterfeits Swedish national currency at this point.

REMBRANT

That's a shame.

Rembrant unsheaths his sword and stabs the clerk. Multiple times. He takes two passports from the Clerk's desk.

REMBRANT

Got them, now let's go paint the town red!

WALDEN

Yeah baby!

Rembrant and Walden high five.

Freeze frame of the two in midair, role credits. END.

INT. QYLEIRYN EMBASSY

Walden and Rembrant walk into the Qyleiryn embassy in New York. They surround the Clerk behind the front desk.

WALDEN

You work here?

CLERK

Yes, indeed I do thank you.

REMBRANT

Says he works here, Walden.

WALDEN

You're pretty good at answerin' questions aren't you?

CLERK

I would like to be thinking so.

WALDEN

Good, it can think Rembrant.

REMBRANT

That sounds kind of racist, Walden.

WALDEN

Well, maybe it is. Tell me, Jimmy.

REMBRANT

Don't think his name is Jimmy,
Walden.

WALDEN

Well I'm gonna be callin' you
Jimmy. That okay... Jimmy?

CLERK

What can I help you with, sir?

REMBRANT

You can help us out with plenty,
buddy.

WALDEN

Yeah, you can really help us out
Jimmy. Tell me, you got an
ambassador here by the name of...
Edgar?

CLERK

No, sir, that name does not appear
to make sense.

REMBRANT

Says it doesn't make sense, Walden.

WALDEN

That makes me upset, Rembrant. Does
that make you upset?

REMBRANT

I'm upset, Walden.

CLERK

What can I be helping you with,
sirs?

WALDEN

I'm asking the questions here!

REMBRANT

He's asking plenty of questions,
Jimmy.

WALDEN

See, it works! Flows off your
tongue.

REMBRANT
It really does, you should consider
changing your name.

CLERK
I am fine with my name now please
sir.

WALDEN
Huh. Well, Rembrant, I think we're
done with Jimmy here.

REMBRANT
I'd agree with that statement.

WALDEN
You take care of yourself, okay
Jimmy?

CLERK
Sir, I have not been of any service
to you thank you.

REMBRANT
You've done plenty.

WALDEN
Yeah, plenty. Let's go Rembrant.

REMBRANT
Oky Dokey.

Walden and Rembrant SHOOT OFF INTO THE SKY.

EXT. SKY - DUSK

Walden and Rembrant fly amongst the clouds.

They twirl and twist and do many tricks. It is bliss.

A jetliner hits them both, and they burn up in the
atmosphere. End.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Prof. Mypl pushes buttons on the control consul to the ARR.
The blue ring inside of the ARR begins to spin.

PROF. MYPI
We are being ready, Happy
President.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS
Very good thank you. Prof. Mypl?

PROF. MYPI
Yes please?

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS
May you make me look like Bridget
Bardot thank you?

PROF. MYPI
Indeed I will.

The Happy President nods. He walks into the hallway leading to the ARR. Prof. Mypl makes a few final adjustments to the ARR.

Walden and Rembrant burst into the Lab. Walden throws a knife into Prof. Mypl. Prof. Mypl collapses to the ground.

REMBRANT
Walden, how fast can you shut down
that machine?

WALDEN
Hopefully as fast as it'll take to
convince the Happy President not to
go through with this. Good luck.

REMBRANT
You too.

Rembrant runs after the Happy President. Walden rushes over to consul.

WALDEN
Okay... so theoretically the
machine takes its power from a
uranium core connected to an
electromagnetic motor... which...
damn.

Walden considers the machine.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rembrant reaches into his jacket pocket, he pulls out his false passport and throws it at the Happy President.

The Happy President turns to face Rembrant.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS
Doing that was very unwise, yes?

REMBRANT
You can't go through with this.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS
I am being sorry to tell you I can
thank you.

The Happy President continues walking down the hall.

REMBRANT
What if it doesn't work out like
you want it to?

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS
It will. We have been testing on
apples and oranges.

REMBRANT
Have you tested on a pig?

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS
I am sorry, please? I am not
understanding the English.

REMBRANT
Well, pigs and humans share many of
the same organs, so have you tested
the machine on a pig?

The Happy President smiles. He walks down the hall.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Walden unscrews the paneling on the machine with his knife.

WALDEN
Okay... okay let's see... The
computer processor has to
communicate with the motor... and
there's a wire... but... okay wait
a second... the... huh. Okay. ...
Huh. I- Can... no. No okay.

Walden inhales. He reaches into the machine and pulls out a
handful of wires.

WALDEN
Okay?

He stands up and looks into the ARR. The blue ring spins faster.

WALDEN

Damn. Uh...

Walden looks down at the consul.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rembrant rushes after the Happy President.

REMBRANT

You're going to make an ugly woman!

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

I am sorry?

REMBRANT

The machine will make you plain and without child-bearing hips.

The Happy President walks. Almost to the end.

REMBRANT

You're going to destroy the world, Yms. You're going to destroy all of it so you can continue ruling a nation that won't exist.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

You are thinking that I know not this, yes?

REMBRANT

Yes.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

You are not having a brain against your skull thank you.

REMBRANT

And you are not having tall mind.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

Excuse me please?

REMBRANT

You will not be tall to walk through the door, Happy President, and your brain shall shrink as well please thank you.

The Happy President has reached the end of the hallway. He walks into the ARR. Rembrant rushes to the door, but it is too late. The Happy President locks himself inside.

REMBRANT

Damn.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The blue ring spins at an incredible rate. The Happy President walks to the podium in the middle of the ring.

WALDEN

Uh... okay... well...

Walden presses buttons at random on the consul.

He glances up to the blue ring. No change.

WALDEN

No... okay let's just think...
The... I've got it.

Walden rushes to the door to the hallway. he yanks it open.

WALDEN

Rembrant! There is an
electromagnetic motor hidden in
this hallway!

The consul begins beeping. A voice speaks from it.

CONSUL

You are having one minute to
deatomization please.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rembrant tries to open the door. He looks over his shoulder at Walden.

REMBRANT

Okay... do you know where?

WALDEN (OS)

Not yet.

Rembrant sighs. He goes back to the door.

REMBRANT

Whose woods these are being I am
 thinking to know.
 His house is being in the village
 though.
 He will not be seeing me to stop
 here please
 For watching his woods to fill with
 the snow.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

At the beginning of the hallway, Walden fumbles in his pocket.

WALDEN

Because of the strong
 electromagnetic force mixed with
 the heavy uranium presence, would
 therefore cause north not to
 exist... therefore...

Walden pulls out a small compass. He opens it.

WALDEN

I know where the motor is.

Walden follows the compass.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rembrant bangs against the door. It gives way slightly.
 Rembrant tries harder.

REMBRANT

The small horse, it thinks it
 strange
 To be stopping without the
 farmhouse in range
 Being between the woods and the
 iced lake

The lock clicks on the door. Rembrant smiles.

REMBRANT

Being the darkest of the evening
 stage.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walden follows the compass to the wall. He looks up to see a metal plating.

WALDEN

Rembrant, good news, I've found the motor.

CONSUL

You are having thirty seconds to reatomization please.

WALDEN

Oh boy.

INT. ARR - NIGHT

The Happy President sits on the podium.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

I will be having child bearing hips. I will!

Rembrant bursts into the ARR.

REMBRANT

He is giving the bells of harness a shake
 Asking if there is to be the mistake.
 The other sound, it is being a sweep
 Of the simple wind and the soft flake!

Rembrant walks to the podium. He knocks the Happy President off.

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walden looks up at the metal grating.

WALDEN

Magnets... Magnets... Uh...

Walden undoes his belt. He sighs.

He throws the belt to the grating. The belt sticks.

WALDEN

So far...

He yanks the belt. The belt does not budge.

WALDEN

... Okay. This will work.

Walden climbs the belt.

INT. ARR - NIGHT

Rembrant kicks the Happy President.

The Happy President stands.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

You are not being tall.

REMBRANT

The woods they are lovely please,
they are dark please and they are
deep.

CONSUL

You are having fifteen seconds to
deatomization please.

The Happy President makes a move for the podium. Rembrant
grabs the Happy President and shoves him near the swiftly
rotating blue ring.

REMBRANT

But I am having the promise to
keep.

INT. ARR - NIGHT

Walden moves his knife around the seam of the grating.

CONSUL

You are having fifteen seconds to
deatomization please.

Walden yanks the belt. The grating moves ever so slightly.

Walden yanks the belt again, harder.

He yanks it again.

And again.

CONSUL

Ten...

INT. ARR - NIGHT

The Happy President pushes Rembrant away.

The blue ring forms a sphere of slicing doom around the two, with the podium in the middle.

The Happy President rushes for the podium.

Rembrant charges at the Happy President.

CONSUL

Nine... eight... seven...

Both the Happy President and Rembrant reach the podium. They shove at each other.

REMBRANT

And I am having the miles to go
before I will sleep.

Rembrant kicks the Happy President away.

CONSUL

six... five... four...

REMBRANT

AND I AM HAVING THE MILES TO GO
BEFORE I WILL SLEEP!

INT. ARR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walden falls with a THUD to the floor. The grating falls on top of him.

Walden yelps. He pushes the grating off. He looks up.

The electromagnetic motor whirrs at an incredible pace.

Walden takes his knife and throws it at the motor.

CONSUL

Three... two... one... thank you.

A brilliant blue light fills the hallway.

INT. ARR - NIGHT

The blue light clears.

The ARR is now a spherical cave made out of butter and large horseshoes.

Two beautiful blonde women stand in the cave. One has child-bearing hips, the other does not.

They stare at each other, confused as to each others presence, but even more so at the fact that they have always known each other.

The blonde with the child-bearing hips brushes back her hair and checks her figure in a nearby pool of sparkling cider. She is pleased.

CHILD-BEARING BLONDE

We must leave the cave before it melts.

OTHER BLONDE

Je suis désolé, ma sœur, mais vous ne parlez pas français.

The two blondes stare at each other.

Walden, now a GIGANTIC TOAST MONSTER with fangs that eat through time, bursts through the cave.

GIGANTIC TOAST MONSTER

GRAAGHRAAAAAAAGEEEERRTTGRAAHHHHHH!

The Toast Monster eats the time surrounding the blondes, turning them both into piles of dust.

The cave melts, the toast monster slathers itself in butter.

End.

INT. ARR - NIGHT

The blue light clears.

The ARR now resembles a broken birdcage, with metal spikes stiking out everywhere. Only the podium remains unchanged.

A mangled corpse of a hideous creature hangs from one of the spikes. A Pulsating blob rests on the podium.

The blob shivers and shapes itself into the form of the Happy President.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

I have mmmmmmm...

The Happy President grows breasts and his hair grows much longer. Bones creak and the Happy President's form twists into a beautiful brunette.

HAPPY PRESIDENT YMS

Isles of swi...

The brunette melts into the blob. The blob gives one final pulsation and forms into a baby fish-horse-hermaphrodite creature. It bleets.

Somewhere, a condor crows.

End.