

GOLDENWEENIE AND THE THREE BEARS

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Based on a fable by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FAUXNOS - DAY - ANCIENT TIMES

The columns of a dozen majestic white temples reach skyward. A large conical mountain lumbers behind them.

SUPER: FAUXNOS 750BC

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In 750BC the city of Fauxnos,
located on a small island in the
Aegean sea, was a thriving port
and a site of religious
pilgrimage for the entire Greek
civilization.

A TOUR GROUP dressed mostly in citons and peplos disembarks from a merchant ship which is moored in the harbour. Two KIMONOED GENTLEMEN snap photos. One CHIC CHICK drags a poodle by a leash.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All of the major cults were
represented. Zeus --

TEMPLE OF ZEUS

The Tour Group recoils as PRIESTS feed live small animals into a bonfire at the center of the massive temple. A stone effigy of Zeus watches, about to chuck a lightning bolt.

The Priests feed a poodle to the bonfire. The Chic Chick notices her leash sans poodle.

CHIC CHICK
Fifi! Mon Dieu!

And She faints.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Poseidon --

TEMPLE OF POSEIDON

The Tour Group turns their nose up at a mural depicting Poseidon, his trident raised high. He smiles as he watches a sea monster destroy Troy.

KIMONOED GENTLEMAN
Gojira.

The other kimonoed gentlemen nods. They take photos.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And Dionysus.

TEMPLE OF DIONYSUS

The Tour Group idles in front a marble counter that holds a number of wine bottles. Behind the counter a man dressed as a satyr looks unhappy and bored; a white label stuck on his bare chest reads PETER.

Musicians play quiet jazz on kithara and pan pipes. A large statue of Dionysus watches over them with a drunken smile.

TOUR MEMBER
I'll try the red please.

The satyr's frown deepens.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Minor gods were amply represented
in Fauxnos as well. Gods and
goddesses such as Iris

TEMPLE OF IRIS

The Tour Group gawks at giant man-sized irises planted in front of the garden temple. The TOUR GUIDE addresses the group.

TOUR GUIDE
And our next stop is a carpet
shop where you can buy a carpet
woven by the Fates themselves.

The Tour Group Oo and Ah as they turn to follow the Tour Guide. A man sized iris swoops down and picks off one of the stragglers swallowing him in one gulp. BURP!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Nike

TEMPLE OF NIKE

A sport sandal shop, and the Tour Group seems to be buying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And Priapus.

TEMPLE OF PRIAPUS

The Tour Group's reaction divides by gender. The men shake their heads as they slouch and cover their genitals. The women are entranced and giddy.

A statue with a big cocky grin and a huge erect penis to match is the object of their attention. A DIRTY OLD PRIEST stands next to the statue, he licks his dry lips.

DIRTY OLD PRIEST
Go on touch it! You know you want
to. It'll bring you luck.

A BRAVER TOUR LADY cautiously steps forward, her hand extended to stroke the giant...

STATIC

EXT. TROY

ACHILLES' sandaled foot perches on a rock, behind him, a walled city.

ACHILLES
-- and when the abrasion on my
heel became seriously infected I
thought I was a goner for sure.
Luckily I had my ---

He holds up a golden card with the name Achilles typed on the front.

ACHILLES
Hellenic Express Gold Card. With
it I was able to check into the
local apothecary and have my
humours balanced. It saved my
life.

He smiles winningly.

ACHILLES
Hellenic Express don't fight Troy
without --

STATIC

EXT. BEACH

PERSEUS flies in on PEGASUS. He holds the head of MEDUSA up toward the KRAKEN.

INT. ANCIENT GREEK HOME

Everything is marble, even the television. On television: the Kraken turns to stone and then begins to disintegrate.

ELECTRA lies back on her stone lounge, her belly bulging. She looks uncomfortable, bored and disappointed.

ELECTRA
Ugh. Repeats.

She switches channels using her marble remote.

On television: a short burst of STATIC then what appears to be blue satin.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Like sands through an hour glass,
these are the DAYS OF OUR GODS.

On television: the cheesy music swells and the title DAYS OF OUR GODS appears.

Electra smiles.

ELECTRA
I love this show.

She leans back and grabs a fig from a nearby marble container.

On television: HERA moans with each of PRIAPUS' long thrusts.

Electra sucks and chews on her fig to their rhythm, she squeezes one of her ample breasts.

INT. ZEUS AND HERA'S BEDROOM

Unseen by the lovers a SWAN waddles into the room. It crooks it's neck to get a better view of the action. Then, squinty-eyed, it waddles over to Hera's side of the bed.

Priapus thrusts. Hera moans.

The swan hops onto the marble bed, right next to Hera, and it SQUAWKS.

Hera's eyes open wide. She pushes Priapus away.

PRIAPUS
Hey, what the hell --

Hera trembles as she points toward the swan. Her mouth opening and closing.

PRIAPUS
It's just a swan. Shoo!

HERA
It-it-it's Zeus!

Priapus makes a closer examination of the swan.

PRIAPUS
No it's not. It's just a ---

POOF! And the Swan becomes ZEUS. Priapus nervously backs up while he back-peddles.

PRIAPUS
Ok! It's Zeus. I was wrong.

Zeus smiles impishly.

ZEUS
You've been cheating on me again,
Hera. And with Priapus, of all
the gods --

PRIAPUS
Hey, now, just wait one minute --

ZEUS

You shut up or I'll smite you!

Zeus readies a thunderbolt. Priapus shuts.

But now Hera's angry.

HERA

And what am I supposed to do?
Stuck on Olympus all day. I'm
related to everyone else!

ZEUS

The god's a buggerer.

HERA

Well at least he doesn't have
swan dick!

She wiggles her pinkie to indicate just how small. And Zeus
points his big thunderbolt at her.

ZEUS

Woman don't tempt me!

HERA

Apparently I don't and that's why
you're always off with Leda.

ZEUS

I have a reputation to maintain.

HERA

And what about our marriage?
Don't you need to maintain our
marriage?!

Zeus gets sentimental. He lowers his bolt.

ZEUS

You're right. I'm a cad. Leda
means nothing to me. It's always
been you that I love Hera.

Hera softens.

HERA

Oh. I know, Zoo, and I love you
too. You're my big strong mega
god.

They kiss the air like fish, as the move closer to one
another.

ZEUS

I've missed you, so.

HERA

I'm right here.

They kiss, getting quite passionate. Priapus watches for a
moment, perplexed, then he uses this opportunity to sneak
away.

But an exploding thunderbolt blocks his progress.

ZEUS (O.S.)
Not so fast!

Priapus turns. Hera lies comfortably in Zeus' arms.

PRIAPUS
I'm sorry but I don't do
threesomes.

Hera raises an eyebrow in interest but Zeus look angry.

ZEUS
Someone must be punished for what
Hera has done.

Priapus holds his hand out toward Hera while he stares at her - obviously.

Hera smirks at Priapus then she whispers into Zeus' ear.
Zeus nods.

ZEUS
(to Hera)
As you wish.

Hera smiles smugly. Priapus worries.

ZEUS
(to Priapus)
It is our decision that
castration is the only option.

PRIAPUS
WHAT?!

Zeus readies a lightning bolt.

PRIAPUS
Wait! That's a bit severe don't
you think? I mean, all I did was
fuck your wife. Everybody does
that.

Hera looks indignant and Zeus looks peeved as he pulls back the lightning bolt.

PRIAPUS
Not everybody. Just some people.
Some people fuck your --

And he throws.

PRIAPUS
NOOOOOOOO!

The lightning bolt finds it's mark in Priapus' crotch.

EXT. FAUXNOS - DAY

As the Braver Tour Lady places her hand on the head of Priapus' giant marble penis, a crack forms along the base.

Then the penis falls off, it plunges headfirst, deep into the ground. The Braver Tour Lady frowns, despondent.

BRAVER TOUR LADY
Not again.

The women in the Tour Group watch with horror and confusion. The men smile with gleeful confidence.

NARRATOR
But like many cities of the ancient world, the city of Fauxnos had its share of problems. Earthquakes

The ground rumbles, the Tour Group is alert.

IN THE STREETS

Temples crumble, marble cracks and falls, and the screaming tour group flees in random directions.

A boulder of rubble falls on some of its members as they try to escape. Priests, citizens, and visitors of Fauxnos run around like decapitated chickens.

NARRATOR
Volcanoes

The nearby mountain erupts blowing a plume of lava high into the air. Balls of fire bombard the street. Lava flows down the mountainside.

The Kimonoed Gentlemen take pictures but everyone else panics. Lava flows through the streets melting the Kimonoed Gentlemen.

HARBOUR

The remaining Tour Group members hurry onto the ship in the harbour. They watch as the town is destroyed.

NARRATOR
And tidal waves.

Suddenly the ship drops to the muddy sea bed. The remaining Tour Members turn toward the sea, their jaws drop synchronously in shock.

Then a wave washes over them and everything turns

OCEAN BLUE

The Tour Guide holds his breath underwater, bubbles rise as he sinks down, down, down.

NARRATOR
Soon the ancient city was forgotten.

The ocean blue recedes and Fauxnos has become

EXT. SKINTIA - DAY - NOW

A small village of white stone houses. Ancient eroded marble columns dot the landscape.

SUPER: Skintia - Present Day

NARRATOR

Today, the impoverished town of Skintia sits exactly where Fauxnos once stood.

A brick-paved village square bustles with Greek village life.

NARRATOR

Many of the Orthodox resident are unaware that they trod over an ancient pagan religious centre. Dasha Theophilus, who lives on the outskirts of town --

A small white stone cottage stands isolated at the edge of the town. An older woman, DASHA THEOPHILUS, dressed head to toe in black, toils in her barren back garden.

NARRATOR

-- is one of those residents. She can concentrate on nothing more than maintaining her small subsistence garden

She hoes the ground. She stops for a moment to wipe her sweaty brow, glancing at the ruined column directly outside of her garden. Then she hoes again.

CLINK!

She stops. She bangs the hoe into the ground.

CLINK!

Exasperated, she throws down the hoe and drops to her hands and knees. She begins digging and quickly exposes a round marble object. She digs her fingers into the ground around the edges of the object and pulls.

But nothing happens.

DASHA'S GARDEN - LATER

Dasha's black dress is muddy and she looks exhausted. She reaches into the hole around a cylindrical marble object and drags out a handful of dirt then throws it on a nearby pile.

Then she reaches her arms down either side of the object until she is nearly in the hole herself and she pulls.

The long dirty phallus of Priapus plops out the hole knocking her over backwards.

The heavy stone phallus lays on her belly, holding her against the ground. She pushes it off with a groan and sits up to examine her find.

The muddy marble penis horrifies her. She kicks at in an attempt to scoot away from it, causing the penis to rock back and forth.

Then she stares at it for a moment and it rocks back and forth. She's curious now and it rocks back and forth. She smiles with amusement and it rocks back and forth. She laughs.

She reaches her hand out and gingerly touches it and it stops rocking. She giggles.

She crawls closer to the phallus then she lies on the ground right next to it. She cuddles it, rubbing her cheek against its enormous head.

TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Lively Greek music plays while couples drink and dance the Ballos.

INTERCUT WITH INT. DASHA'S HOUSE

Muddy and nude, Dasha fills the bathtub with a pail of water. She gets inside, relishing the comfort.

Then with a coy look she splashes some water toward the other end of the tub. Her attention is on the marble phallus that sits peacefully in the tub across from her. Its muddied head above the water, her splashes clean it off.

She lathers some soap in her hands then with a big smile, she slides a bit closer to her piece of god.

BEDROOM

Dasha holds onto the headboard. The bed creaks and groans as she rocks back and forth. The sweat of exertion drips down her face. She huffs and puffs, out of breath.

But her momentum increases and she moans like she's in pain, only she smiles. Then she shudders and screams so loudly that the windows shake.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Almost empty. A few people are passed out at tables. A couple makes out against a tree. A scream reverberates through the night.

One of the drunks wakes up and groggily looks around. Then his head falls back to the table with a bang.

DASHA'S GARDEN - MORNING

The morning sun reaches over the islands dormant volcano.

As the sun's ray hit Dasha's garden a seedling sprouts.
Then many seedlings sprout. An olive tree flowers. Tomato
vines grow. Fruits ripens.

DASHA'S GARDEN - LATER

Dasha exits her house dressed in a flowery patterned house
dress; her loose salt and pepper hair flies in the breeze.
Her mouth drops open.

Her garden is lush, chock full of ripe fruits and
vegetables.

In amazement she walks toward an orange tree dripping with
oranges. Then she picks one, then another.

ROAD OUTSIDE OF DASHA'S GARDEN

DIMITRI whistles a tune as he walks down the road. When he
spies Dasha picking oranges in her lush garden he stops.

He glances at a barren plot of freshly tilled land across
the road and then back to Dasha.

DIMITRI

Dasha, why is your garden ready
for harvest when all the rest
have not yet sprouted?

Dasha smiles as she offers Dimitri an orange.

DASHA

It a miracle, Dimitri. God has
sent me a miracle.

Dimitri takes the orange and weighs it in his hand. He
smiles.

DIMITRI

A miracle.

He throws his arms high into the air.

DIMITRI

It's a miracle!

Dasha laughs as she watches Dimitri run off.

From above it is clear that Dasha's garden is an oasis on
the dry island.

A cloud of dust is raised on the dirt road as Dimitri runs
toward town.

TOWN SQUARE

Dimitri arrives out of breath.

DIMITRI
It's a miracle! A miracle!

The townspeople gather round, one of them the VILLAGE PRIEST. Using grand arm motions Dimitri relays his story. The Village Priest seems most interested.

DASHA'S GARDEN

The townspeople and the village priest congregate outside of Dasha's Garden.

CROWD
A miracle! It's a miracle!

The Village Priest looks suspiciously toward Dasha's house.

INT. DASHA'S HOUSE

In the front room Dasha stands at a window. She worries as she peeks from a gap in the curtains. There is a knock on her door; her head snaps toward the sound but she doesn't answer.

INT. PATRIARCH'S OFFICE

The PATRIARCH holds the phone to his ear.

PATRIARCH
A miracle?

INTERCUT INT. VILLAGE CHURCH

The Village Priest holds the phone to his ear.

VILLAGE PRIEST
I've seen it myself, Father.

PATRIARCH
Bullshit!

VILLAGE PRIEST
Bull shit would not account for the amazing growth. It is truly a miracle. You must come to Skintia immediately.

The patriarch rolls his eyes.

EXT. DASHA'S HOUSE

The Village Priest leads the Patriarch to Dasha's door and he knocks. The Patriarch glances toward the garden.

Smiling townspeople walk away carrying piles of fruits and vegetables in their arms. The garden has nearly been picked bare.

PATRIARCH
Doesn't seem like much of a miracle to me.

VILLAGE PRIEST
Pardon.

PATRIARCH
Let's be done with this.

VILLAGE PRIEST
She doesn't answer her door, Father. She hasn't since --

PATRIARCH
Break it down.

VILLAGE PRIEST
Father?

PATRIARCH
You heard me, break the fucking door down.

The Village Priest seems shocked and confused, but he nods. He crosses himself, lifts his heavy foot, and kicks the door. It opens.

INT. DASHA'S HOUSE

The Patriarch enters followed by the limping Village Priest. The front room is empty.

KITCHEN

The Patriarch glances into the kitchen. No Dasha.

BEDROOM

The bedroom door opens and the Patriarch peeks inside. His jaw drops. He nervously steps inside room. The Village Priest tries to enter but the Patriarch stops him.

PATRIARCH
Stay back.

He closes the door leaving the bewildered Village Priest outside. The Patriarch turns to face the room.

Trembling on the bed is Dasha, nude and unwashed, her hair wild. She holds the phallus tightly against her, protectively in her arms.

The Patriarch lunges toward her.

PATRIARCH
ABOMINATION!

He grabs the phallus and tries to wrench it from her arms, but she holds it tightly. A tug of war ensues.

DASHA
It's a gift from God.

PATRIARCH
Why would God give you a gift?

DASHA
It was buried in my garden!

PATRIARCH
More likely from Satan then!

DASHA
It's mine!

PATRIARCH
The Church will keep it safe!

And he yanks it from her arms. But the weight proves too great for him and he topples over. The marble penis flies into the stone wall and then thuds to the floor.

DASHA
Nooooo!

Dasha and the Patriarch watch as a fissure forms in the side of the phallus. A golden light spills from the crack.

Dasha races for the phallus but the Patriarch trips her as she passes and she sprawls on the floor. Her hand knocks against the shaft pushing it away and out of her grasp.

The sudden movement causes the marble to split and it falls away revealing a slightly smaller glowing gold replica.

Both Ooo and Ahh.

Dasha grasps the shaft of the golden phallus at the same time as the Patriarch. Each struggle for ownership and soon they manage to stand, face to face, the tip of the large golden penis between them. Their lips nearly touch its head, their faces stress.

PATRIARCH
Begone SATAN!

And he pushes Dasha away knocking her against the stone wall. Wide eyed she watches as the golden penis flies from her hand and into fumbling hands of the Patriarch. The Patriarch smiles, he holds the penis close to his heart.

Then Dasha's eyes close and she slides down to the ground leaving a bloody trail on the wall in her wake.

The Patriarch is alarmed. Then he composes himself.

He holds his golden prize out toward her and sneers at her inert body.

PATRIARCH
As if God would choose you.

FRONT ROOM

The Village Priest's ear is against the door when it opens. The ashen faced Patriarch solemnly exits, his hands tucked deep in the front pockets of his robes. His belly glows gold. He bows his head.

PATRIARCH
She was possessed --

The Village Priest is aghast.

PATRIARCH
I've fought the demon and it's gone --

The Village Priest crosses himself.

PATRIARCH
But, sadly, the demon killed her as it departed.

The Village Priest looks into the bedroom and utters a truncated cry.

PATRIARCH
I must return to Athens and report this immediately.

The Patriarch lifts his head. One side of his lip curls up as he exits Dasha's house.

INT. CHURCH HEADQUARTERS

The Patriarch walks down a long ornate hallway. He holds a suitcase surrounded by a golden halo in his hand. The seated guard glances up as he passes.

ANTEROOM

The Patriarch enters. His jubilant ASSISTANT hops up from his desk.

ASSISTANT
Father, you're back! Was it everything they said?

The Patriarch sadly shakes his head and walks toward the doors of his office.

ASSISTANT
News of the miracle has spread. Church attendance is up as are collections. The coffers have never been fuller!

The Patriarch opens one of the double doors.

PATRIARCH
Leave me now!

The Assistant steps forward, his hands reach out toward the suitcase.

ASSISTANT
Shall I put this in your
apartment for you?

The Patriarch protectively cradles the suitcase in his arms.

PATRIARCH
NO!

The Assistant is taken aback but the Patriarch smiles sweetly.

PATRIARCH
You've done enough already. Take
the afternoon off. I'll be fine.
Please shut the door on your way
out.

The Assistant looks confused but obeys.

ASSISTANT
Yes, Father.

The Patriarch enters the

PATRIARCH'S OFFICE

Once inside the Patriarch's sweet smile reverses. He puts his ear against the door and listens, then he locks it.

He crosses to his desk and places his suitcase on top.

He opens the glowing suitcase, His eyes light up as he sees the enormous golden penis inside. He gently strokes the shaft then he grabs it and lifts the phallus from its resting place.

PATRIARCH
I'm sorry I had to keep you
locked up --

He holds its head against his cheek and rolls back his eyes with pleasure.

PATRIARCH
I've missed you.

The golden metal rubs up and down against his cheek.

PATRIARCH
You've missed me too, eh?

The phallus moves down his body, along his chest. The Patriarch throws his head back in ecstasy.

PATRIARCH
Oh, yes.

Then further down and the penis disappears into the folds of his robe.

ANTEROOM - LATER

The assistant prepares to leave, packing up his things. A soft moan comes from behind the Patriarch's office door. The assistant cocks an ear.

A louder moan.

The assistant crosses toward the door.

An even louder moan.

The assistant knocks.

ASSISTANT
Father?

INTERCUT WITH INT. INSIDE OFFICE

There seems to be no one in the room until the Patriarch lifts his head from behind the desk. He is sweaty and flushed and he slowly rocks back and forth. A warm golden glow lights him from beneath.

PATRIARCH
I'm busy. Go away!

The Patriarch throws back his head. He closes his eyes and moans.

The assistant tries the door handles but they are locked.

ASSISTANT
Is everything alright?

PATRIARCH
Yes. (moan) Go away! Leave us be.

ASSISTANT
Us? Is someone in there with you?
Father? Father?!

PATRIARCH
GODDAMMIT!

The Assistant pulls his ear away from the door looking shocked.

The Patriarch stands and walks stiffly to the double door; his expression varies from orgasm to irritation. His hips glow.

The Patriarch opens the door and then he rolls back his eyes and lets loose a moan.

The assistant looks at him with utmost concern.

ASSISTANT
Father?!

The Patriarch tries to form words, but moans with increasing intensity instead.

CLUNK!

They both look toward the source of the sound. A golden glow shines out from the bottom of the Patriarchs robes.

The Patriarch seems embarrassed but the Assistant seems horrified.

ASSISTANT
I'll go get help!

And he runs off.

The Patriarch slams the door angrily. Then he steps back, exposing the golden penis. He lifts it and stares at it apologetically.

PATRIARCH
They'll never let us be.

He spins it around as if he is dancing with it.

PATRIARCH
If only we could find a place
where we would be accepted.

And he sings.

PATRIARCH
There's a place for us

SERIES OF SHOTS

The assistant stands in an ornate hallway excitedly talking to a guard.

PATRIARCH
Somewhere a place for us

Location names on a departure flight board. Belgrade. Sofia. Kiev.

PATRIARCH
Peace and quiet and open air

A large group of people follow the concerned assistant down the hallway.

Warsaw. Lisbon. Detroit. Detroit.

PATRIARCH
Wait for us.

The assistant opens the door. The Patriarch's office is empty.

PATRIARCH
Somewhere.

The Patriarch queues in a customs line holding his glowing suitcase.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. U.S. CUSTOMS

The turbaned man in front of the Patriarch is carried away kicking and screaming by armed guards.

The nervous Patriarch is waved forward by a customs official named CLORETTA JONES.

CLORETTA

Next!

She is a 400 pound black woman.

CLORETTA

Welcome to Detroit, America, sir.

PATRIARCH

Thank you.

CLORETTA

And what is purpose of your visit, sir, business or pleasure?

The Patriarch is at a loss. Then he looks down at his glowing suitcase and smiles.

PATRIARCH

Pleasure.

CLORETTA

And where will you be staying, sir?

PATRIARCH

Uh, I haven't actually thought about it --

Cloretta nods at some armed guards stationed nearby. They come a bit closer.

PATRIARCH

I'll book *somewhere* --

CLORETTA

I'm sorry sir, I'm going to have to inspect your bag.

PATRIARCH

What?! But I am a religious official and this is an outrage! Why would you want to search my bags?

The guards nudge closer. The Patriarch sweats. He holds his bag tightly to his chest.

CLORETTA

I don't need a reason, sir. Now please put your bag on this counter and open it. Or else --

The guards aim.

The Patriarch turns to run but bumps into barrel of another armed guard behind him. He turns back to Cloretta with her smug smile. She taps her hand on the counter.

The Patriarch, defeated, places his bag on the counter and opens it.

Cloretta puts on surgical gloves and thrusts her hands into the open case like she might find an appendix. She feels around the bags guts. Then she stops.

CLORETTA

Hmmm.

She feels around some more then

CLORETTA

And what is this?

She yanks the giant phallus from the bag and presents it to him. The Patriarch sneers as he grabs the phallus and pulls it away from Cloretta.

PATRIARCH

Don't you ever touch my penis!

The guards tightly circle the Patriarch, their rifles are aimed. The Patriarch has nowhere to run.

Two bumps appear on the head of the phallus. Cloretta gasps. Then two eyes pop open from the bumps. The eyes scan the area and see a circle of rifle barrels.

The phallus vibrates. The Patriarch glances down at it.

PATRIARCH

See what you've done, you've excited it.

The Patriarch pats the phallus' head trying to calm it.

Cloretta points at it at the penis, horrified.

CLORETTA

Oh my god! It's going to explode.

She throws her hands up into the air.

CLORETTA

Terrorist! Terrorist!

The guards react like Pavlov's dogs at the sound of this word and a jillion assault rifles shoot into the Patriarch. The forces from their shots jerk him around.

The phallus flies from his hands and is caught by Cloretta. She hold it like a hot potato and stares nervously into its frightened eyes. A tear glistens as it falls.

Cloretta's horror melts into compassion. She hold the penis protectively against her breast, hiding its eyes from the bloodshed.

The forces from the shots jerk the Patriarch around some more.

No one watches Cloretta as she hides the golden phallus down her ample cleavage. She smiles broadly and her big breasts glow golden.

The Patriarch falls, He looks like swiss cheese in tomato sauce.

Everyone behind him in line shudders.

CLORETTA
Nothing to see here people. Move
along. Just making the world
safe for democracy.

INT. CLORETTA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cloretta wears something more comfortable and, unfortunately, see-through as she bounces through her apartment holding two martinis.

The golden phallus is propped against some pillows on the couch, giving it the appearance of sitting up. It's two new eyes nervously scan the room. Two testicle-like protrusions appear at the bottom of it's shaft.

Cloretta places one of the martinis on the coffee table in front of the penis. She sits down next to it and downs her drink then looks seriously at the golden dong. In a deep seductive voice.

CLORETTA
I've never done anything like
this before.

She bats her eyelashes. The penis rolls its eyes skyward.

CLORETTA
Leroy'd have a fit if he knew.
Probably kill us both.

She scoots a bit closer. The penis stares at her, eyes wide.

CLORETTA
Well what he don't know won't
hurt him. I always say.

She moves in quite close to the penis. Her chubby face filling its vision. Her glossy lips in a kissy pout.

CLORETTA
You sure are pretty, so shiny --

The penis vibrates nervously as she moves in for a kiss. She kisses it on the head, leaving a red lipstick reminder.

The she throws her self back against the sofa and rubs her hands wildly all over her body.

CLORETTA
 Oh! I ain't never met anyone like
 you before. You make me feel
 tingly all over.

She stands.

CLORETTA
 I've got to have you.

The penis looks around nervously.

CLORETTA (O.S.)
 I've just got to have you right
 now.

Then the penis looks upward. An enormous black hole lunges
 toward it from above.

The penis wriggles around as it tries to escape.

The black hole approaches.

Then the two ball like protrusions unfurl into legs and the
 penis hops off the couch and runs away.

Cloretta plops on the couch.

CLORETTA
 OOOOH! Hmmp!

She wriggles her bum, perplexed.

CLORETTA
 I thought you'd feel bigger.

Then she scans the room and sees the phallus, it shivers in
 a corner.

CLORETTA
 How'd you get over there? Come on
 over here darlin' Cloretta's
 waitin'.

The phallus moves even further into the corner.

CLORETTA
 Awww! Damn. What's the hells
 wrong with you?

Cloretta thunders over to the corner and reaches for the
 phallus. But it escapes her grasp and runs between her
 legs. She falls into the corner.

CLORETTA
 You little dick. You're gonna
 make Cloretta angry. And you
 don't want to make Cloretta
 angry.

She chases after it running around the room in a circle
 like a dog chasing it's tail. She knocks over a table.

ENTRANCE HALL

LEROY enters.

LEROY
Daddy's home!

He hears the sound of crashing furniture.

LEROY
Cloretta?

He crosses toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Leroy enters to see Cloretta bent over the side of the couch.

CLORETTA
Come out. I'm sorry I yelled --

LEROY
Cloretta?!

Cloretta hops up and sits on the couch, she tries to look innocent.

CLORETTA
Leroy!

LEROY
What you doin' woman?

He steps forward.

CLORETTA
Nothin'

LEROY
You found another rat?

CLORETTA
Unh Unh. Looking for my, um,
curler.

She stands and waddles toward him. Seductively?

CLORETTA
I just want to look nice for my
daddy waddy kins.

Leroy eyes her suspiciously.

LEROY
You hidin' somethin'?

She plays with his collar.

CLORETTA
Of course not wuzzle cuddle poo.

LEROY
I'm gonna go take a look.

Four hundred pounds block him.

CLORETTA
NO!

But Leroy deftly steps around her, and she bows her head. Leroy looks over the side of the couch.

LEROY
What the fuck, woman?

He stands, holding the golden phallus at arms length, squeezing its throat with his big hand, his nose wrinkled as if it is a stinky piece of shit. The phallus vibrates and moves it's legs trying to escape.

LEROY
And it vibrates too!

Leroy heads toward the open window. A tear falls from Clorètta's sad face.

LEROY
You got no need to playing with
toys when you got a real hunk of
man waitin' to be had.

He throws the golden phallus out of the window.

EXT. OUTSIDE WINDOW

The phallus is suspended in air for a moment.

LEROY (O.S.)
Now come to daddy --

Then it looks down and gravity kicks in.

GROUND LEVEL

The phallus falls to the sidewalk with a CLUNK. It's eyes are closed and it doesn't move. It may be dead.

Pedestrians walk by. Their feet narrowly miss the phallus. Then one foot connects with it sending it spinning along the sidewalk. Then another kicks it in a different direction. Then another...then another.

Until it finds a resting place near a wooden crate in an alley.

Then it rains, splattering a few drops nearby. As the first drop hits the penis, it sits up, erect, alert.

Then a torrent falls from the sky. The phallus shivers as rivulets of rain flow down it's shaft.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

ELIZABETH ROSE (7) and her MOM walk down the crowded sidewalk hand and hand. Elizabeth spies a TABBY CAT rummaging through a trash can. She reaches toward it.

ELIZABETH ROSE
Can I have a cat, mommy?

MOM
No, you can't sweetheart. You're too young for a pet.

ELIZABETH ROSE
Please mommy.

MOM
Mommy said no.

ELIZABETH ROSE
Please.

MOM
No!

ELIZABETH ROSE
A dog then?

MOM
No.pets.Elizabeth.Rose.

ELIZABETH ROSE
But --

MOM
And no buts either. Oh, I've been looking for that issue --

They stop at a newstand. Mom releases Elizabeth's hand as she flips through a women's magazine.

Elizabeth scans the area. Near the newstand is an alley. She glances up at her Mom who seem absorbed in an article. Elizabeth heads over to the alley to take a peek.

ALLEY

In the alley next to a wooden crate a newspaper rustles. She watches it with excitement. Then out pops a giant...a giant...what? She looks at the giant golden thingy curiously. Then she takes a step forward.

The giant thingy scoots backwards, its eyes wide, which makes Elizabeth chuckle. It cocks its head at the sound.

ELIZABETH ROSE
You're so cute.

The giant thingy smiles with its eyes.

ELIZABETH ROSE
And you're such a pretty color.
You're not a cat, right?

The giant thingy shakes its head.

ELIZABETH ROSE
A dog?

No.

ELIZABETH ROSE
A pet of any kind?

Another shake.

ELIZABETH ROSE
Good. Then you can come home
with me. Would you like that?

The giant thingy thinks for a moment, then it nods.
Elizabeth runs over to it, throws her arms around it and
lifts it from the ground. The giant thingy nuzzles against
her cheek.

ELIZABETH ROSE
Mommy will love you. She really
needs some company since daddy
left.

NEWSTAND

Mom is still reading the same magazine. There is a tug on
her coat. She doesn't look down.

MOM
Yes sweetheart.

ELIZABETH ROSE
Can we keep it Mom? Can we?

MOM
I thought I told you. You're too
young for pe--

She looks down at her daughter and her face explodes with
horror. The magazine jumps from her hands. She screams. The
giant thingy looks at her with alarm.

MOM
Get away from that thing! You
don't know where it's been.

She grabs the thingy from Elisabeth's arms, touching it
with as little skin as possible and throws it into the air.

Elizabeth is crying wildly. Mom kneels in front of her
daughter and grabs both of her shoulders. She shakes
Elizabeth as she speaks.

MOM
Don't ever do that again! You
could catch a disease!

CONVERTIBLE

It sits at the traffic signal. The pretty boy DICK D'PRESIFF moons behind the wheel.

A motion blur, then a thump and the car glows gold. In the back seat lies the phallus, it's eyes slits. It lifts its weary head then drops it back to the seat. Its eyes close.

The traffic light changes and the convertible continues on its way.

SUBURBS

The glowing convertible rides down a two lane road. Dick is pensive.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Dick lies on a couch. A business suited woman sits next to him, his ANALYST.

DICK
They keep me awake. I haven't had a good night's sleep in months.

ANALYST
Tell me about your dreams.

DICK
Maybe if I get away for a while. Leave the city. Maybe they'll go away.

ANALYST
They might but unless we work through these problems --

END FLASHBACK

A horn honk wakes Dick from his reverie. He looks in his rear view and see a carload of family. A wistful expression and then he speeds up.

FARMLAND

The glowing convertible speeds down a super highway. Dick looks a bit distant.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

On the couch again.

DICK
Alright. I'll tell you. But don't laugh.

ANNOUNCER
 (with a relaxed giggle)
 I won't laugh.

Dick appraises her. She stops smiling.

DICK
 I'm in this house. It's an old
 house. Victorian, I think. And
 I'm wandering from room to room.
 I'm naked and I'm cold.

DICK'S DREAM

Dick shivers as he walks through dusty rooms with faded
 paint. Lying on a couch is a pair of pink silk panties.

DICK (V.O.)
 There's woman's clothes scattered
 all around. So I start putting
 them on.

Dick picks up the panties and wiggles into them.

In another room and there's a silk slip over a chair. He
 runs his hand over the slip.

DICK (V.O.)
 They're all silky and they feel
 great against my skin.

He leans his bum against a table and sexily maneuvers some
 stockings on.

DICK (V.O.)
 Before I know it, I hardly
 recognise myself.

Dick stands in front of a mirror fully dressed as a woman,
 he looks damn fine too. He rubs his padded breasts.

END DREAM

END FLASHBACK

A truck rumbles by next to the convertible as it passes.
 Dick steadies the wheel.

WOODS

The convertible ambles down the one lane wooded road.

In the backseat the golden phallus opens its eyes. It
 lifts its head.

Dick is thoughtful.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Couch.

DICK
And then, uh, I got all excited,
you know --

ANALYST
It's not unusual for men to be
excited by the feel of woman's
clothing on their skin.

DICK
But not like this --

DICK'S DREAM

Dick stands in front of the mirror. He smooths his silky dress over his hips and notices a bump on his front.

He tries to smooth the bump but it gets bigger, it inflates like an oblong balloon until the bump reaches from his groin to his chest. And it still grows.

He panics.

He tries to push it down but it grows up into his fake cleavage. Then the bump begins to wiggle and squirm. It wriggles down his leg to the floor.

His snake escapes and he does what any man would do, he chases after it.

He runs into the next room and his dress disappears. Then he sees it, a snake's tail at the top of the stairs. He runs up the stairs and his stockings fade away.

And in the next room he loses his bra. His breasts bounce freely as he runs.

And in the next room his missing panties expose his smooth vaginal region.

He runs past a mirror and it exposes him for the woman he has become. Her jaw drops.

Then over her shoulder the MONSTER SNAKE penis glares at her, testing the air with it's forked tongue.

She covers her naughty bits like Venus.

MONSTER SNAKE
I seem to have losst my home.
You wouldn't know of a cave I can
dwell in. Temporarily of
courssse.

Her voice is high-pitched.

DICK
Perhaps I can accomodate you. I
know where there are a couple of
vacant caves.

The penis slithers over her shoulder. She throws her head back at its touch.

MONSTER SNAKE
I'll work sssso hard and sssso long
in return for my lodgingsss.

The snake slithers down around her breast. Its black
forked tongue flicking against the nipple. She gasps.

DICK
I just hope you'll be satisfied.

And the snake slithers down her tummy.

MONSTER
Asss I hope we'll both be.

END DREAM

Couch.

DICK
(teary)
And I' enjoyed it. My own penis
fucked me and I enjoyed it! I
ENJOYED IT!

ANALYST
I'm sorry. Time's up. Can we
continue this tommorow?

END FLASHBACK

Dick wipes the tears from his eyes. Then he fumbles on the
seat next to him and pulls out a cigarette. With a shaky
hand he puts it between his lips.

Then back down to the seat for a lighter, only his fingers
keep missing it. He glances down to the seat and grabs the
lighter. As he brings it toward his lips he glances in the
rearview.

A giant golden penis stares at him from the back seat. The
cigarette falls from between his open lips.

DICK
Go away! I'm not in the mood!

But the penis still stares. Dick closes his eyes and
tenses, he pushes down the accelerator. The car speeds
along the narrow road.

DICK
YOU'RE JUST A DREAM!

His eyes open but the penis still stares. And that tree is
heading for the car awfully fast. A tree!

The convertible smashes into the tree. The airbag inflates
around Dick but the golden phallus is catapulted high into
the air.

STATIC

Theme music plays and the titles A CURRENT SCANDAL appear.

INT. STUDIO

The reporter AENEAS AGNOS sits behind a marble desk.

AENEAS AGNOS
Hello. I'm Aeneas Agnos and on
tonight's show we will expose the
latest UFO sightings and
determine for you whether they
are fact --

SUPER: FACT

AENEAS AGNOS
Or fiction.

SUPER: FICTION

AENEAS AGNOS
Mr and Mrs Reginald Cookey of
Greenland Michigan recently had
an encounter with a strange
invader.

EXT. COOKEY FARM

REGINALD COOKEY and KATHERINE COOKEY stand in front of
their barn.

KATHERINE COOKEY
Reggie was in the barn feeding
the cow when I --

REGINALD COOKEY
She looked in the sky --

KATHERINE COOKEY
I looked in the sky and I saw it.
It was --

REGINALD COOKEY
It was enormous, makes a man feel
humbled.

KATHERINE COOKEY
Not like anything I'd ever seen,
not lately anyways --

Reginald bows his head.

KATHERINE COOKEY
And I realized we got to video
this, so I ran inside and got the
camera.

REGINALD COOKEY
I ran inside dear.

KATHERINE COOKEY
I clearly remember that you stood
right here and watched while I --

INT. STUDIO

Behind the desk.

AENEAS AGNOS

Though it was never decided who retrieved the camera, one thing was certain Mr and Mrs Cookey did get video. We've sent the video you are about to see to our experts. They have subjected it to rigorous tests and have determined it has not been tampered with.

GRAINY VIDEO

A golden phallus hits the apex of an arc in the sky.

KATHERINE COOKEY (V.O.)

It was tubular and it had this eerie golden glow. It listed to the right --

REGINALD COOKEY (V.O.)

The left dear.

The phallus descends into the cover of trees.

KATHERINE COOKEY (V.O.)

I clearly remember it was the right, Reggie.

ELECTRA (V.O.)

Shit! I'm out of figs.

INT. ANCIENT GREEK HOME

On television: Aeneas sits behind his desk.

AENEAS AGNOS

Our experts have examined this video and have decided it does indeed list to the --

Electra shifts uncomfortably on her marble couch.

ELECTRA

(shouts)

Pylades, I need more figs.

AENEAS AGNOS (O.S.)

But is it fact? Or is it fiction? A Current Scandal's official verdict is --

ELECTRA

PYLADES!

Electra sits up.

ELECTRA
Where in the underworld is he?

She stands.

ELECTRA
PYLADES!

She walks out into a statuary. Past the white marble statues of Adonis, Hera, Venus, and Mars.

Behind some bushes she hears moaning, then Pylades's voice.

PYLADES (O.S.)
Give it to me big boy.

She walks past a statue of Zeus and peeks around the corner of some bushes. Pylades has the back of his tunic raised as he rubs his rump against the groin of the statue of Priapus.

PYLADES
Yeah, ride me baby. Ride me.

Her jaw drops.

ELECTRA
Pylades?

He stands up perfectly still. The front of his tunic juts out, tent like.

PYLADES
Oh! Electra. Thank the gods you're here. I've had a bit of an accident. I was cleaning Nike's feet and I backed up and bumped into --

ELECTRA
Why didn't you tell me?

PYLADES
It's only just happened.

ELECTRA
Am I not enough for you?

PYLADES
You're more than enough for me, darling.

ELECTRA
This is why you haven't made love to me in months. You prefer marble to the real thing?

PYLADES
Of course not dearest.

ELECTRA
I don't think little Pylades agrees.

She points at the tent in his tunic. He covers it with his hands.

PYLADES
This is silly darling. It was
just an accident. Now if you can
just help me down --

ELECTRA
I don't think so.

PYLADES
What?!

She strides toward him and grabs his tent.

PYLADES
What are you doing? It's well
known that Priapus does not do
threesomes.

ELECTRA
There's a first time for
everything.

She pushes up against him and he slaps against the statue.
He moans.

PYLADES
Oh, yes!

ELECTRA
I always knew Priapus would bring
me good luck.

The statues of the gods watch with frozen enigmatic
expressions.

PYLADES (O.S.)
Harder! YES! HARDER! YES!

The sounds of lovemaking echo through the empty household.

On television: three clothed bears traipse through the
woods carrying a picnic basket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And so Mama Bear, Papa Bear and
Baby Bear decided to have a
picnic in the Michigan woods.

EXT. WOODS

MAMA BEAR spreads the blanket in a clearing, PAPA BEAR rubs
his tummy and BABY BEAR holds the basket and peeks inside.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Little did they know but a
ruthless hunter watched them from
the thicket nearby --

THICKET

An RUTHLESS HUNTER stands in a copse of trees, his rifle at his side. He twirls a corner of his mustache and snickers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And hatched nefarious plans.

The Ruthless Hunter holds up his finger.

RUTHLESS HUNTER
I will shoot the mother and father bear and make them into rugs. Then I will kidnap the baby bear and force him to have unprotected anal sex with me on top of their furry carcasses.

CLEARING

Papa Bear sits at the bottom of a tree while Mama Bear places out the food and the settings. Baby Bear takes a taste of the icing off of the cake but Mama Bear pats his hand.

MAMA BEAR
That's for after dinner, sweetie.

BABY BEAR
Awww Mom.

The Ruthless Hunter jumps into the clearing. His gun pointed at Mama Bear. Papa Bear stands tall and growls. The Ruthless Hunter swings his gun to point at him.

MAMA BEAR
(to Father Bear)
Now dear, don't get overly excited. This man could be a weary traveller in need of food and shelter. We can offer him our hospitality.
(to Ruthless Hunter)
Are you a weary traveller in need of food and shelter?

RUTHLESS HUNTER
Hardly. I am a ruthless hunter eager to carry out my nefarious plans.

PAPA BEAR
I knew it!

BABY BEAR
What's nefarious?

Mama Bear shrugs, Papa Bear shrugs and they all look toward the Ruthless Hunter.

RUTHLESS HUNTER
It's an adjective meaning infamous for being wicked.

PAPA BEAR
I knew it!

PAPA BEAR steps forward and growls but the Ruthless Hunter cocks his gun.

RUTHLESS HUNTER
And now my "infamous for being wicked" plan begins.
Bwhahahahaha!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But just then a whistling sound came from the sky.

A whistling sound. Mama Bear, Papa Bear, and Baby Bear stare up into the sky. The Ruthless Hunter looks confused. He glances into the sky then back at the bears.

RUTHLESS HUNTER
What, what are you doing?

MAMA BEAR
Can't you hear it?

The Ruthless Hunter listens.

RUTHLESS HUNTER
I don't hear anything. This is some kind of trick, right?

PAPA BEAR
No. It's definitely a whistling.

The RUTHLESS Hunter looks up into the air.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What the Ruthless Hunter does not know is that the whistling sound a projectile makes cannot be heard if you are in the direct line of that projectile.

RUTHLESS HUNTER
That's only in the movies.

A big golden phallus falls onto the Ruthless Hunter's head crushing his skull.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In this case the projectile was a heavy golden penis and the ruthless hunter was killed instantly. The bears were saved.

The bears cheer their hero as they dance around the phallus in a circle.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Mother bear was so grateful --

Mama Bear gives the phallus a kiss on the head. It blushes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
That she invited the golden penis
to come and live with them.

The three bears walk toward their cottage. Mama bear holds
the golden phallus to her bosom.

MAMA BEAR
Do you have a name?

The phallus shakes its head.

MAMA BEAR
Let me see, you're golden.

The phallus nods.

MAMA BEAR
And you are a weenie.

The penis nods.

MAMA BEAR
Then we shall call you
Goldenweenie. Do you like that
name?

Goldenweenie nods.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The bears and Goldenweenie were
quite compatible housemates.

Mama Bear serves dinner. Goldenweenie looks perplexed at a
plate of sausages.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And as it turned out Goldenweenie
was very entertaining, even
though his endowments were not
equally enjoyed.

Baby Bear faces forward. He scrunches his face in pain.

BABY BEAR
It's too big! It's too big!

Papa Bear faces forward. He yawns, bored.

PAPA BEAR
It's too small. Much too small.

Mama Bear faces forward. She smiles.

MAMA BEAR
It's just right!

The three bears stand together, posed for a photo. Mama
Bear holds Goldenweenie.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And they all lived happily every
after.

Then Mama Bear winks and smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Especially Mama Bear.

FADE OUT.