

TINY PETER VS THE MONSTER TURD

By

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EXT. IVANNA GETT HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Institutionally chic, its name stated on a plastic lettered sign. An ANNOUNCER, his voice straight out of a Rocky and Bullwinkle cartoon, speaks.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Whenever there's disorder or  
disrepair, there's only one person  
who can be counted on...

INT. LOCKER-LINED CORRIDOR

TINY PETER, a late twenties munchkin in coveralls sweeps sawdust with a broom taller than he is.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
...Tiny Peter. By day a mild-  
mannered high school janitor, by  
night a ranking representative of  
the lollipop guild.

Peter stops sweeping, he narrows his eyes with suspicion then looks down the hall.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
What's this? It looks like trouble  
is once again about to rear its  
ugly head at I. Gett High.

BOY'S BATHROOM

Strained groans and grunts come from inside a toilet stall. Followed by a loud plop, then a satisfied sigh. Flush.

BIG FAT BOY, thirteen, exits the stall, a goofy smile plastered across his face. He doesn't wash his hands before he leaves.

Not long after, RUNTY BOY, same age, rushes in. He stands in a cramped position. He holds his backside while he makes the urgent decision of which stall to use.

He runs into the stall Big Fat Boy just vacated. Wrong choice. A piercing horrified scream fills the tiled room.

LOCKER-LINED CORRIDOR

MS. HARVEY, young, sexy and seductive, runs toward Peter. Her arms out, ready to embrace him. Her legs barely move in that tight mid-length skirt.

MS. HARVEY  
Oh, Tiny Peter, I need you!

Peter drops his broom and grabs the buxom Ms. Harvey. He stares at her belly, it expands and contracts, breathless.

MS. HARVEY (O.S.)  
I need you right now.

He dips her, like an expert dancer. He moves his face toward hers, close enough to kiss.

TINY PETER  
I'm always here for ya, baby.

He breaks the fourth wall, raises a Groucho eyebrow.

TINY PETER  
I'm huge where it matters.

He turns back to her, makes a kissy face. She makes a kissy face back.

MS. HARVEY  
Oh, Tiny Peter.

SAME LOCKER-LINED CORRIDOR

MS. HARVEY, old, stern, her lips pursed in distaste. She is what she eats personified -- a disgusted prune.

She wears the same clothes as the fantasy Ms. Harvey but somehow they don't quite hang the same on her. She watches Peter make kissy faces at his broom's handle.

MS. HARVEY  
Tiny Peter! Tiny Peter!

He looks up, blinks, then embarrassed he looks down.

TINY PETER  
(in a small voice)  
Yes, Ms. Harvey.

MS. HARVEY  
There's a clogged toilet in the boy's bathroom. Please see to it immediately.

TINY PETER  
Of course, Ms. Harvey.

She nods, satisfied at her superiority, spins and is off.

## OUTSIDE BOY'S BATHROOM

SCHOOL NURSE, a regular medical dominatrix, tugs Runty Boy from the room. He's cloaked with a gray woolly blanket like any disaster victim would be. Tears fill his eyes.

RUNTY BOY

...smelled so horrible, I couldn't breathe. I should have known better, I shouldn't have gone in. And then there it was staring up at me, the biggest turd I've ever seen -- a monster. That's when I... that's when I pooped myself...

And Runty Boy trails off into guilty hysteria. School Nurse gives him another vicious tug.

Shocked, Peter watches them walk off. He holds a single small plunger. He stares at the plunger.

TINY PETER

I'll need bigger equipment.

## INSIDE BOY'S BATHROOM

Peter enters armed with a large plunger plus some other necessities: a plumber's snake, a flame thrower, and a sledge hammer. He wears a diaper outside of his coveralls for that extra bit of protection.

He drops his arsenal to the floor then opens Big Fat Boy's stall. He enters. Then he immediately exits, his arm covers his face. He gags; it smells horrible.

TINY PETER

Oh, God!

There's a rumble, the ground shakes. The hissing voice of the MONSTER TURD booms from the stall.

MONSTER TURD (O.S.)

Think again!

Peter stares at the stall with trepidation, then the door bursts outward.

Out from the stall the Turd emerges, a thick brown and ropy serpent rooted in the toilet bowl. A bulbous head forms at its end as Peter watches, golden evil-slit-iris eyes open, then a fang-filled mouth. The Turd strikes at him.

Peter rolls to avoid it. When he stands the plunger is in his hand. He plunges toward the Turd.

TINY PETER

It's time you went down, you foul  
smelling lavatory Leviathan!

Peter runs forward, plunger aimed at the Turd, but the Turd evades him. The plunger connects with the bathroom wall and sticks. Peter panics. He tries to free it, pulls the handle to almost a right angle with the floor but it won't budge.

The Turd twists around and lunges at Peter. Peter jumps away. He lets go of the plunger handle. It springs up, clips the Turd under its chin. The Turd roars as it rears. Full of anger, it focuses on Peter.

But Peter holds the flame thrower, its pilot lit end pointed toward the Turd. Peter smiles slyly.

TINY PETER

Then how about some waterless waste  
removal? It's green and it's hot!

Peter presses the trigger. Sputter, sputter, the pilot flame goes out. Peter shoots a doomed look up at the Turd.

TINY PETER

Oh, shit.

The turd smiles.

MONSTER TURD

And you thought you could defeat  
me? Now you're nothing but my  
daily dose of fiber, my minimum  
dose at that, you little man.

The Turd opens its mouth wide. Peter glares up at it.

TINY PETER

No one calls me little and lives!

Peter scrambles for the sledge hammer but just as he grabs it the Turd side-wipes him and he loses his grip. Knocked off balance Peter falls to the ground. He struggles to stand but the Turd clamps down on his leg making that impossible.

His hand crawls across the floor toward the sledge hammer but the Turd pulls him back. If only he could reach his tools.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

If only he was a few inches taller!

Peter's head snaps toward the Announcer's voice; he glowers. The Turd's head snaps in that direction too. But when it does it releases its grip on Peter's leg; it's confused.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Uh...sorry.

(clears his throat)

Could this be the end of our hero?

Peter turns back toward the Turd, notices his leg is no longer bound. He seizes his chance to grab the sledge hammer.

The Turd, alerted by Peter's movement, is right behind Peter. It's fast, but not fast enough. Peter brings the sledge down on its head. Smush! Brown slime flies everywhere.

The Turd goes limp. Peter sighs with relief. But too soon. Another head rapidly grows, its evil eyes and fangy mouth open; it rises toward Peter.

Smush! More brown slime. Peter is relentless. He smushes his way to the source, inside the stall. Crash! Broken porcelain. Gush! Water flowing.

BOY'S BATHROOM

It's a wreck, stalls dented and smashed, water and brown slime fill the floor. Old Ms Harvey stands aghast.

MS. HARVEY

Tiny Peter! What on earth have you done?

Peter peeks from the stall. A smile on his face.

TINY PETER

It's dead. Ms. Harvey. Dead. I did it! Isn't that wonderful?

Ms. Harvey's speechless; she cries frustrated tears.

TINY PETER

Oh please, Ms. Harvey, please don't cry. It's over. Here...

He reaches into his coveralls and pulls out a lollipop.

TINY PETER

Have a lollipop. It's raspberry.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And so another villain has been vanquished and Tiny Peter has once again proven his worth to I Gett High. Tune in next week when Tiny Peter meets his most vile nemesis yet, the Chunder-saurus.