

Monterey Jack in Urbana Renewal

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INTERIOR: Cafeteria

A man is sitting at a table eating some krisped rice cereal. Some men go over to him.

TORMENTOR1:

Well, lookee here fellas, Holland's having that cereal for lunch!

TORMENTOR2:

Gee, I wonder what cereal he's eating for lunch?

TORMENTOR3:

Could it possibly be those Krispie Treats?

HOLLAND:

Come on guys, cut it out.

TORMENTOR1:

What's wrong, Holland?

TORMENTOR2:

Yesh, don't you like us putting keys in your lunch?

The three of them each put a huge batch of keys into the cereal bowl.

HOLLAND:

Hey, stop that!

The three tormentors begin to razz Holland, making funny gestures and singing a silly song. The lunch whistle blows.

TORMENTOR1:

Aww, lunch is over. Well, see ya tomorrow Holland!

They leave, laughing.

HOLLAND:

I'll show them, I'll show them all!

INTERIOR - Room with cans of radioactive waste

BOSS:

Okay Holland, these cans of nuclear waste have to be loaded in the truck by closing time.

HOLLAND:
All right sir, I won't let you down.

BOSS:
You never have yet Holland, you're a good egg.

HOLLAND:
Thank you sir.

The Boss leaves. As Holland begins moving cans of nuclear waste, some of it spills on his arm, onto an errant Krispie bit. It instantly begins to sizzle and writhe.

INTERIOR - Bathroom w/ bathtub

Holland has a can of nuclear waste. He pours it into his bathtub, which just happens to be filled with Krispie Treats. The whole mass rises out of the deep and engulfs Holland. He is never seen again.

SCENE - Krispie Mayhem

Various scenes of the Krispie Mutant Monster wreaking havoc.

Headlines of newspapers follow:

"Urbana Dispatch - Krispie Mutant Destroys Senior Citizen Center"

"Urbana Post - Police Unable To Stop Krispie Tide"

"Weekly Global News - Woman Lives on Rats for 17 Years!"

INTERIOR - Police Station

Inside are the Sheriff and the Sarge. They are each answering about 10 phones.

SARGE:
Boy Sheriff, it's hot in here.

SHERIFF:
Yeah, but it's a dry heat, Sarge.

SARGE:
Sheriff, we've gotten over 20 calls about this slime monster. What are we gonna do?

SHERIFF:
There's only one thing we can do. I'm gonna call a friend of mine. He's an expert in this kind of stuff.

SARGE:
Who's that Sheriff?

SHERIFF:
The greatest occult investigator who ever lived. (He picks up another phone and begins to dial).

INTERIOR - Monty's Office - DAY

Monty is asleep. The phone rings. Monty refuses to answer it until about the 10th ring. At the same time, he picks up a Coke.

MONTY:
Monterey Jack, intrepid investigator, cult cracker, monster masher, ghost-getter, professional person and

all-around American boy.

SHERIFF:

Is that you, Monty?

MONTY:

I just said, Monterey Jack, professional person, monster masher, intrepid investigator, ghost-getter, cult cracker and all-around American boy. Who did you think it was? The Galloping Gourmet?

SHERIFF FREIBERGER:

Yeah, it is you Monty, you old son of a female wolf. How ya been?

MONTY:

(Drolly) Who wants to know?

FREIBERGER:

This is Rufus Freiburger. You remember, "Fatty" Freiburger from college?

MONTY:

The only Rufus I know is Rufus X. Butterfly and he's dead. (He hangs up)

The phone rings, Monty picks it up.

MONTY:

Monterey Jack, cult getter, intrepid masher, ghost person, professional cracker, monster investigator, and all-around American boy. How may I assist you?

FREIBERGER:

Same old Monty, ha, ha! Always wise-cracking on the phone. But listen, remember the time you put glue in Elmer Sizemore's underwear? He wore 'em for an entire week! (Starts laughing hysterically)

MONTY:

Yeah, (Laughs), but how did you know about that?

FREIBERGER:

And do you remember the time you gave me a glass of beer and you didn't tell me it was everybody's backwash? (Suddenly stops laughing and turns serious whilst uttering the line)

MONTY:

(Laughing uncontrollably) Yeah, now I remember you! (Begins to roll on the floor, metaphorically)

FREIBERGER:

(Menacingly) Yeah, and I remember you too....

MONTY:

(Finally getting himself under control) Ooh, boy, that was a scream! (Screams)

FREIBERGER:

WAS is right.... Listen Monty, I need your help. While you spent your time investigating moldy old books and talking to real nut cases, I went to the Police Academy and now I'm the Sheriff of a really fine town.

MONTY:

That's great, Fatty, but what did you want?

FREIBERGER:

I told you, I need your help. It's about a... Well, it involves a... A kind of... Listen, I really can't talk about it

over the phone. Any chance of your coming out here to Urbana?

MONTY:
Never heard of it.

FREIBERGER:
Yeah, well, not too many people have. But we really need you badly! It's even bigger than my staff can handle!

MONTY:
(Sounds impressed) Oh really! Urbana, huh? Might as well be Atlantis.

FREIBERGER:
For heaven's sake Monty, please! We've got a monster on our hands!

MONTY:
Well, why didn't you say so! You know me, professional monster cracker and all-around American boy! Lemme get my maps. (He does). Urbana, huh? (When he finds it) Boy, we're talking real boondocks here, ain't we? Well, Fatty, I am apparently free for the next three months or so, so I can offer you my services for the duration. It's gonna cost you though.

FREIBERGER:
Hang the expense, Monty, this is a matter of life and death! National emergency!

MONTY:
Seventy-five thousand dollars.

FREIBERGER:
Well, uh, I was king of excited when I said hang the expense. You know me, always getting carried away. That's a little steep.

MONTY:
Okay, so call me back in about a year Fatty. See ya and good luck.

FREIBERGER:
Wait Monty! We might be able to swing, say, 15 thousand.

MONTY:
Bye Fatty. You know what they say, "Diet. Try it, you'll like it." (Hangs up)

Monty kicks back and waits. The phone rings again. Monty picks it up.

MONTY:
This is the recording machine for Monterey Jack, professional investigator, etc. When you hear the "Yuk", please leave your name and number and he'll try to get back to you unless he's dead. And while you're at it, tell him he shouldn't eat onions before he records his messages. You ever have to smell onions at point-blank range? Yuk!

FREIBERGER:
75 thousand is fine, Monty. Call me back as soon as you can. And Monty, you shouldn't eat onions before recording your messages.

MONTY:
No need for me to call back, Fatty. I'll see you in Urbana.

INTERIOR - Lounge - DAY

A kid is standing behind a counter. He's listening to a Walkman. Monty walks in, sits down, pulls out a comic book, and begins to read. The phone rings. The kid picks it up without removing the headphones.

KID:

Huh? Speak louder, I can barely hear you! What? Mad, deranged yak? Where!?! Oh, Monterey Jack? Okay, I'll tell him

The kid pulls out a megaphone.

KID:

Monterey Jack, please pick up the white courtesy phone. You have a message.

Monty gets up, goes over to a white phone on the desk.

MONTY:

This is Monterey Jack. Do you have a message for me?

The kid picks up another white phone.

KID:

(Still using the megaphone) You have a message from Sheriff Freiburger. He will be right over as soon as he can.

MONTY:

(Who has put the phone down since he can hear perfectly well without it) Okay, thanks.

The kid hangs up as does Monty. Monty goes back to his comic.

Dissolve to: INTERIOR - Lounge - Further along in the day

Monty, bored, gets up and walks out to stretch his legs. He sees Sheriff Freiburger pedalling madly on a bicycle with training wheels. He is a portly guy, but otherwise looks fairly normal, except that his head is at an excessively rakish angle.

FREIBERGER:

Monty! Good to see you?

MONTY:

Yeah, well, I had nothing better to do...

FREIBERGER:

Yeah, we really need you here. None of the other police departments believe us, so....

MONTY:

What's with the (imitates Freiburger's head)? Whiplash?

FREIBERGER:

Well, you see, I had a shaving accident. (He straightens his head out). See? (When Monty says nothing) My sideburns. If I kept my head straight, they wouldn't be at the same level.

Monty rolls his eyes, but refrains from saying the obvious....

FREIBERGER:

So, come hop on and I'll take you back to the office.

MONTY:
Uh, no car?

FREIBERGER:
Well, you see the monster, uh, ate it. And since this was an emergency, I just commandeered this transportation. Hop on!

MONTY:
Thanks, I'll walk.

The two of them head away from the lounge.

EXTERIOR - Police Station - DAY

First Monty, then Sheriff Freiberger (still on his bicycle) arrive outside the station. It is about the size of a two-car garage. They go inside.

INTERIOR - Police Station - DAY

It is even smaller on the inside, say, a one-half car garage. There are two desks, many phones, a coffee maker, etc. The Sarge is there, shuffling papers. Two other officers, are also there, writing furiously.

FREIBERGER:
Monty, I'd like you to meet my staff. They're good men, all of them. This is the Sarge, this is Osgood, and this is Katzenjammer.

MONTY:
Your entire staff, huh? Nice office, too. Lots of elbow room. So, what's the situation?

SARGE:
Well, we've already lost twenty civilians who have tried to save their homes. It's not pretty.

MONTY:
Do you know where it is now?

SARGE:
Yes, we've got volunteers on every street corner, keeping watch.

MONTY:
Okay, I like to see what I'm up against. Any idea where it came from?

SARGE:
Well, from the path of destruction left behind, we've concluded that it came from either outer space or beneath the sea.

MONTY:
What??!! Get serious, mac. It's gotta come from somewhere near here.

As the last lines occur, a man comes into the station. He gives officer Osgood a video tape, then leaves.

Osgood:
We've just got a video tape of the monster, at first hand.

SHERIFF:
Let's put it on.

He goes to a VCR and puts the tape in. See various scenes of the Krispie Mutant. Some of the shots are good, others are bad.

MONTY:

Aw, jeez. Puffed rice! The worst kind.

The picture suddenly becomes all Krispie Mutant, then fades to black.

SHERIFF:

And that's what we're up against.

MONTY:

Let me think.

He goes to a chair, pulls out a comic book and a Coke. He reads a couple of pages, drinks about half the Coke, then gets up.

MONTY:

By the pricking of my thumbs, I've got an idea. Here's what we're gonna need....

Dissolve to: EXTERIOR - Rooftop - Day

Sheriff Freiburger, the Sarge, and Monty are on the roof. On another rooftop stand Osgood and Katzenjammer. Each have a huge pile of assorted fruit.

FREIBERGER:

Why do we have all this fruit here, Monty? Are we gonna have breakfast with the monster?

MONTY:

Well, if we throw all this fruit into the monster, it'll get so big it won't be able to move any more. THEN you can have breakfast.

SARGE:

I'm glad Farmer Barnes donated all this fruit to the Police.

MONTY:

There it is!

SHERIFF:

(On his walkie-talkie, a can with a long string attached over to the other can where Osgood and Katzenjammer are) Okay you two, get ready to drop the fruit!

The monster unseen to the viewer, all five begin chucking fruit over the side. They continue for as long as we can afford the fruit.

SHERIFF:

It isn't working! (In his walkie-talkie) Osgood! Katzenjammer! Look out!

The string suddenly goes slack.

MONTY:

Good God! (In a high-pitched voice) Run away!

EXTERIOR - City street - Day

Monty, the Sheriff, and the Sarge are running. Monty is far behind.

MONTY:

Boy, this reminds me of a certain movie.... As Clausewitz once said, "The best defense is a confusing conversation."

He stops and turns about.

MONTY:

Yo, breakfast treat! Just what the heck do you think you're doing?

MONSTER:

Who wants to know?

MONTY:

I do.

MONSTER:

Why do you want to know?

MONTY:

I'm curious.

MONSTER:

You would not be able to comprehend the least little bit about me. Your species does not possess a tenth of my intellect. Once this place of habitation is absorbed, the entire planet will be next.

MONTY:

Then what?

MONSTER:

Once I am master of this world, I'll think of something. But for now, run little man.

Monty, seeing cowardice to be the better part of valor, does so.

INTERIOR - Police Station - Day

Monty, the Sheriff, and the Sarge are there. The latter two are packing their suitcases.

MONTY:

So that's what the monster told me. It wants to take over the world.

SHERIFF:

To be quite frank, Monty, I'm getting out while the getting is good.

MONTY:

But I've got another idea.

SHERIFF:

Forget it, Monty, you had your chance and you blew it.

SARGE:

Wait a minute, Sheriff, let's at least listen.

SHERIFF:

(Sighs) Okay.

MONTY:

Have you ever eaten cereal with too much milk in it?

SHERIFF:

Yeah, it gets really soggy and starts to ... say, I think I see what you're getting at!

SARGE:

Yeah! The Urbana Dairy is just outside of town! And we can rig up some industrial paint sprayers to deliver it.

SHERIFF:

No, I've got a better idea. We'll replace the entire water system with milk. That way, we can use the fire hydrants and fire hoses.

MONTY:

You may not have enough milk to do that! But, what we can do is add powdered milk to the water system. I'd think about twenty tons would do it.

SARGE:

Well, powdered milk isn't very popular 'round these parts. We've got warehouses full of the stuff.

MONTY:

Great! Fatty, you get on adding milk to the water supply. Sarge, load up on the powdered milk.

They leave. Monty sits down, pulls out a comic and a Coke.

EXTERIOR - City Streets - Evening

Monty, the Sheriff, and the Sarge are advancing down the street with fire hoses in hand. (Western music would be appropriate)

MONTY:

Okay, on three! One! Two! Two and a half! Two and three quarters! Three!

The milk sprays out, drenching the monster. An inhuman scream emanates from it. The monster begins to "deflate", flattening and spreading out on the pavement.

MONSTER:

(Various and sundry "Argh!"-type noises) I'm getting soggy! I'm losing my krispness! Curse you Monterey Jack! But I shall return! And I shall remember you! Arhh.....

INTERIOR - Police Station - NIGHT

The three are celebrating with Cokes all around.

MONTY:

Well, I guess I'll be heading back to my office now. But before I go, let's not forget one important thing -- my money.

SHERIFF:

Uh, yes, well, Monty, I have some bad news for you. You see, the money allocated to fight this menace has been reallocated to rebuild the Senior Citizen's Center. It should be really neat; they're gonna put in an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a sauna, a track, a basketball court, and a video game parlor. In fact, I'm thinking of retiring early and going there to live.

MONTY:

Yeah, that's great Fatty, but how much of it is left for me?

SHERIFF:

Well, to make a long bill short, five dollars.

MONTY:

What?!

SHERIFF:

Thanks for your help, Monty. The Sarge here will take you to the airport. Be seeing you.

INTERIOR - Monty's office - Day

Monty enters and sits down at his desk. He ponders for a moment, then makes a phone call.

MONTY:

Hello? I want to order five dollars worth of pizza....

END