

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
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INT. OFFICE - DAY

KEN works feverishly at his desk.

Sales graphs, charts, new product designs. Sensitivity training manual. All fly across his desk.

NOBB rushes in, hands him a new document, PRESENTATION SCRIPT. We know this because it is written in BOLD LETTERS on the cover.

Ken takes the script, nods an off handed acknowledgement, continues working.

A PUFF OF SMOKE. Accompanied by an ever so slight 'poof'.

A donkey stands where Nobb was only seconds before. The donkey turns and walks out.

Ken looks up. A donkey crosses in front of his glass office door. He cocks his head as if listening to a song heard only in his head. Shakes his head. Continues working.

Stops. Cocks his head again. Shakes it.

Off Screen we hear 'poof'

Ken listens again for a moment. Absently picks up the SCRIPT. Opens it. Blank Page. Blank Page. Blank Page.

KEN

What the...?

He quickly flips through the rest. Stopping on the last page.

In small bold letters in the center of the page:

IT'S MAGIC.

'Poof'

Ken pushes his chair back. Rises. Steps to the SHOWROOM FLOOR.

INT. SHOWROOM FLOOR - DAY

'Poof'. Another Sales Person disappears in a puff of smoke... to be replaced by a donkey.

Ken shakes his head to clear it.

'Poof'. A customer suddenly becomes a sheep.

Across the showroom floor stands TIM. TIM THE WIZARD. Seven feet tall, massive curling ram horns, salt and pepper beard, flowing purple robes, jewel encrusted staff.

Ken weeds his way through the donkey, sheep, goats and people.

A small group of donkeys stand together. One has a squirrel on it's back.

DONKEY

You just don't fit, I tells her.
You ain't got RIDE.

Whinnies and neighs of agreement from the donkey mob.

A nearby sheep hangs its head and scurries away. Ken stand before Tim.

KEN

Excuse me, can I help you?

Tim focuses on Ken's Harley regalia.

TIM

You work here, small one.

KEN

Yes.

TIM

I am Tim. Tim the Wizard.

KEN

Oh. Kay. How may I help you, Tim?
The Wizard.

TIM

Alas, you can not.

Tim raises his staff.

..and the door to the showroom flies open. STEVE stands in the doorway. Fills the frame. Big. Imposing. Bright light behind him. Harley to the gills.

STEVE.

Sorry, son. I can't let you do that.

Ba-doom chick. Ba-doom chick. Ba-doom chick.

Steve pulls out a double barreled sawed off shotgun from a holster on his back.

Driving drumbeat eighth notes hammer home.

Racks the shotgun.

Badadut, badadut, badadut.

And FIRES at the nearest donkey.

RAW ENERGY lashes out in the space between shotgun and donkey. Hits the donkey square in the chest. Transforms him back to his human form, CARTER.

And he SINGS.

CARTER

I've got to ride, ride, ride. I've got a Harley inside.

A group of sheep turn in unison.

SHEEP

He's got a Harley inside.

CARTER

Let me feel the open road. Let me roam, let me go. Let me know what I've got to show. To get down deep to the Harley inside.

SHEEP

Ride, ride, ride. He's got. A Harley inside.

Another shotgun blast. The sheep are back to their normal human customer selves.

EX SHEEP

Ride, ride, ride. WE'VE GOT. A Harley inside.

CARTER

You've got a Harley inside.

GRANNY, one of the transformed sheep sashays to Carter.

GRANNY

I just wanna ride. I just wanna be. I just wanna free. The Harley in me.

SHEEP

Ride, ride, ride.

Steve looks at Tim. Winks. And fires. Another group is transformed back.

MEXICAN

I've got a Harley in me.

ENGLISHMAN

It's got to get out.

ITALIAN

It's got to be free.

The Mexican, naturally, is in a colorful poncho and sombrero. The Englishman in smoking jacket with brandy snifter and pipe. The Italian belts his line in opera.

The Frenchman, surrounded by a bevy of bikini beauties

FRENCHMAN

I'm going to be free.

BIKINI CHORUS

Free, free, free. How can I free.
The Harley in me.

Tim snaps a snarky smirk back. Raises his staff and 'poof'

The room turns black. The wind howls. A donkey belches.

....Ken is a singing, manic monster, pumped up, rock and roll donkey. The music veers off into heavy metal thunder.

KEN DONKEY

Ohhhh, yeahhhhhhh. I'm a Kick Ass,
Zombie Killer, Heavy Metal, Road
Gunner. Soul Stealin' Goat Stomper.
Ninja Horse Mountain Climber.

Ken is joined by several Donkey confederates.

KEN DONKEY (CONT'D)

Whiplash Thundercrack. Jackhammer
Razorback. Pirate Lovin' Lighting
Flash.

DONKEY CHORUS

Kick Ass Monkey Mask. Flambe Jumper
Gas. Steel Claw Pasta Grinder.
Gonna find a Shark Finder.

Yeah, they're looking for lyrics.

Steve laughs. A hearty, mountain shaking cackle. And fires.

More sheep become people.

EX SHEEP

We're gonna ride. We're gonna ride.
We're all gonna be as free as can
be.

Carter runs, drops to his knees and power slides across the floor, stopping at a sheep with glasses. Nerd glasses.

CARTER

You've got a Harley in you.

NERD SHEEP

I've got a Harley in me-eeeeeeeeee?

EX SHEEP

You've got. A Harley. In you.

Shotgun fires.

GURN

(triumphant)

I've got. A Harley. IN ME.

Finger snaps. Rim shot. Click. Click. Click.

EX SHEEP

Harley. Harley Davidson. Harley,
Harley. Harley Davidson.

Blood curdling scream.

Ken Donkey is full on Heavy Metal Madness. Guitar. Spikes.
Eye patch. Gene Simmons make up.

KEN DONKEY

Heavy Metal Rumble. Maker of the
Thunder. Judas Priest Leaf Raker.
Lawn mower. Salt Shaker.

Steve now stands besides Tim. Looks up at him.

STEVE.

Really?

Fires at Ken. Bye bye, Donkey Ken. Hello Normal Ken.

KEN

Easy Bake Oven Maker.

STEVE.

That's the best you can do.

Tim shrugs.

TIM
Budget cuts.

Everyone is in on the chorus now. Big finish.

EVERYONE
I've got a Harley in me. Got to let
it out. It's got to be free. I want
to ride. All day in the sun. Gonna
head down the highway. And ride til
I'm done.

EX SHEEP
Ride, ride, ride.

KEN
With the Harley inside.

Confetti cannons go off. High fives. Hugs, kisses.

LATER

Ken, Tim and Steve sit at a table while clean up crews sweep
and tidy up in the background.

A donkey walks by with a squirrel on his back.

Ken follows it, turns to the group asking.

STEVE.
You know that's a mule right.

TIM
Initial testing phase.

KEN
And the squirrel.

TIM
No clue.

Ken looks to where the mule and squirrel have gone. Double
take.

KEN
Right.