

Screenplay

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

TAKT and ELLIOT are sitting around. Elliot is using a laptop.

TAKT
(as if he's been waiting forever)
Elliot, is it my turn yet?

ELLIOT
What, you're waiting for my
computer?

TAKT
Yes, I have a matter of life or
death that needs the internet.

ELLIOT
You should have said something
sooner, I've been playing
minesweeper for the last hour.

TAKT
I thought you were working from
home or something.
(beat)
Well, give me that then!

Takt takes the laptop. Mutters to himself while trying to click and type with tentacles.

ELLIOT
Do you need any help with that?

TAKT
No I got it.

ELLIOT
It's no problem, I can help.

TAKT
Why are these keys so tiny? Is this
QWERTY? Why is it QWERTY?

ELLIOT
It's a standard keyboard.

TAKT
Standard! Why didn't you get the
extended keyboard with tentacle
input option?

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
I didn't even know you when I
bought that thing. Here let me
help.

Elliot takes the laptop, semi-prying it from Takt.
Eventually Takt realizes he needs the help and grudgingly
gives in.

TAKT
Fine.

ELLIOT
Ok, so where are we headed.

TAKT
First letter, you ready for this?
It's W.

ELLIOT
Uh-huh. Go, on.

Elliot has typed in WWW.W into the browser.

TAKT
Second letter, also a W.

Takt looks at the screen and sees what Elliot is typing in.

TAKT
Oh no, I meant-

ELLIOT
Oh, I didn't know people still-

TAKT
What?

ELLIOT
I just thought we were all
past...that.

TAKT
We're past the point of no return
is what we are. Just type in
Google.com and hit return.

ELLIOT
I thought we were-

TAKT
You're hilarious. Type my name in
and search it.

ELLIOT

Your matter of life and death is
googleing yourself?

TAKT

Yes. I need to know where I stand
in the world. Wait. Click on that
one. What is that?

ELLIOT

Is that you?

TAKT

It, it looks like it. Is that you?

ELLIOT

Where-Oh My God. We've been
infringed.

THEME SONG.

INT. EON'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

It's dark in the room. EON is laying on his bed, a empty box
of donuts resting on his chest. His face is smeared with
what we hope is custard and jelly. The door opens and Elliot
and Takt walk inside.

ELLIOT

I bet you Eon is behind that
website. Lets see if we can find
some drawings before he gets back
from-

Eon groans.

TAKT

Tell me that was you.

EON

Ugh, too many. But. I win.

Takt turns the lights on, startled, Eon falls out of bed
landing face down on the floor.

EON

Ah, fuck. That's a nice way to say
good morning guys.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
It's almost eight.

Eon sits up quickly.

EON
Gonna be late for work!

ELLIOT
At night.

EON
Crap.

TAKT
I heard your alarm and you get up,
how did you end up back in bed?

EON
Well, I had this box of doughnuts,
and then I had this empty box.
Suddenly I feel sick for no reason
at all. So I lied down hoping to
reach some kind of equilibrium.

TAKT
Did it work?

EON
No, I still-

Eon throws up into the doughnut box.

EON
Hey. That's better. You guys want
to get, dinner is it?

ELLIOT
No. Not anymore. No.

TAKT
Eon, what do you know of Three
Circles dot com?

EON
Its almost four circles dot com?

ELLIOT
We know you're behind it.

EON
Behind three circles? Is this a
metaphor?

TAKT

No. Three Circle Spies And the Grand Wizard Huggins. It's a web comic. YOUR comic.

EON

Web comic? Like, Spiderman jokes?

Elliot shows a print out a comic. In it, Elliot and Takt are dressed as spies and punching communists. There is entirely too much text in the comic and the punchline is an overall weak, "Caught you RED handed.". Smirking is involved.

EON

Wow, you guys made this today while I was asleep?

ELLIOT

No, you made it and put it on the internet for everybody to see.

EON

Why would I make it, I'm not even in it.

ELLIOT

Who else would make a comic about Takt and I where we are spies? Who else?

EON

Well, maybe Takt made it?

TAKT

It wasn't me.

ELLIOT

It couldn't have been Takt. He has the drawing skills of a toddler with casts on his arms.

TAKT

What?

EON

Oh yeah. Like this birthday card he made me.

Eon holds up a very poorly drawn birthday card.

TAKT

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

So, it's settled then. It wasn't Takt, it wasn't me, that leaves you.

EON

Look, I didn't do it. This looks nothing like how I draw anyway.

Eon tosses Elliot a sketchbook. Inside is some drawings of Takt and Elliot and Eon, eating pizza, in a bobsled. Also, one of Elliot and Takt merged into one person-apus.

EON

Ignore that one.
(muttered behind Elliots lines)
Unless, no. No, that wouldn't. But.
It's crazy enough to work.

ELLIOT

Well, the styles are different. It doesn't really prove you didn't change your style for these though.

EON

Takt, go get your takt-top. We're going to get to the bottom of this.

ELLIOT

Takt-top? You have a laptop?

TAKT

Yeah.

ELLIOT

And you needed mine then because?

TAKT

I was in the living room. Mine wasn't.

Takt leaves to his room.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Takt is at the table with his laptop. Elliot and Eon are on either sides looking at the screen.

TAKT

There isn't an about the author page. Oh my god, it could be anybody.

(CONTINUED)

EON
It could even be you!

TAKT
I never thought of that!

ELLIOT
Except.

Elliot hold hold the same crappy birthday card.

TAKT
I put love into those.

EON
Alright, then who made it?

ELLIOT
Takt, check the domain
registration.

TAKT
Uh huh. Hmmm.

ELLIOT
What does it say?

TAKT
We'll it's not Eon.

EON
Mystery solved.

Eon gets up to leave.

ELLIOT
The case isn't finished yet.

EON
Case reopened.

Eon sits back down.

TAKT
Says here it's Fredrick Huggins in
Goliath Illinois.

EON
(like Seinfeld saying Newman)
Huggins.

ELLIOT
You know this guy?

EON
Not at all. I'm just focusing.

TAKT
Well, I guess that's that then.

EON
Mystery Solved.

ELLIOT
It's not over yet. Pack the car
Takt. We're going to meet Mr.
Huggins.

EON
(whispering to Takt)
Sounds like a teddy bears name.

EXT. HIGHWAY. INSIDE CAR.

Elliot is driving, Eon is in the backseat. Takt is shotgun.

EON
Why did Takt get shotgun again?

ELLIOT
He's a better shot.

Takt holds up a toy shotgun.

EON
I don't see why he has the front
seat too. He doesn't have legs.
He'd fit much better back here.

TAKT
I have eight legs. And I also fit
well up here.

ELLIOT
Why did you even come? You weren't
in the comic, it doesn't really
have anything to do with you.

EON
Doesn't it though? My two best
friends being secretly stalked by
somebody in another state? I think
I have the most to lose here.

(CONTINUED)

TAKT

Lose?

EON

You know, when he captures you guys and, well, rapes you.

ELLIOT

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

EON

What! You didn't see it coming?

TAKT

Elliot, Eon may have a point. I can't think of any scenario that doesn't end with us being raped.

ELLIOT

Ugh. Look. Maybe, just maybe it was done out of love. Like, uh, collectors plates.

EON

Like, those ones they sell late night with Picard on them?

ELLIOT

Uh, Yeah, exactly. It's art to showcase a kind of love that isn't so, forceful.

EON

Ok, but you are not a starfleet captain beloved by nerds worldwide. You are a normal person being drawn into internet pictures by one nerd.

TAKT

Yeah, you're taking it for a bit of a stretch there Elliot. Lets just go home.

ELLIOT

Look! We're just going to go there, ask what the deal is, and leave. We don't even have to set foot inside his house!

There is a good amount of silence.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

Anyways, lets just stop talking
about rape.

EON

Whoa, whoa, nobody's been talking
about rape for like an hour now.

TAKT

Yeah, You just said rape, then Eon
had to respond by saying rape. Now
I've said rape like three times.

There is another pause where Eon and Takt stare at each
other. Slowly smiles grow on their faces. Elliot looks over
towards them and they instant stop looking at each other and
look serious.

EON

I just thought of something!

ELLIOT

It better not be about rape.

EON

No. Not at all.

TAKT

Drapes.

EON

Grapes.

ELLIOT

That's real funny guys.

TAKT

Dates.

EON

Crepes.

TAKT

Weights.

ELLIOT

Now you're not even trying.

EON

Zrapes.

(CONTINUED)

TAKT

Brapes.

ELLIOT

Those aren't even words anymore!
Everybody just be quiet, I'm just
going to put the radio on.

Elliot turns the radio on. The first three songs are about rape or such. He finally settles on smooth jazz about rape and turns the radio off.

ELLIOT

Are we near a prison radio station
or something?

TAKT

Oh, a rape joke. Very mature.

EXT. HUGGINS HOUSE. EVENING.

The boys get out of the car. They meet on the sidewalk before approaching the house.

ELLIOT

Alright. So here's how this is
going to happen. I'm going to go to
the door and see if he's home. IF
he is home, I'll assess the
situation and wave you over.

Eon hands Elliot a fake mustache.

EON

It's dangerous out there, Tke this
with you.

ELLIOT

I'm not wearing that.

TAKT

You're going to the house of a man
who draws you, but you don't know
him. You're recognizable.

EON

This is like camouflage. He'll
never know it's you.

Elliot thinks about it a minute before grabbing the mustache and affixing it to his face.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
Don't come unless I signal you, or
I sound like-

EON
You're going to get -

ELLIOT
Yeah.

Elliot walks up towards the house.

TAKT
I hope this goes ok.

EON
Aw, it'll be fine. Elliot is a
smart guy. A tough customer. A
sharp-

The door opens and a hand pulls Elliot inside.

TAKT
Shit.

EON
Sharp shit. I like that.

INT. HUGGINS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

The living room is full of art of Elliot and Takt, including collectors plates on the walls. Elliot is sitting in a chair across from FREDRICK HUGGINS. Fredrick is large, unkempt, in a Hawaiian shirt, staring deeply into Elliot.

ELLIOT
So. Nice, uh, place ya got here.

FREDRICK
Who sent you.

ELLIOT
Nobody sent me. I, I'm a publisher
man. I read your comic on the
internet web, it's a real, good
show?

FREDRICK
Thanks, it's my lifes work.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

Where, did you get photos of me,
uh, inspiration for your
characters?

FREDRICK

I can't give my secrets away. Not
without telling me one first.

ELLIOT

Oh, what secrets could a modest
book publish man, who I am, have
to--

Elliot's mustache falls off. Fredrick's eyes open wider. He
leans in really close to Elliot's face.

FREDRICK

Don't say a word. Don't ruin this.

ELLIOT

Aw, crepes.

EXT. HUGGINS HOUSE. EVENING.

Eon is laying across the backseat, his legs sticking out of
the car. Takt is standing outside the car.

TAKT

Ok, it's been awhile. We should go
in and get him.

EON

Rapier.

TAKT

What?

EON

Are we not still going?

TAKT

We're going, but inside to get
Elliot out.

EON

Take your mustache when you go.

TAKT

You're not coming?

(CONTINUED)

EON

Hey, I wasn't in the comic. It's not my business.

Takt begins affixing his mustache.

TAKT

That's cold dude. Your friend is in trouble. Probably. I, also your friend, might be too!

EON

Then it's probably a good idea we both don't go in case it's a trap.

TAKT

Yeah, that's probably a good idea!

EON

Good.

TAKT

Good!

INT. HUGGINS HOUSE. FOYAY.

The doorway opens to show Takt standing on the stoop with a mustache on.

TAKT

Good day sir, I believe my good friend came by to inform you about our lord and savior--

Takt is grabbed and pulled into the doorway. The door closes.

INT. HUGGINS HOUSE. BASEMENT.

The basement is dark and uninviting. Elliot is shirtless. His hands are tied above him to a rafter. Takt is in a kiddie pool with a margarita.

TAKT

What happened to your shirt?

ELLIOT

Why am I tied up and you have a margarita?

(CONTINUED)

FREDRICK

Silence!

Fredrick emerges from the shadows holding a flashlight for dramatic effect.

FREDRICK

Gunther, Dobson. I checked your pockets. Where are your ID cards? Where are your assigned guns? Where are your BOWTIES?

ELLIOT

What?

TAKT

If you thought I'd be wearing a bowtie to a basement you were mistaken.

ELLIOT

We aren't your characters, we're real people! Well I'm a person, and he's an octopus, but yeah were real!

TAKT

Yeah! Why'd you make a comic about us?

FREDRICK

What? You, you are the realization of my creations. You came in the night on the eve of the dawn of the--

TAKT

Oh my god your boring. I'm bored.

ELLIOT

Have you been spying on us from here? Did you wire our apartment up with cameras?

FREDRICK

No, I--

ELLIOT

Then what is this drawing based off?

Elliot points at a picture of him on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

FREDRICK

Gunther, you were based of a pineapple, and an electrical outlet with the working know how of 24's Jack Bauer.

TAKT

You know, I can see that. It's very true.

ELLIOT

What? Then why is, Dobson was it?, he an octopus?

FREDRICK

Why not? What better symbol of the old kingdom than that of an eight armed beast?

TAKT

Fredrick two, Elliot zero. I kind of like this guy.

ELLIOT

You won't like him when there's drapes.

TAKT

We're in a basement. There's no need for drapes.

FREDRICK

Guys, seriously! It's me! Fredrick! I created you! How can you not recognize me! I thought you'd come and we'd be best friends!

TAKT

Look, I appreciate the drink, but my colleague and I here need to skedaddle.

FREDRICK

I see whats happened here.

ELLIOT

Oh thank god finally.

FREDRICK

A dark dragon wizard must have erased your memories and replaced them with these new ones so you would forget me.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
Oh god damn it.

TAKT
Wizard? I thought we were spies?

FREDRICK
It's all an illusion. The spies are really knights in training.

ELLIOT
That's the worst plot twist I've ever heard.

FREDRICK
It's ok. I know how to undo the curse of the dragon wizard.

ELLIOT
I have a bad feeling about this.

Fredrick rips off his shirt.

FREDRICK
Dobson. I need you to grab that bottle of baby oil.

TAKT
Sure thing.

FREDRICK
And that ball gag.

TAKT
No problems there.

FREDRICK
And that plate of crepes.

TAKT
Yeah sure, anything for a--Oh. Oh my god. Elliot?

ELLIOT
Good job. Glad you figured it out.

Takt is placing the ball gag in Elliots mouth.

FREDRICK
We must begin the cleansing.
Dobson, grease me up--

Doorbell rings.

ELLIOT AND TAKT

(whisper)
Eon!

FREDRICK

Not now! Not now! Why must people
always arrive! Send e-mail! Fax me!

EXT. HUGGINS HOUSE PORCH. NIGHT.

Eon is standing on the porch dressed in chainmail and
holding a mace. The door opens.

FREDRICK

I am busy!

EON

Sir! The 4th regiment! She's fail
sir! They are approaching from the
southwest near the 7-11!

FREDRICK

Who...what dost thou inquire?

EON

Oh my liege, the devils beings are
encroaching and only a wizard of
your class level can fend them off.

FREDRICK

I'm not sure my power will be
enough alone. But I have Gunther
and Dobson here, however their
minds have been washed and
rewritten.

EON

Is that why you have your shirt, I
mean cloak, off?

FREDRICK

It is the only way to get them to
remember. Then they will fight
along side me and we can beat them
off.

EON

I don't really want to beat anybody
off.

(CONTINUED)

FREDRICK

What?

EON

I mean, those sent to you prior!
They are a trick!

FREDRICK

A trick?

EON

The dark leader transformed his own
men and sent them to you to cause
confusion so you would not join the
battle!

FREDRICK

I didn't sense any magic of this
sort.

EON

That's uh, that's because they were
then wrapped in a magic cloth which
reflects, magic, inquiry?

FREDRICK

The Wrappings of Sir Reynolds! My
word, it could be.

EON

Yes, that exactly! Why, Look in
that direction! Gunther and Dobson
are there waiting for you!

Eon points down the road. There are cardboard cut outs of
Elliot and Takt with suits drawn over their normal clothes.

FREDRICK

By the beard of Bunt, they are
there! But we must deal with these
impostors, then go save our men!

EON

You go, I cannot fight them. I've
been wounded. But, I should be able
to subdue the impostors till you
return.

FREDRICK

Let me cast heal upon you.

(CONTINUED)

EON

That might be good.

FREDRICK

Take off your pants.

EON

Oh, wait. I just remembered I took a potion of slow health. I'm already healing as time moves.

FREDRICK

Oh. Well then.

EON

Yeah. Ok then.

FREDRICK

I guess I should go help our kingdom.

EON

Please do.

Fredrick rushes off in a battle charge.

EON

I hate Larping.

INT. HUGGINS HOUSE. BASEMENT.

Takt is trying to untie Elliots hands, but is having trouble. It looks kind of like Takt is taking advantage of Elliot. Eon walks in.

TAKT

Just a little more! Almost got it!

EON

Oh, am I interrupting?

ELLIOT

Oh thank god you came.

EON

Gross.

Takt unties Elliot.

TAKT

Ok, lets get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

EON

So did you figure out why you were
in his comic?

ELLIOT

No. I'm pretty sure it was just
coincidence and mental instability.

EON

Yeah, there was a good deal of
that.

TAKT

Can we leave before he gets back?

EON

Yeah, he's not going to gone for
too long. Not sure how many
fireball he's prepared for the day.
C'mon.

INT. HUGGINS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

The boys make their way through. Elliot stops and looks at
the collectors plate of him on the wall. He takes it and
heads out after Eon and Takt.

EXT. HUGGINS HOUSE. NIGHT.

The boys run to the car. In the distance you can see
Fredrick casting spells next to Elliot and Eon cut outs.

ELLIOT

Why are we over there?

EON

Oh, those were cardboard cut outs I
had of you too. They seemed like a
good diversion.

TAKT

Where did you get those from?

EON

The trunk of the car.

ELLIOT

Why did you have them made?

(CONTINUED)

EON
I figured they'd be handy.

ELLIOT
For once, somehow your logic train
made it into the station instead of
crashing into a bus of children.
Good job Eon.

EON.
Thanks.

ELLIOT
Now, lets go home and never speak
of this day again.

TAKT
That sounds like a wonderful plan.

EON
Can we stop for food on the way
back.

ELLIOT
Yeah sure. Since you rescued us,
what do you want?

EXT. INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF CREPES.

The guys stand next to the car outside the International
House of crepes.

ELLIOT
You know what, I hate everything.

CREDITS.

INT. HUGGINS HOUSE. BEDROOM.

Fredrick is in bed next to the cutouts of Takt and Elliot.

FREDRICK
Goodnight Dobson.

He kisses the one of Elliot.

FREDRICK
Goodnight . . . *Elliot*.

END.