

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MZP!

Written by
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WARNING, FILLING IS HOT. LIKE REALLY HOT PORN STAR HOT.

BEGIN

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT/ESTAB.

It's a road at night, if you hadn't guessed. But a BRIGHT PINK CAR drives past.

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT

And in the driver's seat is MATTHOLOMEW THORPE. In the passenger seat is MR. INVISIBLE, while in the back HOPE and VIRGIL "VIGILANTE" THORPE are seated with JENNIFER THORPE in the middle, holding a map.

JENNIFER

Dear, I think you should've turned left at the last turn to Minnesota.

MATT

We're not in Minnesota because it's in another country. Hell, we're not even in the same universe as Minnesota!

(beat)

What the bleepin' frick is a Minnesota? It sounds like slang for one of Hope's clients.

HOPE

Now, now Daddy you know I no longer work the street; I work the fast food!

MATT

(mutters)

That doesn't make me any more happy.

(coughs)

Look, I've been to this place before - we take a left at Blind Man's Target Practice, we go up Lower Drake's Bottom have some clichéd family bonding and enter at the very - -

MR. INVISIBLE

There it is!

MATT

Oh!

He turns the car into - -

EXT. GENERIC WORKING MENS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Picture you're typical British Working Men's Club. If you can't then picture it then go and Google for pictures as you picture the car parking in an empty car parking space.

The doors open and everyone gets out as Matt takes a look at the place.

MATT

It doesn't look very clean.

MR. INVISIBLE

You were expectin' the Ritz?

MATT

Well, not to sound all upper class but hell yeah. You don't expect me to socialise with the VS fraternity in this pigsty?

Vigilante walks up to his father, and taps him in the shoulder and crouches down to look him in the eye.

A powerful moment begins to build as son imparts wisdom on his father. **Music** plays in the background. Building up to a huge fan fare and crescendo.

Oh my god! This moment's powerful. I'm getting tears in my eyes to the point I'm even referring to myself in the first person. This is going to be great. This is going to be the best ever dialogue in the four year history of Monster Zero Productions. All those with grasps on dialogue like your Chrimes' and your Sheppards' can eat my cheese. THIS IS THE MOMENT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR.

EVERYONE BOW DOWN BEFORE THE STRONGEST SCENES IN VIRTUAL SERIES HISTORY:

VIGILANTE

(beat)

Yes.

And he walks off. Leaving Matt standing there blinking.

(*cough* I did write something and accidentally delete it. Or maybe I didn't. You will never know...the wonders I've ~~seen~~ written.)

MATT

That was pivotal.

(beat)

Should we actually go in now?

There's a nod of agreement and they walk to the entrance before Jennifer stops, turns around and opens up the boot of the car.

Then SACK THORPE jumps out, cricking his neck. Loudly.

JENNIFER

I'm so sorry, Sack! We completely forgot about you back there...

SACK

No worries. It helped me relive Mattholomew's conception.

On that:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

And the family walk through a corridor, past an A4 print out of an arrow and a sign saying: "MZP PARTY <---".

They head to some doors and open them to reveal:

INT. PARTY HALL - CONTINUOUS

A full on party full of people in the swing of things. The music's a bit slow and low, but other than that - things seem to be okay. People are chatting, food still has that plastic crap over them to keep it "fresh" and...yeah.

The Thorpes look around at everything, basking in the sights.

MATT

This party looks as if it's going okay.

Huge banners say: "HAPPY 4TH BIRTHDAY MZP".

MR. INVISIBLE

Indeed.

The music is REALLY slow, and not exactly party like music.

MR. INVISIBLE (CONT'D)

What is this music? Who's the DJ?

PAN OVER to DJ DUNCAN JENKINS.

DUNCAN

(into Mic)

That was "I Hope You Die And Gut Yourselves A Merry Little Life You Stupid Bitch" by The Tinkerbells. Next up is "Slit My Wrists With Your Words You Motherf- -"

A BULLET WOUND APPEARS IN HIS FOREHEAD (omg!) and he crashes down dead.

On the other side of the room, ROBERT stands with a smoking gun before everyone starts to CLAP.

Beside him, MICHAEL is trying to explain the physics of the kneecap when he notices the clapping.

MICHAEL

There's a mass of people clapping, but I haven't gotten laid yet. What's going on?

(beat)

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Have I transcended normal forms of getting laid again? I hate when that happens. She gets all the fun (naturally) and I just end up high and dry.

Robert cocks (that was so the wrong verb to use in context) an eyebrow towards his colleague.

ROBERT

No, I just did the world a big favour and took out the DJ.

MICHAEL

Now we've talked about this, we cannot have you chatting up men -

ROBERT

For the seventh time this month I'm not gay. You walked in on me having "intimate relations" with a disembodied voice called Daisy two nights ago!

MICHAEL

Robbie, Robbie, Robbie - you must understand that you were not having sex. The only person who ever has sex in this world is me. And I will, by the end of the night, have had sex with at least 50% of the women in this room.

(beat)

As well as my average of fifteen kneecaps and at least five fatalities, of which at least three I will be "directly" responsible for.

ROBERT

Mike, you do know that it's not the fact you're cleverer and always right- it's the fact I'm smarter and know just when to nod and let have at you?

MICHAEL

(shrugs; not really listening)

Of course.

Robert rolls his eyes.

ROBERT

Good. Now go and attempt your unique act of intercourse.

He walks off, leaving him alone and passing a table that the Thorpes are settling down at.

HOPE

So we're celebrating...what exactly?

JENNIFER

The celebration of the fourth anniversary of the establishment and creation of the Monster Zero Productions site and forum.

HOPE

Que?

VIGILANTE

MZP made it to four years without dying.

HOPE

Ooooooh.

(beat)

What's MZP?

Matt and Mr. Invisible are standing behind them - in that strange transitional phase of wondering whether they should go and sit down or mingle some more.

MR. INVISIBLE

Don't you think this is all a little bit trivial for a small message board?

Three people dressed in *Somewhere Inbetween* vampire attire walk past.

Mr. Invisible shakes his head.

MR. INVISIBLE (CONT'D)

Wait, didn't a similar joke appear in the first season finale?

Matt is (naturally) not listening at all and looking at the DJ booth - -

- - where EDDIE BROCK takes over.

EDDIE

Heeeey! Everybody! Happy birthday to the Mizzle Zizzle Prizzle, I'ma your new Dizzle Jizzle Edizzle Brizzle and we're gonna be rocking the clocking tonight! Now here's my favourite ever song! You're gonna love this!

Yazz and The Plastic Population hits.

Back to Matt and Vizzy.

MATT

An improvement over Jenkins?

He quickly glances over to see Mr. Invisible is dancing away.

MATT (CONT'D)

Well someone's having a good time.

Pan away to see Jennifer walking past the buffet, seeing the nice collection of food in front of her.

She stops, looks up to see JON 'JONAH' NYGVIST (who we shall be referring to as 'JONAH' for now) in a chef's hat looking straight at her.

JENNIFER

Are you the chef who made all the food?

Jonah SMILES evil, beginning to laugh.

JONAH

BORK! Bork, bork! Triple H killed mah push. So I'ma kill him! Bork bork bork! Anda everyone here! Bork bork bork!

Sceptical glance from Jennifer.

JENNIFER

I thought the Swedish Chef was...well, Swedish.

JONAH

That'sa why I'ma kill Matthew John Latham!

He lifts up a specialised cake.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Likea most of mah food, I'm gonna put several amounts of poison in food! Bork bork bork!

Suddenly, Michael walks past, glancing at Jonah.

MICHAEL

Hey, aren't you supposed to be canonically dead?

JONAH

No, that'sa the real me! I'm the evil chef that will kill everyone here! Bork bork bork!

(aside)

Starting with that f**ker Latham.

Jennifer looks around.

JENNIFER

Where is Matthew John Latham, anyway?

The camera SHOOTs DOWN a few levels to:

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Where MATTHEW JOHN LATHAM sits in front of his laptop, glancing upwards.

LATHAM
(grumbling)
Stupid set-up of me writing the stuff
that's happening above me.

He stops, stands up and turns around and looks at the guard standing at the doorway.

LATHAM (CONT'D)
Can't I at least go up and eat cake?

GUARD
(beat)
No.

LATHAM
Please?

GUARD
No.

Latham pouts.

LATHAM
Why not?

GUARD
Because I've been ordered to not let
you out while you're writing this.

Blink. Latham looks to the laptop.

LATHAM
I'M NOT EVEN WRITING THIS AT THE
PRESENT MOMENT! IT'S WRITING IT'S-
F**KING-SELF!

Beat.

GUARD
You're still not having any cake.

Latham sighs, walks back to his laptop.

LATHAM
Story of my life, you know. Everyone
gets cake but me. No cake for Matty.
Everyone gets to enjoy many amounts of
cake regularly or have memories of
great cake - I get lumbered writing
non-sensical stuff - -

GUARD

I don't care. Write.

LATHAM

I could have you drop dead and walk
out you know. But I'm not JJ Estes.

He sighs and resumes typing.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY HALL - SAME TIME

EMBARRASING RELATIVE fusses over MURDER and BETRAYAL in the
background, while GARRETT GILBERTSON and CAM MORGAN stare
each other down on the dance floor.

The camera pans away to see VIOLENT 'VI' MORGAN and ETHAN
WATTS queuing up to the buffet table. Vi's biting her bottom
lip...and checking Ethan out.

Talk about desperation.

VI

So...come here often?

ETHAN

I beg your pardon? My sex life has
nothing...I-I, um. I mean - no. First
time. You?

VI

I don't know, do everything right and
I will be.

Blinks.

VI (CONT'D)

Someone should not be watching Waiting
while writing scripts.

(coughs)

Aaaanyway, what do you do?

ETHAN

I piss people off for a living.

VI

Ahh, Government agent then?

ETHAN

How did you - -

VI

Your ID badge is sticking out your
trouser-fly.

Ethan looks down. Then SMIRKS.

ETHAN

Made you look.

The camera WOOSHES over to see MALKUTH and ANNA JONES getting frisky on the dancefloor to the tune of *Bananarama*. Being watched by JAMES...thingy (forgot his last name) who's knocking back the whisky quite a bit.

A nameless host suddenly walks up to Matt, and whispers something in his ear before walking off - leaving our main character slightly confused.

Ol' Vizzy is slightly concerned.

MR. INVISIBLE

What was that about?

MATT

...Apparently I have to do a speech on MZP's fourth birthday.

Vigilante FLIES through the air behind them. Engulfed in flames. Naturally.

MR. INVISIBLE

Why you?

MATT

To give our characters a whole point of being here.

He sighs.

MATT (CONT'D)

What am I going to talk about? There are kids here so hardcore pornography is out of the question.

The camera pans across to see a table with A POLAR BEAR and FRANK BLACK in some kind of discussion.

FRANK

Is too!

POLAR BEAR

Is not!

FRANK

Is too!

POLAR BEAR

Is not!

Behind them, IAN AUSTIN sits at the bar, drinking a glass of water with POLARIS, who's checking out the polar bear arguing with Frank Black.

POLARIS
Why no one love me?

IAN
Heh, maybe you've got high standards.

And we continue past these to see Michael walks across - -
- - only to be met with EVERY FEMALE CHARACTER FROM SLAYER
ACADEMY. Led by SOFIA and SKYE.

SOFIA
Oi, guv'na! We wanna word wiv' you!
Bloody bollocks.
(beat)
I'm British you know.

SKYE
Yeah, why you talkin' smack 'bout our
show, man? That's not cool!

MICHAEL
Not this again.
(sighs)
I'm not "Michael Jay" I'm just a
fictional character spoofing the real
him for comic effect.

Beat.

SOFIA
Yeah, but me and the girls all want to
have a confrontation with you. "Grr
arg," and all that.

Michael leans over and counts all the girls/women in his
head.

MICHAEL
Say...wouldn't you say that all of you
take up around 50% of the female count
in this room?

They look at each other. Confused.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Let's have this confrontation
somewhere private, eh?

He suddenly WINKS to Robert. Dum dum dum.

They walk past Vi and Ethan who are HEAVILY MAKING OUT. (ew)

Suddenly a hand GRABS Ethan - it's THAT JESSICA BITCH from
Natasha Tyreen!

THAT JESSICA BITCH
GET AWAY FROM MY HUSBAND, BITCH!

ETHAN

S-schnuckems? I thought died in that golfing-boating accident.

That Jessica Bitch just stares daggers and stabs Vi with a knife. In the heart.

VI

(clutches chest)
I can't die! I haven't had plastic surgery yet!

She dies. Again.

And on the dance floor, Matt coughs as he holds a microphone to his mouth.

MATT

Mic check. One, two. My nuts. Yo. Yo. Yo.

(this next bit is rapping)
I kinda get nervous when I'm asked to speak //
I slightly can't do this - my people skills are weak //
The brightly coloured labels here are slightly chic //
Yet maintain the smell of Debbie From Slayer Academy's feet //

(coughs)
Sorry about that; I needed to break the ice.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

OH MY GOD! THE SMELL! THE SMELL! YOUR FEET ARE HORRIBLE!

The sound of six gunshots are heard. As well as a lot of girls screaming.

ROBERT

Don't worry! Sounds like that come from his bedroom all the time.

MATT

Okay...
(shakes mental image away)
As we all are about to eat this cake -
(holds up magically appearing cake in other hand)
- we should be grateful for the amazing community that we have here. A place that we can tell each other that we all suck in the guise of constructive criticism. A place that we can just waste hours of our day when we should all be out having fun, socializing or getting laid.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Or not, in the case Duncan Jenkins.

(sighs)

A place where people can slag off *Charmed* and *Smallville* repeatedly. A place where intellectual discussion is avoided...

Matt stops.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm getting confused again.

(beat)

The point I'm getting at, is that I have no point. I'm sitting here talking absolute rubbish because they gave me a microphone for no apparent reason.

He's suddenly PUNCHED as Mr. Invisible takes the microphone.

MR. INVISIBLE

The time for subtle jokes hasn't actually begun - but seriously; four years have passed, and we've seen the birth of some amazing creations. Like Afterlife for example (RIP Jon Nygvist).

A red sniper rifle aims at his head.

MR. INVISIBLE (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

And Noa. We must not forget the superspecialawesomeness that is Noa DeRubia.

The sight vanishes.

MR. INVISIBLE (CONT'D)

And of course myself. The cynical voice of the reader to contrast with the idealistic view of Mattholomew here.

(cough)

Whereas Matt is the kind of fan that goes "omg I can't believe Tara is dead! I hate you! And that episode ruled because of Joe Bloggs killing Nike!" Whilst I am the one who'd say: "thank God for killing Tara, she was a waste of space. But the episode was an awful attempt to get Joe something to do..." and so on.

(Author Note: Seriously, I've finally cracked how to explain Matt and Vizzy's characters. Go me! Where was I? Oh yes, MZP's birthday blah blah blah...)

MR. INVISIBLE (CONT'D)
But overall, we need to raise your
cake and say HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MZP!
The second best thing on the internet.

Everyone bites into their cake, apart from Mr. Invisible.

THEN EVERYONE DIES. HORRIBLY.

Jonah suddenly appears, laughing manically.

MR. INVISIBLE (CONT'D)
You know, I'm really not surprised at
all.

LATHAM (O.S.)
OMG! The guard died!

Latham RUNS OUT, seeing all the carnage and not writing this
script.

He does a lot of non-writing recently, this Latham fellow.
Idle git.

But what a bloody gorgeous idle git. Aaaanyway....

JONAH
Bork! Bork! Bork! I'ma gonna kill you!

LATHAM
How?

Beat.

Jonah SMIRKS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE AFTERLIFE - UNKNOWN

JON NYQVIST (the actual writer of 2x03) sits with his chin
resting on his hands. Looking incredibly bored.

Suddenly, Latham appears next to him.

JON NYGVIST
Ahh, you died as well.

LATHAM
Yep.

JON NYGVIST
How?

LATHAM
Your Thorpe'd version character
basically bit my leg off.
(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Wound got infected and I hopped in front of a Chaos brand truck. That stopped and then I was shot in the face by some crazy bitch.

JON NYGVIST

Who?

LATHAM

Didn't catch her name...Zara? Kara? Brava? Lava?

JON NYGVIST

Ahh.

(beat)

What's the first best thing on the internet if MZP is the second? It's not going to be some stupid porn joke is it?

LATHAM

What? No!

(coughs)

The best thing is obviously Xandmatt Productions!

He's suddenly hit with a MALLET and flies off screen.

JON NYGVIST

Egotistical bastard.

(aside)

And for MZP's fourth birthday, I will give you all a perfect present: the beat down of the guy who makes fun of us all!

He pulls out and revs up a CHAINSAW. He smirks to the camera.

JON NYGVIST (CONT'D)

(bloodlust)

Oh happy birthday MZP!

And SWINGS it down!

BLACK OUT.

LATHAM (O.S.)

Ouchies!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MZP!