

WALLY & THE Q

Original Screenplay Written

by  
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EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET CORNER, LOS ANGELES - DAY

SALSA MUSIC blasts from delivery trucks. Asians, Hispanics, whites and blacks push through the busy streets. A MAN waits for the light to change, impatiently tapping his scuffed Italian loafer on the curb. The sun shoots off his dark glasses. He's topping forty, average height, tense lines at the corners of his mouth. His designer-label suit is five years out of date. The stained silk tie droops against a lumpy midsection. This is WALLY REDDY.

The traffic light changes. Wally hurries through the crosswalk, clutching his beat-up briefcase. A Bible thumping, street-corner PROPHET screams:

PROPHET

The end of the world is ending! Aliens direct from the planet Baal are coming to snatch away our brains!

(POINTS at Wally)

Prepare for abduction!

INT. DOWNTOWN JEWELRY MART - DAY

Customers crowd around gleaming STALLS. WALLY leans across a glass counter, bargaining with the squat, passive owner.

WALLY

Eighteen inches, eighteen karat gold; fourteen, seventy-five. That gives you a fifty-five per cent mark-up.

Mr. Oko runs the delicate gold CHAIN through his fingers.

WALLY

The Queen Anne weave; nobody else has got it.

Wally senses Oko's vanishing interest. He dips into his briefcase, pulling out a small GOLD CHARM.

WALLY

This is something I haven't shown anyone yet. It's gonna sell like steamed clams.

OKO

(studies the CHARM)

What is it?

WALLY

An orange slice, inscribed on one side  
"Hollywood," on the other side  
"Horseshit"... They retail for eleven  
ninety-five. Your cost is six and a  
half; five seventy-five in lots of  
twelve...

Oko puffs a cigarette; Wally squints, coughs.

INT. JEWELRY MART (ANOTHER BOOTH) - MOMENTS LATER

The SALESLADY, dark Mediterranean eyes, lush, red lips, examines  
the gold charm.

WALLY

It's an heirloom for life.

The Saleslady pulls out a CHECK BOOK. Her voice has a husky, Mid-  
Eastern accent.

SALESLADY

I take three; we give it a shoot.

WALLY

Shot.

SALESLADY

Shot..

(smiles, staring at Wally)

You're Wally Reddy. Your card says  
Wally Reddmen but I recognize you.  
When I first come to this country,  
twelve years ago, I see your show like  
clockwatch.

She tosses her arms up, playfully DEMONSTRATING the dance-step  
EXERCISE routine. Her boobs bounce up and down.

SALESLADY

"One, two, three, four... Every turn  
you take, every choice you make, turns  
your life around!" I learn to count in  
English from your show. I even lose  
ten pounds and build up my...

(tucking her hands beneath her  
ample bosom)

But then you had a mustache, darling.  
Look at you... What happened to my  
teacher?

INT. WALLY'S CAR (TRAVELING) - DAY

WALLY

Get me a meeting, an audition! I can't take this anymore! Somebody out there wants me, Shelly!

Wally's screaming into his CELL PHONE from behind the wheel of his banged-up Toyota hatchback, stuck in gridlock TRAFFIC.

INT. AGENT'S CAR - VENTURA FREEWAY - SAME

SHELLY MAJORS, a slim half-pint in a three piece suit, weaves through freeway traffic, shouting back into his CELL PHONE.

SHELLY

Do you believe in you, Wally? Are you listening? I believe in you. That's two. If you believe in you, that's three. But I'm only one guy! Every time I bring up your name to producers I get the same response: "Oh, the aerobics nut!"

INTERCUT SCENE:

WALLY

The aerobics show went off the air ten years ago! I believe in me; that's one. You believe in me; that's two. I don't see three, Shelly. Who's the third person?

SHELLY

Your inner child, Wally.

WALLY

Well, my inner child has flat feet now. My belt's on the last notch. I've got tendinitis in my arm from lugging a goddamned briefcase! And have you any idea how expensive downtown parking is?

SHELLY

Airport parking's even worse!

WALLY

I'll pay it! Get me a job. I'll park at the airport!

SHELLY

Look, you're depressed. Producers sense it. They have an instinct for dead meat.

WALLY

Who am I talking to? An animal trainer? You're my commercial agent. Find me a job; I'll go anywhere, Shelly.

INT. WALLY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

CLOSE ON: TV SCREEN

Filled with images of stark, eerie OUTER SPACE, then the whoosh and fury of swirling sandstorms.

REVEAL SCENE:

WALLY pops open a can of BEER, a stringy slice of PIZZA stuck in his mouth, picks up a copy of "Variety." He leans back in his stuffed chair, throws his feet up on a hassock. His rumpled shirt is open.

The one-bedroom Valley apartment is furnished with old, mismatched furniture and a few movie POSTERS and PLAYBILLS on the walls. Big glass jars of MINI CHOCOLATE BARS and COOKIES sit on the end table next to a framed PHOTO of a pretty seven year old girl (KATY).

Wally reads Variety. TV SCIENCE EDITOR, Ed Claybeck, is rambling on about a projected Mars mission.

CLAYBECK

Of course, since it takes twelve years for our TV/radio signals to reach outer space, if someone is out there, he or she is getting very old news. Sort of like our competition's Six O'Clock Report.. Ha, ha, ha...

WALLY LOOKS UP: TV SCREEN

The TV images return to whirling SANDSTORMS.

EXT. DESERT CONSTRUCTION SITE ON PLANET "SHULTZ-LITE" - DAY

A hot wind blows SAND across the landscape. Men and women, a SLAVE LABOR FORCE, in scraps of clothing, push huge boulders and tons of bricks, beneath the angry, evil eyes of GUARDS, in dark brown uniforms, carrying futuristic assault guns.

MARCO CORT, a slight, tormented young man, dressed in a sky blue uniform, watches from a hillock, above the site. MARCO SEES: a GUARD brutally WHIPPING a worker.

(NOTE: SHULTZ-LITE is a MULTIRACIAL PLANET; the soldiers, slaves, ruling class, technicians - oppressors and oppressed - all of different racial hues.)

Marco's jaw tightens, anguished over the helplessness he feels. He HOBBLER away, leaning on his CRUTCH, as the sand swirls around him.

EXT. SHULTZ-LITE SURVEILLANCE STATION - DAY

A small, white VEHICLE, (like a combat golf cart) pulls up to the gate. A black metal SIGN identifies the site, "SHULTZ-LITE SURVEILLANCE STATION - NO. 2." Then the words: "WORK IS TRUE FREEDOM ... HO CON." A tall, cone-shaped building looms in the background.

INT. HOVERJEEP - SAME

Marco Cort inserts a SECURITY PASS into the dash.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - SAME

The Guard scans the INSCRIPTION flashed across a monitor.

CLOSE ON MONITOR SCREEN

"MARCO CORT; BIRTH DATE: OBER 7/25; HEIGHT: 6.1 CR.; WEIGHT: 14 FR.; BIRTHPLANET: SHULTZ-LITE; WORK ASSIGNMENT: SURVEILLANCE."

INT. SURVEILLANCE CENTER - DAY

Uniformed TECHNICIANS monitor screens and high-tech gear in a honeycomb of rooms. Roving Brown Shirt GUARDS heighten the gloomy, paranoid atmosphere.

A TECHNICIAN rises from his station and salutes his replacement.

TECHNICIAN  
Intergalactic airspace is stable, sir!

The replacement returns the salute, sits down.

THE TECHNICIAN LEAVES

Following him through a HALLWAY, past large, campy PORTRAITS of the HO ("Head Officer") - KY YUM CON - ruler of the planet, Shultz-Lite.

The HO looks about thirty, handsome, cleft chin, chiseled features, blond Roman curls.

THE CAMERA PICKS UP: MARCO CORT sitting alone in front of a series of monitors, SEARCHING through a thick manual.

ON MARCO CORT

Adjusting several dials; glancing back at the MANUAL. The screens are filled with jagged blue lines and snow. The GUARD approaches.

GUARD  
Something wrong?

MARCO  
No...

The Guard SLAMS his gun butt into the manual, SMASHING it to the floor.

GUARD  
No, sir!

The Guard sneers and leaves. Marco bends to PICK UP the book and workpen. Clumsily, he KNOCKS the monitor frame. The jolt sends a flurry of WAVES in the monitor screen, accompanied by a piercing BUZZ. Marco leaps back, frantically punching buttons, twisting dials.

Suddenly, a stable color image of an American daytime SOAP OPERA ("Guiding Light") pops on screen #1. Screen #4 fills with a MEXICAN soap opera. No.'s 2 and 3 transmit scenes from a CHINESE PING PONG match and an INDIAN WEDDING.

Marco blinks, astonished. Cautiously, he POTS UP the volume. The images start to fade TO BLACK.

Marco punches the buttons. He SMACKS the screen. THEN a hiss, a crackle.

ON SCREENS 1 & 4

Filled with WALLY REDDY'S BRIGHT, BEAMING FACE. A younger muscle-toned Wally, absolutely buoyant, leading the TV world in a classy, DANCE-CRAZY AEROBICS ROUTINE.

Wally's dressed in an electric blue outfit with a silver thunderbolt across the chest. Flanking his sides, a step behind, are two young WOMEN in brightly colored Spandex outfits, keeping pace to the pulsating disco-style music.

WALLY

You can do it, two, three, four! Only two more; come on. A healthy body makes a healthy mind, sends the energy in a positive direction!

Lambchop sideburns and a neat mustache give Wally a friendly, slightly comic look.

WALLY

Now to the left side, stretch, stretch, stretch those hamstrings! Don't forget, every turn you take, every choice you make, turns your life around!

ON MARCO

A smile shines in his eyes. His body JERKS to the beat of WALLY'S routine. Marco SCRIBBLES the frequency read-out on his wrist.

MARCO

(mumbling to himself)  
Every turn you take turns your life around...

He glances left. The shadow of a GUARD fills the aisle. Marco turns back to the monitors. A bright pink SCROLL streaks across the screen, "THE WALLY REDDY WORKOUT SHOW."

Instantly, Marco PUNCHES UP a pale green computer graph just as the Guard passes...

EXT. SHULTZ-LITE APARTMENTS - EVENING

Boarded-up windows face the dark street. Small fires blaze randomly at the curb. The buildings are old, crumbling. There's an overwhelming sense of doom.

A shaded LIGHT burns in the upstairs window of a corner building.

INT. MARCO'S ROOM - SAME

Marco, alone in his small room, slowly DUPLICATES WALLY'S aerobics-dance routine. The shades are drawn. He moves awkwardly, shuttling with his crutch, trying to repeat from memory the spinning steps.

Frustrated by lack of space, he PUSHES a heavy chair to the wall and slides a table back. He hobbles back to the routine.

MARCO  
 (mumbling to himself)  
 Every turn you take, every choice you  
 make, turns your life around..

A KNOCK on the door stops him cold.

CAUTIOUSLY, MARCO OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK

A thin, hairless, blade of a man (AGENT GRIVIS) with pale blue eyes stares at him.

GRIVIS  
 I hear a lot of strange noises against  
 my ceiling, comrade Marco. You're  
 keeping me up. Is something wrong?

His voice is wispy; his eyes dart suspiciously.

MARCO  
 I was just doing a little... spring  
 cleaning. We're commanded to keep our  
 rooms clean, Agent Grivis.

Grivis returns a sinister nod.

INT. CLAUDE VERMAINE'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

A cramped cellar filled with HIGH-TECH gadgetry. A single bulb spills light over crumbling walls. "WALLY'S WORKOUT SHOW" plays on the screen monitor. MARCO AND TWO COHORTS watch intently. The pink show SHOW LOGO jumps across the screen.

A young man (CLAUDE VERMAINE), with owl-shaped eyes behind smoke-colored glasses, taps a button. The monitor shuts down, ejecting a BRONZE DISK.

CLAUDE  
 It's a crazy idea.

The YOUNG WOMAN (EL) turns her blue eyes towards Marco. Her spiky red hair crowns a pretty face. She wears a short work-tunic and clunky black platform shoes.

EL  
(disappointed)  
We need guns, not games.

They speak just above whispers.

MARCO  
Right now we need hope! This man can  
build us up! Every turn you take turns  
your life around. That's what he says.  
Our turn is now!

The THUD of heavy boots above them draws their anxious glance. They wait for the steps to pass.

MARCO (CONT.)  
Now or never...

CLAUDE  
We'd be sentenced to certain death if  
we took the last flying saucer!

MARCO  
Are our lives any better than death if  
we don't? There's a rumor that Con is  
going to kill off every slave workers'  
new-born during the month before his  
mistress's birthday... El?

Marco's gaze shifts from Claude's silence to El's fiery eyes.

EL  
I'll try anything to save my father.  
(looks to the disk)  
But who is he?

INT. CASTING AGENCY - DAY

A fluffy pink and brown PORK SAUSAGE skips through several dance steps. WALLY'S HEAD peeks through the top of the furry costume. The CASTING AGENT, a sharp-faced, thirtyish blond, and a trio of AD EXECS. watch closely as Wally chirps off-key...

WALLY  
I sizzle for your breakfast, sizzle  
for your snack. Try me on the bar-  
bee or the broiler rack!.. Boneless  
and greaseless...

Heads are shaking, a wave of silver-haired frowns...

CASTING AGENT  
That'll do just fine.

AD EXEC. #1  
Aren't you the fellow with the  
aerobics show?

AD EXEC. #2  
My wife got up every morning with you.  
I had to make my own breakfast.

The mood is turning sour; Wally pleads:

WALLY  
Guys, that was years ago. That was  
just a dress rehearsal for the role  
of Mr. Porky!

CASTING AGENT  
You can dance, Wally, but this is a  
singing part. You've got to have  
pipes.  
(pause)  
We do have other actors waiting...

Her voice drops like a guillotine.

EXT. REMOTE LANDING FIELD (PLANET SHULTZ-LITE) - NIGHT

Mist swirls around the cluster of trees partially concealing a  
YELLOW SPACESHIP. MARCO, EL and CLAUDE peer through the steel  
fence.

CLAUDE  
I've never flown the X-47.

For all of its legendary glory, the ancient spacecraft looks like  
it was built by Santa's helpers.

MARCO  
But you could fly it if you had to..?

They look back to Claude. His lips crease into a weak smile.

EXT. BALLET SCHOOL - DAY

Little GIRLS in leotards and frilly pink tutus bound out of a  
freshly painted storefront. The sign above the door reads; "Madam  
Karnovsky's Ballet School."

INT. WALLY'S CAR PARKED AT THE CURB - SAME

Wally watches a pretty little girl (KATY), in a shiny blue leotard, leave the school. (We recognize her from the photo in WALLY'S apartment.) Wally WAVES. Katy waves back.

INT. FLYING SAUCER - DAWN

Marco keeps his eyes on a panel clock.

MARCO

In less than ten seconds Surveillance  
will pick up our release signal.

EL

My jamming frequency is fading.

CLAUDE

I'm working as fast as I can!

CLAUDE feverishly PUNCHES up a series of red and gold switches. Marco and El standby at separate terminals.

MARCO

Three seconds...

EXT. SAUCER - SAME

Rumbling like a dozen Indy stock cars, belching smoke and bright blue fire.

INT. SAUCER - SAME

Marco's eyes are riveted to the countdown meter. Frantically...

MARCO

We're gonna get caught!

Claude HITS the last button.

CLAUDE

We're off!

EXT. SAUCER - SAME

A cloud of black smoke and blazing fire. Then, in eye-blinking speed, the ancient craft ZOOMS straight up into a soft pink sky.

In seconds, veering at a sharp angle far away from the planet Shultz-Lite.

INT. WALLY'S CAR (TRAVELING) - DAY

WALLY  
I picked up your bike, pumpkin.

Katy glances in the back, sees the pink BIKE.

KATY  
Did they fix the flat tire?

WALLY  
Yep. And they took off the training wheels. Now you can fly.

Katy grins, pleased with herself.

KATY  
You're the best, daddy.  
(beat)  
Can we stop for a chocolate donut?

WALLY  
You're gonna get me in more trouble with your mother than I already am.

KATY  
Daddy...

WALLY  
What?

KATY  
A buttermilk donut would be healthy...

EXT. SAUCER - DARK SPACE

A whirling streak of light roars through a field of stars.

INT. SAUCER - HEADING TOWARDS THE PLANET EARTH

CLAUDE  
Give me a locator reading.

Marco is studying the on-screen computer text.

MARCO

According to Fishbeck's Intergalactic Guide, the planet Earth only gets a two star rating. It's expensive, lots of phone scams, poor air quality, and major traffic problems. Best Chinese food is in Bombay; best Indian food is in London; best pizza is in New York City...

EL

What about Hollywood?

MARCO

(scrolls text)  
Hollywood... It says, see: Junk Food.. whatever that means...

EL

What is "pizza?"

They exchange a blank stare.

INT. DUNKIN' DONUT SHOP - DAY

WALLY

One buttermilk donut for my little princess, and I'll have...

His eyes scan the silver treys of plump, sugary goodies.

WALLY

The raspberry cheesecake danish. No. I'll have a pizza bagel.  
(looks at Katy)  
Daddy's eating healthy.

INT. SAUCER - EARTHBOUND

Marco peers out a narrow window. El is beside him.

MARCO

That's it!

MARCO'S POV - THE PLANET EARTH

Rapidly approaching a solitary blue jewel in the vast darkness of space.

EL

It looks so peaceful...

CLAUDE LOOKS UP

CLAUDE

According to this print-out Hollywood is inside the Los Angeles landing grid.

MARCO

What about Television City? That's what it said on Wally's show.

CLAUDE

I just made the entry and set the coordinates.

A whirring computer buzz draws their look, the machine blinks a rainbow of colors.

EXT. CBS TELEVISION CITY - DUSK

The painted black and white CBS "eye" proudly announces the landmark building.

ON THE CBS ROOF

A shower of BRIGHT LIGHT descending, expanding into a glowing circle.

INT. SAUCER - SAME

EL

All systems resolved. Establish color code integration.

Marco punches up several codes on his console.

MARCO

Invisibility at plus one, reducing to zero.

CLAUDE

We'd better change clothes.

EXT. CBS BUILDING - SAME

The disk of light fades into the dull landscape surrounding it. Suddenly, INVISIBLE.

INT. SAUCER - SAME

Claude is struggling into a tight-fitting, bright orange WORKOUT OUTFIT (crudely resembling Wally Reddy's aerobics gear).

CLAUDE

Have I got this on backwards?

Marco and El stare at Claude. They've already changed into equally GAUDY outfits. Marco's costume is red and grey stripes. El is in green and yellow. They look like giant bees.

EL

I think it's right.

CLAUDE

You're sure. I don't want earth people laughing at me.

MARCO

You saw the show, Claude. This is the way people dress down here.

EL

It's called style.

MARCO

The last thing we want to do is draw attention to ourselves.

CLAUDE

Right.

INT. CBS BUILDING (ADMINISTRATIVE WING) - MOMENTS LATER

A plump SECRETARY types at her desk; she has a PHONE receiver locked between her shoulder and ear, gabbing away.

SECRETARY

There's nothing wrong with liking bald guys with nose rings. Just don't limit yourself...

She glances up. SHE SEES: Three bizarrely dressed FIGURES march past the office door. One of them, Claude, CARRIES a small violin-shaped BOX. Marco leans on a crutch.

SECRETARY

Minda, hang on a sec.

She jumps up and goes to the doorway.

## SECRETARY'S POV - HALLWAY

Another SECRETARY, already stationed in her office doorway, watches the trio of outer space VISITORS disappear around the corridor... The young secretaries exchange wide-eyed looks.

## INT. SECOND FLOOR STAGES - MOMENTS LATER

The wide corridor is filled with workers pushing cameras and stage sets. MARCO, EL and CLAUDE make their way through the crowd, drawing more looks.

EL

Maybe we should ask someone...

Marco spots a SECURITY GUARD who has been keeping a wary eye on them. The trio walks over.

MARCO

Hello, kind sir. We're looking for the Wally Reddy Workout Show.

The Guard gives Marco a suspicious look.

GUARD

Ain't no such show tapes here.

MARCO

This is Television City?

## INT. SECURITY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CHIEF

(shakes his head)

Where have you folks been?

The cranky SECURITY CHIEF leans across his metal desk. Marco, El and Claude sit in plastic chairs.

CHIEF (CONT.)

For Chrissakes, the shows off for ten years and you come out to Hollywood looking for tickets? You're lucky if Wally Reddy's still in the phone book!

The Chief shakes his head; finally, gives in.

CHIEF (CONT.)

I thought I seen it all.. You out-of-state fans kill me. You must be from South Dakota.

He pulls two PHONE BOOKS off a shelf.

CHIEF

Be my guest.

He plops the thick tomes on the edge of his desk.

CHIEF (CONT.)

(looks at Marco's CRUTCH)  
My brother lost a leg in Nam.  
Otherwise I wouldn't be so patient with you guys.

INT. TAXI (TRAVELING) - LATER

The BLACK CABBY (DON Q-O-T) hums a TUNE, glances in his rear view mirror. Marco sits between El and Claude in the back seat. The VIOLIN-SHAPED BOX rests on CLAUDE'S lap. Marco's arms are folded, he's worried. They speak in low voices.

MARCO

I didn't think it was going to be this complicated.

CLAUDE

You can't expect to travel a zillion miles and land in the man's belly button! We're lucky we got here.

MARCO

I'm not criticizing, Claude. You did a terrific job.

The Cabby, in his twenties, beams a smile, SINGS an upbeat tune into a small CASSETTE RECORDER. He starts and stops, again and again, obviously working on his own original composition ("The Lane Of Love").

El gazes at the endless maze of freeway traffic.

EL

I could never live here...

(to Cabby)

Excuse me, sir, where are all these people going?

Don, just coming off a high note, clicks off his recorder.

DON

Most people don't know where they're going. Do you? Does anyone? We're all going somewhere, but we don't know where. Even when we get there, we don't know that's the place we're supposed to be. Follow me? Where you folks from?

MARCO

(hesitantly)  
Dakota.

CLAUDE

South Dakota.

EXT. THE TAXI SHOOTS PAST SEVERAL CARS INTO THE FAST LANE

INT. UPSCALE JEWELRY MALL - DAY

People mill in the busy mall. The Camera holds on WALLY, huddled in a corner. He taps in a code on his PHONE and listens to his MESSAGES...

ANSWERING MACHINE

This is your ex, Wally; Katy is running a low sugar fever but don't worry. She's just got the recital of her life Saturday night! (ding)...

INT. WALLY'S APARTMENT - SAME

The ANSWERING MACHINE sits alone on an end table. MESSAGES continue to flow....

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT.)

Wally, baby, it's Shelly; you lost the Mr. Porky commercial; Miracle Grow won't see you, but Toilet-Tommy-Fresh wants you back. It's a singing part. You know - Tommy keeps the stinky stool/From landing in your swimming pool. - This could be big, tootsie. Don't go too far from the phone, whatever you do, stay in town! (ding, ding, ding).

DON Q-O-T, MARCO and CLAUDE sit on WALLY'S dusty couch and chairs staring at the ANSWERING MACHINE. Silence.

Claude REMOVES the HIGH FREQUENCY IMMOBILIZATION GUNS from the box he's been carrying.

ON DON

His EYES bug-out at the sight of the guns. Claude hands one to Marco.

ANOTHER ANGLE

EL, wearing an apron, merrily swings out of the kitchen, carrying a TRAY, loaded down with more cheese whiz, cookies, pretzels, chips and cans of pop.

EL

I think you're going to like these.

She sets the tray down alongside the old PIZZA box and container of melting ice cream.

Claude PUNCTURES the bottom of a pop can and lets the liquid STREAM into his open mouth. Marco slaps a scoop of ICE CREAM on a slice of cold pizza. El dips a cookie into the cheese whiz.

DON WATCHES

Immobilized with fear and uncertainty. His hands clutch the arms of his chair. His eyes dart from the GUNS on the laps of Marco and Claude to their gluttonous eating habits.

MARCO

Are you sure you're not hungry, Mr. Q-O-T?

DON

Sugar ain't good for my vocal chords.  
Cheese gives me mucous.  
(he snuffles)

Now that he's a HOSTAGE, Don's brimming mood has slumped. Marco makes several more futile JABS at puncturing the bottom of his pop can. Don, fed up with the nonsense, JUMPS out of his chair.

DON

Don't be so damn stupid!

He GRABS the can from Marco's hand and YANKS OFF the tab top. Hands it back, glaring at Marco.

DON (CONT.)

Trespassin' this man's apartment is one thing but kidnappin' me is major time! I got cousins waitin' right now for my cassette.

(MORE)

DON (CONT.) (cont'd)

We got a summer tour. We got major dates. Hear me? Packed houses, screamin' teeny-boppers, foot-stompin' coliseums waitin' for my bros and me, Don Q-O-T, "The Q." Look at you. Comin' all the way from the Dakotas is no excuse for dressin' like morons and eatin' a mountain of junk food! I got cousins in the Badlands; that's right, I got cousins all over the entire world, including Poland and Bangladesh, and they are gonna look you up and whip your asses. That's right, whip your silly white asses!

The Shultz-Lite trio sits stunned, wide-eyed, hardly understanding a word.

INT. WALLY'S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

WALLY'S on his CAR PHONE, talking to his daughter, KATY.

WALLY

Good night; feel better, pumpkin.  
Daddy loves you. I'll see you recital night.

He clicks off, a blissful smile on his lips.

INT. WALLY'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - SAME

EL sets a PHOTO of Katy back on the dresser. Her attention shifts to PUBLICITY PHOTOS & POSTERS on the walls. Pictures of Wally with celebs and an old LETTER from the President commending Wally on his contribution to the health and fitness of America. A big, framed "Wally Reddy Workout Show" one-sheet hangs near the open closet.

El looks in the jumbled-up closet. She rummages through WALLY'S wardrobe, her hand finally landing on a bright, shiny SPANDEX OUTFIT, blue with the silver THUNDERBOLT.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A lamp glows in the soft darkness. Don and Claude have fallen ASLEEP in chairs. Marco checks his techy-chronometer. He looks up as El peeks in.

EL

Look what I found!

She holds up WALLY'S old AEROBICS OUTFIT. Just as the sound of FOOTSTEPS alerts them.

MARCO

Claude!

Claude snaps awake, GRABS his gun. Don blinks.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - SAME

WALLY sticks his KEY in the lock, chirping the Toilet-Tommy-Fresh jingle...

INT. AS WALLY ENTERS HIS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He freezes; his jaw drops. His eyes dart from Marco and Claude pointing GUNS at him to the OPEN BALCONY DOORS. Wally DROPS his briefcase.

WALLY

Take the jewels...

Before another word escapes the his lips, a lightning-bolt BLASTS from the alien guns. Wally instantly crumbles. Don's eyes bug-out.

INT. CAB (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

DON roars down the freeway; his face tense, alarmed. Marco sits alongside. Wally is slumped UNCONSCIOUS between El and Claude in the back. They've DRESSED him in his old blue LEOTARD.

DON

I was just kiddin' about my cousins.  
They will be causin' you no problem,  
no problemo, that's for sure. They are  
fun people, just fun, party people!  
Boom box and barbecue, that's my  
people!

EXT. CAB ROARS INTO CBS PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Screeches to a stop at the SECURITY KIOSK.

SECURITY KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

The young SECURITY GUARD, pimple-faced, hat two sizes too big, leans out.