

THE CURVACEOUS ADVENTURES OF BETSY BAZOOM

Written By

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Story By

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FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - TITUSVILLE - NIGHT

Full moon. A young couple, HARRY (19) and MARY (18), BANTER lovingly. They take a turn and start KISSING intimately.

FOOTSTEPS.

HARRY
(annoyed)
We're kind of in the middle of--

A gun LOADS and is shoved up his nose. ROBBER ONE, masked, striped turtleneck and five o'clock shadow.

ROBBER ONE (O.C.)
Shut up.

Mary YELLS. SLAP. She falls to the floor. Harry lunges but is restrained.

HARRY
Mary!

The barrel inches closer to Harry. Mary is dragged to her feet by ROBBER TWO. He holds her at gunpoint.

ROBBER ONE
Money. Bag. Now.

Harry fumbles for his wallet. Upon opening he's horrified.

HARRY
(stammering)
All I have is an "All you can eat"
Coupon

ROBBER ONE
Oh yeah? Where? IHOP

Shoves gun up even further.

ROBBER ONE (CONT'D)
(threatening)
Or Denny's?

Mary WHIMPERS. Harry GULPS.

HARRY
(scared)
D-D-D-Denny's!

(CONTINUED)

Robber pulls back.

ROBBER ONE
(interested)
For real?

Harry nods nervously. Out of the dead SILENCE, Robber Two smiles.

ROBBER ONE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Ha-ha-ha! you hear that, Rob?

ROBBER TWO
Sure did, Bob! All you can eat
spaghetti and meatballs!

The Robbers give a HIGH-FIVE.

MARY
(shy)
Well, not really.

Suddenly, the joy dissipates.

ROBBER ONE
(grim)
What're you talking about?

MARY
Denny's doesn't do spaghetti and
meatballs anymore.

ROBBER TWO
Doesn't *do*?

ROBBER ONE
They brought it back last week!

MARY
And they took it away today.

Both Robbers turn and SNARL at Harry.

HARRY
(mouthing)
The fuck?! What the fuck?! What're
you doing?!

MARY
I would know. I got laid off today.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
(protesting to Mary)
Fired? I didn't know! Why didn't
you tell me--I had this in the bag!

Mary SMIRKS.

MARY (CONT'D)
(re: wallet)
There's twenty embedded in the
leather.

Robber rips it open. Bills spew out.

HARRY
(pleading)
Mary? How could you?

Robber Two unhands Mary and hands her a sum of the booty. he
then flips Harry around, victim CRYING, as Mary steps up.

MARY
Sorry, honey bunny. Its just
business.

The gun COCKS.

MARY (CONT'D)
Personal business.

VOICE (O.C.)
Really? Cause last time I checked,
they don't give Interpersonal
Communication degrees to crooks.

Everyone flinches at this and looks up.

BETSY BAZOOM (29), curvy, hip, and valiant, looking over
them from a building's roof, silhouetted by the full moon.

HARRY
(incredulous)
Jesus, Henry, Mary, Joseph and
Charlie Christ! Its-Its--

Betsy flips her bouncy hair behind and reveals a witty
smile, her velvet costume, and luscious breasts poised well.

BETSY BAZOOM
(coy)
Betsy Bazoom.

Betsy's eyes flicker. The silhouette leaps. Harry scrams,
while Mary and Robber One disperse into hiding.

(CONTINUED)

Robber Two stands like an oaf, staring at her legs approaching till:

BUMP!

Betsy Bazoom topples on Robber Two.

BETSY BAZOOM (cont'd)
I thought I heard someone go "bump"
in the night.

She steps off. Robber One pounces. Betsy heaves her breasts at him. He regains footing and DISCHARGES rounds at Betsy.

Betsy steadily approaches Robber One, blocking shots with her boobs.

One ricochets and pelts Robber One's right eye.

ROBBER ONE
(in pain)
Gyah!
(infuriated)
You're going to pay for this, you
bitch-ass!

Betsy Bazoom slings an uppercut. Robber One lifts and plummets like trash. She then glances at her nails.

BETSY BAZOOM
(correction)
I think you meant to say
"bo-day-sh-ass."

MARY (O.C.)
Betsy?

Betsy jerks her head. Mary is out in the open. Betsy smiles and curtsies.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D)
At your service.

MARY
Is that so?

Mary eerily mirrors this move. She hides her gun.

MARY
So be I in trouble, let's say,
falling off a bridge, or maybe
stuck in a trash compactor, you'd
come and save the day?

(CONTINUED)

BETSY BAZOOM
(assuredly)
All in a day's work.

MARY
Then tell me, would you even go
shopping with me?

Betsy GIGGLES. Mary grins wider.

BETSY BAZOOM
(amused)
Um... Okay? Ha, ha!
(curious)
That's not even a duty for me,
although I wonder why I'd do that
anyway?

MARY
Oh, well you know... You are quite
a love.

A beat. Suspicion.

MARY (CONT'D)
But you don't want red all over do
you?

A longer beat. Betsy smirks and breaks it with MORE
LAUGHTER. Mary joins her.

BETSY BAZOOM
I get it! Ha, ha! Cause the Queen
of Hearts is red!

MARY
But you aren't!

BETSY BAZOOM
No, ha, ha! I'm a flying Ace!

The LAUGHTER eases to light CHUCKLES. Betsy turns a second,
and Mary slyly pulls out her gun.

BANG! BANG!

Betsy somersaults.

WHOOSH!

Mary frantically searches for Betsy.

Betsy rises from behind and clutches Mary's neck with her
cleavage. Mary can't break free.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY BAZOOM (cont'd)
 (threateningly)
 You listen, and you listen close,
 dear. I'm part-time. Beating
 baddies, returning stolen goods,
 playing "role model" for Titusville
 isn't what I plan to do with my
 life. No, I've got much bigger
 plans.

MARY
 (struggling)
 And... h-how do you plan on making
 it?

Betsy turns her face, flustered.

BETSY BAZOOM
 I... I haven't figured that part
 out yet.

MARY
 You and every other deadbeat bitch
 in this town.

Betsy jerks back and tightens her grasp. Mary GASPS.

BETSY BAZOOM
 But what I do know is that I don't
 have time to mess with little shits
 like you. Picking on everyone,
 faking lives, hurting others in and
 out. Its not right.

MARY
 Don't you believe in justice?
 Second chances?

BETSY BAZOOM
 Second chances are given to those
 who plead for none. No, I believe
 you get what you deserve.

Betsy cracks her knuckles. Mary, pulse-beating and sweat
 dripping, averts her eyes unhinged. Betsy smirks.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D)
 (smug)
 Like Hammurabi. "An eye for an
 eye..."
 (whispers)
 "And a neck to forget.

(CONTINUED)

Betsy TWISTS her breasts, breaking Mary's neck. Blood spews out her mouth onto her shirt. THUDS down. Betsy looms over.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Actually, I'd unquote that.
 (pensive)
 I think I added that part myself.
 (confused)
 Did I?
 (jokingly)
 Ah, maybe for comedic effect. Just
 as much!

Mary doesn't respond. Betsy frowns.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (dissapointed)
 Ah, what would you know? You're
 just a corpse.

Betsy nudges her with her foot. Just to make sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - TITUSVILLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mary's limp body, stripped to the undergarments, is folded neatly on top of Robber and Robber Two's lifeless livelihood.

Betsy takes off all the costume, minus her eyemask and starts to pull on Mary's tiny clothes.

BETSY BAZOOM
 (straining)
 Jesus. This chick can't even shop
 at Marshall's.

When done, Betsy slings the costume over her shoulder and opens a "to-do" application on her phone

Listed are these entries:

- Go Jogging with Jeggings
- Launder Laundry Lightly and Shit
- Read another Romance Novel
- Kick Crime's Ass

Betsy double-taps the last one, crossing it out. Satisfied, she smirks. That is, until she scrolls down.

(CONTINUED)

Another entry:

- Pick up Chinese Food

BETSY BAZOOM
(sotto)
Shit. What time is--?

Carly Rae Jepsen's "Call Me Maybe" PLAYS as her ringtone.
Rolling her eyes, she answers.

BETSY BAZOOM
(mellow, reluctant)
Hey... Dee--

DELILAH DAIRY (V.O.)
(screaming)
This cow's gonna fly over the moon
before you come home!

Betsy flinches at Delilah's ferocity.

BETSY BAZOOM
(timid)
Look, I was out. But I'm on the way
back right now--

Betsy freezes as she sees Harry. He's back with a Polaroid.

HARRY
(mouthing)
Can I take a picture with you?

Betsy puts a hand on the receiver.

DELILAH DAIRY (O.C.)
(interrupting)
Does it even matter?! Lila's
probably closed shop by now! And I
don't feel like forcing myself to
eat cereal again. I mean, don't get
me wrong...

BETSY BAZOOM
(mouthing back)
Look, this isn't really a good
time. My roommate's having a cow.

HARRY
Oh no, I got that, I'm just saying
if I could take a quickie...

Harry waves his hands in a hypothetical fashion.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (being awkward)
 That'd be greaaaat.

Betsy rolls her eyes. She's getting weary of this.

Delilah continues blabbering as Betsy sides next to Harry. Betsy forces a smile, but Harry doesn't instead tilts down.

BETSY BAZOOM
 (confused)
 Wait... What are you...?

Harry adjusts the camera accordingly until he has a nice framing of him and Betsy's boobs. He makes a cheesy smile.

SNAP!

As Harry shakes the image, Betsy's nose flares.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 You know, you're not supposed to do that.

HARRY
 (aloof)
 Nah, well, the image comes out fast. Besides the quality isn't as important as actually doing it, right?

Betsy twists her face even more at the mindless response. Harry glances but gets caught in her deathstare.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (cautious)
 You aren't gonna...?

Harry peers behind her at the trash can. The lid doesn't fully cover the bulk of bodies' flesh.

BETSY BAZOOM
 No.

Betsy FLICKS Harry's nose. Harry YELPS and rubs his nose.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D)
 But you don't just "take a quickie" with my tits, you twat.
 (to Delilah Dairy)
 Sorry, Dee, but can we just order some 'Zza?

DELILAH DAIRY (O.C.)
 What we *could've* ordered was some
 firetruckin' chinese food! Couldn't
 you do that *before* bustin' heads?

Betsy pushes Harry aside and walks down the sidewalk. Harry
 remains transfixed on her butt.

HARRY
 (sotto, happy)
 I think I'm in love.

BETSY BAZOOM (O.C.)
 (to Delilah Dairy)
 Hold on.
 (shouts to Harry)
 No you're not!

Harry SNAPS one lasting memory of Betsy's tush waiting at
 the crosswalk. She shows her middle finger, ass-adjacently.

CUT TO:

EXT. TITUSVILLE - THE NEXT DAY

MASTER shots of Titusville:

(Cue "Rhapsody in Blue" by George Gershwin)

- Welcome/Population Sign
- NASA, Cape Canaveral
- Veterans Memorial Fishing Pier,
- Enchanted Forest Sanctuary
- The Marketplace of town

TV BUZZ is heard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

A figure sits on the sofa chair, in the foreground, as the
 T.V. shows graphics of Channel News 13.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
 Your weather on the ones. Digital
 Doppler X3. With Chief meteorologist
 Jeff Day.

The figure SIPS a cup of Jasmine Tea.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

The camera dollies in on newsanchor SANDRA OSBOURNE

SANDRA OSBORNE

Today's top story, the caped and curvy crusader strikes again. Betsy Bazoom was sighted late last night in Titusville, in an alley, near Park and Norwood. More on this story, we have Virginia Johnson out on the scene.

Split screen with reporter VIRGINIA JOHNSON. She's out on location.

SANDRA OSBORNE (cont'd)

(to Virginia Johnson)

Virginia, what can you tell us about last night?

VIRGINIA JOHNSON

Well, Sandra, I can tell you a lot about last night.

Footage of a portly, red, MAYOR MAYONESTER (43), giving a speech in cityhall.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON (O.C.)

Considering most of the town was at Mayor Mayonester's announcement ceremony of the "Moist 'N' Manic" Waterpark, set to open later this week--

Cuts back to Virginia, walking through the scene, and around police officers, caution tape and the corpses spread out on the floor.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON

I would say the Voluptuous Vigilante had a clean shot at saving the day.

Graphics of Mary, Robber and Robber Two pop up on the screen.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON (CONT'D)

As it turns out, Betsy Bazoom thwarted a crime taking place as Orange County Wanted Dead or Alive Criminal, Mary Potkins, and her two accomplices, 34-year old Bob

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA JOHNSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Roberts, and 46-year old, Rob
 Bobhurst, assaulted and pillaged
 Potkin's now-ex-boyfriend, Harry
 Jacobs.

Harry appears. Virginia holds nearer the microphone.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 As it so happens, we have that very
 same witness and victim standing
 right next to me.
 (to Harry)
 Now, Harry, can you describe to us
 what Betsy Bazoom looked like?

Harry nears the mic.

HARRY
 (rhetorical)
 Well... What doesn't she look like?

INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - THE NEXT DAY

BETHANY BOSOM, 29 brunette, pretty, and too smart for her
 own good, sleepily awakes. YAWNS. Time? "08:31am" according
 to her Hello Kitty alarm clock. She stretches like a feline.

HARRY (CONT'D) (O.C.)
 She has this composure about her
 that is so elegant, so classy,
 so... hot.

Bethany cleans up some mess of papers and books, eventually
 coming across Betsy Bazoom's costume.

HARRY (CONT'D) (O.C.)
 And she seemed pretty smart too. I
 figure she would hate teachers just
 because of how much stupider they
 are compared to her.

Bethany picks up her pair of glasses, a mug behind reads
 "Number One Teacher In The World."

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Back to the T.V.:

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA JOHNSON

Right. And what can you say about her personality?

Harry pops his brow and PUFFS some air in surprise.

HARRY

Well, to be honest, she came onto me pretty fearlessly.

Virginia Johnson rolls her eyes.

INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - THE NEXT DAY

Bethany smells it and grimaces in disgust. She tosses it up in the air and juggles it with her jugs, followed by a roundhouse kick, straight to the hamper.

HARRY (CONT'D) (O.C.)

I mean, she's cute, she's smart, but she wanted to take a picture with me. As if I understood her on some deep dramatic level or something. I don't know. I hope she finds somebody.

Bethany adjusts her yoga pants and heads towards the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

The figure stands on her hooves and looks out the window.

On the Tube, Harry shrugs as the interview wraps up.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(re: Love)

As for me, I think I'll be fine.

(sarcastic)

Its' not like my girlfriend was a armed robber or something.

Virginia LAUGHS at this, simply touching Harry's shoulder lightly. Although enthused, Harry LAUGHS NERVOUSLY.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON

Well, you heard it hear first. Will the police find Betsy Bazoom and interrogate her? Or will this act of compassion cause her to come out in the cold open? Only time will

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA JOHNSON (cont'd)
tell, as we keep you updated.
Virginia Johnson, Titusville,
Florida--back to you, Sandra.

The shot cuts back to Sandra in the newsroom.

SANDRA OSBORNE
(amused)
"Voluptuous Vigilante?" Ha, ha!
(sotto)
I wish my husband called me that.

An awkward beat. Sandra then catches herself and resumes.

SANDRA OSBORNE (cont'd)
(a beat)
Now for your weather on the ones,
lets take at today's forecast.
(to JEFF DAY)
Jeff?

Shot cuts to Jeff Day in front of the blue screen.

JEFF DAY
(to Sandra)
Thanks, Sandra.
(to Viewers)
Hey, Guys. This Week is gonna be
pretty hot, so it'll be a good time
to go to the beach, get a tan, and
even try some ice cream. Let's take
a look...

Bethany walks in and raises a salutatory hand.

DELILAH DAIRY
Morning.

BETHANY BOSOM
Morning.

Bethany pours herself some cereal in a bowl. S'Morz. She then grabs a carton of milk.

BETHANY BOSOM (cont'd)
Anything new?

DELILAH DAIRY
Two birthday parties, and a
funeral.

Bethany shakes the carton. No juice. Or mil, rather.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY BOSOM
A funeral? Huh, that's strange...

DELILAH DAIRY
Stiffs can get BINGO too.

BETHANY BOSOM
Yeah...
(a beat)
Hey, Delilah? Are we out of milk?

The figure turns the head a bit.

DELILAH DAIRY
I beg your pardon?

Bethany props herself right next to the figure, eyes lazily transfixed on the T.V.

BETHANY BOSOM
You know...
(coy)
Got Milk?

The figure turns. Delilah Dairy (7 in cow years), lolls her Jersey cow eyes.

DELILAH DAIRY
(seriously)
What do you think?

Bethany smirks and pops her eyebrows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Delilah with her head tilted back. With an expression like she's trying to lift a stack of hay.

BETHANY BOSOM (O.C.)
Push! Push!

DELILAH DAIRY
(straining)
Errrg! I don't know if I--

SSSST. DRIB. DRIB. DRIB. BLIP.

Bethany stands up and MUNCHES happily from her bowl of S'Morz. Now filled with milk. Delilah BREATHEs with ease.

(CONTINUED)

Bethany pats Delilah's back as Delilah puts her hooves on the coffee table and OPENS "Atlas Mooed" by Ayn Ranch.

A beat.

BETHANY BOSOM

So...

DELILAH DAIRY (CONT'D)

(cutting off)

You're welcome, never again, and please find some way to pasteurize that milk before you die.

BETHANY BOSOM

(mouthful)

Mmm! Valid point.

Bethany reaches over Delilah's calves to the remote control on the coffee table. She BUZZES the channel over to:

NARRATOR (O.S)

Today, on the history channel...

Bethany holds out her bowl to the T.V. Delilah LAUGHS hoarsely. Bethany sits and sets the bowl down on the table.

BETHANY

So where's Madame?

Delilah shrugged.

DELILAH DAIRY

(scoffs)

Mammary? You know how she is. Counter-culture and what not.

(a beat)

Culture... Oh shoot!

Delilah "moo-seys" over to the kitchen. Bethany eats another spoonful of cereal.

BETHANY BOSOM

(mouthful)

You know, I don't get why you two just can't get along.

DELILAH DAIRY

Beth, she called me fat with the hormones, she tried to brand me with her blunt and she hasn't chipped in with one-month's, not one-month of rent since she came here.

(CONTINUED)

(sotto)
Plus her feet smell.

BETHANY BOSOM
Oh please. Coming from a cow.

DELILAH DAIRY
Besides, I don't need some has-been
Hippie-Drippy Freeloader saggin'
titty, wild child creating
imaginary "rights" for me, or you,
when really, all her "psychadelic
journey" is in actuality a guilt
trip that ends the horoscope with
"doom!"

(sotto)
Here's my meds.

Delilah pulls a bottle out of the pantry, labled G2058. She
SWALLOWS a pill with water.

BETHANY BOSOM
Look, all I'm saying is that she's
with us for the long-run, so get
used to it.

Delilah stands in the living room near the door, kitchen and
the living room.

DELILAH DAIRY
Oh, I will. You can bet your butter
on that. But she's gonna need to
get used to me, from now on, cause
I'm putting my hoof down!

Delilah STAMPS. At that moment, a CRACKLE is heard.

DELILAH DAIRY (cont'd)
(sotto)
What the...?

Gradually, the CRACKLE grows louder untill:

FWEEP!

A small flower pops through the floorboards. Specifically a
Leather Flower/Sugarbowl, the Coriflora scotti is unbloomed.

Delilah POKES it once, and:

FWOOP!

The flower grows ten times its' size.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, the flower RATTLES, proceeding to bloom. Each of the four petals open with an unusually HEAVY THUMP.

As Delilah sees this, she doesn't react more than blinking like a deer-in-the-headlights when:

THUMP!

The last petal flattens itself on top of DELILAH.

Posing in the Ardha Baddha Pamottanasana posture, Madame Mammary, 30s and wavy, holds two bags of groceries.

MADAME MAMMARY
(sing-songy)
Nanoo, Nanoo! My Stella Sistas!

Madame looks around, slightly befuddled. Her gaze lands on Bethany, horrified. Madame shoots back a smile.

MADAME MAMMARY (cont'd)
Erm--I mean, *Sista!*
(sotto)
Its about time we got rid of that
cow.

Two medium sized figures (Delilah's Hooves) make bumps in the petals as:

DELILAH DAIRY (O.C.)
(muffled)
I'm under here, you nip-twit!

Madame shrugs and steps off the flower.

MADAME MAMMARY
Meh, I'll open it later.

Madame Mammary pulls out various whole foods such as wheat stalks live chickens

BETHANY BOSOM
Oh my... Madame? You do understand
that I'm going to have to pay for
this, right?

Delilah's head POPS from under the leaf.

DELILAH DAIRY
(to Madame Mammary)
Couldn't you have used the door?

Madame forces a smile and wiggles Delilah's jewels

MADAME MAMMARY
Silly goose... I did.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-DING DONG.

Enter MOE. A bull with shutter shades, a flat hat, and the biggest ego you've ever seen between two horns.

MOE
(eccentric with Delilah Dairy)
Moo! What's the skinny, cowgirl?

DELILAH DAIRY
(sighs)
Hi, Moe.

Bethany LAUGHS, putting two roller skates in her backpack. She hangs a pair of goggles on her neck. Then a helmet.

BETHANY BOSOM
(whispers)
Brother?

DELILAH DAIRY
Ex-Boyfriend.

BETHANY BOSOM
(chuckling)
I think you milked the money out of what we needed, Madame!

DELILAH DAIRY
Definitely. This is nuts.

Madame fishes in the grocery bag. She pulls out a bag of pistachios.

MADAME MAMMARY
No, *these* are nuts!
(re: Moe)
Besides, Eating Vegan's got a thirty day return policy!

DELILAH DAIRY
Is that so? Do they also have a thirty day rerun policy?

MADAME MAMMARY
What do you mean, "rerun?"

Madame turns and sees that Moe has disappeared. Delilah swings out an open window down to the laundromat.

(CONTINUED)

Moe reads "Mooxim" while washing his outer coat. Delilah SWATS the issue and pulls him by the horns.

Madame and Bethany shrug at each other. Moments later, the doorbell RINGS. Bethany lets Delilah and Moe in.

Delilah shoves Moe in a corner. Begrudgingly, Other Cow sits there. Bethany looks at her wristwatch. "8:31am."

BETHANY BOSOM
(surprised)
Yikes! I better jet!

Bethany dashes out the door.

MADAME MAMMARY
Peace, Love and Granola, Bethany!

DOOR SLAM.

MADAME MAMMARY (CONT'D)
Welp. Time for my daily yoga!

Madame enters her room and SLAMS the door shut.

MOE
(eccentric)
Look, baby girl, I know we went through a rough patch, but I'm willing to put that behind us, and take you home on the range, if you know what I mean.

DELILAH DAIRY
You live in a petting zoo.

MOE
(rhetorical)
Your point?

Delilah TIPS Moe over on the flower bud, TIES all of the petals in a ribbon-y bow and DRIVES the flower back down.

Delilah goes back to the sofa and returns to reading. A MUFFLED GROAN from below. Delilah rolls her eyes.

DELILAH DAIRY
(calling out)
You're lucky we live on the ground floor! All you have to worry about is Satan!

Delilah resumes reading.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPTHS 'O' HELL - MOMENTS LATER

Moe is scrunched up to himself inside the flower, scared.

MOE

(sotto)

I don't see how that's a benefit.

The flower is prodded in by three small lumps.

RRRIP!

SATAN's big, gross, fat, pube-hairy, head peers through the hole in the petal. Satan's bib, forks, causes Moe to GULP.

EXT. TITUSVILLE - MORNING

In the metropolis, Bethany jumps from an open window onto a ledge. She swings high into the sky.

Silhouetted now by the Sun, she fastens her goggles and ties on her skates.

ZZZOOM! RRRRR!

Bethany zips onto a construction panel, and drops on several more. Each one closer to the ground. She whips on a curve.

FWOOM! RRRRR-RRRRR-RRRRR!

Bethany "loop-de-loops" a cylinder and shoots out over the fence and onto the pavement.

Bethany accelerates, ZIPPING by PEDESTRIANS.

PEDESTRIANS

(misc.)

Hey! / Watch it! / Crazy Lady!

BETHANY BOSOM

(sarcastic)

Sorry, not sorry! Jeez!

(sotto)

(mutters)

Monkeys.

THREE WISE MONKEYS are taking a coffee break, hang out near the lamp post.

Each one folds a newspaper vertically to talk at a time.

(CONTINUED)

MIZARU

So then the Son-of-a-Bitch shoves a banana in my face and starts with that stupid laugh.

KIKAZARU

Oh you mean--
(mimicking)
"Ha-He-Hoo-Hoo!"

IWAZARU

No, no. He's talking about like:
"He-He-Ha-Har!"

BETHANY BOSOM (O.C.)

Watch out!

The Monkeys drop the papers and "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" as Bethany HOOKS a left past them.

Mizaru shakes his monkey fist at Bethany zooming off.

MIZARU

Hey! I'm reading here!

IWAZARU

Ah, let her go.

The Monkeys pick back up their papers.

KIKAZARU

Gotta admit, she's got nice hooters though.

An OWL lands on the lamp post.

OWL

Hoot-hoot!

Back to Bethany. She takes a gander at her watch. "8:57."

TICK. "8:58."

Bethany GULPS.

BE-BEEP! Bethany barely sidesteps a truck, BLARING at her.

Swerving in and out of traffic, Bethany wipes her brow.

Exhausted, she lunges onto a city tour bus and heaves herself on.

GASPS all around from the TOURISTS and the TOUR GUIDE.

(CONTINUED)

As the bus motors by "Moist N' Manic's" construction site, Bethany wipes the fog from her goggles. She sees and SIGHS.

BETHANY BOSOM
(to Tourists)
What are you looking at?

Suddenly, the street sign for "Albany Avenue" passes by. Bethany strolls to the back of the bus, clearing tourists.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I'm late for class.

Bethany RACES down the aisle:

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)
Enjoy Titusville!

And Bethany LEAPS off the bus. The World stares in amazement. A KID snaps a shot of her boobs flying loftily.

Bethany catches hold of a flagpole, swings thrice and:

POOM!

EXT. FRONT STAIRS - PS. 8008 - DAY

Bethany lands, brushes the dirt off and:

BRRRING!

BETHANY BOSOM
(freaked)
Chutes and ladders!

Bethany bolts in.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - PS. 8008 - DAY

TEACHERS and few SCHOOL CHILDREN flip papers up.

BETHANY BOSOM (O.C.)
Sorry! / Excuse Me! / Nice Blouse!

Bethany cycles through a bewildered crowd and leans to the side as she approaches her classroom door.

Bethany reaches for the handle when it opens toward her. Bethany GASPS at JIM RICHARDS (30), a literature teacher. Flush.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - P.S. 8008 - CONTINUOUS

Bethany writes her name on the blackboard. The school children BANTER, SPITBALL and LAUGH.

BETHANY BOSOM
(quietly)
Okay, class. Settle down.

No signs of cease-fire. Bethany signals SUZIE, pig-tails, small, front-and-center, to SWALLOW some air and WHISTLES.

The class falls SILENT.

BETHANY BOSOM (cont'd)
I'm Bethany Bosom, but you can just
call me Miss Bosom.

A shrimpish boy by the name of SHERRINGTON raises his hand. Bethany points at him.

SHERRINGTON
(baritone)
Like the superheroine?

Bethany lightly laughs, nervously.

BETHANY BOSOM
No, no. I'm Miss Bosom with a
"o-s-o" She's Miss Bazoom with
"a-z-o"

SHERRINGTON
That's just an upside-down "d."

Bethany wavers her hands.

BETHANY BOSOM
Whatever. No affiliation.
(re: Who is she anyway?)
I'm your history teacher, and I
thought it'd be nice to look at all
the legacies of those influential
in history who are basically
telling us through the textbook and
our lessons how we can wrap up our
own lives to better support
humanity's best wishes as well as
our own.

Bethany smiles enthusiastically as she holds up some slides. School Children GROAN.

(CONTINUED)

SUZY

Priscella Mashrinkska's a Professional Beach Volleyball player for Russia, who was pronounced the best in the world. Her latest feat was winning the World Beach Volleyball Tournament back in two-thousand six. However, due to her husband cheating with the competitor because of better looks, Priscella divorced and subsequently vanished. Never to be heard from again.

SHERRINGTON

(snickering)

Ha, ha, ha, she's got cucumber boobs!

Much to Suzy and Bethany's contempt, the classroom ROARS into LAUGHTER.

BELL RINGS. As the kids pick up their things to go and disregard Bethany:

BETHANY BOSOM

That's lunch. Remember to do your homework and--

(sotto)

And they all left.

Emptied, Bethany rearranges the class. She glances at Priscella. Those boobs looks familiar.

A ROBOTIC MOSQUITO perches on a ginger plant, spying on Bethany. The WHIRR of the camera eye. A broom goes FWOOM.

SWAT! CRACK!

The robotic mosquito breaks the broom in half and is successful in evading as Bethany wrecks the room. Boobs fly.

BONK! CRASH! SPLATTER!

INT. HALLWAY - P.S. 8008 - CONTINUOUS

Richards walks by, BANTERING with fellow teachers, when:

CLANG! BOP!

Richards and the others look at each other befuddled.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS
I'll catch up with you guys later.

The others SHUFFLE on as Richards investigates.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - P.S. 8008 - CONTINUOUS

Bethany is worn out.

RICHARDS (O.C.)
Bethany, hey!

Bethany overreacts by slinging her boob at Richard who so nearly jumps out of the way.

She knocks down a globe which CONKS Richards in the head. He YELPS in pain. Bethany lets her guard down and helps him.

BETHANY BOSOM
(surprised)
Oh shit! Shit, Richards! I am
so-o-o sorry.

RICHARDS
(still in pain)
A-ha! Nah, its okay! Ah!

Bethany looks around quickly and sees a pack of batteries. Giving it to Richards:

BETHANY BOSOM
Here. Use this!

Richards looks at it a moment:

RICHARDS
(confused)
Batteries?
(re: chaos)
What happened?

BETHANY BOSOM
There was a mosquito.

Awkward beat. Richard nods.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)
I don't like Mosquitoes.

RICHARDS
(jokingly)
"Swat" the heck is their deal
anyway?

(CONTINUED)

Bethany and Richards LAUGH at the lame joke.

RICHARDS (cont'd)

So um--

BETHANY BOSOM

(flirty)

Yeah?

RICHARDS

Do you want to get lunch?

Bethany blushes a bit.

BETHANY BOSOM

Oh, I don't know. I have to start my tests and--

Richards touches her hand softly, smiles.

RICHARDS

Come on.

Betsy returns it and follows him out.

From the air vents, the robotic mosquito creeps out.

VOICE (O.C.)

Follow and plant on my cue.

The robotic mosquito does so:

INT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - UNKNOWN

As seen through a monitor closely watched by a SILHOUETTED WOMAN in a cave, the mosquito flies out.

The Silhouetted Woman walks away from the monitor to a table, set with a blueprint of Moist N' Manic.

INT. LOFT - HALLWAY - DAY

As Bethany sashays down the hallway, pleased as a peach, SCREAMING is heard from her room. She slows and eavesdrops.

DELILAH DAIRY (O.C.)

(muffled, sassy)

Who the hell do you think you are?!

(CONTINUED)

MADAME MAMMARY (O.C.)
(muffled too)
Madame Mammary! Who else?

DELILAH DAIRY (O.C.)
A nit-pick nipple, that's who!

Bethany barges:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

In. Bethany stands in horror and awe.

Delilah and Madame threw food everywhere. Yogurt is splattered in Delilah's snout. Melons on Madame's.

BETHANY BOSOM
Delilah! I thought you were going to try harder!

Delilah shakes her head.

DELILAH DAIRY
Look, its not my fault! She jammed the VCR!

Bethany walks over to the T.V. Set. The VCR is stuffed with Grape Jam. She FLICKS on and TUNES in to the news channel.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)
And didn't I ask you yesterday to keep a keen eye on the news?!

Bethany turns the knob of the VOLUME. A smartly dressed NEWS ANCHOR swings around in his chair.

NEWS ANCHOR
(exclaiming)
Breaking News-- Meredith Drubery is being robbed.

Live video feed shows MEREDITH DRUBERY being robbed by a MASKED ROBBER. They are in a manic game of "tug o' war."

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
We now go to Weatherman Steve...
What can you tell us, Steve?

WEATHERMAN STEVE stands in front of the Green Screen.

(CONTINUED)

WEATHERMAN STEVE

Some dangerous weather ahead, but
fear not! We're expecting a can of
Whoop-Ass Stew to be served by
the-one-and-only--

Green Screen map turns into another live feed, this time, of
a MYSTERIOUS DÖPPELGANGER. Like Betsy, but her face hidden.

WEATHERMAN STEVE (CONT'D)

--Betsy Bazoom!

Delilah Dairy and Madame Mammary GASP.

MADAME MAMMARY

As I inhale, exhale, and eat
stale...

DELILAH DAIRY

...How did Bethany get there so
fast?

BETHANY BOSOM (O.C.)

I didn't.

Delilah Dairy and Madame Mammary GASP again. Bethany is just
now changing into her Betsy Bosom costume.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)

These spandex get harder and harder
to put on everytime.

(re: T.V.)

Hey, Who's the döppelganger on the
Tube?

Weatherman Steve steps back to show the B-Roll of Betsy
Bazoom being a "do-gooder." Outstretching a hand:

WEATHERMAN STEVE

Betsy the Crime-Fighting, Boob
Sliding, Heart-Melting Bazoom, here
to clean--uh, I mean, assist the
old fart.

BETSY BAZOOM

(furious)

Hey, that's my job.

Betsy gallops across the room and LEAPS out the window.

MADAME MAMMARY

Where is the wind blowing? Where
are you going?

(CONTINUED)

Betsy's head pops back in.

BETSY BAZOOM

Oh. I'm going to go clean--I mean,
help the dying dog.

MADAME MAMMARY

You mean log?

BETSY BAZOOM

Whatever. Either variation is
pretty much dead to me.

(cutesy)

Unless its a puppy!

WHIMPER.

DELILAH DAIRY

Speak of the devil.

BETSY BAZOOM

(embarrassed)

No, that's just my spandex. I think
they ripped.

DELILAH DAIRY

Like the old fart?

Betsy face palms.

BETSY BAZOOM

Oh, street rats! That's right!

Betsy, with that, flies off once more.

MORE WHIMPERS.

BETSY BAZOOM (O.C.)

Actually can somebody throw me my
Kefir Slacks?

Madame knits one in mid-air. When done, Delilah kicks it
with her hoof out the window. Betsy is heard FITTING it on.

BETSY BAZOOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Tha-a-a-a-a-anks.

Fast FOOTSTEPS fade far.

Madame enters her room with a SLAM, Delilah takes the
control.

(CONTINUED)

WEATHERMAN STEVE

Ha, Ha, looks like we can consider
this day saved. Back to you, Bob.

NEWS ANCHOR

What? No, my name is Rob, Dude.

News Anchor furrows his brow.

WEATHERMAN STEVE

Yeah, so what's the
difference? Bob? Robert?

NEWS ANCHOR

No, but that's just it,
Steve. Bob's Bobbert. With
a mothertruckin' "Bob!"

WEATHERMAN STEVE

...They both have "bert" in them.

NEWS ANCHOR

I-I hate interns. Ugh.

WEATHERMAN STEVE

Both with "bert." Its like
how "go" is in "Mangoes."

The T.V. SWITCHES off.

DELILAH DAIRY

Men. They don't know more news than
where the latest mole grew.

Timpani drums/SUSPENSFUL MUZAK BEAT moderately from Madame's
room. Delilah squints, moves on her hooves, and grazes over.

EXT. CORNER OF CORNER AND CHERRY - TITUSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Meredith and the Masked Robber continue fighting over the
purse.

MEREDITH DRUBERY

(straining)

Let go!

The Masked Robber KICKS Meredith to the ground. She GROANS.

MASKED ROBBER

(snarky)

Over my dead body!

As he turns to leave, the Masked Robber runs into the
Mysterious Döppelganger. She is much taller, by two feet.

(CONTINUED)

MYSTERIOUS DÖPPELGANGER

(dark)

Be careful what you wish for.

Mysterious Döppelganger CLENCHES the Masked Robber's neck.
As he GARGLES to get free, she raises him, eye-to-eye.

MYSTERIOUS DÖPPELGANGER (CONT'D)

You just might get it.

Meredith GASPS as she witnesses Mysterious Döppelganger
TIGHTENING her grip around Masked Robber's neck.

WHOOSH! KICK!

Mysterious Döppelganger crashes into a brick wall with a
swift swing by Betsy Bazoom. Betsy stands tall and tough.

The Masked Robber WHEEZES for air and gazes at Betsy.

MASKED ROBBER

(dryly to Betsy Bazoom)

Say, there wouldn't happen to be a
"Mr. Bazoom" huh?

Masked Robber PINCHES her butt. Betsy makes a poker face,
followed by a fist, and finally, a K.O. to the dope's face.

Mysterious Döppelganger removes her hand from her face and
reveals an eerie robot face in place of where'd be Betsy's.

BETSY BAZOOM

(sotto)

What the-?

(to MYSTERIOUS DÖPPELGANGER)

Who are you?!

Mysterious Döppelganger GLITCHES in SILENCE, raises her arm.
A rotor runs LOUD. Suddenly, a major laser escapes her palm.

BWOOSH!

Betsy tumbles behind a trash can, barely evading the laser.
Where it hits reverts the ground three feet disintegrated.

Mysterious Döppelganger STOMPS steadfast towards Betsy.

MYSTERIOUS DÖPPELGANGER

(glitchy)

Get back here, you piece of
SH-SH*T!

Betsy somersaults with a WHIRRING deafening.

(CONTINUED)

BWOOSH!

Betsy FLIPS in the air, somehow missing the Mysterious Döppelganger's blasts.

Betsy lands, chicken fight style on Mysterious Döppelganger, CRACKING her head. Mustard-colored smoke FIZZES.

SNIFF-SNIFF.

BETSY BAZOOM

(confused)

Jeez. I know you're a chicken but
you don't have to go losing your
head.

Betsy bounds off as Mysterious Döppelganger TOPPLES forward.

CLANG!

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D)

"Clang?"

Betsy walks over, kneels and turns over Mysterious Döppelganger's face. She jumps back. She's an android.

Mysterious Döppelganger's face is shattered like glass.

Betsy investigates further, parting the shards. What she finds is a motherboard, running wires all throughout.

Blinking LEDs illuminate Betsy's face. A reflection catches her eye. Betsy pulls out a golden shining memory cartridge.

The LEDs brighten to more of a flash. A RUMBLING comes from within the Android. Betsy steps back.

Rockets FLARE with exhaust, the android ROARS into the air.

Betsy looks up after her, bewildered. She looks at the memory cartridge in her hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

OMITTED

EXT. PIER - TITUSVILLE - EVENING

Bethany muses SILENTLY, staring at the Sun, It barely hovers.

BWOOF! SNIGGERING.

Whilst Richards, Lance, Mia, and other teachers:

BWAAF! CHUCKLING.

Take turns taking hits from Mia's Bong.

Richard's turn. He draws in a deep breath, holds in the suspense, and:

BWEFF. DEAD SILENCE.

There's indistiguishable MUMURS and COUGHS as the embarrassingly small cloud dissipates into thin air.

RICHARDS

Oh, Jeez-Louise
between-the-knees...
(to Lance)
I'm glazed, dude.

LANCE

(apprehensive)
Yeah? How glazed?

RICHARDS

Like a donut.

Richards CHORTLES as everyone, minus Bethany, still engrossed, huddles separately. They exchange looks. Lance and Mia breaks down the gear.

Bethany notices them leaving.

BETHANY BOSOM

(to TEACHERS)
Where are you guys going? Is it done?

Some teachers tilt over their shoulders.

TEACHERS

(re: RICHARD, sotto)
Nah. But he is. What a downer.
Later.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY BOSOM
That's sort of a dick move.

LANCE (O.C.)
Exactly. It works perfectly.

Others flick her off.

Bethany's boobs stiffen. They're propped and ready to explode. But she restrains until the Teachers are nothing but ants.

Bethany inhales/exhales DEEPLY. She gives Richards a wrapped present.

BETHANY BOSOM
Happy Birthday, Jim.

Richards smiles and offers Bethany some weed. She kindly denies. She is about to walk off, but...

CLICK-CLICK.

Bethany sits next to Richards as he lights his pipe. He gawks at her forwardness.

BETHANY BOSOM
Here, let me get glazed with you.

Richards makes a wide grin. Bethany lights up.

RICHARDS
Yeah? Right on! I could use the company.

As she's about to suck in, she stops, turning to Richards:

BETHANY BOSOM
Hey Jim?

RICHARDS
Yeah, Beth?

BETHANY BOSOM
Do you ever feel like even though you did everything you were supposed to, things still don't come out as they were supposed to?

Richards pops his eyebrows. They engage eye contact.

RICHARDS

(sotto)

Heavy.

(regardless)

Well all good things come to an end. Naturally. But... If it doesn't end well, the joy is that you're just getting started.

Bethany continues looking at him, in a different light.

RICHARDS

(re: pipe)

You can go ahead.

BETHANY BOSOM

(still dazed)

Oh! Yeah! Of course!

Bethany's hit is deep and intricate. However, she holds the smoke in her cheeks.

RICHARDS

(amused)

Aren't you going to...?

Bethany turns to Richards and manages a smile. He smiles back, albeit confused. Before another word is uttered.

BWOOF! Richards's mouth is engulfed by a heart-shaped billow, from the face backward. Bethany leans back, glazed.

INT. MADAME MAMMARY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - NIGHT

Madame's ringed hand now holds the memory cartridge. With Bethany beside her, Madame inspects the little box.

MADAME MAMMARY

(reading)

"BS-1022."

Madame RATTLES it.

BETHANY BOSOM

(sotto)

Careful.

MADAME MAMMARY

They don't sugar mills like these anymore.

Madame inserts BS-1022 into the hard drive of the computer.

(CONTINUED)

On the monitor: Blueprints pop up. Mosquitos, robots, a large gun of some sort. Titled: "Abray-inkshray."

BETHANY BOSOM
Can you track it?

MADAME MAMMARY
Sure thing, Jazz Swing.

Bethany looks around.

BETHANY BOSOM
Where's Delilah?

Madame shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEAKEASY - TITUSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Delilah Dairy is shrouded in a trenchcoat, conversing with a frog and a rooster. (MOS)

MADAME MAMMARY (V.O.)
Who knows... She's probably chewing
some cud or flying over the moon
right now.

They hand Delilah a picture. She frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. MADAME MAMMARY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Madame TYPES furiously on the computer while Bethany SLURPS Chinese Food, looking out the window at the crescent moon.

MADAME MAMMARY
Sweet Baby Kale! I've found it!

Bethany ROLLS her caster chair over.

Madame points at the map.

MADAME MAMMARY (CONT'D)
Let's see... Fourty Degrees
Latitude, 60 Degrees Longitude...
(gasps)
That fiend!

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY BOSOM

What? Is she holding an evil robot
army?

A tear trickles down Madame's Eye as she looks in disgust.

MADAME MAMMARY

No... Much worse.

(whimpers)

She shops at Jessica's Hush-Hush.

Bethany makes a poker face and pulls out her purse while
Madame cries on Organic Tissues. BLOWING her nose.

Bethany unhands two coupons from Jessica's Hush Hush.
Shudders. She turns to the phone and starts DIALING.

BETHANY BOSOM

I guess now's better than never.

Delilah SLAMS into the loft:

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)

Delilah?

And just as quickly LOCKS the coral in which she lives in in
the living room.

EXT. JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH - TITUSVILLE - THE NEXT DAY

On a busy street corner, Bethany and Delilah, await, dressed
in trenchcoats and shades. Bethany speaks into her earpiece.

BETHANY

Swan and Manatee, checking in.
Over.

A YOUNG BOY swats at Delilah's tail. She GRUNTS and snatches
it from him. He runs, CRYING to his MAMA. Delilah ducks away

CUT TO:

INT. MADAME MAMMARY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Rainbow-scarfed Madame is at her station, with a headset on.

MADAME MAMMARY

"Groovy!" says the Sass Cat, Over.

Madame CLACKS on the keyboard.

INTERCUT JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH/MADAME MAMMARY'S BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS

As Madame types, Bethany and Delilah huddle closer. People are looking now, the heroines sync their wristwatches.

BETHANY BOSOM
Dispatch that we're locking time at
the rendez-vous.

MADAME MAMMARY
Well, as Lady Luck would have it,
he's coming right behind you.

A small pink finger taps Bethany's shoulder. Its the YOUNG BOY, handing her credentials. Bethany nods appreciatively.

Turning to Delilah, Young Boy makes to reluctantly hand her the credentials. But instead he sykes her and RASPBERRIES.

Delilah responds by taking her hoof and swinging it at the Young Boy. Knocking him out cold.

DELILAH DAIRY
Here, I'll keep that milk money
warm for you. Thanks, haha.

MADAME MAMMARY
Alright, you Shagadelic Sheilas.
Lets do this.

Delilah and Bethany nod at each other and:

INT. JESSICA'S HUSH HUSH - CONTINUOUS

Past RICH SHOPPERS, FASHIONISTAS, and MEN (either bored out of their minds to be shopping or drooling at all the boobies), walks Bethany and Delilah.

Matching each step, they stride to the information desk of the store, very Charlie's Angels / Blues Brothers like.

The RECEPTIONIST looks up, and no sooner does she twist her face in disgust.

RECEPTIONIST
What is that smell?

DELILAH DAIRY
Peaches. Moldy Peaches.

The Receptionist only wrinkles her nose more. Pinching it shut with pink nose plugs:

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

Are you here for something?

Delilah exhausts a stench-defying breath in the Receptionist's face. She takes a paper bag and PUKES.

Before the Receptionist can open her mouth to puke out some actual words, Bethany and Delilah flash their credentials.

They read: "Fumigators, Smellarceny, Inc." The Receptionist looks up at them in disbelief.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You can start by brushing your teeth, you pig.

Bethany and Delilah briefly SLAP the Receptionist's face with their credentials. As Bethany walks on:

DELILAH DAIRY

I'm a cow. And at least I don't test beauty care on myself.

Delilah spits a stalk of grass at the RECEPTIONIST and joins Bethany. The Receptionist FAINTS.

MADAME MAMMARY (O.C.)

Fancy! Let's hope the infiltration is as quiet as a cricket.

Delilah PRYS open a vent. Bethany crawls in first.

INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM - JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH - CONTINUOUS

Cramped, cold, and noisy, Bethany and Delilah shiver through a maze of dim metallic walls.

DELILAH DAIRY

I think she meant noisy as a cricket.

BETHANY BOSOM

(to Madame Mammary)

How far are we, Madame?

Suddenly, Delilah falls out on the panel behind Bethany.

INT. MADAME MAMMARY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Madame folds and unfolds a map of the vents. She seems to do so without actually having heard Delilah fall.

MADAME MAMMARY
 You should actually be right over
 it, like a shower on a clover,
 over.

Rack focus from her to her control panel.

INT. BACKROOM - JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH - MOMENTS LATER

Bethany peers over.

BETHANY BOSOM
 Dee! Are you okay?

A muffled MOO. Delilah lifts her head out of a laundry hamper.

DELILAH
 (rhetorical)
 Is sucking limes okay?

Delilah shakes off a bra hanging from her ear.

SNORT.

MADAME MAMMARY
 Oh come now, Delilah. No need to
 snort.

DELILAH DAIRY
 That wasn't me.

BURLY BAD GUY (O.C.)
 It sure wasn't.

Delilah's eyes pop. She's surrounded by multiple BURLY BAD GUYS, armed with guns, knives, and terrible hives.

BURLY BAD GUY (CONT'D)
 Who the hell are you?

Delilah Dairy nervously LAUGHS.

DELILAH DAIRY
 An udder surprise?

Bethany gasps as the Burly Bad Guys harden their fists. Bethany slowly pulls herself down.

(CONTINUED)

MADAME MAMMARY (O.C.)
Who's Delilah talking to?

BETHANY BOSOM
Uh, herself probably. Y'know, I think she drank too much egg nog last night.

MADAME MAMMARY (O.C.)
Very funny, Beth. I know that's only available during Christmas.

Bethany pulls her torso down.

BETHANY BOSOM
'Xactly! Ever heard of Christmas in July?

Bethany lets one hand go and dangles. The Burly Bad Guys looks up at her and watch her dangle like a s

MADAME MAMMARY (O.C.)
(a beat)
Look I don't care how she speaks. But you two better make sure those store stud--I mean, sad-sacks, don't catch you. Those men may work in a department store but they are definitely more sassy than a girl with sharpened nails, in Cincinnati.

BURLY BAD GUY
She's damn right about that.

Another Burly Bad Guy pulls Bethany down but she kicks his face and pounces on a long haired's, chicken-fight style

MADAME MAMMARY (O.C.)
Was that one of them?

BETHANY BOSOM
Yup.

Bethany forces the Burly Bad Guy into THROWING punches at the others, by making like a rat and pulling his hair.

Pausing, Bethany presses a button on her headset.

CUT TO:

INT. MADAME MAMMARY'S BEDROOM - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

This sends out a signal that causes a bulb on Madame's desk to illuminate. Madame, already looking frazzled, exhales in pain.

Madame grabs something and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM - JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH - MOMENTS LATER

When all the targets are down, Bethany PULLS on his mullet as he K.O.'s himself in the face.

Bethany

Delilah is held captive by two Burly Bad Guys. The one holding her struggles while the one trying to punch:

SSST!

Constantly gets squirted by milk before he even gets a chance. The Burly Bad Guy GRUNTS and wipes the milk off.

Bethany taps on his shoulder. He turns and sees her tits.

BETHANY BOSOM
Is this a better view?

The Burly Bad Guy starts DROOLING saliva, but--

THUMP!

Ends up drooling blood upon impact of Bethany's boobs.

BETHANY BOSOM (cont'd)
Eyes up here, Buddy Boy.

Meanwhile, Delilah is still being held tight by the stomach. Turning her head she BREATHES into Burly Bad Guy's face.

DELILAH DAIRY
(articulate)
Hey. That goes for you too, hot
shot.

The Burly Bad Guy nearly suffocates from Delilah's odor. As he winces, Delilah swipes her hoof through his stance and:

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

Delilah crushes the Burly Bad Guy out cold. Bethany helps her up. They blow faux air kisses to both Burly Bad Guys:

BETHANY BOSOM / DELILAH DAIRY
Yeah! Breast Bump!

And do a womanly "breast bump." However, they both ricochet in pain, as a result.

BETHANY BOSOM
Ow! Dude?!

DELILAH DAIRY
Sorry, my nipples are hard.

Bethany looks ahead and sees an secret entrance to the lab before them. A robotic mosquito peers out from a corner.

BETSY BAZOOM
Whatever, let's just get going.

Bethany and Delilah move along. The robotic mosquito flies to Delilah.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)
(sotto)
No more Ensure in the house.

The robotic mosquito lands on Delilah's arse. Delilah scratches her butt, and FARTS, tail flying and all.

The robotic mosquito FIZZES and crash lands, in a short circuit.

INT. SECRET LAB - JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH - LATER

Delilah and Bethany TIP-TOE into a lab full of beakers, burners, and BURNOUTS, eating burritos.

BETHANY BOSOM
Pardon our streak. We just had to squeegee in.

Burnouts surprised. Bethany and Delilah KICK-ASS.

DELILAH DAIRY
(loud)
Mooo!

MARCHING. Bethany and Delilah hide.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (69), in all her small-boob glory and her ROBO-GUAURDS.

(CONTINUED)

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
What is the meaning of this?

Bethany pops up in her Bazoom costume. Delilah INAUDIBLY shouts at her to get back, but Betsy stands.

BETSY BAZOOM
 (clears throat)
 Ahem!

Betsy pulls out her glasses and a dictionary from her cleavage. She begins reading:

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D)
 (chirps)
 The word "this:" used to indicate a person, thing, idea, state, event, time, remark, etc., as present, near, just mentioned or pointed out, supposed to be understood, or by way of emphasis: example?

Bethany folds her glasses and points at Priscella.

BETSY BAZOOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 This is a nip twist.

Delilah reluctantly creeps out of hiding.

DELILAH DAIRY
 (sotto)
 What she said.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
 (confident)
 Well, well, looks like we have a pair of nip slips.

Priscella starts to GIGGLE, then SMIRK. Then CACKLE, maliciously. The Robo-Guards SHRUG, not knowing what to do.

Abruptly, Priscella flashes her hang-like teeth and does a pirouette, SLICING one unfortunate Robo-Guard in half.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (cont'd)
 (hisses)
Laugh!

The Robo-Guards LAUGH. Nervously, as they inch from Priscella's advances. She regains form with an evil grin.

Suddenly, Priscella raises her hand in a fist. SILENCE. She takes a WHIFF of the air. Delilah and Bethany SHRUG.

(CONTINUED)

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (cont'd)
Smells like trouble.

Delilah Dairy squeezes her udder and SQUIRTS milk, at Prissy's face. The Robo-Guards wince as she wipes

DELILAH DAIRY
Tastes like it too, huh?

Priscella flings like, "Talk to the hand." Then she SNAPS. The Robo-Guards surround Bethany and Delilah.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about. I run an honest operation, here.

BETSY BAZOOM
Cut the pussy sweat, Lady! We know you've been behind some sinister scheme.

Bethany and Delilah proceed to lock arms and go back-to-back, kicking the Robo-Guards down like dominoes.

Priscella can't believe her eyes. She tries to escape but:

FWOOP!

DELILAH DAIRY
Not again.

The flower lets all at once fall on Delilah and Bethany. Madame stands, aloof/bored. Realizing she perks in surprise.

MADAME MAMMARY
Am I late?

Madame steps off. Delilah and Betsy pull each other out.

BETSY BAZOOM
Maddy, she's getting away!

MADAME MAMMARY
Oh you bet I'm mad!

Madame SNAPS her fingers. Vines shoot and entangle Delilah and Bethany. They struggle to break free but to no avail.

Priscella comes behind Madame, accepting her shoulder with a tight squeeze.

(CONTINUED)

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
Very good my perky protege.

Protege?

BETSY BAZOOM

Perky?

DELILAH DAIRY

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (cont'd)
(monologuey)

You see girls, back in my hey-day, no one wanted to cross me. I was basically the Russian Volleyball Queen of the wold. No one could beat me with my espertise. But after I lost by a small fluke in my championship game, I was ridiculed for the rest of my professional career! And they could've been noble and said it was because of my style, or perhaps even my personal life with my familyk abyt all they said is that my boob size. I mean yeah, I may not have had the biggest tits in the entire world, but is it fair to compare them to everyone else's pair. Or even three of a kind, at times! There's this one girl in Florida that has THREE boobs, the last with a tattooed nipple! Anyway, I figure if I have to be born, proudly I might add, with small mammary glands, than whynot have everyone wear boob constricting bras like mine? So now my mosquitos are swarming Titusville, today on the day where most women and men, yes there are crossdressers still, even in Titusville, when the Moist N' Manic Waterpark is set for its Grand Opening.

(a beat)

I needed to find out some crucial information so that way I wouldn't be crucified.

Priscella spins them around in place to face Madame.

BETSY BAZOOM
Madame I thought you were my friend.

(CONTINUED)

MADAME MAMMARY

Well I thought so too, but as it turns out this cowgirl here always ruined our plans it seemed. It was just all the wrong vibes at all the wrong times.

DELILAH DAIRY

Mammary you're a fraud and a mess and your boobs aren't even second best. You"

Priscella starts to feel up all over Madame.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA

My best protege. I'm so proud of you.

They join and lock both hands, finger through finger through finger. Then... They Lesbian Kiss. Delilah and Betsy twinge.

BETSY BAZOOM / DELILAH DAIRY

Okay. Okay. / We're cool, but not in front of us. / Its still gross. / Can you please go somewhere more private? / Etc.

A platform lowers them out of sight.

INT. TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER

Bethany and Delilah SHOOT, ZOOM, and FLY around in their veggie pods in the tunnels. They SCREAM in fear until:

INT. LAUNCH SITE - JESSICA'S HUSH-HUSH - CONTINUOUS

Bethany and Delilah defenselessly PLOP on each other. Bethany sees Priscella and Madame at computers.

WALLA.

BETSY BAZOOM

(whispering)

Dee, I've got a plan.

DELILAH DAIRY

(sarcastic)

Oh really? Yes, do tell your wonderful plan!

Bethany makes a combination-like movement with her boobs and:

(CONTINUED)

RRRIP!

Bethany breaks free from her herbivoric prison and:

RRRIP! Breaks Delilah free too.

BETSY BAZOOM

So you distract the Priss and
Mammary while I gander at their
systems and change around their
settings.

DELILAH DAIRY

No, Dude! You are so bossy all the
time! This is really peeving me off
and I really am just trying to
handle all this, but you know what
fuck this!

Delilah throws herself on the floor behind the villains.
They turn around surprised. Betsy is speechless.

DELILAH DAIRY (cont'd)

Can you please just kidnap me?

Priscella and Madame look at each other, conveying
confusion.

MADAME MAMMARY

Why?

DELILAH DAIRY

So I can test *how* good of a friend
Betsy is to me.

Madame and Priscella shrug at each other. No problem with
that plan.

They grab Delilah and press a button. Before Betsy can act,
a force-field bounces her back.

CRASH!

They break through the roof, flying and all.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA

Have that bill created and passed
tomorrow or all of Titusville will
be experiencing a major
re-adjustment!

(cackles)

MWA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

(CONTINUED)

MADAME MAMMARY
What she said!

ZOOM!

Betsy jumps to the roof. Looking after them, She SIGHS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOFT - EVENING

Bethany hangs her Bazoom suit on a hanger. Bethany plops on a couch, playing with a squishy porcupine.

The Phone RINGS. Bethany GROANS. She stuffs her face in a pillow and GROANS, muffled over the voice mail.

RICHARDS (V.O.)
Hello? Beth?... Hey, how are you? I got your voicemail... And uh, I don't know, are you saying we'll have to reschedule? I mean, cause, we can! Um... Yeah not tomorrow, cause of, y'know, Moist N' Manic tomorrow and all... My Uncle's pretty psyched about it... Anyway, you might as well call me boring cause all I'm doing tonight is just grading some papers... And one more thing... Well... never mind.

Bethany wakes with a start. She stares intently.

RICHARDS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, never mind. I'm not gonna--

The phone picks up.

BETHANY BOSOM
Bento's. 10:20pm. Be there, or be squared.

INT. OFFICE - RICHARD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Richard holds the phone, sweating profusely.

BETHANY BOSOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I can't wait to hear what you have to say.

The call tone DROPS. Richard hangs the phone. He wipes his brow.

EXT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

The flying saucer lands in a hideaway, squeezed in the cleavage of two hills. Twin peaks, if I may.

CUT TO:

INT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - CONTINUOUS

Robo-Guards escorting an all-around cuffed Delilah.

DELILAH DAIRY

Take it easy! This is Prime Rib
Steak your dealing with.

CLANG!

They throw her in a cage.

INT. BENTOS - LATE NIGHT

Bethany and Richards are sitting in a booth at a very romantic setting, just now finishing their plates.

RICHARDS

I want to thank you for coming to
dinner with me Bethany.

BETHANY BOSOM

Well its not even five yet so
technically, its Linner.

RICHARDS

Sorry?

BETHANY BOSOM

Y'know! Like its not Lunch, but its
not Dinner either! Its Linner!

Richards LAUGHS.

RICHARDS

Well that's an original one!

(a beat)

In any case, I appreciate your
presence.

Bethany gazes off Richards, to a WAITRESS serving milk.
There's a picture of a cow on the bottle

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY BOSOM
(side-tracked)
Yeah.

The waiter brings in "Boob-A" Tea. Boba tea with the pearls looking like a pair of boobs.

BETHANY BOSOM
I'm sure digging your style.

RICHARDS
And I'm digging this Linner.

Bethany smiles and they TINK glasses.

RICHARDS (cont'd)
Hey is something wrong?

BETHANY BOSOM
I don't know... Am I turning left?

Jokingly, Bethany turns in her seat to the left. Light CHUCKLES. She plays with her Boba Tea.

BETHANY BOSOM (cont'd)
So what do you think about bras?

RICHARDS
Excuse me?

BETHANY BOSOM
Y'know? On women.

Richards shrugs.

RICHARDS
(chuckles)
I mean they sure do support society, haha.

BETHANY BOSOM
Yeah, I agree.
(a beat)
I feel like politics could have a better say in it.

Bethany gives an alurring look to Richards.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)
Y'know?

Richards leans back in his chair. Incredulous, he SCOFFS.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS

(sotto)

I can't believe this.

(realizing)

You're trying to con me into making
my uncle pass a law.

BETHANY BOSOM

Look Richards, that's not what I
meant.

RICHARDS

Well if that was the subtext of
everything, I believe it would've
been better to ask me before I
realized I loved you.

Richards wipes his face, SLAMS the cloth on the table, and
storms off. Bethany SIGHS, hand in hair, drinking his boba.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DEAD OF THE NIGHT

Bethany walks by herself. She SHIVERS. The streets are
empty, as is her mind. Bethany is at a loss.

SUZY (O.C.)

Ms. Bosom?

Bethany stops in her tracks. Looking to her right, she
doesn't see Suzy until she turns back. Suzy holds a kitten.

BETHANY BOSOM

Suzy! What a delight to see you?

SUZY

I was fetching my cat, Sylvia. She
ran off at the sound of our bath.

Bethany politely smiles as Suzy offers her to feel Sylvia.

SUZY

Where are you coming from?

BETHANY BOSOM

Me?

Suzy nods. She walks alongside Bethany as she strokes
Sylvia. Bethany BLOWS her bangs as Suzy parts hers.

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D)

From my date...

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY BOSOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I just got dumped.

Suzy grimaces.

SUZY
I'm sorry about that.

Bethany shrugs.

SUZY (CONT'D)
Why'd you get dumped?

Bethany takes that question hard. They stop at a lightpost.

SUZY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I mean, I'm sorry for being
personal but I'd like to know...
y'know?

Bethany leans her weight on the lightpost. She is about to say something, Suzy puts Sylvia in her arms. Sylvia MEOWS.

SUZY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Students can be friends too.

Bethany hesitates, but smiles after Suzy holds her hand and Sylvia PURRS against her.

EXT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - THE NEXT DAY

At the butt-crack of dawn, Priscella stands, glorifying the sunrise as Delilah sleepily YAWNS from her cage.

DELILAH DAIRY
What--You do Yoga too?

Priscella turns her face with a sneer.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
I do pilates. There's a difference.

Priscella whips out a small metallic rod, pressing a button.

ZZZAP!

Delilah falls to her knees, nearly charbroiled like sirloin.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (CONT'D)
Consider that "breakfast."

As Priscella enters through crystal clear doors, Delilah grows concerned as dark clouds take the sky.

INT. MAYOR MAYONESTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor Mayonester poses at a mirror, trying on various ties while Richards stands by holding multiple, uninterested.

MAYOR MAYONESTER
Whaddaya think, Jimmy? Spotted
Orangutang, or Broadway
Ultraviolet?

RICHARDS
Is there really a difference,
Uncle?

Mayor turns in his seat, surprised.

MAYOR MAYONESTER
Well you tell me, Jimmy. You've
been the most eager of beavers to
help me fit my royal fittings since
age nine and three quarters. Why--

RICHARDS
(snapping, rigid)
Oh, just shut up, will you?

A dead SILENCE. Richards sets down the ties and STAGGERS to the tea table, and SERVES himself some gin, distant.

Mayor takes a seat next to Richards, but at the CREAK, he stands up, fearing breaking the chair. Hand on RICHARDS.

MAYOR MAYONESTER
Now, now...

Mayor PATS Richards.

MAYOR MAYONESTER (cont'd)
What's got your nuts all tied-up?

RICHARDS
(reluctant)
Its not what... Its who.

MAYOR MAYONESTER
Who?

Richards hesitates. Walks to the window and stares. A storm's brewing.

RICHARDS
Just some girl.

Mayor SCOFFS at this.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARDS (cont'd)

(a beat)

I got you something by the way.

Richards unveils from his pocket, a gift. Mayor motions him to open it. He's too busy with the ties.

Richards shrugs and unwraps the gift for Mayor. Its the squishy porcupine, barely solved. Mayor's expression goes blank.

MAYOR MAYONESTER

(unimpressed)

Oh... Erm, thank you, Jimmy. I...

Adore it, yes.

When Richards turns around, Mayor chucks the toy out the window. No sooner a CAT SCREECH is heard.

MAYOR MAYONESTER (cont'd)

Women are like pickles. You want them to be sweet like a cucumber, but at the very core of their soul, they know how--and will not hesitate to be--sour as a pickle. They're fickle to say the least.

(a beat)

I'm feeling sunny today.

(sotto)

Or is it controversial? Meh, same difference.

Mayor throws the former of the two ties out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMPSTER - MOMENTS LATER

An ANTHROPOMORPHIC ALLEYCAT is solving the Rubik's cube. All of a sudden, the Broadway Ultraviolet tie lands on him.

Startled, the Alleycat hides behind a trash can. A swift wind slightly BLOWS the tie closer. AGAIN, closer still.

The Alleycat garners enough strength and courage to gingerly touch the tie. He puts it on quick, twinges for the worst...

ANTHROPOMORPHIC ALLEYCAT

Hey this isn't half--

COUGH.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHROPOMORPHIC ALLEYCAT (CONT'D)
(sore-throated)
Half--

ONE MORE COUGH.

ANTHROPOMORPHIC ALLEYCAT (CONT'D)
(Barry White Voice)
Half Bad! Hey! I sound just like
Barry White!

The Alleycat puts on some sunglasses and PLAYS "CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOUR LOVE, BABE" on a harp, strutting off.

EXT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - DAY

A Van pulls up to the front of the Milksop hideaway.

DING DONG.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (O.C.)
Coming!

The front door opens. Priscella is in her cucumber facial. Eating the cucumbers--

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (CONT'D)
Whaddaya want?

Betsy and Lucy are in repairmen disguises. 'Stache and all. Toolboxes too. The pink sort of gives it away.

BETSY BAZOOM
(with accent)
De-Installation Crew of Kentucky.

SUZY
A. K. A.: D.I.C.K.

Priscella pops her painted eyebrows. Madame enters the scene.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
But I don't--

BETSY BAZOOM
(interrupting)
You own robots yeah, lady?

MADAME MAMMARY
Y-Yes, but--

(CONTINUED)

BETSY BAZOOM

So there ya go, garden hoe!

Betsy budes through. Suzy writes up a pretend bill and gives it to a bewildered Madame Mammary.

SUZY

Robots are really unreliable nowadays. With the rate that technology's advancing, you'd have more luck trusting a toaster not to turn on you.

(a beat)

Excuse me.

Suzy trots off to the van, locking the doors once inside. HEAVY METAL MUZAK is heard from instead.

MADAME MAMMARY

What do you think that's all about?

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA

Never mind that. We've got to get the machine started. Come.

Priscella takes the bill, crumples it and TOSSES it to the recycling bins. After she leaves, Madame lingers.

The bill teeters on the edge of paper but drops into plastic instead. Madame BLINKS.

MADAME MAMMARY

(sotto)

She really *is* evil.

With that, Madame SHUTS the front door closed. Suzy is afraid inside the van, with a DEEP GULP.

INT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - CONTINUOUS

Madame and Priscella walk by several erotic-looking plants.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA

First, we have to get rid of this pesky servicemen.

MADAME MAMMARY

You know, one of them had something... perky about him?

(CONTINUED)

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
What--his pecs?

MADAME MAMMARY
Nah. Maybe not. Not like he's got a
pair of bazooms anyway.

Once they are out of sight. A pair of *real* bazooms make like
a storybook and POP-UP from a hedge trimmed hourglass.

Betsy tip-toes to a vent, out-of-sight from Robo-Guards.

DRILL-DRILL-DRILL-DRILL...

Betsy enters...

DRILL-DRILL-DRILL-DRILL.

And disappears.

INT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - UNKNOWN

Delilah PLAYS the HARMONICA. Destructittillator CLANKS by. A
metal seat pops from her ass. She sits.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
Hey there, fellow foxy female...
girls. What's busy in the hizzy?

DELILAH DAIRY
(in between notes)
Yikes, what's with the vernacular?

Destructittillator TAPS her hands, anxiously. Betsy creeps
in Invisible Mode through into the cage from the air vents.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
(self-conscious)
My Speech Shrink told me I could
get my mind across better by simply
using the slang... Womang.

Betsy rolls her eyes and goes back to HARMONIZING.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR (CONT'D)
I'm just trying to make
conversation, bee-yotch.
(a beat)
You two seem bored.

(CONTINUED)

DELILAH DAIRY
No shit, dumb-tit.

Destructittilator TILTS her head.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
(sotto)
Computing...Computing...

A DING and flash come from Destructitittilator's Breasts!

DESTRUCTITTILATOR (CONT'D)
Sarcasm in the vicinity!

DELILAH DAIRY
My hoof will be up your vicinity if
you don't--

ZZZAP! Delilah is tazed. Destructitittilator bobs her head,
robotically.

Betsy GASP. Delilah just stares above.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
Ha-ha-ha.
(a beat)
I'm bored.

Betsy jumps in, blowing her cover.

BETSY BAZOOM
(incredulous)
Really? Cause you were just
laughing a minute ago!

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
(unphased)
My dual memory processor is only
zero-point-five by zero-point-eight
millimeters.

BETSY BAZOOM
(sotto)
Among other pairs.
(off look)
N-no offense!

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
Offense detected.

ZZZAP! Now Betsy is laying next to Delilah, GROANING.
Delilah's entranced. Destructittilator turns and LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY BAZOOM
 ("cursing")
 Bouncing Jelly Anchors!

DELILAH DAIRY
 Betsy. Look!

Delilah raises her hoof and grabs something out of thin air.
 Betsy twists her face at a hole in the ceiling and--

SQUIRT-SQUIRT!

Betsy squeezes Delilah's udders at what turns out to be a
 rope! They smile, survey the safety and exit, stage up!

Destructitillator, with her back to the prison cell--

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
 Do y'all want to hear a joke?
 (a beat)
 Okay. What's the difference between
 a dirty old bus station and a
 lobster with boobs?... Give up?...
 One's a crusty bus station, and the
 other is a busty crustacean.

Destructitillator doesn't even notice the heroines climbing
 up until an uncanny SLAM of the vent they exit through.

Destructitillator BOUNDS out of her seat.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
 Error--error! Prisoners
 escaped!

DELILAH DAIRY
 My bad. You can't grab the
 broad side of a barn with
 these things.

Destructitittlator TAPS a intercom button on her wrist.

DESTRUCTITTILATOR
 (CONT'D)
 (foreign robot
 language)
 <The Prisoners have
 escaped! Commence lockdown!
 Exterminate on sight!>

DELILAH DAIRY
 (CONT'D)
 I would know.

Rocket boosters ROAR from her feet as she smashes through
 the wall.

(CONTINUED)

DELILAH DAIRY (CONT'D)
I've tried once. Didn't go so well.

BETSY BAZOOM
Never mind that. Let's scram.

The vents above RUMBLE and TUMBLE.

EXT. MILKSOP'S HIDEAWAY - UNKNOWN

Suzy awaits impatiently in a rental van.

SUZY
C'mon, Bethany... Where are you?

Suzy looks at her watch.

BETSY BAZOOM (O.C.)
Suzy! 9 o'clock!

Suzy twists her face.

SUZY
Really?

Suzy shakes her watch, repeatedly.

SUZY (cont'd)
Mine must be broken, cause it only
says three. You guys are late--

Suzy GASPS, mid-dialogue, at Betsy and Delilah being chased by Robotic Mosquitos, Robo-Guards, and Desturctitittlator.

Betsy and Delilah JUMP in the car. Gears SHIFT, the wheels SQUEAL, and the van VROOMS off. The enemies lung after.

EXT. MOIST 'N' MANIC - DAY

The whole town of Titusville is gathered at the grand opening of Moist 'N' Manic.

CHEERS and ROARS as the Mayor comes onstage, accompanied by BOBO the b

MAYOR MAYONESTER
My fellow citizens of Titusville!
It is in my deepest gratitud to
present to you the opening of our
very own waterpark, Moist 'N'
Manic! Let it be known to the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR MAYONESTER (cont'd)
people of this fair town, and
others, that this fine
establishment is a physical
representation of our city's
support of equality, joy, and
non-oppression!

Titusville. The City Beautiful.

Somebody CHUCKS a rotten tomato at Mayor. SPLAT.

SOMEBODY
That's Orlando, nimrod!

MAYOR MAYONESTER
(to SOMEBODY)
Screw them! Mickey Mouse can have
his day, but for now, I'm the
dapper one!
(clears throat)
Where was I... Oh yes.

The Crowd SNORES TO SLEEP.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Suzy, Delilah, and Betsy SPEED in the van, away from the
Robo-Swarm.

EXT. MOIST 'N' MANIC - MOMENTS LATER

The crowd, nearly dropped dead, endures the ending of Mayor
Mayonester's Speech.

MAYOR MAYONESTER
Let it be known to the people of
this fair town, and others, that
this fine establishment is a
physical representation of our
city's support of equality, joy,
and non-oppression!

ENTER BLEACH BLONDE BEACH BABE. She carries scissors.

SNIP. Bored CLAPS.

Robotic mosquitos plague the skies. SCREAMS of TERROR, and
latch on to both Women and Men as breast constraining bras!

Suzy videotapes from a distance. The crowd cheers for Betsy,
jogging in. Binoculars follow her.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN PETERSON
Jog those jugs, girl!

Two sets of binoculars.

YOUNG MAN PETERSON
Yeah! Jug 'em!

Old Man Peterson pats his son on the back.

OLD MAN PETERSON
(proud)
That's my pervert-boy.

Young Man grins.

A flock of mosquito bots attack Delilah, but she squirts back with milk! They short circuit and fall.

Meanwhile, Bethany fights Priscella.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
(mocking)
You can't defeat me, with your lard-filled breasts!

Betsy gives Priscella the old one-two

BETSY BAZOOM
And what makes you think that you can defeat me with your plastic?

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA
I figured out your disguises didn't I?

Betsy and Suzy exchange a look of confusion.

PRISCELLA MASHRINKSKA (CONT'D)
Seriously. The pink toolboxes sort of gave it away.

SUZY
I feel like I've heard that before.

BETSY BAZOOM
(sotto)
Such is anti-feminism.

Anyway, they all BASH it out.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - TITUSVILLE - DAY

Priscella turns into a big monster with disgusting tits.
Betsy and Delilah pop her boobs, she EXPLODES!

Goo drowns Madame. Everyone CHEERS. Betsy struggles to get
out of her Bazoom costume.

INT. RICHARDS'S LOFT - LATER

Bethany talks to Richards.

RICHARDS

I don't understand why you have to
be so wishy-washy about everything.
Like seriously, what the fuck's the
deal?

Bethany makes him shut up by KISSING him.

---END---