

LIZARD PEOPLE OF NEW YORK

by

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FADE IN.

INT. FAMILY MANSION LIVING ROOM - MID DAY

The scene opens on the extremely expensive living room of a beautiful mansion. No one is in it and the camera lingers for a moment.

There is a bright flash. Two hipster-ish late twenty something year old men loudly teleport into the room. PHILIP is tall and confident. He is dressed in a trendy outfit and looks annoyed. His brother GARY is dressed similarly but has the look of someone who is obviously a younger brother. He is nauseous and holds his stomach.

GARY

Ugh I hate teleportation. It makes me so queasy.

PHILIP

That's good, Gary. The worse you look right now, the more father will think I am successful when he finally shows up.

Gary throws up in a very expensive looking plant.

PHILIP

That was perfect. Thanks.

An older man in his 40's (FRANK) teleports into the room. He is dressed in an extremely expensive suit and instantly commands the room. He is dripping with wealth.

FRANK

Look at you two. You, Philip, with your obnoxious grin. You, Gary, with your... is that vomit on your face?!

GARY

I don't have a napkin.

Frank sighs and gives Gary a napkin.

FRANK

You are both horrible disappointments to this family. Do you know how hard I worked to make my name mean something in this world? You not only embarrass yourselves, but you also embarrass the family name I have spilt blood for.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Let's be real dad, it wasn't that hard to conquer and enslave the human race.

GARY

Yea, I mean you guys didn't even wait until they had guns or anything.

PHILIP

It was like if Superman had to beat up Calendar Man.

GARY

And that's not a fair comparison because humans didn't even invent calendars yet.

FRANK

(shouting)

Stop it! You are Lizard People! Reptilian overlords. And it's time you started acting like it!

Frank begins a speech that sounds like it has been said a thousand times before.

FRANK

We didn't come here on a spaceship, 4,000 dimensions away, to enslave an entire planet of inferior beings, just to have our children live off of our accomplishments in a shitty apartment in Brooklyn!

PHILIP

That's how all great artists start out! In poverty, but supported by their well-off parents!

FRANK

I've let you flounder around as a so called "musician" for hundreds of years! What ever happened to that harpsichord I bought? The one you "had to have" for your career?

PHILIP

Those went out of style in like the 1500's! I'm in a cool four piece indie rock band now. We do shows on people's roofs.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I don't care.

PHILIP

We're called The Terrestrials. It's ironic.

Frank sighs.

FRANK

(at Gary)

And you. You are barely a writer. I've read the things you've written over the years and I literally thought they were children's stories until you told me otherwise.

GARY

I wrote a haiku recently.

FRANK

You are weak!

Frank collects himself.

FRANK

Why can't you be more like your sister? She just graduated from subterfuge school and is now running a small country in Africa.

PHILIP

She's running Zimbabwe, dad! Zimbabwe. That's a low-tier country even for Africa.

GARY

Nelson Mandela once visited Zimbabwe and was like... "no thanks."

PHILIP

I could run Zimbabwe if I wanted. It's not our fault we were born to make art.

FRANK

You've never even been to Africa!

PHILIP

I have the internet! I can be anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I've given you boys so many opportunities to come around, to take pride in your heritage. But I can see that I've been going about this the wrong way. This is what's going to happen now. You either both agree to work in my office in the American Media Manipulation division or you are cut off financially.

PHILIP

(angrily)

That's fine, Gary and I don't need you. We can just shapeshift into you whenever we need a dad who doesn't believe in us!

Philip and Gary both morph into their father. They look exactly like their father but are still wearing their original clothing. They talk in a silly obnoxious voice. One of them is holding a cigar. Morphing is an ability all Lizard People have.

PHILIP-DAD

Good job on the art today, buddy.

GARY-DAD

Thank you, you are great and I love you.

Gary and Philip morph back into themselves.

GARY

(shouting)

Our therapist says this is counter-productive!

Gary and Philip teleport out of the room as Frank yells at them.

FRANK

I'm not sending you any more checks! Making money is your own responsibility now.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LATER

Gary and Philip are standing in their apartment. It looks like a typical post-graduate apartment in a major city. It has very little furniture with cheap art hanging on exposed brick walls. Gary nervously sips from a can of [insert product placement here please] while Philip paces around the room.

GARY

What are we going to do, Philip? My writing career and your music career are shit. Without dad, we have nothing! I think we need to finally just do what he says.

Philip pauses nervously before gaining his composure.

PHILIP

I've been so close to success for the last 500 hundred years. We can't give up now.

GARY

But all of the lives we've lived through have been failures. What makes this different?

PHILIP

I'm so close with this new band. I really think this is the one that's gonna hit it big. The world will know of my musical genius.

GARY

That's what you said in the 60's when you were living in England as Pete Best!

PHILIP

And look what happened to that band! They became The Beatles.

GARY

But Philip... you weren't in the band anymore.

PHILIP

I was there spiritually! And everyone knows the best Beatles songs were the ones before they started recording! The ones with that signature Pete Best sound.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

You have to get over these things instead of turning into Mark David Chapman and killing John Lennon every time something doesn't go your way. You can't just murder John Lennon your way through life. That's a one-time-thing and you're past it.

PHILIP

Alright fine, we won't raise the money through my music. What about your writing?

GARY

I'm working on something but it isn't quite ready yet.

Philip looks intrigued.

PHILIP

Oh? Well what is it about? Maybe that could be the solution to our money problem.

GARY

(nervously)

I don't know... People always tell me I write at a 5th grade reading level so I figure maybe I should try to break into the young adult market.

PHILIP

That's a great idea! You should focus on your strengths. Even if your strength is technically diagnosable.

GARY

Well... It's about a boy. And he's... misunderstood. Lonely. Feared, even.

PHILIP

I'm already a fan. Go on.

Gary begins to gain confidence in his voice.

GARY

And he's got these secret magic powers that no one knows about...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GARY (cont'd)  
until he's invited to go to  
boarding school with a whole bunch  
of other wizard kids!

PHILIP  
Ok...

GARY  
And there's magic everywhere! And  
there's this one old guy with a  
beard and he's like super smart. Oh  
and there's owls like all over the  
place and they're just everybody's  
friend. Everyone has their own  
little owl friend.

PHILIP  
Gary...

Philip approaches Gary and puts a hand on his shoulder

PHILIP  
I say this is with the utmost  
honesty that this is a billion  
dollar idea. Literally a billion  
dollar idea. And you know how I  
know that?

GARY  
(becomes hopeful)  
How?

Philip slaps the shit out of Gary.

PHILIP  
(shouting)  
Because it's fucking Harry Potter  
you fucking idiot!

GARY  
(defensively)  
From the owls' perspective!

PHILIP  
(angrily)  
We're not doing this shit anymore.  
I've been saying this for months  
and we're finally doing it. You  
have to morph into a beautiful  
woman and become a prostitute. It's  
the only option we have left.

(CONTINUED)



GARY

Ugh, not this again.

PHILIP

You know I'm right. I've planned out every little detail. I've had your face photoshopped onto pictures of Julia Roberts on my vision board for weeks.

GARY

I'm not gonna sell my body!

PHILIP

Don't think of it like that. It's technically not even your body.

GARY

Why is it always me? Why can't you be the prostitute?

PHILIP

We've been through this. I can't be a female prostitute and have sex with high level business men because I'm actually gay.

Gary looks astounded at Philip's weird justification.

GARY

So what?!

PHILIP

There's too much of a potential that I would actually enjoy it! You don't mix business with pleasure, Gary! You just don't do that! No, Gary. It has to be you.

GARY

I don't want to do this, Philip.

Philip leans in really close to Gary in order to pump him up.

PHILIP

You know that boy in your book, Gary? That boy is you. You are the chosen one. You have a special power. And you know what that special power is?

(CONTINUED)

GARY

The power to take care of an owl?

PHILIP

The power to fuck a whole bunch of  
rich guys and make us a ton of  
money.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NYC - NIGHT

Gary is morphed into a beautiful woman with a flowing red  
dress. Times Square is packed with tourists.

PROSTITUTE-GARY

Prostitute! Prostitute here! Get  
your prostitute while I'm hot!

People are looking at Gary like he is insane.

Two POLICE OFFICERS are walking down the street when they  
see Gary yelling.

PROSTITUTE-GARY

I'm a fully functional female  
prostitute. I have 2, wait 3? ... 2  
holes to have sex with!

The police officers look at each other completely confused.

POLICE OFFICER

I thought Giuliani killed all the  
prostitutes...

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Gary is his regular self again. Philip is sitting and  
talking to Gary in a lecture-like manner.

PHILIP

OK Gary let's go through that whole  
experience and try to figure out  
where that went wrong.

GARY

I don't know, was it my outfit?

PHILIP

No, your outfit was great. That was  
the only part of this that worked!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (cont'd)  
You didn't even know how many  
sex holes you were supposed to  
have!

GARY  
Not everyone has the same  
definition of which holes are sex  
holes. Trust me, I've seen HBO's  
"Girls". They go into great detail.

PHILIP  
It's 3, Gary. Vagina. Butthole.  
Mouth. Those are the 3 places you  
can put a penis in.

GARY  
Agree to disagree.

PHILIP  
(getting frustrated)  
It doesn't matter. What made you  
think going to Times Square was a  
good idea? There is a police  
station right in the middle! I'm  
not a cop killer, Gary. I can't  
keep wiping the memory of every  
human police officer you piss off.

GARY  
I'm just nervous, Phil. I've never  
had sex with a human before. I'm  
not sure this is how I wanted to  
lose my human virginity. I kinda  
wanted it to be special... with  
someone I love... after prom, right  
before we all go to college.

PHILIP  
Gary we are going to make so much  
money you won't even need emotions  
anymore.

GARY  
But if I don't have emotions  
anymore, I'll never achieve my  
potential as a writer!

PHILIP  
Emotions were never the problem  
with your writing. Grammar, pacing,  
characters, a general lack of  
understanding of the English

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (cont'd)  
language. Those what were you  
holding you back.

GARY  
Fine, I'll stick to your plan but  
you need to show me what to do.

PHILIP  
Great, come with me.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

## A) INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

- Gary is punching Philip's open hands.
- Gary is slapping Philip's open hands with a strap-on dildo.
- Gary tries to grab a dildo out of Philip's hands while Philip sits cross-legged on the floor.
- Gary paints a fence with a dildo. Philip corrects his form.

BACK TO SCENE

GARY  
Does everything have to be a dildo?

Philip considers the question for a moment. He then slaps Gary with a dildo.

BACK TO MONTAGE

- Gary cracks open two eggs, puts them in a glass and is about to drink. Philip runs over, slaps the glass out of his hands and gives him a look like "what the fuck are you doing?"
- Philip puts two dildos in a blender and pours the resulting liquid into a glass. Gary drinks it while Philip nods.
- Philip morphs into Frank. Frank gives Gary a certificate of graduation, who then hangs it on his fridge.

## B) INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

- Gary walks out of a hotel room with a big goofy grin and an armful of cash.

(CONTINUED)

## C) INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

- Gary and Philip are wearing top hats and goofy smiles. There are wads of cash just sitting on the table.
- Philip eats a big spoonful of caviar.
- Gary takes out a tooth brush and brushes his teeth very quickly. He then also eats a spoonful of caviar.

## D) INT. M&amp;M STORE - DAY

- Gary and Philip are at the M&M store with giant garbage bags and are filling them with candy.

## E) EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

- Gary hands a wad of cash to a guy dressed as Iron Man.
- Philip hands a wad of cash to a guy dressed as Elmo.
- Iron Man and Elmo are fist fighting in the middle of Times Square.
- Close up of Gary cheering.
- Close up of Philip cheering.
- Close up of little girl crying.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN MEDIA MANIPULATION OFFICE - DAY

Frank is eating lunch by himself in the Lizard People Cafeteria. He sighs when he sees the line for Taco Bell and decides to get a greasy pizza from Sbarro's that he is clearly not enjoying.

SHELLY, a middle aged woman from the Surveillance Department, comes over and joins Frank.

SHELLY

Hey Frank. How's life in the Media Manipulation department going?

FRANK

Same old, same old. Just finished up with the 2016 line of congressional candidates. Had to pull a bunch of overtime shifts.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLY

God, you don't have to tell me. It used to be so easy back in the 60's when you could just copy and paste the same white guy template over and over. Now humans expect diversity in their elections. Do you know how hard it was to write an Indian Republican Candidate?

Frank knowingly sighs. Frank takes a mental note of the fact that he constantly sighs and wonders if he should see a therapist about it.

SHELLY

It's a good day over at the Surveillance Division. J.K. Rowling came out and said that the Sorting Hat in the Harry Potter novels was always intended to be transgender. People online are freaking out. Can't complain when the humans do your job for you!

Frank laughs. There is a long silence.

SHELLY

Look, Frank. I have to admit I didn't come here just to chat with you.

FRANK

Alright. What is it?

SHELLY

I normally wouldn't do this if I didn't respect you and your work so much. I don't like mixing personal and business relationships.

FRANK

What's going on?

SHELLY

It's your boys. I've been doing surveillance on local crime in Brooklyn and something caught my eye. It seems that your boy Garyactolus...uh Gary...has been parading around the city as a female human prostitute.

Shelly pulls out an iPad and shows it to Frank.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLY

I hate to have to show you this.

On the iPad we see surveillance footage from the hallway of a seedy motel. On the top it says Day 2. Gary-prostitute leaves the motel room looking exhausted. The footage jumps to Day 5. Gary-Prostitute walks out of a hotel room with her hair slightly on fire. Cut to Day 20. Gary-Prostitute walks out of a hotel room covered in blood, like the end of the movie Carrie.

FRANK

(clearly disgusted)

Oh god... Please tell me he's not... sleeping with humans.

SHELLY

I'm sorry Frank. Not only that, but it seems that he's really good at it. I saw he was in this one position where he had like one leg-

FRANK

(interrupting)

Stop! Stop it! I appreciate you telling me this though, Shelly. You know how important my family is to me. I'm just glad Phil isn't involved in this degenerate behavior.

SHELLY

Oh no he's Gary's pimp. He even dresses in a big purple fur coat and hat. It's like he's trying to get caught. I can't quite understand what their scheme is.

FRANK

There's no scheme. They're just idiots.

SHELLY

Well I've found no trace of their sister. It seems that she is uninvolved.

FRANK

Well I'm glad my sperm is batting .333. Thanks for telling me this, Shelly. I'll have a word with them.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLY

Absolutely, and don't you worry Frank, we will be watching them constantly. The whole department will have cameras on them day and night watching their every move.

FRANK

That's alright, Shelly.

SHELLY

They won't be able to leave their apartment without us getting an alarm. Every move they make-

FRANK

(interrupting)

Ok.

SHELLY

Every step they take-

FRANK

(interrupting)

I get it, Shelly.

SHELLY

Every moan they make-

FRANK

(interrupting and shouting)

I get it, Shelly!

SHELLY

...we'll be watching them.

Shelly walks away humming.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gary walks into the bathroom and he's exhausted and sweaty. His prostitute clothes are torn (he is morphed into his normal self, though).

GARY

I feel like we made enough money to live off of for awhile. I don't need to be a prostitute anymore. We can go back to being artists.

(CONTINUED)



PHILIP

When did we stop being artists?  
Have you not been writing? This has  
been the best creative period of my  
entire life. I've written like  
fifteen songs about sad  
prostitutes.

GARY

You've had the time to make music?

PHILIP

Gary, it's called a day job.  
Channel it.

GARY

My day job is having sex with rich  
people for money. Honestly I'd  
rather just go live with dad.

PHILIP

Don't you see, Gary? That's been  
our problem all along. We lived a  
life of privilege! That's not punk  
rock. You think the Ramones had a  
loft in Brooklyn? You think Nirvana  
was a bunch of rich kids living off  
their parents' wealth?

GARY

Philip you were in Nirvana.

PHILIP

...was I?

GARY

Philip you were Chad Channing. The  
guy who famously didn't make it  
into the successful part of  
Nirvana.

PHILIP

That does ring a bell.

GARY

You have no memory of murdering  
Kurt Cobain and making it look like  
suicide?

PHILIP

(angrily)

Maybe Kurt should have thought  
about that before criticizing my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (cont'd)  
drumming as sounding like "Shitty  
Pete Best"!

Gary ignores him. He's heard this too many times before.

GARY  
Can't we just teleport into a bank,  
steal the money, and teleport out?

PHILIP  
Are you insane? We can't afford to  
get that kind of heat on us. The  
Lizard People Police are watching  
for that sort of thing. We can't do  
anything that would allow humans to  
know of our existence. We would be  
arrested for sure.

GARY  
Do you really think they would put  
us in Lizard People Prison?

PHILIP  
I've read about them throwing  
Lizards in there for way less. You  
remember Jimmy "Three Dicks"  
Calzone, right?

GARY  
Yeah that's right. I thought he was  
Jimmy "Four Dicks" though?

PHILIP  
Yeah they cut off one of his dicks.  
In the end he only had three. They  
threw him in jail because he  
quadruple penetrated a human woman.

GARY  
I thought you said there were only  
3 sex holes on a female human?

PHILIP  
That's why he got in trouble.

GARY  
Well I only have one dick so I  
can't afford to lose it. But I just  
can't keep doing this. What if I  
get a temp job or something?

Philip thinks about the question.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

No, I'm not gonna write songs about that. My songs can be depressing but that's too sad. How about we just make this better for your creativity?

GARY

I'm listening.

PHILIP

You can treat this whole thing as a way to write new characters. Most writers have to observe others but you get be anyone you want at their most vulnerable.

Gary seems unsure.

GARY

(cautiously)

I can be anyone I want? Who should I be?

PHILIP

(excitedly)

That's up to you, Gary! Every day is a new chapter in a one man show called: The Gary Show. Starring you! Gary. Specifically as someone else.

Gary starts to look a little more confident.

GARY

(smiling)

Anyone I want...

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN BOOK STORE - DAY

Philip is standing in a bookstore and pulls down a copy of Infinite Jest. He quickly glances around the room and then opens the book up, pulls out his cell phone, and begins taking photographs of each page--one by one stealing the contents of the book.

PHILIP

You're not getting any of my money, you shitty mom-and-pop bookstore.

(CONTINUED)

A grungy MAN cautiously approaches Philip. He is awkward and lanky, wearing thick nerdy glasses. He gets way too close to Philip

PHILIP

Excuse me? I'm trying to steal from a small business, here.

MAN

(nervously)

Hey uh... I want to lose my virginity.

PHILIP

Ugh get lost you sad nerd. You reek of Prozac.

MAN

I'm a client, you can't just tell me to leave! This is your job. You did the signal.

PHILIP

What signal?!

MAN

You stood in the back corner of the bookstore at 3:13pm holding the most pretentious novel you could find. That was the signal we established as: "I'm ready to have sex for money."

PHILIP

What the fuck are you talking about?

MAN

(annoyed)

How the hell am I being rejected by a prostitute?! I didn't think that was possible! This is like going to the supermarket, trying to buy a box of Frosted Flakes, and Tony the Tiger himself saying "fuck off nerd."

PHILIP

Who do you think you're talking to?!

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(making a scene)

This is ridiculous! I want to speak  
to your pimp!

Philip begins to piece together what is happening. The camera closes in on Philip's enraged face as he begins screaming:

PHILIP

(screaming loudly)

Rahhhhh!!!!

The camera zooms out and reveals that he's back in his apartment and that he is yelling at Gary.

PHILIP

(still yelling)

Gary. Why do people think I'm a  
prostitute?!

GARY

That's ridiculous! You're not a  
prostitute!

PHILIP

I know that Gary! You're the  
prostitute!

GARY

You would think people would  
recognize it's me morphed as  
you. People are so stupid!

PHILIP

Gary I swear to Zulazsofbor-

GARY

(interrupting)

I mean when people go and watch a  
movie about Abraham Lincoln, do  
they think they're watching the  
real Abraham Lincoln? He's not an  
actor! He's retired and lives in  
Dubai!

PHILIP

(yelling)

Gary you can't prostitute as me!  
That is not okay!

(CONTINUED)

GARY

You said I can be anyone I want!

PHILIP

That doesn't mean me! *Create a character!*

GARY

I did create one. He's based on you! He's like you but with only two holes. I figured the best writers draw inspiration from their real life.

PHILIP

Gary. People out there think that I have sex for money. I don't have sex for money, that's disgusting!

Gary is hurt and taken aback.

GARY

But I have sex with people for money...

Philips realizes his error and feels regret.

PHILIP

I didn't mean it like that.

Gary's hurt quickly turns to anger.

GARY

Well guess what, Phil. You're not just a prostitute. You're also a public masturbator.

PHILIP

What?!

Gary morphs into Philip (denoted as GARY-PHIL). There are two Philips now standing in the room (The real Philip and Gary-Phil).

Gary-Phil opens the window, pulls down his pants, and sticks his dick out the window.

GARY-PHIL

Hey everybody! It's me Phil, showing everyone my penis.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

You monster.

Philip gives his look-a-like an angry look and morphs into Gary (denoted as PHIL-GARY).

PHIL-GARY

Well I'm Gary and I defecate in public!

GARY-PHIL

Wait what?

Phil-Gary runs out of the room.

Gary-Phil chases after him.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

We see Phil-Gary taking a shit on someone's doorstep

PHIL-GARY

Hey everyone my name is Gary and in case you forget, here is my business card!

Phil-Gary places the card in the middle of the poo.

Gary-Phil is incensed.

GARY-PHIL

Your buddy Phil here, just enjoying the day and slapping puppies across the face!

Gary-Phil is running around maniacally and slapping dogs with reckless abandon.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Phil-Gary and Gary-Phil are chasing each other while doing horrible things. Every time one of them does something terrible, the other one looks even more angry.

A) EXT. PARK - DAY

PHIL-GARY

Check it out! I'm Gary and I'm going around kicking pigeons!

B) INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Gary-Phil is laying in the handicap seats on the subway and talking to a person who is on crutches.

(CONTINUED)

GARY-PHIL

My name is Phil and I refuse to get  
out of this handicap seat, sir!

C) INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The wall of the hospital reveals that it is hospice care.

Phil-Gary starts throwing powder everywhere

PHIL-GARY

Anthrax! Anthrax! Everyone's gonna  
die slightly sooner! I'm Gary!

D) EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

GARY-PHIL

It's me Phil and guess what: I'm  
arguing with black people about  
using the n-word!

A group of black people look horrified and disappointed at  
Gary-Phil.

GARY-PHIL

Don't you see that by saying I  
can't use it, you're verbally  
enslaving me? Take it from me,  
Phil!

E) EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

Phil-Gary is holding a torch.

PHIL-GARY

I'm Gary and I'm lighting the  
homeless on fire!

END MONTAGE.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

Phil-Gary and Gary-Phil are running down the street hitting  
and clawing at each other the entire time. Because they are  
distracted they almost run into a building. They take a few  
steps back. The camera does not show the building, only  
their faces. They pause and look at each other and each come  
to a realization.

Gary-Phil and Phil-Gary start ripping off their clothes off  
as fast as they can.

The camera then cuts to show an elementary school in front  
of them.

(CONTINUED)



Our two idiots run into the school. The camera lingers on the front doors as people are screaming and random crashes are heard. We can also hear the voices of our two idiots shouting every now and then.

GARY-PHIL

Get a good look at this penis, kid,  
so the sketch artist does it  
justice!

PHIL-GARY

What the hell is this, the teachers  
lounge? I need to find the  
children!

YOUNG BOY

Is mine supposed to be green too?

TEACHER

(yelling)  
I am calling the cops, you  
perverts!

Children are running out of the school screaming.

A beam of light from the sky hits the school.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Phil and Gary are tied up with rope in the classroom. They are their regular selves again. Two officers in Lizard People Police Uniforms (LPP 1 and LPP 2) are there with the teacher from before. LPP 1 and LPP 2 are older men in their 40's with a thick NY accents and a tired look in their eyes that suggest they've seen it all.

LPP 1

We're so sorry about that, ma'am.  
We're from the Lizard People  
Police. It's our job to make sure  
that no rogue Lizard People cause  
too much havoc on human  
civilization.

TEACHER

(confused)  
Lizard... people?

LPP 2

We're a race of shape-shifting  
reptilians who conquered your  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LPP 2 (cont'd)  
people centuries ago. We've been  
running your world ever since. All  
the people you think are famous  
humans... Lizards.

LPP 1  
Oprah? You know Oprah?

TEACHER  
Yeah...

LPP 1  
She's a Lizard Person.

TEACHER  
(freaking out)  
Why are you telling me all this? Am  
I a Lizard Person?! Do I get to go  
to Lizard school and learn about my  
magic powers?

LPP 2  
Huh?

LPP 1  
Of course not.

LPP 2  
Shit she's right, though. We  
probably could have just said they  
were human pedophiles.

LPP 1  
Alright we'll have to erase her  
memory.

TEACHER  
How do you erase someone's memory?

LPP 1 and LPP 2 take out their guns and shoot her. The  
teacher is dead on the ground bleeding.

LPP 2  
(at Phil and Gary)  
Alright you two bozos, let's get  
you to Lizard People Jail.

LPP 1  
We seriously need a more subtle  
naming system.

They walk out of the classroom with Gary and Phil still tied  
up. They run into a student.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BOY  
Mister, what happened to my  
teacher?

LPP 2  
Your teacher Mrs. Bechdel ran away,  
sweet heart.

YOUNG BOY  
So we aren't going to have a test  
today?

LPP 1  
No, we're not taking Mrs. Bechdel's  
test.

YOUNG BOY  
Yaaayy! I didn't even study!

The little boy runs away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

We see a beam of light hitting the school once more,  
implying that the Lizard People Police have taken Gary and  
Phil to Lizard People Prison. With them, also, is the body  
of Mrs. Bechdel (which will be disposed of and her  
disappearance explained via the department of American Media  
Manipulation).

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

We see FLOYD, an overweight and pimply 43 year old man in a  
dark basement apartment watching the news. Floyd is exactly  
what you think of if you picture a stereotypical conspiracy  
theorist who spends his time arguing about false flags on  
Reddit.

On the TV:

NEWSCASTER  
Two local pedophiles were caught  
harassing children today at Lyla  
O'Malley Elementary School...

(CONTINUED)

Floyd puts on really red and blue 3D glasses from an old movie. In a very dramatic shot, we see through his glasses and it is revealed that with the glasses, Gary and Phil look slightly more scaly.

Floyd gasps. He grabs a carton with the label "REPTILIAN EJACULATE DNA" and pours some into a test tube. He takes the test tube and carries it over to an extremely elaborate laboratory. Behind the lab is all sorts of pictures and newspaper clippings and dildos related to Gary and Phil (in that special crazy conspiracy theorist way).

Dramatic music plays.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.

FADE IN:

POST CREDITS SCENE:

Gary and Philip are sitting in a jail cell wearing old style black and white striped prison outfits, hats included.

They look depressed and are listening to an old radio.

RADIO DJ

Heyo! You're listenin' to Tony and the Alligator. That last track was by Fleetwood Mac. Here's a single from a new Brooklyn-based indie rock band called The Terrestrials. It's called "Three Is Enough", check it out!

Philip puts his head down in sorrow.

PHILIP

God damn it, I've been Pete Bested again.