

# WOLFCAT FEVER

The Script by  
Josh Sinbad Collins



Copyright 2021  
Zombie Zoo productions

**INSTRUMENTAL TUNE- atmospheric but sparse, guitar led beat in the style of Link Wray / Ry Cooder**

A deserted road shimmers in the heat.

Fingers strum a gorgeous gold glitter, hollow bodied, guitar producing, not the sweet sound expected, but a harsh metallic ring..

It's Hot, damn hot and the dry desert dust flits across the strings adding to the harshness of the sound as a vulture(puppet), knocked out from the heat, drops clean out of the sky.

THE KING (GHOST OVER)

(beatnik style)

The story of Rock and Roll  
is an oft told tale.  
The ups, the downs,  
the drugs, the sounds.  
The fans, the parties,  
and the shows,  
the stars shot down  
by their huge egos.

A rhythm starts to build as the elegant sharp nailed and obviously female fingers move with more purpose across the strings.

THE KING(VO)

Bathed in sweat,  
tragedy, and bile,  
The record goes around and around,  
Never out of style.

As the camera pulls out and the tune increases in intensity we catch glimpses of tantalizing femininity, clad in tight leather. Furr Fever.

THE KING(VO) (cont'd)

It drives the kids  
With its rhythm and beat  
to scream in bars,  
and fuzz guitars,

A sharp tongue licks lips as red as as a cardinal's pants, as lush as the body looks tough, almost startling in their contrast against the lean hard edged curves of the leather clad body.

THE KING(VO) (cont'd)

So, shake your body  
(MORE)

THE KING(VO) (cont'd)  
 and move your feet  
 because nothing roars  
 like a rock n' roll beat.

Another sound joins the guitar. A motor is heard in the distance, as if summoned by the sound of the instrument.

The strumming matches the increasing throb as the guitarist rises from her rocky perch. She (Furr Fever) flicks out a thumb in the direction of the road.

Through her legs we see an approaching speck soon materializing through the desert haze into an approaching motorcyclist.

As Furr steps towards the forlorn desert highway she kicks a pair of worn cowboy boots (Andy is written on the bottom of one) beside the rock along with other male discarded clothing obviously ripped apart. Is that blood?

Grannngg! A final massive power chord blends with the sound of screeching brakes as the biker, TURA, pulls up and appraises the astounding female form before her.

TURA a sweaty, hairy and obviously very powerful bull like hunk on the bike. No kidding she has horns.

TURA  
 (grunts)  
 Hah, Going my way sweet cakes?

She nods down the only road in sight, in fact the only thing that isn't a dry dusty rock.

FURR FEVER  
 (purring)  
 I'll go any which way, just get me  
 out of this heat.

The biker looks around at the absolute nothingness and spies a plume of smoke arising from behind the nearest mesa. She is about to say something, but thinks better of it.

TURA  
 Drink up, you look a bit parched!

TURA hands her a big bottle. Furr laps at the liquid greedily.

FURR FEVER  
 Warm muddy water, uhm uhm, my fave.

TURA

What! That's vintage Rio Basura!  
Jump on and keep those claws to  
yourself, I've got enough scars  
already.

She nods towards the small backseat and strapping the guitar on her back, she steps over the backrest and squeezes in behind the sweaty bull.

They zoom off and we again see the boots but this time it's apparent that they are attached to someone lying out of site. And a flock of black putrid birds descend.

The vulture that previously fell out of the sky crawls along trying to catch up with his hungry mates..

CUT TO:

2

**ROAD TO ROADHOUSE - A BIT LATER EXT**

2

Furr tries to groom herself and her catlike features become apparent. The fingers whose nails seem to retract and the hair forms cat like ears.

TURA sweats very vigorously and it annoys Furr.

A big rig blows by covering them in dust.

Furr is even more annoyed. Tura's hair is in her face The rumble of the engine gets erratic.

TURA

Shit, frigging carbie's clogged.  
Damn dust, gets into everything.

FURR FEVER

Prowl around here long enough, you  
know all about dust...

A sign become visible, marked "Coyote's Chow House". You see some other bikes and trucks are parked haphazardly outside a shack. A few scrawny vultures hang around.

The engine splutters a few times and finally conks out as the bike coasts to a standstill next to the roadhouse.

'Blumpf' a thick almost hooped boot hits the ground then another, the sweaty bull lifts his goggles and turns to his ride with saliva dripping from his mouth.

Furr pounces off, landing smartly on her feet, disgusted at how wet in bull sweat she is.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)  
 (flicking sweat off her)  
 Hss, I'm covered in stinking bull  
 juice.

Furr hunches like she's ready to pounce, claws extend.

TURA considers her a moment or two, licks her lips with a massive blue tongue. Then the biker shrugs.

TURA  
 Hold on there, Miss Pussycat.  
 FEVER

Hsssss  
 FURR TURA

It's too darn hot out here to  
 rumble. Skinny bad tempered felines  
 like you don't do it for me  
 anyways. The name's Tura what's  
 yours?

Furr ponders whether the affront of being covered in sweat is reason enough for violence then reconsiders. She retracts her claws.

FURR FEVER  
 (almost a snarl)  
 Furr, Furr Fever, most people call  
 me Trouble.

Furr stares at TURA expecting a reaction but he only shrugs.

TURA  
 Hell I wasn't looking for Trouble,  
 but looks like I found it! Mind  
 you, Coyote's during mating season  
 there's always trouble, but 'by my  
 mothers udders' do I need a beer.

They enter.

CROSS FADE

"Every day is Valentines at THE LOVE SHOP".

Wolfy's rat rod pulls up. Lone Wolf illustration on car door.

A great singing voice is mumbling a song "I'm a looking for love". (have love will travel).

Reaction shot disgusted woman. Hairy hand pushes open door.

A pharmacist, Senor Cabron, stands behind the counter in a very safe small town marital aids/gift shop .

We follow the arm into the shop as it browses a bit through some very bland looking novelty items. Clicking the beat as it goes.

Fur removal cream, knitted willy warmers, Scented Candles, penis jelly molds, Love is...framed pictures...Valentines cards.

Approaching the counter the hand moves swiftly and picks up Senor Cabron by the throat...the other arm scatters the inane novelty crap from the counter.

WOLFY HOWL

(growling)

This shit's way too vanilla for me.  
Now where ya hiding the good stuff,  
billy boy?

The pharmacist choking, points to a wall of sappy DVD titles, self help manuals and magazines, then pushes a hidden button.

The wall swings around revealing much more interesting merchandise; fetish attire, wild writhing sex-aids, restraints, gags etc...

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

Now ya talkin', Howwwwllllllllllll

CUT TO:

4

**ROAD HOUSE - INTERIOR**

4

Shafts of sunlight penetrate the dim dusty interior of Coyote's. Bulky bovine like shapes are huddled around, a mean mixture of truckers and bikers.

Furr and TURA enter.

The bar trash are chuckling meanly and persecuting a coyote pup serving girl in gingham.

## BAR TRASH ONE

Who's a little cutie pup. Don't trip, oh too late.

## COYOTE PUP

Oh no. Assface. Grrr

## RHINO

C'mon sweetie, my horn needs a good polish.

## COYOTE PUP1

Sir, leave me alone. Please.

This grabs Furr's attention, she is now eyeing the bar trash meanly an obvious look of outright rage on her face.

## FURR FEVER

Hsss. Scum.

## A YAK

Who likes doggy style?

## GROUP OF YAKS

Hahahahahaha

A coyote like bar man ignoring the barroom baiting of his pup, scratches his fleas and licks the glasses clean.

He doesn't even bother looking up as Furr and TURA approach the bar.

He pours a massive beer and a glass of milk.

## FURR FEVER

Just because I'm a cool lil' kitty doesn't mean I drink like a mouse.

A look of recognition hits the coyote.

## COYOTE

(to Furr)

Not you! Hey what happened to Wood...?

He's silenced by a big claw that pulls him forward by the nose ring.

## FURR FEVER

Stop yapping and give me the hard stuff, I can't stand anything soft.

She releases the barman. he staggers backwards then opens the fridge and pulls out a bottle marked 'White Russian' and pours a big glass of it.

Furr downs it in one. She licks her chops just as TURA finishes her massive beer, and releases a rumbling belch.

TURA

Chow.

Tura Grabs a stool.

Furr becomes increasingly interested in the bar trash's persecution of the coyote pups.

Coyote rings a bell bringing a shout from behind a torn curtain. It's Mrs Coyote.

MRS COYOTE

What they want?

COYOTE

Chow.

MRS COYOTE

Give me a minute

A furry hand waves a piece of rancid fly covered meat out the window. A vulture alights.

Another hand grabs it by the neck making it squawk. It is dragged inside.

MRS COYOTE (cont'd)

Well I only got turkey.

COYOTE

Turkey it is then. Extra large it's for Tura.

MRS COYOTE

(Clattering pans)

Oh the Lonely Bull rides into town again does she.

COYOTE

Not in good company this time.  
Don't know what she's thinking  
bringing that psychotic feline into  
this herd of over-heated  
herbivores.

CONTINUOUS

TITLE SEQUENCE

A coin hits the slot on the jukebox and an Eagles type MOR track comes on. A baker street saxophone solo goes on and on.

Furr covers her ears.

Bang a high heel goes straight through the glass of the jukebox silencing the awful MOR music after a sickening screech.

## FURR FEVER

I can't hack that soul-sapping  
domesticated pigswill.

A giant hippo figure stands up knocking his chair backwards he is covered in really bad photo-realistic tattoos: "Dad", "Mom", "Sheila".

## PIP O'POTAMUS

Hey that's Sheila's favorite...

## BAR TRASH ONE

It's my favorite too.

The rest stand up menacingly. Using the distraction the Coyote pup makes a good escape from their tormentors. Furr pats her as she passes and gives her a look of reassurance.

## FURR FEVER

Hey girl, I'll show you how to deal  
with these bloated oafs. Only one  
thing they understand.

Furr stands between the pup and the Bar trash. She unslings her guitar

## PIP O'POTAMUS

That was The Beagles best song ...  
everybody loves The Beagles.

## GROUP OF YAKS

Yeah don't mess with the 'Beags'.

Furr pulls a loud chord on her guitar, as her boot launches into the Hippo's crotch, knocking him back into his chair.

## FURR FEVER

Mess with this then.

Furr's boot crushes a huge pair of Hippo bollocks. She faces up to the hippo as he winces in pain and takes his wallet.

You see a high heel with a large testicle stuck to it hit the floor.

COYOTE

(to the kitchen)

Dog shit! Not again. That damn Hippo should have shut his great big blabber mouth.

Titles roll. **TITLE TRACK- An uptempo wild Rock n Roll tune with a driving beat**

Furr sings, she's a mean guitarist but really not a great singer, producing a sexy but slightly out of tune and caterwauling' sound.

FURR FEVER

I won't be your pet.  
 won't purr for you  
 gonna scratch and bite, put up a fight  
 I won't be your pussycat  
 Won't be your pretty cat  
 Won't be your pussycat  
 Don't wear no collar  
 Won't be your pretty little pussycat.  
 Take that.  
 I won't eat from your bowl,  
 take food from your hands  
 Way too wild, I'm no tame pet  
 I won't be your pussycat  
 Won't be your pretty cat  
 Won't be your pussycat  
 Miaou yeah  
 Won't be your pretty little pussycat

A screeching guitar solo causes ears to bleed.

A chord from the guitar sends the hippo flying over backwards senseless. He has scratches on his face.

Titles roll over a crappy slow motion fight scene where Furr and her guitar noise take on the enraged bar patrons.

TURA bangs her mug along to the song.

Coyote tries to save things behind the bar as projectiles land on him. Next to him The coyote pup look on in awe

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

I won't be your pet.  
 won't purr for you  
 (MORE)

FURR FEVER (cont'd)  
 gonna scratch and bite, put up a  
 fight  
 I won't be your pussycat  
 Won't be your pretty cat  
 Won't be your pussycat  
 Don't wear no collar  
 Won't be your pretty little  
 pussycat.

Furr pulls a mega chord and the animated shock wave hits a charging yak. he falls to the floor. POV He looks up as a heel stamps down.

CUT TO BLACK

6

**SMALL QUIET AGRICULTURAL TOWN - EXTERIOR - DAY**

6

Bird song. The exterior of Senor Cabron's Love shop fades into view. The door is kicked open.

Wolfy Howl, a lean rangy rockin' wolf, with a sleeveless black jacket and badly applied lipstick, runs out hollering and howling. He is holding an armful of sex loot: vibrators, poppers, open-crotch undies, etc...

Two square but sexy towns girls look on.

WOLFY HOWL

Ooh, hellloooooooo Girls! Look what Wolfy's got, he's got the lot, lets party!

SQUARE GIRLS

Uhh! That's disgusting leave us alone, creep, you weirdo wolf.

A more mature matron approaches

WOLFY HOWL

Ohh hot mama, come to Wolfy, you know ya want it, I got the goods.

MATRON

Get away from me you mangy fleabitten freak.

The shop owner bursts out shaking his fist. He pulls out some furr removal cream and throws it at Wolfy.

WOLFY HOWL

Waouuuu, missed!

Wolfy vaults into the mean looking hotrod, and tears away, blowing up the skirts of the girls

A tranquil small town with respectable people are terrorised as the hotrod heads straight towards them. Wolfy hollers.

He weaves through avoiding hitting anyone but covering them in splattered mud and sex aids.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

Ma'am. Sir. I hope you are having a most pleasant day? You might enjoy this, and this, How about some lube? HOwwwwwwwwwwwwl.....

We are reminded of what an awesome voice this wolf has. Revving up past them he disappears in a cloud of dust...

A Couple of dust covered elderly kangaroos types look on disdainfully from rocking chairs under a porch.

KANGAROO WALTER

What is this place coming too? I remember when....

KANGAROO JETHRO

It's certainly heading for the dogs that's for sure.

CUT TO:

7

**ROADHOUSE EXTERIOR DAY**

7

Furr checks out various vehicles, her back pocket crammed with bank notes and a saddle bag of biker chains and other loot thrown over her shoulder..

Coyote and pup look on from a vantage point behind an outhouse. Mrs Coyote is just a voice from outhouse.

COYOTE

That damn killer cat is still there, scavenging for all she can get.

MRS COYOTE

(terrified)

She's just too damn wild. I'm not going out there 'till she's gone.

COYOTE

Blows in like the wind, out of  
nowhere, with blood on her claws  
and mayhem hot on her tail.

COYOTE PUPS

She's soooo coool!

Coyote whacks his pup.

MRS COYOTE

We just get a nice little business  
going, and wham! Miss loopy long  
legs descends and we have to start  
all over again.

TURA exits the roadhouse, pulling up her flies, with  
the Stag-boy in tow. Furr arches an eyebrow.

TURA

Hey Furr, you sure stomped on that  
stampede! Mighty impressive.

FURR FEVER

Bull-ies like that, no offence  
TURA, are just asking for it. I  
don't take that crap from anybody  
and their music taste sure sucked.

TURA

What's your plan Trouble?

FURR FEVER

I don't have a plan. Plans are for  
losers. I like to roam alone, and  
anyways not many folk survive my  
company for long.

TURA

Your guitar can knock em dead fo'  
sure! You'd kill it with a band.

FURR FEVER

I've yet to meet a band that wasn't  
a load of gutless has-beens or a  
singer savage enough to match my  
guitar. If they can't dig that they  
can't dig nuthin'.

TURA

Staying solo then? Well looks like  
we have our choice of rides. Which  
one do you fancy?

TURA looks at his worthless bike and contemplates a laundry truck, then after helping the Stag in, jumps in too. He pats the signage on the door "Ma Mandrill's Heaven Scent Laundry service".

TURA (cont'd)  
I've cleaned up here. See you  
around, Trouble.

FURR FEVER  
Not if I see you first ring-nose.

TURA drives off.

Furr's attention immediately drawn to a vintage truck.

Climbing in she chucks out a load of junk including a photo of a fat hippo lady marked 'Sheila'. She pockets some more cash. She finds the keys.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)  
Miaooo Lets hit the road...

A loud grunt of pain and rage echoes forth as Pip O'Potamus a massive blood stain across his crotch and his eye hanging out starts a charge towards the car.

Furr reverses at speed across the parking lot and rams the hippo, knocking him backward into the roadhouse.

FURR FEVER  
(cont'd)  
...jack

The roadhouse collapses around him.

MRS COYOTE AND COYOTE  
Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

COYOTE PUP  
Yeeeeee Hawwwwwww!

8

**COUNTRY SIDE NEAR BY LATE AFTERNOON**

8

A faint blast rock n roll can be heard in the distance as Wolfy approaches, humming a song

A few scrawny trees, dry fields and an abandoned shed are all that are about. Furr roars around a tight corner.

Wolfy honks his horn and just squeezes round a truck.

Furr is oblivious as she screeches around another tight turn, she plays a ruff tune, driving with her feet.

Wolfy hums same tune as he flies towards her  
equally oblivious to the road as she is.

A few cuts between the two vehicles leads to the obvious...

9

**THE CROSS ROADS LATE AFTERNOON /EVE**

9

An intersection. It's inevitable the two vehicles  
collide, hitting sideways and spinning out of control.

After a skid, Wolfy's hotrod revs up doing doughnuts  
around the wrecked truck. Wolfy sticks out his tongue and  
drives off.

Furr straddles the road. One twang and a massive screech  
of brakes is heard. She starts to play a tune.

**INSTRO - "The Pussycat strut" a strolling bun of a song**

The rat rod screeches around as Wolfy singing his heart  
out does several passes in time to Furr's guitar playing.

He has an amazing deep growling voice. Pure raw Sex.

Wolfy exposes his hairy chest, making suggestive moves with  
his huge tongue, and striking poses. With a howl the song  
ends and he crunches to a halt in front of Furr.  
Lovemontage

WOLFY HOWL

(applying lipstick)

Wooohooo, wooo I'm a wolf fueled on  
rock and roll and I've been a  
huntin' high and low for a mean  
fuzz sound like that.

FURR FEVER

I like me a man who can dig my  
sound...

WOLFY HOWL

And I love a wild guitar pickin'  
pussycat.

FURR FEVER

Call me 'pussycat' one more time  
and I'll flay your balls for  
breakfast. Miss Fever to you.

WOLFY HOWL

Miss Fever! (wolfwhistle) You give  
me fever! Need a lift? Need a hand?  
How about a good pawing?

Wolfy holds up a big furry paw hand, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

FURR FEVER

You lusty lupine, you're not fit to  
lick my boots...

Furr looks him up and down giving him her best withering look. But she's obviously intrigued by this sexy outlaw wolf. Wolfy Grins a massive grin.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

...but hey they could do with a  
good licking

Wolfy's tongue pops out and hits the floor.

WOLFY HOWL

Grrrr.Oh Feline, be mine!

FURR FEVER

(purring)  
Quite a growl you got there.

WOLFY HOWL

I can holler real good I can.

FURR FEVER

I bet you can...howl for me honey.

Furr magically appears behind Wolfy throws a leg round his neck almost strangling him and making his tongue flop out (He hollers reel good).

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

And that tongue might have it's  
uses. I need a new kind of lick.  
Something I ain't had before.

The tongue snakes up her thigh, leaving a trail of saliva and mucus. A cat like grin spreads over her face.

WOLFY HOWL (FROM BELOW)

What a combo. Your fuzz, my howl,  
my tongue, your...mmmmmmmmmm

FURR FEVER

I like Hazel Catkins, but...  
I've been a solo cat for too  
long. Could be time for some  
group action.

(nods towards truck)

My stuff's in the back.

She slides don into the passenger seat. Wolfy reappears with her loot.

WOLFY HOWL  
Hey there's some tasty trinkets  
here...valuable trinkets.

FURR FEVER  
That's MY loot you're pawing.

WOLFY HOWL  
We should hit up Vagueass put this  
to good use.

Wolfy throws it on the back seat and jumps in.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)  
Get to know each other better, a  
lot better, a whole lot better.

FURR FEVER  
A Tempting offer, I might even  
Consider it.

WOLFY HOWL  
Let's go! Vagueass got themselves  
the finest Cat-sino I ever did see!  
(eyes up Furr)  
And Kitty, with you by my side,  
today sure is my luckeee day!

They drive off into the sunset with a howl and some  
furry hearts popping up above the car.

Sign "Vagueass 'set your soul on fire' 30 miles"

CUT TO:

10

**WARTHOG'S PAWN SHOP INTERIOR EVENING**

10

A disgruntled weasel dressed in stage clothes that have  
seen better days, a greasy flick covering most of his face  
is arguing with a warthog-ish man behind the counter.

WEASEL FERRET  
It's worth way, way, way, way more  
than that, give me the dough slop  
bucket. The Money, that's what I  
want. The moolah.

WARTHOG

That's as maybe, but your credit  
stinks as bad as you Weasel. 'Sides  
this old crap's worth nothing  
nowadays, what ever you say...

WEASEL FERRET

That's a 'Bender Cat o caster' one  
of the best, best, the finest, the  
greatest dog damn geetars ever  
made.

WARTHOG holds up a paltry pile of cash.

WARTHOG

That's my final offer, take it or  
leave it. Unless you want me to ask  
how exactly you got your thieving  
little weasel paws on such a 'rare'  
item?

The weasel sulks and grabs the cash shoving it into  
his pants, you can see they are real dirty.

WEASEL FERRET

You, you, you call me thieving?  
This whole town is rotten, rotten  
from the top down.

WARTHOG

And you, Weasel, are right at the  
rotten bottom of it all.

WEASEL FERRET

Just as soon as I make it big, I'll  
be coming to get that guitar back..

Warthog points at the shelf to display a range of  
various cool vintage instruments.

WARTHOG

That's what you say every time. No  
one wants this crap you bring in  
and I ain't doing you no more  
favors. Get the good stuff, the NEW  
expensive stuff, or don't come  
back.

Weasel hisses, pats his pocket and heads out the door,  
a gleam of excitement in his eyes.

WEASEL FERRET

All aboard the drug train...

On the way out he spies a poster does a double take and rips it down roughly.

FADE TO:

11

**RECORDING STUDIO INTERIOR NIGHT**

11

Sign: ROSETTA O RILEY, TOP MUTT MANAGEMENT AND MUSIC PRODUCTION.

A group of three sheep are bah-ing away around a big microphone in a vocal booth. A sweet sickly and totally impotent sound bleets forth.

Rosetta O'Rilley a pug of an old broad. A cigar smoking record mogul is world weary and gravel throat-ed, but with unmistakable raunch appeal for those same reasons.

Her smooth, smart-suited assistant, a terrier, PEACHY PERKINS twiddles knobs on an old mixing desk.

The song ends. He reaches over and turns off a reel to reel tape machine.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

(bored)

God dam herbivorous hicks! Yeah yeah. That's a take.

BLEETERS

Bah bah bahhhhhhhhhhhhhh

PEACHY PERKINS

Cut, I said CUT.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Farmyard radio stations will take any insipid piece of crap I throw at them.

She presses button on a mike to talk to the vocal booth

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

Haven't you simpering bleeters got anything else for me. Something with a bit more balls.

BLEETERS

(in harmony)

Sure do Rosetta how about this?

They launch into a similar tune in a similar sickly way.

## BLEETERS

"Bah Bah Shorn in the USA..."

Rosetta kills the monitor sound.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

There's no soul there, no bite, no  
feelin'. I need a sound I can sell  
to the bright lights.

## PEACHY PERKINS

Rosetta don't forget you are  
judging the talent show at the fete  
next week. We'll surely discover  
something there. It is a talent  
show after all.

He arches an eyebrow. We see 'talent show' poster. The  
same poster that Weasel took.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

The Fete, some hope. The last three  
years have been won by a singing  
nun, a bunch of rhythm deprived,  
Jesus loving, tambourine players  
and an egotistical giraffe.

He points to some gold records on the wall displaying  
the aforementioned musical acts.

## PEACHY PERKINS

Exactly, and may I remind you we  
made a mint off all three. Mainly  
thanks to my awesome styling, of  
course.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

There's no accounting for popular  
taste.

Shot of the Bleeters still singing their little sheepy  
hearts out through the window, (complete with  
synchronised hand choreography) but you can't hear them.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

I'm gonna be snoring my way into an  
early grave soon. To think I used  
to handle all the real stars. oohh  
The King.

## PEACHY PERKINS

(He looks at his phone)

Oh, a Customer...Hello Sir...you  
better have the money this time.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

No one now, can match The King's popularity, damn right sex appeal or superb sound.

(to camera)

Produced by yours truly of course.

(back to speech)

The mom's wanted to 'pet' him, the dads wanted to be him and the kids worshiped his every move.

She looks up and notices the sheep still at it.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

Peachy do we have these bleetin' idiots contract?

PEACHY PERKINS

Yes madam all signed. The rights are yours.

Rosetta turns the sound back on, presses a button and the sheep disappear out of sight.

BLEETERS

Shorn in the U.S. Baaaaaahhhhhhhh

A spray of bloody wool erupts like a geyser from the hole as mincing noises are heard.

PEACHY PERKINS

Uhm, au-revoir sheep. Talking of which, Rosetta, I'm just nipping out a mo, you know how it is, business calls.

Perkins leaves

ROSETTA O'RILEY

(lost in thought)

I miss that overblown tiger. It was his own fault turning down all those film roles to concentrate on his 'music'. He just wouldn't play by the rules - My Rules.

Rosetta looks around and pulls out a tiger cock dildo from the draw..she perks up

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

Luckily I still have my kingsize buzzerator, Tiger Tail edition.

Camera moves onto The Kings photo on a framed 'King Sized Hits' Album as a buzzing sound starts.

FADE TO:

12

**FLASHBACK A STAGE INT NIGHT**

12

The real thing. A pompadoured gold-suited Tiger (The King) is center stage in a big dark auditorium.

He holds a gorgeous gold guitar (now where have we seen that before?). He preaches to the crowd.

THE KING

My loyal subjects you are in the presence of Royalty, I am the ruler of Rock and The Roll, The Arch Duke of Delinquency, the Prince of the Pompadour, the Emperor of Roar, with my Crown Jewels of cool.

The lights go up revealing his Band 'The Crown Jewels'. They play an intro flurry!

THE KING (cont'd)

Are you ready to give forth tribute? Are you ready to receive my blessings, are you ready?...

A Big Soul Rock spectacular song. Little Richard, Vegas era Elvis or James Brown at their best.

His group, 'The Crown jewels' impeccably dressed, kick off behind him, A 'bat' person is the drummer.

THE KING (cont'd)

I'm the King,  
The King of Rock and Roll  
I'm the thing, the real thing  
The thing that shakes your soul  
Love me and I'll treat you right,  
Blow me up I'm dynamite...  
and I'll rock and rock all through  
the night.  
Guitar lay it on me one time...

The King dances like he's on fire swirling his cape around and driving the shadowy crowd wild with his awesome guitar.

A shadow stage shaking her head.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
Times up Tigerman. It's kingdom  
come for 'The King'.

A finger pushes a big red button on the remote.

The guitar electrifies, sparks flying and making the tiger  
jump real high. Smoke pours out of his ass like a jet  
plane.

THE KING  
Ahhhh! Here we go loop de loop!

After a couple of loops, The King comes down inside  
the piano, the lid slams shut and a "Boooooaong" is  
heard.

The piano rebounds off the ground then collapses in  
on itself in a splurge of blood.

The Crown jewels rush forward but it's too late. They  
lift the piano lid look dismayed and grossed out.

ROSETTA  
An electri-frying performance!

The King's ghost floats out flapping his fingers,  
clutching his gold guitar . He has angelic backing  
dancers.

The band take off their hats.

THE KING  
I got burnt! You can't kill 'The  
King'. I'll be back, Vengeance will  
be mine, I tell ya! Sweet sweet  
vengeance...

A curtain marked final closes and the king leaves  
the building.

CUT TO:

13

**A DODGY ALLEYWAY NIGHT TIME**

13

Mountains of garbage are strewn around with vague  
Drugged out junkie rats lying around.

Weasel Ferret is making an exchange with PEACHY PERKINS  
near a set of doors marked: 'Kransky's Catsino gaming house"  
- service entrance'.

Weasel visibly relaxes as he sniffs in the noxious  
green vapor produced. UV light bursts forth.

WEASEL FERRET

Bnrrrrrrr ooh, there's fire in my,  
in my, in my blood.

A pair of evil looking Lurax junkies creep up intent  
on malice.

A big black bat shadow swoops down kicks their ass.

BATUSI

Ferret that away Weasel It's show  
time.

Weasel pepping up noticeably from the vapor agrees.

WEASEL FERRET

Ok Batusi C'mon, C'mon, Let's do  
this crazy shit.

14

**VAGUEASS KRANSKY'S CATSINO INT. NIGHT**

14

A glitzy but cheap-looking gambling den/cat  
house/saloon. 'Cheetahs not allowed' says a sign.

A Prissy domesticated cat waitress hangs around, she has a  
diamante tagged collar.

The Can Can Cats are just finishing a very tame routine to  
a naff organ sound. They exit as Weasel climbs on stage.

A stuck up Maitre D gives Weasel a stare and points at his  
watch. Weasel ignores him and uncovers a cheapo slide  
guitar.

Batusi gets behind the drums and does a a cheesy  
roll. Weasel launches into a naff melody.

The two old kangaroos are in a booth.

KANGAROO WALTER

Say Jethro they say that music is  
the food of love.

KANGAROO JETHRO

Well Walter that would explain why  
I'm famished.

A holler interrupts Weasel's playing making him raise  
his eyes towards the only occupied card table in the  
room.

Mayor Kransky, a real porker, wearing full mayoral sash and  
chain over a western suit, reluctantly pushes over a pile  
of cash towards the grinning Wolfy.

Two important looking gambling baboons sit equally dejected.

Furr relaxes next to Wolfy, sipping on a mean looking milk drink. She has her guitar with her and plucks a chord.

Wolfy wins again and spills Furr's drink in his excitement.

WOLFY HOWL

Eat Wolf dust hombres!

(to Furr)

Told you it was my luckee day, I'm gonna clean out these bourgeois baboons.

Furr licks the split drink of herself suggestively. She eyes up the waitress.

FURR FEVER

Sure sugar, whatever gets you in heat. Me I'm hot all the time. Waitress...

CAT WAITRESS

uh yes ma'am

Furr runs her hands all over the waitress, who reacts a bit stiffly but obviously doesn't mind.

FURR FEVER

Ever lose the collar? You tried living "wild fast and free"?

WOLFY HOWL

First we need more drinks, another round!

CAT WAITRESS

Same again Ma'am or would you like to try something different?

(winks to Furr)

I'll be right back.

WOLFY HOWL

And we want the keys to the Lux suite. (to Furr)

This here frisky feline deserves the best.

The mayor sees a chance to get his cash back.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Listen here wolf, I'll comp you the Lux suite, if you double the odds.

## WOLFY HOWL

My odds are always doubled Mayor  
Kransky. Get those stakes up  
higher. I'm on a roll. Let's play.

The song reaches an unnoticeable climax. Weasel drinks  
a long slug from a hip flask.

## FURR FEVER

(bored notices Weasel)

Hey you, you know 'The Reaper'?

Without even looking up the weasel launches into a  
slightly less inane instrumental.

Batusi speeds up the drum playing a tad.

**The Reaper Link Wray style instrumental, mean & moody**

Furr starts to strum along with her guitar.

The cat waitress starts getting into it.

The weasel is now eyeing up Furr's guitar greedily.  
The hollow body gold glitter guitar seems to shimmer.

Furr notices his attention, scowls, he quickly looks  
away. Wolfy rolls the dice.

Furr hits a more forceful note the song instantly  
improves. The dice come up with double sixes.

Shot of the cats dancing much wilder.

She hits another note. Wolfy spins the Roulette - Black  
13. Another chord and he lays some cards down its 4 aces.

## WOLFY HOWL

Have you heard the news, Wolfy's  
winning tonight...I'm ace the face  
in this roulette race.

The song ends as Kransky and the baboons look at each other  
fuming. Wolfy collects his massive pile of winnings. The  
cat waitresses look a bit perplexed and disheveled and  
start straightening themselves out.

## WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

(to furr)

Now let's do the mess-around.

MAYOR KRANSKY

This ain't right. Nobody's beaten  
me at my tables before. I'm  
bringing in the sheriff.

He removes his sash to show a sheriff's badge and goes  
for his truncheon.

The Maitre D pins a "Deputy Dawg" button on and holds up a  
ridiculously large cartoon gun. He approaches the table  
and stands behind Mayor Kransky.

The cats and baboons scatter.

DEPUTY DAWG

Can't you read the sign, no  
cheetahs.

WOLFY HOWL

I'm a Wolf, spelled W.O.L.F. Ahm no  
cheetah. I'm just L.U.K.E.E that's  
all, luckeee.

MAITRE D

I don't take the word of no wild  
wolf.

WOLFY HOWL

(standing up)

and I don't put on a fake facade  
like you domesticated shampooed  
fluffy wuffy pooches. All yap and  
no bite.

Maitre D is rising angrily to the bait.

MAYOR KRANSKY

I got a big bite, big enough to  
swallow you up whole. Empty them  
pockets of yours let us see what  
you got to hide.

Wolfy pulls out his pockets; nothing but an old fish  
bone comb, a couple of coins, some dog chews, various  
genital tinglers, a massive used condom.

WOLFY HOWL

Nothing to hide I told ya.

MAITRE D

What about that wild cat of yours?

Dawg points the gun at Furr. Wolfy sees his chance. He leaps, grabbing the maitre d by the throat. The gun falls to the floor.

WOLFY HOWL

Listen here. We're honest, mean and a tad un-hygienic maybe...

He sniffs his own armpit.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

...but honest...sort of...at least I'm certainly not a cheetah and there's not a lot left of the last pampered lapdog who called me that.

MAYOR KRANSKY

You dare steal from me...

The mayor has a short stare off with Wolfy, thinks better of it, then brushes himself down and changes tack.

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)

Wait. I am so sorry. We seem to have got off on the wrong foot. Please allow me to make amends. Have 'the Lux Suite on the house. I'll send up room service too, Manager!

The mayor now looking like a hotel manager presents a big gold key with an obvious big gold Lux sign on it.

Wolf scoops up Furr, and a few bottles...

FURR FEVER

Bout time, I got some itches to scratch.

and on second thoughts the used condom and tinglers.

WOLFY

Might be needin' them.

He heads off.

WOLFY HOWL

Howwwwwlllllllll.

CAT WAITRESS

Might have to swing by the lux suite later...I'm getting mighty hot under my collar...

15

CATSINO BACKSTAGE BASICALLY A MOP CUPBOARD

15

The backstage is littered with drug packets, tequila, beer etc...

Throughout the conversation Weasel and Batusi indulge themselves. They down an incredible amount of substances which would normally floor a horse.

BATUSI

Focus your audio man. Did you see the way that cat played. Meanest string plucking I ever saw. She could flay the pelt right off your back, with those riffs.

Weasel pops a mouth full of pills, then accosts Batusi. He's up and down like a yo yo, speeding up and slowing down as the cocktail of pills and other stuff takes effect.

WEASEL FERRET

I'm telling you, I'm telling you that's an insanely valuable geetar.

BATUSI

Snakaty whack. I'd sure dig adding the legendary Batusi Beat to that sound. Now that's a blast!

WEASEL FERRET

Let's steal that darn guitar then, I can play that thing. No more sh sh shitty Cat-sino gigs. No more instrumental versions of Mice Girls songs, It'll be the big time for me. I can win the talent show.

BATUSI

Bongo beatin' daddio. You're clean out of your tiny Weasel mind. I ain't messing with no big cat and a wild, wild wolf to boot. Nah Uh

WEASEL FERRET

Don't forget there's all that cash, that louverly cash they took off that ass Mayor Kransky too. Let's take them tonight. We'll drug them, drug them, then rob them.

Batusi looks around at empty bottles and pill packets.

BATUSI

You're crackin' up you ferrety  
fool, besides you just took all the  
drugs.

WEASEL FERRET

Darn I was wandering why I felt so  
awesome..

(strikes a heroic pose  
then vomits)

OK, OK, OK Gotta be a way, there  
must be a way, how do we get that  
sound, that guitar, c'mon, c'mon  
you're the brains around here...

BATUSI

(Scoffing)

and you're the beauty, Zonk head.  
One thing, those mimis sure didn't  
have the snooze on their minds.  
Maybe we just have a gas, discuss  
the possibilities. Nice and  
civilized like.

WEASEL FERRET

There's nothing civilized about  
those two. Wait! Wait, I know. I  
know, we need to tempt them, tempt  
them with something they want...

Weasel pulls out a poster - Town fete talent show- first  
prize: recording session and record deal with legendary  
Hit Maker Rosetta O'Riley. Goes in and out of focus.

Batusi peers out from behind some big-ass dark glasses.

BATUSI

Rosetta O'Riley I know her from my  
days with the Kings Crown Jewels.

WEASEL FERRET

Did you say The King? That geetar?  
No, no, no, it couldn't be his

BATUSI

I never dug her scene but, a  
Rosetta Record deal, no rockin'  
rollin' wolf-cat could resist that!  
And they'd need a right tight  
rhythm section.

They partake of even more alcohol and upend the  
packets looking for anything that might have been  
missed.

## WEASEL FERRET

Hey Batusi, think about it, Mayor Kransky's a sore loser. He'll be looking to even the score, and he'll do it soon.

## BATUSI

You're right sickbreath, no one steals his bacon and gets away with it. We need to get there first or we'll miss our chance.

16

**THE LUX SUITE INT NIGHT**

16

A luxury hotel bedroom, lingerie, empty bottles, pill packets and sex aids are strewn all over the place. A contented Cat waitress sneaks out grabbing her collar off Wolfys head.

Wolfy, claw marks all over his back, snores gently, half on half off, the bed. Furr is curled up into a ball next to him.

She stirs starts hacking and coughs up a massive white fur ball. then goes back to sleep.

A dark shape (Batusi) appears sliding drunkenly towards Furr's Guitar.

Wolfy lets out a snort the shape freezes, another snort and it disappears vertically upwards. You see them stuck to the ceiling.

Weasel sneaks in and goes to grab the guitar next to Furr.

The guitar lets out an enormous twang and shudders in his hands with a life of it's own.

Weasel dives behind the bed. Then looks above it. She has not woken. Phew.

The camera moves in on Sleeping Furr's head.

WAVY DREAM CUT

17

**FURR'S DREAM / FLASHBACK ANIMATED**

17

Night time, a very young disheveled Furr is fleeing a group of silhouetted pursuers with big nets. They look a lot like the crowd of no good hicks in Coyote's. Her clothes are ripped, and she is out of breath.

She pauses outside a mysterious antique shop, something glitters in the back of the shop catching her eye.

She picks the lock with a claw and slips in. The shop is crowded with references to other films. The pursuers run past. Furr moves to the back of the shop towards a glowing gold guitar.

The gold reflects in her eyes she is mesmerized. Wham!

Furr now grown up struts a dark stage the guitar in hand. Magic energy pours forth as she levitates from the power of It. Visible notes powering off in every direction.

Animalistic shadows are seen to cavort around.

The image of the King appears... A disembodied head

THE KING

Hear this, you fabulous, and rather fetching fellow feline. I am 'The King, ruler of the jungle beat and that is MY guitar.

Shot of furs dreaming head she smiles.

THE KING (cont'd)

I have bestowed it upon you. It's sound contains the raw power of my rock and roll. The power that you revel in. I have been betrayed, betrayed and murdered. Avenge me Furr. Play that wild guitar. Release the rumble, and kill that beetch Ros..

Kerang the guitar noise cuts through the dream. The King looks startled and vanishes.

Furr sinks down rapidly into black void, losing her grip as the guitar grows bat wings and swoops off.

Furr opens an eye instantly alert, the room swims into view. She looks towards her guitar. It's gone.

FURR FEVER

Shitting fanging damn shit shit  
shit hell. Meooooo Hissssssssss

She grabs Wolfy lifting his head up he half opens one eye smiles and falls down again, just as the door is kicked open.

A gang of Kransky's dog goons burst in.

**CAT FIGHT INSTRUMENTAL SONG - A hissing, spitting wild ride**

She arches her back and hisses but without the guitar she hasn't the power to win, there is plenty of fight in her but...she's still buzzed out and Wolfy still addled with drink is virtually useless. They are surrounded and tied up.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Some date this turned out to be  
Wolfy boy.

Wolfy gives it his best lopsided grin and sidles over in his ropes.

WOLFY HOWL

What do you mean? This is hot!  
Wooooo! Its getting kinkier by the  
minute.

Mayor Kransky strolls in. He picks up the piles of cash and casino chips and cat collar.

MAYOR KRANSKY

No one cheats on me and gets away  
with it. It's plain extortion. And  
in my town that carries a lengthy  
sentence. I am sure the judge will  
agree with me.

He whips out a judges wig, and bangs a gavel.

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)

Here ye, here ye, This court is now  
in session. I am the judge.

DOG GOONS

(singing)

Everybody knows that he is the  
judge.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Since you have been caught red  
handed without any alibis.

WOLFYHOWL

Whaaaaat?

Kransky bangs the gavel.

MAYOR KRANSKY  
Order in court.

WOLFY HOWL  
Did you say order? I'll have two  
beers please.

MAYOR KRANSKY  
Extra time mister wolf.

DOG GOONS  
(singing)  
Everybody knows that he is the  
judge

MAYOR KRANSKY  
I here-by sentence you two  
deplorable deadbeats to a long  
stretch at the funny farm. Take 'em  
away.

They leave dragging Wolfy and Furr behind them. Weasel  
appears out of nowhere holding the guitar as the  
shadowy bat creature flips down from his hiding place in  
the ceiling.

They look at each other then at the guitar. Weasel pulls  
a rock and roll posture and tries a note a pathetic twink  
comes forth.

He tries harder and pulls a power chord, a pathetic  
plunk comes out.

The kings Ghost stretched out on the bed can be  
seen laughing at his pathetic efforts.

THE KING  
Hey you pathetic bonehead! My royal  
guitar is not for a skunk like you.  
Only a big cat can pull my strings.

Batusi looks around quizzically like he can hear the king

BATUSI  
Snacky Poo, one in the eye for you  
Weasel. We'll need the cat after  
all, back to plan Batusi. You got  
bail?

WEASEL FERRET  
Ha I ain't, ain't even got  
breakfast.

BATUSI

Let's think, skiddelly wink. Mayor  
Kransky is sending them up-country.  
No one flies from the funny farm.

WEASEL

They're headed for the the chain  
gang!

Weasel rubs his wrists he's obviously been there  
before. Batusi has an idea.

BATUSI

Fried onions. It's simple. We bust  
them out en route...

WEASEL

...and they'll be sooooo soooo  
grateful, they'll help us win the  
talent show. Bin, Bing, Bingo.

FADE TO BLACK:

19

**MAYOR KRANSKY'S OFFICE DAY**

19

The Mayoral office is functional but not too flash,  
obviously small town. Various official get ups are  
seen.

A promo pic for the "Wieners" is held in Mayor  
Kransky's fists as he bangs them on the desk.

Rosetta seated opposite looks on bored filing her nails.

MAYOR KRANSKY

My boys WILL win that talent  
competition. I made damn sure  
they's got PERFECT talent.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

I'm sure you did, a little beating  
goes a long way?

MAYOR KRANSKY

I never beat 'em, I just whipped  
'em into shape a little. Didn't  
take much.

Quick flash of young Kransky whipping his boys as they  
cry in unison. (animated)

Kransky obviously adores his little piglets. If only they  
could be the mega stars like he's 'trained' them up to  
be.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Stall the ball, Kransky, I can't swing it this time. Besides I am looking for a sound with a little less oink and a little more bite..

There's a knock at the door, a familiar young coyote girl skates in with a big bucket labeled "Coyote's Takeout Turkey, Mega Family Bucket".

MAYOR KRANSKY

Ahhh Lunch.

Kransky ties a bib around his neck and tucks in.

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)

Carry on Rosetta. Tread carefully.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

I was saying I need something that packs a bit more excitement, a bit of raw power. A sound that wallops you right between the ears.

MAYOR KRANSKY

(almost chokes)

You mean Rock and roll!. That rock and roll music is the last thing I want, makes people mighty rebellious. Unreasonable like. You found that out before with that 'King' of yours.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

The King's gone, but the world is ripe for a very lucrative nostalgia revival.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Don't get all nostalgic with me Rosetta. Want a bone?

He tosses her a bone which she can't resist catching.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

(gnawing on the bone)

The thing with Rock and Roll is to tame it, smooth over those rough edges, polish it into a nice smile, make it work for me and my wallet.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Well you won't work in this town  
again, if you don't help out my  
adorable little Wieners.

Rosetta gets up to go. She can't help grabbing another bone.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

My sites are set a little higher  
than this dump! And besides if you  
want to stay as mayor you better  
pick your game up. People been  
wandering when their trash is going  
to get picked up...

Kransky leans back in his chair looking very smug indeed.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Mayor? Do you really think I intend  
to stay in Vagueass for ever. I'm  
going uptown now, my sites are set  
high too...very high...

Car Crash Noise.

20

**LOST GULLY**

20

Track- Don't come a knocking when this van is rocking A  
real Hillbilly hootenanny of a song

You can see a 'Deviation' sign and a crashed prison truck.

A mostly unconscious blood splattered dog guard lolls  
around in the front seat. The van is rocking like wild and  
howls are coming out of it with cat hisses.

The back doors blow off, taking out most of the van. A  
wheel bounces towards Batusi and Weasel.

WOLFY HOWL

Woooooooooooooooo. Did the earth move  
for you too?

BATUSI

Weasel you were only supposed to  
blow the bloody doors off.

WEASEL FERRET

I'm a mu, mu-musician, not a, not a  
bloody bomb expert.

When the smoke clears, we see Wolfy and Furr slightly singed,  
removing cones from around their necks. Batusi and Weasel look  
relieved they are not hurt... much.

FURR FEVER

Wow Wolfy you blow my mind.

WOLFY HOWL

Snakes alive, that was one hell  
hell of a kinky ride.

Furr eyes up Weasel and Batusi her suspicions are  
aroused. Her claws come out and she grabs Weasel

FURR FEVER

Why would two bottom feeders like  
you would go to all that trouble to  
help little ol' us?

WEASEL FERRET

We just, we just, we wanted a uh,  
we need, we need a little help.

BATUSI

Babalu Boogaloo, we need your  
groove, dig?

WEASEL FERRET

We were mighty, mighty impressed  
with your killer guitaring.

BATUSI

..and Wolfy here's the swingingest  
daddio. He's got a bucket load of  
gas.

FURR FEVER

Uhm, that's not all he's got by the  
bucket load, And?

BATUSI

There's this talent show next week  
at The Vagueass town fete.

WEASEL FERRET

With your help we can win the show  
and get the contract. Then its fame,  
fortune, drugs, drugs drugs. We  
want, we want, to be in your **ROCK  
AND ROLL BAND.**

Furr releases Weasel, who glares at them his eyes  
almost popping out.

FURR FEVER

A band? A rock and roll band?

Furr looks at Wolfy. They grin at each other knowingly.

## WOLFY HOWL

Rock n Roll's about sticking it to  
society. It's all about the raw  
sexual feeling...

(touches himself up)  
driving people wild with primeval  
passions.

Wolfy drooling saliva all over the place is heading for  
another climax. Weasel looks slightly alarmed, but Batusi  
is well into it.

## BATUSI

Great steaming balls of fire

## FURR FEVER

Cool it gang. First up I need...

Weasel reaches behind his back and hands over Furr's guitar.

## WEASEL FERRET

Here we, uh, we uh, I rescued this.

## FURR FEVER

Grrrrrrrrrrr...

## WEASEL FERRET

Have it back. Take it, take it. You  
and that guitar are made for each  
other. In your paws it's electrifying.

Furr stokes the guitar checking for damage, still not  
sure whether it's really the King's? The guitar purrs.

## FURR FEVER

Vocals, two guitars, drummer?

## BATUSI

Holy Mackerel, I'm Batusi, I was drummer  
in the Crown jewels, with 'the King' himself.

He lets rip a Wipe-out style drum solo on the van wheel.

## WOLFY HOWL

No shit 'The King'? He was the  
best. I dog dam love 'The King'.

## FURR FEVER

(patting her guitar)  
Miaou too, I flippin' love 'the  
King'.

Furr and Wolfy look at each other an obvious  
attachment there and pull a king pose.

BATUSI

We all loved 'The King', and The King loved us all, literally, but it ended when he blew his jets.

WOLFY HOWL

Now we just needin' us a band name?

FURR FEVER

Gotta be something sexy, something criminal, something dangerous. We got jail time for Extortion we should be 'The Extortions'?

WOLFY HOWL

(looking at Furr's ass)

No, much better, The **Sex..tortions!**

FURR FEVER

How we gonna swing the talent show  
The law will be after us.

Furr starts to strum on the guitar absentmindedly.

WOLFY HOWL

We just need a disguise, I look great in sheep's clothing...

A big laundry truck pulls up "heaven scent laundry" driven by our old friend TURA.

TURA

Hey Trouble, What's up? Made some friends I see?

FURR FEVER

Hey Tura,. had a shower yet?

TURA

(she smells her pits)

Clean as a breeze. Nice wolf you found yer self there.

FURR FEVER

He's a work in progress.

TURA eyes Wolfy up and down appreciatively. Wolfy raises a hairy eyebrow.

TURA

Need a lift?

Wolfy's eyes up the "Ma Mandrill" logo she is wearing a big Mother Hubbard bonnet.

WOLFY HOWL  
 (under his breath)  
 I can do a pretty good grandma too.  
 (loud)  
 What you hauling in the back there  
 cowpoke?

Band talk fades out...The King appears with angelic  
 backing dancers.

THE KING  
 Things are falling into place  
 nicely. I might get my revenge on  
 that fugly pug Rosetta now.

CUT TO:

21 VAGUEASS TOWN FAIR - THE TALENT SHOW BACK STAGE. DAY

21

A village/school fete style talent show. 'The Mice  
 Girls' are judging. Ginger mice in front, they all grin  
 inanely showing rodent teeth. Awful Japanese shamisen  
 music.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (VO)  
 Thank you, Kitaro Prickles, Yippee.

An annoying porcupine kid plays a Japanese shamisen  
 heads backstage past Rosetta

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
 Another act like that and I'll rip  
 my own ears off. What could be  
 worse? Next...

She looks up agog as a mysterious quartet of musicians  
 dressed like mother Hubbard in bonnets and mumus walk  
 past heading for the stage.

You hear a vocal hymn like intro then an almighty howl  
 followed by horrendous cacophony. It's The Sextortions...  
 It's rough around the edges but has great potential!

**FEATURED SONG - GoGo Grandma would be a hot Rhythm and  
 blues bopper but done wild and punky**

Rosetta pricks up her ears and pops her head up. The  
 fete audience is staring to get wild!

The coconut shy is getting pounded by Kangaroo Walter.

The lucky wheel is spinning out of control. Prizes  
 going everywhere.

The old ladies in the crowd are pogo-ing and ripping off their bloomers as Kangaroo Jethro helps out.

The Mice Girls en mass raid the cheese stall. The band on stage in their old Mother Hubbard clothes are rocking out, with bits of hairy limb exposed now and again, their disguise barely holding together.

Then Mayor Kransky bursts backstage and pulls the power.

MAYOR KRANSKY

I'm warning you Rosetta! That rock and roll is out of control. Get my boys on NOW!

Rosetta doesn't really hear, she is deep in thought.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

That sound, uhm....

The song ends and the fete returns to normal. The crowd looks a bit sheepish at what they were up too..

GRANNY SCRATCHIT

I'm sorry about that Mabel I don't know what came over me.

GRANNY MABEL

Can I have my teeth back now?

Granny Scratchit pulls a set of dentures that is stuck to her ass and hands it over.

Kangaroo Walter holds up a whole bunch of coconuts.

KANGAROO WALTER

Wowsa! I never won a coconut before let alone ten.

Granny Liz pushes a still lecherous Kangaroo Jethro away.

GRANNY LIZ

Get your filthy paws off my silky draws.

Kangaroo Jethro pulls his hands out from inside her bloomers covered in spiders webs. A spider runs up his arm.

KANGAROO JETHRO

Silky you say? No one's been through those drawers since the ark was shipwrecked.

Rosetta gains the stage, cigar in hand.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
 Apologies for that little hiccup  
 everyone,  
 (sarcasticly)  
 And now the act, that you've all  
 been waiting sooooooo long for -  
 The Wieners...yipeeeeeeeee.

The Wieners perform (and of course win the Talent show)  
 with their lame song "everyone loves a wiener baby".

POV A giant hairy hand appears and presses fast on a  
 remote. The whole song is played at super fast forward  
 speed.

The Mice girls covered in cheezy bits, brush themselves  
 off. They hold up score cards 10,10,10,10,10

THE MICE GIRLS  
 Oh fantastic, spiffing, it's as  
 good as Ed Shearing, they have such  
 talent... The Wieners win trotters  
 down.

Backstage Rosetta picks up a massive cartoon hammer.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
 I need to deal with that little  
 mice problem.

The Sextortions, still unrecognizable, in  
 dilapidated disguise walk past heads down, dejected.

Rosetta's eyes alight on the gold guitar and she  
 looks puzzled, shakes herself out, and introduces  
 herself.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)  
 Hey you...Yeah you, You ladies  
 (????) have really got something.

WOLFY HOWL  
 Really? We just lost out to three  
 whinging lil shitty piggies.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
 Don't worry about it, what you need  
 is a great manager. In fact you  
 need me. Rosetta O'Riley.

They look toward her. Is It Rosetta O'Riley? It really  
 is her! They reveal themselves

## WEASEL FERRET

Yes ma'am, Rosetta ma'am, we'd be  
mighty interested in that, mighty,  
mighty, interested indeed.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

If you sorry lot of retirement home  
wannabees want to get real good,  
and, I think, that you have some  
potential to get there. I might be  
able to help.

The King's Ghost pops out of the guitar The band  
sense something but of course no one can see him.

## THE KING

That's her. That's that traitorous  
hoochy slapper ticker Rosetta.

The King's ghost tries to strangle her but his ghostly  
hands are ineffectual.

Rosetta doesn't even really notice.

## WOLFY HOWL

We wanna play rock and roll.

## FURR FEVER

We wanna make our own records.

## WEASEL FERRET

We wanna the greenback dollars.

\$ signs appear in his eyes.

## BATUSI

Shim Sham Shimmy. Blitz it baby.

Rosetta whips out a contract- its ridiculously thick like  
an old phone book.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

Of course of course, with my help,  
you guys will get the very best of  
everything, just sign here.

The King's ghost is almost apoplectic...but of course  
they don't hear him.

## THE KING

Don't trust that conniving bitch.

After a few quizzical glances among themselves the  
band shrug and agree. This was the plan after all.

Camera moves in on the contract being signed.

FADE TO:

22

ROSETTA' OFFICE

22

Camera pulls out from the contract to reveal.

The band, now in their usual dress, they have signed the contract without of course reading the reams of small print.

WOLFY HOWL

Now to make some noise! Real noise!

FURR FEVER

Now for some new threads,  
Frederick's of Hollywoof here I  
come. Cough up Rosetta.

WOLFY HOWL

Wahoooooooooooo.

The band are hugging each other jumping around, getting super buzzed. Generally chatting excitedly with each other and not paying much attention to Rosetta. Furr is wary though.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

First we need to get some demos  
together. Studio time is not cheap  
either, but don't worry about that  
for now.

Peachy Perkins behind her is adding things up on a calculator.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

I presume you do have some songs?

WOLFY HOWL

I got plenty of songs. Rock and  
roll songs. Rhythm and Blues songs.  
Rockabilly songs. Ballads, uh no,  
no ballads...Rock and Roll songs?

Wolfy reaches into his jacket and pulls out a fading torn notebook. Scrawled on the front is "Rock n Roll".

Rosetta grabs it and leafs through. Riffs are heard as each page turns. She sees exactly what she wants.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

And? My songs kick ass! With a few good licks from Furr of course.

FURR FEVER

In your dreams dog face...

They sneer at each other playfully.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Yes these will do fine. I will just put my stamp here, merely a formality you understand.

Rosetta gleefully takes the songs, and She stamps them with a huge stamp that says "Words & Music by R.O'Riley. ALL rights in perpetuity (that means forever). She hands the book to Peachy.

Furr is starting to get suspicious.

Rosetta looks for the contract. Wolfy is chewing on it. After a small tug of war Rosetta gets it back looks disgusted at the saliva and hands it to Peachy too.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

Peachy take these and publish them straightaway after a thorough disinfection of course.

Peachy exits with the contracts. Furr looks at him leave.

WEASEL FERRET

What's next? How do we get the money, the money?

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Money's no issue for 'The Sextortions'. I'll spend big for my new discovery.

WOLFY HOWL

Rock and Roll, Rock and Roll we're gonna.....Rock and Roll.

Peachy Perkins in the background is carrying in a stack of expensive but small digi equipment.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

The pressing costs are quite high of course. Then there's the distribution, the kickbacks, the publicity. And look at all the fine equipment I got for you...

The brand new mega expensive band stuff is shown. with Big \$ signs on it. Wolfy and Furr look at it but seem unimpressed.

Dollar signs pop up in Weasel's eyes (again) and a big grin spreads across his face as WARTHOG's words echo in his head.

WARTHOG

Get the good stuff, the new stuff...

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Peachy is a very good agent too. He's not cheap but...

WOLFY HOWL

Agent? Secret Agent man? Cooool.

Wolfy pretends to be a spy sneaking around. He pops up next to Rosetta.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

C'mon Mama, where's the action. I need me some action!

He disappears under the table, saliva flies everywhere and licking sounds are heard. Rosetta goes a bit googly eyed and has to hold on tight to the desk.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Ooooh..Well to start with you need to play some local shows. ooooh. That should get you going, such an obviously talented group as... woohooooo, You need to start building a following and honing that sound. hhhhhaaaaaaaaa

V.O. over the fade to next scene as Rosetta climaxes.

23

**SMALL TOWN MUSIC VENUE "ANT'S PANTS"**

23

The Sextortions play a small show, the venue, Ants Pants, is bare bones basic; a few posters for upcoming shows and furniture from dumpsters spread around.

It clearly smells bad. On one side is a small stage a dirty shower curtain at the back. The Sextortions hardly fit.

What a band Wolfy is in semi drag, Furr exudes sex and cool, Weasel looks truly evil and Batusi in his traditional black garb gets ready to let rip.

## WOLFY HOWL

Gather round awl you dirt bags and  
furry freaks. We gonna rock your  
wig hats right off a ya head, blast  
the enamel off of a ya teeth and  
set your soul on fire...Get on your  
knees and clamp your lips around  
the... Sextortions....

Featured song: High heels and a mini skirt a really catchy  
bad ass punkabilly song

At first the small crowd boo, but soon people move  
forward. The crowd grows. They haven't seen anything like  
this before. People start to go nuts...but

The joint gets raided. The Mayor's dog henchmen burst  
in with massive over sized and ridiculous weaponry.

## HENCHMAN ONE

This is a raid. Right everybody hit  
the decks...

The crowd flee every which way. as the henchmen chase them  
. The band skip a beat.

## WEASEL FERRET

We gotta get outta this place.

## BATUSI

Yikes, its finking fuzz time.

Wolfy launches right back into it!

## WOLFY HOWL

Looking good in my high heels and a  
mini skirt...

Furr blows a couple of heavies who attack to the floor  
with a mean guitar lick.

## FURR FEVER

Take that, and that. Wolfy, let's  
go...

The heavies recover but Wolfy knocks their heads  
together ...he's having a ball.

## WOLFY HOWL

Awwwooooo I was just getting into  
my stride.

They escape through the curtain at the back.

Mayor Kransky comes in and rips off the till. He addresses the venue owner a disheveled and obviously stoned anteater type.

MAYOR KRANSKY

I'll take that, and what about my Payola, and don't forget a months worth of Protection taxes.

ANT EATER

(nervous)

But Mayor...

MAYOR KRANSKY

If you don't like it, then book 'The Weiners' next time.

ANT EATER

But Mayor Man, that's a real bummer. The kids love this new 'wild sound'.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Wild sound eh. Let me give you a new perspective on that.

The mayor grabs his snout and rips his head off (makes a wild sound), then swings it across the room it lands impaled on a mike stand.

ANT EATER

Hughhhhharhhhhhhh

FADE TO BLACK:

ROSETTA O'RILEY (V.O.)

Then play to the ghouls. If you can get them onside then you'll know you're good.

24

**AN OLD CEMETARY EXT MIDNIGHT**

24

A sign says 'Napa State Cemetery'. A mist hangs around the band approach in a hearse.

WEASEL FERRET

Stoopid, damn that stoopid Rosetta why did she tell us to play here?

FURR FEVER

The dead side of town.

## WOLFY HOWL

She said "if the dead don't dig our  
beat, no one will". Makes sense to  
me. Lets rattle some rockin' bones!

## BATUSI

I'm up for the jam man.. That's my  
kind of crowd.

the rest look around at precisely no one and shrug.

## BATUSI (cont'd)

Let's raise a little hell.

Tura looks out from over a massive pile of gear in her arms.

## TURA

Where do ya want the gear?

They are set up in a small plaza surrounded by  
imposing mouse-oleums The Sextortions look around.

## FURR FEVER

We'll do the new one...

They shrug and start to play. Wolfy's singing is 100%  
rock and roll amazing.

featured song 'Zombie Stomp' dark and sinister Bo  
diddley throbber.

The king pops out of the guitar and flies around through  
tombstones in and out of the ground affecting stuff with  
his magic.

Things start to quake and the dead come back to life  
to dance to the song.

The Sextortions look at each other, but don't  
dare interfere.

Spooky bat ghosts fly around.

Four zombie monkeys dance.

Goatlike Ghouls do the shimmy.

A whole barnyard of skeletons shake their bones.

There's a stage invasion by two comely, but rotting  
hyena chicks who laugh into Wolfy's microphone.

It's a real Disney of the dead moment. The dead all clap at the end. Dry Ice and smoke.

The song ends and the dead disappear. The band look a bit stunned. They get in the hearse.

BATUSI

Jeepers creepers.

FURR FEVER

Hellzapoppin', what a sound! Wolfy your howling raised the dead!

WOLFY HOWL

You play like you're possessed, Honeycat!

FURR FEVER

We'll start a rock and roll rebellion!

WOLFY HOWL

And turn all those domesticated drongos over to the wild side.

WEASEL FERRET

Make em pay big time for it too.

BATUSI

Wow a wop bamboo in deadsville.

TURA

Hmmmmppffffff

25

**AT THE DRIVE IN - NIGHT EXT**

25

Model of drive in. Wolfy and Furr are cuddled up in the hotrod, clearly not paying attention to the film only to each other.

We see the screen it's a Rabbit Romance, Bunnies roll in the surf, bounce through flowery meadows, drink sundaes with two straws...

WOLFY HOWL

Me? I grew up in a durty trashcan,  
on the wrong side of the tracks...  
It was grrrrreat.

Furr shivers as she starts to tell her origins.

Flashback Scene with Furr.

## FURR FEVER

I had a horrible childhood.

Scene fades in with luxury house and a little orphan Annie / Shirley Temple Furr dressed up to the nines with ribbons, petticoats etc...

## FURR FEVER (cont'd)

My parents abused me,

Her cat parents are showering her with sappy gifts.

## FURR FEVER (cont'd)

There was no hope,

Mum and dad hold up a 'law school' acceptance form looking so proud.

## FURR FEVER (cont'd)

The shame was unbearable,

Kiddie Furr is given best little girl award.

## FURR FEVER (cont'd)

So, I did the only thing I could...

She runs from a burning mansion....

Fade back to present. Wolfy's face. A great big lopsided grin spread all over it. Furr holds his face in her paws.

## FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Every lover before you has always wanted to tame me, put the brakes on. But you rev me up, you pump my pistons, you make my motor purr Wolfy.

## WOLFY HOWL

I'mmmm hooked, hooked and horny.  
Love me baby, love me right, love me morning noon and night.

Wolfy has a big box of popcorn on his lap. Furr puts her hand in. Wolfy giggles.

## FURR FEVER

Yum I'm gonna wolf me down some popcorn. Hey what's this I found a big ol' hairy corn cob..

Furr pushes her head down into the corn which flies everywhere, slurping sounds abound.

Wolfy gives a devilish grin as his eyes go googly. BGWMMG.

WOLFY HOWL

Pop my corn baby! You're the bomb.

Furr raises her head with popcorn stuck all over it

FURR FEVER

Sweet and ...salty...

Wolfy slides his arm behind Furr and looks at her adoringly.

WOLFY HOWL

Let's Bop babay let's bop.

Wolfy leans over and pops the glove box, a massive family size packet of 'bop pills' falls out along with a bottle of Boppin' Wolf Whisky and some kinky cat toys.

Furr stuffs her mouth with pills and downs them with the whisky...

FURR FEVER

You are one big hunk of burning  
love, Wolfy. A lil hep cat could  
get used to this , very used to  
this.

Furr pounces on Wolfy, pushing him down. And grabbing a big double ended strap on.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Now it's my turn to ride, ride the  
wild wolf.

Wolfy smiles and hands her a bottle of Vetsense Lubrigel. (this really exists!).

WOLFY HOWL

Can your pussy do the wolf?  
Ahhooooooooo...

Somehow the accelerator gets jammed and the hotrod takes off flying through the drive in screen.

Just behind them, in an old jalopy the two kangaroos look excited.

KANGAROO JETHRO

Hot damn. We scored the best  
spot in the place...

KANGAROO WALTER  
 Sure is better than knitting night  
 at the old fools home.

CARTOON ZOOM  
 FADE

26

**MONTAGE OF ROAD TO SUCCESS**

26

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
 (overdub)  
 I'll book you shows all over the  
 land. Now get out on the road and  
 get a bad reputation.

**Medley of songs a cornucopia of wild rockin' songs**

The montage scenes are inter-cut with various Sextortions records flying past (Terror of Tiki Town, Blues buster, You got bad tats, Wipeoff), and traveling shots of the band and TURA in the truck going from gig to gig.

We see road signs for various towns "Cowsville", "One Horse town".

As the montage progresses more and more Sextortions fans appear wanting autographs, waving signs etc..

The band get more wild and animal looking every time you see them.

26A- A TIKI BAR INT NIGHT

A lot of portly Hawaiian shirted koalas looking sleepy, elaborate, but naff drinks in hand, garnished with Eucalyptus leaves.

The band starts to play a Hawaiian twinged rocker. The koalas look at each other.

TIKI FAN 1  
 How dare they, This isn't exotica.

TIKI FAN 2  
 I was expecting Koala Pandit.

TIKI FAN 3  
 What's going on...

The Tiki Fans start to change go real wild end up all tattooed in grass skirts doing the Hawaiian war chant

TIKI FAN 3 (cont'd)  
 Arula mata gala

TIKI FANS  
 (chanting all together)  
 Nicka Ding Nicka doo.

They tie up a small possum for the cannibal

pot. 26B- A LAME JAZZ BAR - INT - NIGHT

A couple of nerdy muso horsey types, sat around not paying much attention.

The band rips into a song and their eyes all pop out of their heads, they froth at the mouth and end up on their backs doing the dead roach.

26C- A RECORD EXECS COCAINE PARTY INT NIGHT

Flash apartment with art pieces all over.

A Stuffy model/influencer type antelope ponces around mainly paying attention to their phone and taking selfies.

A faint sound? They turns up the bluetooth speaker.

The sound of The Sextortions rips through them like a Mexican wave.

They lose their shit and go wild taking 'dick pics' and stomping on their phone.

26D - BEACH WITH BAD SURF BACK PROJECTION.

The music changes to a scorching surf Guitar number.

Some really lame pimply wholesome beach kid seals pretend to surf in front of a back projection back drop.

Ripp! Wolfy rips the backdrop open to reveal the band in ragtag beach wear.

Furr's guitar playing is so fast smoke pours out of the guitar and her plectrum melts.

The kids fall to their knees in awe and start worshipping the band. Clapping their hands like performing seals and mounting each other.

The scene ends with the King rubbing his hands together in glee. Even he was never quite as wild as this...

THE KING  
 I bestow my royal rock and roll  
 blessing on the Sextortions.

Weasel struggles in pulling a trolley with the pile of expensive but diminutive digital equipment that Rosetta bought. Mini guitar amps etc...He stops near the counter in front of WARTHOG.

WEASEL FERRET

Kiss my b b beans Warty, kiss em,  
look what the world's best slide  
guitarist has got for you...

WARTHOG

(hardly looks up)  
You're dreaming Weasel!

WEASEL FERRET

What? You you you can get a heap of  
dough for this top notch, brand  
new, ultra digital equipment.

WARTHOG

No one wants that digital shit. Since the  
success of 'The Sextortions' everyone's paying top  
dollar for that old vintage crap.

You see the racks that once were full of cheap vintage gear cleared out. Only The Cat O'Caster remains with a \$5000 price tag on it.

WEASEL FERRET

I'll t t trade all this stuff to  
get my Cat o Caster back plus some  
of them diamond rings, and all  
the...

WARTHOG

Lion Adams has got his eye on that  
guitar. However I'll do you a deal  
for old times sake. The Cat o  
Caster in exchange for all that  
digi stuff...

WEASEL FERRET

Whaaat That's That's daylight  
robbery.

WARTHOG

Or I'm calling Lion Adams now.

WEASEL FERRET

grumble grumble grumble, blah I  
can't take this gear back to the  
band now, I'll be rumbled.

28A Rosetta counting more money on the control desk as she records. A commotion is heard outside the door.

PEACHY PERKINS (O.S.)  
Mind your manners sir. Rosetta's  
rather occupied at the moment...

Mayor Kransky busts into Rosetta's studio in his  
sheriff's get up.

MAYOR KRANSKY  
Up yours Perkins.

Peachy follows looking flustered. Kransky is fuming.  
Through a window you can see the Sextortions playing.

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)  
No one, but no one, is booking my  
'Weiners'. My poor little boys.

PEACHY PERKINS  
Can't say I blame them.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
Cool it Kransky. Everything in good time.

Kransky points angrily at the band.

MAYOR KRANSKY  
It's your damn fault, it's all  
because of those creeps of yours  
Rosetta.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
My new stars 'The Sextortions' are  
admittedly doing rather well. As I  
predicted.

MAYOR KRANSKY  
They're wanted felons. I've come to  
take them away..for good.

He hands her a wanted poster.

Wolfy and band are pulling faces through the window.

Rosetta compares them to the poster...Its obviously them.

ROSETTA O'RILEY  
Let it ride for now Kransky, and  
I'll deal with 'The Sextortions'  
myself when the time comes.

MAYOR KRANSKY

What's in it for me then Rosetta? I could be persuaded to overlook this little matter if you give me a bite of your pie.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

When the stage is clear I'll make 'The Wieners' the biggest stars in the world, trust me.

Rosetta raises an eyebrow at the camera.

Mayor Kransky swaps his sheriff hat for a top hat, and puts on a campaign rosette.

MAYOR KRANSKY

I'm running for state senator and you're gonna help me with my election campaign. Starting with some fund raising.

Mayor Kransky grabs the pile of cash.

PEACHY PERKINS

Hold on just a minute there sir, You can't just...

Rosetta looks intrigued, and raises a hand to calm Peachy.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Election? There's nothing like a national election campaign to generate a media frenzy, and get some nationwide publicity for 'my' band.

MAYOR KRANSKY

No deal, those beasts belong behind bars.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Just remember Kransky more people vote on American idol than they do in the elections. Music has power.

MAYOR KRANSKY

What are you saying?

CONTINUOUS

28B RECORDING STUDIO OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

The Sextortions finish recording the new song.

Through the control room window you can see Kransky and Rosetta shaking hands before he leaves.

The band are too carried away to notice. They are really pleased with their work. It's a great Rock and Roll song.

WOLFYHOWL

RiotCity!

Furr caresses the Guitar.

FURR FEVER

Thank you King.

THE KING(G.O.)

There's no job too immense, when  
you have confidence. Just taking  
care of business.

Batusi does an awesome drum fill.

BATUSI

Cool Bananas! I'm a sucker for  
Succotash.

WEASEL FERRET

Best supporting guitar ever award  
right there...

The door opens and a guy (s) in a mime outfit with triangles and naff percussion instruments walks in.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

(on the tannoy)

Great, you're right on time guys.  
Set up I'll be with you shortly.

28C BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Wolfy and Furr burst in bristling and suspicious

FURR FEVER

What's going on?

WOLFY HOWL

Who are these creeps?

ROSETTA O'RILEY

These creeps are actually the world  
famous "Ensemble Nouvelle  
Poubelle". They're gonna add some  
little overdubs.

## WOLFY HOWL

Over whats? What in hell is  
overdubs.

## PEACHY PERKINS

A few minor musical embelishments,  
nothing for you to worry about.

## FURR FEVER

Don't mess with our rock and roll,  
Rosetta.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

I wouldn't dream of it. Besides,  
I'm only "tweaking" it a little. A  
slight 'improvement' to the sound,  
help you get more airplay.

## WOLFY HOWL

What? We're getting plenty of radio  
play, all the late night radio  
shows. Furry the K, Screwey  
Phillips, Manwolf Jack,...

Cut away to a rotating split screen (vintage batman  
style) with rabid radio jocks going wild with the  
Sextortions records.

Manwolf Jack is eating the vinyl, Screwey Phillips is  
rubbing himself erotically with it, Furry the K (just a  
big fur ball) sticks his tongue through the center hole.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

That's very good news Mister Wolf,  
but we need the prime time shows on  
side too. I know the business, I  
know what's good for you.

## FURR FEVER

Our song, our band, our sound.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

I get final say "in all matters",  
as it says in the contract

## WOLFY HOWL

Gimme that contract, I'm gonna rip  
it to shreds.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

That sort of attitude will get very expensive for you. No arguments.

-----  
 Furr, really riled now, flicks out some really mean looking claws about twice the size as before.

FURR FEVER

You can argue with these you double crossing bitch.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

(unfazed)

Put em away moggy, there are also some outstanding debts involved. CONSIDERABLE outstanding debts.

Rosetta pulls out a shit load of invoices for clothes, expenses and finally the expensive Digi equipment.

-----  
 FURR FEVER

(under her breath)

We never even used that poncy stuff, where did it all go anyway?

She looks at Weasel, who shrugs

ROSETTA O'RILEY

And who do you think is keeping Kransky off your back.

Rosetta pulls out the 'Wolfy Howl, Furr Fever wanted for extortion' poster and brandishes it in their face.

-----  
 FURR FEVER

(she arcs up)

You pugly toad. You overblown mut. I'll scratch your beady little pug eyes out.

Wolfy look stumped, his eyes roll in their sockets, it's all a bit much for his party brain. But he holds Furr back.

Rosetta dismisses them.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

No one said this was gonna be an  
easy ride. Look just play your part  
nicely my pets.

WOLFY HOWL

Pets? Ahhhhhhhhhhhh. I ain't  
nobodies pets.

Wolfy and Furr look mad and storm out. Rosetta calls  
after them.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Oh. And I'm considering a little  
name change too.

PEACHY PERKINS

Something with a little more  
pizzazz I hope, more Eurovision  
chic, more Albert Hall.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

(into the mike)

Let's roll guys we'll start with  
the Plink-a-Synth XZ.

Peachy rewinds the tape for a take. Weasel walks back  
in shaking.

PEACHY PERKINS

What's going on, You are  
interwupting the recording  
seshion...

WEASEL FERRET

Listen you, you, you effeminated  
pooch, I need some Lurax...give me  
some Lurax.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Weasel. Good. There'll be plenty of  
Lurax if you help me out.

WEASEL FERRET

And I need it now.

ROSETTA

O'RILEY

Of course.

Rosetta dangles a test tube of lurax and Weasel begs for  
it. Rosetta strokes his face as he follows the tube.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

There's a good Weasel. You know the  
gold guitar that...

A sickly sweet plink-a-fone arrangement is heard starting up from the studio and drowns out the rest of the conversation.

JUMP CUT TO:

29

**HANGING BY THE BAND TRUCK NIGHT EXT**

29

The band are sat around having a band talk, Furr and Wolfy are really pissed.

They are surrounded by empty beer cans and bottles.

WOLFY HOWL

Pets! She called us pets, I'm no pet.

FURR FEVER

I'm gonna sharpen my claws on that fat face of hers.

BATUSI

Blitz it guys, we gotta breakout.

WEASEL FERRET

Hey hey! Patience. C'mon Rosetta knows best, she's the man.

FURR FEVER

What's with you and Rosetta?

BATUSI

She's a cheap creepin, hustling hershey, squatching cherry treeing barn dog.

WOLFY HOWL

Its a dog gone mess! We're at the mercy of a rotten stinking beady eyed pug?

WEASEL FERRET

Think of the big time guys! We'll get an ARSIA award for sure.

FURR FEVER

(pulls a face)

Its an ass-licking award.

WOLFY HOWL

No good band ever got one of those.

WEASEL

uhm Pearl Lamb? Smashing Pandas? Nine inch snails?

Weasel gets pelted with beer cans.

They hear a beer can crunch.

BATUSI

What's that sound? Everybody look,  
what's going down?

They are surrounded by shadowy figures. It's  
Kransky's goons.

Furr goes for the guitar. A big boot knocks it away  
and stomps on it, breaking the neck.

FURR FEVER

My Guitar! I'll claw you to pieces  
for that- you canine creep.

The Kings Ghost appears out of the wreck looking beat up.

THE KING

Brigands, Hooligans, I'm gonna take  
you to the bridge, the drawbridge  
and throw you off...

Furr arches her back, raising her fur spitting and hissing.

She looks again at the broken guitar, and knows she  
can't triumph.

More goons appear. Furr backs down, her eyes full of hate.

Mayor Kransky appears in full body amour and swat  
team getup. He's not taking any chances.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Keep them covered boys. Hello again  
folks. I'm here to issue a little  
warning, I got enough dirt on you  
talentless creeps to bury you away  
for the rest of your insignificant,  
miserable little lives.

WOLFY HOWL

Ha! Join the queue...

MAYOR KRANSKY

Help me out, or you're doing time.  
Hard time.

Furr now has to restrain Wolfy who's visibly growing  
angrier and getting hairier.

WOLFY HOWL

Grrrrrrrr. It's about time you and  
me had a showdown.

The guns all simultaneously cock at Wolfy.

FURR FEVER

Cool it honey, save it for later.

Furr tenderly puts her hand on Wolfy's raging breast and  
he cools down.

WOLFY HOWL

Grahhhharararrerraerars umph...

MAYOR KRANSKY

Now listen good, I'm a needing me a  
little campaign song, all just got  
to play along for a while. Let's go  
boys we got some showgirls to pay  
off.

When the Mayor and his goons go. Weasel picks up  
Furr's broken necked guitar.

WEASEL FERRET

Shit, don't worry I can fix this  
mess mess up.

FURR FEVER

Don't touch my guitar sleazeball.

WEASEL FERRET

But, but, you can use my, my  
Bender, my bender Cat O Caster.

FURR FEVER

You better fix it up good, Weasel,  
or I'll cat-strate you and play  
snooker with your balls.

WOLFY HOWL

His weasely balls? It will be more  
marbles than snooker.

BATUSI

Jeepers Creepers. Caool it we're  
all in this hoytoytoy together.

Wolfy preens his quiff back into shape.

## WOLFY HOWL

We might have lost this one, but at least they can't tame our wild good looks!

30

TOP O THE MORNING TV SHOW

30

Peachy P.O.V. of the band as he combs Wolfy's hair. They stand around on a very prissy TV stage with their instruments.

The band look very "fashionable" in a lame eighties way, a bit like Haircut 100, their animal traits already starting to disappear.

## PEACHY PERKINS

Absolutely spiffing. Just spot on gorgeous. Now go out there and shine, you look simply spiffing.

## FURR FEVER

(angry)

If only I had The King's guitar  
Where is it Weasel?

## WEASEL FERRET

Give me a break Furr. I'm fixing it up  
It was damn near snapped in half.

## TV CREWMAN

On air 4,3,2,1...

Audience shot they applaud.

Shot swings around to show a bland am TV show studio with hosts BRAD and Bree Ana. They are rabbits but very human looking their ears brushed back against their heads.

## BRAD

A good sunshine morning to all our viewers and you too Bree Ana.

## BREE ANA

And a good super dooper sunshine morning to you BRAD.

## BRAD

On today's show we have the newest political contender in our beloved nation. He's riding a populist escalator to the very top, The Honorable Mayor Kransky.

Badger sitting room watch on and nod sagely to each other.

Kransky enters to applause through a red and white striped curtain, he has a big rosette with his picture on it and his top hat.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Well thank you Brad thank you Bree Ana and hello voters. I'm the leader for you without a doubt. I have the vision, the integrity and the authority to lead you all.

BREE ANA

But you're not on the campaign road alone are you Mayor, you've recruited the newest pop sensation.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Yes, Miss Bree Ana, I have indeed. And I personally take credit for helping them up from their humble beginnings.

BREE ANA

Well let us not keep the country waiting. Here are Flex-Tortion.

**FEATURED SONG: Long Tall Porky**

The band mime badly and disgruntlingly to their rather lame "hit record". It's suitably crap but a bit rock and Roll.

Some very lame 80s dancers join in.

Boring audience of town animals seen to be moderately enjoying the action, clicking fingers etc...

The two Kangaroos are actually snoring away at the back.

31

**ROSETTA O WILLY STUDIO WORKSHOP**

31

Rosetta, looking actually quite raunchy in a white lab coat is tinkering with various pieces of instrumentation at her workbench/laboratory.

An injectable mind control gadget is being tested by Peachy in the background on a white mouse.

PEACHY PERKINS

These mind control microchips are erratic to say the least.

The white mouse goes totally doolally and repeatably crashes into the door.

Weasel walks in with the broken guitar, slamming the door open onto Peachy holding the remote control, which explodes the white mouse.

WEASEL FERRET

Furr's mighty suspicious, I need it back soon. Where's my Lurax?

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Peachy, take care of our friend.

Peachy grabs a insecticide spray and him and Weasel leave.

Rosetta checks inside the guitar and nods to herself. As she starts to tinker with the instrument The King's ghost fades into audience view.

THE KING

I'm gonna smite ya, and blight ya  
Lay the royal curse down on your  
blasted little head.

The King is enraged. A great scene as he tries to do her in but of course Rosetta can't really see him or feel his blows, they go right through her.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

I was right. It is The King's guitar, complete with all my special "alterations"

THE KING

NO respect for Royalty, Off with your head.

The king resorts to poltergeist activity and tries to chop her head off with shears but she ducks and he drops them.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

A few adjustments, the new improved Zap-o-Matic in place. Just in case those pests need 'exterminating'.

Rosetta grabs a screwdriver and some glue and reaches for an evil looking device with electrocution signs on it.

The kings Ghost tries to kill her with minor poltergeist activity as Rosetta starts work on the guitar. He fails every time. He gives up.

THE KING

I hereby decree this is useless.

Peachy returns.

PEACHY PERKINS

That should keep that rotten weasel  
happy for a while.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Good timing Peachy, come here, hold  
that for a second will you. I need  
to check something.

Rosetta hands Peachy the guitar body. She presses The Zap-O matic

PEACHY PERKINS is frazzled, he oscillates rapidly,  
smoke coming out of his every orifice sending out  
sparks.

PEACHY PERKINS

Oh I sayyyyyyyyyyyy...

Then he combusts into a pile of ash and bone. Rosetta  
is pleased. The king watches on and gets an idea.

THE KING

Frying Tonight, that gives me an  
idea, do unto others...

ROSETTA O'RILEY

A definite improvement on the last  
model. But looks like I require a  
new assistant.

32

RADIO STATION STUDIO

32

Big city Dj Looking like Rush Limbaugh a faint bit of beaver about  
him.

BUSH LIMBURP

Hi Im Bush Limpburp. Well folks we  
have a slick new sound for you all.  
A gift from my dear friend Mayor,  
soon to be Senator, Kransky.  
Something the whole family can  
enjoy, and it's storming the  
charts.

He pulls out a very flash looking record "Flex  
Tortion" -"Long Tall Porky" A FREE Vote Kransky  
sticker included

BUSH LIMBURP (cont'd)

Let's send this straight to number  
one. And remember 'Vote Kransky'.

A BLAND HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT - INT

Wolfy is pacing back and forth. Their adulterated song comes on the clock alarm radio.

WOLFY HOWL  
Ahgggggghhhhhhhh, lame, lame  
lame...

Wolfy rips out the radio and stamps on it.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)  
That hit the spot. Most  
satisfactory.

Furr is on the bed. Furr is listless. She shoves the Cat O Caster away after managing only some mediocre riffs out of it.

Wolfy is getting all randy but she's having none of it.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)  
C'mon pussycat, I'll make you  
purr..Let's release some of this  
tension- I'm about to explode.

FURR FEVER  
Leave miaou alone I'm not in the  
mood.

WOLFY HOWL  
Just cop a feel of this. Wolfy's  
patent mood changer. It's wide  
awake and raring to go. Let me rock  
away all your Blues.

FURR FEVER  
Wolfy just quit it. You're buggin'  
me baby. Get down. Go strum  
yourself.

Furr laps up some cows milk puts on her sleeping mask (it has cat's eyes on it), curls up and goes to sleep.

Wolfy dejected goes for a beer, just as there is a knock on the door and a whole crowd of hangers on and groupies is heard outside

PARTY CROWD  
Woo Hoo, C'mon Wolfy lets get  
Sextorted, Oh Yeah, Everything's  
gonna be alright. Take it off. Take  
it off. Take it all off.

They have booze, drugs, skimpily clad hot bodies all the trappings of an instant made for measure Wolfy party. Wolfy opens the door and peeks out excited. Boobs and reactions.

WOLFY HOWL

I want some of that! and that and  
that let the good times roll!

He is about to join in, but he looks back at Furr, She has one eye half open looking at him.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

C'mon Furr, let the good times  
roll, roll all night long.

Furr Fever gestures at him to F of and leave her alone.

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

C'mon it won't be as wild without  
you.

FURR FEVER

(growls)

Wrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.

He realizes that maybe he should keep her happy to keep him happy. Besides the wild wolf he once was, is sadly disappearing....but...

WOLFY HOWL

Damn it I cant resist the twist,  
I'll be back....later

Shot of wolfy at a party really not enjoying it hands carress him, drinks are split, he holds a beer but doesn't even drink it.

FEATURED SONG WOLFYS BLUES a lament to wild times that are fast fading.

He reaches for the beer again but its empty, so he just stares at the ceiling as he softly howls a blues...

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

Waoooooouuu Furrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

A full moon that gets eclipsed.

FADE TO BLACK

The Low Point.

We see Kransky holding court at a big table. Rosetta is there they seem to be the best of chums.

Wolfy (hungover, drunk and morose), Batusi (blind drunk), TURA (passed out drunk) and Weasel (shaking) are sat at a table not talking much.

Kransky gives them the "I've got my eyes on you" look.

The band stare dumbly at some autograph hunters for some awful celebs.

CYNDI LEMUR

I just love the plink-a-synth  
arrangements on your new record,  
such fun.

No fun. JUSTIN  
BATUSI BEAVER  
You guys should come to church with  
me sometime you'll love it.

Guest celeb walks past and waves.

Two Arsia Award statuettes are already on the table as Furr approaches and dumps another one next to them.

FURR FEVER

Yippee another ARSIA turd - Best  
feline guitarist! Can you believe  
it? I'm IN MY OWN CAT-EGORY. Not  
one of those fret board  
masturbators is fit to lick my  
boots. Especially you Brian Moose.

She looks down and kicks a big curly haired moose, who is attempting to lick her boots, in the face.

WOLFY HOWL

Awards are hog-crap.

FURR FEVER

Shitty porky dumb ass record.

WEASEL FERRET

But we're top of the pops...

WOLFY HOWL

Top of the pops gives me the flops

## WEASEL FERRET

...and we have the Huge Kransky  
'Live by satellite' show coming up,  
and Rosetta said...

## FURR FEVER

I don't give a rootin' tootin' hell  
what that hog-ass licking beetch  
Rosetta said'.

## BATUSI

Dummy up dumpsville.

## WOLFY HOWL

We kicked ass everywhere, now we're  
forced into mind numbing normality.

## FURR FEVER

Bound into banality.

## WEASEL FERRET

(giving in)

Yeah right. I can't even have a  
decent Lurax vape without some  
creep trying to butt in and  
freeload my stash.

## FURR FEVER

Look at the spayed saps here.

Shot of really boring crowd looking pleased with  
themselves and very stuck up.

## WOLFY HOWL

Its like puppy obedience school.

Kransky is reveling in the attention and Rosetta is  
hobnobbing with the stars. They all agree to something  
she says.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

I'm glad you could help.

## JUSTIN BEAVER

My pleasure, anything to help one  
of our flock.

A slightly tatty panda person approaches the Flexortions

## PANDA

Maybe we could jam sometime?

## BATUSI

Pass the hatchet.

TURA just lifts his head mumbles something and collapses again.

The panda hangs around expectantly for a bit but they ignore him.

WOLFY HOWL

Forced to play tame, forced to be lame. I hate it....

FURR FEVER

Everything I have always hated.

WOLFY HOWL

A bit of Furr Fever buzzsaw guitar would chop these lame asses into little bits. Wait I'm lame tooo now....boohoooooo.

FURR FEVER

This sodding piece of shit is sure not up to it.

(kicks guitar)

WEASEL FERRET

(slurring)

Furr, actually...

He reaches under the table and hands Furr a guitar case she opens it and a golden gleam bursts forth.

FURR FEVER

Yesss. I feel complete again.

BATUSI

Tiger beat, Tiger feet! That tiger roar! That guitar chose you Furr, you were meant to have it.

Furr strums a riff.

Whipney Spears (a whippet) and Cyndi Lemur (a colorfully dressed faux punk) at a nearby table cover their ears.

Wolfy instantly perks up. His quiff perks up too.

WOLFY HOWL

Wolfy never gives up. No siree!. Do we even give a crap about this lame ARSIA crap? Do you give a crap? do you? I sure as hell don't.

## FURR FEVER

Yeah! Curse that bacon arsed  
 Kransky and especially curse that  
 manipulating deceitful chugly pug  
 Mrs Rosetta O'f'in'Rilly...

## WOLFY HOWL

Hey Guys listen to me... I have a  
 plan a cunning Wolfy plan. Hic.

Wolfy promptly passes out.

FADE TO BLACK

35

**BIG OFFICE IN BIGGER CITY - DAY - INT**

35

Shot zooms in on a deluxe office building and through  
 the window of a plush boardroom.

Mayor Kransky sits in the big chair in a dressing gown.

His trotters are massaged by beautician antelopes,  
 he's being served posh drinks etc...

A poster for a national televised concert is displayed:

Mayor Kransky's senatorial campaign presents:

**THE KRANSKY GALA**

The worlds greatest rock bands:

**PEARL LAMB, THE FLEETWOOD YAK, THE BEAGLES,  
 BRUCE SPRINGBOK, CYNDI LEMUR, HALL AND GOATS**

the new chart sensations **THE FLEXTORTIONS**  
 the stars of tomorrow

**THE WIENERS**

Live By Satellite Nationwide

Rosetta and some campaign baboon bigwigs are sat around.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

The biggest stars have agreed to  
 come out and play. Its gonna be  
 bigger than Woofstock.

## CAMPAIGN BIGWIG 1

All aboard.

## CAMPAIGN BIGWIG 2

Everyone wants to ride on the  
 Kransky train.

## ROSETTA O'RILEY

There is not a star that I don't  
 have in my pocket. I can be most  
 persuasive.

Rosetta strokes a baboons thigh, he looks alarmed.

CAMPAIGN BIGWIG 2

The "Live by Satellite" show will take this campaign into orbit.

CAMPAIGN BIGWIG 1

Everyone that matters will be there.

CAMPAIGN BIGWIG 2

It's live from coast to coast and half way around the world.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Nothing less than what I deserve.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

'Flex Tortion' have secured us the opposition vote, the youth vote and the outlaw vote.

CAMPAIGN BIGWIG 2

The biggest landslide in history.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Buck Palace called wanting 'Flex Tortion' for the Royal Command performance.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Talkin of which, you better keep them on a tight leash, Rosetta, don't want my big day ruined by those delinquents.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Don't worry. I got them stitched up good. But just in case...

She pulls out her remote.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Just make sure everything is perfect.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

You couldn't have got this together without me, Kransky.

The phone rings...Rosetta's new assistant peachy THE 2nd picks up.

PEACHY 2

oh! Rosetta, pour vous madame.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

What do you mean you can't attend?

Cut away: Bruce Springbok is in full body cast in hospital.

BRUCE SPRINGBOCK

No I won't be playing your damn  
concert and it doesn't look like  
I'll be playing anything, ever  
again.

Rosetta puts down the phone.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Looks like Lion Adams just moved up  
the bill.

36

**THE BAND VAN- NIGHT DRIVING**

36

TURA is driving. Wolfy and Furr are in the front seat and  
the other two lean over. The King's ghost is flitting about  
too. Everyone has dark glasses. Very Mystery Machine.

WOLFY HOWL

Remember we're on a mission of  
utmost importance. The fate of Rock  
and Roll is in our hands.

THE KING

A Royal appointment with my  
blessings. Free my subjects from  
the bondage of mediocrity.

BATUSI

Wipeout..It's a musclicat rampage.

Weasel holds up an expensive looking guitar that  
says "BRUCE" on it.

WEASEL FERRET

Sabotage, with plenty of side  
benefits.

Furr pulls out the poster for the Kransky show and  
crosses off Bruce Springbock.

FURR FEVER

Who's next? I'm going to pull a  
Tallahassie Lassie on Miss Lemur

WOLFY HOWL

I'm gonna lay a 'hammer lock' on  
the beagles.

CUT TO:

The band dispose of the various middle of the road boring rock stars on the bill with them.

Cartoon music. Red velvet curtains are opened....

37A Wolfy in a wrestling disguise approaches the Beagles.

A short wrestle and he bests the lot. All four of them held between his massive wolf hands.

WOLFY HOWL

Do the Crusher you turkey necks.

A great crunch noise and the Beagles fall down senseless.

37B Furr and Cyndi Lemur face off. They disappear in a whirling cloud of flying fur and claws.

Wolfy throws in some rope, it gets pulled into the melee.

The dust clears to reveal Cyndi Lemur all color gone from her, all trussed up in miles of rope and obviously gagged for the benefit of all.

FURR FEVER

I'm the boss cat scratchin' mama.

37C Hotel room. Weasel adulterates a big bag of drugs with "sleep for a week" and sells them to Hall and Goats, a couple of shaggy haired aging rock star types with horns.

WEASEL FERRET

This is pure Inca Gold, and worth every penny. Trust me.

Hall and Goats get stuck in.

HALL AND GOATS

You make my dreams come true

They promptly turn green and pass out.

Weasel leaves hotel room placing "do not disturb" sign on door.

37D Fleetwood Yak are facing off with TURA.

TURA kicks the dust.

TURA

Let's lock horns you gibbering horde of Yakety Yaks!

The Yaks charge him en mass.

FLEETWOOD YAK  
Landslide attack! Get him yaks....

TURA laughs as they fall in a pit trap. A very deep pit trap.

37E Pearl Lamb, aging rockers, a clear case of mutton dressed as lamb are following Batusi he leads them towards a door.

EDDIE VEDDER LAMB  
Are you sure this is the back stage party?

BATUSI  
As sure as the sun goes down.  
Groupies this way gentlemen.

Batusi pushes them in and locks the door.

Camera pulls back to reveal a giant packing case, on the back of a truck, marked MADAGASCAR.

38

**THE BIG SHOW- A POSH VENUE IN BIG CITY**

38

Still black we hear a large exited crowd. Fade up to bright lights

Posh very human and restrained audience milling around haw hawing at each other.

TV cameras everywhere. Cucumber canapes being given out. Posters of Kransky abound. So, so Bourgeois it would make you sick. BRAD and Bree Ana are super Met ball dressed up.

BREE ANA  
Hi I'm Bree Ana Misspriss.

BRAD  
and I'm Bret Wholesome. well excitement is building here at the great Kransky Gala.

Pan around some very obviously deathly boring people looking well deathly bored.

BREE ANA  
Watched by millions of clean cut, decent people across the world.

Shot of camera men, producer etc...

BRAD

Who are celebrating the election  
campaign of the great conservative  
hope of the future.

Kransky about to go on, doing up his fly and waving off a  
young assistant.

BREE ANA

Aaaaaand here is the man himself.

Audience applaud limply, we see Bush Limpburp, the bigwig  
baboons, Justin Beaver...

Mayor Kransky hits the stage, he has a suit on with his tie  
just a bit undone and a Vote 'Kransky' baseball hat. He  
goes up and gropes Bree Ana, she looks a bit disgusted.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Thank you. Thank you. I appreciate  
all your support. and your  
contributions. Let's work together  
to make morality great again.

Applause

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)

Due to some very regrettable and  
unforeseen circumstances, there  
has been some minor changes with  
the lineup tonight.

Murmurs go around the crowd. They look a bit put out.

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)

However we promised you a show and  
the show must go on. May I present  
the first act of a great night,  
none other than my own talented  
offspring.

THE WIENERS

Hello hello hello oo poo  
pido here's a treat for  
you Our Dad!

The Wieners start singing a really lame 'my dad is the best best dad' more like a nursery rhyme than a song.. Shot of them live cuts to:

39

**BACKSTAGE SATELLITE TV CONTROL**

39

Vocal of the wieners as their song ends. We see Rosetta on a phone call.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Madagascar? Up yours too. Damn another one down.

(to stage manager)

We'll have to run "Flex Tortion" as the main act.

Phone rings. Shouting and snorting Rosetta has to hold phone away from her ear.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont)

Yes Mayor, it's hardly my fault Mayor. Yes, I am doing all I can.

(in to a mike)

Camera three back to presenter.

voice of BRAD and Bree Ana on screen cuts to

40

**THE BIG SHOW STAGE**

40

BRAD and Bree Ana Live

BREE ANA

And now we are so excited to announce...

She listens in on her earphone...

BREE ANA(cont'd)

Sorry no not them

She looks at the running order.

BREE ANA (cont'd)

It must be the legends of stodge rock themselves, uhh no sorry

Listening in on the earphone again.

BREE ANA (cont'd)

Damn, who is on next?

BRAD

Well its says here...Yacht Pop's  
finest: Hall and

He gets a buzz in his ear.

BRAD (cont'd)

(to Bree Ana) What the hell  
is happening? Wait..

(in the mike)

And here they are, the stars of the  
moment 'Flex Tortion'.

He shrugs at Bree Ana.

The Sextortions appear to mild applause looking very tame  
in their matching bad eightees gear. They take their  
positions. We see Kransky trying to rally some enthusiasm,  
in vain.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Don't worry, if you love Cyndi  
you'll love these guys. I  
discovered them you know.

Cut to a living room where a very square family of badgers are sat  
around having tea and watching the show on TV.

BADGER MUM

Would you like some tea kids?  
Macaroon?

Cut back to the show, Wolfy his hair all slicked back is being  
very correct.

WOLFY HOWL

Goood evening everybody. I hope you are  
all enjoying the cannapees, free Gucci  
bags, and isn't that champagne ever so  
good. This is a special song. A special  
song we have Written for our good friend  
Mayor Kransky. For he really is a jolly

WOLFY HOWL (cont)

Good fellow. And you can all join in on  
the chorus...

MAYOR KRANSKY

Told you they love me.

Batusi is chomping impatiently.

BATUSI

Lets Go, Lets Go, Lets Go.

Batusi leans forward rips the off the drum skin revealing the  
Sextortions underneath.

The band all rip off their trendy clothes and have original skimpy  
leather/sequin/fetish wear underneath.

**FEATURED SONG LONG TALL PORKY the raunchy original version**

Batusi launches into the Big beat from Badsville.

Weasel uses the massive vibro on his slide guitar strings producing  
a monster roar.

WOLFY HOWL

Wooooooooooooooooooooo! Long Tall Porky!

Furr launches into an awesome 'tuff as nuts' guitar riff The  
audience looks horrified but the guitar dazzles everyone and they  
begin to get into it...

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

Rockabilly Lilly went out tonight, she  
kicked papa Porky's ass and started a fight.  
Pig dandy got drunk, fell in the swill  
Hairy Lou went ape & gave him his fill.

A giant King ghost looms over the stage laughing with delight.

THE KING

Hairy-Loo-Ya this is more like it.  
Sock it to them gang, with the rock and royal power  
of The King!

The ghost flies straight through fur and out of the front of her  
guitar grasping something. Rosetta realizes that things are not  
going her way.

THE KING (cont'd)

Rosetta I'm coming for you...

WOLFY HOWL

Papappapapapapap ooh ooh Papapapaapappa  
Porkyyyyyy!

Backstage Rosetta seeing the carnage through the curtains, throws down her headphones.

ROSETTA O'RILEY

Ah knew it. You can't ever trust a greaseball. Those scumbags just signed their own death warrant.

(into the mike)

Camera get ready to run the campaign ad break.

(back to her)

She goes for the remote. But just as she is about to press it, The King's ghost swoops in and throws something up her skirt She presses the button but of course electrocutes herself. Her wig flies off. Her eyes pop right out of her head and she dissolves into ashen pug. The wig falls on top.

ROSETTA O'RILEY (cont'd)

gagagaga goo ga ga gooo

THE KING

Yessssss! Vengeance, sweet vengeance, is mine!

A ghostly bald Rosetta fades into view next to him.

THE KING (cont'd)

Remember me?

Kransky furious at the escalating carnage, tries to calm everyone down but Rock and Roll has taken hold.

He gets pelted with canapées by the two baboons who have stripped off and have massive red and blue target arses.

CU shot of Baboon arses on TV screen with Badger family reactions.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Just a slight technical difficulty, please calm down. Things will be back to normal soon. No cause for alarm.

Kransky points his goons (that are wearing earmuffs) at the stage.

MAYOR KRANSKY (cont'd)

Officers arrest these creeps. No, destroy those creeps.

GOON 1

What?

He lifts his ear phone up to hear Kransky and gets rock and Rollerised.

GOON 1

A wap a wap awap ababoola

WOLFY HOWL

Long Tall Porky is so corrupt, Long Tall  
Porky never has enough.

Kransky covers his ears he can't bear the rock and roll sound.

MAYOR KRANSKY

Where are my boys?

The goons surround the band and approach, things look bad.

WOLFY HOWL

Guitar let me hear ya rip! Furr baby  
take it away... Long tall Porky,  
Porkyyyyy Papapapapapapa ooh mow  
porky.

Furr is sending shockwave power chords into Kransky's goons bowling them over like nine pins.

Guitar chords fire into the audience turning them into wild rock and rollers. Their animal traits get more and more pronounced.

Wolfy is in full stride, climbing the speakers in practically nothing but high heels and a furry G String.

Mayor Kransky is enraged, but spots The Wieners.

MAYOR KRANSKY

My boys! Over here.

Kaboom! The piglets get hit by a power chord as they are about to reunite with their dad. They go wild, becoming a leather jacketed rabid teen gang.

## THE WIENERS

Get him. Down with tyranny. You lashed us  
once too many times. Locked us in the cage  
did you. Now we're gonna get even.

The Wieners pull out massive flick knives, they carve their dad  
apart. Sausages fly everywhere.

## MAYOR KRANSKY

Ahh You talentless litter of runts. agghhhh, Choke  
on my chops...

Zap! Bree Ana and BRAD sprout bunny ears and teeth, They rip their  
clothes off and go for it like...well like rabbits.

We cut back to the living room where the badger family are going  
wild!

The Badgers are drinking bourbon and pogo-ing around, their perfect  
sitting room is now wrecked.

Bush Limpburp is seen eating away at the balcony supports with  
massive beaver teeth. Chips fly everywhere.

In a box above the two kangaroos from small town are jumping up and  
down.

## KANGAROO WALTER

This is a hopping good time.

## WOLFY HOWL

Papa papa Ooh Mow porkyyyyyyyyyy!

## KANGAROO JETHRO

I haven't witnessed this much  
insanity since ketamin was approved  
as a menopause treatment!

The box gives way and they go crashing down, crushing Bush  
Limpburp.

Back on the stage the band are going off!

## WOLFY HOWL

Let loose the buzzsaw Furr! Raise  
the stakes! Fuel the frenzy!

The guitar solo goes off, Furr levitates off the stage like  
in her dream.

A wild mob of animal creatures grab Wolfy and drag him off  
on their shoulders...

A wild mob of animal creatures grab Wolfy and drag him off on their shoulders...

WOLFY HOWL (cont'd)

Howwwwwllllllllllll!

41

**THE BIG SHOW STAGE SONG ENDS**

41

With Wolfy gone, Weasel sees his chance to profit from the chaos and knows they have lost any chance at the Big Time. He grabs anything of value he can carry and runs off.

WEASEL FERRET

I I I'mmm I'm out of herrrrrrre.

Furr is left suspended in the air and as the song ends she slowly lands next to the Weiners.

The piglets fall on their knees and adore her. They offer her pieces of their dad to snack on.

THE WIENERS

Furr Furr Furr, You rule, try this,  
it's soooo tasty, tastes like the  
end of oppression, tastes like  
freedom.

Batusi approaches and looks at her big eyed.

BATUSI

Tutti fruti bam booty where's the  
Wolfy?

Furr looks around not seeing him.

FURR FEVER

Wolfy you degenerate where are you?  
Where's Weasel?

BATUSI

The creep's gone to loserville.

FURR FEVER

I knew he was bad news. Wolfy! Here boy!

She looks around. Where is that damn wolf when you need him.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Wolfy I've got a treat for you. I'm all  
hot, sticky, sweaty and wet where are you  
honey?

Furr strums a few weak notes but the guitar is, not surprisingly, spent.

She walks sadly off stage and through the empty auditorium, Batusi in tow.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Wolfy? Wolfy?

The King now having had his vengeance has the ghost of Rosetta in a head lock. Furr spies him.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

King? Rosetta?

THE KING

Ambition is but a dream with a V8 engine.

FURR FEVER

But King what will I do?

THE KING

Furr you're as mean a guitar picker as anyone ever was, as mean can be. You don't need me...C'mon pug.

The King departs from this mortal coil and heads to the great party in the afterlife.

BATUSI

Let's GoGo check out whistleburg.

42

**OUTSIDE THE SHOW**

42

Furr and Batusi exit. There are signs of debauchery and vandalism everywhere a couple of drunken animalistic rock and roll beasts cavort around. But disappear leaving the street empty.

BATUSI

The ginch is in gonesville.

FURR FEVER

This worked last time, let's see.

Furr release an almighty twang and...

Weasel comes spinning around the corner making his getaway in their truck with all their expensive gear.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Where's he think he's going? With all our stuff! Get a load of this, slime bucket.

She hits the guitar strings again.

Out of nowhere TURA powers head first into the side of the truck and it hits a lamppost.

Weasel Flies through the air ending up crashing into the bin next to furr and Batusi he comes out covered in garbage.

They kick over the bin and Weasel rolls down the street outasite.

TURA

Pop goes the Weasel. That was my truck you thief. And you ain't good looking enough to get away with that.

FURR FEVER

Weasel your way out of that one then. I'd like to say it's been nice knowing you - but it ain't!

BATUSI

Somebody put the hurt on you.

FURR FEVER

Wolfy where the hell are you?

Furr encouraged releases another massive chord.

Wolfy spins around the corner in a bigger hotrod the seats full of partying groupies, assorted perverts and starlets. He screeches to a halt in front of Furr and Batusi.

WOLFY HOWL

Furr! I need you upfront here with me, and I saved a space for you too Batusi. C'mon Let's go, Let's go, little darling.

FURR FEVER

Move over Wolfy. I'm in the driving seat now.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

Nice legs, sugar lips.

They kiss, exciting Wolfy and Batusi no end.

FURR FEVER (cont'd)

You don't play guitar do you?

CAT WAITRESS As a matter of fact I play Bass...

She pops a big pink bubble gum and starts a great bass riff bass that leads into...

FEATURED SONG HOTROD ORGY

Orgy in a hot rod ensues whilst 'Orgy in a hot rod' song plays. Batusi an eager voyeur.

BATUSI  
Cowabunga!

KANGAROO WALTER & JETHRO

Wait for ussssss

They hop after the Car that disappears in a sunset. The kings head pops back through the sunset.

THE KING

That's all cats!

End credits.