THE ZENOIDS "MOON MALL"

Written by

Jeff Kazanjian

149 N. Mountain Trail Ave, Sierra Madre, CA. 91024
626-590-9303

EXT. MALL ON MOON-DAY

A giant glass bubble illuminates the crusty and otherwise dark surface of the moon. Inside the bubble is a mall. Inside the mall, signs float, lights blink, walkways move on their own and patrons fly in jet packs.

INT. MALL ON MOON-DAY

Several patrons fly up the escalators. An alien mother with her two kids flies as her kids dangle below her.

A teenage alien sits at a bench, puts on new sneakers, then boards the self moving walkway.

At the bottom level of the mall, there is a small stage with a fence in front like a corral. The camera zooms in on a red curtain until the whole frame is entirely red.

INT. BACKSTAGE-DAY

We zoom out to see red liquid in a test tube. KOZMO, a bald, short and overweight frog-like creature swirls the liquid. He puts it to his lips and takes a sip. He then puts it down on a table with several other tubes/beakers and walks over to a nearby stereo. He turns the volume knob and Music BLARES. He hunches his head down to the speaker, listening intently. After a moment, he turns it back down.

KOZMO
Not there yet.

Kozmo gets back to his table and adds some powder to the vial and resumes swirling. ZIRI, a thin, alligator-type creature with heavy eyelashes lays across the couch reading a magazine. She glances up at Kozmo.

ZIRI
What are you doing?

KOZMO
I’m creating a love potion.

ZIRI
Why? You’re already married. What’s the point?

IGGY, a short dinosaur-like creature with a round face sits in a chair next to Ziri. He stares at a floating TV in front of him and in both of his hands he holds a bright green wireless controller.

IGGY
Yeah. You can't feel love anymore.

KOZMO
Shut up Iggy. It's to make them in love with us as a band.

Next to Iggy is ORBIT, a four legged creature similar to a dog but with elevated eyes like a mudskipper. Orbit has a similar controller in his paw and ineptly plays the video game against Iggy. He mashes the buttons on the controller while Iggy, with his opposable thumbs, is much more skilled.

IGGY
You're never going to win Orbit. You don't have opposable thumbs. You're at a genetic disadvantage.

All of the sudden Orbit's non opposable dog thumb morphs into an opposable thumb. He starts holding the controller and playing like Iggy.

IGGY (CONT'D)
Well, you're still going to lose because you suck at video games.

Orbit's doggy middle finger elongates.

Kozmo takes a sip of his potion then starts over toward the stereo. He turns the volume up and listens, then turns it up more and listens again. He then shuts is completely off.

ZIRI
Here's an idea, Dad. If you want to make people in love with us as a band, you could start by not dressing up like it was 10 blergin' years ago.

KOZMO
At least I fit my clothes from 10 years ago! You don't!!

Kozmo walks back to his potion table.

ZIRI
I'm only 15! Ten years ago I was only 5!!

KOZMO
Exactly!!

ZIRI
What? You're so dumb sometimes.

Ziri goes back to reading her magazine.

KOZMO
When this potion gives us a ton more fans, you'll see.

IGGY
Dad, you can't serve lalkajal to minors remember?

KOZMO
I didn't say it was lalkajal.

ZIRI
Is it?

KOZMO
Of course.

Kozmo grins.

KOZMO (CONT'D)
But I didn't say it was.

ZIRI
So what are you going to do? You'll get arrested if you serve to minors.

KOZMO
That's why I'm going to give them a rapid aging potion first.

Kozmo holds up a beaker of yellow bubbling liquid. He jiggles it.

ZIRI
So there's going to be a bunch of drunk old people in the audience?

KOZMO
Better than sober old people.

Ziri rolls her eyes.

ZARA (O.S.)
Kozmo! Come here, I need you!

KOZMO
Speaking of old people.

INT. DRESSING ROOM-DAY

Kozmo walks into the dressing room where ZARA, a thin, shapely reptile looking creature is striking poses and looking at herself in the mirror. She looks like a tall turtle without the shell.

Without looking at her, Kozmo sits down on a nearby comfy love-seat and kicks his feet up. He grabs some crunchy snacks from a bowl on the table in front of him.

ZARA
What do you think about this new dress?

KOZMO
(robotic)
I think what you think.

Zara shoots Kozmo a dirty look.

KOZMO (CONT'D)
Isn't that all you've ever wanted?

Kozmo crunches away as Zara grits her teeth and her head starts to puff up. Kozmo shoots up and kisses her on the cheek. Her head shrinks back to normal. Kozmo's watch beeps.

KOZMO (CONT'D)
Show time.

Kozmo smiles at Zara then zooms out of the dressing room. Zara sighs, looks at herself once more in the mirror, then follows Kozmo.

EXT. STAGE-DAY

A teenage PIMPLY GUARD with fish-like features stands in a red, button down, mall employee outfit in front of the gated entrance to the stage. He reads off a blue note-card without looking up.

PIMPLY GUARD
Hi. I am your name. Witness history be made by watching this great ranglin' band rock the stage and make history.

There is a large sign on a stand in front of the gate saying, "Mystery band will rock your svaks off!!"

A large amount of aliens have gathered inside this gating area. It gets more crowded as more aliens squish their way into the crowd.

INT. BACKSTAGE-DAY

The Pimply Guard goes up to Kozmo, who stands assertively in his bright Elvis-like jumpsuit.

PIMPLY GUARD
There are a lot of people here. We're at maximum capacity already.

KOZMO
I thought so. You should close the entrances. If they didn't come by now they don't get the privilege of seeing us.

PIMPLY GUARD
But the entrances are also the exits. I can't do that.

Kozmo narrows his eyes at the Pimply Guard.

KOZMO
What makes you think that they're going to want to leave?

Kozmo shoots him a dirty look and the Pimply Guard slinks away. Kozmo stands firm.

EXT. STAGE-DAY

The Pimply Guard closes the entrance/exit gate. Just then, the band enters the stage.

Zara plays a horseshoe shaped keyboard that goes around her waist. She hits the underside of the keys with her reversible fingers.

Iggy's drum set is made of brightly colored floating pads. His drum sticks look like the branches of a tree with many different sized sticks branching off one main one. He uses his wrists and subtle movements in his fingers to control each one.

Ziri's harp goes around her entire body and has multicolored strings which cross it in every direction. Some strings are spaced apart more than others and she is able to rotate her wrist 360 degrees to play them all from different angles.

Kozmo’s guitar has a huge body, like a stand up bass. The neck is as small as a guitar’s and there are giant caves in the body with small bright silver pickups inside them. He strums it just like a guitar.

But they all sound terrible. Just terrible.

Audience members try and leave but the fence is closed. They instead climb over it. Ziri notices the chaos and stops playing. Kozmo looks over at her.

KOZMO
Ziri! Why did you stop?

ZIRI
People are jumping over the fence!!

KOZMO
Well, we’re pretty popular. Can’t blame ‘em for wanting to see us so badly.

ZIRI
They’re going to other way!!

KOZMO
You mean they’re crawling under? We’ve got some hard core fans! Yeah!

Kozmo strums harder. Ziri rolls her eyes.

In front of the stage are two SALAMANDER-TYPE ALIENS. Their eyes are at the end of tentacles which are attached to their heads.

SALAMNDER-TYPE ALIEN #1
I can’t stand to watch this.

SALAMANDER-TYPE ALIEN #2
I can’t stand to listen to this!

Both of the aliens look at each other and in unison, they put their eyes inside their ears.

Two teenage SLUG-LIKE ALIENS stand in front of the stage. One has a sparse, scraggly beard and they both wear flannel jackets.

SLUG LIKE-ALIEN #1
These guys suck. Let’s go.

SLUG-LIKE ALIEN #2
Agreed.

The aliens turn to leave. Kozmo sees this and puts his guitar down. He rushes over to his amplifier. Behind it are two jars of liquid. One is labeled, “aging potion” and the other is labeled “lalkajal”. He grabs both of them and throws some aging potion on one of the teenagers.

SLUG-LIKE ALIEN #2 ages rapidly and becomes old and decrepit in a matter of seconds. His eyes roll back in his head as he shrivels up and dies. SLUG-LIKE ALIEN #1 stares at his dead friend then points his finger at Kozmo, mouth agape. Kozmo gives an “Oh shit” face then throws the same potion at SLUG-LIKE ALIEN #1, but he runs away in time to miss it. Kozmo looks around, then slinks back behind his amp and puts both potions back.

Everyone in the audience has left except for two ugly fat DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIENS that are pounding their fists in the air. They have thick German like accents.

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #1
I love these guys!!

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #2
Yeah. They’re blerpin’ malongus.

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #1
Yeah. They’re falchin’ malongus.

Dolphin Alien #2 turns to Dolphin Alien #1.

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #2
No. They’re blerpin malongus.

Dolphin Alien #1 turns to Dolphin Alien #2.

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #2 (CONT’D)
No! They’re falchin’ malongus!!

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #1
Blerpin!!

DOLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #2
Falchin!!!

DOPLPHIN-LIKE ALIEN #1
BLERPIN!!

Dolphin-Like Alien #1 smacks Dolphin-Like Alien #2 in the face with his flipper. Dolphin-Like Alien #2 gets angry and shows his teeth and spikes come out the tips of his fins. Dolphin-Like Alien #1 does the same. They begin to fight and tear pieces off each other.

None of the band members are playing. They just watch the chaos unfold before them.

ZARA
Oh my god! Our only fans are killing each other Kozmo. Do something!!

Kozmo crosses his arms and looks down his nose at them.

KOZMO
No.

ZARA
What? They're tearing each other to pieces!!

KOZMO
Exactly. If you knew anything about the Fulgon race, you'd know that each of those pieces will turn into a whole Fulgonian.

We see one piece start to grow a head and fins.

KOZMO (CONT'D)
See?

ZARA
Well I'll be darned.

KOZMO
In a matter of seconds we will have thousands of fans.

This morphing piece turns into a whole Fulgonian, but it's a Fulgonian BABY! It's start to wail. All the other pieces turn into Fulgonian babies and start to cry as well.

KOZMO (CONT'D)
(nervous/scared)
Svit!!

Kozmo is about to dart through the back door when Zara sees him.

ZARA
Kozmo!

KOZMO
(defeated)
Svit.

Zara points to the stage.

ZARA
Go fix it!

Kozmo slinks back to the stage. He grabs the aging potion behind his amp and throws it on all the crying babies as well as the fighting aliens. They all age rapidly and die within a matter of seconds. Kozmo looks at his family who look back at him in shock and horror. He shrugs.

Zara glares at Kozmo, then Kozmo grabs the lalkajal and hands it to Zara. She crosses her arms. Kozmo then turns his back to Zara and downs the entire bottle. The rest of the family set down their instruments and exit the stage.

Mall shoppers notice the mess of rotting bodies. They hold their noses and run to the exits of the mall. One alien vomits.

Next to the stage, the Pimply Guard sighs and grabs a tiny broom and dustpan.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT-DAY

The family walks out of the mall and into the parking lot with a giant mob of aliens behind them, all running and plugging their noses.

KOZMO
It’s a mob of fans!! Ging! I gotta get my autograph pen!

Kozmo runs to their ship in the parking lot. He goes into it and brings out his “autograph pen” which is a quill and an ink jar. He runs back to the mob and on his way back he passes his family.

The rest of the family get inside their ship then drive off, with Zara driving. Kozmo is left among the throng of rushing aliens, begging them to have him give them autographs while constantly getting pushed and bumped. He then spots Zara driving away in the ship and runs towards it.

INT. SHIP-DAY

Zara sees Kozmo in the rear view mirror and smiles. She puts her foot on the accelerator.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT-DAY

Kozmo grunts and runs faster. He then sees break lights. He cracks a smirk then barely chuckles and rolls his eyes.

INT. SHIP-DAY

Zara sees Kozmo’s expression in the rearview mirror. She smiles and giggles.

In the back, Ziri reads her magazine with her headphones on. Iggy sleeps and Orbit stares out the window. A driver honks and Orbit flips him off with his elongated middle finger.