The Malcolm Moon Cartoon

"Pilot"

Created By

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EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Nervously, a two tentacled, one eyed creature, CYCLOPTOPUS inches out.

CYCLOPTOPUS I kept telling them, not to hold the party down these alleys. It's not safe.

He shoots a look around.

CYCLOPTOPUS (CONT.) Oh well it's not too bad. Actually, this place has a sort of charm.

He inches down, past a bum. Then THE SQUIDO pops out from behind a dumpster.

SQUIDO Surrender your genitals!

He wields a rusty knife, which he branches gleefully.

CYCLOPTOPUS

Pardon?

He scratches his chin, confused.

SQUIDO For Ebay, child. (beat) I need your sweet testicle juices for the sexual orgy...

The small mugger puffs out his chest, exposing two syrupy pancakes.

SQUIDO (CONT.) MY NIPPLES ARE SYRUPY PANCAKES!

He advances towards a puzzled yet increasingly horrified Cycloptopus.

SQUIDO (CONT.) (drag queen) Touch them.

CYCLOPTOPUS No thank you! SQUIDO (drag queen) Touch them!

SQUIDO (CONT.) TOUCH THEM!

With that Cycloptopus shrieks and runs off.

He rushes out of the alley and smack dap into

MALCOLM MOON (23) A werewolf who is sloppily dressed, he's accompanied by PARSON MCCLOONEY (128) but with the appearance of a small Victorian boy. Parson's shirt reads "give blood"... "to me"

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The three of them collapse on the street. Cyclops picks himself up and brushes off.

Malcolm runs a hand through his hair and Parson dust off his chair.

CYCLOPTOPUS You guys could be more specific with your directions, you know. And who's the kid, Malcolm?

He leans close to Parson.

CYCLOPTOPUS (CONT.) He didn't lure you in with candy canes and video games, did he?

MALCOLM MOON No, no, he's not a kid. This is Parson, the vampire pal of mine.

CYCLOPTOPUS No kidding, huh? Well Parson I'm pleased to make your acquaintance.

Parson steps forward.

PARSON Charmed as well.

MALCOLM MOON Yeah, well we swung by that bagel shop you like... PARSON STOP THAT!

Parson chows down on the neck of a HOOKER

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MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) You don't know where that's been.

PARSON

Over there.

MALCOLM MOON No, I mean, well never mind.

The woman collapses. Parson wipes the blood from his mouth.

CYCLOPTOPUS So what's the plan for tonight?

Malcolm grins.

INT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The three of them hover over a moss covered grave.

MALCOLM MOON We're going to raise the dead!

The others cheer.

CYCLOPTOPUS So what method of reanimation are we using? You bring the old Necronomicon?

A pause.

MALCOLM MOON Well, to be honest, I was just going to piss on the grave and defame religious symbols until something happened.

Parson sighs.

PARSON Typical, typical Malcolm. Here, step aside.

He walks over the grave and looks down.

PARSON (CONT.) Hey asshole, wake up. Same with you other motherfuckers. Get up.

Suddenly the ground starts to tremble.

MALCOLM MOON Yes, soon we'll have an army of flesh craving zombies! Undead minions to do are bidding!

The first zombie crawls out from the grave, he's a meek looking OFFICE WORKER.

OFFICE WORKER ZOMBIE Hey fellas, how you chaps doing?

Cycloptopus looks over at Malcolm.

CYCLOPTOPUS

Fail.

More and more of the zombies raise out of the grave. A HIPSTER ZOMBIE approaches

HIPSTER ZOMBIE Hey, you know where I can get a hot brewed latte around here?

MALCOLM MOON Don't you mean sweet bloody brains?

HIPSTER ZOMBIE Eww no, I'm a vegan I'll have you know.

PARSON So what, pray tell was your undoing?

The Hipster Zombie turns around to reveal the back of his head is missing.

HIPSTER ZOMBIE Heart attack.

Malcolm sighs.

CYCLOPTOPUS What's wrong?

MALCOLM MOON Eh these zombies are boring. I thought we'd have some fun.

PARSON Yeah, zombies are quite the bore. MALCOLM MOON Damn you Romero and your lies!

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM

The three of them sit in the living room, relaxing on the couch.

PARSON I'm sorry the zombies didn't fan out how you wanted.

MALCOLM MOON Eh don't worry about it. What'd you say to put them back to sleep?

PARSON

Nothing.

CYCLOPTOPUS That's really neat. So I guess they just crawled back in after we left right?

PARSON

No.

MALCOLM MOON

No?

PARSON No, I didn't. Yeah their brains will quickly deteriorate until they are functioning on primal levels and devouring everything that moves...

Cycloptopus gasp. A pause.

MALCOLM MOON Man, zombies kick ass.

The others look at him.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) Fine, I'll stop the damn things... EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street is overrun by ravenous corpses. Cycloptopus, Parson, and Malcolm stand in the street.

CYCLOPTOPUS Oh dear, we're screwed.

He shivers.

PARSON Relax, zombies will only attack...

Malcolm interrupts him.

MALCOLM MOON Hey zombies!

PARSON If you draw their attention. God damn it, Malcolm.

The hoard of undead turn towards the werewolf. They moan and start to amble over towards the three.

They huddle together as the undead approach.

CYCLOPTOPUS So what's the plan?

MALCOLM MOON Well I was hoping the zombies would feast on your guys flesh while I thought of one.

PARSON Wait a minute. These are zombies right.

The other two nod.

PARSON (CONT.) And zombies...

MALCOLM MOON

Kick ass.

PARSON

No, you imbecile. Zombies feast on human flesh. And well your not human for another few hours, I'm undead, and your friend here is a, oh hell what the hell are you, you bastard of nature? Parson looks puzzled.

PARSON ... You make me want to denounce God.

MALCOLM MOON So we're safe?

Parson nods. Cycloptopus moves over towards the zombies.

They lunge forward, narrowly biting him.

CYCLOPTOPUS I thought you said these things were only after humans!

Parson laughs.

PARSON Yeah I was just fucking with you. These things will tear you apart.

Malcolm laughs.

MALCOLM MOON Nice. Fucking nice.

CYCLOPTOPUS Hahah very funny, now what are we going to do about this hoard of walking dead?

A pause.

MALCOLM MOON

Bail?

Parson nods.

PARSON

Bail.

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM

Cycloptopus looks out the window.

CYCLOPTOPUS You know I feel bad about just abandoning all those people down there. PARSON Not much we can do.

MALCOLM MOON

Yeah.

CYCLOPTOPUS Couldn't we just shoot them in the head or something?

MALCOLM MOON Yeah but that's too much work.

PARSON Way too much work. I mean the three day waiting...

CYCLOPTOPUS I know you have a gun around here.

Malcolm pulls out a handgun.

MALCOLM MOON You mean this old thing?

Cycloptopus grins.

CYCLOPTOPUS Yeah, let's blast some zombies.

MALCOLM MOON No, it's just a squirt gun. That I spray painted black.

He takes aim at a lamp and fires. BANG! The lamp explodes.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) Huh, well would you look at that. It's real.

He fires off a round in the room.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) And now it's empty.

He tosses it out the window and slumps down on the couch.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) So you see, Cycloptopus, my good friend, there's nothing we can do. PARSON You might as well sit back and enjoy the rest of the night.

A KNOCK is head at the door.

Cycloptopus and Parson gasp in horror.

Malcolm walks over to the door and opens it up to reveal a

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY (18)

MALCOLM MOON Hey thanks man.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY So you a werewolf?

MALCOLM MOON

Yeah.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY Kick ass.

Cycloptopus frowns.

CYCLOPTOPUS You called for pizza?

MALCOLM MOON Yeah, it's night, and I had a craving.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) This should cover it.

He hands the cash over and takes the pizza.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY Cool. Later, werewolf dude, later vampire, later bastard of nature thing.

Cycloptopus sighs. Malcolm shuts the door and carries the pizza towards the table.

PARSON Only you would order a pizza at a time like this.

Malcolm laughs.

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MALCOLM MOON What can I say, I had a craving.

PARSON You get more cravings then a pregnant woman.

CYCLOPTOPUS I am a pregnant woman...

A pause.

MALCOLM MOON Don't you have kids?

PARSON Are you sure you don't just spawn.

CYCLOPTOPUS Shut up, Parson.

PARSON My, my, where are your manners? You really should be more polite.

Another KNOCK is head at the door.

MALCOLM MOON

Who's there.

VOICE (0.S) Re-pizza.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) Re-pizza?

VOICE (O.S) Recycled pizza

MALCOLM MOON Ah re-pizza.

He opens the door wide open.

MALCOLM MOON (CONT.) Wait, that's not a smart profitable business venture.

With that, dozens of zombies rush into the room. Malcolm screams as he is surrounded by the hungry creatures.

The pizza box opens to reveal, THE SQUIDO.

He brandishes his rusty knife.

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SQUIDO Surrender your genitals!

No response.

The Squido looks confused. Everything lies in a bloody pool of bodies and twisted limbs.

PARSON It's no use. They're all dead.

SQUIDO All of them?

PARSON Yeah, I'm afraid every last one.

SQUIDO Huh, that's a bit of a downer.

PARSON

Just a bit.

SQUIDO Yeah so how'd you stop it?

PARSON Oh, I told them to stop. Though by that time, everyone was already dead.

SQUIDO That's a bummer.

Parson shakes his head.

PARSON No, the real bummer is how dark it is in here, like a fucking cave.

He walks over to the window and throws open the curtains. Daylight pours

PARSON Hey would you look at that. It's day-

CUT TO BLACK

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS