

Neckpee Island

Super-psycho Raccoon Soldiers vs. The Neckpee Junior High Flag Core

by

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ACT ONE

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

A GOOGLE EARTH SHOT.

OB (V.O.)

So here's what you need to know. My  
Dad's an astronomer, and the best  
place on earth to view the stars is  
from a stupid place in the middle of  
nowhere...called Neckpee Island.

\*  
\*  
\*

SFX SHOT: ZOOMS IN to a REMOTE ISLAND.

OB (V.O.)

So we moved here. What my Dad didn't  
know is that Neckpee is the freakiest  
places on the planet. Why? The  
story goes that Neckpee was once the  
home of Ziegler Snacken' Cakes... 'til  
one day the factory blew up.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STOCK SHOT of a FACTORY BLOWING UP. ORANGE SMOKE EVERYWHERE.

\*

OB (V.O.)

The accident sent spongy cake and  
creamy filling into the air. Yeah,  
I know, pretty funny.

\*

SHOT: A GUY gets hit by a glob of CREAMY FILLING.

\*

OB (V.O.)

But what wasn't so funny was the  
toxic orange cloud that hung over  
the island...for years. It did  
some real nasty harm to the  
environment. Sink holes appeared--

\*  
\*

SHOT: an OLD MAN walks, then falls into a hole in the ground.

\*

OB (V.O.)

New breeds of dogs were born--

\*

SHOT: a WOMAN walking a BRIGHT ORANGE DOG.

OB (V.O.)

But the weirdest thing of all, are  
the people.

SHOTS: A COP skipping. A BABY with sideburns. And a GIRL  
riding a bicycle backwards.

OB (V.O.)

Even my new principal was weird.

**INT. PRINCIPAL HASGAS' OFFICE - DAY**

PRINCIPAL HASGAS, 40, a big man with an attitude looks over OB's academic file. He wears FLIP UP sunglasses.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

I've seen A LOT of school records  
before, but this one here, says one  
thing: YOU are a trouble maker.

\*  
\*  
\*

REVEAL O'BANNON, 13, good looking, with a Jonah Hill attitude. Even though he's on the hot-seat, he's relaxed. Next to OB is his DAD, Jack O' Bannon, 40's.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS (CONT'D)

Why would you climb to the top of  
an eighty-foot water tower in your  
undee-pants?

\*

OB

Why? Had on a new pair slacks and I  
didn't want to get'em dirty. And it's  
underpants, not undee-pants.

\*  
\*  
\*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

Well I say undee-pants. Got it?

\*  
\*

OB

Got it, though technically--

\*  
\*

DAD

Principal Hasgas, as a scientist, I  
raised OB to question things, to be  
inquisitive, to explore the world--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Right then, OB notices a COAT HANGER still in his father's shirt. He yanks it out.

\*  
\*

OB

Dad, you forgot the hangar again.  
(to Hasgas)  
My Dad's a genius, but a little  
forgetful.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

Whatever. I want to make clear --  
that here on Neckpee, we don't take  
kindly to trouble makers. We like to  
keep things nice and normal.

\*  
\*  
\*

(then)

...warm hand towel?

SETH, A LITTLE PERSON in a VIKING HELMET, approaches with a TRAY of WARM HAND TOWELS. OB leans to his Dad.

OB  
(under, sarcastic)  
Yeah, real normal.

\*

Dad admonishes OB with a look and politely takes a towel.

DAD  
Sir, you don't have to worry. OB's  
promised me, that this year he'd  
stay OUT of trouble. Right, OB?

\*

\*

\*

OB  
From now on I'm trouble-free. Sans  
trouble. "Trouble" I hate your  
ugly butt.

\*

\*

OB notices that Little Seth, has taken a hand towel and is scrubbing Hasgas' underarms. OB watches for a beat, then:

\*

\*

OB (CONT'D)  
Lemme guess...he's washing your  
undee-arms?

\*

\*

\*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS  
(ignoring)  
Well, to ensure that you stay out of  
trouble, I'm gonna keep you extra busy.  
And that means an after school  
activity.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

OB  
Ooooh, I don't know about that--

\*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS  
And I know just the group -- The  
Neckpee Jr. High Flag Core.

\*

\*

Off OB's frozen smile, as MUSIC BLENDS into the SCENE.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER**

MUSIC CONTINUES, as the Core practices. ERNIE DOUGLAS, 13, African American, lanky, waves his flag and barks out commands. Ernie is a master twirler.

ERNIE  
Now "glissindo"! And "goose wrap"!

They rest of the Core is good but struggles to keep up. They \*  
consist of MONA RUMPKISS, 13, sporting a red afro, AVI, 12, a \*  
bowl haircut, and VERN FOO, 13, oddly handsome, pale and \*  
dressed in black.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, big finish and a "double  
whoop-whoop." \*

Avi swings his FLAG wildly and hits Ernie in the gut.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
Oooff! Avi! \*

AVI  
It wasn't me it was Vern! \*

As OB approaches, Ernie wheels on him, holding his flag in a \*  
goofy combat pose. \*

ERNIE  
Halt! Friend or foe?! \*

OB  
I'm OB. Please tell me you're not \*  
the flag core, cuz I have to join? \*

ERNIE  
Oh, new recruit! Greetings. I'm \*  
Ernie. That's Mona, Avi, and Vern \*  
Foo -- and WE ARE the Flag Core. \*

The GANG STRIKES of a pose. Avi hits Ernie again. \*

OB  
(sarcastic) \*  
Impressive. \*

ERNIE  
Thank you. \*

MONA  
Ernie, he was being sarcastic. \*

Mona starts giggling. \*

MONA (CONT'D)  
(can't help herself) \*  
Heeheehehehe-- \*

AVI  
Oh no, here it comes. \*

ERNIE \*  
Stop, woman! I command you! \*

Too late. Mona's GIGGLE turns into a crazy HIGH-PITCHED \*  
CACKLE. Ernie, Avi, and Vern know to cover their ears. OB \*  
winces. Then the sunglasses, hanging off his shirt, SHATTER! \*  
Mona finally stops. \*

OB \*  
Holy crap cakes, what was that? \*

ERNIE \*  
Her laugh can shatter glass. \*

OB \*  
(putting on his glasses) \*  
Tell me about it. \*

REVEAL one glass lens is shattered, one fallen out. \*

ERNIE \*  
(re-gaining composure) \*  
Guys, it's crunch time. The big \*  
rally is tomorrow. Any questions. \*

OB \*  
Yeah, I got one. What is it you \*  
freakettes do, exactly? \*

ERNIE \*  
We perform flag routines at rallies \*  
and basketball games much to the \*  
delight of the home crowd. \*

Vern, silent thus far, begins texting. \*

ERNIE (CONT'D) \*  
Vern, if you have something to say \*  
you don't have to -- \*  
(Mona's phone BEEPS) \*  
-- text. \*

MONA \*  
(reading text) \*  
Vern says: Not true. Kids hate us \*  
and throw junk at our heads. \*

AVI \*  
Yeah. I got hit with a chicken. \*

ERNIE \*  
(Braveheart) \*  
Oh, but make no mistake! This year \*  
will be different! \*

(MORE)

ERNIE (CONT'D)

This is the year we will win the  
respect and admiration of the  
entire school! We are the Flag Core!

\*  
\*  
\*

OB

Frankly, I'd rather join the Fart-  
Core.

\*  
\*

ERNIE

(insulted)

You're not going to make friends  
with that snot-i-tude.

\*  
\*  
\*

OB

Might surprise you, but I'm not  
lookin' to make friends.

\*  
\*

All the gang takes this in, then Ernie spots something O.S.

\*

ERNIE

(interrupting)

ATTEN-HUT!!!

\*

MR. KHOOL, 30, spray-tanned and high-strung, strides up.  
Think Will Arnett.

\*  
\*

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Khool! Our faculty advisor and  
Commander in Chief! Welcome!

MR. KHOOL

Great news! I got you guys free  
passes to go bowling tomorrow after  
school!

The GANG trades blank looks. Has Khool forgotten something?

\*

ERNIE

Uh, Mr. Khool, very thoughtful but  
the rally is tomorrow. You probably  
forgot. Care to see our routine?

\*  
\*  
\*

(barking out)

Flags akimbo!

The Gang readies their FLAGS. Khool shuts it down.

MR. KHOOL

No, no. Nothing Akimbo. I didn't  
forget. It's just that the rally's  
been, uh, postponed.

\*  
\*  
\*

The kids look at Khool, disappointed. Khool sniffs, and  
wipes his nose.

\*  
\*

OB  
He's lying.

ERNIE  
Easy new guy. Sorry, Mr. Khool. \*

OB  
I've been around a lot of liars. \*  
They get nasally when they lie. \*

MR. KHOOL  
I'm not lying. The rally is post- \*  
ahchooo... \*

Khool SNEEZES.

OB  
Bingo. \*

MR. KHOOL \*  
Fine. Whatever. Do the rally. \*  
Just don't embarrass me. Please! \*  
(to OB)  
I don't like you.

Khool's WALKIE-TALKIE CRACKLES.

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Yes, Darla?

As Khool walks off, we hear odd ANIMAL NOISES from his WALKIE. \*

OB \*  
(re: Khool) \*  
Who the heck is he talking to? \*  
Some crazy squirrel? \*

ERNIE \*  
(handing OB a flag) \*  
Never mind him. You have some \*  
catching up to do. \*

OB \*  
You guys practice all you want but \*  
it's nap time for this guy. \*

OB turns and DROPS OUT OF FRAME. REVEAL he's laying in the \*  
bottom of a six foot hole. The Core rushes to him.

MONA \*  
In case no one told you, Neckpee is \*  
full of sink holes. But we call \*  
them "fun holes."

Mona starts her absurd high-pitched LAUGH. Off OB, his mind reeling -- what's he gotten himself into. \*

**INT. OB'S KITCHEN - LATER**

OB drinks straight from a CAN OF CLAM CHOWDER, as he watches his Dad assemble a LARGE TELESCOPE (in PIECES) spread out over the kitchen floor. \*

DAD  
So? How's Flag Core?

THROUGH THE WINDOW, OB notices AN OLD WOMAN walking AN ORANGE DOG. BOTH woman AND dog wear matching HIGH TOP TENNIS SHOES. \*

OB  
Like the rest of this place -- weird.

DAD  
OB, don't start. You promised you wouldn't make waves.

OB  
Fine. Whatever. \*

DAD  
Good, that's better. Now where did I set the dingle-driver. \*

OB reaches and yanks the SCREWDRIVER from behind his DAD's EAR. Dad uses the driver to scratch and itch on his back. \*

DAD (CONT'D)  
(as he scratches)  
Oh, mama that feels good. \*

The DOORBELL RINGS. OB moves off. \*

AT THE DOOR \*

Ernie and Avi walk right in. Avi holds a BOOM BOX. \*

ERNIE  
Since we want the pep rally to be extra awesome, I was thinking that after the flag routine, we'll break into a dance number. Avi--

Avi hits the boom box. MUSIC UP. Ernie sings and dances.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Chunky lady. She makes me gravy.*  
(MORE)

ERNIE (CONT'D)

*Chunk, chunk, chunk, chunky la-day!*

(then)

Avi, it's "wormy time!"

Avi whips off his shirt and contorts his midsection like a YOGI, undulating like a snake. SFX. OB watches in shock, then flips off the boom box.

\*  
\*

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Amazing, huh? He's super bendy.

\*

AVI

Watch, I can lick my belly button.

\*  
\*

Without hesitation, Avi licks his bellybutton. (SFX)

\*

OB

Stop! Please!

\*  
\*

(shooting a look at Dad)

\*

Look, since *I'm forced to do Flag*

\*

*Core...* I'll help you guys out. But

\*

we gotta do something cool, because I

\*

don't want to look like an idiot.

\*

Something big. Something...

\*

(lighting up)

...I got it.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL GYM - NEXT DAY**

OB lifts a cool, homemade JET PACK out of a box. The gang reacts with excitement.

\*

ERNIE/MONA/AVI

Whoa, a jet pack!

\*  
\*

Mona's phone BEEPS. A TEXT. She reads it.

\*

MONA

Vern says, "*Whoa, a jet pack!*"

\*  
\*

ERNIE

Where'd you get it?

\*

OB

My old man's a scientist, he and I made it a couple of summers ago.

(taking charge)

So after you guys do your flag waving, I'll rip around the gym and rock this place.

\*

OB tries to put on the JET PACK but it doesn't fit.

OB (CONT'D)

Crap cakes, I've out grown it. \*

(flexing his biceps) \*

Guess, you can't fight mother nature. \*

MONA

(panicked)

Hello! We're on in two minutes! \*

OB

(re: the pack)

Vern, you put it on. \*

OB slips the PACK on Vern, who looks nervous. OB hands Vern a COMICALLY THICK MANUAL titled: JET PACK INSTRUCTIONS. \*

OB (CONT'D)

Here, read the instructions, you'll be fine. \*

ON THE COURT \*

Principal Hasgas speaks into a MICROPHONE. \*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

...now put your hands together for,  
Teacher of the Year, Kirk Khool!

Kids stand and CHEER as Mr. Khool approaches the podium.

MR. KHOOL

I am so..."humbled". Thank you.

Now we notice a SMALL CAMERA CREW filming Khool.

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

And don't mind these folks. Just a film crew documenting my every move. \*

(then)

Anyway, next up, I'm proud to introduce a group that is near and dear to my heart -- the Neckpee Junior High Flag Core.

ONE KID CLAPS, but clearly the STUDENT BODY holds them in low regard. As Khool passes the Core, his smile fades. \*

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

Don't make me look bad. \*

MUSIC UP. The Core marches onto the floor, FLAGS moving in unison to Donna Summer's "SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY."

- They twirl their flags, looking good. \*

- Avi, as always, whacks Ernie in the gut with his flag.

- Mr. Khool looks on, hating every moment of it.

- Finale. MUSIC FADES. Ernie, Vern and Mona strike a pose. \*  
Vern FLIPS THE SWITCH on the JET PACK and ZIPS around the  
gym. The STUDENTS love it. WHOOOOO!!! Then things go  
south. Vern loses control and BLASTS THROUGH THE ROOF.  
Debris rains down on the court. The dust settles. Hasgas  
restores order.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

Thanks to the Flag Core, I'm sorry  
to say, tonight's basketball game  
will be cancelled.

Kids BOO and hurl stuff. Avi gets hit with a CHICKEN. Khool \*  
hustles over, camera crew in tow.

MR. KHOOL

(to OB)

Something tells me this is your fault.

(to group)

I'm confiscating your flags!

Khool gathers their FLAGS.

ERNIE

Wait, please sir, you can't take my \*  
flag. We do everything together.

(cradles his flag) \*

Sleep. Shower. And tonight's movie  
night.

OB

Mr. Khool, may I say something? \*

MR. KHOOL

NO!!! \*

A piece of CEILING TILE hits him on the head.

OB

Tried to warn ya.

Off Khool, fuming... \*

**EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - LATER**

It's somber. The gang, minus Vern, regroup. A depressed, \*  
Ernie lays on picnic table, MOANING. Avi eats a CHURRO. \*

ERNIE

I miss flaggy...my cute little  
flaggy waggy.

OB

Can you be more annoying?

ERNIE

(moaning)  
Waaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!

OB

(beyond annoyed)  
Alright, I can't take it. I'll get  
back the stinkin' flags.

OB starts to head out.

MONA

Uh, OB. Mr. Khool confiscated them.  
You're just asking for trouble.

OB

(stops)  
You're right. I promised Old Man  
Hasgas I'd stay out of trouble.

ERNIE

You know what flaggy's nickname  
is?... Poopsie Stick. Waaaaah!

OB stands.

OB

Forget about trouble, I'm going!

Right then, A TEXT. Mona reads it.

MONA

It's from Vern!  
(reading text)  
"Watch out for my pants."  
(then)  
His pants?

Right then VERN'S PANTS fall from the sky and land on Avi's  
head. The rest of the gang looks up to see Vern, out of  
control, zig-zagging through the sky on the jet pack.

Avi rips the pants from his head, not realizing his CHURRO is  
lodged up his nose.

AVI

Ah, man. I lost my churro.

**EXT. KHOOL'S FARM - LATER**

A sanctuary in the COUNTRY. OB surveys the scene from a safe distance through BINOCULARS. \*

OB  
(to himself)  
Okay, no car out front...that's good. Khool's not home.

OB is startled when Ernie POPS up beside him.

ERNIE  
Oohweee. This is naughty with a big "N." \*

OB  
What are you doing here? I fly solo. I told you that. \*

All business, OB raises the BINOCS. He spots AN OUTHOUSE. \*

OB (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's weird. Casa de Khool definitely has plumbing why would he have an outhouse.  
(then)  
I think I'll pay it a little visit. \*

ERNIE  
I'll visit, too. But I pooped at lunch. \*

OB  
Listen to me. Go home. This could get dicey. And I'll thank you to keep your poop schedule to yourself. \*

OB shoots Ernie a serious look, then exits. \*

**INT. OUTHOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

OB steps inside and looks around, curious. He knocks on the walls. Then Ernie POPS in again, scaring him.

ERNIE  
You run solo? Talk to me. \*

OB  
Dude! Why are you up my butt?!

ERNIE  
Sorry! I just never met a guy who didn't want friends. \*

OB

(exasperated)

Look, people talk about being  
"friends" all the time, but I never  
met anyone who really had my back.

\*  
\*  
\*

ERNIE

That's the saddest thing I've ever  
heard...

(fighting back tears)

...so sad.

\*  
\*  
\*

OB

Are you gonna cry again? Cuz don't.

The OB notices something, as he PEERS DOWN into the TOILET.

\*

OB (CONT'D)

Oh, this just keeps getting better.  
Looks like there's a secret room  
down there. I going down.

\*  
\*  
\*

ERNIE

Wait. You'll need this.

\*  
\*

Ernie offers OB a ROLL of TOILET PAPER. OB shoots him a  
look, then disappears into the plastic potty.

\*  
\*

**INT. KHOOL'S SECRET LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

The room is filled with BEAKERS, BOTTLES and TUBES of COLORED  
LIQUID. OB drops from the ceiling and lands on his feet.  
Ernie drops in next, CRASHING, knocking them both over.

OB

Watch it, clumsy.

ERNIE

(as he stands)

Who you calling clumsy?

\*  
\*

Ernie's turns and bumps into a BOTTLE, causing a domino  
effect, BREAKING DOZENS OF BOTTLES.

\*

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Oopsy.

OB examines a MICROSCOPE, with something written on the side.

OB

(to himself)

"Property of Neckpee Jr. High."  
Mr. Khood, you ARE up to something,  
but what?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ERNIE

Why's he have a secret underground  
laboratory filled with stolen  
school supplies?

\*  
\*

Then both boys notice to TWO EMPTY EIGHT FOOT CAGES.

\*

ERNIE (CONT'D)

And what's with the freaky cages?  
What's he keep in there? You think  
they're for animals? Or humans?

OB

Do I look like the answer police?  
(spotting something O.S.)  
Look, there's your girlfriend.

\*  
\*  
\*

Sure enough, their FLAGS are stacked in the corner.

\*

ERNIE

My Poopsie stick!

\*

Suddenly, they hear STRANGE NOISES.

OB

That's the same sound I heard over  
Khood's walkie-talkie.

\*  
\*  
\*

OB pulls Ernie behind a FILE CABINET. The noises get louder;  
scratching, screeching.

\*  
\*

Then a SHADOW of what appears to be TWO SIX FOOT CREATURES  
STANDING ON THEIR HIND LEGS! OB realizes Ernie's hands are  
wrapped around him. OB knocks them away. Off their terror!

\*  
\*

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

### INT. KHOOL'S SECRET LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

As we left them, OB and Ernie are hunkered down, peering at  
the scary ANIMAL SHADOWS over their shoulders.

\*

ERNIE

(freaked)  
Those things are huge-a-saurus.

\*

MR. KHOOL (O.S.)

Larry! Darla! Dinner time!

OB

That's Khool. I knew something wasn't  
right about that guy.

\*

ERNIE

(whining)

Oh man, my record's about to be  
broken.

OB

What record?

ERNIE

It's been three years since I  
tinkled my underwear.

\*

OB shakes his head as Khool enters with a BUCKET of animal  
feed and pours it into a trough.

\*

MR. KHOOL

(to creatures)

Eat up, my children.

\*

\*

\*

While Khool is distracted, OB makes a move.

\*

OB

(hushed tone)

We gotta go. On three...

ERNIE

Can't. My legs won't move.

OB grabs Ernie and carries him "Fireman-Style" across the  
room toward the stairs.

\*

\*

MR. KHOOL

(to creatures)

That's it, chow down.

(ominously)

Tomorrow...everything changes.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Ernie's head hits the wall as they disappear up the steps.  
Khool spins, but sees nothing. Off Khool's suspicion.

\*

**INT. PRINCIPAL HASGAS' OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

Hasgas is finishing up an announcement on the PA system.

\*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS (INTO PA)

(holding STOPWATCH)

Aaaand lunch ends in three, two, one.

Forks down. If you're chewing spit  
it into the nearest napkin.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL HASGAS (INTO PA) (CONT'D)  
(clicking MIC off; then)  
You too, Seth.

WIDEN to see Seth, wearing a Sombrero, eating a sandwich. He spits it into a trash can, as OB and Ernie enter.

OB  
Principal Hasgas, we need to talk.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS  
There's no barging into my office.  
I hate barging.

OB  
(continuing)  
We went to Khool's house, looked in his toilet, and guess what we saw?

PRINCIPAL HASGAS  
Good Lordy, please don't tell me.

OB  
A secret laboratory with a bunch of school equipment--

PRINCIPAL HASGAS  
Hold it right there. Do you realize what your saying? Mr. Khool is beyond reproach!

OB  
He's a weenie!

PRINCIPAL HASGAS  
Son, you made me a promise to stay out of trouble. And right now you're this close to a suspension!  
(calling out)  
Seth, get them outta here!

Seth approaches them.

ERNIE  
Sir, we apologize. No need to rile up the little guy.

SETH  
Little guy?

Seth punches Ernie in the gut.

ERNIE  
Owwweeee!!!

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Khool is followed by his camera crew.

MR. KHOOL

(to camera; super smiley)  
...the students don't think of me  
as just a teacher, more like a pal,  
an older brother, a rockin' dude--

\*

As OB and Ernie exit Hasgas' office, Khool stiffens.

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

I noticed you jerks came and got  
your flags. Bad move.  
(leaning in; threatening)  
Last warning -- keep your nose out  
of other people's business.

OB

Yeah, well you don't own my nose,  
or what's in it.

ERNIE

Mr. Khool, anything in my nose is  
yours.

OB

(to Ernie; disgusted)  
Really? Thanks for having my back.  
This is why I don't have friends.

\*

\*

OB walks off. Ernie feels bad. He appeals to Khool.

\*

ERNIE

Sir, he's having a little trouble  
fitting in. He's not a bad fellow--

\*

\*

\*

MR. KHOOL

(getting in Ernie's face)  
He's a turd... And I suggest you  
keep your distance from him!

\*

\*

\*

\*

Off Ernie's anxiety.

\*

**INT. OB'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT**

\*

Dad finishes assembling his TELESCOPE.

DAD

Okay, the heavens are open for  
business.

(looking through scope)

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

Oh my, what is that?! Some sort of meteor?!

Dad re-adjusts the telescope to get a better look. VIEW THROUGH TELESCOPE. VFX: Vern shooting through the sky.

DAD (CONT'D)

(deflated)

Nope. Just some kid.

OB enters from his bedroom with a BACKPACK, NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, and a GRAPPLING HOOK.

DAD (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

OB

Getting some fresh air. See ya.

\*

Before OB can exit, Dad stops him.

DAD

At ten o'clock at night? Come on, OB, what's going on?

\*

\*

OB

Okay, there's this creepy teacher and I know he's up to something. And it's killing me. I gotta find out what it is.

\*

\*

DAD

Son, I get it. You're an O' Bannon, you're from a long line of scientists...

\*

\*

\*

Dad turns to a GALLERY of FAMILY PHOTOS on the wall, of 4 generations of O' Bannon's (including women) in Lab Coats.

\*

\*

DAD (CONT'D)

...so you're genetically hard-wired to be curious, but you have to sublimate these impulses.

\*

\*

\*

OB

What does that even mean?

DAD

Means you're not leaving this house.

\*

Right then, the DOORBELL RINGS. OB tosses his gear aside, and answers it. It's Ernie holding a SLEEPING BAG.

\*

OB

What are you doing here?

ERNIE

I'm here for our farewell sleep-over.

\*  
\*

OB

What? Huh?

\*  
\*

ERNIE

It's been pointed out to me that I should keep my distance, so we can't hang out any longer. That said, it's customary on Neckpee for friends to have a farewell sleep-over.

\*  
\*  
\*

OB

Right. And I suppose it doesn't matter that we're not friends?

\*  
\*

ERNIE

Exactly.  
(pushing his way in)  
Do you have microwave popcorn?

\*

Off OB, shaking his head.

\*

**INT. OB'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Ernie, in PJ's, is in his sleeping bag next to OB's bed.

ERNIE

...you know what, bro? I gotta admit, I had a serious man-crush on ya but you blew it. It's over now.

OB sips CHOWDER out of CAN, and is oblivious to Ernie babbling because he's listening to MUSIC ON HIS HEADSET.

\*

OB

Yeah, yeah, tennis is fun.

Suddenly a STRANGE NOISE. Ernie leaps onto OB's bed.

\*

OB (CONT'D)

(ripping off headset)  
What are you doing?!

ERNIE

Listen...wait for it...

Through the screen door, through the dim light we FINALLY get a glimpse of them: TWO SIX FOOT RACCOONS! They're dressed in camouflage pants and shirts and they're scary as heck.

ERNIE (CONT'D)  
...tinkling again!

The boys dive into the closet. The Raccoons burst in and ransack the room devouring OB's clam chowder stash.

OB  
NOT MY CHOWDER!!!

OB grabs a nearby SKI BOOT and wings it at one of the Raccoons. However, one snatches it in mid-air, then bites into it. These raccoons mean business!

END ACT TWO

### ACT THREE

#### EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NEXT DAY

With OB, Ernie, Mona, and Avi. Mona is incredulous.

MONA  
(fingers on temples)  
Okay, trying to process. Not one, but two giant, super smelly raccoons, dressed in camouflage, trashed your bedroom?

OB  
AND chugged my chowder.

AVI  
Question: Did they drive a plastic jeep like my G.I. Joes?

OB  
I didn't see what they drove.  
(then)  
But if you don't believe me, ask Ernie.

ERNIE  
He's truthin'. They even pooped on my sleeping bag.

Ernie holds up a BAGGY with CONTAINING BROWN GLOBS.

MONA/AVI  
Ewwwwwww!

ERNIE

(Re; baggy)

What? No, these are my cupcakes.  
I wouldn't haul around a bag of  
'coon poop.

OB

Everyone chill out.  
(thinking)  
Khool's gotta be using those  
raccoons for something. We just  
have to find out what it is...

REVEAL Mr. Khool spying on the gang from behind a tree. He  
speaks into his WALKIE-TALKIE.

MR. KHOOL

It's go time! Repeat. Go time!

RESUME

Back with the kids.

OB

We gotta do something. Let's call  
the cops.

ERNIE

The station's closed.

OB

The police station is closed?

ERNIE

Yeah on Fridays it becomes a frozen  
yogurt shop.

OB

Neckpee is such a freak zone.  
(then)  
Whatever. It guess it's up to me  
to get to the bottom of this.

OB starts to head out. Ernie BLOCKS HIM with his flag.

ERNIE

Hang on, Bossman. You're not going  
anywhere with out me.

OB

No Ernie, this is gonna get ugly.

MONA  
(picking up her flag)  
I'm in, too. We're a team.

AVI  
Question--

ERNIE  
Avi, no questions. Are you in?

What our kids don't realize is -- TWO RACCOON SOLDIERS ARE  
WALKING UP BEHIND THEM.

AVI  
(picking up flag)  
Word to your mother's brother. I'm in!

OB  
(sincere)  
I'm shocked. Impressed. And little  
freaked out by this tender moment.

OB smiles as Avi suddenly sniffs the air.

AVI  
Someone has stinky raccoon breath.

As the Raccoons pounce, we...

**INT. MR. KHOOL'S LAB - A LITTLE LATER**

OB, Ernie, Mona, and Avi are forced into the cage.

ERNIE  
Don't hurt us Mr. Raccoon, sir!

TIGHT ON Raccoon claws locking the cage. We then see the  
Raccoons, from behind, scurry off.

MONA  
Why is this happening?!

OB  
Khoool is up to something and he  
needs us out of the way.

OB spots a DAY PLANNER BOOK on a nearby table.

OB (CONT'D)  
And I think we can find out why.  
There's his day planner.  
(then)  
Avi you're super flexible.  
(MORE)

OB (CONT'D)

Can you worm your body through the bars and grab it? \*

AVI \*

Okay. Just let me eat my lucky peanut. \*

Avi peels off his shirt, and then plucks a peanut from his Belly Button and eats it. OB's incredulous. \*

OB

Okay, now I have a question: Why's he have a peanut in his navel? \*

ERNIE \*

Don't go there. You should see where he keeps his lucky M&M. \*

Using SFX, Avi contorts his rubbery body, through the bars of the cage and snags the DAY PLANNER. He tosses it to OB. \*

OB

Nice! Now let's see what Mr. Not So Cool is up to...

(reading)

10 am - tanning session. 11:30 - yoga.

One o'clock - take over island.

(then)

TAKE OVER THE ISLAND?!

MONA

HE'S A MAD MAN!!! \*

Then: FOOTSTEPS. Everyone freezes. \*

OB

Shhh! It's Khool. Don't say ANYTHING about knowing his evil plan. \*

Khool enters and slips a LAB COAT, over his YOGA SPANDEX. The Gang doesn't say a word, then: \*

OB (CONT'D)

We know your evil plan Khool -- you're taking over the island!

(off their looks)

Sorry, guys, couldn't help myself. \*

MR. KHOOL

So you know my plan. Big deal. Because there's nothing you can do to stop it. By the way, where's that creepy and pale kid? \*

ERNIE

Vern. No one has seen him in days.

OB

So, Khool, I gotta know -- what  
drives an ordinary guy like you to  
wanna take over an island?

MR. KHOOL

Because I can. See, I wasn't always  
"Kirk Khool." I was born Gil Lundberger.

Khoool turns to A PICTURE OF A NERDY LOOKING TEEN. Could it be? \*

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

As a kid, like you guys, I was a total  
pinhead. Kids would tease me and flick  
my nose. So I withdrew and developed  
an interest in science. For years I  
worked and worked until I isolated a  
chemical compound found only here on  
Neckpee Island. A compound that  
allowed me to create -- synthetic  
hormone blasters.

AVI

(raising hand)

Question: What are syntetic  
hormone gasterds?

MR. KHOOL

Put your greasy hand down!

(then)

My hormone blasters were the answer  
to all my problems -- the most  
sophisticated growth compound in the  
world. But it needed testing.

ERNIE

(putting it together)

The Raccoons.

MR. KHOOL

Exactly. And after I saw how well  
it worked on them, I injected  
myself. I grew from sad Gil  
Lundberger to...

Khoool turns and admires himself in a nearby MIRROR. \*

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

Well, it's good to be me. Teacher  
of the Year.

(then)

(MORE)

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

And once I get rid of Principal  
Hasgas and the Mayor -- this Island  
is mine!!!

\*

Khool LAUGHS maniacally. The gang is scared, they all look  
to OB, wondering what to do. Then:

\*

\*

OB

So will you be needing an assistant?

\*

MR. KHOOL

Excuse me?

OB

An assistant. Once you take over  
the island you'll need help. I can  
type, answer the phones...

(pretend phone call)

"Hello...no the Emperor's not in,  
can I take a mas-saage?"

ERNIE

TRAITOR!!!

OB winks at the gang, letting them know he's up to something.

MR. KHOOL

Good point. I will need an  
assistant. But how do I know I  
trust you?

\*

\*

OB

Have you seen my school record? I  
was supposed to stay out of trouble  
on this whack island, but I think we  
both know that's not gonna happen.

\*

\*

Now OB LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

MR. KHOOL

Welcome to the dark side.

\*

The second Khool CRACKS OPEN THE CAGE, OB charges out. Khool  
sprawls onto the floor.

OB

Everyone, go!!!

Ernie, Mona and Avi follow OB. The three older kids make  
their escape. However, Khool grabs Avi by the ankle.

AVI

Help! The mean man gots me!

OB

Avi, don't worry, we'll be back!

With that, OB, Ernie, and Mona rush out of the lab, grabbing their flags as they go. \*

MR. KHOOL

(surprisingly calm)

They won't get far.

Khool blows a WHISTLE and A DOZEN CGI RACCOON SOLDIERS snap to attention, including TOVAR, who is a good 3 feet taller than the rest. He's HUGE!

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D) \*

(to Raccoons)

Hunt them. NOW!

The Raccoons move out - a scary looking battalion.

**EXT. NECKPEE COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER** \*

OB, Ernie and Mona race like fugitives carrying their flags like spears. Ernie stumbles. When OB spots The Raccoons nearing, he pulls Ernie behind a fallen log. Mona follows. \*

MONA \*

OB, the cops have the day off and we're all alone. We're doomed! \*

ERNIE \*

I scraped my knee! \*

OB \*

Shhh, you're fine. Just breathe. \*

TIGHT ON the BOOTS of the Raccoon Soldiers as they march past them, chanting like the Monkey's in "Wizard of Oz." \*

OB (CONT'D) \*

Guys, from the day I got here you guys wanted me to be part of this team. Well, I'm in. So now it's time to we start acting like one. Okay? \*

ERNIE \*

You're absolutely right. Unfortunately, I've got a knee boo boo -- so good luck you two. \*

OB \*

Oh no you don't. We need ya. (pulling Ernie up) Flag Core to the rescue!!!

They strike intimidating poses with their flags as HIGH OCTANE MUSIC KICKS IN. \*

**COMBAT MONTAGE:** \*

OB, Mona and Ernie battle raccoons with FLAGS. Their Core skills come in handy. \*

- Ernie looks like Jackie Chan. \*

ERNIE

Glissando! And a double whoop-whoop!

He knocks the snot out of a raccoon and moves off. \*

- Mona races through the forest, a Raccoon hot on her heels. When she jumps over a "fun hole," we realize her plan. Sure enough, the Raccoon doesn't see the hole and falls inside. \*

- Ernie is being chased by a Rac. REVEAL OB lining up A SLING-SHOT loaded with a CANNED HAM. FLING! The HAM nails the Rac right in the gut. \*

- Mona has stopped to tie her shoe. Behind her a Raccoon approaches. OB, seeing this, stuffs two PINE CONES into his ears and starts tickling her. Within seconds, Mona's giggle turns into her patented piercing CACKLE. \*

MONA

HehehehehehehehehhheEEEEEEEEEE!

The Raccoon Soldier can't take it, and runs off. \*

- Ernie and Mona realize TOVAR, THE GIANT RACCOON is behind OB. OB hears a TWIG BREAK and turns. He's face-to-face with Tovar. \*

OB

Uh-oh. An eight-footer.

OB grabs Ernie's FLAG and valiantly, fights him off. Ernie shouts encouragement. \*

ERNIE

Glissando! Glissando! \*

OB

(as he fights)  
I don't know what a stinkin' glissando is! \*

Tovar grabs OB's flag/weapon and snaps it in two. \*

OB (CONT'D) \*  
Aaand I'm dead. \*

TOVAR  
ARRRRRGHGHGHGHG!

Suddenly, a familiar ZOOOOMING SFX. It's Vern, his engine \*  
SPUTTERING, hurtling toward earth. He smashes into Tovar,  
KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD. OB, Ernie, and Mona rush to him. \*

MONA  
Vern!

Mona and Ernie pull Vern up, as OB gets to his feet, dazed. \*

OB  
Not to get all emotional, but I \*  
really thought I was dead meat. \*  
(sincere) \*  
You guys really do have my back. \*  
All of you. \*

MONA  
Anytime, OB.

ERNIE  
(holding back tears) \*  
See, not so bad having friends. \*

VERN  
(a strange, slow voice) \*  
I'm...super...hungry. \*

MONA  
Vern can talk! \*

ERNIE  
Really? Vern? That's what you \*  
sound like? \*

VERN  
I...want...tuna...fish? \*

ERNIE  
(shaking head) \*  
O-kay. Little creepy. \*

OB  
We gotta hurry. You guys get \*  
Hasgas! I'm going back for Avi! \*

**INT. KHOOL'S LAB - A LITTLE LATER**

On Avi shirtless, sweating, as he endures an awful fate.

AVI

This is torture!

REVEAL Avi inside the cage, IRONING Khool's BOXERS.

MR. KHOOL

Get used to it. Soon everyone on  
the island will be working for me!

(re; boxers)

And I like a crease, right down the  
pipe.

\*  
\*

OB (O.S.)

Party's over, Khool.

Khool spins to see a defiant OB entering the lab.

MR. KHOOL

(panicked)

Where are my raccoons?

OB

Defeated. Done. One took a ham to  
the bread basket, which not only  
hurt, but was also pretty funny.

\*

Right then, Ernie, Mona and Vern show up with Principal  
Hasgas and Seth, in a TOP HAT, wielding a FLASHLIGHT.

MR. KHOOL

(panicking)

Principal Hasgas. This isn't what  
it looks like.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

It looks like a secret underground  
laboratory designed to advance your  
evil plans.

MR. KHOOL

That's actually pretty accurate.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

By the power vested in me -- you're  
fired!

Then there's a WEIRD BUZZING SOUND. Raccoons, Darla and  
Larry enter the lab brandishing WEED-WHACKERS.

\*

MR. KHOOL

Darla, Larry. My best and most  
loyal.

(to the humans)

Everyone in the cage! Now!

While everyone's attention is on the Whacker-toting Raccoons, Mona spots a GREEN VIAL labeled: "ANTIDOTE." \*

VERN \*

OB, look! \*

OB spins and grabs the green vial. \*

MR. KHOOL

That's the antidote! Please put it down! You don't know what you're dealing with! \*

OB \*

I gotta a hunch, Khool. Or should I say Gil Lundenberger? \*

MR. KHOOL

Darla, Larry! Get him! \*

Before the Raccoons can pounce on OB, he SPLASHES the ANTIDOTE on Khool. There's a PUFF OF SMOKE. Khool freaks, contracting his arms, ala the Wicked Witch of the West. \*

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

AHHH!!! I'm melting! Melting! \*

However, Khool doesn't shrink at all.

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D)

(slightly embarrassed)

Never mind, I thought I was shrinking. Guess my antidote doesn't work. \*

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

Seth, take him away.

MR. KHOOL

(condescending)

Really? The little guy? \*

Seth, offended, whacks him in the gut with his flashlight. \*

MR. KHOOL (CONT'D) \*

Ooof!

Seth yanks Khool out of the room, then Vern spots something: \*

VERN \*

(pointing) \*

Hey...look...right...there. \*

Larry and Darla are lapping up the antidote off the floor. \*

The TWO RACCOONS SHRINK TO NORMAL SIZE (CGI) and happily  
crawl out of the room. The gang smiles.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS

Bless my soul, Mr. O'Bannon, I  
apologize. It appears you've saved  
the entire Island and with your  
bravery...

As Hasgas continues...

**INT. SCHOOL GYM - NEXT DAY**

The STUDENT BODY is assembled as Hasgas presents a LARGE  
TROPHY to OB. The rest of the Core (Ernie, Mona, Avi and  
Vern) stand off to one side. They all, however, wear their  
FLAG CORE UNIFORMS.

PRINCIPAL HASGAS (CONT'D)

I present this to you for your  
heroics in the face of danger.  
It's bowling trophy but it was on  
sale.

OB takes the trophy. He addresses the school.

OB

Thank you, Principal Hasgas, but  
this trophy doesn't belong to just  
me. It's belongs to US.

As Ernie introduces the group, we see FLASHBACKS of the Core  
in Action.

-- Ernie valiantly fight off A RACCOON.

-- Avi using his "bendy" skills to reach Khood's DAY PLANNER.

-- Mona leaps over a SINKHOLE and her pursuer falls inside.

-- Vern hurtling through space, taking out TOVAR.

-- RESUME OB, at podium, now surrounded by the gang.

OB (CONT'D)

Ernie Douglass, Mona Rumkiss, Vern  
Foo and Avi Grissleback. We are  
the Neckpee Junior High Flag Core.

SOUND FADES. As the gang moves to center stage. THUNDEROUS  
APPLAUSE. Our kids savor the moment. We hear OB's V.O.

OB (V.O.)

I always thought that I didn't need  
friends. That friends were dumb.  
But I was wrong. Life is  
definitely better when you have  
people who got your back.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

We slowly PUSH IN in on OB.

OB (V.O.)

And I had a feeling I was going to  
need my new buds here on Neckpee  
Island, where freakiness lurks  
behind every bush...and janitor's  
broom.

\*

REVEAL the JANITOR, pushing a broom, wearing headphones on  
his GIANT ALIEN HEAD!!!

OB (V.O.)

But I say bring it on... Let's  
dance.

OB turns TO CAMERA and flashes a cocky smile.

THE END