

MOTHER FUNNER
"Elve-is Lives"

By:
Kari Kluter

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' BATHROOM - NIGHT

MADISON is wearing a green BIKINI, sitting in the BATHROOM SINK, facing the CAMERA. She's holding her HAND to her EAR, pretending that it's an imaginary CELL PHONE while she, also, has her other HAND on an imaginary STEERING WHEEL, pretending that she's driving. There's a SODA CAN by her, and a CRIB by the TOILET.

MADISON

(into the imaginary CELL PHONE)

I'm talking into an imaginary cell phone and driving an imaginary car. I should fill the sink I'm sitting in with water, so I can take a bath like a baby. If I give myself a bath in the sink, I'll be a really smart baby, because only a smart baby could bathe themselves in a sink without help from someone older.

MADISON stops steering the imaginary STEERING WHEEL, picks up the SODA CAN and looks at it.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(into the imaginary CELL PHONE)

This soda can is so funny, because it has the words, Low Sodium, on it. Everyone should know that it's low sodium even if it doesn't have those words on it. Soda makers don't have to put the words, Low Sodium, on most of their soda cans, but they do anyways. Soda makers are comedians, and they don't even know it. Or maybe they do know it, and that's why they put the words, Low Sodium, on most of their soda cans, so they can get a few laughs. What? I can't hear you. All I can hear is static. I guess I better hang up. Bye.

Then MADISON puts down her imaginary CELL PHONE, walks to the CRIB and looks at the CAMERA.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(to the CAMERA; excited)

Hi! Welcome to my crib!

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (looking down into the CRIB;
 upset)
 Hey! There's a baby in my crib!
 (to the CAMERA)
 Oh, no big deal. I get a lot of babies
 checking into this crib from time-to-
 time, and whenever I want to get rid of
 them, I just throw them into the
 bathtub.

Then MADISON reaches down into the CRIB, picks up the BABY and throws
 it into the BATHTUB.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (to the CAMERA)
 I'll just fill that bathtub with water
 and teach that baby how to swim.
 (looking at the BABY)
 Kick, baby! Kick!

The BABY starts kicking it's LEGS. Then MADISON claps her HANDS.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Yeah! My baby's kicking and half-
 swimming in the air!
 (to the BABY)
 Now, just move your arms, so you can be
 completely swimming in the air!

The BABY starts clapping it's ARMS together like a SEAL. Then MADISON
claps her HANDS again.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Yeah! My baby's still half-swimming in
 the air, but the other half of it is
 clapping it's arms together like a seal!
 I love seals! Yeah!
 (to the CAMERA)
 My name is Madison Dumme, and I'm an
 alcoholic. Nah, I'm just joking. I'm
 clean, I'm clean. Anyways, as you can
 see, I'm wearing a green bikini, and
 that can only mean one thing: it's my
 birthday! Yeah!
 (singing)
 How old are you? How old are you? I'm
 26, and my personality makes everybody
 sick. Yeah!
 (talking)
 Now, I'm going to get out of this bikini
 and get into my regular clothes. Bye!

MADISON starts running toward the open BATHROOM DOOR. Then she stops running once she gets to it.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Oh, I forgot something.

MADISON runs back to the BATHTUB and turns it on. Then she runs out of the BATHROOM again.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

THORNZ is sitting in an INDOOR POOL in the middle of the KITCHEN.
 TIFFANY is standing in front of the REFRIGERATOR, with her BACK to THORNZ, wearing a DIAPER.

THORNZ
 (to TIFFANY)
 Tiffany, why are you standing with your back to me, wearing a diaper?

TIFFANY
 Because I peed in my diaper, and my pee seeped to the front of it. There's a huge pee stain on the front of my diaper, and it's really embarrassing!

THORNZ
 (disgusted)
 Eew!

TIFFANY
 Thornz, could you give me the bikini bottoms you're wearing, so I can put them on over my diaper and, finally, turn around?

THORNZ
 (upset)
 Man! Okay, I'll do it! But when I get out of this pool, my wet butt will be cold, since I won't have any bikini bottoms on. Tiffany, before I give you my bikini bottoms, could you turn on the heater?

TIFFANY
 (upset)
 No way! It's like 2 million degrees outside!

THORNZ

To you, it may be 2 million degrees outside, but to me, it's a chilly negative 2 million degrees. It's like Hypothermialand out there!

TIFFANY

(worried)

Since you think that it's cold outside when it's incredibly hot, maybe you should see a doctor.

THORNZ

I shouldn't see a doctor. You should just turn on the heater.

TIFFANY

(upset)

No way!

THORNZ

Okay! Okay! You don't have to turn on the heater as long as you promise me that I don't have to go to the doctor.

TIFFANY

I promise that you don't have to go to the doctor. Now, give me your bikini bottoms! I want to turn around and look at somebody instead of something.

THORNZ

Okay, I'll give you my bikini bottoms.

THORNZ takes off his BIKINI BOTTOMS underwater, then throws them at TIFFANY'S HEAD.

TIFFANY

(in pain)

Ow! Your bikini bottoms hitting my head feel like one of Madison's most painful butt spankings on my head!

THORNZ

(guilty)

Sorry!

TIFFANY, with her BACK still turned to THORNZ, stretches her ARMS behind her, feels around for THORNZ' BIKINI BOTTOMS and, finally, feels them. With her BACK still turned to THORNZ, TIFFANY puts on THORNZ' BIKINI BOTTOMS over her DIAPER. Then she turns around and is facing THORNZ.

Suddenly, another pair of green BIKINI BOTTOMS come flying towards TIFFANY, and she catches them.

TIFFANY

Why did you throw another pair of bikini bottoms at me?

THORNZ

Because the first pair, that I threw at you, was really smelly, since I was wearing them and have never washed them.

TIFFANY

(disgusted)

Eew!

THORNZ

Yes, eew, indeed.

(changing topics)

Why did you take off your...

(making air quotes)

...pants?

TIFFANY

Because I need to wash them. They're really smelly. Since I'm too stupid to operate a washing machine, dryer or any other type of machine, I'm going to wash my...

(making air quotes)

...pants the good, old-fashioned way like people did in the Olden Days or like Amish people do today. I'm going to, first, wash my...

(making air quotes)

...pants by putting detergent in the pool that you're sitting in. Then I'm going to wash them in there. Next, I'm going to send my...

(making air quotes)

...pants through the pasta roller, so I can wring the water out of them. Then, when my...

(making air quotes)

...pants are still wet, I'm going to put them on and sleep in them, so I'll get the Cold.

THORNZ

(excited)

You little daredevil!

TIFFANY

(blushing)

I know!

TIFFANY whips her ARMS out, from where she's standing, and grabs the DETERGENT in the PANTRY. Then she whips her ARMS back. TIFFANY pours DETERGENT into the POOL. Suddenly, the POOL WATER gets foamy.

THORNZ pulls a SHOWER CAP out of the POOL and puts it on his HEAD.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Thornz, why did you put on a shower cap?
This isn't a bathtub.

THORNZ

To you, it's not a bathtub. But to me,
it is one. Plus, I need to take a bath
in whatever soap-filled body of water
that I can get my hands on, because I
haven't taken a bath in over a year!

TIFFANY

(disgusted)

Eew!

(changing topics)

Thornz, whenever you're in a pool, why
do you only sit in it and never swim?

THORNZ

Because I don't know how to swim.

TIFFANY

You should know how to swim, because
it's so easy to do. In fact, you swim in
the air when you throw tantrums. Just do
whatever you do when you're throwing a
tantrum and kick, but don't scream,
unless you're drowning. Also, move your
arms like I do when Madison lights me on
fire.

THORNZ

(excited)

You make swimming sound really easy.

TIFFANY

That's because it is easy, duh! Or shall
I say "Dub, dub. Rub a dub dub! A cactus
and girl in a tub!" Cannon ball!

TIFFANY does a CANNON BALL into the POOL.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(excited)

Yeah, I'm having fun and getting clean!

(becomes sad)

But, unfortunately, my diaper is getting
soggy.

THORNZ

(disgusted)

Eew! Why is your diaper getting soggy?
Madison said that she was going to buy

(MORE)

THORNZ (CONT'D)

you waterproof diapers that you can swim in, so you'll never have a soggy diaper again.

TIFFANY

Whenever Madison says something, she, usually, doesn't mean it. She's such a liar, liar! She lies so much that her pants should be on fire!

(changing topics)

Why am I having fun and getting clean when I should be getting my...

(making air quotes)

...pants clean?

THORNZ

Because you forgot to get your...

(making air quotes)

...pants clean, since you're having such a fun time in this foamy pool and getting clean at the same time.

TIFFANY

Oh, yeah.

(changing topics)

Well, I guess I need to wash my...

(making air quotes)

...pants in this pool.

TIFFANY, still in the POOL, whips her ARMS out to her "pants" by the REFRIGERATOR and grabs them. Then she pulls her "pants" into the POOL.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to THORNZ)

My freakishly long, ha ha larious arms come in really handy when I want to grab my...

(making air quotes)

...pants that are by the refrigerator and get them into the pool without getting out of the pool.

THORNZ

I agree!

TIFFANY

Since my...

(making air quotes)

...pants are in this pool, ready to be washed, will you wash them with me?

THORNZ

(excited)

I'd love to!

TIFFANY and THORNZ
 (together; washing TIFFANY'S
 "pants")
 Rub a dub dub! A cactus and girl in a
 tub! We're scrubbing this girl's...
 (making air quotes together)
 ...pants in a tub! Duh!

THORNZ
 (excited)
 I never knew that washing your...
 (making air quotes)
 ...pants could be so much fun!

TIFFANY
 Well, now you know.

THORNZ
 Do you know what would be really great
 to eat, right now, as we're washing
 your...
 (making air quotes)
 ...pants?

TIFFANY
 (excited)
 Yes!

TIFFANY and THORNZ
 (together)
 Deviled eggs!

THORNZ
 (to THORAX O.S.)
 Thorax, bring in the Deviled eggs!

Suddenly, there's a loud FARTING sound O.S. Then a CART, with a PLATE
 of DEVILED EGGS on it, comes rolling into the KITCHEN, from the LIVING
 ROOM, and rolls into the POOL. The CART and PLATE sink, but the
 DEVILED EGGS float to the top of the POOL.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (relieved)
 The cart and plate sank, but the Deviled
 eggs floated to the top! Yes!

TIFFANY
 (excited)
 Food fight!

Then TIFFANY and THORNZ start throwing DEVILED EGGS at each other.

Suddenly, a DEVILED EGG gets stuck in THORNZ' EYE.

THORNZ

(in pain)

There's a Deviled egg stuck in my eye,
and the Cayenne Pepper in it is burning
my eye!

TIFFANY

I'll save you!

TIFFANY pulls the DEVILED EGG out of THORNZ' EYE, then she eats it.

THORNZ

(upset)

Hey! That was my Deviled egg! I was
suppose to eat it, not you!

TIFFANY

I know it was your Deviled egg. I would
have let you eat it if it wasn't stuck
in your eye, burning it. Trust me.

THORNZ

Man! I trust you when you say that you
would have let me eat my Deviled egg if
it wasn't stuck in my eye, burning it. I
wish that my Deviled egg didn't get
stuck in my eye, so I could eat it, not
you. Now, there's no Deviled eggs for me
to eat, because we've thrown them all
over the place, and they're all mashed
up and no longer edible.

TIFFANY walks out of the POOL, holding her wet "pants," and walks
toward the PASTA ROLLER by the OVEN.

THORNZ (CONT'D)

Why are you getting out of the pool with
your wet...

(making air quotes)

...pants?

TIFFANY stops walking and turns around, facing THORNZ.

TIFFANY

Because I need to send my...

(making air quotes)

...pants through the pasta roller, so
I can wring the water out of them.

THORNZ

Man! We were having such a fun time! I'm
going to miss you when you're not in
this pool with me!

TIFFANY

Why are you going to miss me? I'm only going to be a few feet away from you.

THORNZ

Oh, yeah. I shouldn't miss you, because you aren't going to be very far away from me. Man, I'm such a leech! I need to stop being so dependant to you, so you can be free and spread your wings and fly like a butterfly.

TIFFANY

I love butterflies!

THORNZ

I love butterflies too. I love them most when they spread their wings and fly.

TIFFANY continues to walk toward the PASTA ROLLER. When TIFFANY gets to the PASTA ROLLER, she starts feeding her "pants" through it, wringing WATER out of her "pants."

THORNZ (CONT'D)

(staring at TIFFANY)

I can't stand being away from you any longer! Come with me to Madison's bedroom!

TIFFANY

No way! I'm wringing the water out of my...

(making air quotes)

...pants right now!

THORNZ grabs a mashed up DEVILED EGG, floating at the top of the POOL, with his HAND and clinches his FIST, mashing up the DEVILED EGG even more. Then he swims to the edge of the POOL, puts his other HAND on the KITCHEN FLOOR and tries to pull his BODY out of the POOL, unsuccessfully. THORNZ can't pull himself out of the POOL.

THORNZ

(in the POOL)

Tiffany, could you pull me out of this pool?

TIFFANY

Okay.

TIFFANY stops feeding her "pants" through the PASTA ROLLER and walks to THORNZ while half of her "pants" are still stuck in the PASTA ROLLER. Then TIFFANY pulls THORNZ out of the POOL.

THORNZ
 (standing up)
 Thanks, Tiffany. I really need to work
 out more. Could you walk me to the
 stairs, because I'm so out of shape?

TIFFANY
 Okay.

THORNZ jumps into TIFFANY'S ARMS.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 Man, you're heavy! What have you been
 eating?

THORNZ
 Deviled eggs.
 (changing topics)
 Carry me, darling! Carry me like a groom
 carries his bride to their hotel room on
 their wedding night!

TIFFANY
 (excited)
 Okay!

TIFFANY starts carrying THORNZ to the bottom of the STAIRS.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 (carrying THORNZ)
 Thornz, that mashed up Deviled egg
 you're holding in your hand is getting
 really smelly!

THORNZ
 Yeah, I know that, but I don't care.

TIFFANY
 Well, since you don't care, I don't care
 either.

THORNZ
 Good. I promise that I won't let this
 mashed up Deviled egg, that I'm holding
 in my hand, get in between our love.

TIFFANY
 (excited)
 Great!

TIFFANY walks to the bottom of the STAIRS and stops carrying THORNZ.
 THORNZ is standing up, looking at TIFFANY.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 Since you're so tired, do you want me
 (MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
to, also, walk you up the stairs?

THORNZ
No.

TIFFANY
Why?

THORNZ
This is why.

THORNZ pulls his ARM back, ready to throw the mashed up DEVEILED EGG.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
(holding his ARM back)
Fetch, boy! Fetch!

Then THORNZ throws the mashed up DEVEILED EGG at the top of the STAIRS. TIFFANY runs after it on her ARMS and LEGS, looking like a happy, excited DOG. At the top of the STAIRS, TIFFANY gets on her HANDS and KNEES, smashes her FACE on the FLOOR and begins eating the mashed up DEVEILED EGG off the FLOOR. THORNZ hops to the top of the STAIRS and kicks TIFFANY'S BUTT, from behind. MADISON'S BEDROOM DOOR is open. TIFFANY flies into MADISON'S BEDROOM.

THORNZ hops into MADISON'S BEDROOM.

FOLLOW THORNZ - into MADISON'S BEDROOM.

THORNZ closes MADISON'S BEDROOM DOOR behind him.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

Then THORNZ feels around for the LIGHT SWITCH. He feels it and turns it on, and MADISON'S BEDROOM LIGHT comes on, revealing MADISON sleeping on her BED, face up, with her MOUTH open, while TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are by her BED. By the BED, there's, also, some ripped up STRIPS of NEWSPAPER, a HOT GLUE GUN, a box of CEREAL, a container of MILK and a FEATHER.

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ)
Thornz, why are we in Madison's bedroom with some ripped up strips of newspaper, a hot glue gun, a box of cereal, a container of milk and a feather while Madison's sleeping? Are we making a pinata in her bedroom, while she's asleep, for a surprise party? Because all our parties are Hell...

Suddenly, THE BAT FROM HELL comes crashing into one of MADISON'S BEDROOM WINDOWS and is flying through MADISON'S BEDROOM on fire.

THE BAT FROM HELL
 (panicking)
 What the Hell! Somebody help me!
 Somebody help me!

THE BAT FROM HELL lands on MADISON'S BEDROOM FLOOR and stops flying and screaming. Then he starts breathing heavily.

TIFFANY
 ...on Earth. And you can't have Hell...

Suddenly, a CLONE of THE BAT FROM HELL comes crashing into one of MADISON'S BEDROOM WINDOWS and is flying through MADISON'S BEDROOM on fire.

THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONE
 (panicking)
 What the Hell! Somebody help me!
 Somebody help me!

The CLONE of THE BAT FROM HELL lands on MADISON'S BEDROOM FLOOR and stops flying and screaming. Then it starts breathing heavily.

TIFFANY
 ... without the Devil...ed eggs! Thorax,
 bring in those Deviled eggs!

Suddenly, there's a loud FARTING sound. Then a CART, with a BOWL, SPOON, PIPING BAG, HARD BOILED EGGS, KNIFE, MAYONNAISE and CAYENNE PEPPER on it, comes flying through one of MADISON'S BEDROOM WINDOWS and lands on THE BAT FROM HELL, squashing him.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 I can't believe that a cart, with everything to make Deviled eggs on it, flew through one of Madison's bedroom windows and landed on The Bat From Hell, squashing him!

THORNZ
 I can't believe it either!

THORAX
 I really can't believe it!

TIFFANY
 Anyways, Thorax is going to use everything on this cart to demonstrate how to make Deviled eggs.

THORAX puts on some READING GLASSES and walks to the CART.

THORAX
 (to everyone)
 Hello, everyone. My name is Thorax
 (MORE)

THORAX (CONT'D)
 Scorpion, but you all can just call me
 Mr. Scorpion or Mr. Thorax. But don't
 any of you dare call me Mr. Thorax
 Scorpion!

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a TOMATO and SPIT BALL hit THORAX'S HEAD.

TIFFANY
 Boo, you stink!

THORAX
 (to TIFFANY)
 Well, you stink more!
 (to everyone)
 In fact, you all stink!
 (changing topics)
 Anyways, I'm going to demonstrate to you
 all how to make Deviled eggs. First,
 grab a hard boiled egg and a knife.

THORAX grabs a HARD BOILED EGG and KNIFE from the CART.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 Then cut the hard boiled egg in half
 with the knife.

THORAX takes the KNIFE and cuts the HARD BOILED EGG in half.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 Then grab a spoon and bowl, scoop out
 the egg yolk and put it into the bowl.

THORAX grabs a SPOON and BOWL from the CART, scoops out the EGG YOLK
 with the SPOON and puts it into the BOWL.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 Next, open up your mayo jar, use your
 spoon to put some mayo into your bowl,
 then mix the mayo with the hard
 boiled egg yolk.

THORAX opens up the MAYO JAR, scoops out a SPOONFUL of MAYO, puts it
 into the BOWL and mixes the MAYO with the HARD BOILED EGG YOLK.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 Then, take your Cayenne Pepper and
 sprinkle some of it into the mayo and
 hard boiled egg yolk mixture.

Then THORAX picks up the CONTAINER of CAYENNE PEPPER.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 (holding the CAYENNE PEPPER)
 This Cayenne Pepper is really turning up
 (MORE)

THORAX (CONT'D)
the heat in here! It's hot as Hell!

Suddenly, another CLONE of THE BAT FROM HELL comes crashing into one of MADISON'S BEDROOM WINDOWS and is flying through MADISON'S BEDROOM on fire.

THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONE #2
(panicking)
What the Hell! Somebody help me!
Somebody help me!

THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONE #2 lands on MADISON'S BEDROOM FLOOR and stops flying and screaming. Then it starts breathing heavily.

THORAX
And you can't have Hell...

Suddenly, THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONE #3 comes crashing into one of MADISON'S BEDROOM WINDOWS and is flying through MADISON'S BEDROOM on fire.

THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONE #3
(panicking)
What the Hell! Somebody help me!
Somebody help me!

THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONE #3 lands on MADISON'S BEDROOM FLOOR and stops flying and screaming. Then it starts breathing heavily.

THORAX
...without the Devil...ed eggs! Tiffany,
bring in those Deviled eggs!

Suddenly, there's a loud FARTING sound. Then another CART, with a BOWL, SPOON, PIPING BAG, HARD BOILED EGGS, KNIFE, MAYONNAISE and CAYENNE PEPPER on it, comes flying through one of MADISON'S BEDROOM WINDOWS and lands on THE BAT FROM HELL'S CLONES, squashing them all.

THORAX (CONT'D)
I can't believe that another cart, with everything to make Deviled eggs on it, flew through one of Madison's bedroom windows and landed on The Bat From Hell's clones, squashing them all!

THORNZ
I can't believe it either!

TIFFANY
I really can't believe it!

THORAX
I need to hurry up and finish demonstrating how to make Deviled eggs.
(MORE)

THORAX (CONT'D)
 (looking into the BOWL)
 Now, I'm going to sprinkle some of this
 Cayenne Pepper, that I'm holding, into
 the mayo and hard boiled egg yolk
 mixture in this bowl.

THORAX sprinkles some CAYENNE PEPPER into the MAYO and HARD BOILED EGG
 YOLK MIXTURE in the BOWL.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 (looking at everyone)
 Then, I'm going to stir up everything
 in the bowl with a spoon.

Then THORAX stirs up EVERYTHING in the BOWL with the same SPOON that
 he's been using during the DEMONSTRATION.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 (looking at everyone)
 Now, I'm going to scoop this mixture
 into a piping bag.

THORAX dips his HANDS into the BOWL, scoops up some of the CAYENNE
 PEPPER, MAYO and HARD BOILED EGG YOLK MIXTURE and shovels it into the
 PIPING BAG in the CART. Then he scoops up the rest of the MIXTURE and
throws it all over TIFFANY and THORNZ. TIFFANY and THORNZ smile as
 DEVEILED EGG MIXTURE splatters all over them. THORAX picks up the
 PIPING BAG.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 (holding the PIPING BAG)
 Now, I'm going to pipe this Deviled egg
 mixture into the empty centers of the
 hard boiled egg white halves.

THORAX pipes the DEVEILED EGG MIXTURE into the empty CENTERS of the 2
 HARD BOILED EGG WHITE HALVES. Then he puts down the PIPING BAG, picks
up a DEVEILED EGG HALF in each HAND, starts smashing them together,
puckers up his LIPS and makes KISSING sounds as he's smashing them
 together. Then THORAX stops smashing the DEVEILED EGG HALVES together
 and making KISSING sounds when they become MUSH.

THORAX (CONT'D)
 (looking at everyone)
 Ta da! And that, class, is how you make
 Deviled eggs...and then destroy them by
 mashing them together to make it look
 like they're kissing. Any questions?

TIFFANY holds up her HANDS and waves them everywhere, trying to get
 THORAX'S ATTENTION.

TIFFANY
 (excited)
 Pick me! Pick me!

THORAX points to TIFFANY.

THORAX
(pointing)
Yes, sir.

TIFFANY
(to THORAX)
Oh, shut up! You know I'm not a sir.
Anyways, what I am about to say isn't a
question. It's a gross comment. Can I
still say it?

THORAX
Yes.

TIFFANY
Good. Have a bucket nearby, because what
I'm about to say is going to make you
puke all over the place.

THORAX
I don't need a bucket, because no matter
how gross your comment is, you can't
make me puke.

THORNZ
(to TIFFANY)
Same here.

TIFFANY
(to THORAX and THORNZ)
That's good to hear. Now, I'm going to
say my gross comment. You can put
Cayenne Pepper in my hard boiled egg
yolks and pipe those fiery, hard boiled
egg yolks into my hard boiled egg white
halves any day! But don't put too much
Cayenne Pepper in our Deviled eggs,
because we'll be in the bathroom for a
week! Remember last time? Pee yew!

THORNZ
Of course not!

TIFFANY
(to THORNZ)
Are you saying, "Of course not!" to not
putting too much Cayenne Pepper in our
Deviled eggs?!

THORNZ
Of course not! I'm saying, "Of course
not!" to us using the ripped up strips
of newspaper, hot glue gun, box of
(MORE)

THORNZ (CONT'D)

cereal, container of milk and feather, in this bedroom, to make a pinata. Why on Earth would we make a pinata in Madison's bedroom? Her bedroom is the last place where we want to make a pinata. The reason why we're in Madison's bedroom, while she's sleeping, with ripped up strips of newspaper, a hot glue gun, box of cereal, container of milk and a feather is because we're, first, going to put some hot glue on the strips of newspaper and bikini wax all of Madison's facial hair off. Then, since Madison sleeps with her mouth open, we're going to fill her mouth with milk and cereal.

TIFFANY

(interrupting)

When Madison has milk and cereal poured into her mouth when she's sleeping, she'll give new meaning to the term, Instant Breakfast.

THORNZ

Yeah, sure she will. Anyways, after we bikini wax all of Madison's facial hair off with the hot glue and strips of newspaper and fill her mouth with milk and cereal when she's sleeping, we'll tickle her face with a feather, because she's very ticklish and will burst out laughing which will make milk and cereal squirt out her mouth! It's going to be ha ha larious! Then we'll run out of here before she wakes up and sees what we did to her.

THORAX

How in the world are we going to run out of here in time before she wakes up?! I mean, we bikini waxed all her facial hair off with hot glue and strips of newspaper. Then we filled her open mouth with milk and cereal while she was sleeping. After that, we tickled her with a feather. Who in the world could sleep through all that?!

TIFFANY

Madison can't sleep through all that, but the only reason she won't be able to see us doing it is because she makes so much eye boogers, at night, that they

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

glue her eyes shut, and she can't open them. I know that, because I've seen it with my own eyes. I, also, know that, each morning, she has to use a crow bar to open up her eyes. That's how much eye boogers she makes.

THORNZ

Well, that's a relief!

TIFFANY

I know! Who knew Madison's eye boogers could be such a life saver!

(to THORNZ)

Can I use the hot glue gun?

THORNZ

No, because you're too retarded to use it safely without severely burning someone. Leave the bikini waxing to the professionals.

(to TIFFANY and THORAX)

I use to work in a spa where I gave women bikini waxes, so I know a lot about bikini waxes. I'm a true bikini waxing expert. Nobody has given as many bikini waxes as I have. At the spa, I use to brag about how nobody could give as many bikini waxes as I could. Many tried to beat my record, but nobody could come close to doing as many bikini waxes as me. Let me use the hot glue gun.

TIFFANY and THORAX

(together)

Okay.

THORNZ

(excited)

Terrific! Here I go.

THORNZ picks up the HOT GLUE GUN, pulls the TRIGGER on it and smiles as he sees HOT GLUE coming out of it. Then he rubs the HOT GLUE GUN'S NOZZLE across some STRIPS of NEWSPAPER, until they're covered in HOT GLUE. After that, THORNZ puts the NEWSPAPER STRIPS all around MADISON'S MOUTH.

THORNZ (CONT'D)

(to TIFFANY and THORAX)

I can't wait too long before I pull the newspaper strips, because the hot glue will dry, and they'll be stuck to Madison's face.

TIFFANY starts tickling THORNZ' ARMPITS, and he bursts out laughing. While THORNZ is laughing, he, accidentally, rubs the HOT GLUE GUN'S NOZZLE across one of MADISON'S EYES and gets HOT GLUE on it.

THORNZ (CONT'D)

(looking at MADISON; in between laughs)

Man! I, accidentally, got hot glue on Madison's eye, because I'm laughing so much!

THORNZ (CONT'D)

(to TIFFANY; in between laughs)

Tiffany, stop tickling me!

TIFFANY

Okay.

Then TIFFANY stops tickling THORNZ. THORNZ hops quickly to MADISON and tries to pull the NEWSPAPER STRIPS off of MADISON'S FACE, but they're stuck.

THORNZ

(panicking; to TIFFANY and THORAX)

Man! It's too late! The hot glue, on the newspaper strips, dried and, now, they're stuck to Madison's face! Madison is going to be so mad!

(calmly)

Well, that can't stop me from pouring cereal and milk into her open mouth while she sleeps.

THORNZ picks up the BOX of CEREAL and CONTAINER of MILK and pours them, at the same time, into MADISON'S MOUTH. Suddenly, MADISON starts choking. Then he starts tickling MADISON'S FACE with the FEATHER, and MADISON begins laughing. After that, the CEREAL and MILK start squirting out of her MOUTH. It's raining CEREAL and MILK in MADISON'S BEDROOM.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Yeah! It's raining milk and cereal in Madison's bedroom!

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

Shut up!

TIFFANY

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

Suddenly, MADISON jumps up from her BED and starts running around, bumping into WALLS with her EYES closed.

MADISON

(upset)

Man! I'm so sick of my eye boogers
gluing my eyes shut, bumping into walls
and prying my eyes open with a crow bar
every night!

MADISON stops running. Then she reaches up into her DRESS and pulls out a CROW BAR. Then she tries to pry her EYES open, but they won't open.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(freaking out)

I can't believe it! My eyes aren't even
opening with a crow bar! It's all my eye
boogers' fault! I hate you, eye boogers!

TIFFANY

I'll help you out, Madison!

MADISON

(delighted)

Thank you so much, Tiffany! I really
appreciate it! How are you going to help
me out?

TIFFANY

I can't tell you, because it's a
surprise.

MADISON

(to herself)

Oh, this is going to get bad.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

I know.

Out of nowhere, TIFFANY pulls out a huge WATER HOSE, sprays MADISON and the powerful STREAM of WATER makes MADISON tumble down the STAIRS. TIFFANY and THORAX run down the STAIRS while THORNZ hops quickly down the STAIRS, following MADISON. At the bottom of the STAIRS, MADISON opens her EYES and is crying. Then she turns around and looks at TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX.

MADISON

(to everyone)

I'm crying, because this is the worst
morning that I've ever had! First off,
somebody hot glues newspaper strips
around my mouth!

THORNZ

(ashamed; to MADISON)

I was the one who did that. Sorry!

MADISON

Then somebody burned my eye when that person got hot glue on it.

THORNZ

(ashamed; to MADISON)

I was the one who did that too. Once again, I'm sorry!

MADISON

Then somebody poured milk and cereal into my mouth, while I was sleeping, causing me to choke!

THORNZ

(ashamed; to MADISON)

I, also, was the one who did that. Yet again, I'm sorry!

MADISON

Then somebody tickled my face with a feather which made me laugh! Then milk and cereal began squirting out of my mouth, and the milk and cereal began raining all over me!

THORNZ

(ashamed; to MADISON)

I was the one who tickled your face with a feather. Sorry!

MADISON

Then I woke up and started running around, bumping into walls, because my eye boogers glued my eyes shut again, and I couldn't open them even after I tried to pry them open with a crow bar! After that, Tiffany sprayed me down the stairs with a powerful water hose! Luckily, the water from the water hose washed away my eye boogers, making me able to open my eyes. But, still, this is the worst morning that I've ever had! The only thing that will cheer me up is looking at a comic strip in the newspaper. Just hearing the words, Comic Strip, will make me so happy! But, unfortunately, there's no newspaper around for me to look at. The one, that I was looking at yesterday, mysteriously disappeared.

THORNZ

(ashamed; to MADISON)

I was the one who took your newspaper

(MORE)

THORNZ (CONT'D)
and ripped it into strips that I, then,
accidentally hot glued to your face.
Sorry!

MADISON
I wish that when I look down at the
newspaper strips stuck around my mouth,
one of the strips would have a comic
strip on it. Even seeing just a piece of
a comic strip would make me so happy.
But what are the chances of having a
comic strip or just a piece of one
around my mouth?

TIFFANY
Slim to none!

THORNZ
(to TIFFANY)
Tiffany, shut up!

THORNZ (CONT'D)
(to MADISON)
Look down at your mouth and see if you
have a comic strip or a piece of one
stuck around it.

MADISON
(to THORNZ)
Well, it wouldn't hurt to look.

MADISON looks down at her MOUTH and smiles when she sees a PIECE of a
COMIC STRIP.

MADISON (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
I'm so happy, because there's, actually,
a piece of comic strip around my mouth!
I love this so much!

MADISON looks down at her MOUTH again and begins laughing. Then
THORNZ, TIFFANY and THORAX tickle MADISON and hug her.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I love parties!

TIFFANY
Did you say, "Party?"

MADISON
No, I said, "Parties."

TIFFANY
Well, "Parties" is just the plural form
(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

of "Party." And all our parties are Hell...

(interrupting herself)

Hey, where is The Bat From Hell or his clones? Whenever someone says the word, Hell, The Bat From Hell or his clones fly into the house, on fire, screaming, "What the Hell! Somebody help me! Somebody help me!"

(remembering)

Oh, yeah. Some carts flew into Madison's bedroom and landed on The Bat From Hell and his clones, squashing them all.

(continuing)

...on Earth. And you can't have Hell without the Devil...ed eggs! Thorax, bring in those Deviled eggs! You can put Cayenne Pepper in my hard boiled egg yolks and pipe those fiery, hard boiled egg yolks into my hard boiled egg white halves any day! But don't put too much Cayenne Pepper in our Deviled eggs, because we'll be in the bathroom for a week! Remember last time? Pee yew!

THORAX

(to TIFFANY)

I'm not bringing in the Deviled eggs.

TIFFANY

(to THORAX)

Okay.

THORNZ

(shivering)

Brrr! It's really cold outside! What is it, 89 degrees outside?!

MADISON

Actually, yeah, it's exactly 89 degrees outside. Why would you think 89 degrees is cold?

THORNZ

Because cacti are use to living in 4 million degree heat. 89 degrees is like Hypothermialand to us! Brrr! Usually, I just wear a bikini, but since it's so cold, I'm going to go to my bedroom and put on some pants, a sweater and a shoe, and maybe a helmet to prevent head injuries. I don't want to go outside without a helmet, injure my head and become stupid like Tiffany.

TIFFANY
 (offended)
 Hey! I'm not stupid! I'm an idiot!

THORNZ
 All idiots are stupid. Only a stupid
 idiot wouldn't know that!

TIFFANY
 Really?

THORNZ
 Yeah.

TIFFANY
 Wow, I must really be a stupid idiot!
 If I'm a stupid idiot, does that make
 me stupid? Please don't say it does!

THORNZ
 Actually being a stupid idiot makes you
 stupid.

TIFFANY
 (into the AIR)
 Why?!

THORNZ
 Now that I think about it, with all
 those clothes on, I'm going to be nice
 and warm. But a helmet will make me too
 warm, and I won't be able to take the
 heat. I want to be warm, but I don't want
 to be so warm that I start sweating. So
 I guess I won't put on a helmet. I guess
 I'm going to my bedroom right now. Bye.

MADISON, TIFFANY and THORAX
 (together)
 Bye.

THORNZ hops up the STAIRS and into his BEDROOM.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THORNZ' BEDROOM - DAY

THORNZ is looking, forwards, at the CAMERA.

THORNZ
 (singing)
 My name is Thornz Cactus, and I don't
 need to practice.

THORNZ hops to his open CLOSET, pulls a SWEATER off a HANGER and puts the SWEATER on.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (singing; putting on a SWEATER)
 I'm in my bedroom, putting on my
 sweater. The day couldn't be any better.

Then THORNZ pulls some PANTS off a HANGER, revealing a bunch of AUNTS in one of the PANTS' LEGS. THORNZ puts the PANTS on.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (singing; putting on the PANTS)
 Now, I'm putting on some pants that are
 filled with aunts. Not ants as in
 A-N-T-S, but aunts as in A-U-N-T-S.
 Where are all the uncles? Aunts, in my
 pants, are really uncool.

THORNZ grabs a SHOE from the CLOSET and walks to his BED. Then he sits on his PILLOW and puts the SHOE on.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (singing; putting on the SHOE)
 Now, I'm putting on my shoe.

Suddenly, something brown splatters all over the AUNTS.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Oops, I just pooped...in my pants, and
 it got all over the aunts. Now, that I
 put on my clothes and pooped in my
 pants, I need to blow my nose and do a
 little dance.

THORNZ grabs an AUNT'S HAIR and blows his NOSE in it. The AUNTS are staring at him and look scared.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 I just blew my nose in an aunt's hair.
 The aunt is so sleepy, she probably
 doesn't care. When I blew my nose in the
 aunt's hair, all the other aunts stared
 and looked really scared.

THORNZ starts dancing and looks like an IDIOT. Then he stops dancing.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 After I blew my nose in an aunt's hair,
 I did a little dance. Did you know that
 Aunts rhymes with Pants? I knew that
 Aunts rhymes with Pants. I need to sing
 (MORE)

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 another song before these aunts start to rant.

(singing another SONG)
 It's a beautiful day in the hood. It's a beautiful day in the hood. Could you be mine? Would you be mine?

AUNTS
 (all together)
 No, we wouldn't be yours!

THORNZ hops out of his BEDROOM and down the HALLWAY, until he's at the top of the STAIRS.

AUNTS (CONT'D)
 (all together)
 Boo!

THORNZ
 (to the AUNTS)
 You all can't scare me with your boos, ooos and poo.

Then THORNZ looks down at the STAIRS.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (to the STAIRS)
 It's just you and me, stairs.

THORNZ looks at the CAMERA.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (to the CAMERA)
 Get ready to see the best tumbling down stairs that you've ever seen.

THORNZ sticks his ARMS in the AIR and tumbles down the STAIRS.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (happy; tumbling down the STAIRS)
 Yeah! I love tumbling down the stairs!

THORNZ, still tumbling down the STAIRS, farts and begins laughing. At the bottom of the STAIRS, he is on his BACK.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (in between laughs)
 Farting always makes tumbling down the stairs even more fun!

THORNZ crabwalks into the KITCHEN and sees MADISON, TIFFANY and THORAX, eating BREAKFAST, at the KITCHEN TABLE.

MADISON starts sipping a CUP of MILK.

MADISON
 (to TIFFANY; in between sips)
 Tiffany, will you, please, pass the
 cereal?

TIFFANY
 Cereal. S-Y-R-I-A-L. Cereal.

MADISON
 Why are you saying the word, Cereal,
 then spelling it wrong?

TIFFANY
 I'm preparing for a Spelling Bee. Bea.
 B-E-A. Bea is short for Beatrice. Bee
 rhymes with Pee which I have just done
 in my diaper. I've, also, pooped in it.
 Pee me! Pee yew! You and I, also, poop.

MADISON begins screaming then runs out of the KITCHEN.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 (to THORNZ and THORAX)
 Madison ran out of the kitchen, because
 she's scared by my amazing ability to
 misspell simple words. She's scared that
 my amazing ability to misspell simple
 words is going to come after her and eat
 her.

Suddenly, there's a loud FARTING sound.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 (embarrassed)
 Sorry! That was me! I farted!

THORNZ
 (panicking)
 I have to open up a window and get some
 fresh air! I can't stand smelling
 Tiffany's farts, trapped in the house,
 anymore! I HAVE to open a window, so the
 farts can escape, and I won't have to
 smell them anymore!

THORNZ hops really fast to a KITCHEN WINDOW and opens it, revealing
 many PEOPLE (obsessed FANS) outside of the HOUSE, screaming.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 Your time has come. It's a new chapter
 in your life, Tiffany's stinky farts.
 It's time to leave this stinky nest.
 Spread your wings and fly!

WOMAN

(obsessed FAN; excited)

Thornz, will you have my baby?!

THORNZ

Of course not! I'm a man! Also, I'm a cactus! I can't have a baby!

WOMAN

Well, since you won't have my baby, can I have your baby?!

THORNZ

You could have my baby if I had one. I'd just throw my baby out the window, and you'd catch it, take it home with you and take care of it, for the rest of your life, just like it was a baby. Your baby. But, unfortunately, I don't have a baby that I can throw out the window. Also, you're infertile and, literally, can't have a baby. Since you can't have a baby, you'll never raise children and won't know how to take care of one. Since you don't know how to take care of a child, you won't know how to take care of my child if I had one. Since you, literally, can't have a baby, you, literally, can't have my baby if I had one. You can't bare children.

MADISON (O.S)

I can't bare to listen to this conversation any longer!

(changing topics)

But, Thornz, do you know the thing that I can bare?

THORNZ

(scared)

No! Please don't say that the thing you can bare is your butt! Eew!

MADISON (O.S)

The thing I can bare isn't my butt.

THORNZ

(relieved)

Wow, that's a relief.

MADISON (O.S)

The thing I can bare is my arms. The Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution says that I have the right to bare arms. And, of course, when the U.S.

(MORE)

MADISON (O.S)

(continuing)

Constitution says that I have the right to bare arms, of course, what it's really trying to say is that I have the right to bare my arms. So I'm going to do what the U.S. Constitution tells me I have the right to do: Bare my arms. After all, the U.S. Constitution tells me I have the right to do it, so that's why I'm going to do it. That's why I'm going to bare my arms. I have a right to do it.

Suddenly, MADISON runs into the KITCHEN, waving her ARMS in the AIR and screaming.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'm baring my arms!

THORNZ

(fed up)

Rub it in my face, why don't you!

MADISON

Okay!

MADISON runs to THORNZ and starts rubbing her ARMS in his FACE.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(while rubbing her ARMS in THORNZ' FACE)

I'm baring my arms! The Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution tells me that I have the right to do it!

MADISON, still rubbing her ARMS in THORNZ' FACE, pulls the U.S. CONSTITUTION out of her DRESS.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(to the U.S. CONSTITUTION)

The Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, literally, told me that I have the right to bare my arms. The Second Amendment talks a lot like a parrot, but it's nothing like the parrot on Tiffany's shoulder. Because her parrot isn't alive, and it's stuffed. The Second Amendment isn't alive either, but it, also, isn't stuffed which means that it's much cooler than Tiffany's parrot. If the U.S. Constitution was stuffed, the only thing it would be stuffed with is Awesomeness!

TIFFANY

Madison, I can't stand your U.S. Constitution jokes! You love the U.S. Constitution way more than me, and I'm jealous! Since you love the U.S. Constitution so much, why don't you just marry it?!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

I would marry the U.S. Constitution if there was an Amendment in the U.S. Constitution telling me that I have the right to marry the U.S. Constitution, but there isn't an Amendment in the U.S. Constitution telling me that I have the right to marry the U.S. Constitution. In fact, there's an Amendment in the U.S. Constitution telling me that I don't have the right to marry the U.S. Constitution.

MADISON kisses the U.S. CONSTITUTION.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(to the U.S. CONSTITUTION)

One day. One day. One day, I'll have the right to marry you. And when we spend the rest of our lives together, we can rewrite the U.S. Constitution together. We can, also, rewrite history and write the story of our lives together. That's right, together. And Tiffany, with her stinky eyes, diapers and personality, will be nowhere in sight.

TIFFANY

(horrified)

Heck yeah, I'll be nowhere in sight!

TIFFANY starts running out of the KITCHEN.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(while running)

I'm, literally, going to be nowhere in sight, in a few seconds, when I'm out of this kitchen!

MADISON

(to the U.S. CONSTITUTION)

Tiffany is, finally, nowhere in sight, unless we run to wherever Tiffany is. Then, in that case, Tiffany will, literally, be somewhere in sight.

THORNZ
 (to MADISON)
 I can't stand you rubbing your
 freakishly long, ha ha larious arms in
 my face anymore!

THORNZ picks up MADISON and throws her out an open KITCHEN WINDOW.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (to the WOMAN outside)
 Since you can't have a child and will
 never experience the joy and misery of
 raising one, you can have Madison! Bon
 Appetito! That's Italian for Bon Appetit
 which is French for something about
 having a good meal. Oh, I don't know
 what Bon Appetito and Bon Appetit mean!
 I failed Italian, French, Spanish,
 Japanese and Egyptian Class in Pre-
 Elementary School which doesn't really
 exist. I just made that up at the drop
 of a hat.

Suddenly, a HAT falls out of THORNZ' BIKINI BOTTOMS, and he sees it.

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 (looking at the HAT)
 Whoops! I dropped my hat! I better pick
 it up!

THORNZ bends down to pick up his HAT.

WOMAN
 I don't want Madison! I want a baby! I'm
 going to have to throw Madison back into
 your house. Madison better get ready to
 fly through a window again.

While THORNZ is still bent down, the WOMAN throws MADISON, back into
 the HOUSE, through an open KITCHEN WINDOW.

THORNZ, holding his HAT, stands up, and MADISON rubs her ARMS in his
 FACE again.

THORNZ
 (to the WOMAN)
 Well, I don't have a baby to throw out
 of the window for you to catch and have!
 Madison's the best I could do! She's the
 closest thing I've got to a baby. I
 guess.

WOMAN
 (to THORNZ)
 Well, I don't care if Madison is the
 (MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

best you could do and the closest thing you've got to a baby! She's still not a baby, so I don't want her! I want a real baby!

THORNZ

Please take back Madison! If you don't, she'll keep rubbing her freakishly long, ha ha larious arms in my face, on occasion.

WOMAN

I'm not taking back Madison! You'll just have to live with her rubbing her freakishly long, ha ha larious arms in your face, on occasion! Adios!

THORNZ

(to himself)

I may have failed Spanish Class in Pre-Elementary School, but I, still, know that Adios is Spanish for Goodbye, except for that one time when I got so nervous, during a Spanish test, that I forgot that Adios was Spanish for Goodbye. I for, some reason, thought Adios was Spanish for Poop, and wrote down the word Poop for the answer to: "What is Adios the Spanish word for?" When the teacher saw that I wrote the word Poop down for the answer to: "What is Adios the Spanish word for?" she was appalled. She was so appalled that she pooped in her pants. She didn't say that she pooped in her pants, but, trust me, you could smell it! The smell of poop was a dead giveaway that she pooped in her pants. Pee me! Pee yew! You and I, also, poop.

TIFFANY walks back into the KITCHEN.

TIFFANY

(to herself)

Do re mi fa so la ti da. Pee me! Pee yew! You and I, also, poop.

Suddenly, there's a BEEPING sound.

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

Tiffany, it's time for you to go to your appointment at your pediatri'st's office.

TIFFANY
 (to MADISON)
 I know, but, first, I need to finish peeing and pooping in my diaper. This is going to take a long time, because I've really been packing in the oatmeal and orange juice.

Suddenly, the SENTENCE, "45 Minutes Later" appears at the bottom of the SCREEN, then it fades away.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 Finally! I can't believe it took me 45 minutes to pee and poop in my diaper. The time really flew by. I guess time flies by when you're peeing and pooping in your diapers.

(changing topics)
 My pediatrix is going to hate that I'm late to my appointment! She might be so mad that she kills me! I need to hurry! I don't want to die!

TIFFANY runs and crashes through a closed KITCHEN WINDOW.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "A Few Minutes Later" appears in white. _____

FADE IN:

INT. A PEDIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

TIFFANY is playing with a plastic BABY DOLL while a PEDIATRIST is watching her. TIFFANY sets the plastic BABY DOLL on her LAP. Then it pees on her.

TIFFANY
 (upset)
 Man! This plastic baby peed on me!

PEDIATRIST
 (panicking)
 Stop playing with my daughter's peeing doll! If my daughter finds out that someone has been playing with it, she'll kill me!

TIFFANY
 Oh, you're just overreacting. Your daughter isn't going to actually kill you.

PEDIATRIST

I know that my daughter's actually going to kill me, because she went to jail, for 5 years, for trying to kill me! Then her brother went to jail, for 5 years, for, also, trying to kill me! Please stop playing with my daughter's peeing doll!

TIFFANY

Okay!

TIFFANY throws the DOLL at the PEDIATRIST'S HEAD, and it bounces off her HEAD, landing by TIFFANY. The DOLL is sitting up.

PEDIATRIST

(relieved)

With my daughter's doll sitting up, she won't know that someone's been playing with it, and she won't kill me. Hallelujah!

(changing topics)

Tiffany, why are you here today?

TIFFANY

I'm here, because I've got a female problem.

PEDIATRIST

You mean ...

(looking down)

... down there?

TIFFANY

(pointing to her NOSE)

No, up here, in my nose. You see, caramel keeps coming out of it.

PEDIATRIST

Why are you here wasting my time? I'm a pediatricist. I can't help you with your caramel-pooping nose.

TIFFANY

But you're the last person I can come to, for help, because nobody can help me.

PEDIATRIST

If nobody can help you with your caramel-pooping nose, what makes you think that a pediatricist, like me, can cure it?

TIFFANY

I don't know, but I'm desperate! Since nobody can help me, you're my only hope.

PEDIATRIST

But I'm a pediatrician. I can't cure your caramel-pooing nose either. I guess you're just going to have to learn how to live with it.

TIFFANY

(disappointed)

Man! Oh well.

TIFFANY pulls a black MARKER out of her "pants" and turns to the giant, framed HEADSHOT of the PEDIATRIST.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Since I'll have a caramel-pooing nose for the rest of my life, now I have time to draw a moustache on this pediatrician's giant, framed headshot of herself.

TIFFANY draws a MOUSTACHE on the PEDIATRIST'S HEADSHOT of HERSELF while the PEDIATRIST is behind her, watching her.

PEDIATRIST

Tiffany, why are you drawing a moustache on the giant, framed headshot of myself when I'm right behind you?

TIFFANY

Because I'm an idiot, and idiots do idiotic, stupid things.

PEDIATRIST

What you did sure was idiotic and stupid! So idiotic and stupid that I'm going to have to ask you to leave my office right this instant!

TIFFANY

But I have to call my sister, Madison, first, to tell her to pick me up. Where's your phone?

PEDIATRIST

I have a cell phone in my jacket. Let me pull it out for you.

The PEDIATRIST pulls a CELL PHONE out of her JACKET and hands it to TIFFANY.

PEDIATRIST (CONT'D)
 (holding her ARM out)
 Here you go, Tiffany.

TIFFANY grabs the CELL PHONE and pushes some BUTTONS on it.

TIFFANY
 (into the CELL PHONE)
 Hi, Madison. Could you pick me up from
 the pediatricist's office?

MADISON
 Okay.
 (changing topics)
 Are you going to be home for Christmas?

TIFFANY
 Yes, if you pick me up from the
 pediatricist's office.

MADISON
 I already told you that I'd do that.

PEDIATRIST
 (to TIFFANY)
 Please insert 25 cents.

Then the PEDIATRIST pulls her PANTS open.

MADISON
 Tiffany, are you calling me from a
 payphone?

TIFFANY
 No. I'm calling you from the
 pediatricist's office, using her cell
 phone. The person you heard saying,
 "Please insert 25 cents." wasn't the
 automated voice from a payphone. It was
 just the pediatricist telling me to insert
 25 cents into her underwear. She's an
 ex-stripper.

PEDIATRIST
 (correcting TIFFANY)
 Not just an ex-stripper, but, also, a
 Triple X stripper.

TIFFANY
 The pediatricist is, also, a former
 comedian who tells jokes about her days
 as a stripper and how people would
 insert 25 cents into her underwear
 instead of dollar bills.

PEDIATRIST

(to TIFFANY)

Please insert 25 cents! Tiffany, give me
25 cents!

TIFFANY

(to the PEDIATRIST; scared)

I'll give you 25 cents! Please don't
kill me!

TIFFANY is trembling as she pulls a QUARTER from behind her EAR. Then she, still trembling, gives the QUARTER to the PEDIATRIST, and the PEDIATRIST grabs it.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to the PEDIATRIST)

There's your 25 cents! Don't kill me!

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to MADISON)

Madison, the pediatricist, also, went to jail for armed robbery. She, also, use to be an actress and even played a prisoner, in a play, who's in jail for armed robbery. Her son and daughter even went to jail for trying to kill her.

MADISON

How did the pediatricist get her job or any kind of job with her and her family's criminal history?

TIFFANY

The pediatricist got her job by holding everyone, in a hospital, hostage and telling the hostage negotiators that the only way she won't kill anybody and will stop holding the hospital hostage is if she got a job, there, as a pediatricist. Since everybody, in the hospital, wanted to live and wanted her to stop holding them hostage, the hospital gave her a job as a pediatricist.

MADISON

(horrified)

That pediatricist and her family sound like horrible people! I need to get over there and pick you up before she kills you!

TIFFANY

My pediatricist isn't going to kill me, because she never has killed anyone before! She went to jail for armed

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

robbery not murder, even though she did try to kill someone during a robbery, but, still, she didn't kill that person which means that she won't kill me.

MADISON

But she tried to kill someone during a robbery! Plus, her son and daughter went to jail for trying to kill her! Murder is a learned behavior, and her son and daughter must have learned how to murder people from her!

TIFFANY

You must be right about her children learning how to murder people from her, because she's a single mom. They couldn't have learned it from anybody else but her.

(changing topics)

Madison, caramel comes out of my nose.

MADISON

(excited)

Now, I really need to get over there and pick you up! I want to eat some of the caramel that comes out of your nose! Caramel is the tastiest thing on Earth, and it comes out of your nose!

Suddenly, TIFFANY hears a DIAL TONE on the CELL PHONE.

TIFFANY

(into the CELL PHONE)

Hello?

MADISON runs into the PEDIATRIST'S OFFICE, picks up TIFFANY and runs back out of the PEDIATRIST'S OFFICE with TIFFANY in her ARMS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE. Then, MADISON puts a SLICE of MEAT on EVERYONE'S PLATES.

MADISON

(to everyone)

This meat I cooked is like my personality.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

So it's tough and dry like you?

MADISON

(ashamed)

Yes.

TIFFANY

(to everyone)

Since caramel comes out of my nose, I wonder if I'm diabetic. I wouldn't be shocked if I was, because I eat so much caramel.

MADISON

The caramel that you think you eat isn't caramel at all, it's toffee.

TIFFANY sticks her FINGER in her NOSE, pulls it out and licks it.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON)

If I've been eating toffee, and not caramel, this whole time, why do my boogers taste like caramel and not toffee?

MADISON

Your boogers have to taste like toffee, but you wouldn't know that, because you've never eaten caramel in your life and don't know the difference between caramel and toffee when it comes to taste. I need to stick my finger in your nose, taste your boogers and decide whether your boogers are caramel or toffee. I know a lot about caramel and toffee, because I've eaten them, both, a lot in my life.

MADISON sticks her FINGER in TIFFANY'S NOSE, pulls it out and licks it.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(to TIFFANY)

Your boogers are toffee, not caramel. I know that, because I can taste brown sugar in your boogers, and brown sugar is in toffee while white sugar is in caramel.

TIFFANY

(excited)

That's neat! I can't believe that toffee actually comes out of my nose! How awesome! I love brown sugar way more than white sugar! Madison, if I'm diabetic, is it normal for toffee to come out of a diabetic's nose?

MADISON

No, it's not normal for toffee to come out of a diabetic's nose. If you're diabetic, I can assure you that you're the only diabetic in the world who has toffee that comes out of your nose.

TIFFANY

Neat!

MADISON

I wonder what Santa is doing right now.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA'S TOYSHOP - NIGHT

TIGHT ON SANTA - as he's reading his NAUGHTY AND NICE LIST.

Suddenly, behind SANTA, ELVE-IS pops up, out of nowhere, with his EAR LOBES surgically attached to each other.

ELVE-IS

(looking at SANTA'S BACK)

Santa, what are you doing?

SANTA

(to ELVE-IS; still reading his NAUGHTY AND NICE LIST)

I'm checking my list and checking it twice. I'm making sure I know who's naughty and nice.

ELVE-IS

Why are you checking your Naughty and Nice List twice? Why can't you just check it one time?

SANTA

I'm checking it twice, because I have O.C.D.

ELVE-IS digs into SANTA'S BAG of GIFTS and pulls out a CD.

ELVE-IS

(excited; looking at the CD)

Oh, CD!

SANTA

Elve-is, O.C.D is nothing to be excited about.

ELVE-IS

I'm not excited about O.C.D as in Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. I'm excited about a CD I see in your bag of

(MORE)

ELVE-IS (CONT'D)

gifts. Whoever receives this CD for Christmas is going to be one lucky son of a.

SANTA

One lucky son of a female dog?

ELVE-IS

(confused)

What on Earth are you talking about? Why in the world would the son of a female dog get a CD for Christmas?

SANTA

The son of a female dog would get a CD for Christmas, because he's been a good dog. Plus, he can play Fetch with it.

ELVE-IS

That makes sense.

SANTA

Of course, it makes sense. And it makes much more sense than you having your ear lobes surgically attached to each other.

ELVE-IS

Why are you blaming me for my surgically attached ear lobes? You're the one who had them surgically attached to each other, not me.

SANTA

I'm blaming you, because I'm Santa. I can do whatever I want.

(changing topics)

I can't believe it's Christmas Eve. It seems like only yesterday it was December 23rd.

ELVE-IS

Actually, yesterday was December 23rd. December 23rd comes before December 24th which is Christmas Eve.

SANTA

Oh.

ELVE-IS

O.C.D.

SANTA

Oh, shut up.

(MORE)

SANTA (CONT'D)
 (changing topics)
 Do you know what today being Christmas
 Eve means?

ELVE-IS
 (depressed)
 It's time to spread my ears and fly.

SANTA
 (excited)
 You're right! It's time to spread those
 ears, Elve-is, and fly!

ELVE-IS
 I could spread my ears and fly if you
 didn't surgically attach my ear lobes
 to each other.

SANTA
 But you look so cute with your ear lobes
 attached to each other. You look like a
 butterfly.

ELVE-IS
 Oh, you're lying. I don't look cute at
 all. Santa, will you, please, separate
 my ear lobes, so I can spread my ears
 and fly for Christmas?

SANTA
 Okay.

SANTA farts, and ELVE-IS'S EAR LOBES separate.

ELVE-IS
 (shocked; pulling on his EAR
 LOBES)
 It's a miracle!

SANTA
 (pinching his NOSE shut)
 No, it's not. It's stinky!

ELVE-IS
 (offended)
 Are you calling my ear lobes stinky?

SANTA
 No. I'm talking about my farts.

ELVE-IS
 (sniffing heavily)
 Oh, yeah. Man, your farts are stinky!

SANTA

(upset)

Oh, shut up! Your ear lobes aren't as stinky as my farts, but trust me, they're pretty stinky! It smells like bugs have been farting on your ear lobes.

(changing topics)

Shouldn't you be flapping your ears and flying right now?

ELVE-IS

Yeah.

SANTA

Then do it already.

ELVE-IS

Okay.

ELVE-IS starts flapping his EARS, rises from the GROUND and flies.

ELVE-IS (CONT'D)

(scared)

Ah, I'm flying with my ears! How dangerous! I'm afraid of heights, also, I'm scared that I'll crash and die! I can't die, because I'm Elve-is, and Elve-is lives!

SANTA

(interrupting)

But actually, eventually, you're going to die.

ELVE-IS

Oh, shut up! You're ruining my moment! I'm Elve-is Lives.

SANTA

Okay, you're Elve-is Lives, and you'll never die.

ELVE-IS

You're right! I'm Elve-is. Elve-is Lives. Actually, my name is just Elve-is Lives, not Elve-is Elve-is Lives. I was just repeating the word, Elve-is, for dramatic effect.

SANTA

I knew that.

ELVE-IS

(scared)

How'd you know that? Are you psychic?

SANTA

No. I knew all that, because I know when you've been sleeping. I know when you're awake. I know when you've been bad or good, so be good for goodness sake. Also, you have the name, Elve-is Lives, printed on your name tag. It's sort of obvious to almost everyone that your name is Elve-is Lives, not Elve-is Elve-is Lives.

ELVE-IS

Oh.

SANTA

O.C.D.

ELVE-IS

Oh, shut up.

SANTA

Oh, you shut up.

ELVE-IS

Oh, cram it.

SANTA

Okay.

ELVE-IS

Are you really going to cram it?

SANTA

Yes. I'm going to cram it into my bag of gifts and give it to someone for Christmas.

SANTA bursts out laughing.

SANTA (CONT'D)

(in between laughs)

I love to crack jokes before delivering presents to people all over the world. It makes my job a lot less stressful.

(looking again at his NAUGHTY AND NICE LIST)

It appears that Tiffany Dumme, one of the stars of "Mother Funner," is at the top of my Nice List. Since Tiffany's been so nice, I need to give her something she can use for life and something that will do everything for her. Tiffany is so nice and special that she deserves a man to help her around the house and do everything for her. Her

(MORE)

SANTA (CONT'D)

sister, Madison Dumme, looks manly, but she isn't the man that I want helping out and doing stuff for Tiffany. I want Tiffany to get a real man for Christmas. I want to give her an elf for Christmas, because there's nothing more helpful than an elf. In fact, I want to give you, to Tiffany, as her Christmas present. Because Tiffany is at the top of my Nice List, and you're my top elf. It's only fair that Tiffany gets you for Christmas.

ELVE-IS

I guess you're right. I mean, I'm obviously the greatest elf ever who's going to make the best Christmas present ever. Also, I'm, literally, the gift that keeps on giving. I'll be Tiffany's Christmas gift, and I can keep on giving a never-ending amount of gifts to Tiffany. I'm going to make Tiffany so happy. Also, if you give me to Tiffany for Christmas, I won't have to work for you any longer. I'll only be working for Tiffany. Hallelujah! I've been wanting to get away from you, since the first day I met you.

SANTA

Since you're so happy to get away from me, will you, please, get into my bag of gifts, so I can deliver you to Tiffany Dumme for Christmas?

ELVE-IS

I'd love to!

ELVE-IS walks to SANTA'S BAG of GIFTS, but SANTA runs to it and reaches it first. Then SANTA opens his BAG of GIFTS.

SANTA

(to ELVE-IS)

Ladies first.

ELVE-IS

You just have to get in one last cut down before I leave. Don't you?

SANTA

I've never cut you down before. I've only complimented you.

ELVE-IS
(embarrassed)
Oh. Embarrassing!

SANTA
Oh, that's nothing to be embarrassed about. We all make mistakes. After all, we're only human.

ELVE-IS
No, we're not. We're not human at all. I'm an elf, and you're Santa.

SANTA
(embarrassed)
Oh. Embarrassing!

ELVE-IS
Oh, that's nothing to be embarrassed about. We all make mistakes. After all, I'm an elf, and you're Santa. And even an elf and Santa make mistakes.

SANTA
(proud)
You know what? You're right! I have nothing to be embarrassed about!

ELVE-IS
Actually, there's one thing you should be embarrassed about. And that thing you should be embarrassed about is your farts. They're really stinky. You know how horrible they smell, because you smelled them! I mean, you actually SMELLED them.

SANTA
Being embarrassed by one thing isn't that bad. In fact, it's good to have one thing that I'm embarrassed about, because it makes me more relatable, human and likeable.

ELVE-IS
Being embarrassed about your farts may make you more relatable, because everyone farts. But it, certainly, doesn't make you more human, because you're Santa. And it, also, doesn't make you more likeable, because farts smell really bad. In fact, a lot of people will hate you, because of your stinky farts. And even the people who like you will have to leave the room that you

(MORE)

ELVE-IS (CONT'D)

fart in, because your farts are so stinky that they'll clear everyone except for you out of a room. They're that smelly!

SANTA

Your cut downs at me are really making me mad! Hurry up and get in my bag of gifts!

ELVE-IS

Gladly!

ELVE-IS runs into SANTA'S BAG of GIFTS. Then SANTA hurries, pulls the BAG of GIFT'S DRAWSTRINGS and closes it. Suddenly, SANTA kicks the BAG.

ELVE-IS (CONT'D)

(inside the BAG)

Ow!

SANTA grabs his NAUGHTY AND NICE LIST.

SANTA

(looking at his NAUGHTY AND NICE LIST)

Tiffany Dumme's sister, Madison, on the other hand, is such a horrible person. She's so horrible that she's at the top of my Naughty List and for some reason, she's, also, at the top of my Criminals Who Are Most Wanted List. Since Madison is so horrible, I should give her something worse and funnier than a lump of coal like eternal and thick facial hair that will never disappear and will only get thicker and darker if she tries to get rid of it. Even when Madison dies, her facial hair won't die. Madison will have to include her eternal and thick facial hair in her Will and give it to the right person, which is Tiffany, after she dies. Eternal and thick facial hair is the perfect thing to give Madison for Christmas, since Madison is the worst person on Earth and the last thing a woman wants, for Christmas, is eternal and thick facial hair that makes them look like a man. I'm going to fill Madison with enough testosterone, for life, so she can retain her eternal and thick facial hair and never lose it. The amount of testosterone in Madison will

(MORE)

SANTA (CONT'D)

be equal to the amount of testosterone in an elf. I know that, because every week, I give all my elves testosterone tests to make sure they have enough testosterone in them to do a lot of work like men. If I took all the testosterone out of one of my elves and put it in Tiffany, Tiffany would have eternal and thick facial hair just like Madison. But that's the last thing I want Tiffany to have. I don't want Tiffany to be cursed like Madison is. After all, Madison is at the top of my Naughty List and Criminals Who Are Most Wanted List while Tiffany is at the top of my Nice List.

(talking to ELVE-IS)

Are you ready to be delivered to Tiffany?

ELVE-IS

Yes! I can't wait to get away from you!

SANTA kicks the BAG again.

ELVE-IS (CONT'D)

Ow!

Then SANTA picks up the BAG and throws it out an open WINDOW.

SANTA smiles as he watches the BAG fly out of the WINDOW.

SANTA

(still watching the BAG; to himself)

Tiffany, your present is in there.

Then SANTA pulls a SYRINGE marked, TESTOSTERONE, out of his PANTS' POCKET and pushes down on the SYRINGE'S PLUNGER.

SANTA (CONT'D)

(watching BEADS of TESTOSTERONE drip out of the SYRINGE)

And Madison, your present is in here.

SANTA stops pushing down on the SYRINGE'S PLUNGER, and TESTOSTERONE stops dripping out of the SYRINGE. Then he puts the SYRINGE back into his PANTS' POCKET. He, out of nowhere, pulls another BAG into the SCENE and throws it out of the same open WINDOW.

SANTA (CONT'D)

(watching the BAG; to himself)

Madison, you'll need everything in that bag to get you through life.

Then SANTA climbs out of the same open WINDOW.

FADE TO:

BLACK

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "3 Hours Later" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SANTA is carrying a BAG in each HAND as he tiptoes toward a sleeping MADISON.

When SANTA is close to MADISON, he pulls out the TESTOSTERONE SYRINGE and injects one of her ARMS with it.

Suddenly, eternal and thick FACIAL HAIR appears on MADISON'S FACE. Then SANTA opens up one of his BAGS, picks it up and dumps all the CRUMBLED COOKIES in it on MADISON'S BODY, until she's covered in CRUMBLED COOKIES. After that, he pulls a GALLON of MILK out of his PANTS and pours it all over MADISON.

MADISON

(with her EYES closed; feeling
SANTA pour MILK on her)

Tiffany, stop pouring crumbled cookies
and milk on me. I'm not a bowl to eat
out of. Before you know it, you'll think
that I'm a toilet bowl and use the
bathroom on me. You've done this every
Christmas for the last 25 years. Please
make this the last Christmas that you
spill crumbled cookies and milk on me.

The GALLON of MILK becomes empty. Then SANTA throws it at MADISON'S HEAD, and it bounces off her HEAD and flies out of her open BEDROOM WINDOW.

SANTA

(looking at MADISON; thinking to
himself)

I need to hurry and get out of here
before Madison wakes up.

SANTA pulls ELVE-IS out of the BAG of GIFTS and throws him into MADISON'S open CLOSET.

Then SANTA staples a LETTER to MADISON'S FOREHEAD and tiptoes out of her open BEDROOM WINDOW, carrying a BAG in each HAND.

As soon as SANTA is out of her BEDROOM, MADISON starts laughing in her SLEEP.

MADISON

(with her EYES closed; in between laughs)

My face tickles! It feels like Santa left my Christmas present on my face, and my Christmas present is a fluffy kitten. I love kittens. I especially love them more than my sister, Tiffany.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(to her FACIAL HAIR)

Here kitty, kitty, kitty! Please get off my face, because you're making it hard to breathe.

MADISON starts pushing her FACIAL HAIR, but it won't move.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(panicking)

My kitten isn't moving. It must be dead!

(crying)

Why Santa, why?! I know that I've been a bad girl, but couldn't you have left a live kitten on my face instead of a dead one. I promise that when I woke up, I would have treated the kitten a lot better than I treat my stupid, annoying sister.

TIFFANY, with her EYES closed, runs into MADISON'S BEDROOM, crying.

TIFFANY

I can't believe Santa left a dead kitten on your face! Why Santa, why?! I know that Madison has been a bad girl, but couldn't you have left a live kitten on her face instead of a dead one?!

(stops crying; changing topics)

Wait a minute. Why are my eyes still closed?

TIFFANY opens her EYES and sees MADISON.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(looking at MADISON; scared)

Oh my goodness, Madison! You have something way worse than a dead kitten on your face! Don't open your eyes! I'll get that furry, scary creature off your face, and once I get it off your face, you can open your eyes!

MADISON

(panicking)

Okay! I won't open my eyes, until you

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)
get that creepy, furry creature off my
face!

TIFFANY
Great!

TIFFANY grabs a BROOM and starts poking MADISON'S FACIAL HAIR with it.

MADISON
Ow, that hurts! What are you poking me
with?! A knife?!

TIFFANY
I wish!

MADISON
What are you poking me with?!

TIFFANY
I don't know, because I'm stupid! Why
don't you open your eyes and tell me
what I'm poking you with!

MADISON opens her EYES.

MADISON
(looking at TIFFANY)
You're poking me with a broom!
(looking down at her FACIAL HAIR;
horrified)
That's not a dead kitten or any kind of
animal on my face! It's facial hair!
Aah!
(to TIFFANY)
You're so annoying!

MADISON picks up TIFFANY and throws her through a closed BEDROOM
WINDOW.

MADISON (CONT'D)
That's for being so annoying and stupid
like a dead kitten!
(to herself)
Now, I can remove this piece of paper
that is stapled to my forehead and see
what it is.

MADISON pulls the LETTER off her FOREHEAD and begins reading it, out
loud.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Dear Madi-son (You get it? You probably
do, because you're not stupid like
Tiffany. I separated the word, Son, from
(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

the rest of your name, because you're going to look like a man for the rest of your life),

Since you're such a horrible person that's at the top of my Naughty List and Criminals Who Are Most Wanted List, I think the perfect punishment for you is to fill you with enough testosterone, for life, to retain eternal and thick facial hair and never lose it. That's right. The thick facial hair, on your face, isn't just thick, it's, also, eternal and FUNNY! Ha! Ha! Seriously. Your facial hair is eternal, thick and ha ha larious! It will never disappear and will only get thicker and darker if you try to get rid of it. Even when you die, your facial hair won't die and will live on for eternity. You'll have to include your facial hair in your Will and decide who's the right person (Pick Tiffany! I want you to pick Tiffany, since she's such a nice and special person!) to get it after you die.

I could have given you a lump of coal for Christmas, but for being so naughty, you deserve something way worse and funnier than that. A lump of coal is too good for you. Plus, you can turn a lump of coal into a diamond, and the last thing I want you to have is a diamond! You're a horrible person! Tiffany, on the other hand, is a girl who deserves a diamond. Not just 1 diamond, she deserves all the diamonds in the world for being such a nice and special person.

Also, giving someone a lump of coal for Christmas is so cliché! I just think 'Like whatever! That's so cliché and 5 years ago!' whenever I think of giving a horrible person a lump of coal for Christmas. What does Cliche mean? I think the word, Cliche, is an overused word, but how would I know? I'm Santa, not a student who wants to learn the definition of the word, Cliche.

Anyways, Madison, you're a horrible person who will be cursed, for life, thanks to your eternal and thick facial hair. I'm not being unfair. Your punishment fits your crime. I could have given you a purse, but for being so

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

horrible, I gave you a curse. Speaking of a purse, Tiffany is so nice and special that she deserves a purse. Not just 1 purse, but she deserves all the purses in the world. Also, Tiffany deserves all the diamonds in the world. Tiffany could carry all the world's diamonds in all her purses which is every purse in the world.

Have a horrible Christmas!

Unsincerely,
 Santa A.K.A Saint
 Nickelless (You get
 it? Instead of spelling
 Nicholas N-I-C-H-O-L-
 A-S, I spelled it N-I
 -C-K-E-L-L-E-S-S,
 because I have no
 nickels. But for all
 the nickels I don't
 have, I make up for
 them in lots of
 presents that I use
 as a form of currency)

P.S. I, also, left you with some milk and cookies. Usually, I'm the one receiving milk and cookies for Christmas, but this year, I'm making an exception, and I'm giving all the milk and cookies I received for Christmas to you, because, Son, you need all the milk and cookies in the world to get you through life. Since you're so horrible, I decided to, also, punish you by crumbling all the cookies all over your body and pouring milk over the crumbled cookies. Every inch of your body is covered in soggy, milk-covered crumbled cookies. But I guess that's how the cookie crumbles. There's no need to cry over spilt milk.

(to herself)

What a horrible Christmas! Maybe eating some food, downstairs, will cheer me up.

MADISON walks downstairs and sees TIFFANY, in the LIVING ROOM, waiting by a rotten and stinky PINE TREE that has a bunch of PRESENTS under it.

TIFFANY

(to the PRESENTS)

I'm waiting for when the clock strikes

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

midnight, and it's finally Christmas morning, so I can open you all. I can't open any of you yet, until Christmas, because on every one of you, there's a warning label that reads: Warning! Don't open until X-mas!

(looks up at MADISON)

It's not Halloween, Silly. It's Christmas. Christmas is no time to wear thick facial hair. You're only suppose to wear creepy facial hair on Halloween. By wearing creepy facial hair for Christmas, you'll offend Jesus on his birthday. But luckily, for you, Jesus, also, had facial hair. So maybe Jesus will be flattered by you wearing facial hair on his birthday.

MADISON

I know it's Christmas, not Halloween! And my facial hair isn't a costume, I can't take it off my face.

TIFFANY

Was the glue you used to glue your facial hair to your face too sticky? Will it help if I get some poison or acid to eat through the glue, so I can get that facial hair off your face?

MADISON

(freaking out)

No! Don't put poison or acid on my face! My facial hair won't come off my face. Not because it's stuck to my face, but because it's stuck to my face.

TIFFANY stares at MADISON with her MOUTH wide open. MADISON can hear only the sound of CRICKETS chirping in the BACKGROUND.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I was telling you a joke to, temporarily, take my mind off the fact that I'll have facial hair for the rest of my life and cheer myself up. But by telling the joke to an idiot, like you, and you, of course, not getting the joke, I'm only making myself more depressed if that's even possible. Anyways, what I'm trying to say is that for being such a horrible person, that's on Santa's Naughty List, Santa decided to punish me by filling me with enough testosterone, for life, to retain my

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

eternal and thick facial hair and never lose it. That's right. The thick facial hair, on my face, isn't just thick, it's, also, eternal and FUNNY! Ha! Ha! My facial hair is eternal, thick and ha ha larious, and it will never disappear and will only get thicker and darker if I try to get rid of it. Even when I die, my facial hair won't die and will live on for eternity. I'll have to include my facial hair in my Will, and Santa wants you to get my facial hair after I die.

TIFFANY

(crying)

Why would Santa want me to have your facial hair after you die? I'm such a nice and special person.

MADISON

That's the reason why he wants you to have my facial hair, because you're nice and special.

TIFFANY

Your facial hair is a punishment, not a gift.

MADISON

Well, Santa doesn't think my facial hair is a punishment. But when the facial hair's on my face, then it becomes a punishment. Anyways, since you're such a nice and special person, Santa wants you to get my facial hair after I die. He, also, wants you to have all the diamonds and purses in the world, because apparently, to him, you DESERVE them.

TIFFANY

(delighted)

That's so nice of Santa! Just the thought of having all the diamonds and purses in the world and not actually having them is a good enough gift for me to get for Christmas. I don't need any real diamonds, purses and other types of presents.

MADISON

(shocked)

Really?

TIFFANY

Of course not! Bring on all the diamonds and purses in the world!

MADISON

Why haven't you opened any of your presents?

TIFFANY

I'm afraid that if I open my presents before Christmas, Santa will make a surprise visit and come down the chimney just to kill me for opening my presents before Christmas!

MADISON bursts out laughing and, eventually, stops laughing.

MADISON

You actually think Santa is going to kill you if you open your presents before Christmas? You're crazy for thinking that. Plus, it's Christmas Day. You can open your presents now.

TIFFANY

That's great!

TIFFANY collects her two PRESENTS that say "To: Tiffany, From: Santa" on them.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(looking at her PRESENTS)

I hope these boxes are filled with all the diamonds and purses in the world.

(to MADISON)

Before I open my presents, I need to ask you this before my curiosity kills me and all the cats in the world, making me unable to open my presents. Why are you covered in crumbled cookies and dripping tons of milk on the floor that I never clean?

MADISON

Because I'm going to need all the cookies and milk in the world to get me through the horrible life I'll have, because of my eternal and thick facial hair. Plus, since I'm such a horrible person, Santa thinks that I deserve to be covered in crumbled cookies and milk. Also, Santa thinks that I deserve something way worse and funnier than a lump of coal. Apparently, to Santa, a lump of coal is way too good for a horrible person like me.

TIFFANY

That sounds like the perfect punishment for you. I guess that's how the cookie crumbles. There's no need to cry over spilt milk. I'd like to clean you up, but I can't touch you, because I'm lactose intolerant. If I get milk on me, I'll be in the bathroom, the entire day, with diarrhea. I'm not going to be in the bathroom all Christmas Day with diarrhea, not opening my presents. No Sir-e-Bob! Even if I was in the bathroom all Christmas Day with diarrhea, I'd open my presents while I'm sitting on the toilet.

MADISON

You didn't have to tell me that you'd open your presents even when you're on the toilet with diarrhea. That's disgusting and something you should keep to yourself. Don't tell me that!

ELVE-IS is flying downstairs, flapping his EARS and screaming.

ELVE-IS

(scared)

I'm scared of crashing and dying when I'm flying with my ears!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

That must be Santa's greatest gift to you! An elf that does everything for you.

TIFFANY

What a great gift! I love being treated like a queen and having my own elf to do everything for me!

(changing topics)

By the looks of the elf, he must be middle-aged. A middle-aged elf is way better than a young elf.

MADISON

I know. Since the elf is middle-aged, he'll be mature and add some maturity to this very immature, childish house.

TIFFANY

The reason why I prefer a middle-aged elf over a young elf is not because he's mature, it's because he can teach me about history.

MADISON

How can a middle-aged elf teach you about history?

TIFFANY

Because he's middle-aged, he knows a lot about history.

MADISON

Don't you think that's a little offensive and insulting to the elf's age? The elf isn't that old.

TIFFANY

What do you mean? That elf is ancient. I mean, hello, he's from the Middle Ages. He's probably around 500 to 1500 years old. If there's someone who should teach me about history, it's that elf. I mean, nobody knows as much about history as he does. I mean, the elf even experienced a lot of it.

MADISON

When someone is called middle-aged, it means that they're about 50 years old. They're not actually from the Middle Ages.

TIFFANY

(embarrassed)

Oh.

ELVE-IS lands next to TIFFANY and MADISON, in the LIVING ROOM, and stops screaming.

ELVE-IS

(to TIFFANY)

You must be Tiffany.

TIFFANY

(to ELVE-IS)

Why do you think that I'm Tiffany?

CLOSE UP ON - TIFFANY'S SHIRT, revealing a 'Hi...My name is Tiffany' NAME TAG.

ELVE-IS

Because you're wearing a 'Hi...My name is Tiffany' name tag on your shirt.

PULL OUT, revealing TIFFANY, MADISON and ELVE-IS.

TIFFANY

(embarrassed)

Oh yeah.

TIFFANY pulls her NAME TAG off and sticks it to MADISON'S BUTT when
MADISON isn't looking.

ELVE-IS

Anyways, Tiffany, I'm Santa's greatest
gift to you this Christmas.

TIFFANY

Are you even greater than all the
diamonds and purses in the world?

ELVE-IS

Of course, I am. Diamonds and purses are
inanimate. They can't do anything for
you. I'm going to do everything for you
your entire life. I'm more valuable than
all the diamonds and purses in the
world. In fact, I'm priceless.

TIFFANY

(excited)

Great!

ELVE-IS

(awkward)

Yeah, great. Anyways, let me introduce
myself. My name is Maturity Stevens, but
my ex-best friends at my gym nicknamed
me Gym 4 pack of Ab Duel, because instead
of bringing a 6 pack of beer to the gym,
I only brought a 4 pack of beer and was
banned from the gym because of it.

MADISON

(disappointed)

Oh, great! He must be immature! Man!

TIFFANY

(to ELVE-IS)

I'm going to call you Elve-is.

ELVE-IS

(excited)

That's my real name, Elve-is!

TIFFANY

(excited)

That's so neat! I love the name Elve-is!

(to MADISON)

Elve-is lives.

MADISON

Just add a bunch of letters like B's and
V's to the word, Lives, and you get the
word, Bivalve, which is something like a
clam or mollusk or something.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (changing topics)
 Talking about Bivalves reminds me that
 Tiffany needs to make dinner.

ELVE-IS
 (excited)
 Ooo! What's Tiffany making for dinner?!

MADISON
 (to TIFFANY)
 What are you making for dinner?

TIFFANY
 (panicking)
 I haven't decided yet! I haven't even
 gone to the grocery store!

MADISON
 Well, go to the grocery store, decide
 what we're going to have for dinner, buy
 it, bring it home, then make it! We're
 hungry!

MADISON blows a WHISTLE.

TIFFANY
 (scared)
 Okay, sir!

TIFFANY runs toward a closed LIVING ROOM WINDOW.

ELVE-IS
 (looking at TIFFANY)
 Run, Tiffany! Run!

TIFFANY jumps through the closed LIVING ROOM WINDOW and breaks it.

FADE TO:

BLACK

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "4 Hours Later"
appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

TIFFANY is in front of a STOVE, that has a POT on it, with her ARMS
covered in a PILE of FRESH PASTA.

TIFFANY
 (looking down at the PILE of FRESH
 PASTA; confused)
 Where are my arms in this pile of fresh
 (MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 pasta? I don't want to, accidentally,
 put my arms into the boiling hot pot, on
 the stove, and burn them. I hope I
 don't, accidentally, put my arms into
 the pot with this pile of fresh pasta.

TIFFANY gets down on her HANDS and KNEES, holds her HANDS together,
closes her EYES and prays to GOD.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 (holding her HEAD down)
 Dear God, please bless my freakishly
 long, ha ha larious arms, while I'm
 cooking this pile of fresh pasta and
 make sure that I don't, accidentally,
 put them in the boiling hot pot, on the
 stove, and burn them. If I, accidentally,
 put my arms in that hot pot and burn
 them, I won't be able to hold my hands
 together and jump rope with my arms,
 because they'll be all burned up and too
 painful to hold and jump rope with. So
 please, God, bless my freakishly long,
 ha ha larious arms while I'm cooking
 this pile of fresh pasta and make sure
 that I don't, accidentally, put them in
 the boiling hot pot, on the stove, and
 burn them. In Jesus' name I pray. Amen.

TIFFANY opens her EYES, gets up off the GROUND, and once again, picks
up the PILE of FRESH PASTA on the COUNTER and puts it into the POT.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 (in pain)
 Ow! I, accidentally, put my freakishly
 long, ha ha larious arms in the boiling
 hot pot along with the pile of fresh
 pasta, and it burns!

MADISON (O.S)
 I'll save you, Tiffany!

Suddenly, CHUNKS of DRY ICE come flying into the KITCHEN and hit
 TIFFANY all over her BODY.

TIFFANY
 Ow, Madison! Throwing chunks of Dry Ice
 at me isn't going to heal my burned
 arms! It only makes the pain worse!
 Throw something else cold at me!

MADISON (O.S)
 (excited)
 Okay!

Suddenly, LIQUID NITROGEN comes flying into the KITCHEN and splashes all over TIFFANY.

TIFFANY

Madison?! Did you just throw Liquid Nitrogen at me?!

MADISON (O.S)

Yeah.

TIFFANY

Why did you throw Liquid Nitrogen at me?!

MADISON (O.S)

Because you told me to throw something else cold at you, and Liquid Nitrogen is extremely cold like Dry Ice.

TIFFANY

But Liquid Nitrogen is so cold that it'll burn me even more!

MADISON (O.S)

To heal your burns, get your entire body into the refrigerator.

TIFFANY

Putting my entire body into the refrigerator isn't going to heal my burns. It's just going to give me Hypothermia and kill me.

MADISON (O.S)

I know. I want that to happen to you, but don't die until after you make us dinner. We're all starving out here and want to be fed our dinner before you die.

TIFFANY

I'm not going to die at all, Madison!

MADISON (O.S)

(disappointed)

Man! Since you're not going to die, hurry up and make us dinner!

TIFFANY

(excited)

Okay!

TIFFANY picks up another, even bigger PILE of FRESH PASTA, on the COUNTER, with her burned ARMS, walks to the other side of the KITCHEN, turns around, facing the STOVE, and throws the PILE of FRESH PASTA into the boiling hot POT on the STOVE.

FADE TO:

BLACK

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "1 Hour Later" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ, THORAX and ELVE-IS are at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating PASTA.

TIFFANY

(to everyone)

Madison is a vegetarian which means that she can't watch TV, because people are made of meat. But she can watch animals, because they're made of tasty meat.

(to MADISON)

Will you fix my loose stool?

MADISON stops eating, stands up and punches TIFFANY in the FACE.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to MADISON)

Madison, you must have punched me in the face, because you thought I was saying a diarrhea joke. Well, I wasn't saying a diarrhea joke. I really was serious when I asked you if you'd fix the loose stool that I'm sitting on, because it's so wobbly. After I burned my arms in the kitchen making dinner, I don't want to hurt myself anymore.

MADISON

It's good to hear that you weren't saying a diarrhea joke, but I'm not going to fix your loose stool.

TIFFANY

(disappointed)

Man! I don't want to hurt myself anymore.

TIFFANY continues to eat, and MADISON walks back to her SEAT and eats again.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

When I was shopping, I couldn't find any Angel Hair Pasta, so I bought some pasta and put some hair in it that I got from a woman named Angel.

THORNZ

(to TIFFANY)

What part of Angel did you get her hair from?

TIFFANY

Her legs. Angel's legs were hairy, but you should have seen her knuckles! It looked like she glued bears to her knuckles!

ELVE-IS

(to everyone)

Tiffany tells me a lot about The Bat from Hell. Who is this The Bat from Hell? Even though Tiffany talks about him or her a lot, I still don't know much about The Bat from Hell, and I NEED to know more!

TIFFANY

(to ELVE-IS)

Okay, I'll tell you more about The Bat from Hell. He's a bat that's always on fire, because he lives in a house that's, also, always on fire. Instead of thinking of The Bat from Hell as a fiery, flying bat, I think of him as a flying, fiery, meaty piece of chocolate and marshmallow in between 2 graham crackers also known as a flying, fiery, meaty S'more.

ELVE-IS

(awkward)

Okay. That's a weird way to describe a fiery, flying bat.

TIFFANY

(to ELVE-IS)

I know, but I'm a weird and stupid person who gives weird and stupid descriptions for everything.

ELVE-IS

You may be weird and stupid, but you're still not as weird and stupid as me. I'm the weirdest and dumbest person on Earth.

ELVE-IS starts beating himself up at the KITCHEN TABLE.

TIFFANY

Stop beating yourself up, Elve-is!
You're not weird or stupid at all!

ELVE-IS stops beating himself up.

ELVE-IS
 (flattered)
 Tiffany, thanks for saying that! You really know how to make me happy.

ELVE-IS starts eating again.

TIFFANY
 (blushing)
 I know. I know how to make everyone happy.

MADISON
 (to TIFFANY)
 No, you don't! You make almost everyone sick to their stomachs!

TIFFANY
 I don't make almost everyone sick to their stomachs, but you sure know how to do that, Madison!

MADISON
 (to TIFFANY)
 Oh, shut up, Make-Me-Want-to-Throw-Up-any!

TIFFANY
 (to MADISON)
 Okay. Whatever you say, Sir.
 (to ELVE-IS)
 Elve-is, we need to improve your elf esteem, so you won't beat yourself up anymore.

ELVE-IS
 (excited; to TIFFANY)
 That sounds great! My elf esteem and I could sure use a good pick me up.

MADISON
 (to ELVE-IS)
 Okay.

ELVE-IS
 (excited; to MADISON)
 Really?!

MADISON
 Of course, Elve-is. I wouldn't lie to you.

MADISON walks to ELVE-IS, picks him up and throws him out a closed KITCHEN WINDOW.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(looking at the KITCHEN WINDOW
that ELVE-IS crashed through)

You see, Elve-is? I wasn't lying to you when I agreed to give you and your elf esteem a good pick me up, because I, literally, gave you and your elf esteem a good pick me up by picking the both of you up and throwing you both out a window. It's the best pick me up that you and your elf esteem could have gotten.

TIFFANY

(to MADISON; upset)

Madison, why did you throw Elve-is out a window?! We're suppose to be improving his elf esteem, not destroying it!

MADISON

(to TIFFANY)

But I like destroying Elve-is's elf esteem, because I want to see him beat himself up some more.

TIFFANY

(upset)

Well, I don't want to see Elve-is beat himself up ever again, so we need to improve his elf esteem, not destroy it!

ELVE-IS crashes through another closed KITCHEN WINDOW and lands in MADISON'S LAP.

CLOSE UP ON - ELVE-IS, revealing that he's wearing a pink ONESIE and sucking a PACIFIER.

FADE TO:

BLACK

Suddenly, there's a loud FARTING sound, followed by several PUNCHING sounds.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TIFFANY and ELVE-IS are standing up, talking to each other.

TIFFANY

Elve-is, Madison won't let me sleep in her bed anymore, so can I sleep in your big ears?

ELVE-IS

Okay, but before you sleep in my ears, I want to warn you that a couple of people checked into my Ear Motel last week and never checked out. So don't be shocked and scream if you see some dead bodies in my ears.

TIFFANY

Why don't you want me to be shocked and scream if I see dead bodies in your ears? Because I'll scare you?

ELVE-IS

No, because your screams will blow out my ear drums.

TIFFANY

Oh, okay. Good night, Elve-is.

ELVE-IS

Good night, Tiffany.

TIFFANY crawls into one of ELVE-IS'S EARS.

FADE TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - MORNING

ELVE-IS and MADISON are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating BREAKFAST and talking to each other.

ELVE-IS

I hate having to do so much stuff for Tiffany! I even have to change her diapers! It's so hard for me to change her diapers. Not just because they're stinky, but, also, because my ear lobes tickle her face which makes her laugh and kick me. Sometimes, my ear lobes even get stuck in her mouth, and she starts choking on them. But luckily, since my ear lobes are attached to my ears and my ears are attached to my body, I can just tug on my ear lobes and pull them out of her mouth. That way, she won't choke on them anymore. Even worse than changing Tiffany's diapers is having to wink her eyes for her. I do that by opening, then closing, her eyes to make it look like she's winking. Then I say, "Wink" every time I wink her

(MORE)

ELVE-IS (CONT'D)
 eyes. Plus, Tiffany's eyes, for some weird reason, stink almost as bad as her diapers.

TIFFANY (O.S)
 Madison, what are those black dots in the middle of my eyes? They look like stains.

MADISON
 (to TIFFANY)
 Those black dots in the middle of your eyes are pupils, not stains.

TIFFANY (O.S)
 (to herself)
 Those black dots in the middle of my eyes are pupils, not stains. Note to self: Those black dots in the middle of my eyes are pupils, not stains. Dear Diary dot dot dot and God. That's right. GOD. All caps. Those black dots in the middle of my eyes are pupils, not stains.
 (to MADISON and ELVE-IS)
 Cannon ball!

ELVE-IS bends over while MADISON continues to sit up, eat BREAKFAST and laugh at ELVE-IS.

MADISON
 (in between laughs)
 Elve-is, you look so stupid bent over! Why did you bend over, because you think an actual cannon ball is going to crash into the house and hit you in the stomach?

ELVE-IS
 No. I bent over, because an actual cannon ball is going to crash into the house and hit YOU in the stomach.

Suddenly, a CANNON BALL crashes into the KITCHEN, hits MADISON in the STOMACH and carries her backwards out of the KITCHEN.

MADISON
 (flying backwards; scared)
 Aah!

CLOSE UP ON and enter MADISON'S open MOUTH. Then MADISON closes her MOUTH.

FADE TO:

BLACK

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "1 Week Later" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

TIFFANY is on the COUCH, watching T.V.

Suddenly, an angry MADISON kicks down the FRONT DOOR and stomps toward TIFFANY, holding a PIECE of PAPER.

MADISON

Tiffany, I just came home from the hospital! Do you want proof?! Well, here it is! It's my outrageous hospital bill!

TIFFANY grabs MADISON'S HOSPITAL BILL and, briefly, looks at it. Then she looks at MADISON again.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Tiffany?! Why didn't you warn me that a cannon ball was coming towards me?! For not warning me, I got hit in the stomach by a cannon ball, went to the hospital and have to get over the pain of paying this outrageous hospital bill at the same time as I'm trying to get over the pain of having a cannon ball hit me in the stomach.

TIFFANY

I was warning you to get out of the way when I screamed, "Cannon ball!" What do you think I meant when I screamed, "Cannon ball!"?

MADISON

You should have been more clear and screamed, "Cannon ball! Get out of the way!" By just screaming, "Cannon ball!" I thought you were doing a Cannon Ball into our pool. I didn't think an actual cannon ball was going to hit me in the stomach.

TIFFANY

We don't have a pool.

MADISON

Well, do we, at least, have a community pool?

TIFFANY

No, we don't have a community pool.

MADISON
 (awkward)
 Well, we should have one.

TIFFANY
 I agree.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

MADISON
 (over the BLACK SCREEN)
 Man! The power went out!

TIFFANY
 I guess that's the universe's way of
 telling us to end our stupid
 conversation.

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "2 Weeks Later"
appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MADISON is in her BED, laying on her BACK, looking up at the CEILING.

MADISON
 (thinking to herself)
 Elve-is is so annoying! I can't stand
 hearing him complain about changing
 Tiffany's stinky diapers, his ear lobes
 tickling Tiffany's face, Tiffany choking
 on his ear lobes and hating to wink
 Tiffany's stinky eyes for her! I, also,
 hate being hit in the stomach by cannon
 balls! Ever since Elve-is entered my
 life, my life has been nothing but
 horrible! The only thing left to do is
 kill Elve-is and turn him into Elve-is
 Loaf! Then I can serve the Elve-is Loaf
 to Tiffany, one dinner, instead of the
 usual clams or mollusks we have for
 dinner. And I won't tell Tiffany that
 she ate Elve-is, until she's eaten all
 of him. That's the perfect way to get
 rid of Elve-is! Elve-is, get ready to
 be killed and turned into Elve-is Loaf.
 Also, Tiffany, get ready to eat Elve-is
 in the form of Elve-is Loaf.

MADISON gets off her BED and walks to her open CLOSET, where she pulls
out her CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (thinking to herself; looking at
 her CHRISTMAS STOCKING)
 Elve-is, I'm going to knock you out with
 my Christmas stocking full of last
 year's coal.

MADISON, holding her CHRISTMAS STOCKING, walks downstairs and
approaches ELVE-IS who's sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE.

ELVE-IS
 (to MADISON)
 What's for dinner?

MADISON
 Elve-is, when you close your eyes,
 you'll find out.

ELVE-IS
 I'm so hungry that I'll do whatever you
 say and close my eyes, so I can find out
 what we're having for dinner.

ELVE-IS closes his EYES. Then MADISON hits him in the HEAD with her
 CHRISTMAS STOCKING and knocks him out. MADISON kills ELVE-IS'S
 UNCONSCIOUS BODY and grinds him into ELVE-IS LOAF.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

TIFFANY and MADISON are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, and TIFFANY is
licking her PLATE.

MADISON
 (to TIFFANY)
 What did you just eat?

TIFFANY
 Clams?

MADISON
 No. Guess again.

TIFFANY
 Mollusks?

MADISON
 No. Guess again.

TIFFANY
 Some other type of Bivalve?

MADISON
No. Guess again.

TIFFANY
Meatloaf?

MADISON
No, but you're half right. You're right about the Loaf part. But, still, you're half wrong, so guess again.

TIFFANY
Oh, I'll never figure it out. I mean, I never figure anything out, since I'm such an idiot, so please tell me what I just ate.

MADISON
You just ate Elve-is Loaf.

TIFFANY
(crying)
But Elve-is lives!

MADISON
Well, not anymore. Elve-is is dead, and you just ate him.

TIFFANY
Well, I won't be sad about eating my dead elf, Elve-is, after I go to the bathroom in a few hours.

MADISON bursts out laughing.

MADISON
(in between laughs)
Oh, I get the joke! You're so funny!

TIFFANY bursts out laughing.

TIFFANY
(in between laughs)
I know! I am funny!

TIFFANY and MADISON are laughing together.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(over the BLACK SCREEN)
It's a poop joke!

At the bottom of the BLACK SCREEN, this SENTENCE, "Next Christmas" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting on the COUCH, watching T.V.

Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the FRONT DOOR. Then, there's a loud FARTING sound, and the FRONT DOOR opens. JESUS tiptoes into the HOUSE and tiptoes to THORNZ. Then JESUS puts his HANDS over THORNZ' EYES.

JESUS
(to THORNZ)
Guess who I am.

THORNZ
(to JESUS)
I recognize that voice! It's my big brother, Jesus!

JESUS
You're right!

THORNZ
Jesus, could you take your hands off my eyes? They're starting to get sweaty and stinky.

JESUS
Okay.

JESUS takes his HANDS off of THORNZ' EYES.

THORNZ
My eyes can breathe again! Hallelujah!

JESUS
Will you all, please, look at me?

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX
(all together)
Okay.

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX turn around and are looking at JESUS.

THORNZ
Jesus, why did you come over here for Christmas?

JESUS
(excited)
To visit my baby brother, Thornz, which is you!

THORNZ
 (excited)
 Yeah!

JESUS
 (excited)
 Here comes the Tickle Monster!

JESUS starts tickling THORNZ' ARMPITS, and THORNZ bursts out laughing.

THORNZ
 (in between laughs)
 Jesus, stop tickling me! I'll pee, and the pee will flood the house. And even worse than my pee flooding the house is my pee staining your beautiful robe.

JESUS
 Okay. I'll stop tickling you.

JESUS stops tickling THORNZ.

JESUS (CONT'D)
 It's so hard to get a pee stain out of my robe. I found that out the hard way when my dog, Jesus Jr., peed all over my robe and I had to get on all 4s and get rid of the pee stain myself. I looked just like a dog scrubbing a pee-stained robe, non stop, for hours. I bet Jesus Jr. was laughing inside himself, but I just couldn't hear it, because he was doing it silently. Pee stains are harder to get rid of than wine stains. I found out how hard it was to get a red wine stain out of my robe when during a live demonstration where I was turning water into wine then serving the wine, in fancy glasses, to the audience, I, accidentally, spilled some of the red wine on my robe. It was so embarrassing having to get on all 4s and look just like a dog scrubbing a wine-stained robe, non stop, for hours. I bet everyone in the audience was laughing inside themselves, but I just couldn't hear it, because they were doing it silently. They were, probably, laughing so much that they peed in their pants, skirts, mini-skirts, shorts, skorts, tights, leggings, culottes, clam diggers, knickerbockers, kilts and armor. Hopefully, those people learned that they shouldn't laugh at me anymore when they had to experience how hard it
 (MORE)

JESUS (CONT'D)

was to get the pee stains out of their clothes. Getting pee and wine stains out of my robe is even more painful than being crucified. I'd rather be crucified than have to get pee and wine stains out of my robe again.

(changing topics)

Thornz, now that I stopped tickling you, I have time to give you the thing that got me through life: this pamphlet titled "How To Be Jesus."

JESUS reaches up into his ROBE, pulls out a PAMPHLET and gives it to THORNZ. Once THORNZ is holding the PAMPHLET, JESUS puts his HAND over his MOUTH, closes his EYES and starts giggling.

JESUS (CONT'D)

(in between giggles)

That pamphlet was written by Jesus Christ. That's me!

(changing topics)

Pamphlets titled "How To Be Jesus" that are written by Jesus Christ, which is me, are the things that big brothers, like me, give to their little brothers, like you. But there's, also, something else that I'd like to give you. I'd like to give you the clothes off my back, so you can put them on and cover up that bikini. Jesus' little brother can't be seen in a green bikini, but Jesus' little sister can sure be seen in one.

JESUS rips off his ROBE, revealing that he's, also, wearing a green BIKINI. Then, with the ROBE in his HANDS, he holds out his ARMS.

THORNZ

(upset)

Hey! If I can't wear a green bikini, why are you wearing one?! You're Jesus!

JESUS

You just said the answer. I can wear a green bikini, when you can't wear one, because I'm Jesus. I can do whatever I want. I don't have to play by the rules.

(changing topics)

Why aren't you taking my robe and putting it on?

THORNZ

Because it must be covered in tons of germs. I mean, it once had pee and wine on it! Gross! Plus, don't take this

(MORE)

THORNZ (CONT'D)
 personally, Jesus, but I should be the
 one in the family wearing a green
 bikini, not you. No offense. Please put
 your robe back on and cover up your
 green bikini.

JESUS begins crying. Then he puts his ROBE back on.

JESUS
 (to THORNZ)
 Since you look better in a green bikini
 than I do, I'd, also, like to give you
 this for Christmas.

JESUS reaches up into his ROBE and pulls down his green BIKINI BOTTOMS.
 Then he reaches down into his ROBE and pulls out his green BIKINI TOP.
 JESUS, holding his green BIKINI TOP, bends down and picks up his green
 BIKINI BOTTOMS. Then he gives his green BIKINI to THORNZ.

MADISON
 (jealous; to JESUS)
 Hey, Jesus! Where's my Christmas gift?!
 I deserve one!

Then JESUS bursts out laughing. PAN TO THE LEFT - to reveal that THORNZ
is tickling him.

JESUS
 (in between laughs)
 Thornz, stop tickling me!

THORNZ
 Okay. I'll do anything for my big
 brother, Jesus.

THORNZ stops tickling JESUS. JESUS reaches up into his ROBE and pulls
out a BOX. Then JESUS, with the BOX in his HANDS, holds out his ARMS
 to MADISON.

JESUS
 (to MADISON)
 Here's your gift.

MADISON grabs the BOX.

MADISON
 Thank you, Jesus!

Then JESUS blushes. An excited MADISON opens up the BOX and looks
disappointed when she sees a hairy, disposable RAZOR in it.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (upset)
 Man! I can't believe it! Jesus gave me
 (MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

a disposable razor for Christmas! And it's not even new! It's used! I can tell it's used, because it's full of Jesus' hair!

(to JESUS)

Since you gave me a hairy, disposable razor for Christmas, you need to do me a favor.

JESUS

Well, since you say that I need to do you a favor, I guess I can't say, "No." to you, since you say that I need to do it. So what do you need me to do for you?

MADISON

Well, since you can walk on water, turn the water that you walk on into wine, and perform miracles, I need you to run some errands for me.

JESUS

Well, that seems easy enough.

MADISON reaches up into her DRESS and pulls out a PIECE of PAPER. Then she holds out her HANDS to JESUS.

MADISON

Here's a To Do List.

JESUS grabs the TO DO LIST and looks at it.

JESUS

(scared)

Okay.

Then he gulps.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORD, "Monday" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating BREAKFAST. Then JESUS slides through the KITCHEN, on the FLOOR, face down.

JESUS

(while sliding)

Help me!

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORD, "Tuesday" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating BREAKFAST. Then JESUS slides through the KITCHEN, on the FLOOR, face down.

JESUS
(while sliding)
Help me!

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORD, "Wednesday" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating BREAKFAST. Then JESUS slides through the KITCHEN, on the FLOOR, face down.

JESUS
(while sliding)
Help me!

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORDS, "Thursday - Saturday" appear in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating BREAKFAST. Then JESUS slides through the KITCHEN, on the FLOOR, face down.

JESUS
(while sliding)
Help me!

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORD, "Sunday" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' KITCHEN - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting at the KITCHEN TABLE, eating BREAKFAST. Then JESUS slides through the KITCHEN, on the FLOOR, face down.

JESUS
(while sliding)
Help me! Why am I even doing anything
on Sunday?! It's a holy day, and a day
to take a break.

JESUS slides to MADISON.

JESUS (CONT'D)
(to MADISON)
Madison, can I please stop doing errands
for you?! I'm so tired, and my body
can't take much more! I'd rather be
crucified than run 1 more errand for
you! That's how tired I am!

MADISON
(to JESUS)
Well, since you say that you'd rather be
crucified than run 1 more errand for me,
running errands must really be horrible
for you. So since I love you so much and
you've already suffered so much, I mean,
you died on a cross for our sins, I
can't let you suffer anymore. So you can
stop running errands for me.

An excited JESUS jumps up and lands on his FEET.

JESUS
Hallelujah!
(to MADISON)
Madison, can I go outside and play with
my friends?!

MADISON
Okay, but when you're outside, make sure
to look both ways before you cross the
street. It's a dangerous world out
there.

JESUS
Okay, I'll do that. Bye!

An excited JESUS, puts on a BASEBALL CAP, picks up a BASEBALL BAT, runs toward a closed KITCHEN WINDOW and crashes through it, running outside.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORD, "Monday" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX are sitting on the COUCH, watching T.V. JESUS walks to them and stands in front of the T.V., blocking it. Then he reaches up into his ROBE and pulls out a BOX.

JESUS
(holding the BOX)
Thornz, here's another green bikini. I'm giving it to you, because you'll look really good in it!

JESUS throws the BOX at THORNZ, and it hits THORNZ' HEAD, knocking him unconscious. MADISON, TIFFANY, THORAX and JESUS burst out laughing as they look at an unconscious THORNZ. They, eventually, stop laughing.

JESUS reaches up into his ROBE and pulls out another BOX.

JESUS (CONT'D)
(holding the BOX)
Madison, here's a present for you.

JESUS throws the BOX at MADISON, and she catches it.

MADISON
Thank you, Jesus!

Then JESUS blushes. An excited MADISON opens up the BOX and looks disappointed when she sees an even hairier, disposable RAZOR in it.

MADISON (CONT'D)
(upset)
Man, Jesus! You gave me another used, disposable razor, but this razor is full of even more of your hair! Plus, the razor smells!

JESUS
(upset)
Stop getting mad at me!

MADISON
Okay.

JESUS
(crying)
Everybody, please, hug me!

MADISON
Okay!
(to everybody)
Group hug!

Then MADISON, TIFFANY and THORAX hug JESUS.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORD, "Tuesday" appears in white.

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUMMES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ, THORAX and JESUS are by the open FRONT DOOR.

JESUS
(to everyone)
It's time for me to leave.
(crying)
Everybody, please, hug me!

MADISON
Okay!
(to everybody)
Group hug!

Then MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and THORAX hug JESUS.

JESUS
Bye!

MADISON, TIFFANY, THORNZ and
THORAX
(all together)
Bye!

JESUS walks out of the open FRONT DOOR. Suddenly, there's a loud FARTING sound. Then the FRONT DOOR closes.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

MADISON
(over the BLACK SCREEN)
Man, the electricity went out!

In the center of the BLACK SCREEN, the WORDS, "The End" appear in
white.