

Orang-U: An Ape Goes To College

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The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the authors.

For Ryan, who eats when he is hungry.

“It’s our belief that history is a wheel. ‘Inconstancy is my very essence,’ says the wheel. Rise up on my spokes if you like but don’t complain when you’re cast back down into the depths. Good time pass away, but then so do the bad. Mutability is our tragedy, but it’s also our hope. The worst of time, like the best, are always passing away.” – Boethius (Anicius Manlius Severinus), *The Consolation of Philosophy*

*Orang-U – An Ape Goes To College* by Matt Lee

Based on a screenplay by Matt Lee and Ryan Dougherty – *Now available in Cyber-Space. Visit us on the internet!*

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- <http://imdb.com/title/tt4607980/>
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- AOL Keyword: ORANGU

This is the novelization of Orang-U, a movie Ryan and I wrote between 2012 and 2015, and finally made in the summer of 2015 for \$6000. There are some things in the final shooting script we had to cut for budget reasons, other things we had to cut because The Wrigley Company didn't understand, or (more likely) didn't like our jokes about Altoids.

Editing a movie is hard, much harder than actually shooting it, and so while I was busy script editing it, and later editing it, I took a little time during the Christmas breaks of 2014, 2015 and 2016 and produced this book. At the time I started on this project, I didn't think we'd ever get around to making the movie, and now we have made the movie, I am delighted with the output. And it comes out in June 2017! In fact, by the time most of you are reading this, the movie will be out. Many of you will have been given a copy of this

book as a result of that fact. Hello, you look great today.

Also included in this special book version is the entire TV pilot for Orang-U that we didn't get to include in the movie for financial reasons. Ryan likes to remind me that I basically wrote it in a few hours anyway, so like most TV pilots, it probably isn't all that good anyway.

This book is dedicated to Ryan Dougherty, for all his tireless hard work, mask masking and defeated acceptance in appearing in the movie far more than he ever wanted to. And for allowing me to actually finish something in my life.

Also dedicated to all the wonderful people who worked on Orang-U:

The anonymous bunch of producers: Rob Myers, Stevie DuBois, Don Robertson, Mark Cousens and Mark Stevenson (available for voiceover work at <teamvoiceover.co.uk>) for all their various inputs, suggestions, ideas, pints (many) and more.

Justin Baugh for giving us some of the money when we really really needed it. We're still going to hit you up with the bar tab at the premiere though, probably.

To Sarah Osborn for taking a chance on our production and without whom we'd have struggled immensely.

To Steven Brennan who should really be making movies of his own given all the equipment and knowledge he has.

To Sam Kniskern, hustler of coffee, turned orangutan actor. We couldn't have done it without you!

To our romantic leads: Geoff Van Wyck and Mikayla Bishop. You were both a delight to work with, and your ability to find space to do yoga in the most unlikely of situations was inspirational. Sorry about the milk.

To our loyal butler: Bailey Bishop (who was totally okay earning 80% of what we paid Mikayla) for showing up at the very last moment, for jumping into any situation, and especially the special “ultra sweary” version of the anti-Cambridge stuff.

To the immeasurable consummate professionalism of Wolfgang Schuler. (Proven by his sending me a comprehensive, highlighted PDF of typos of this book!)

To Jacqui Denski for driving up to Boston from Connecticut for what should have been a much bigger role.

And to Heather Huntington Stewart for being the only person who actually dies in the movie. And does it really, really nicely.

(Hopefully I can figure out how to remove myself from the footage before the final edit.)

Thank you to the folks at Breather.com for letting us use their various spaces for not a lot of money at all. And thank you to Evan Prodromou for helping us with that.

Thank you to Dr. Mike Patoska, Jim Savage, Ray Dunn, Heather Gallagher, Ryan Merkley, Sid Sijbrandij, John Sullivan, Hillary Stein, Aeva Palecek, Joshua Gay, Paul Bryant, Victor Lewis-Smith, M.J.J Cashman and Joe Benevento and the gang at J.J. Foley's in Boston (21 Kingston Street).

Thank you to John MacFarlane, creator of Pandoc. Pandoc is the greatest thing in the world if you do a lot of things with text files.

Thank you to our lawyer, Jonas “Donuts” Jacobson and our accountant, Andy Goloboy.

Thank you to everyone who came to see my “Matt Lee Talks About Stuff” tour of the UK in 2014, special thanks to Matthew Bloch, Dave Green and Stevie Benton. I’ll probably tour again in 2018 if possible.

I write this final piece of the book, back in the UK on vacation in 2016, sitting at the table at the Exeter Picturehouse where I first dragged various people on countless Saturdays from 1998 until 2005 when various other scripts were being worked on. In a few hours time, my friends Chloe Phillips and Ed Tarleton will arrive, and we'll meet again in a few years, and this book and movie will be long over. By then I hope to be back here once more, shooting pieces for a new exciting movie.

Finally, thank you to all the people who donated money on our Indiegogo campaign. I hope you enjoy this surprise copy of the book. If not, please shred it and mail it to "Jim Savage, General Delivery, Boston, MA" or leave it in one of those free libraries that are popping up all over the place these days.

Matt Lee  
mattl@cruk.org  
Exeter, UK  
December 2016

PS. We never did find a good alternative to Altoids, and in April 2017 I stopped eating candy. If you work at a candy company that isn't haunted or owned by Wrigley, or you work for Wrigley and would just like to send me lots of mints my way, just email me and we can work something out.



## CHAPTER 1

# Thoughts On Zoo-Lu

The Zoo-Lu Corporation was not a nice corporation, but it was a successful one nonetheless. Jefferson Peterson had started it several years back and business had been booming.

The idea was simple: import animals as exotic pets for rich people in the US, and have someone else take the rap for any potential issues down the line. Zoo-Lu would act as a front, an intermediary. And of course, Zoo-Lu would reap the lion's share of the reward for this.

Not every deal was simple, sometimes animals would die in transit. Others would see the purchaser realize the error of their ways and back out of the deal, losing their deposit but perhaps not their humanity in the process.

And then there was James, a beautiful orangutan who had arrived in Seattle as a result of a simple

administrative error, or so Peterson thought. As he lay sweating and panicked in his large room in his Seattle homestead, the idea that his son had accessed the computer system for Zoo-Lu and deleted the payment records for the ape never crossed his mind. And they never would, as Peterson's arm began to tingle and he clutched his chest. Jefferson Peterson lay dying alone in a room full of expensive trinkets he never looked at while his only child was busy in another wing of their expensive house, soldering on some gizmo he'd been working on for months, his ape friend James sat in the corner playing video games.

## CHAPTER 2

# High Stakes

There was a knock at the door of Scott Peterson's bedroom. It was early – too early. As Scott rose from his bed, a fax machine placed high on a shelf clicks into action. A fax arrived and fell to the floor.

Another knock. In walked Ross Mackelvoy, a short, balding hunched man. Scott didn't know it yet, but Ross had also sent the fax.

"Scott, your father is dead." said Mackelvoy, "I am deeply sorry for your loss."

"Hang on, I just got a fax" Scott said, interrupting him.

Scott turned, lit a cigarette using a soldering iron and began to read the fax aloud.

"Scott, your father is dead. I am deeply sorry for your loss. Ross."

Scott appeared unflinching in his appearance.

“Crap! James!” yelled Scott, ignoring Mackelvoy who had leaned in to listen.

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A few hours later, Scott sat down on the couch, ready to watch TV.

The door opened, and Les, the family butler entered, along with Erica, the company lawyer.

“Master Scott, is now a good time to talk, sir?” asked Les.

“I guess.” said Scott.

“Erica here from the company has come to talk to you about your father’s wishes.”

“Let me guess: he wants me to run his pig-dog of a company, and you’re here to talk me into it?”

Erica butted in: “Actually, no. Your dad was well aware of your dislike of his business, and this may surprise you, had no succession plan for you. His considerable shares in the company will be yours – providing certain criteria are met of course.”

“What kind of criteria?” asked Scott.

“Well, for one. Your father requires you to go to Newtown College.”

“In Boston?! No way! I have no interest in preppy rich kids and their petulant bullshit.”

Les looked unhappy with the situation. He had been with the family for many years and had watched Scott grow up.

“If I may sir... you may not like the idea right now, but there is a plan for Zoo-Lu to donate a significant amount of money to Newtown, which would make your time there a far more pleasing experience than you realize.”

“So you’re telling me I have to go to college and I have to be the one kid who’s father bought a building in order to force my hand?”

Erica opened a file containing several legal documents and placed them on the coffee table in front of Scott.

“You don’t have to go. Zoo-Lu will provide you with a senior level management job, and you can continue to live here in Seattle and work.”

“Work for Zoo-Lu? Never. What you guys do is barbaric!” he scoffed.

Erica winced. This wasn’t going to be easy and she already had Mackelvoy breathing down her neck.

“If you don’t go to college, and you don’t work for Zoo-Lu, you’ll be forced to sell your father’s shares, move out of this house, give back all the things you’ve become accustomed to – your electronics equipment, your computers, your video games... even James would return to Zoo-Lu.”

Scott shrieked: “You can’t take James! He’s part of the family.”

Scott looked down at James sitting next to him on the couch. James was an adult male orangutan who was amusing himself by watching cartoons. Scott pointed at James, and James pointed back at Scott. They did this a lot, as if they had a connection commonly shared by twins or the telepathic.

“Ms. Smith – Erica – I have to agree with Master Scott – James is certainly a part of this household and this family. Taking him away would be a mistake!”

Erica had him by the balls.

“Oh, and you’d lose your butler too. With no need for a family butler, Mr. Roberts would no longer be needed and would be relieved of his employment.”

“You’d take everything I have, and everything I love if I don’t tow the corporate line? Jesus, Zoo-Lu really are a bunch of assholes.”

“Be that as it may, Mr. Peterson – you have until the end of the week to decide. I’ll see myself out.”

Erica turned on her heel walked out of the living room, and then out of the lobby, and finally out of the front door of house, slamming each door as she passed through it.

“Right. Yeah. ‘Decide.’ Well, Les.. It appears I have no choice. Pack up my stuff. I’m moving to Boston!”

“Very well sir.”

“Oh, and Les... just one thing. James is coming with me!”



## CHAPTER 3

# Illusion

A few weeks later, the Zoo-Lu corporate limousine pulled up at Seattle/Tacoma Airport. A hesitant Les put his arm around Scott. He was sad to see him leave for college so soon.

“I’m still not sure that taking an orangutan to college with you is allowed.”

“Maybe not,” said Scott “but I’d like to see you keep your job. Besides, this is the only way to satisfy the lawyers and keep both of us in the lifestyle we’ve become accustomed to!”

“I understand.”

As they moved from the car through the terminal, Scott turned to Les.

“You should come see us when we’re settled in Boston!”

“Maybe, I am not a huge fan of the snobby faux-intellectualism there.”

“Don’t worry, from my research online I think that’s mostly a Cambridge thing.”

He pulled up a web page on his smart phone and began to read aloud:

“Let me see... ah, here we go. Cambridge, not Boston. Two cities divided by a river, and their dislike of each other.”

“Oh?” said Les, shocked to discover that Cambridge wasn’t Boston at all. “Yes, Cambridge does indeed sound shit. In fact, I already hate it. Promise me you won’t go there at all.”

“I promise” said Scott, glad that Les had put it to him in this manner.

“It makes sense. Cambridge sounds like a hellhole. I apologize for earlier conflating Cambridge with Boston.”

Scott could see that Les had made himself look like a bloody idiot. He just didn’t have the heart to tell him otherwise.

“No harm, no foul. Just remember to tell everyone you know that the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts is full of jerks who went to MIT for a

couple of weeks in the late 70s and walk around like they invented the fucking jet engine.”

“That’s oddly specific, sir.”

“It says it right here on this website.”

“I understand.”

Scott turned to James, who was eating a hot dog.

“Come on James – let’s go to where everybody knows Ted Danson’s name.”

Scott put a “Cheers” hat on James.

James, who was wearing an overcoat, said nothing.



## CHAPTER 4

### North by Northwest

Zoo-Lu had arranged for Scott and James to travel in style. Two first class plane tickets on an extremely expensive airline.

They were shown to their seats by Steve, a veteran airline steward.

“Drink, sir?” said Steve, handing Scott a card.

Scott looked at the card for a moment. All of the drinks were complementary.

“I’ll have a beer. I just turned 21, and I’m going to Newtown College in Boston. Sure, it’s a bit old to be attending college, but I am 21.”

“And your friend?” said Steve, gesturing to James.

“Just a virgin banana daiquiri, please.”

“Sure, as you’re in first class, we’ll happily make that for you. Will you be having dinner?”

“Two vegan meals for us. Thanks.”

“I’m afraid we don’t have any decent vegan food sir. This is the USA in 2014. Here’s some saltines.”

James snatched the crackers and threw them onto the floor, before leaping out of his seat and pounding the crackers into a fine dust with his hands.

“I’ll see what we can do” said Steve, hurrying away to whatever they call the little kitchens on planes.

Scott kicked back with his noise-canceling headphones and settled into eight full hours of his favorite crime drama, **Altoids Law**.

V/O In the cold dark streets  
of Boston, exists a special  
department of the police force.  
Solving the crimes that nobody  
wants to solve... this is  
Altoids Law.

The show was one of those gritty TV dramas. A shot of the police station was shown over some slap-bass music.

Detective Curtis and Chief Wilson were talking.

“Rough night, Curtis?”

“I’ll say. Crime everywhere. Another tennis player slain. I just don’t understand it. Why would a serial killer attack tennis players?”

“Somethings are just meant to never be understood.”

Another detective entered. Detective Morris.

“Sir, a call just came in. You’d better get down to the warehouse district immediately.”

“Murder?” asked Wilson, already knowing the answer but asking anyway to build suspense and to pad out the show to a full hour slot.

“Afraid so.”

“Okay, Curtis, you come with me... oh and Morris, you’d better get me another can, this one’s almost dry.”

He shook an empty can of Peppermint Altoids in front of Detective Morris. **Altoids Law** was the latest in a series of crime shows centered around a common, everyday product. Designed to make the show more accessible to the public, **Altoids Law** saw the detectives, criminals, judges and even the victims all constantly munching away on white cylinders of peppermint-flavored sugar. And when they weren’t eating Altoids, they were cleaning them off the streets, for in this show – uniquely

– even the chalk outlines of the dead bodies were made of a thick line of carefully placed mints.

Thunder rattled as the detectives arrived in the warehouse district to the tune of some more heavy bass guitar.

Det. Curtis and Chief Wilson showed up. A detective was waiting for them.

“Looks like the medical guys already got here and removed the body!” said Curtis.

“Knickers!” shouted Wilson, slamming his hand on the dashboard quite hard.

A ‘chalk’ outline of a man was on the ground, made of Altoids.

They approached the detective, who was sucking on an Altoid.

Chief Wilson was crunching on some Altoids. “What we got here?”

“John Doe. mid 40s. No ID on him.”

Detective Curtis seemed preoccupied.

“Crap.”

Curtis checked his pockets for Altoids, he didn’t have any. Wilson noticed and opened a can, offering them to him. He took a lot, throwing them all

into his mouth at once. Nobody mentioned it or referred to it. The conversation continued.

Wilson (still crunching) began to yell into the face of Curtis.

“Okay, get me an APB out. Seal off the block, start talking to anyone who may have been something.”

“Yeah, just one witness we found so far. The lady who called it in. She runs the kiosk”

“Okay, let’s talk to her.”

Wilson and Curtis walked over to the kiosk.

Scott continued to watch **Altoids Law** for the remainder of the flight, but near the end of this particular episode the TV shut off.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Boston Logan International Airport where the local time is 3:20pm.”



## CHAPTER 5

# Transplant

Landing in Boston, Scott and James found themselves taking a taxi around town, trying to find a Realtor who would quickly rent them an apartment. Unfortunately for Scott, he had the money of the Zoo-Lu empire behind him, yet fortunately he was blissfully unaware of this fact and proceeded to rent a regular place anyway and pocket the money for now.

“Where to?” screamed the cab driver, seconds after dumping their bags in the trunk.

Scott looked on his phone.

“Take us to Savage Garden Realty.”

“You new in town?”

“You could say that. I’ve just moved here to attend Newtown College.”

“Oh good choice. The finest school in Boston! And your friend?”

“Oh, we’ll find something for him to do!” – Scott laughed, but he wondered what James would wind up doing for the next few years.

Later that day, as Scott and James looked at apartments, they realized nobody would rent a place to a man with a pet orangutan. James was forced to eventually dress up in a Groucho Marx mask for them to get an apartment.

## CHAPTER 6

# Screwed And Chopped

Reasonably settled in their new apartment, the boys headed out looking for some food. They entered a nearby pizza joint.

All eyes turned on them. A group of three typical jocks stood off to one side. They each took turns to yell at Scott and James.

“Hey buddy... don’t spank your monkey!”

“Heh, nice one. YEAH, DON’T JERK OFF IN YOUR DAD’S HOUSE.”

“I AM VERY COMFORTABLE YELLING AT PEOPLE.”

Scott snapped. Quick as a flash, he yelled back.

“Ugh, you college kids are such fucking dicks. Sure, it sucks being 21 and attending college. Still, at least I can drink heavily and mask the lion’s share of my contempt.”

James, sensing something was up with Scott, looked up at him and began to point. Scott was unaware of James for a moment, as the pizza restaurant manager leaped over the counter and began to shove him out of the way.

“Hey... get your monkey out of my pizza place!”

Scott sighed. They left.

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Back at the apartment, Scott turned to James and sighed. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all.

“I really don’t want to go to college. But I have to show I attended. What can we do, James? If I don’t go, you go back to Zoo-Lu!”

James shuddered. He knew what that really meant. Death.

Scott continued with his thoughts “Ha! If only I could just send you to college while I continue with my passion: electronics. If only!”

He paused. An idea was brewing.

“Hmmm. That just might work! Let me make a call.”

## CHAPTER 7

# Female Of The Species

“...I mean, the whole idea is preposterous!” balked The Dean.

Scott pleaded. “You knew my father, Dean Gaffney. You’re aware of exactly how much money he’s given to this place over the years. I don’t think this should really be a problem.”

“Okay, say I go along with this... what is he going to study?”

They both looked at James. He was sitting on the floor, playing with a snowglobe of Boston, unaware of the world around him.

Scott and the Dean laughed.

“So, what are you going to do with yourself for the next four years, Scott?”

“I’ll get a job, I guess. I’ve never really done anything with my life... I don’t know what I’d even want to do.”

“Well, whatever you do, you’ll need to keep James on the downlow. Animal rights protesters are already getting pretty angry that you were able to buy your way into Newtown. If they find out you have an orangutan going to class, they’ll be really upset. You know how those animal rights types are!”

Scott bit his tongue. He shared their sentiments about animal rights and Zoo-Lu, but he had to appear strong.

## CHAPTER 8

# Diamonds Aren't Forever

As luck would have it Scott finally got a job as a bartender in a quiet bar owned by a tenured law Professor. James hung out at the empty bar during the day, drinking banana daiquiris.

“I can’t give you much of a guarantee I’m afraid. It’s looking likely that this bar won’t even exist in a month from now.” said the professor, cleaning the bar from all the smashed banana and orange fur James had left behind when he went to the bathroom.

“How come? It seems like a decent place—just needs some customers.”

“There’s a law firm upstairs – Macmillan & Associates – that wants to shut down the bar and turn it into office space!”

“Well, just say no to them!”

James returned from the bathroom.

"That would be fine if I had some money, but If we don't get some customers in here soon, I'll be kicked out by the landlord for not paying the rent."

James covered his eyes.

"How much do you owe?"

"\$60,000 – you don't know any rich kids with that sort of money do you?"

Scott laughed nervously. "Afraid not"

Just then, Mac Jr, son of Macmillan and a rising star at the law firm entered the bar.

"Hey, Professor – you're serving animals in here now? That's low, even for you old woman."

The Professor said nothing, but James was agitated.

Scott turned to face Mac Jr. "Hey man... that animal happens to be one clever ape."

"Oh yeah? Why doesn't he ask the old lady here to enroll him in law school then? After all, law school is for the real elite – the chosen few. Tell you what Einstein – the day **this ape** graduates law school – I'll buy you your stupid bar back!"

Scott looked at James. He pointed at him, James pointed back.

“Challenge accepted!” shouted Scott.

Mac Jr. laughed and turned to leave the bar.  
“We’ll see, we’ll see!”

“Jeez, what an asshole!” said Scott.

“He’s one of the nicer ones...” said the professor,  
“Well, James... you’d best get an early night.  
Class is at 8am tomorrow.”

James covered his eyes.



## CHAPTER 9

### Born To Run

It was a sunny morning in Boston, and as James was walking across campus he passed the protest.

In the foreground, June O'Connor was front of the camera. June was a student activist who worked for the local TV network as a part time reporter.

She was recording a live news broadcast.

“We’re live at Newtown College in Boston, at the site of the animal rights protest over the controversial decision to build a new research wing paid for by the Seattle animal-export company, Zoo-Lu. Zoo-Lu, founded by Jefferson Peterson in 1964 has bases all along the Ivory Coast, where they capture animals and ship them in crates to Seattle, where they are often sold into captivity. Word on the street is that Peterson’s heir apparent, Scott Peterson is attending Newtown, although an anonymous source at the college indicates that Peterson has

been seen partying until 3am in the Back Bay. Just what Zoo-Lu is doing here in Boston remains to be seen. Is the new Peterson hoping to set up an East Coast office? This is June O'Connor, for Channel 5 News.”

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While editing video, June O'Connor spotted James in the footage.

“Oh, this is too much. Scott Peterson... just what are you doing?!”

June recorded another piece to camera.

“And in another shocking revelation on this whole Zoo-Lu situation – it appears that Scott Peterson has sent his pet Orangutan to the protest, as a mockery. Scott Peterson, if you’re watching... please call Channel 5 and explain yourself!”

## CHAPTER 10

### Go Like You Know

Scott and James were in the bar.

June's show was broadcast on campus television so her report played on the bar's TV.

Scott decided to call June to explain.

"I need to put an end to this right now. This is getting out of hand!" said Scott to James, who was busying himself by picking all of the pistachios out of a bowl, sucking them and then throwing them over his shoulder.

June answered the phone

"This is June O'Connor"

"June.. this is Scott Peterson. I need to put an end to this right now. This is getting out of hand!"

"Let's do this face to face – I'll bring a camera down and we can get this on the public record."

“Fine. I’m at Foley’s – The Professor’s joint!”

“I’ll see you at 9am.. and Scott... don’t miss it.”

## CHAPTER 11

### **Scrimshaw**

June entered the bar and met Scott with a slap across the face. Scott fell to the floor.

For fear of their covers being blown, James hid in a broom closet, blitzed on banana daiquiris.

Scott, hurries to his feet.

“I want to set the record straight here. I am not my father. I know what he did, and I want you to know that I am not like that. Further, I think Zoo-Lu are crooks, and I only moved here because they blackmailed me, threatened my family butler, and implied they’d put our family pet in captivity. I don’t really want to attend Newtown – Zoo-Lu is forcing my hand on that as well. In fact, right now I can’t think of anywhere else I’d rather be!”

June appeared taken aback by Scott’s honesty.

“Well, I don’t want to be like my father either. My father works at Macmillan & Associates, and they’re hellbent on taking this bar over, and converting it into a steakhouse for greedy executives.”

“That’s disgusting. I’m a vegan, and I’d like to make this bar into a force for good!”

James fell out of the broom closet, drunk on daiquiris. All the warmth left June as the rage of the mockery was evinced. Sure that James was a stunt to devalue her cause and the seriousness of her story, she attempted to rip the mask off the ape impersonator. But alas, it was a real orangutan.

This was even worse than she imagined as it demonstrated legitimate animal cruelty and pageantry for a publicity stunt or mockery.

She left in a fit.

Scott held his head in his hands.

“Ugh, man. This is a nightmare! And James, I thought you were supposed to be studying!”

James shrugged.

“The Professor is counting on you! I am too. Hit the books. Or you can kiss that mini golfing trip goodbye.”

James folded his arms in a huff.

## CHAPTER 12

### Trouble In The Stars

June, disgusted by what she saw at the bar headed over to visit her father, hoping he could put things right.

“Dad, I want you know that Scott Peterson has an orangutan working in his bar. Ugh, I can’t believe that jerk! For a man who claims to be about animal rights, he’s all about animal wrongs. Is there anything that we can do? Legally – or less-so – I don’t even think he’s attending Newtown.”

June’s father, O’Connor turned in his chair, rubbing his hands...

“You think he’s sending the monkey instead?”

“Wouldn’t put it past the creep. He’s only going to appease his father’s last wishes. He’s just going to use the money and power to do some other disgusting things.”

“Don’t worry, sweetie. I’ll take care of this. They don’t call me the Exterminator for nothing.”

June had heard this before. She sighed.

“Dad, they don’t call you that.”

“Well, okay... they don’t call me Jim Savage for nothing.”

“Dad, please don’t say that.”

“Okay?”

“Okay.”

June left the office and O’Connor picked up the phone with an evil grin.

“Hi Mac Jr? Yeah. The rat king is going out on the town. We discussed this. You’re the rat king. You’re the rat king... Yeah. You’re the rat king! I know there were a lot of Jell-o shots, but I still expect you to remember sinister plans! Right. Thank you! Now, deploy the hawk! We discussed this!”

## CHAPTER 13

# The Heart of a Dancer

Scott woke up to a meow and a thump. It was morning and he stumbled in his boxers to check the door. Scott picked up the newspaper and his eyes went wide. The front page showed men in suits being hauled out of his bar on gurneys.

“Cooocckkk!”

He scrambled to throw clothes on and rushed out the door.



## CHAPTER 14

### Death of an Angel

Scott rushed in to find the Professor talking to a agent from the department of health and safety. A crew was inspecting the kitchen and bar.

“What the hell is going on here?”

One of the crew stopped their work to address Scott.

“Calm down, son. A whole gang of gents had to be hauled out of here last night; poor guys were puking their guts out – looks like the hanta virus. We’re turning this place inside out. We find any health code violations, you guys are shutting down!”

The Professor was there too, filling out paperwork.

“Now, Scott, it’ll be fine. Just a misunderstanding. Those Macmillan boys probably just drank too much.”

“Macmillan boys!? Oh yeah, I feel real sorry for those guys!”

The agent interrupted Scott.

“Well, son... I’m glad to hear you’re concerned...”

“I was being sarcastic. Hanta virus? Bulljive! You leak blood gas out the eyes and die from the Hanta virus. You don’t have a tummy ache. Those twerps are up to something I know it. This bar’s clean!”

“Alright son, I know you’re worked up. Have an Altoid.”

“I’ll take two, even if they’re not vegan.”

Scott was about to storm out when an agent walked up to them with a chicken carcass on a stick. It was spray-painted green.

“You want to explain this? I found this behind the jukebox. Pretty nasty stuff.”

“Is that it? That’s clearly not real. It’s a chicken carcass painted green and thrown in the corner as a plant.”

The original agent agreed.

“Yeah, that’s weak. You find anything else?”

“No, this is it. The rest of the place is clear.”

“Alright, fine. Let’s haul ass. We’ll be in touch, Professor”

Scott stopped the agents...

“Wait, can’t you clearly see this is a paltry setup...”

“A Poultry setup!”

“Shut up. A paltry setup to shut us down?”

“Not our problem. Let’s go, boys!”

The agents cleared out.

The professor turned to Scott.

“Thanks, m’boy. You really showed them! They think they can take us down a chintzy stunt like that?”

“They might be able to. Damage could be done. All it takes is rumors.”

Scott puts on his jacket and left.



## CHAPTER 15

### **Endangered Species**

Back on campus, Scott was walking down the street in a fury. He saw Mac Jr and one of his Macmillan goons walking in the opposite direction.

“How’s the Hanta virus treating you kind esquires?!”

“Well well well, if it isn’t daddy’s little cherub!” said Mac Jr.

“Right, look who’s talking Newtown clown! Must be hard coasting through the most overrated collegiate program in the country on a toboggan made out of mommy and daddy’s money. You must’ve inherited your mother’s gardening gene; you’ve both got green thumbs!”

“So what twerp, word’s out. Your bar is goin’ down, bro!” said the goon.

Scott sighed and pushes between the two goons then high tailed it to the protest ensuing on the campus grounds. He pushed through the crowd.

“Hey, beat it you dick!” said one of the organizers. Flyers with Scott’s photo and the legend “PETERSON IS A FRAUD” were being handed out in the crowd.

“I need to say something!” said Scott.

“Eat shit, Lord Snooty!” yelled another protester.

Scott pushed him aside. On stage, June was speaking.

“... we need to keep up the pressure on Newtown to adopt a vegan campus. This cannot happen soon eno..”

Scott interrupted June.

“If I can just say a few words.”

“..ugh. Okay, let’s hear from Scott Peterson...”

Scott stepped up to the microphone as the crowd swelled to hear him speak.

“I know my words may seem shallow, I know you have no reason to believe me. I am not my father, I am not responsible for the crimes of Zoo-Lu, but I take them on my shoulders nonetheless. I am

not the guy who will lead Zoo-Lu into a bright future, because to me – like the innocent slaughtered, Zoo-Lu is already dead. My interests are electronics, animal rights and the spirit world. This is why I am publicly encouraging Zoo-Lu investors to dump their stock, drive this fucking company into the ground. You know where to find me; I will be working my regular job as bar scientist at Foley's, where we are only serving vegan food, and we'll serve to anyone in the struggle against Newtown. Myself and my small but dedicated staff are available to do our bit in this battle. Vegan do it!"

Scott left the stage. June approached him.

"Scott, that was... a pretty nice performance."

"Listen, June, I know you don't have to believe me. But I've been living in my dad's savage shadow for long enough. And James, he's my friend. I'm not his babysitter. I don't control what he does like a circus trainer. Sometimes he just goes a little ape."

June chuckled.

They shared a moment of staring into each other. They got a bit closer. But then Scott was swarmed and carried off by some of the crowd members.

The guy who had moments earlier compared Scott to Lord Snooty and told him to eat shit, suddenly had his arm around Scott.

“Hey man, you’re OK with me. Let’s take you up on some of those vegan munchies!”

O’Connor and an unusually poorly spoken associate with a British accent were watching the rally from overhead in their office building.

“Hey isn’t that your daughter, O’Connor?”

“God, another one of those rallies. She’s gonna be the death of me.”

“Looks like she’s taking a real shine to the Peterson kid.”

“That twerp! That’s it. No more stunts, no more antics. I want him gone. Get me Zoo-Lu!”

In Seattle, at the Peterson Mansion, the phone rang. Les answered it.

“Peterson estate. Oh really? Very disappointing. I’ll have an orange crush instead. See you in a few minutes. Yes, cash.”

The phone rang again.

“Peterson estate. Oh really? Very disappointing. I’ll be in Boston Friday morning, sir. Apologies for the... embarrassment.”

## CHAPTER 16

# Kill The Budda

The phone rang in the noisy crowded bar. James was surfing the bar top in the background. Protesters were spraying each other with beer from the taps. Scott answered the phone.

“Ah Master Scott, so good to hear your voice, sir.”

“Oh, Les! Um, yes, likewise! How are you? How did you know to call here?”

“Splendid, sir. I’ve been speaking to Dean Gaffney. She said I might find you here.”

“Dean Gaffney? You spoke with her?”

“Indeed. She says you’re doing quite well. I was so pleased I thought I’d come pay you a visit. Lunch Master Scott? My treat?”

“Yes! That sounds... that sounds fantastic, Les. When are you visiting?”

“Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow! Wonderful. Let me just juggle my schedule around.”

“Now Master Scott, it was intended for you to dedicate all of your time to your studies at Newtown. Let’s hope my visit isn’t a primer for a long term vacation.”

“Hey, you heard it straight from Dean Gaffney’s mouth. There are no worries. No worries here at all!”

“Quite. I’ll see you tomorrow, sir. Bright and early, say 1:00, Peterson Cafe in the family wing?”

“Can’t wait, Les.”

“Cheers.”

Les exited his limousine – he was already in Boston. He tipped the bellhop and started to make another call...

“Mr. O’Connor, it’s Les Roberts, from Seattle...”

## CHAPTER 17

# Nobody's Perfect

Scott stood outside, behind the bar, looking up at the sky and smoking a cigarette. June came out to find him.

“Oh there you are!”

“Want to grill me for more questions? I can only pledge my case so many times.”

“No, I wanted to tell you that I watched an admirable man speak today. And I’m watching him follow through on his convictions. I’m just so terrified of being my dad, that when I see someone with a silver spoon taking their own path, well, it’s hard to believe. Until you see it.”

“Well this jackass following through on his convictions might have just cocked things up for the people around him.”

“Scott, what are you talking about?”

“My butler, Les, is coming to Boston. Tomorrow. He knows the truth, I know it. I’ll be cut off financially, Les is going to be out of a job... And they’re going to take James. He’s going to be the property of Zoo-Lu.”

“If Les is coming to town, he’s not going to fire himself. I think you’re all worked up over nothing.”

“No, he’s not like that. The man can’t tell a lie. He’s proper and honest and everything I wanted my father to be. He’d get himself fired because there’s less shame in that. I’ve messed it all up trying to be some rogue hotshot vegan maverick.”

“If he is like a father, it’s clear you two care about each other and you can reason something out. Besides, I think a rogue hotshot vegan maverick is pretty sexy.”

The two leaned into each other. June closed her eyes and parted her lips. They were about to kiss.

“Ugh, Peterson, you reek!”

“Sorry, nasty habit. At least Patriot Cigarettes are made of organic, sustainably farmed tobacco, additive free...”

“Shut up, Peterson.”

The two passionately kissed.

Scott paused, spit a large quantity of translucent white fluid onto the floor, and carried on.



## CHAPTER 18

# Night of the Beast

Scott and June were in bed together. There were cans of whipped cream and a Ronald Reagan mask entwined in the sheets. They were woken up by a beeping noise. Scott jolted up with a gasp.

“What’s that?”

“Oh that’s just my pager.”

“Oh, okay... What time is it?”

“7:15, why?”

“I need James!”

Scott hurriedly got dressed and started to run out the door.

“Hey Mr. Romance! Do you have a fax machine I could use? It’s my dad...”

“Yeah, in the pantry. Fresh toner. Listen, I’m sorry I’ve gotta run. If you’re free later, maybe we

can have proper sex instead of fist clenching and eating cream.”

“I’d love it.”

Scott smiled and ran to the bathroom where he found James brushing his teeth.

“Hey, buddy!” said Scott.

James nodded to Scott’s bedroom and looked back at Scott.

Scott nodded and grinned. The two stared blankly for a few moments. Then they locked wrists and gave a thumbs-up in unison. They did a quick affirmative point at each other.

“Anyway, buddy, I need a favor from you. Are you feeling sick today?”

James shook his head.

“No, I mean are you feeling *sick* today?”

June entered, holding a fax.

“Hey Scott... Oh, hi James! I’ve gotta run. My dad needs me to meet him for some reason. See you later for full penetrative sex?”

“You bet.”

Scott and James nodded at each other.

“Let’s go!”



## CHAPTER 19

### Moonbase: Porky's

O'Connor was at his desk sorting papers. June entered.

"Hey, Dad, you wanted to see me?"

"Hi, Sweetie. I just wanted to tell you that I took care of that brat Scott Peterson. I'm not going to sit idly by while he screws my little girl!"

"Wait, what did you do?"

"I made it a family matter. That Zoo-Lu butler is coming in from Seattle to take that ape away and send Peterson back home penniless with his cocky tail between his legs."

"You mean you made the call? Dad I was wrong about Scott, we have to fix this."

"Now he's 'Scott?' Look at me, you harlot!"

O'Connor instantly grew extremely annoyed and hypnotized her with a giant picture frame topped with a dominating black iron python head.

June's eyes were alight with an amber flare. She stood, almost robotic in her action and left.

After June left the office, her father peered into the picture frame on his desk. The eyes of the python showed exactly what June could see, projected into two screens of a hallway passing. The eyes in the photo of her glowed as well. O'Connor grinned and picked up the phone.

"Hey Mac Jr. I want you to grab the usual goon squad. We've got a chance at some assets here. Zoo-Lu is lower than ever and with Peterson out of the way, that fucking lap dog of a butler is next in line. What do I propose? I propose you dismember the fucker! Make it look like the ape did it. Yeah, no one's the rat king. No not this time. Not this time! Bye, Mac Jr!"

O'Connor hung up the phone and looked into the python eyes. He saw the reflection of June emerge as she saw herself in the doors of the Macmillan elevator.

## CHAPTER 20

### Ruskin: CyberDog 2349

Scott was showing James how to pull draft beer. Scott was wearing James' Newtown blazer, covered in orange orangutan hair. Scott turned to a bar regular.

“Hey Bryson, do I look like a bonafide Newtownian?”

“You look like a bona fide prick.”

“Perfect!”

“Hey, you know I bartended for three years in college. I can help you out instead of James.”

“No offense, man, but James here is like Fisher Stevens, he can blend in and assume any role. Plus he’s a quick study, check it out.”

James pulled a frosty pint and then immediately shoved a banana on the rim.

“Aw, come on, man! You’re fine up until the last step! Which you don’t have to do! Here, one more time.”

Bryson rolled his eyes. Unbeknownst to Scott, June sneaked in through the back door and breaked into the office. She rifled through the security tapes and pocketed a few recent ones.

“Alright, bud, Les is going to be at the cafe any minute. I gotta run! Hey Bryson, keep an eye on this for me?”

Scott patted James on the shoulder and ran out to meet Les.

## CHAPTER 21

### **In Dreams**

June sat behind monitors scrolling through black and white footage of the bar. It was all pretty mundane until she found footage of the bar in full swing, with James drunkenly swinging around, playing sax, riding a dog, and hosing down strippers with beer. Her eyes were alight with amber flames.



## CHAPTER 22

### Night of the Scorpion

At the Peterson cafe, Les was waiting with a macchiato and a newspaper. Scott came running to the table, sweating through the blazer.

“Les! Sorry I’m late, I ran over here right after class!”

“Master Scott, a pleasure to see you!”

Les rose to give Scott a hug but then recoiled at the sight of Scott’s pit stains through his blazer. They shook hands instead.

“Forgive me if I’m mistaken, but I thought morning classes adjourned at 2:15?”

“Uh, rowing, I was rowing. I’m on the Newtown rowing team. That’s why I’m so. Moist. Love that sea brine.”

“You said you were in class?”

“Rowing class. It gets out earlier than the academic classes because of... Shower time. So, to save time, I just rowed in this. Ahh, wool!”

“Master Scott, I must be frank with you. I think we both know you haven’t been rowing. Or even going to Newtown at all for that matter. After all these years I thought you’d have a bit more respect for me than that.”

Scott realized the game was up.

“Listen, Les, I know. But James is everything to me. You knew I hated this, it’s not like either of us have a choice.”

“You’re right master Scott, neither of us wanted this. And it’s not a choice, it’s a duty to your father’s wishes! I haven’t served this family for 30 years to go back on it now, even if my last act is terminating myself from this family.”

“Believe it or not, you’re a part of this family, Les. If you want to prove your loyalty to it, prove it to the future, not the past!”

Les was silent for a while.

“Master Scott, I need to be honest with you now. I’ve made a deal...”

At this moment, the barista in the cafe turned up the volume on the TV. It showed a footage mashup

of James making a drunken mess of himself in the bar. June reported over the footage.

“Anyone heartwarmed by the silver-tongued Scott Peterson has this embarrassing footage to pair against the Zoo-Lu heir’s self-proclaimed nobility. For someone who believes in the fair treatment of animals, he sure has a twisted way of showing it.”

Video of James riding a dog like a pony flashed on the screen.

“What the hell is this, Scott?” shouted Les, angrily pointing at the TV.

Scott looked dumbfounded. Les put on his coat, threw down some cash, and stormed out.



## CHAPTER 23

# Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darling

Les burst through the door to find a bar full of dogs, flowing beer taps, broken mugs, a trash can on fire, the Professor passed out on the floor next to a banana peel, and James hurriedly making a scorpion bowl for a group of drunk sorority girls.

“Jesus Christ!” shouted Les.

Scott ran in after him.

“Les, Listen...”

“No more ‘listens,’ no more ‘buts,’ no more excuses, Scott! James is coming with me!”

Les got on the phone.

“Yes, Trelawney, I’m just around the corner from the cafe. You’ll see it, it’s the trash heap of a bar on Beech St. Cheers.”

Les hung up, and took James by the hand.

“Come on, James...”

James waddled next to Les, stumbling slightly. He looked very sad.

“And Scott, I’m working for O’Connor now. I knew this would never work. I took a bet on it. That’s what I wanted to tell you.”

“Some loyalty. I thought you owed me a bit more respect than that.”

“You don’t deserve that ace up your sleeve, Scott. Good bye. I’m sorry.”

Les and James walked out of the bar as a limo pulls up.

Scott rushed out. Les and James got in.

As the car pulled away, James looked out the back window and pointed. Scott sadly reciprocated.

## CHAPTER 24

### The Last One

Les and James entered the suite and the bellhop followed. Les gave him a tip. The bellhop adjusted his hat revealing him to be Mac Jr.

Les turned to James.

“Get yourself situated, Master James. You may not like it now, but it’s for your own good.”

James turned on the television.

Les got on the phone to order room service.

“Yes, a root beer... oh really? That’s very disappointing. I’ll have an orange crush instead. And, uh, three banana splits, bananas foster, banana cream pie, a griddle of hot dogs, five bottles of bubbly pagne...”

James flipped through channels until landing on the pilot for ORANG-U the television show. Les was muttering in the background.



## CHAPTER 25

# **Retribution (Parts 1 and 2)**

This is where we'd have inserted the Orang-U: TV Pilot. One day we'll do that. Or maybe you will.



## CHAPTER 26

# Jump Vector

Les stood in the middle of the hotel suite covered in blood. Blood was all over the walls. Mac Jr lay in a pile of broken furniture on the floor, presumably with his neck broken.

“Alright James we’re getting out of here. And keep the change, you filthy animal!”



## CHAPTER 27

### Lunatic Fringe

Scott was drinking with Bryson. The rest of the bar was deserted. They were both well into a night of sad intoxication.

“I’m America’s richest fuck-up and I don’t have a dime to my name. How sad is that?” said Scott, stumbling over some of his words.

“Hey you could be Rick Astley!”

“Don’t... don’t you get it? *sigh* I can’t believe they’re gone!”

“The Professor will pull out of it. She’s a chewy gyro; she’ll pull out of the coma.”

“What the fuck is that? And no, man, I mean James. He’s going to be locked up in some cage for the rest of his life. But yeah, on the subject, The Professor’s down for the count, Les hates me, and June... I don’t even know man.”

“You know what you need? A little cheer. Let’s crowd this place! A benefit for the prof! You’re shit poor, Professor’s bankrupt, and everybody loves you guys. Some fools need to get ready to be drunk dialed, because we’re going to collect some proceeds for the poor bastard foundation!”

A crowd and drinking montage ensued. A live band took the stage, providing the rocking score. Mid-song, the door of the bar swung open to reveal Mac Jr. with June on his arm, dressed to the nines. The music stopped.

“Mr. Peterson, I’m going to have to ask you to vacate... My bar. Your surly Professor signed over the bar to me in their brain-addled stupor. If you wouldn’t mind vacating the premises...”

A shout resounded from the entryway.

“Hey Mac Jr.! Tell O’Connor I’m going to have to decline the offer!” shouted Les, with James on his shoulders.

Scott smiled as James ran over to him.

“Les! James!”

“Oh la-di-da! Great! The bar is still mine. And so is your woman, Peterson!”

“Yeah right, let’s ditch this creep, June. June?”

“AHAHAHAHAHA!!!” screamed Mac Jr.

Mac Jr. Transformed into a 9-foot-tall DEMON, ripping out of the man’s skin. The crowd scattered as the demon started tossing chairs and tables.

“Master Scott!” shouted Les

Les was on stage and threw an electric guitar to Scott.

James was behind the drum kit, decked out in glasses, blasting out the beat to “Got My Mind Set on You.” – the two gave an affirming point to each other. Scott jumped on stage and started shredding.

The power of music destroyed the demon in a flash of sparks and meat.

The amber haze lifted from June’s eyes.

“Scott?” said June, her eyes adjusting to the light.

The rocking tune faded into an 80’s synth ballad as a halo of light encircled the reunited couple. Scott grabbed June and dips her.

“Ready for that full penetrative sex?”

“You bet!”

The two passionately kissed as the music swelled.



## CHAPTER 28

### Murder At BBQ Bob's

O'Connor had just watched Mac Jr. burst into demon flames and the vision through his daughter's eyes go black. O'Connor ripped his shirt off in anger.

"Alright, Peterson, no more Mac Jr., no more goons. No more kids to do a proper man's job."

O'Connor was very shiny with sweat. He encircled himself with candles and had drawn runes on his chest with snake blood. He was practicing martial arts in the dark. The associate, Bruce, peered into the office to say goodnight.

"Burning the midnight oil? I like that, O'Connor. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Bruce."

O'Connor went back to punching the air.



## CHAPTER 29

### Breath of the Dragon

Scott, June, and James were sitting at the bar sharing a banana split. Les stood at the bar looking proudly at the team. The bar had quieted down since the demon slaying. The lights were flickering.

“Why are the lights flickering?” asked June.

“Oh, we’re on the backup generator. We had quite the power surge.” explained Scott.

“You think it’s a blown fuse?”

“Could be a short circuit too.”

“Well, it’s kind of a nice mood-setter. Very sultry. Kind of.”

June looked at Mac Jr.’s smoldering corpse on the floor of the bar.

“We should probably clean that up.”

Scott ignored it and turned to Les.

“So Les, what made you come back? I didn’t think I was going to see either of you again.”

“Well, master Scott, I’ve always tried to be an honorable man. I felt so disgusted with myself that I’d turn tail and run to O’Connor. And you were right. It was downright shameful to honor a corrupt man’s dying wishes when I should have been supporting an idealistic man’s goals.”

Les raised his glass of champagne, toasting Scott.

“Well, that and O’Connor tried to have me offed by Mac Jr at the hotel.”

“Jesus Christ, Les! What?”

“Yeah, I thought I’d killed him with a champagne bottle to be honest...”

Les looked disgusted at his champagne flute.

“His associate too. He was a thick browed fellow, a troglodyte with a unibrow.”

“Oh, sounds like Greg. He was okay sometimes.” said June

“My apologies.” said Les

“Meh. No Love Lost” said June.

James clapped fervently.

“Anyway, perhaps that’s enough of the bubbly for me. I think I’ll have an orange cru... An Orange Crush instead.”

The gang laughed.

“But seriously... you killed two men? Wow. I mean, I guess I killed a demon, so that’s like five guys or something.”

“Yes, but with a guitar; hardly a proper mauling...”

“I also released June’s amber hex, so...”

June turned to Scott, smiling.

“OK ‘Hurricane’ Spencer. This isn’t an arm-wrestling competition. Les, I’m impressed. And you, my hero Scott, were very romantic.”

“So nice to see you’ve found a lovely respectable lady, master Scott, instead of your usual... being alone and tortured. Jerking off to JPEGs of cats.”

“They weren’t JPEGs! And I wasn’t jerking off!”

“Sorry, JPEG 2000...”

Scott tried to correct him, but Les cut him off.

Les put his arm around James’ shoulder.

“Now you, my boy. When are we going to find you a female of the species?”

The gang laughed again. Fade out.

## CHAPTER 30

### Seeing Is Believing

A few weeks later it was graduation day at Newtown College.

Scott and June were dressed up. Scott was wearing a black suit and holding a bouquet of roses. June straightened his tie.

“I know this is an emotional time for you. Are you ready?”

“I’m ready, let’s go.”

They turned to watch the graduation ceremony. Dean Gaffney was on the stage presenting the commencement.

“Perforia Ozark, Dan Parker, and, it is my distinct honor to christen the legacy of Newtown with the nations first ever interspecial graduate. Graduating with magna cum laude, and sometimes a little too loudly!... James Peterson!”

The crowd cheered, throwing their caps in the air. The air was full of tassels, flowers, and shouts of glee as the new graduates carried James on their shoulders.

“Um, there’s still more. Jillian Robespierre, Germaine Stetson, Dack Treadwell...”

No one was paying attention to the Dean, they were still cheering James. Until the Dean was riddled with arrows on stage. The screaming crowd parted to reveal O’Connor, buff, sweaty, topless, blood-painted with runes, wearing a python head necklace, and holding a bow and arrow. He had feathers inserted into his scalp.

“Oh my God, dad!”

“June, step away from that filth. Peterson, grab your fucking monkey!”

O’Connor pulled the string back on his bow.

“Dad, this is crazy what are you doing?!”

June ran towards her dad. He karate kicked her.

“Grab your monkey, Peterson! I’m taking you both down, right here!”

Scott was about to charge. O’Connor gripped his bow. The string squeaked. He was about to fire.

At the last moment, a crutch bashed O'Connor over the head. He let the arrow fly and it found its target in Dean Gaffney's chest.

O'Connor fell to the ground as the crutch's holder stood triumphantly behind him. The Professor continued to savagely beat O'Connor's body.

Scott helped June to her feet.

"Professor! You're alright! you made it."

"Wouldn't miss this for anything!"

June and James gathered around Scott.

"Hey, it looks like the Professor's got some catching up to do. What do you say we get out of here, champ?"

James clapped.



## CHAPTER 31

# Warring Factions

James, Scott and June played mini golf in a choppy 90's era montage replete with hip hop beat. The gang ate Italian ice, high five, make some zany putts, and roller blade. The montage was abruptly cut short when O'Connor lunged out of the pond and grabbed James by the leg. The team beat O'Connor with golf clubs.

O'Connor wouldn't let go. Scott lunged at him and grabbed him by the neck. O'Connor released his grip. He was now completely submerged as Scott strangled him.

The splashing stopped and O'Connor's claw of a hand slowly sank to the bottom of the man-made mini golf pond. Some onlookers watched in silent horror. Scott pulled his hands out of the water and all he was holding was the amber eyed python talisman. He looked up at June.

“June, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay. We didn’t really get along. Plus I thought the Professor killed him this morning, so it’s really not a big deal.”

“You sure you’re not mad?”

“No, silly. Let’s get Italian ice!”

James clapped.

At the counter, Scott placed the order.

“Hey could we get four Italian ices? Two cherry and two banana for the big guy here.”

The Italian ice/golf man eyed Scott awkwardly.

“Sure”

“Oh and, at the bottom of your lake, there’s . . .”

“Yeah I saw.”

The lake was only about 5 metres/15 feet away from the concession stand.

“He . . . He’s been trying to kill us. It’s her dad too!” said Scott, pointing at June.

“Don’t worry about it, folks. That’s one of the suits from Macmillan, right? They’ve been threatening to shut us down and open a resort here for the last 8 years. Honestly couldn’t give a hoot.”

“Wow, that’s very convenient. Oh, and can I leave these with you? Sorry.”

Scott put three bloody golf clubs on the counter.

“Hey, no sweat. You guys can take those ices too. On the house.”

“You’re the most chill Golf Man I’ve ever met.”

“Golf Man winks and points at the gang. Scott nudges James.”

“Hey, I like your style!”

They all pointed at each other and the gang roller bladed off, eating sweet cold Italian ice.

Fade.



## CHAPTER 32

### Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves

Scott and June were walking alone. The sky was pitch black.

“This feels like the end of the world.” said June.

“Sometimes I think it may as well be. Sometimes when I think about the world, it doesn’t make sense. Lately, things have been so crazy – so flashed with brilliance that I wonder if things are ever going to be same again. But it scares me.”

“What scares you?”

“My father made his millions from some awful things. I’m scared I’m going to wind up like him.”

“You can change things, Scott – you’ve already changed so much.”

“I’ve been thinking, maybe I need to get away from Boston for a while, go away. Get some perspective.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Do you think you’d want to come?”

June laughed.

“Just where were you thinking of going, exactly?”

“Well, I need to go Seattle – sign some stuff, but then who knows. We can keep traveling until the money runs out, I guess.”

“But, what about Zoo-Lu?”

“I’m giving it away. I’m tired of this monkey business.”

“Monkey bus... you gave it to James?!” exclaimed June

“Not yet, but I’m going to – I looked into it, there’s actually nothing preventing it. Some loophole in the bylaws of the company or something.”

June hesitated.

“This all sounds amazing, but I’m worried you’re rushing into this – what will you do in six months or a year from now?”

“Well, I have been working on something, and James agreed to fund this new division of Zoo-Lu...”

“What is it?”

“You know what Les said the other day?”

“About you jerking off to cat photos?”

“Right, I wasn’t!”

“It’s okay, I believe you. . .”

“No, really. I was working on this. . . you see zoo’s are only problematic because they keep animals captive. What if animals could be in their natural environment, but yet ever present for all of the world’s children?”

“I don’t understand.. like a live video feed or something?”

“Let me show you.”

Scott turned on the Ghost Emulator.

A brilliantly real solid 3D image of a series of magnificent beasts appeared in front of him.

“With this, I can recreate a virtual, 3d model of any animal on the planet – recreated from the dead. I can show the children of the world any animal, all the animals. And all the people who studied them too, bring them back to life for a short while at least. The dead animals can stay around a lot longer than humans.”

Scott switched the Ghost Emulator to his father. He appeared static and loud, audio distorted like

a bunch of tortured souls trying to escape all at once.

“HELLO SCOTT, HELLO JUNE. IT’S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU.”

June shuddered.

“He can see me?”

“No, but let’s just pretend.”

June and Scott walked in front of the image, and looked up at the distorted static, black and white photo of a man.

“I AM TRULY SORRY FOR ALL OF THE BAD THINGS I DID IN MY LIFE, SCOTT. I LEFT YOU WITH A LEGACY OF EVIL, RATHER THAN A LEGACY YOU COULD BE PROUD OF. I HATED MYSELF FOR WHAT I BECAME, AND WITH HATRED COMES A SPIRAL INTO DEPRESSION. I LET MY GUARD DOWN, STUMBLED INTO THE REALM OF THE POACHER AND THE HUNTER...”

Scott cut him off.

“Became the hunted.”

“I KNOW YOUR EMULATION OF HUMANS IS BRIEF RIGHT NOW, SO I WILL KEEP

IT QUICK. I THINK YOU ARE DOING THE RIGHT THING BY GIVING ZOO-LU TO JAMES. I WAS READING HIS REPORT CARD ONLINE – I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY GAVE HIM AN HONORARY DOCTORATE! IT JUST SHOWS THAT EXPOSING INJUSTICE IN THIS WORLD IS STILL THE RIGHT THING TO DO – I AM PROUD OF ALL OF YOU.”

Jefferson began to fade out.

June held Scott's arm.

“Scott?”

“The signal is very weak. I can feel it is ending. Something is wrong.”

“GOODBYE SCOTT. I LOVE YOU. I AM A MAN. WHAT IS MANNNNNNNNNNNNN.....”

Scott screamed.

Jefferson faded away.

“We lost him. He is gone forever.”

June held Scott.

Fade to black.



## CHAPTER 33

# Lord Bird And The Crystal Ziggurat

Meanwhile, in Seattle...

A series of executives are running around a busy office. Phones are chattering, the boss has his chair back to the camera.

Ross Mackelvoy is frantically trying to keep his calm.

“Um... Mr. Peterson? The dignitaries from the ivory coast have just arrived, sir.”

James spins around in his chair, he is wearing an ‘Newtown’ sweater... on his desk, a newspaper clipping titled “ORANG-U” is visible.

The camera pans to reveal two other ORANGUTANS, implying they are his relatives of some kind.

FADE TO BLACK.



## CHAPTER 34

# Reunion

Back on the bridge, many hours later. Scott and June still there. Scott was fiddling with the ghost emulator.

Scott stepped back, excitedly.

“Hold on a sec, there’s a new transmission.”

Out of the emulator emerged a ghost of a tennis player, covered in blood.

June screamed.

“Who the hell is that?”

She turned to Scott for answers, but Scott was busy eating Altoids.

Scott shrugged.

FIN.



## CHAPTER 35

### **Orang-U: The Pilot**

This an episode of the Orang-U show that appears in the middle of the episode. It explores a different version of the movie.

In the TV show, JAMES is an Orangutan at college but everyone is okay with it. SCOTT is also at college and in classes with JAMES. The character of JUNE is called JENNIFER and is SCOTT's girlfriend from the very start. There is another girl, called BECKY who is a nerd who likes JAMES but SCOTT relentlessly mocks her. There's also a guy called DUSTIN who is English and gross, he lives across the hall from SCOTT and JAMES and isn't a student. THE PROFESSOR is a fun guy a la Mr. Belding.

All writing and producer credits are fictitious. The piece is a satire of sitcoms and TV spin-offs of movies.

JAMES turns on the TV and sits down to watch.  
A commercial is running.

COMMERCIAL (v/o)

Tonight on Channel 7, GARY  
BLANKENFORK is a shapeshifting  
crime fighter, in ASIAN CHRIST.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

A man yelling in an Applebees.

ASIAN CHRIST  
I JUST WANT TO PERSUE MY  
INTEREST OF CERAMICS!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY

SCOTT  
JAMES! Wake up!

JAMES is asleep. He is wearing  
shades and a long fashionable

t-shirt.

SCOTT

You don't want to be late again!

THE PROFESSOR

said he'd kill me  
if we're late again!

JAMES wakes up. Huge yawn.

Camera pans out to reveal their  
apartment is a huge shithole.

SCOTT

(to camera)

Hi... my name is SCOTT, and  
that's my best buddy  
JAMES. We're juniors at  
NEWTOWN College in  
Boston.. things have been  
pretty crazy for us since we  
moved here from San  
Francisco. Let me tell you  
all about it.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

SCOTT and JAMES are brushing  
their teeth.

SCOTT

See, I didn't want the typical  
college experience... so I  
brought my pet Orangutan,  
JAMES. We live  
together... excuse the mess!

(SCOTT laughs)

INTRO SEQUENCE with heavy rock  
soundtrack

Based on the movie 'ORANG U 1:  
An Ape Goes to College' by Matt  
Lee, Ryan Dougherty

Based on characters created by  
Matt Lee, Ryan Dougherty, Donald  
Robertson and Steven DuBois

V/O

Billionaire maverick, SCOTT  
PETERSON, heir to his father's  
legacy and playboy lifestyle,

settling into a couple years  
hard study at the world-renowned  
NEWTOWN College, in  
Boston. SCOTT plays hard and  
studies hard and spends hard and  
drinks hard and can bench like  
200 lbs, bro.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

PROFESSOR

Mr. PETERSON, perhaps  
you can tell me: what are the  
properties of a mammal that make  
it distinctly mammalian?

SCOTT  
is asleep.

STUDENT

SCOTT! (he nudges  
SCOTT)

SCOTT  
wakes up.

SCOTT  
Er... what?

Everybody laughs.

THE PROFESSOR

Thanks to

MR. PETERSON here, we're going  
to have a test tomorrow.

Class groans.

SCOTT

I thought this was English  
class! Aw, geez.

THE PROFESSOR

You didn't have  
any plans tonight, did you,  
SCOTT?

SCOTT

Plans? No.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

JAMES is dancing on the bar  
playing a saxaphone.

DUSTIN

Hey JAMES -- get  
down.... and help me finish this  
level!

DUSTIN

is playing a NINTENDO  
game (Mickey's Adventures in  
Numberland)

JAMES

(dubbed)

Sure, why not?

JAMES grabs the controller,  
causing the game to freeze on  
Black Pluto.

DUSTIN

Aw, geez.

(A fax machine clicks on. A fax  
arrives.)

Get that for me, JAMES!

JAMES grabs the fax and brings  
it over.

The fax says "EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, ALL APES ARE BANNED FROM CAMPUS. SIGNED, ADAM TROPE, THE DEAN OF LEARNING."

DUSTIN

Aw, geez... SCOTT... you'd better see this!

SCOTT

Damnit. It's probably the parties, guys!

DUSTIN

Maybe we should only go out every \*other\* night?

SCOTT

Nah, we just need to be smart about it. DUSTIN, can you get us some coffee?

DUSTIN

Sure thing boss.

SCOTT

I have to finish this stupid paper. If I flunk this

test tomorrow, I don't know what  
I can do.

JENNIFER enters.

JENNIFER

Same thing you always  
do, SCOTT -- pay some nerd to do  
it for you!

SCOTT

Good point. Let me call  
that nerd chick in my math  
class.

JENNIFER acts jealous.

DUSTIN

BECKY? Get her over  
here...

SCOTT

No way!

DUSTIN

Free drinks! (Dustin  
smells his armpit) Eww. (He  
goes to wash)

SCOTT

Ugh. Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. LATER

BECKY

(sips a beer) So, finally

SCOTT

PETERSON needs me, eh?

SCOTT

Right, sure.

BECKY

You're such a dick to me,  
like all the time. I'm only  
doing this because of DUSTIN,  
and well... JAMES. (She smiles  
at JAMES)

JAMES OK.

SCOTT

OK (points at JAMES) -- I  
need to understand this stupid  
science stuff.

BECKY

Well, first of all --  
it's not stupid. It's just  
science. It's easy.

CUT TO:

SCIENCE MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING.

SCOTT

and BECKY wake up on the  
couch.

BECKY

Ugh.

SCOTT

Oh wow. Awkward.

BECKY

You're telling me!

DUSTIN

appears from under a

blanket on the chair

DUSTIN

Don't worry, nothing  
happened. You passed out from  
learning, JAMES and I didn't  
want to disturb you.

BECKY

JAMES! Where is he?

DUSTIN

Oh, he went in  
early. He's working on a new  
art project.

INT. COLLEGE. MORNING

JAMES is working on an art  
project, a quick flash of  
orange is seen. He is grabbed  
by security and thrown out of  
the school.

INT. COLLEGE. MORNING

SCOTT

is about to take his  
test.

PROFESSOR Thank you all for getting here so early. Mr PETERSON, I am very happy to see you looking so well rested. Let's hope you didn't just sleep all night in some disgusting bar and actually spent some time studying for this test. There are 45 questions, you have one hour. Good luck.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. DAY

BECKY  
and DUSTIN are playing video games.

DUSTIN  
I don't really see why you hate SCOTT.

BECKY  
You don't see it at all?  
He's just a rich kid and a

tool.

DUSTIN

I like him!

BECKY

You like him because he  
lets you hang out and eat his  
food and play all his video  
games...

DUSTIN

Well, yeah. Duh.

BECKY

Fair enough. He does  
have a lot of video games.

DUSTIN

You're not worried  
about JENNIFER getting jealous  
of you?

BECKY

I like JAMES, and well,  
you're alright. I don't have  
any aspirations on SCOTT  
PETERSON, she's welcome to  
him. Pity the fool.

DUSTIN

Wanna watch The A-Team  
and eat nachos?

BECKY

Fuck yes.

DUSTIN

Actually, we can't say  
fuck here...

BECKY

In SCOTT's apartment?

DUSTIN

No, on network TV.

BECKY

Sorry, I was  
mistaken. Shall we take an  
ad-break to make up for it?

DUSTIN

Yes, keep the sponsors  
happy.

AD BREAK

(A regular looking ad comes on, but is quickly changed to another channel)

V/O

In the cold dark streets of Boston, exists a special department of the police force. Solving the crimes that nobody wants to solve... this is ALTOIDS LAW.

INT. POLICE STATION. EVENING

DETECTIVE CURTIS and CHIEF WILSON are talking.

WILSON

Rough night, huh?

CURTIS

I'll say. Crime everywhere. Another tennis player slain. I just don't understand it. Why would a serial killer attack tennis players?

WILSON

Somethings are just  
meant to never be understood.

Another detective enters.

MORRIS

Sir, a call just came  
in. You'd better get down to  
the warehouse district  
immediately.

WILSON

Murder?

MORRIS

Afraid so.

WILSON

Okay, CURTIS, you come  
with me... oh and MORRIS,  
you'd better get me another  
can, this one's almost  
dry. (Shakes can)

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. EVENING.

DET. CURTIS and CHIEF WILSON  
show up. A detective is

waiting for them.

CURTIS

Looks like the medical  
guys already got here and  
removed the body!

A 'chalk' outline of a man is  
on the ground, made of  
ALTOIDS.

They approach the detective,  
who is sucking on an Altoid.

WILSON

(crunching on Altoids)  
What we got here?

SUMNER

John Doe. mid 40s. No  
ID on him.

CURTIS

Crap.

CURTIS checks his pockets for  
Altoids, he doesn't have  
any. WILSON notices and opens  
a can, offers them to him. He

takes a lot, throws them all into his mouth at once. Nobody mentions it or refers to it. The conversation continues.

WILSON  
(still crunching)

Okay, get me an APB out. Seal off the block, start talking to anyone who may have been something.

SUMNER  
Yeah, just one witness we found so far. The lady who called it in. She runs the kiosk

CURTIS  
Okay, let's talk to her.

WILSON and CURTIS walk over to the kiosk.

CUT TO:

JAMES clicks back to Orang-U  
in the middle of a  
conversation

INT. BAR. DAY

SCOTT is talking, we come back  
in the very end of his  
passionate speech

SCOTT

...and they blame JAMES,  
apparently.

JENNIFER

It doesn't make any  
sense at all whatsoever. JAMES  
is a star pupil.

BECKY

JAMES is one of the best  
students at NEWTOWN!

DUSTIN

We need to do  
something, we can't let JAMES  
down... by the way, where is  
he? He should be here by  
now...

CUT TO:

JAMES is dancing on the bar  
playing a saxaphone.

DUSTIN

Oh, there he is.

SCOTT

We need a plan, a plan  
to get back at the college.

BECKY

Didn't your dad buy them  
a building or something? Maybe  
you can just pay them to go  
away.

SCOTT

Firstly, my dad is dead,  
and the building was a  
memorial to him. And secondly,  
I am not my father, and I  
don't buy my way out of  
problems -- even if I had the  
money, which I don't.

JENNIFER

What is she even  
doing here anyway?!

DUSTIN

She's my friend, and a  
friend of JAMES... and she  
helped SCOTT here pass his  
zoology exam and stay in  
school.

SCOTT

Yeah, she's  
okay... besides, we need all  
the help we can get if we're  
going to convince the DEAN  
that JAMES is okay.

JENNIFER

Well, what can \*I\* do?

DUSTIN

We need you to get the  
news on the airwaves! You're  
still the most popular show on  
WNTN, the student radio  
station right?

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION. NIGHT

A song is fading out.

JENNIFER

That was GROTBAGS  
with DREAMING ABOUT  
CAMBRIDGE. Up next, we're  
going to blow the roof off a  
huge scandal that's breaking  
over at NEWTOWN. Many of you  
will have heard the news that  
in the last few days, all apes  
have been banned from  
campus. This comes as a shock  
to many, who were friends to  
students such as JAMES  
PETERSON who is now unable to  
attend classes and is forced  
to survive purely from the  
money from his saxophone  
shows. Joining us live in the  
studio are DUSTIN JONES and  
BECKY

WILLIAMS, two close  
friends of JAMES PETERSON, and  
to state the case of NEWTOWN,  
we have the DEAN OF LEARNING,  
ADAM TROPE. DEAN TROPE,

perhaps you can start by  
telling us a little about the  
ban?

TROPE

Certainly, JENNIFER, and  
can I just say how pleased I  
am that we're having this  
discussion right here on WNTN?  
As a young jock myself back in  
the 60s, I think student radio  
is a vital resource for  
college students. But on to  
the matter at hand... you will  
no doubt be aware that NEWTOWN  
prides itself on being a  
campus that has historically  
been open to new ideas. When  
JEFFERSON PETERSON passed and  
his son SCOTT agreed to  
attend, we agreed to certain  
concessions, including the  
admission of his pet  
orangutan, JAMES. This opened  
the gates to many students  
enrolling with their own pet  
apes, and now we have  
something of an ape problem on  
campus. The corridors are

overrun by gibbons... it's  
like an ANIMAL HOUSE in here.

JENNIFER  
Ape problem?

TROPE  
In short, there have  
been a series of thefts on  
campus and we are reluctant to  
believe that NEWTOWN students  
would carry out these crimes.

DUSTIN  
(cuts in) So, you're  
just going to blame JAMES?

BECKY  
That's completely  
reactionary! Show us some  
evidence linking a single ape  
to any of these crimes!

TROPE  
While I admit we have no  
solid evidence on this, I have  
to say that I find it hardly  
surprising that you are all  
leaping to his defence -- you

are of course, the best friends of SCOTT PETERSON, are you not? In fact, I believe MS. O'CONNOR is romantically involved with MR. PETERSON, and MR. JONES works for MR. PETERSON? I am disappointed to see an honor student such as MS. WILLIAMS here though.

JENNIFER

(with her hand over the microphone) You jerk! This is not about my relationship.

TROPE

Further, I'd say that this whole situation has been little more than payola for PETERSON and his ZOO-LU company! And as you know, that kind of thing cannot be tolerated here on WNTN. It is my unpleasant duty to say that effectively immediately, this show and your time here on WNTN is over, JENNIFER.

JENNIFER  
Noooooooo!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

SCOTT  
is in the bar listening  
to the broadcast.

SCOTT  
Aw, geez!

SCOTT slaps his head.

CUT TO:

AD BREAK

(A regular looking ad comes  
on, but is quickly changed to  
another channel by JAMES)

INT. OFFICE. DAY

MAN  
The Slackjaw Five? Get out

of here!

Camera pulls out to reveal a group of men dressed as pirates carrying instruments.

JAMES changes the channel again.

INT. POLICE STATION. EVENING

An interrogation is underway. There is a large communal pile of ALTOIDS in the middle of the table.

HOOK

So, let me get this straight... you were just 'hanging out' in the warehouse district?

PERP

That's right.

HOOK

Doing what, may I ask?

PERP

I was looking for Roy!

CURTIS

Roy who?

PERP

Roy Jenkins... the  
badminton player.

HOOK (to CURTIS) Badminton?

CURTIS (to HOOK) You think  
this Jenkins character is our  
killer.. or our victim?

HOOK

Where's Jenkins now?

PERP

That's the thing, I went  
to meet him, but he never  
showed up.

CURTIS

And you never thought  
to report this to the police?

PERP

Well, he goes missing a

lot. Badminton is a sport  
cloaked in mystery.

HOOK

Well, that's certainly  
true. But that's not much of  
an alibi for you, is it?

PERP

I guess not.

HOOK

(on intercom)

Get someone  
in here to lock this guy up.

HOOK

We'll keep you here  
overnight, for your own  
safety.

PERP grabs a handful of  
ALTOIDS. HOOK grabs a bigger  
handful. They both have a  
'crunch off'.

PERP stands up and is led out  
of the room. In the corridor  
is a bench with a man dressed

as a dog sitting, eating a can  
of ALTOIDS with a spoon.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. DAY

SCOTT and DUSTIN are sitting  
around. JAMES is drinking a  
beer.

SCOTT

That was a total  
disaster. Now with JENNIFER  
off the airwaves, who is going  
to get our message out there?

DUSTIN

What if we held a  
contest, here at the bar?

SCOTT

What kind of contest?

DUSTIN

Like a jam  
session. Invite a bunch of  
local musicians to play with  
JAMES?

SCOTT

Nah. But how about if  
JAMES could find some way to  
show how responsible he was?

DUSTIN

Right, but he can't go  
to college... maybe he could  
become a volunteer?

SCOTT

Volunteering is a great  
way to showcase your skills  
and abilities.

DUSTIN

A volunteer what  
though? I think we can all  
agree that he'd make a lousy  
volunteer firefighter or  
police officer.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. DAY

JAMES is wearing an pair of

swimming trunks.

SCOTT  
Volunteer what?

DUSTIN  
Volunteer lifeguard.

SCOTT  
And where will JAMES do  
all of this volunteer  
lifeguard work?

DUSTIN  
At the er... beach?

SCOTT  
The beach, right. Boston  
is not really known for its  
beaches.

DUSTIN  
True.

SCOTT  
What if we dress him up  
like a human and sneak him  
into college? Might work...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY

JAMES, SCOTT and DUSTIN are thrown out of the building.

DUSTIN

What next?

SCOTT

I have an idea!

SCOTT huddles in to mumble to JAMES and DUSTIN.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

SCOTT is talking to the group. JENNIFER and BECKY are sitting together now, as friends.

SCOTT

So that's the plan. What do you think?

BECKY

I like it!

JENNIFER

I'm in too!

DUSTIN

You two seem  
friendlier...

JENNIFER

Yeah, now I've been  
cast out of my radio show, I  
decided it was time to bury  
the hatchet with BECKY.

BECKY

Yep, and I realized  
we're not so different after  
all... after all, we both  
think SCOTT is annoying!

EVERYONE laughs.

JAMES stands up and walks over  
to the piano. (There's a  
piano)

SCOTT

I think we need more  
than just us, we need an army!

DUSTIN

I'll recruit some of  
the regulars from the bar.

BECKY

I can get all my science  
friends to come!

JENNIFER

A lot of the radio  
station guys want to help  
too. They're fed up of the  
DEAN.

JAMES hits all the keys at  
once.

SCOTT

What is it JAMES? Do you  
wa...

JAMES cuts him off.

JAMES

(v/o)

I JUST WANT TO

THANK YOU ALL.

BECKY

Aww!

BECKY

gets up and hugs JAMES.

SCOTT

So that's settled then?

Wednesday at 7am sharp.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER. DAY

SCOTT

So what's this?

DUSTIN

A helicopter.

SCOTT

And what's it for?

DUSTIN

Let me show you...

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. DAY

The helicopter enters via the window. We see a small magnet on the bottom and it collects the keys from the desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER. DAY

SCOTT is amazed.

SCOTT

Wait, these are the keys  
to the whole college?

DUSTIN

Uh-huh.

SCOTT

Amazing!

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE CLUB. NIGHT

BECKY

is preparing the gang.

BECKY

Is everything ready?

NERD 1

Yes, BECKY.

NERD 2

I have calculated the  
exact trajectory for an  
optimal landing.

BECKY

Perfect. And the other  
thing?

NERD 1

Also taken care of.

BECKY

If we pull this off, you  
guys won't have to worry about  
anything for a while.

NERD 1

Great!

NERD 2

Great!

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION. NIGHT

JENNIFER  
is addressing the  
jocks. (Disc jockeys)

JOCK 1  
I just don't think we  
have the power to broadcast at  
that level.

JENNIFER  
Isn't there something  
you guys can do?

JOCK 2  
We'd need to get into  
the broadcast tower, and we  
don't have that level of  
access.

JENNIFER  
What if I told you I  
had the keys to every building  
on campus?

JOCK 1

I'd say you were  
lying. Only the DEAN has those  
kind of keys, and he keeps  
them safe in his office.

JENNIFER

And if I told you we  
flew a helicopter through his  
window?

JOCK 1

I'd say we can start  
right away!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

DUSTIN is getting the supplies  
ready.

SCOTT

Everything looking good?

DUSTIN

Things are all set.

SCOTT

Okay, tomorrow at 7.

DUSTIN

Tomorrow at 7.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY

It is early morning in NEWTOWN COLLEGE. SCOTT, DUSTIN, BECKY and JENNIFER are waiting around near the college.

SCOTT

Okay, its time.

DUSTIN

Wow. Okay.

SCOTT

Not going to bail on me,  
right dude?

DUSTIN

Not at all man.

BECKY

Where the hell are my  
guys!?

JENNIFER

Here they come now...

In the distance, a swarm of  
nerds, radio jocks, barflies  
and artists can be seen. As  
they approach, its clear there  
are dozens of people.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY

SCOTT  
is standing on a  
podium. We see him from  
behind.

SCOTT  
Today we stand up for  
the animals of NEWTOWN, today  
we take a stand against  
oppression!

The camera pans around to  
reveal SCOTT has painted his

face like an orangutan. As the camera pans out to the crowd, everyone else has done the same.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE TALL  
BUILDING. DAY

DEAN  
(over radio)  
Okay, get  
ready. They're coming.

SNIPER  
I see them.

DEAN  
Do you see the orangutan?

SNIPER  
Er.. they're all  
orangutans!

DEAN  
WHATTTTTT?!

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY

SCOTT is front and center of  
the mob

SCOTT

Have you seen JAMES?

DUSTIN

He went to collect his  
art project...

CUT TO:

INT. TALL BUILDING. DAY

DEAN

(over radio)

I think I  
just saw him enter the art  
block.

SNIPER

Roger that.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION. DAY

JENNIFER is on the radio.

JENNIFER

This is JENNIFER  
O'CONNOR, back with you on  
WNTN. I'm happy to announce  
that effective immediately, my  
show is back on the air, and  
broadcasting all over DEAN  
TROPE's plans.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE. DAY

DEAN is on the radio.

DEAN

Hello? Hello!?  
Damnit.. they must be blocking  
the signal. Well, I'll not  
settle for this...

The DEAN grabs his handgun and  
charges out of his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY

DUSTIN

Hey SCOTT man... I just  
got word from JENNIFER that  
there's a SNIPER up there. Be  
careful!

SCOTT

Where are BECKY and her  
boys?!

BECKY

whistles across the  
plaza.

BECKY

Okay guys, let them have  
it!

Suddenly, dozens of bright  
flashes scurry across the  
plaza. Blinding to anyone  
looking down from above.

CUT TO:

INT. TALL BUILDING. DAY

SNIPER is blinded by the  
flashes.

SNIPER  
AAAAAAA!

The SNIPER drops his gun and  
falls back into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIN BUILDING. DAY

DEAN is ready to fire. He  
spots JAMES.

DEAN  
Enough is enough  
JAMES... it's closing time at  
the zoo!

He fires the gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY

JAMES is hit by gunfire, he  
goes down and there is a lot

of blood.

SCOTT

Noooooooooooo!!!!!!

DUSTIN

Oh my god!

BECKY

JAAAAAAMESSSSS!!!!

We see JAMES bloody and lying  
in a heap.

SCOTT, DUSTIN and BECKY run  
over, screaming.

SCOTT

Aw, geez!

SCOTT looks up to see the  
DEAN, reloading, and then from  
the corner of his eye, he sees  
JAMES sneaking up behind the  
dean with a saxophone. Before  
he can do anything, JAMES  
blasts the sax, causing the  
DEAN to losing his footing,  
slip and fall off the edge of

the building, and fall to his death.

We see the DEAN lying in a pile of blood and bones.

SCOTT flips the 'dead JAMES' over and sees that it is a model on a remote controlled helicopter.

SCOTT points at JAMES, JAMES points SCOTT.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Party Montage.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. NIGHT

SCOTT

(to camera) That was a pretty crazy adventure, eh?  
Hey, where's JAMES?

JAMES is dancing on the bar  
playing a saxaphone.

SCOTT, BECKY, DUSTIN and  
JENNIFER are all laughing.

Shot of JAMES who gives a  
THUMBS UP.

> THE END <

FADE TO BLACK. CREDITS.

We see the credits for a moment, then the action cuts back to movie JAMES.



## CHAPTER 36

# Orang-U: What Might Have Been

Here are some early notes and scenes written in 2012 that show some of the initial thinking about the movie.

### **Plot of the movie:**

- Rich kid buys his way into college. Takes a monkey. (0-5 mins)
- The rich kid never intended to go to college, but rather used that as a reason to get out of home. He intends to go to Boston and work. (5-25)
- The monkey is sent to college instead. Lots of hijinks. (25-40)
- rich kid works in a bar, the monkey befriends a group of nerds and forms a band. they play at the rich kid's bar. (40-)

- rich kid's bar owner dies. the police don't do much to investigate. the monkey and his nerd friends sleuth the fuck out of it and solve the murder. (50-)
- they play a benefit gig at the bar, which the rich kid runs. (80-)
- movie ends. (90)

\*\* Casting for ORANG-U \*\*

- I really think we should just get Bob Call in an ill-fitting ape outfit to play JAMES.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT. DAY

Two men are seated having  
lunch. One of them is young and  
eccentrically dressed, the other  
is older and smartly dressed.

SAUNDERS

...And you're telling me  
that's it? Seventy-K and I'm  
in?

WALES

That's just to get in. Then of  
course, there's tuition,  
accomodation, meals...

SAUNDERS

(interjecting)

Sure. Sure. No problem. I'll have someone from the company mail you a check...

WALES

Well, in situations like this, I prefer cash...

SAUNDERS

Of course you do, old man. Of course you do...

(opens a briefcase full of cash)

WALES

Welcome to Harvard.

SAUNDERS

Mind if I bring a friend?

WALES

Of course not, sir.

EXT. DAY

SAUNDERS

Get everything ready. We're

taking a road-trip...

BUTLER

A road trip, sir? To where?

SAUNDERS

Boston. I'm finally putting  
the old man's money to good  
use and heading off to  
college.

BUTLER

Oh, that is good news  
sir. When do you leave?

SAUNDERS

I want to be there by the  
morning.

BUTLER

Sir may I ask.... why aren't  
you flying to Boston?

SAUNDERS

Oh, I'm taking JAMES with me.

BUTLER

To Harvard?!

SAUNDERS

Sure. Old man WALES said it would be no problem... and I already paid him his bribe, sooo...

BUTLER

Very well, sir. I'll have the help get MASTER JAMES ready...

SAUNDERS

College. Here we come!



## CHAPTER 37

### About the chapter titles

- “High Stakes” is both a TV movie from 1997 starring Cynthia Gibb who’ll always be Sandy Banatoni to me and an episode of *Manimal*.
- “Illusion”, “Scrimshaw”, “Breath of the Dragon”, “Night of The Beast” and “Night of the Scorpion” are episodes of *Manimal*.
- “Female of the Species” is also an episode of *Manimal*. The same episode is later reused as “Endangered Species” in both *The Wizard* and *Thunder in Paradise*. Props to Michael Berk and Douglas Schwartz for pulling that off. You’re a huge inspiration to Ryan and I.
- “Born to Run”, “Nobody’s Perfect”, “Reunion”, “Seeing is Believing”, “The Heart

of a Dancer” and “Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves” are episodes of The Wizard.

- “Screwed and Chopped”, “North by Northwestern”, “Transplant”, “Death of an Angel”, “Kill the Buddha”, “Jump Vector”, “Go Like You Know”, “Diamonds Aren’t Forever”, “Lunatic Fringe” and “Jump Vector” are all taken from the TV adaptation of *The Net* – I should say that I’ve never seen anything past episode 10, which is the last episode starring Tim Curry as the Sorcerer. I suggest you don’t watch beyond that either. Oh and look out for Lenni’s dad from *Ghostwriter* in episode 10.
- “Moonbase: Porky’s” is the name of a script outline I wrote at some point in the late 90s and later revisited as “Ruskin CyberDog 2349” at some point in the early 2000s with Mark Stephenson, as ideas for shows we’d make instead of our detective parody, Chancer. We never made that either, but the band “furny” (with myself and Mark Cousens, and occasionally Vikki Crowe) releases things as “Horsley Sound Record Company” after “Captain Horsley” from the Chancer

scripts, which is a real person Mark once met, I think.

- “Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darling” is the title of an episode of *The Prisoner* and very good it is too. Do watch them all in order though.
- “Retribution” is a two-part episode of *Diagnosis Murder* and “Murder at BBQ Bob’s” is a single episode. Lee Goldberg and William Rabkin writer/producers of *Diagnosis Murder* are a huge inspiration too. Their love of TV parody influenced much of this.
- “Lord Bird and the Crystal Ziggurat” is a comic book written by Matt Lee and Ryan Dougherty. In the movie, *Orang-U: An Ape Goes To College*, James wears a *Lord Bird* t-shirt. Currently being adapted into the third Orang-U movie.
- “The Last One” is appropriately the name of the final episode of *St. Elsewhere* which if you’ve ever seen it, is a marvelous thing indeed. Its the final episode that all final episodes want to be. In recent time both *30 Rock* and *Community* have alluded to it, and we allude to it a plenty in *Orang-U*,

and more-so in *Lord Bird*. The final episode ends with the death of a major character and then a cut away to reveal that the character who died is actually the father of a central character and thus the grandfather of his autistic son Tommy. Rather than working as a doctor, Tommy's father works hard in a construction job, while Tommy and his grandfather stay at home. Tommy is playing with a toy, which is revealed to be a snowglobe containing a replica of the hospital. This leads to the interpretation that the show, its characters and events are figments of the mind of Tommy. However, given that many shows has characters and settings crossover with *St. Elsewhere*, one can reach the natural conclusion that the vast majority of television and film exist purely in the mind of a young boy. We live inside a dream.

## CHAPTER 38

# Acknowledgments

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-

# ORANG-U

## AN APE GOES TO COLLEGE



by:

Matt Lee and  
Ryan Dougherty

additional

material:

Donald Robertson  
Steven DuBois  
Mark Cousens

based on an

original idea by:

Matt Lee  
Donald Robertson  
Steven DuBois



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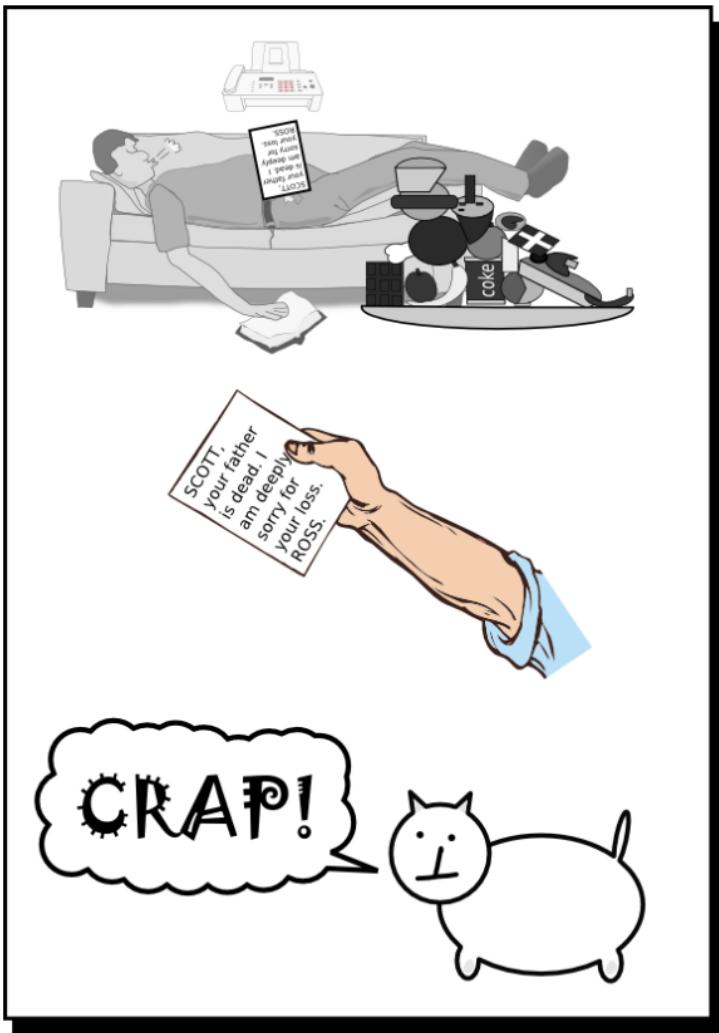


FIGURE 2. An early attempt at  
storyboarding. Attitude Cat (c)  
Matt Lee 2007

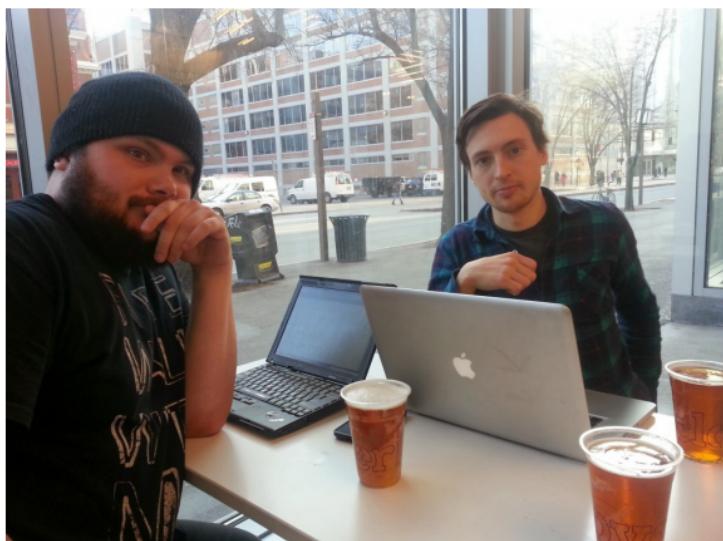


FIGURE 3. Matt and Ryan working on the script, March 2015

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## OUR AMAZING TEAM

*Look at our shiny faces.*



**Matt Lee**  
Writer/Director, Orang-U



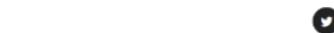
**Ryan Dougherty**  
Writer/Producer, Orang-U



**Rob Myers**  
Producer, Orang-U



**Donald Robertson**  
Producer, Orang-U



**Steven DuBois**  
Producer, Orang-U



**Mark Cousins**  
Producer, Orang-U



**Mark Stephenson**  
Producer, Orang-U

FIGURE 5. The Gang



FIGURE 6. Cast and crew, first day of filming. Saturday, August 1st 2015

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