

A DESERT FETUS

Written by

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TITLE SEQUENCE:

Opening close ups of GRIP PAYLOAD, SKETTER, AND FETUS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Grip Payload and his pals Sketter
and Foetus in--

Opening shot of an EGYPTIAN QUEEN MUMMY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
--A Desert Fetus.

EXT. NILE RIVER - DAY

An OLD STEAMSHIP lolls lazily through the water.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Grip and Pals, off on another
adventure, have booked passage on
an old-fashioned riverboat, and are
headed downstream on a secret
mission.

The steamship's smokestack billows.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY

Grip, a 50 year old white man; Sketter, his 8 year old son;
and Fetus, Sketter's unimaginary friend whose body looks like
a deeply disturbed child's rendering of a bucket load of
moldy vomit and diarrhea splashed together with the face of a
rhesus monkey with harlequin ichthyosis and a bent coat
hanger jabbed through its skull, lean against the ship's
railing, staring at the blissful water. Sketter will talk
over the NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Looks like a lazy day for Grip,
Sketter, and Fetus.

SKETTER
Golly Grip, I bet I'm the luckiest
kid in the world, taking all these
trips with you.

GRIP
You're a big help, too, Sketter.
Remember though, no one must know
the purpose of our trip is to find
The Desert Queen.

About three weeks ago, The Royal Baby of the queen's mother and heir to the throne of the entire kingdom, was stolen from The Royal Palace in Monrovia.

SKETTER
Holy Zoinks!

GRIP
Rumor has it that the kidnapper is going to use the Royal Baby to overthrow the Desert Queen, who once lived in the palace in Monrovia. If that happens, then the entire kingdom will be powerless to stop him. So, Sketter, don't speak to strangers. This boat may be loaded with spies.

SKETTER
Don't worry, Grip. I'll be careful.

An OBESE MAN in a white suit, white hat and dark shades, peers around the corner at them. Grip will speak over the Narrator.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And just at this moment, further along the ship's deck, lurks a strange figure very interested in Grip and pals.

GRIP
Say, I didn't finish packing those suitcases, Sketter. I'd better do it now.

Grip leaves the deck.

SKETTER
OK. I think I'll stay here. The sun feels good.

A pause, then an unseen VOICE.

MAHARAJA TIM (O.C.)
Yoo hoo. Yoo hoo, young man.

Sketter turns and sees the strange, obese man holding up a lemon lollipop. He is only wearing a black thong, black socks, and white shoes below his formal upper wear.

A DIAGONALLY-STRIPED BOX is strapped to him, which will intermittently shake like something's trying to escape.

MAHARAJA TIM
Would you like a little sucker,
young man?

Sketter looks at Fetus, who is shaking his head.

SKETTER
No. No, I don't sir.

MAHARAJA TIM pulls out a banana from his black thong.

MAHARAJA TIM
How about a banana?

SKETTER
No thank you, sir.

Maharaja Tim produces an ice cream cone.

MAHARAJA TIM
How about an ice cream cone? I've
got one for you and your...

Maharaja Tim looks down at Fetus and then violently vomits all over him.

SKETTER
Holy gosh!

Maharaja Tim hands him the ice cream cone.

MAHARAJA TIM
Oh rats. I'm terribly sorry. I
didn't mean to...

He hurls again right on Fetus.

SKETTER
But, but Grip said not to...

Maharaja Tim wipes off his mouth.

MAHARAJA TIM
Talk to strangers. Hehehehehe.
Always an excellent idea. Never
talk to strangers.

SKETTER
But Mister, you're a...

MAHARAJA TIM
Stranger? Hehehehe. Not any more.
Why, we're friends. I just gave
you an ice cream cone, remember?

SKETTER
Oh, that's true.

MAHARAJA TIM
Of course it's true. I wouldn't
lie to my new buddy, would I? Hi,
I'm Maharaja Tim. But most people
call me Big Chet. What's your name
my fine young man?

SKETTER
Sketter, and this is Fetus.

MAHARAJA TIM
Fetus? Well, that's a lovely...

Maharaja Tim pukes on Fetus again. Fetus cocks his head in
disapproval as he wipes himself off.

MAHARAJA TIM
Damn. Must be the Nile air. I'm
terribly sorry. I'd better freshen
up.

SKETTER
Oh Golly. The washroom is right
over there, sir.

Sketter points to the men's and women's restrooms. Maharaja
Tim scowls as he stares at their signs.

SKETTER
Is everything okay, Mister Chet?

MAHARAJA TIM
Why that's discrimination.

SKETTER
What is?

MAHARAJA TIM
Only two options? No public
restrooms for the outwardly
socially adjusted adult who
secretly fantasizes about raping
young boys on the banks of the Nile
river?

SKETTER

What!

MAHARAJA TIM

Hahahaha. I'm kidding. I'm kidding of course. Just a little Nile travel humor. That's all. Here, have another ice cream.

SKETTER

Oh, I don't think so. I'd better be going.

MAHARAJA TIM

Going? Where do you have to be going? You're on a ship. Here. This time it's roofie-flavored.

SKETTER

Huh?

MAHARAJA TIM

Chocolate Fudge. I meant Chocolate Fudge-flavored.

SKETTER

Chocolate fudge! That's my favorite!

MAHARAJA TIM

Mine too!

Undecided, Sketter looks over at Fetus, covered in puke and shaking his head.

SKETTER

Well...

Sketter takes the ice cream. Fetus' mouth is agape in surprise.

SKETTER

...just one more.

MAHARAJA TIM

Of course you do. And here's one for...

As Maharaja Tim hands Fetus the treat, he pukes yet again.

MAHARAJA TIM

F'n Allah. So much for uzo for breakfast.

Sketter points at the deck.

SKETTER
What are those, Mister Chet?

Maharaja Tim looks down where Sketter points. A set of BEN WAH BALLS are lying on the deck by Tim's feet.

MAHARAJA TIM
Huh? Ah. Oh my goodness, did those fall out again? You'll have to excuse me my little gentlemen. Just a second.

Maharaja Tim winces as he shoves the ben wah balls back up his ass.

MAHARAJA TIM
Ughh! Ohhh! Oh my! Damn! Ughhh!
Ahhhhhhhhhh. There. There we go.
Now, where were we?

SKETTER
Um, what's in the box? Is that your lunch, Mister Chet?

MAHARAJA TIM
What? No! It's nothing! Nothing at all!

THE BOX shakes on its own and Maharaja Tim sternly controls it.

MAHARAJA TIM
Don't touch it! Don't even look at it or you'll fucking die of AIDS!

SKETTER
Wow! You're scaring me.

MAHARAJA TIM
Scaring you? Ah, my young man, I just want you to be safe, that's all?

SKETTER
C'mon Fetus.

Maharaja Tim blocks Sketter and Fetus' path.

MAHARAJA TIM
Hey, hey, hey. Where are you going?

SKETTER
I'd better go talk to Grip.

MAHARAJA TIM
But what about us being friends?

SKETTER
Holy creepers! Get out of our way,
Mister!

MAHARAJA TIM
Okay. Okay. Okay. But just one
question before you go, please?

SKETTER
Now Mister!

MAHARAJA TIM
Pretty please? Scouts honor.
You're a boy scout, aren't you?

Sketter thinks about it, then realizes he can't lie.

SKETTER
Well, zoinks. I am.

MAHARAJA TIM
What size is your underwear?

SKETTER
Uh, small?

MAHARAJA TIM
Oh, that's a perfect size. Don't
change. Don't ever change. Tell
me, would you ever like to go to
the zoo late one night and I'll pay
the head zookeeper fifty bucks so
you can sneak into the bonobo cage,
take off all your clothes and
frolic. You know, nothing kinky.
Just frolic?

SKETTER
No.

MAHARAJA TIM
Hehehehe. No, of course not. I'm
just taking a census, that's all.

GRIP (O.C.)
Sketter? Fetus?

MAHARAJA TIM

Op! I gotta go! Nice meeting you,
you nubile, young man and remember,
don't you ever change. Toodles!

Sketter turns to Fetus as Maharaja Tim frantically walks off.

SKETTER

You didn't like him, did you? I
guess I shouldn't have talked to
him. I should tell Grip.

Grip arrives.

GRIP

Sketter, how many times have I told
you not to talk to strangers?
We've got to be careful. While we
were on deck someone searched our
luggage. Lucky I've got the map in
my pocket.

SKETTER

Gee willikers, Grip. I'm sorry.
This guy was saying all kinds of
weird things and stuff. He gave me
this ice cream. Then he lost his
biscuits all over Fetus.

Fetus nods his head in assent. Flies buzz all around him.

SKETTER

He said his name was Maharaja Tim,
then he asked me if...

GRIP

Maharaja Tim! Why, he must be the
brother of Maharaja Jim, the
world's greatest accordion player!

SKETTER

Yeah, he tried to...

GRIP

Incredible! That changes
everything, Sketter. Maharaja Jim
is a major celebrity. Why, I heard
he can even moonwalk backwards
while playing an Argentinian tango.

Maharaja Tim leers at them from around the corner.

SKETTER

Golly, I'm sorry, Grip.

GRIP

It's okay. You just need to learn an important rule in our society: that we treat celebrities better because they do useless shit better than we do.

Maharaja Tim walks up. This time he's wearing long white pants.

MAHARAJA TIM

Oh why, hey there.

Sketter covers his eyes in fear.

SKETTER

Ah!

GRIP

Oh my God! You're Maharaja Jim's brother!

MAHARAJA TIM

The one and the same.

Grip looks at the camera around Maharaja Tim's neck.

GRIP

Say, that looks like the same camera I have?

MAHARAJA TIM

Go figure. Hehehe.

GRIP

Hey, any chance I could get just one picture of you? It's for my kid, Sketter?

MAHARAJA TIM

Well...

Sketter and Fetus vehemently shake their heads 'NO'.

MAHARAJA TIM

...all right.

Grip takes the camera from Maharaja as Maharaja poses in between Sketter and Fetus.

MAHARAJA TIM

Anything for Sketter and...

Again, Maharaja violently pukes on Fetus.

MAHARAJA TIM
Goddamn air. It always gets to me.

Grip points and aims.

GRIP
OK. Everybody say...

MAHARAJA TIM
NAMBLA.

GRIP
What's NAMBLA.

MAHARAJA TIM
NAMBLA is a boy scout troop for
practicing Catholics.

Fetus looks over at Maharaja like 'WTF?'

GRIP
Oh. NAMBLA.

SKETTER AND MAHARAJA TIM
NAMBLA.

Just before Grip snaps the shot, Maharaja gooses Sketter.

SKETTER
Ohhhh!

SNAP.

Sketter awkwardly steps away from Maharaja as Maharaja takes
the camera from Grip.

MAHARAJA TIM
And now, if you don't mind, I'd
like to take a picture of you and
your wonderful boy.

Maharaja Tim trains his camera on Sketter's crotch as Grip
and pals pose in front of the ship's railing.

MAHARAJA TIM
Uh. A little further back...a
little more. More.

As they step back the railing gives way, sending them into
the Nile river.

ALL
Ahhh!

SKETTER

Help! Help!

GRIP

Help!

MAHARAJA TIM

Oh my. It appears as if the railing gave way. A pity. And those waters are filled with crocodiles, too. Oh well.

Maharaja Tim takes a picture of his middle finger, then tosses it into the water.

MAHARAJA TIM

Fuck you. Fuck you for breathing! And here's your fucking camera you fucking fucks!

Maharaja chucks the camera at Grip and Pals as they thrash about in the water, smacking Sketter right on his head. Maharaja Tim flips them off as they cry for help.

MAHARAJA TIM

Tah tah dumb fucks. Whoohoo!

Maharaja Tim pulls out his accordion. He starts playing the tango from 'AN ANDALUSIAN DOG' as he pounces on his tip toes, then moonwalks backwards across the deck while Grip and pals cry for help are heard down in the water below.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. NILE RIVER - DAY

Grips and Pals frantically wave their arms, trying to get the attention of the ship's crew.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

We last left grip and pals frantically clinging for life after being lured overboard by the mysterious Maharaja Chet.

SKETTER

Help! Help! Wait for us!

GRIP

They can't hear us!

SKETTER

Grip. Help! Something's caught my feet. A crocodile!

GRIP

Hold on, Sketter boy, I'm coming. What the? It's got me, too.

They are dragged through the water.

SKETTER

Is, is it a whirlpool?

GRIP

No, it's a net. We're being pulled towards shore. I wonder who's on the other side of this net? In a moment we'll know.

EXT. NILE SHORE - DAY

An OLDER MAN with a handlebar moustache and wearing safari garb and a monocle strikes a karate pose.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

H,h,h, halt! Wh,wh,who g,g, goes there?

GRIP

Take it easy mister. The name is
Payload. Grip Payload.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

G,g,g,grip P,p,p,payload, the
famama, fama, famous author?

Fetus shakes his head in disbelief.

GRIP

Why yes, I suppose so. My, it
seems like my little adventure
logbook gets around.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

H,h,h,holy Fuck! I've re,re,read
your b,b,b,book. M,m,m,my name is
Twaddle. S,s,salvador Twaddle.

GRIP

Salvador? Why, aren't you the half-
brother of Salvador Dali?

SALVADOR TWADDLE

N,n,n,n,n,n,nyeah. Hohoho!

SKETTER

Zoinks. You're the second almost
famous person we've met today,
Mister Twaddle.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

I say, wh,wh,wh,wh,wh,wh,wh...

TWADDLE roshambo's himself, smacking himself in the balls
harshly as he finishes the sentence in falsetto.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

...what brings you here?

EXT. TWADDLE'S CAMP - DAY

Twaddle sits with his legs stretched out, holding an ice bag
on his nuts as Grip and pals face him.

GRIP

And so, Twaddle, the ship's rail
broke, we fell overboard, and here
we are.

GRIP'S POV - MAP

Grip points at a close up of a map of the desert.

GRIP

However, I managed to save this map. It will show us the overland route to the Desert Queen's hidden stronghold.

RESUME - TWADDLE'S CAMP

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Hohoho! D,d,d,d,d,d...

He smacks his balls.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

...do you prefer your camel with one hump or two?

GRIP

With this gang, we're going to need a two humper.

Again, Twaddle smacks his nuts.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Hohohoho! That's good. I just happen to have one in the bushes. Duffy!

He leads Duffy the two-humped camel out of the bushes.

SKETTER

Gee, Fetus, a real camel! And we get to ride him!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Grip and Pals and Twaddle ride Duffy through the desert. Twaddle is seated between the two humps.

SKETTER

Golly Grip, this is like riding a small-sized roller coaster.

Grip wipes beads of sweat from his brow.

GRIP

Right Sketter. Just be sure to hang on. Boy is it hot.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Wh,wh,wh,wh,why do I always get the
cheap seats? Hohoho!

SKETTER
You'll be on the lookout for Big
Chet, won't you Grip? He's
dangerous.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Wh,wh,wh,wh...

Twaddle punches his balls.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Hohoho! What does Big Chet look
like?

GRIP
Big Chet. Well, he looks like
Colonel Sanders if Colonel Sanders
was the type of guy who'd give your
son a dutch rudder at the drive
thru.

SKETTER
Yep, that's what he looks like, all
right.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For miles through hot desert sands
they trudge. Tired and thirsty,
Grip and Pals arrive upon a welcome
scene.

Again, Sketter talks over the Narrator.

SKETTER
Look! An oasis!

GRIP
That's oasis, Sketter. Anyway,
that means water.

EXT. OASIS - DAY

Grip and pals and Twaddle huddle around a small pool of water
at the oasis.

GRIP
Boy, this heat's really getting to
me.

SKETTER

Me too. Even Foetus is sweating.

Twaddle holds up three pills.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

H,h,h,h,here, you three. Try these. Mother pharmaceutical knows best.

They take the pills.

GRIP

All right. We'll fill the canteens and be off.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Oh my. Th,th,those weren't my meds.

GRIP

What's that, Twaddle?

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Holy sh,sh,sh. Holy sh,sh,sh...

Fetus jumps up and smacks Twaddle's nuts.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Holy shit. I've never seen thr,thr,three newbies like you take that much LSD.

SKETTER

What's LSD?

Twaddle smacks himself.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Hohoho! Your third eye's going to get a work out. Enjoy the face of Zod young man!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Grip and pals and Twaddle ride Duffy. It looks like they're riding through Dali's 'PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY'. CLOCK SFX.

SKETTER

Zoinks! I'm tripping yam bags. Where am I? Who am I?

SALVADOR TWADDLE

H,h,h,h,how are you doing, Grip?

GRIP
I don't think LSD works on me.

Grip looks around. Luis Bunuel is pulling Salvador Dali and another guy, dressed as priests, on a rope tethered to two decaying donkey carcasses on pianos through the desert.

Bunuel stops and wipes his brow.

BUNUEL
I KNEW I shoulda made 'dat left
toin in 'Albakoikie.

GRIP
Well, maybe a little.

POP! POP! POP! There third eyes pop out of their foreheads.

GRIP
Ah! What the hell was that?

Twaddle roshambo's himself.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Hohoho! Your third eyes just
popped out.

Grip looks around at Sketter and Fetus.

GRIP
Hey, why are theirs so much bigger?

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Hohoho! S,s,s,s,sounds like
someone has a case of pineal envy.

SKETTER
You don't do drugs, Mister Twaddle?

SALVADOR TWADDLE
I d,d,d,don't n,n,n,need drugs.
I,I,I,I am drugs.

With that Twaddle holds up his hand, which has ants crawling out of a hole in it. He scrapes some earwax from his ear with an elongated pinky nail and then snorts it.

BICYCLE BELL SFX. BIG CHET rides by in his underwear, wearing his pants on his head like a nun's habit. He still has the striped box. As he passes he pukes on Fetus.

DUFFY
Mggugghh!

Sketter covers his eyes.

SKETTER

Ah! Grip. Twaddle. Look!

GRIP

It's Big Chet. He's heading for the Desert Queen's Palace, too. I hope we can keep him in sight. He's pulling away.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

G,g,g,g,go Duffy, go.

SKETTER

Looks like we've lost him, Grip. He's gone.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

G,g,g,g,good heaven's, G,G,G,Grip.
L,look ahead. Sandstorm.
W,w,w,worst thing that could
happen. R,r,r,r,right in ou,ou,our
path, too.

A massive sandstorm erupts all around them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The massive sandstorm envelopes Grip and pals.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When we last left our intrepid
adventurers they were trekking
through the vast African desert in
search of the hidden stronghold of
the Desert Queen, when all of the
sudden...

GRIP

It's traveling this way fast.
Cover your noses and mouth.

They all stop and lie down, using Duffy's body to shield them
against the sandstorm. No more third eyes.

GRIP

(Coughing)
Don't give up men. Remember, where
there's a will...

They cough and wheeze. Flies buzz around Fetus.

GRIP

...Ah, fuck it we're goners.
Sketter.

SKETTER

Yes Grip?

MOTOR SFX.

GRIP

There's no easy way to say this so
I'm just gonna say it--Ling Ling
and I have grown apart.

SKETTER

What?

With that, Sketter begins bawling.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

D,d,d,d,do you hear a motor?

GRIP

(To Sketter)

But I just wanted to say that no matter what happens with Ling Ling and I...I still love you.

Grip can no longer hold back the tears. Twaddle pauses, looks at them crying, then hugs them both and unleashes a wailing A LA ROCKY LOCKRIDGE from the A&E SHOW INTERVENTION.

As they're having a group hug, Fetus gets up and struggles against the storm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Little by little, Fetus inches his way offscreen through the storm; digging, clawing, pulling his body. The sound of the motor is getting louder. Until finally...

ALL

Shut the fuck up!

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Hohoho!

Fetus comes to a tiny MODEL AIRPLANE, whose propeller gust up the mighty sandstorm. He shuts the propeller off. At the camel, Grip, Sketter and Twaddle are all crying, resigned in dying.

The duststorm dissipates and Fetus arrives with the toy airplane. Grip and SKETTER compose themselves as Twaddle continues wailing away. Fetus shows the toy airplane to Grip, who reads the words on it 'MANDELBROT AIRLINES'.

GRIP

Uh, uh, shit. Let's get going.

Grip, Sketter, and Fetus start to leave.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Hey wait. Who's Ling Ling?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

They're back on Duffy again.

GRIP

Now that we're underway again, it won't be long before we see the Desert Queen's palace.

I have a feeling we haven't seen
the last of Big Chet.

SKETTER

Ahhh!

EXT. DESERT CITY WALLS - EVENING

They arrive at the gate of the city. A SPHINX STATUE holds up a sign. An easel with paper and paintbrush and Big Chet's bicycle with no seat are next to it.

GRIP

Well, it looks like Big Chet's beat us here.

SKETTER

How do we get in, Grip?

SALVADOR TWADDLE

R,r,r,r,r...

Roshambo.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Read that sign.

GRIP

It says, 'To open gate, paint my face.'

SKETTER

Zoinks! With the brother of Salvador Dali, this will be easy.

Sketter pushes Twaddle towards the easel.

TWADDLE

Uhghghghgh, I'm not...

GRIP

Don't worry, Twaddle, we'll wait.

Twaddle starts painting, obviously struggling. He looks back and forth at the statue face and the paper, trying to size up the correct proportions.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Th,th,th,th,there!

They look at it. It's a lame-ass stick figure. He dangles it in front of the face on the gate. The gate doesn't budge.

GRIP
Uhh, that didn't work.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
S,s,s,s,s...

Roshambo.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
...Son of a bitch! I was a great
artist...back in kindergarten.

Fetus grabs the paintbrush and starts painting.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Back then it all seemed so simple.
I colored between the lines, they
gave me my graham cracker.

Twaddle whacks himself again.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
Then, when I got older they wanted
dimensional drawing, three-point
perspective, stufamato and
chiarascuro shading.

He starts crying and hitting himself in the balls.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
It's not fair! It's not fair! Who
could've guessed that something so
pure as 'I colored between the
lines, I want my graham cracker'
could turn into something so fucked
up and confusing?

Fetus presents his perfect rendering of the statue. The gate
opens. Grip comforts Twaddle.

GRIP
It's okay. It's okay, Twaddle.
Look, we're inside.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
I,i,i,i,i,it's j,j,j,j,just too
much!

GRIP
Don't worry ol' boy, we'll never
make you paint again. Wow!

They are standing in front of a huge pyramid.

GRIP
That must be the palace of the
Desert Queen. C'mon gang.

As they head inside, Maharaja Tim, standing next to a phallic-shaped obelisk, watches them from afar.

MAHARAJA TIM
Hehehehe. Now their assholes are
mine.

Maharaja Tim looks at the obelisk.

MAHARAJA TIM
Oh my goodness! You know, I don't
care if they did use crocodile dung
for birth control, them ancient
Egyptian fuckers sure knew art.
Whoohoo!

INT. PYRAMID STAIRS

Grip and pals and Twaddle are walking up a ridiculously steep staircase. They stop in front of a set up public restrooms with a face statue in between. Sketter and Twaddle stop, exhausted.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
After an exhausting trip through
the perils of the desert and now a
harrowing climb up an ancient
pyramid, can Grip and pals go on?

GRIP
Oh, fuck off! C'mon men. Get the
lead out. Almost there.

SKETTER
Whew!

They take off, back up the staircase again. A few seconds later Maharaja Tim, wheezing, arrives and stops and wipes his brow.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Can Mahara--

Maharaja Tim grabs his crotch

MAHARAJA TIM
Narrate this. Whew. Holy fuck.

He looks down at a MANGY DOG lying on its back with its legs splayed.

MAHARAJA TIM

Wowzers! Would you look at the balls on that thing? You know, I don't care if it is a cur dog, that's just good breeding right there.

MAHARAJA TIM

Huh, maybe I'll go for a piss and maybe...rub one out for five minutes. Ah, who am I kidding? Two minutes.

Maharaja Tim walks and looks at the restroom signs. they read: 'MEN' (MAN SIGN), 'WOMEN (WOMAN SIGN)', 'TRANSGENDER' (FEMALE W/ DICK SIGN), 'PEOPLE WITH MULTIPLE SEX ORGANS' (HAPPY FACE SIGN), 'PEOPLE WITH NO SEX ORGANS' (THE SCREAM FACE SIGN), 'PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE ALIENS VISITED CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' (ALIEN FACE SIGN), 'PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA' (IDIOT FACE SIGN), 'PEOPLE WHO ARE OUTWARDLY SOCIALLY ADJUSTED BUT WHO SECRETLY FANTASIZES ABOUT RAPING YOUNG BOYS ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE RIVER' (JARED FROM SUBWAY SIGN).

MAHARAJA TIM

Oh. Kick ass.

He looks at his box, thinks for a second, and then places it on the table under the face statue and goes into the last restroom. The statue's eyes look down at the box and then look around.

Maharaja Tim comes out zipping up his fly and wiping his sweaty brow.

MAHARAJA TIM

Whew.

He picks up the box, oblivious that the stripes are pointing the opposite way, then steps up to the ridiculously steep staircase Grip and pals were climbing and pauses. He presses a button and steps onto the escalator, slowly ascending upwards.

INT. ROYAL ROOM

Grip and pals reach the penthouse room of the pyramid.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Wh,wh,wh,wh,why there's no one here?

SKETTER

It's spooky with all the mummy's in here. Let's head back down.

GRIP

No. Not until we find the Desert Queen.

An Egyptian sarcophagus door slowly opens. To their amazement, the beautiful DESERT QUEEN steps out.

GRIP

What the? The walls are alive.

SKETTER

She sure looks alive to me.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

M,m,m,m,must be my mozzah fever coming on.

Every time the Desert Queen speaks, her left eye wanders slowly and then corrects itself. Grip and pals stare at the wandering eye.

DESERT QUEEN

I've been expecting you, Grip Payload.

GRIP

The Desert Queen.

DESERT QUEEN

You may call me Gertrude. I have read your adventure logbook. What brings you to my humble palace?

GRIP

A man named Maharaja Tim. He's captured The Royal Baby in Monrovia so he can rule your Queendom.

DESERT QUEEN

Why that's terrible. I've heard of...you all are staring at my eye aren't you?

SKETTER

Oh no. Gosh. Honest.

GRIP
 Uh, I just had a kink in my neck.

SALVADOR TWADDLE
 N,n,n,n,n,n,n, well maybe.

The lights go out. Sounds of struggle.

SKETTER
 Ahhh!

GRIP
 What the? Who's there?

DESERT QUEEN
 My arms!

SALVADOR TWADDLE
 M,m,m,m,my balls.

Maharaja Tim claps and the lights come back on. All of them are tied up.

MAHARAJA TIM
 Hahahaha fuckers!

DESERT QUEEN
 Maharaja Tim!

GRIP
 That was some slick trick you pulled, but--

MAHARAJA TIM
 Ah, ah, ah. I'm in charge.

Maharaja Tim looks at Fetus, then throws up all over him.

MAHARAJA TIM
 Fucking fresh air. Now, I've got The Royal Baby. Which by the Queen's own law means that I'm your new ruler.

SKETTER
 Mister Chet, how could you?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Will Grip and pals free themselves and save the Desert Queen or will--

ALL
 Shut the fuck up!

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Hohoho!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ah fuck it! I quit!

The silhouette of the Narrator gets up from his seat and walks off screen. DOOR SLAM SFX.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

(Muffled)

Assholes!

MAHARAJA TIM

Now where were we? Oh yeah.
Desert Queen, prepare to meet your
new prince and king.

Maharaja Tim opens the box. A stream of cumshot blasts him in the face.

MAHARAJA TIM

What the fuck is that?

Maharaja Tim takes off his shades. His right eye swells, then explodes like a popped zit.

MAHARAJA TIM

Ahhhhh! It burns! It burns!

Hysterical, he crashes through the window. GLASS SHATTERING SFX.

EXT. DESERT CITY - EVENING

Maharaja Tim falls down the side of the pyramid. He lands ass first on the obelisk, squealing in surprised ecstasy, then dies.

MAHARAJA TIM

Ahhhhhhhh! It burns! OooWhoooooh!
Uggghhhh.

Behind the obelisk is a full moon with a cloudstrip slicing through it A LA 'UN CHIEN ANDALOU'.

INT. ROYAL ROOM

The JACKOFF MONKEY climbs out of the box and unties them.

DESERT QUEEN

Thank you Jackoff Monkey.

JACK OFF MONKEY

Ughhh.

SKETTER

What in fiddlesticks just happened?

Foetus shrugs his puke-stained shoulders in bewilderment.

DESERT QUEEN

Unbeknownst to you, my spies already knew that Maharaja Tim was on his way to attempt to overthrow my rule. Little did he know that I had switched the The Royal Baby with Jackoff Monkey.

GRIP

You don't say.

DESERT QUEEN

Fattuh!

Her loyal servant, FATTUH, comes in cradling a BABY swaddled in a royal swaddle blanket.

DESERT QUEEN

And here is the future king all safe and sound.

The royal baby looks just like Twaddle, including monocle and handlebar moustache.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

O,o,o,o,o,...

Roshambo.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

...oh my. I'd forgotten about that trip to Monrovia last year. Send your mother my regards. Best vacation of my life.

ROYAL BABY

Wh,wh,wh,wh,wh...

The Royal Baby hits itself in the groin with its toy baby rattle.

ROYAL BABY

...whaaaaahhhh.

ALL

Hahahahahahaha.

SKETTER

Zoinks. I guess this just about wraps it up?

GRIP

It sure does, Sketter. Twaddle, would you care to do the honors?

SALVADOR TWADDLE

Wh,wh,wh,what? Oh?

Roshambo.

SALVADOR TWADDLE

And so ends another exciting episode of...Grip Payload.

FIN