

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

INT. ZOEY 101 PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

A group of people are standing outside the office. Yellow police tape is everywhere. Apparently someone has broken into the production offices and stolen a bunch of stuff.

Off to the side, members of CSI: Malibu (aka Wardrobe) are on the scene examining clues. They have their Fisher Price "My First Detective" Set busted open and are going to work. TRICIA is examining stuff with a magnifying glass while JILL and KRIS dust for finger prints.

Standing in front of the door is SUPER-DUPER SET PA WATTS. You can tell by his designer rip-off sunglasses and hiker's backpack that he means business.

From the crowd emerges SPOD. He's in a hurry. SUPER WATTS puts out his hand as if to say: "Stop! Don't you know I'm a freakin' SET-PA now?!".

SUPER-DUPER SET PA WATTS
(yelling)
Sorry! This set is locked down!

SPOD
Look, I'm the DP. I need to get in there.

SUPER-DUPER SET PA WATTS
Sorry. We're locked down.

He puts his hand to his ear to listen to the message coming through the walkie talkie.

SUPER-DUPER SET PA WATTS
(re: Walkie message)
ROLLING! LOCKED DOWN! COPY THAT!
GOING TO TWO! QUIET ON THE SET!
HOLD THE WORK, PEOPLE!

SPOD
You have to let me in! It's important!

SUPER-DUPER SET PA WATTS
Why? Is there a lighting problem, or camera problem?

SPOD
Shit no! I need to see if those thieves stole my Cliff Bars!
(to someone else)

SPOD(cont'd)
Have you seen any Cliff Bars?!
They're delicious and nutritious!

Suddenly, KRIS (out of view) yells out:

KRIS
I've found a clue! It's a little
cowboy hat! It looks like about
the size...hold on!

KRIS whips out her cell phone and dials furiously.

CUT TO:

INT. THE **OTHER** PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

In a bubbling hot tub sits two gorgeous blonde super-models
in bikinis. In between them, sits a dashing young lad,
reminiscent of a young Warren Beatty, who is sipping on
champagne and having the time of his life.

This is BEN.

Candles light the room and awesome music plays in the
background.

He answers the phone.

BEN
This is Production Secretary Ben.
If you can Produce it, I can
Secretary it. How can I help you?

KRIS
(filtered)
Honey, this is Kris. What size hat
would a monkey wear.

BEN
(uber-smoothly, after a
sip of champagne)
Why Kris, it would depend on the
type of monkey and its country of
origin, but in your case I would
say that it would be 3 and 3/8's.

KRIS
Thanks, Honey. You know
everything.

Ben nods slowly.

BEN

Well, I love my job.

He hangs up and looks at one of the super hot models who are constantly sitting in a hot tub with him.

BEN

Now, where were we?

CUT TO:

INT. ZOEY 101 PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

KRIS

I have figured it out! It's definitely a monkey's hat!

Everyone 'Oooh's' and 'Ahhh's' at her amazing detective work.

TRICIA

We'll call it *EXHIBIT A!*

Jill quickly begins dusting it for monkey prints.

SPOD

(shouting)

That's great and all, but **DID THEY**
STEAL MY CLIFF BARS!!!

SUPER-DUPER SET PA WATTS

Hold the talk, people. I'm a Set
Production Assistant!!

TO BE CONTINUED:

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Once again, it's getting dark outside and the crew of Zoey 101 are in the middle of another gruelling day.

The crew sit around the various tables in the cafeteria. On their plates sit piles of Grits with sliced hot dogs and raw carrots mixed in. CSI Malibu members each have a gallon of melted frozen yogurt in front of them.

Spod sits alone at the end of one of the tables with his face buried in his hands, weeping.

SPOD
Gone...all gone...WHY GOD, WHY?
WHY MY CLIF BARS?!?!?!?

CSI Malibu are at the other end of the table sorting through more clues from the crime scene. They're examining fingerprints, and the tiny monkey's hat.

KRIS
(to the group)
Honeys, this is an inside job, I just know it. But who's head on our crew is small enough to fit inside this monkey's hat? Hmm...

She spies Super-Duper Set PA Tim in the lunch line.

KRIS
Honey, definitely not him. Ever since he became Set PA, his head has only grown, baby.

Jill looks down and sees Spod.

JILL
Wow, Spod's really upset about those Clif bars, isn't he?

TRICIA
I would be too. Those little bastards are tasty. Don't get me wrong...they're nowhere near as good as this...

She shovels some crusty Oregano and Cheese and Peanut Butter casserole into her mouth.

TRICIA
Tasty. Who needs catering when you got Pepperdine Cafeteria food.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a Clif bar drops from above and lands next to Spod. He grabs it, and tears of joy start to pour from his eyes.

SPOD

It's true! God does exist! He
lives in the Pepperdine Cafeteria!
This campus is a veritable stairway
to heaven!!

(pause)

Wait a sec...

He hesitantly looks up, only to see-

WHIPLASH THE MONKEY, sitting in the rafters with dozens of Clif bars cradled in his little monkey arms.

Spod leaps to his feet and points.

SPOD

I KNEW IT! YOU LITTLE MONKEY SON
OF A BITCH!!

WHIPLASH

Eeek! Eeek! EEEEEK!

Whiplash jumps up and down a couple times and then chucks another Clif bar at Spod's face. It barely misses him, and instead hits HOT GOTH A.D. TERI PENSKY in the back of the head.

TERI

(stunned and dazed)

All I wanted was a P-T-P. D-I-D.
I'm Peeeeeeeeeeeeeeeing

...as she passes into unconsciousness.

Always prepared for any situation, Spod whips out his special Colt .45 (Monkey Taser Edition), and starts blasting away at Whiplash. But the agile Whiplash leaps over each shot easily without dropping a single Clif bar.

The monkey leaps down onto to the fuse box and starts ripping it apart. Within seconds, all the lights are out and it's-

PITCH BLACK

No one can see a thing and people start freaking out.

WHIPLASH

EEEEEEK! EEEEEEEK !!!

SPOD

(to himself)

I'm no match for his skills.

Whiplash suddenly starts sniping people with his Clif Bar Bazooka! The crew is screaming and dropping like flies.

SPOD
(to himself)
I have to do something.
(beat)
I need help. I know just the guy.

Spod flips open his cell phone and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OTHER PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

For some reason two king sized beds have been moved into the production office and on top of them, 4 amazingly hot (I mean, we're talking mind blowingly gorgeous) bikini models are jumping up and down, having a pillow fight with Production Secretary Ben.

He hears his phone ringing. He motions them to stop.

BEN
Ladies! Ladies! Be cool.

HOT CHIC #1
Awww! Don't be too long, stud muffin.

HOT CHIC #2
Or **DO** be!

HOT CHICS
TEE HEE HEE!

Ben answers the phone.

BEN
Speak to me.

SPOD (O.S.)
Ben. I need your help. You're my only hope!

Ben takes a sip of his martini and slips on his silk robe.

BEN
Spod...the answer lies within you.

Ben hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Spod closes his phone. He is awestruck.

SPOD
That man is the human incarnation
of everything that is awesome.

Spod knows what he has to do!

SPOD
(on his walkie talkie)
Bob! Get me power in here!
Robbie! I want one 12k Frezzie, a
21 inch China ball, one 8' Double
Bank Kino!! GO GO GO!!!

There is some scuffling in the darkness, and within seconds
the guys have lit up the entire room.

But Whiplash is nowhere to be seen.

Spod reloads his pistol, and smears some camouflage face
paint onto his head and cheeks.

SPOD
Alright let's--

He stops when he sees CSI Malibu step into the light, dressed
in full Army gear, wielding AK-47's.

SPOD
Where'd you get all that?

JILL
We're the goddamned wardrobe
department.

They push the ammo clips into their guns with a loud ***SNAP***.

JILL (CONT'D)
We get it done.

SPOD
(impressed)
Alright. Let's go to work.

They all cock their weapons as we-

FADE OUT.

RICHARD
Oh god! My naked ass!!

Everyone goes flying from the cart and skidding to the ground. Jill slams into a Battle of the Network Reality Stars brand hay-bail and Spod rolls into the ditch.

JILL
(totally stunned)
...what was that?

TRICIA
(moaning in pain)
...why do naked men always insist
on jumping in front of my car...

SPOD (O.S.)
HEY! I found something.

They all look over and see Spod in the bushes holding something.

SPOD
It's a Clif Bar wrapper!
(he licks the wrapper)
We're close.

KRIS
But honey, our cart is broken,
there's a naked gay man stuck under
the wheel, and it's too dark to see
anything, honey. How are we
supposed to find that monkey, baby?

Spod points.

SPOD
Hey! Look over there.

In the distance, there's music playing and a small fire
burning in a small wooded area.

SPOD (CONT'D)
Maybe they can help us. Let's go.

They head toward the fire.

RICHARD
Um...can someone help me untangle
my balls from the axel?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Spod, Tricia, Jill, and Kris walk into the clearing. There's a fire burning in the middle, and around it sit three men, shirtless with their bodies are caked in mud and leaves.

All three of them are dancing in front of white iBook laptops, which have been synced up to all play the same Wilco song.

These are the WRITERS: FRIEDS, DEL BROCS, and HOLLAND-BABY. They are all singing and jumping up and down in unison.

WRITERS

(singing)

"...shot in the arm. Maybe all I
need is a shot in the arm..."

Our heros look on, bewildered. Finally, Spod speaks up.

SPOD

Um...excuse me...hippies?

They don't notice him.

WRITERS

(still singing)

"...bloodier than blood, Something
in my veins..."

SPOD

(yelling)

HEY, YOU GODDAMN HIPPIES!

The writers all stop dancing, and finally take notice.

DEL BROCS

(scared)

What are they?

HOLLAND-BABY

I think they're from the outside
world.

TRICIA

Who are you guys?

FRIEDS

Who else would be living in
isolation, listening to Wilco
nonstop, stoned out of our minds,
while we struggle to come to terms
with the inner demons of mankind
and then translate those dark and
twisted feelings into a breezy
thirty minute children's television
sitcom?

(beat)

We're the writers of course.

JILL

Writer's, eh? Is this part of your-
(makes a quotes symbol
with her fingers)
-"process"?

DEL BROCS

Yeah. We start off the day with
Starbucks and a cross-word, grab a
bagel and Redbull around 11am,
lunch is at 12:30. We come back,
play a little Xbox until it's time
for SportsCenter, grab a
cheesesteak sandwich for dinner,
and then when the sun sets, come
out here to dance to the god of
indie/alt-rock, Jeff Tweedy. After
that, we all go home and get drunk
by ourselves.

JILL

Well, when do you actually write?

Del Brocs looks utterly confused.

DEL BROCS

Huh?

JILL

You know...scripts?

Del Brocs looks to the other guys. Frieds and Holland-Baby
shrug as if they have no idea what she is talking about.

SPOD

Enough of this hogwash. We're
looking for a monkey. Have you
seen one come this way recently?

The writers break into song, for no reason at all.

HOLLAND-BABY

"I'M A WHEEL!"

DEL BROCS & FRIEDS

"I WILL TURN - ON - YOU!!"

KRIS

Honey, what the hell is going on
here?

FRIEDS

Yes, we saw a monkey run through
here a little while ago.

SPOD

Can you tell us which way he went.

FRIEDS

Yes. But you need to do something
for us first. We are out of
Redbull. We have had our blood
replaced with this energy drink and
we cannot live without a constant
replenishment.

(beat)

Get us our Redbull, and we'll tell
you which way your little monkey
went.

SPOD

Where the hell are we supposed to
get Redbull?

WRITERS

(singing)

"CASINO QUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN"

Spod takes out his cell phone and dials.

SPOD

(into the phone)

Ben...it's Spod. We need Redbull.
Can you help us out?

(pause)

What? Yea, it's a camera phone

(pause)

No! No way!

(pause)

I won't ask her to do that!

He sighs, and then whispers something into Jill's ear. Spod
hands her the phone and she rolls her eyes. She sticks the
phone under her shirt and snaps a photo. The light from the
flash shoots from underneath.

JILL

Here.

Spod grabs the phone back and hits 'send'.

SPOD
Did you get it?
(pause)
Okay.

He hangs up and immediately they hear something in the distance. They look over and see KLUTZ PA TYLER riding on a Jet-X scooter and carrying a case of Redbull.

TYLER
(yelling)
Everybody! Make way! I'm coming
in!!!

Tyler comes flying in at warp speed. He hits a rock and flies off of the Jet-X, which goes crashing into a huge boulder, totally destroying the Jet-X.

SPOD
Egads!!! That's the hero bike.

TYLER
(getting up)
Um...woah. Sorry. But here's your
juice.

He hands it to Frieds who immediately starts injecting it intravenously.

FRIEDS
(his body starts shaking)
Oh, mama...that's good 'Bull.

Del Brocs and Holland-Baby start shooting up as well. Del Brocs falls to the ground in a daze.

HOLLAND-BABY
North. He went North.

Spod narrows his eyes and cracks his knuckles.

SPOD
Let's roll.

FADE OUT:

TO BE CONTINUED:

EXT. PEPPERDINE CAMPUS - MORNING

As the sun begins it's ascent into the sky, the group slowly begins to wake up. Tricia is the first one up. And she quickly notices that something is very wrong.

TRICIA
(squeeling)
Ye gads!!! Everything...everything
is gone!

Jill and Kris quickly awake.

KRIS
Honey, baby, darling, what's wrong,
sugar????

JILL
Did someone break into our totally
accessible and unlocked trailer
where we leave valuable items,
especially digital photography
equipment, sitting right out in the
open even after other people have
previously broken in and stolen our
stuff!!!??? Sheesh.

Spod and the writers (Frieds, Holland Baby, and Del Brocs)
are awake at this point and all of their stuff has been
stolen too. All of their equipment, guns, supplies,
everything.

Spod jumps to his feet, not realizing that the cool breeze is
blowing a little cooler on him this morning.

SPOD
(full of gusto)
Alright, people. Whiplash couldn't
have gone far what we need
to...do...

Everyone is staring at him.

SPOD
(confused)
What's wrong?

TRICIA

Um...Spod?
(pause)
Your pants.

Spod doesn't get it.

SPOD

You must mean my favorite \$200 True
Religion jeans? I love them. Love
'em, love 'em, love 'em.

TRICIA

Yeah...well...they're missing. I
think Whiplash stole those too.

SPOD

(trying to maintain
composure)
Well that's okay...I can replace-

TRICIA

(interrupting)
And you're going commando.

There's a long awkward silence as everyone keeps staring.
Spod looks down and sees that he's nude from the waist down.

SPOD

(yelling)
Geez, people. Take a photo! It
will last longer!!

Del Brocs pulls out his camera and takes a quick photo.
Holland Baby and Frieds turn to look at him.

DEL BROCS

(innocently)
What?

Before anyone can answer bullets go whizzing by. They strike
trees and rocks with loud pops and ricochets.

Something lands next to Spod and he notices that they aren't
actually bullets that are being fired, but are indeed little
pieces of Clif Bar.

JILL

HIT THE DECK!

Everyone dives to the ground! But not quickly enough--

A Clif Bar bullet strikes Holland Baby in the throat and he falls to the ground-

Dead.

For a moment, everything goes silent and a bright light begins to shine. And from this light emerges--

ANDY DICK!

He walks over and kneels next to Holland Baby, putting his arms around the fallen man.

ANDY DICK

Be still my sweet child, for I am
taking you to a better place.

And, as if Holland Baby is weightless or Andy is just insanely buff, Andy picks him up, and cradles Holland Baby in his arms like a young child. He turns and begins to walk back toward the light.

FRIEDS

But...where are you taking him?

Andy doesn't respond, but simply kisses Holland gently on the forehead, turns, and nods knowingly back at Frieds.

He vanishes.

FRIEDS

The fuck was that?

Once again, everything is quiet. Spod sees something in the distance.

It's a huge, black tent that's, for some dumb reason, sitting directly in the sunlight. A huge air conditioner is hooked up, but apparently no one knows how to operate it properly.

SPOD

There. He's in there.

Kris hands something to Spod.

KRIS

Jesus, please, honey, would you
wear this, baby?

Spod realizes it's a pair of shorts made out of leaves and twigs. He puts it on.

SPOD

Damn. You're quick.

KRIS

Baby, no shit.

INT. BIG ASS, HOT BLACK TENT - DAY

The group make their way into the tent, but it's pitch black and they can't see anything. There are noises from above.

SPOD

Shhh! Everyone be quiet.

There is a crinkling of a wrapper. Spod recognizes the sound immediately.

SPOD

(whispering)

He's in here!

But before Spod can act, Whiplash throws a switch and lights the place up. With the group temporarily blinded, he leaps down from above onto Spod and knocks him to the ground.

Spod sees that Whiplash, now decked out like Rambo, has made a headband out of Spod's True Religion jeans! A single tear falls from Spod's eye.

SPOD

You heartless...unfeeling...
fashion disrespecting-

Whiplash doesn't have time for Spod's incessant whining and starts monkey-punching Spod in the face. Spod struggles, but he is helpless against the all powerful Whiplash.

Things are looking bad for Spod. Until-

A song. Sweet and gentle. Calming and beautiful. It's Del Brocs and FrieDs.

DEL BROCS & FRIEDS

(singing)

And Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiii've got
reservaaaaaaaations. About so many
things, but not about
yoooooooouuuuuu....

As the song continues, Whiplash is overcome with emotion and stops repeatedly punching Spod in the eye. It's almost as if they are singing to him.

Spod sees his chance and whacks Whiplash over the head with his light meter. Spod stands over the unconscious monkey, taunting him.

SPOD
You mah bitch, Whiplash!

TRICIA
Wait a sec...Spod if everything was stolen, and you weren't wearing any pants, where the heck were you hiding your light meter?

Spod grins at Tricia.

SPOD
Do you reeeaaally want to know?

Weird silence.

TRICIA
No.
(beat)
Wait! What's that on the back of his neck?!

She kneels down next to Whiplash, who is starting to wake up.

TRICIA
It's a computer chip! With a wire that leads to a cell phone!

JILL
Someone has been controlling Whiplash by remotely sending commands via a cell phone!!

Spod pulls the computer chip off and hands it to Kris. Whiplash suddenly leaps into Spod's arms and gives him a hug.

KRIS
Why, he's just a normal monkey after all, babies.

Whiplash leans in and gives Spod a big monkey kiss on the cheek with a loud SMOOOOCH!

EVERYONE
Oooohhh /Awwwww /How sweet...

Out of nowhere, Brenner pops his head in.

BRENNER
God...when's the wedding?

Everyone looks at him.

Brenner turns to Del Brocs.

BRENNER
Am I right?
(holds his hand up for a
high-five)
Hit me up top. The right hand's
getting lonely.

Del Brocs doesn't respond. Brenner drops his head and walks
away, dejected.

RING, RING, RING!!!

The cell phone is blowing up in Kris's hand.

Whiplash recognizes the ring and clutches tightly to Spod.

Kris looks at the phone's caller ID display.

KRIS
Honey, wait a sec...I know this
number, baby.

Everyone quiets down.

KRIS
But darling...why would he be
calling!?!

Tangible suspense as she takes a long pause.

JILL
Goddammit, Kris! Who is it?!

Kris takes a deep breath. Everyone looks at her intensely.

KRIS
Baby, honey, darlings. It's none
other than -

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK: