

ONE CHEAP MOVE EPISODE 3
PIRATES OF THE LARRIBEAN: CURSE OF THE PEARL NECKLACE

Teleplay by: Laurence Maher

CONTACT INFO:
Laurence Maher
940-383-2200
lmaher@onecheapmove.com
laurencemaher@hotmail.com

TEASER

FADE IN

A skull and crossbones on a menacing black flag. The skull fades to the word "face," and then, the whole image fades....

FADE TO:

Overhead shot of deep sea water, the episode title reading...

TEXT:

"Pirates of the Larribbean: Curse of the Pearl Necklace"

We yank back away from the water to see....

INT. LARRY'S BATHROOM NIGHT

...We've been staring into a toilet. The camera pulls back to a LS of Larry's bathroom. LARRY'S head comes into the shot.

LARRY

(To camera) What the hell are you doing in the toilet? Man, your lucky, I was about to take a dump. Anyway, I'm glad you're here. I'm about to debunk the "ship in a bottle" myth. Come on. (Exits)

INT. LARRY'S LIVINGROOM DAY

LARRY sits down at a table. On the table is a clear wine jug and a large model pirate ship.

LARRY

(Points to jug opening) Question; just how do they get a model ship the size of Dolly Parton's left boob to fit through a hole the size a cat's sphincter? For years it's baffled the world's greatest minds (Points to self) and it's probably also baffled yours (points to camera). But believe it or not, it's much simpler than it looks. And the only three things you need to prove it are a ship like this, a bottle like this, and...(lifts up a huge brick) a really big brick. Now if your good like me, it should only take...

FADE TO:

TELESCOPE POV/FX

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY talks on, but his voice fades to spooky music as the image melds into a circular field. We pan 180 degrees and travel down a long black tube to another circular image... An evil, bloodshot eye. O.S. we hear grumbling, and then....

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAIN OF NON-EXISTENCE NIGHT

MAGIC EVIL LARRY peers into a telescope sticking out of a hole in a rock wall. Above the hole there is graffiti reading "Glory Hole." In BG, LARRY MINIONS scurry.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(Leaving telescope) Idiot! Harder puzzles
could be solved by a 5th generation
inbred of Brittany Spears!

A near MINION (LARRY MINION 1) runs up to MAGIC EVIL LARRY snorting gibberish and holding a bloody/slimy rubber chicken.

LARRY MINION 1
(English subtitles) Dinner is served!

MAGIC EVIL LARRY calmly pulls the telescope out of the wall and shoves it into LARRY MINION 1'S eye. LARRY MINION 1 screeches and runs off.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
You dare to bother me while I'm working!

A beat. EVIL ponders, watching another MINION trying to fit a model pirate ship into a bottle my shoving it. In BG, MINION 1 (telescope still in eye) runs into wall after wall.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY (CONT'D)
Pirates. Hmmm. Come to think of it, I
happen to know one that owes me a little
something. (Slight evil laugh) Hmmm. Yes.

EVIL reaches for the "Glory Hole", finds no telescope. He sighs, walks to another telescope in the wall reading "Glory Hole Backup." He looks through, turning a knob on it.

CUT TO:

POV TELESCOPE/FX

The view switches from LARRY at home (circular telescope view) smashing the model pirate ship, to a list reading...

LIST

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

1) Larry's House, 2) White House, 3) Playboy Mansion, 4) Planet of Doom, 5) The High Seas, 6) FBI/CIA Files ...etc....

A cursor scrolls down and highlights "5) The High Seas", and then the view switches from the list to....

CUT TO:

POV TELESCOPE/FX

Now (in circular view) is a "real" pirate ship on the ocean.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(V.O. Laughs, then) Hello, Captain....

FADE TO:

EXT. PIRATE SHIP (HIGH SEAS) DAY

A mock up ship full of LARRY PIRATE CREW gets sloshed by OS buckets of water. The CREW scrubs the deck, scrubs the masts, scrub each other. MAGIC EVIL appears from nowhere, yawns.

FIRST MATE LARRY
(To CREW-with pirate accent) Scrub harder ya motherless pack of ingrates, or the only thing you'll eat tonight is a haaaaarrrdy helping of your own nut sack!

EVIL rolls his eyes, grabs an anchor, hands it to FIRST MATE.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
Hey, could you hold this a second? (Kicks FIRST MATE over the ship edge) Okay you dumb swabbies! Where is he! (None answer)

Then, impending thuds OS along with a menacing music. We pan up a peg leg to see a pirate wearing a captain's hat, an eye patch, and sporting a hook for a left hand. His face; green with tentacles hanging from it (stuffed green stockings).

CAPTAIN HOOKER
Swabby? Swabby? Now why would a toothy, cheat'n bastard such as yourself waste time talking to a swabby when you should be begging not to get poked through by Captain Hooker! (Off Menacing music).

TEASER FADE OUT:

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

INT. LARRY'S LIVINGROOM NIGHT

LARRY stares at the wine jug from the TEASER, now full of crushed model pieces. A tiny mast sticks out of the opening.

LARRY

(Looks at camera) Wal-ah! Ship in a bottle. (A beat) Hey, I never said it would stay in one piece. (Shoves everything off the table w/ a crash) Anyway, I don't have anything else lined up so we're gonna have to improv. (Raises hand) All those in favor of cutting huge farts in the back of a church, say "I."

CUT TO:

TEXT

"Meanwhile...."

INT. PIRATE SHIP DAY

EVIL sits at a rickety table sharing a rum bottle w/ HOOKER. (Camera tilts side to side w/ sound of crashing waves OS.)

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

Cheating? Me?! I'd never think of it.

CAPTAIN HOOKER

Because yer magic does the think'n for ya! Tweren't for that, my name would still be Capt'n Larry! (Holds up hook hand) I'd also be see'n a wee bit better. (Scratches face near eye patch)

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

Maybe your bitch ass wants a...rematch?

Evil pirate music builds tension as various LARRY PIRATE CREW collect from everywhere, mouths gawking in anticipation. One PIRATE LARRY comes in from a door, one from a cubby hole, one from a rum barrel. One looks up from his deck scrubbing while another sticks his head out from inside the deck scrubber's pants. One squeezes out of a toilet with crap all over him. He spits a turd out of his mouth. Another one's head floats into the shot from upside down, and then pukes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally FIRST MATE LARRY crashes through the cheap wood ship belly, the anchor from the TEASER dragging in his pants behind him. All wait. CAPTAIN HOOKER sneers at EVIL.

CAPTAIN HOOKER
What Terms?

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(Sneering back) You get back your leg,
your hand...and your name. (All gasp)

CAPTAIN HOOKER
(Nods in agreement) Ayeeeeeeee....

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(Sighs) Okay, you can have that back too.

CAPTAIN HOOKER
(A beat, confused) Huh?

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
But if you lose...you make an eternal
crew member...(slams down a picture of
LARRY in his yellow shirt)...out of him!

CAPTAIN HOOKER
(Eyes wide, points to "5" on LARRY'S
shirt in photo) But he bares the number!

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(Annoyed) Do we have a deal, or not?

The music builds as CAPTAIN HOOKER squints, thinking. EVIL waits. The crew waits. OS someone cuts a fart.

CAPTAIN HOOKER
Dice!

CUT TO:

2 cups full of dice (5 dice per cup) slam onto the table. HOOKER and EVIL each grab a cup and square off, shaking their cans. Each upend their cans and thrown them down onto the table. Evil lifts his can, peeking underneath. He has 5 ones.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(To HOOKER) I bid 2 twos.

HOOKER lifts his can, peeks under. He has 5 ones as well.

CAPTAIN HOOKER
(Intense)...3 threes....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(More intense, peaks at his 5 ones
again)...4 threes....

CAPTAIN HOOKER
(Slow evil laugh, Leans in)...5 threes.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(All gasp, Evil nervous)...3 fours!

CAPTAIN HOOKER
(All gasp, Nervous Hooker peeks at his 5
ones again)...5 fours!

All gasp. Eyes land on EVIL. The pressure builds. It builds.
He ponders and ponders. Finally....

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
(Grit-toothed) 5 fives!!!

All gasp. Several beats. Then HOOKER roars with laughter.

CAPTAIN HOOKER
Magic Evil Larry, you are lying! And you
will give me back everything you've taken
from me as I laugh at your pathetic hand!

CAPTAIN HOOKER knocks EVIL'S can away to reveal that EVIL
indeed only has 5 ones. Then HOOKER lifts his own can and
throws it over his shoulder, displaying his own dice and
roaring victoriously. A beat. No one else laughs. Suddenly
HOOKER looks down at his own dice and double-takes. Now he
has 20 dice, all fives. He smacks the dice away.

CAPTAIN HOOKER (CONT'D)
I'll have your head you cheat'n bastard!

Evil points to his own 5 dice, which now all read 5 as well.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY
What? You had all fives too? (Cinches)
Jeez, talk about overkill. (Hooker waving
sword) Oh, I'm scared. No really. Hope
your sword works better than your dice.

EXT. CHURCH DAY

LARRY stands on an executioner's block with his hands tied &
noose around his neck. An EXECUTIONER LARRY (black bag over
his head) guards him, as a DRUMMER LARRY taps a slow beat. A
LAST RIGHTS LARRY (Friar uniform, holding a scroll) stands to
the side. In BG are many LARRY PATRONS (English attire).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(To EXECUTIONER LARRY) Seriously, come on man! I didn't fart that loud!

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

(Reading from scroll) Larry Maher, for crimes committed against the church in the form of premeditated and vulgar releasing of flatulence while amidst the Holy proceedings of Mass, for a recorded number of 78 times....

LARRY

Uhhh, okay, 78? I don't think so. It was more like five! And the rest didn't even count because they were S.B.D.'s! Let's get the facts straight. And hey, show me where in the Constitution it says, "Thou shall be hung for farting!" Where's that?

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

...you'll be hung by the neck until dead!

LARRY gawks at LAST RIGHTS LARRY, who pulls out a necklace of pearls, save for 2 oddly rounded blue sea shells on the chain. He clasps it around LARRY'S neck.

LAST RIGHTS LARRY (CONT'D)

Ye who has acted unholy shall die wearing the unholy necklace of unholiness.

LARRY

(Rolls eyes) No wonder I never go to church.

Off DRUMMER LARRY drum roll, EXECUTIONER LARRY approaches.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, I know you guys are into the alter boys and stuff, but the whole Sadism thing is getting a bit too real to be comfortable now. You can stop any time...no, really, any time....

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

Wait! (Drums stop)

LARRY

Thank you. Now if you could untie me....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

Wait! We have one more!

CUT TO:

Another prisoner is corralled through the crowd. We dolly behind him, his hands tied, his long black robe wrapped w/ a red sash. LARRY tries to get a good look, but all he can see is a big black Arabian turban moving along the top of the crowd. Finally, up onto the execution platform he steps; CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (Farce imitation of the Captain Jack Sparrow character from Pirates of the Caribbean).

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Bows) Thank you mates! A very savvy welcome! And I'd give you the speech that I'm certain you deserve. (A beat) Although in all dishonesty, I'm not quite sure that I can remember how I got here.

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

String him up!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Off the order) Right! That's how!

LARRY

(Executioner nooses Pharaoh) Who are you?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Actually, I was hoping you could tell me.

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

(Reading from scroll in BG) Captain Black Pharaoh...!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Nods at Last Rights Larry) There ya go.

LARRY

(Worried) Are they really gonna kill us?

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

....for the crimes of raping everything, pillaging everything, stealing everything, killing everything, and in the aftermath urinating on everything whilst maintaining a smile on your face....

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(To Larry) I think that's affirmative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY

(Gawks) Well we gotta get out of here!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Now that I think about it, I think you're thinking along the right thought....

PHARAOH nonchalantly unties his hands, removes his own noose.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)

...So I think I'll stab everything.

Swashbuckling music kicks in as CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH yanks a sword from EXECUTIONER LARRY'S sheath and then puts it clean through his head. The corpse collapses.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)

(To Corpse) This may not be the right time to tell you mate, but you might want to work on your swordsmanship. (Turns to go, turns back)...Tallyho.....

3 PATRONS boo from the crowd. PHARAOH yawns & lops their heads off with one swipe. LAST RIGHTS LARRY scowls.

LAST RIGHTS LARRY

(Like a snob)...How very un-holy....

PHARAOH pulls a pistol & blows a wide hole in LAST RIGHTS LARRY'S chest like a cartoon, clear to the other side.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Perhaps that helps.

PHARAOH glides over to DRUMMER LARRY (still in an oblivious drum roll), takes the drum away and slams it over the drummer's head with a loud pop.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)

Now then, (turns to LARRY) Where were we?

LARRY gawks at a row of SOLDIER LARRYS (headed by a COMMODORE LARRY) running through the crowd toward them with muskets.

LARRY

You were just about to save me!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Beat) I think you've confused me again. (Notices the necklace, mysteriously double takes) Who did you get that from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LARRY

Huh? Uh-uh-uh that Friar dude!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Well, I'd kill you and take it, (motions to necklace) but I can never figure out how the clasps on those damn things work so if you don't mind...(Cuts away LARRY'S noose)...I'm taking you prisoner. (Starts off) Com'on.

LARRY rolls his eyes. A beat. PHARAOH turns back, confused. He tries lifting his sword to LARRY'S neck.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)

Oh, did you want to do it like this?

Several odd beats. A shot explodes over Larry's head.

LARRY

(Deadpan)...That will be just fine.

EXT. SHIPYARD DAY

PHARAOH strolls at a semi-casual speed along the dock, yelling behind him as bullets tear up everything in sight.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

We might consider speeding up our pace, as I think they're getting closer.

No reply. PHARAOH checks behind him. No one. He looks forward, squints. LARRY is atop a boat a good 100 feet ahead.

LARRY

(Yelling) No shit Pharaoh! Hurry up!
(Pharaoh hastens into a feminine run)

EXT. ENGLISH NAVY SHIP (IN HARBOR) DAY

PHARAOH boards. LARRY rushes about like a headless chicken.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

What are you looking for?

LARRY

The anchor! You're a pirate, don't you know how to work one of these things?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 Actually I don't, which is kind of
 interesting being that I floated into
 this harbor all by myself aboard this
 very same ship. But don't worry,
 something always comes up.

Suddenly the anchor flies up from over the side and lands on
 the deck.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 ...(Pointing to anchor) See.

LARRY double takes as he looks over the side and sees two
 friendly dolphins chirping and waving their flippers at him.

LARRY
 (Shaking head)...I'll take it. (To
 PHARAOH) Okay, now where's the engine?!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 Huh? Oh, right!

PHARAOH lifts his head and starts blowing toward the sails.

LARRY
 You mean there's no motor in this thing!
 Hell, the only way we can get out of here
 is if a huge storm shows up in the next 5
 seconds and blows us away!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 (Stops blowing, looks annoyed) Well at
 least I'm doing my part....(blows more).

All at once 3 shots explode around LARRY. He quickly starts
 blowing too. Then out of nowhere, the whole sky goes black
 with rain, thunder and lightning. Inside of 5 seconds the
 boat is blown half a mile out to sea. LARRY stands gawking.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 (Off LARRY) Takes two to tango, Love.

PHARAOH rushes to the side of the boat, hangs over and shouts
 to the fading soldiers.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 All your kings' horses and all you kings'
 men, the day after tomorrow, you will
 remember that 2 days ago was the day you
 almost...fixed...Humpty Dumpty...(fizzles
 out, confused) or something like that.

EXT. SHIPYARD DAY

Back at the ship yard, all the thunder and rain instantly clears. COMMODORE LARRY screams in anger.

SOLDIER LARRY 1
Commodore! All the wind is gone! We can't pursue!

COMMODORE LARRY
(Snob Brit) Then why don't you shove a cork up your ass and float after them!

SOLDIER LARRY 1
We can't do that either sir!

COMMODORE LARRY
(Furious) Well why not?!

EXT. ENGLISH NAVY SHIP (HIGH SEAS) DAY

PHARAOH pulls a cork out of a rum bottle. He sits on one of many crates scattered around the deck of the ship & drinks.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
It's a good thing that last night I stole every bottle of Rum in the town. Now they can't shove corks up their ass and float after us. (Extends bottle) Have a drink.

LARRY
(Sighs) No thanks.

PHARAOH smashes the bottle over LARRY'S head. LARRY yelps.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
Now look what you did! We're out of rum!

LARRY
(Points to crates) What the hell are you talking about?! You've got every bottle that town had!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
No, I already drank all those last night. These crates are full of stolen DVD's. Well, cracked DVD copies actually. (Opens crate) There's a player in the galley. Perhaps we've got some pornography here.

LARRY grabs some DVDs. They're all silver with no labels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

What, you downloaded these off the net?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Gives a look, then sarcastically points to self)...Pirate!...Look mate, if you're gonna be a successful film maker, you have to conform a little. Spielberg himself snuck onto the bloody Universal lot and stuck his name on a door! Without that he'd never have made the great masterpiece..."Hook!" (Larry cringes).

Out of nowhere flies a parrot (terribly fake stuffed animal on an obvious string). It lands on PHARAOH'S shoulder.

PARROT

Arrrrrack! Pirates ahoy! Pirates Ahoy!

PHARAOH starts out of fright and swipes at the bird.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Help! Away with you! Away with you beast!

LARRY calmly watches PHARAOH roll all over the deck, trying to get away. PHARAOH grabs a mop, starts swinging at the bird like a pinata. Then something catches LARRY'S attention; a sailing ship (The Pearl Necklace) on the horizon.

LARRY

Hey, there's a ship out there.

Larry notices a telescope, picks it up, looks through it.

CUT TO:

POV TELESCOPE/FX

We see (via familiar circular telescope view) a CU of CAPTAIN HOOKER flipping us off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGLISH NAVY SHIP (HIGH SEAS) DAY

LARRY pulls the telescope away from his face.

LARRY

(Confused) Okay, well, that's...weird.

The bird now dangles the mop from its talons, PHARAOH retreating. The bird flies off with the mop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARROT

Arrrrrack! Pharaoh eats dog balls! Arrack!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Shoooo! Fly away evil bird! (To Larry)
Sorry, what are you complaining about?

LARRY

(Points to far boat) Well there's a dude
out there flipp'n me off...and he's got a
bunch of green penises on his face.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Sudden Panic) Go! Go! Time to go! Hoist
the sails and all that crap!

LARRY

What? Is this guy dangerous?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Quite so. But don't worry, this is the
fastest ship in the High Seas. It made
the "Kessel Run" in less than 12 parsecs.

CUT TO:

ELS ENGLISH NAVY SHIP & PIRATE SHIP (HIGH SEAS) DAY

An ELS; One instant the English Navy ship is still in the
shot with dead calm water. The next instant, the Pirate Ship
has sailed into the shot, speared the English ship with its
front point, and the English ship has sunk out of sight.

EXT. SEA WATER SURFACE DAY

LARRY treads water next to PHARAOH, giving him a look.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

...I did ask you to put the sails up.

A huge net dips into the water, grabs LARRY and PHARAOH up
(as 2 small plastic figures), lifts them to the Pirate Ship.

EXT. PEARL NECKLACE PIRATE SHIP (HIGH SEAS) DAY

LARRY & PHARAOH plop onto Pirate Ship deck, & stand as HOOKER
and CREW growl. LARRY looks terrified. PHARAOH just ponders.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(To self) Ummm. Now what was that number?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN HOOKER

If it isn't my old nemesis Captain Black Pharaoh. Since my crew used to be yours, there's no need for introductions. (Pulls sword) But you might say your good byes!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Wait! (Off all pausing) Ummm, oh what was that...Oh, it's some number between 4 and 6. Can anyone tell me what it is?

LARRY looks down at his shirt with the 5 on it. He nudges PHARAOH and starts to speak.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)

(Cuts Larry off) Shhhh! They're thinking.

FIRST MATE LARRY

(Several beats) Uhhh, Five?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Tallyho! Seven! I mean five! That's it!

HOOKER rolls eyes & cuts off MATE'S arm. MATE calmly sobs.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH (CONT'D)

(To LARRY) It's a Pirate Code thing see. Now that we used it, they can't touch us.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIRATE SHIP (HIGH SEAS) NIGHT

PHARAOH stands on a plank with a sword to his back.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Was it not the right number? How about five, perhaps that was it.

HOOKER & CREW look on from the ship deck, holding torches & yelling. Larry (hands tied) stands next to HOOKER.

LARRY

(To Hooker) What about the Pirate Code?!

CAPTAIN HOOKER

I have a 2 part answer! Part one, (Points to Larry's chest) you've got to wear the mark, not just say it, and two, perhaps you'd be better looking if years ago I hadn't balled your mother so I could take a dump in your baby formula!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN HOOKER (CONT'D)

(CREW laughs) Better get used to it if you're in my crew for eternity! (LARRY gawks, HOOKER yells at Pharaoh) Take a walk!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(To HOOKER) Actually, the last time you did this, you gave me a last request. (Off whole CREW sighing in annoyance) No, I promise this time there will be no chocolate syrup involved.

CAPTAIN HOOKER

(Begrudgingly)...Name your terms.

PHARAOH points to an small island in the distance.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Well it's really boring on that island all by myself, so I was hoping for a concubine. (Points to LARRY)

LARRY

(To HOOKER) What's my job on board here?

CAPTAIN HOOKER

Forget it Pharaoh! Magic Evil Larry is helming this one!

LARRY

What?! I should have known...Hey...That reminds me...I've got this shirt on! You can't do a Hamster's turd worth to me!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Unfortunately you're wrong on that one, Mate. In fact your destined to be part of his crew...for a while that is.

The pirates shush PHARAOH, make hand signals to quiet him.

LARRY

(Looks about, sighs) Okay, let's have it.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Well, a gypsy with a huge yellow mole on the inside of her nose put a curse upon this vessel that says he who bares the number seven....

LARRY

(Correcting Pharaoh)...Five....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 ...Good, that too...will some day start a
 mutiny & take over the ship...as Captain.

HOOKER and CREW groan like it's out of the bag.

FIRST MATE LARRY
 (Annoyed) I'll be the left over skin from
 a bloody deck swabber's ass-tatt!

CAPTAIN HOOKER
 (Seething at Pharaoh) And perhaps you'd
 like to tell me just why I'd even
 consider granting your last request now?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 Yes, Apologies. It's just I'm not so sure
 you'd want to see this item lost.

PHARAOH lifts the pearl necklace from earlier. All pirates
 gasp. LARRY feels his neck, recognizing it has been stolen.

LARRY
 Hey man, you ripped that off from me!

PHARAOH
 (Gives Larry a look)...Pirate! (Sincere)
 Trust me mate, you don't want it. As it
 turns out, the two blue seashells on this
 thing are human testicles, and I'm quite
 sure you wouldn't be too proud of knowing
 those rest under your chin.

LARRY
 (Confused) What the hell?

CAPTAIN HOOKER
 (Swirling to Larry angrily) That's right!
 Five years ago to the day, the very same
 gypsy he spoke of lured me and my entire
 crew to her boutique by advertising,
 "Mass Gang-Bang: One Dollar". It sounded
 like a bargain, until at the last second,
 when we were all about to blow, she
 bolted out the front door, leaving every
 last one of us with a case of blue balls.
 (Gets evil with scary music) Now, only
 the moonlight shows us how we really are!

Just then, overhead, the nighttime clouds disperse, revealing
 a ghostly full moon behind them, beaming brightly down onto
 the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly Captain Hooker and his whole crew exhibit a strange blue glow in their pants, with each crotch showing 2 small blue beads.

CAPTAIN HOOKER (CONT'D)

Only one of us avoided the fate, due to a sex change. We call that one "Blue Beard"!

A lone pirate in a dress giggles and waves at LARRY. She has a glowing blue triangle under her dress.

BLUE BEARD

I just love necklaces!

LARRY double-takes at the necklace PHARAOH holds.

CAPTAIN HOOKER

The only way to break the curse was to find those balls so we could change Blue Beard back, and then all shoot together!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Nonchalant) Brings a whole new outlook to the phrase "able-bodied sea men," eh? (To HOOKER) So do I get some company this time, or would you...(shakes the necklace over the water) like your nuts salted?

EXT. ROW BOAT (HIGH SEAS) NIGHT

LARRY rows as PHARAOH inspects the necklace.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

I never liked blue. I always thought if a mate was having trouble, you could at least label them as green, or maybe yellow, something a little more...happy.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP (HIGH SEAS) NIGHT

The pirate crew watches LARRY and PHARAOH row to the island.

FIRST MATE LARRY

Captain! The necklace is getting away?!

CAPTAIN HOOKER

(Laughs) Relax, Matey. My pet serpent serves me well. (Off FIRST MATE LARRY smiling)...Release the Butt-Cracken!

Several of the LARRY CREW pull a huge lever on the ship deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN DEPTHS NIGHT

Beneath the ship booms a sonic wave. Then...a monster's roar.

EXT. ROW BOAT (HIGH SEAS) NIGHT

The boat rocks from the waves. LARRY starts at the growl.

LARRY

Did you hear that?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Nothing at all, mate. Just the cries of a giant ass that means to engulf us.

LARRY

(A beat, confused) A what?

Then it comes, rising from the water, a giant human ass 50 times the size of the row boat, releasing a deafening bellow. LARRY screams, rows like no tomorrow as the ass closes.

PHARAOH

(To LARRY) No really, no need to panic.

LARRY rows harder, veins popping from his forehead. The ass lets a massive fart, spraying the rowboat with seawater.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

He's getting rather cheeky, I think.

The ass still closes. It closes. LARRY screams out in exertion, pulling into the oars so hard that the boat does a wheely and flies up onto the island shore.

EXT. ISLAND DAY

An instant later, the ass skids up behind them, coming to a sudden halt like a beached whale, and falling just short of the row boat. It lets a small defeated fart as it collapses into death. Larry looks dumbfounded.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(To LARRY) Well it was never comfortable getting sand in your ass, now was it?

ACT ONE FADE OUT:

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. ISLAND DAY

LARRY sits on shore with PHARAOH, who is digging ferociously into the sand.

LARRY

Let's try this again. I need to get off this island, because as we speak, my TV show called "One Cheap Move" is....

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Suddenly) Oh, good show!

LARRY

(Proudly) Well thank you very....

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Pulls bottle from sand) I've found the rum stash! Apologies. Please continue.

LARRY

(Sighs) And if I don't get out of here, the audience might get bored and....

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Have I confused me again? Or do these people just hide very well? (Looks about)

CUT TO:

CAMERA POV OF LARRY

Angle of LARRY from below; LCD Text reads, "Larry-Cam: Rec....Analysis: Perfect Specimen." Larry points to camera.

LARRY

No no. They're just watching us, see.

CUT TO:

CAMERA POV OF PHARAOH

Angle of PHARAOH from below; LCD Text reads, "Pharaoh-Cam: Rec...Analysis: Bad Breath." Pharaoh starts, leans into lens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 Neat trick fitting all those blokes in
 there. Got bored with "Ship in a Bottle?"

CUT TO:

TYPICAL CAMERA VIEWS AGAIN

LARRY
 You said you were on this island before.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 Long enough to forget what sexual
 preference I had.

LARRY
 Well, How did you get off?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 With my hand of course. But that proves
 nothing either way.

LARRY
 (Frustrated) No, I mean how did you get
 off this island?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 I made a lasso out of my pubic hair and
 hitched a ride off some dolphins.

LARRY
 (Angry) Come on man! Be serious!

Suddenly, water from OS splashes LARRY. He double-takes at
 the same two waving DOLPHINS from earlier.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 (Dead pan)...I'll take it. (Motioning to
 Pharaoh)...Captain...?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
 (Leaping up) Right! Now I know from
 experience the best way to do this is for
 you to rip mine out (unzips his own fly),
 and for me to rip yours (unzips Larry's
 fly, sticks hand in).

LARRY
 That's not my...(Pharaoh shifts grip)
 Yes, thank you. Is this really a good
 idea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH
Just like pulling off a band aid. I'll
count to three. One...(Rips away)

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN WITH TEXT OVERLAID:

"2 Hours Later"

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND DAY

LARRY is screaming madly. PHARAOH stands there with a massive hand full of dark pubic-esque hair. Larry calms down.

LARRY
That hurt you son of a bitch! You try it!
(Shoves hand into Pharaoh's pants)

Larry rips away. Pharaoh doesn't flinch. Larry gawks.

PHARAOH
Drink more rum.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE DAY

A lasso made of dark hair ropes one smiling dolphin. A lasso made of red hair ropes the other smiling dolphin.

EXT. HIGH SEAS DAY

LARRY and PHARAOH ride the dolphins, holding reins of hair.

LARRY
(Noticing Pharaoh's red lasso) So, I
guess you dye yours, or...?

CUT TO:

TWO DOLPHINS BELOW HAVING A CONVERSATION

DOLPHIN 1
(Happy-Go-Lucky chirps with English subtitles) I told you that pirate would never do a 3-way just because we rode backwards on our tails. He's a human for God's sake! He'll never figure out that all dolphins are gay!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOLPHIN 2

(Happy-Go-Lucky chirps with English subtitles) Shut your mouth before I remind you who the bitch is here. That pirate orgy I heard about is only a few minutes off. When we show up with this necklace, we'll get more Moby Dick than a giant sperm whale. If all else fails, next time they go swimming, you'll cut in front of them while I hit them from behind and show him how to really use a beak.

CUT TO:

Off eerie music, Larry notices a foggy reef in the distance.

LARRY

Hey, where are they taking us?

EXT. SPOOKY REEF NIGHT

The Pirate ship rests ashore a reef covered in fog. HOOKER'S whole CREW rolls on the ground making out with each other. In FG, HOOKER speaks to FIRST MATE LARRY who's looking through a telescope.

HOOKER

Sickens me it does. I know it's been a long time, but please, just a little discipline.

FIRST MATE LARRY

Captain! Two gay and hungry looking dolphins are coming right at us with Blue Beard's balls!

HOOKER

(Astounded) Makes no sense at all! I've never heard of a gay dolphin, have you?

FIRST MATE LARRY

Frankly, Captain, I'm to horny to care.

HOOKER

Right! (Turns to CREW) It's time for an ambush!

EXT. HIGH SEAS NIGHT

LARRY/PHARAOH notice the dolphins bobbing excitedly and suggestively as they ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

What the hell's wrong with these dolphins?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Notices Pirate Crew in distance) Oh buggger. Mate, there's probably a chance that instead of continuing our comfortable ride here, we should instead risk slow death via drowning.

LARRY

What the hell for?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPOOKY REEF NIGHT

PHARAOH and a very annoyed looking LARRY are tied to a reef wall with the entire pirate CREW celebrating in BG.

PHARAOH

(A beat) Right! I just remembered! It turns out that this particular reef is where Captain Hooker holds his weekly crew orgy, and lest we want to be violated for approximately ten hours straight, in a fashion roughly resembling the angry mating of Komodo dragons, we should steer clear. That's what I was going to say.

LARRY

(A beat, then grumbling) Before...or after...both dolphins shoved a beak up my ass.

Just then, HOOKER stands on a rock, elevating him as if on a pedestal.

HOOKER

Listen up ye motherless prostates! This is what we've been waiting for! (CREW cheers) Five years ago, when that gypsy with the golf ball sized wart in her nose put that curse on us, we thought our pearl necklace days were over. But as it turns out, (lifts the pearl necklace from earlier) they were just beginning! (Cheers) The witch also said that we'd have to bow down to a gay guy who bares the number 5.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOKER (CONT'D)

(To LARRY) Well, Mr. Yellow shirt, since all us have to orgasm together to lift the curse, someone has help out Blue Beard! And that will help you from being gay if he...I mean, she takes you for a ride!

The crew cheers. LARRY, terrified, looks at Blue Beard, who gives Larry a sexy wave.

LARRY

No, I'm straight, I promise! No need to prove it. So you go ahead, really, you guys just gang bang that beard off.

HOOKER

Sorry matey, she's become a bit partial.
(Laughs)

BLUE BEARD shows off by lifting her skirt towards LARRY, casting a huge blue glow. LARRY gawks/cringes. PHARAOH looks too, appears taken aback, leans towards Larry.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

I'd assume their ship has no showers then.

CUT TO:

LARRY lies on the ground, staked at each limb, with ceremonial drums pounding away.. The PIRATE CREW rubs oil on each other, giggling like a bunch of giddy little kids. FIRST MATE LARRY brings BLUE BEARD over to LARRY. She looks eager. HOOKER stands over them like a judge.

CAPTAIN HOOKER

(To CREW) All right mateys, man your posts...literally!

The CREW and FIRST MATE shove their hands in their pants. Their crotches glow blue. BLUE BEARD hikes up her skirt.

LARRY

(To HOOKER, desperately) Wait a minute!
(Thinks) Uhhh...(To PHARAOH) Quick! Do something! Hey! Maybe they can't get it up if they're all depressed! (Screams at the CREW) Uhhh, Dead puppies! Schindler's List! Rossie O'Donnell for President!
(To HOOKER) Hey wait! The curse said everyone at once! Ya! It won't work because you're not chok'n it too, you limp-schlong son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN HOOKER

(Matter of fact) Well, I'm a little ashamed to admit it, but...(Draws his sword, puts point on PHARAOH'S chest) All it takes for me is little snuff action.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Sudden realization) Those tapes I stole were yours then? (HOOKER looks about, guilty) I thought that Tom Cruise looked a bit beefy. (Thinks) That reminds me of something, although I'm not sure....

CAPTAIN HOOKER

All hands ready! On the count of five!...One!...(CREW salivating)...two! (FIRST MATE flips though a playboy)... Three! (BLUE BEARD giggles, plugs his balls in)...Four!....

HOOKER reaches over to PHARAOH'S shirt, rips it open for a good target as he addresses the crew one last time.

HOOKER

(To CREW) Aaaaaaaand...

HOOKER turns to PHARAOH ready to thrust, then drops his sword, gawking. There on his PHARAOH'S chest is a huge tattoo of the number "5".

HOOKER (CONT'D)

No! It can't be!

The whole CREW stops in mid buildup, and they all buckle over in massive pain, their crotches swelling like basketballs. BLUE BEARD slides off of LARRY, the little balls popping out onto the ground as she weeps. FIRST MATE looks about, face purple.

FIRST MATE LARRY

Enough of this curse crap! Ahhhhh!!!

CUT TO:

Florescent blue paint sloshes LARRY from head to foot.

FIRST MATE LARRY (CONT'D)

(OS) Thar she blows!

LARRY

Could someone, perhaps...untie me now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PHARAOH looks confused. HOOKER stares at the tattoo, slumps to the sand defeated.

CAPTAIN HOOKER

The mark, tattooed to his chest. He can't be stabbed, much less be killed. Is there nothing stranger that can happen today?

Out of the ground comes a big ugly gypsy head with a hairy yellow wart protruding from her nose the size of a golf ball. She starts to laugh, then vomits. She clears her throat.

GYPSY

(Cackling) Turd on a stick! I've got ya by the armpit now, ya fish-smelling mongrels!

The GYPSY claws her way out of the ground, spits sand out of her mouth. I've been trying to catch you snuff pirates for years. (Motions to PHARAOH) And the only thing that finally worked was enlisting this half-brained fence-sitter to go under cover.

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Suddenly) That's the one! I knew I was reminded of something.

LARRY

You've got to be kidding me! You're working under cover? But the hanging, the gay dolphins, the bucket full of blue glowing jizz?!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

All in a days dangerous work when you're a pirate turned states evidence. A true double agent, as it were...Probably because I can only remember that I'm doing it half the time.

GYPSY

(To HOOKER, overly dramatic) It was a ploy to get him to admit to the snuff films out loud! A ploy! A ploy! A ploy, ploy, ploy!!!!

Suddenly the wart flies from the GYPSY'S nose, slapping onto HOOKER'S face, sticking to it via snot.

LARRY

Okay, what about the stupid curse?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

Oh, that part was legitimate. In exchange for helping the Larryverse police, I get to be in charge of all these criminals as the new captain of their ship, and keep them in line from here on out, (looking to CREW) assuming they'll choose to cop a plea?

The crew still writhes in pain, holding their crotches.

LARRY CREW MEMBER 1

Please! We'll cop any time you want!

CAPTAIN HOOKER

(Furious) Wait a minute! The curse says the new captain would be gay! So...(A beat) Well, are you gay or not?!

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Rolls eyes, points to self) Butt pirate!

The GYPSY unties PHARAOH, then cuffs HOOKER cackling the whole time, licking his face and rubbing her butt on him sexually. LARRY, still tied, looks at the camera.

LARRY

Well, unfortunately I don't think we can sail all the way home before the show ends. So, hopefully next time I'll be a little more prepared. (A beat, looks down at his soaked clothes)...Perhaps by wearing a giant rubber.

ACT II FADE OUT:

TAG

FADE IN

INT. COURT ROOM DAY

HOOKER sits in a suit at the defense table with MAGIC EVIL LARRY (black suit and cape) at his side. At the prosecution table sits the GYPSY in a mangy suit and PHARAOH (suit, turban still on, snoring). Evil pulls some papers out of a black briefcase reading "M.E. & Associates".

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

Your honor, this case is open and shut on the grounds that no one with a wart that big and that nasty should ever be allowed to do anything.

GYPSY

I object! Mr. Evil's cheap parlor tricks can't dispute Captain Pharaoh's testimony as solid evidence.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

Solid evidence? Hey, Captain, you awake?

CAPTAIN BLACK PHARAOH

(Stirs) Am I convicted yet?

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

Ya, real reliable. Come on judge.

The judge is one of EVIL'S LARRY MINIONS in a George Washington Wig. He bangs his mallet, grunts and snorts incoherently.

JUDGE MINION

(Subtitled in English) Not guilty by reason of ugly prosecutor.

HOOKER stands, chuckles at the GYPSY as EVIL files his papers away.

MAGIC EVIL LARRY

(To GYPSY) Cheap parlor tricks? Wanna put your feeble gypsy up magic against mine? Come on then. (Waits for response, none)
Ya, that's what I thought, old bat.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGIC EVIL LARRY (CONT'D)

Try reading a few law books while your
milking that wart.

ROLL END CREDITS:

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW