

SAMPLE FROM THE WUZZLES (IMAGINED REBOOT PILOT)

EXT. TICOON'S MANSION - DAY

Bumblelion, Butterbear, Eleroo, Hoppo, Rhinokey, and Moosel still gaze in amazement at Ticoon and his money tree.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You are all now witnesses to one of the biggest scandals to hit Wuz! But don't worry -- things are just bound to get worse, especially with these six involved.

BUTTERBEAR

I can't believe it! Not only are money trees illegal, but they're almost impossible to find!

ELEROO

That's how he plans to fund the festival? If this gets out, it'll destroy the town's reputation!

MOOSEL

See? I was right all along!

RHINOKEY

Yeah! In that you were completely wrong all along!

HOPPOPOTAMUS

Regardless, we need to handle this delicately. Contact the right people. See if we can have a *quiet*, civil discussion with --

ELEROO

Guys, where's Bumblelion?

Sure enough, Bumblelion's gone. Because:

INT. TICOON'S MANSION - DAY

The front door BURSTS open, causing Ticoon to jump and grabs a number of fluttering dollar bills! Bumblelion stands there, like a superhero, pointing accusingly.

BUMBLELION

Ah-ha! We caught you red-handed! You and your financial flora fraud scheme are going down!

Ticoon blinks. He stares at Bumblelion. He turns, looks out the window at the other five. They DUCK, way too late.

Ticoon takes a deep breath, tugs on his vest confidently.

TICOON

Well, now, let's not be too hasty.

BUMBLELION

Don't play coy with me! There's no way you can get me to keep quiet!

TICOON

I suppose not. Unfortunate, too. Wuz was really looking forward to that Festival. No rides. No games. No costumes. Nothing. Being the guy who ruined it for everyWuz must have its perks though.

Bumblelion keeps quiet. Ticoon steps up to him, sincere.

TICOON (CONT'D)

I know this looks bad, but I promise I can explain everything. All I ask is that you hear me out. Please. Mister...

Bumblelion blinks. His friends peek over the window.

BUMBLELION

... Bumblelion. Just Bumblelion.

Ticoon smiles.

INT. TICOON'S MANSION - LATER

All six now sit along fancy couch, a display of tea laid out in front of them on a table. Ticoon sits among them, sipping his tea. He seems warm, passionate, and sad all at once.

TICOON

Believe me. I'm usually dead set against such illicit means to acquire money. But it's been tough out there.

HOPPOPOTAMUS

Even for a zillionaire?

TICOON

Aspiring zillionaire. Right now, I'm only a bajillionaire.

RHINOKEY

Oh, how tragic!

TICOON

I know how it sounds, but I've been aiming to become a zillionaire no matter what. I moved to this town to invest in the Festival for that very reason. But I needed the extra start-up money first.

BUTTERBEAR

But a money tree? Legality aside, they're extremely hard to find! They only grow in the Forest of Immense and Utter Pain!

Ticoon blinks at Butterbear. He shivers.

TICOON

I was in the hospital for a long, long time. Lost a lot of friends, acquaintances, and connections.

HOPPOPOTAMUS

So that's why you disappeared!

TICOON

Yep. It wasn't a great time for me.

FOCUS on Bumblelion as Ticoon continues talking:

TICOON (CONT'D)

But when you know, deep down, you're meant for something bigger, you gotta do anything to get it.

A deep quiet rushes over everyone...

MOOSEL

Just so we're clear -- there's no terrifying sea monster involved in any of this, right?

Ticoon blinks.

TICOON

Um. No.

RHINOKEY

Don't mind him. He's different.

Ticoon reaches into his pocket.

TICOON

Look. As an act of good faith, I'll let you have this.

He pulls out a small, brown seed.

BUTTERBEAR

A money tree seed!

TICOON

Correct! Now remember not to prune it too much, or it won't survive.

He places it into Bumblelion's hands.

ELEROO

I don't know, guys. What if all of this gets out of hand?

BUMBLELION

We won't let it! Come on! Let's make this our year! Let's show Wuz what we're REALLY capable of!

Meanwhile:

EXT. TICOON'S MANSION - DAY

Frizard squirms and writhes inside a bush, right next to Ticoon's car. His cellwatch goes off. He answers.

FRIZARD

Hello?

CROCK (O.S.)

Just making sure you're ready!

Nearby the mansion proper are Brat and Crock themselves.

FRIZARD (O.S.)

I am, boss, but... uh, are you sure this is safe?

CROCK

Safe has nothing to do with this! When Ticoon leaves and gets into his car, you JUMP out right in front of it and pretend to get hurt! We'll sue for millions!

Brat and Crock laugh manically!

CROCK (CONT'D)  
Now hold still, Brat.

Brat OOFs as the clearly larger dino/gator begins to climb on top of him, and peek through the window. He sees everyone inside, but his eyes BUG out at the sight of the money tree.

CROCK (CONT'D)  
What in 'tarnation? That's...  
that's a money tree!

Brat lets out a grunt/scream as Crock's weight eventually crushes him! He doesn't care. He screams into his cellwatch:

CROCK (CONT'D)  
Frizard! I gots me another idea!  
Get out of that bush! Now!

Frizard leaps out quickly --

FRIZARD  
Yes, boss!

-- rushes across the street --

-- and is FLATTENED by a speeding truck!

Crock looks between his two pancaked sidekicks and sighs.

CROCK  
You two are the LAZIEST Wuzzles I  
have ever seen!

Frizard and Brat can only whimper in response.