

I, Thongulus

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT ROME - NIGHT

THONGULUS (White; 50's) out of breath, bushy salt and pepper beard with matching long hair, wipes the sweat from his brow. Pupils dilated, staff in hand, he surveys the land.

The faint sound of hooves and marching feet against cobblestone cut the night air.

Thongulus, adorned in a golden thong which sways to the left, then right, matches the rhythm of his gait. He darts toward the Pons Ameilius bridge.

The sounds grow nearer; clanging steel echoes off stone arches.

Thongulus scans the riverbank. The swollen river runs fast under the bridge.

Flickering lights appear at the end of the thoroughfare. SOLDIERS hold torches off in the distance.

DISTANT VOICES (O.S.)
There he is!

Thongulus climbs the stone rail, turns his gaze to the Soldiers growing closer with every step.

EXT. THE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

MAXIMUS DONGULUS (White; 40's) a very well-endowed, chiseled man in a black thong, follows the river's edge with EPIDIDYMITIS (White; 20's) son of Thongulus.

Maximus looks up to the bridge, eyes on the rushing Soldiers, he turns back to Thongulus, perched atop the rail.

MAXIMUS DONGULUS
Thongulus, no --

CUT TO - BRIDGE:

Thongulus closes his eyes, extends his arms, inhales deeply and leaps from the rail as the Soldiers reach the bridge.

The dive - on the way up, a perfect combination of complex twists and tucks.

THONGULUS
Oh shhhiiiiittt ...

On the way down Thongulus hits his head on the stone rail, causing him to break form and belly-flop into the river.

MINIMUS DONGULUS (White; 40's) rather puny and swallowed by his full Roman regalia, reaches the rail of the bridge on HORSEBACK, followed by the other Soldiers. Using his sword, he points to a COHORT (Black; 20's).

MINIMUS DONGULUS
You, Cohort, mount that stone rail.

COHORT
Mount the rail? You mean like hump it?

MINIMUS DONGULUS
No, climb the rail, climb.

COHORT
Why me? Why can't one of these white fellas mount the rail?

MINIMUS DONGULUS
You were the first to arrive.

COHORT
That's what I get for being the fastest and bustin' my ass to get over here? I get to mount the rail?

MINIMUS DONGULUS
Mount it.

The Cohort mounts the rail, looks back at Minimus.

COHORT
(nervous)
Now what?

MINIMUS DONGULUS
Dive in.

COHORT
Kiss my ass. You knew I couldn't swim when you told me to climb my black ass up here. You just trying to drown --

Using the tip of his sword, Minimus pushes the Cohort over the edge.

MINIMUS DONGULUS
Drown? Certainly not ... I'm
counting on the fall killing you.

All look over the edge as the Cohort screams. Tumbling end-over-end, he splashes down.

All lean further over the edge - waiting.

The Cohort surfaces to everyone's dismay.

RIVER

COHORT
What do you know ... I can swim.
I'm a natural.

BRIDGE

MINIMUS DONGULUS
Voluminous Ejaculus.

VOLUMINOUS EJACULUS (White; 30's) front and center.

VOLUMINOUS EJACULUS
Sir.

MINIMUS DONGULUS
My crossbow.

RIVER

The Cohort, full armor, breaststrokes through the first archway.

COHORT
Glide ... kick, glide ... kick.

The Cohort disappears from view, then reappears swimming the butterfly through the second archway.

He disappears once more and reappears, backstroking through the last archway. Water spews from the Cohort's mouth as if a grand fountain.

An arrow whizzes through the air, plunges into the Cohort's left arm.

COHORT (CONT'D)
For the love of Voltumnus ... that
smarts.

MINIMUS DONGULUS (O.S.)
 Let's see how much of a natural he
 is now.

Exuberance fading, the Cohort reverts to the sidestroke as a second arrow plunges into his left arm - then another.

COHORT
 Don't worry, I got this.

He struggles toward the shore.

BRIDGE

MINIMUS DONGULUS
 Voluminous Ejaculus, you and your
 two best Centurions follow that
 body along the east bank. It will
 lead to the Golden Thong. The rest
 of your men and I will circle back
 to the west.

A faint voice from below:

COHORT (O.S.)
 Ouch.

Minimus holds his sword high above his head.

MINIMUS DONGULUS
 Bring him to me.

VOLUMINOUS EJACULUS
 Seems like a lot of trouble. I
 mean, really, he was just here. If
 you wanted the Cohort, then why
 push him over the --

MINIMUS DONGULUS
 Thongulus, you idiot. Bring him to
 me.

The Soldiers disperse.

EXT. THE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Maximus and Epididymitis continue along the bank, quickly moving among the brush, ahead of the Soldiers.

EPIDIDYMITIS
 I fear he is lost, Maximus
 Dongulus.

MAXIMUS DONGULUS
 Impossible, boy, he's adorned with
 the golden thong!

Maximus stops, reaches out to Epididymitis, a firm grip on
 his right arm.

MAXIMUS DONGULUS (CONT'D)
 Epididymitis, your father has
 survived worse. We shall find him.

A rustling in the river - the Cohort crawls from the water,
 arrows litter his body like porcupine quills.

Maximus and Epididymitis watch the Cohort slowly creep toward
 them. He collapses at their feet and looks up at them.

COHORT
 Am I hit?

EXT. RIVERBANK - EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Voluminous Ejaculus and his men, CENTURION 1 (White; 20's)
 and CENTURION 2 (White; 20's) reach the river's edge below
 the bridge.

CENTURION 1
 I can't see shit down here.

Voluminous Ejaculus stops, turns to his men.

VOLUMINOUS EJACULUS
 Either we find him tonight, our
 find ourselves tomorrow in steaming
 lion turds on the Colosseum floor.

Centurion 1 and Centurion 2 share a nervous glance.

CENTURION 2
 Wait, I think I see something now.

CENTURION 1
 Yes, as do I. Haste.

EXT. DOWN RIVER - NIGHT

Maximus and Epididymitis stare down at the Cohort who looks
 up at Maximus' thong.

COHORT
 If that shit's real, then I --

MAXIMUS DONGULUS
Can swim like Neptune?

The Cohort extends his right fist.

COHORT
Fo' shizzle ma nizzle.

Maximus and the Cohort fist bump.

EPIDIDYMITIS
There!

Epididymitis points to their left. Fifteen yards away, Thongulus, motionless, head bloodied, half in the river.

Epididymitis takes two quick steps toward Thongulus.

MAXIMUS DONGULUS
Wait, they are gaining. Push the Cohort in. They'll follow him.

COHORT
What? We fist bumped, man.

Each take one end of the Cohort and carry him to the edge of the river.

COHORT (CONT'D)
Ain't this some shit.

They swing him three times. Releasing him on the third swing, the Cohort splashes into the river.

Maximus and Epididymitis rush to Thongulus' side and drag him from the river into:

EXT. TULUM, MEXICO - BEACH - DAY

SUPER: Present Day

RUMMY, (White; 30's) an uncanny resemblance to Thongulus, unconscious, lays face down in the surf wearing a golden Speedo.

RICARDO (Hispanic; 20's) and GUSTAVO (Hispanic; 20's) drag Rummy from the break, Ricardo in surfer trunks and Gustavo, a poncho, sombrero vueltiao and sunglasses, sporting a pencil-thin moustache.

They speak in Spanish.

RICARDO

Do you think it is him?

Rummy's Speedo shimmers in the sunlight, blinds Gustavo who shields his eyes, as a choir of angels sing, "Ahhhhh".

GUSTAVO

Valderama ... he will know.

Ricardo and Gustavo drag Rummy from the beach, revealing:

JOHN (White; 32) and MURRAY (White; 20), nerdy scientists.

John squats in the sand, headphones on, surrounded by an oscilloscope, radar and seismograph.

Murray stands a few feet away facing the surf. He wears a tight-fitting, 1920s style, alternating black and white horizontal striped one-piece bathing suit, white cap with ear flaps, holding a measuring stick twice his height.

MURRAY

It looks pretty rough out there.

John fiddles with the equipment.

JOHN

There's no such thing as a mini tsunami. I don't care what the Mayans said about it.

Murray walks toward the ocean.

John looks up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Holy shit ... look out!

A massive wave crashes the shore. The break sends the measuring stick and cap all the way up to John.

The water recedes. No sign of Murray.

THE CAP: "GONADS" embossed in blue above the bill.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That didn't just happen.

John slowly cranes his head over his right shoulder, his eyes fall upon the massive Mayan ruins overlooking the beach. Printed on the back of his shirt: "Government Organization for National Avoidance of Domsday Scenarios."

EXT. VALDERAMA'S HALF-WAY HOUSE & DELICATESSEN - DAY

Gustavo and Ricardo arrive with Rummy strapped to a little burro, his face being slapped by the burro's scrotum.

A SIGN: "Valderama's Half-Way House & Kosher Delicatessen" adorns the top of the building.

They untie Rummy and carry him through the western-style swing doors.

INT. VALDERAMA'S HALF-WAY HOUSE & DELICATESSEN - DAY

Rummy sleeps in a worn recliner. Sand and small shells litter his unkempt beard. Large sunglasses sit crooked on his nose, the left lens missing.

RABBI PECO VALDERAMA (Hispanic; 80's) wears a black gown and relaxes with his left leg over his right. His hands are clasped together cupped on his knee, thumbs twiddling.

Rummy stirs, coughs, he drags his bare forearm across his mouth and beard. Sand and shells sprinkle the floor.

Rummy squints, fuzzy shadows at first. Fully awake, he collapses to the floor at Valderama's feet.

RUMMY

Father, absolve me of my sins. I'm cursed, I tell you ... cursed.

VALDERAMA

I'm a rabbi, not a priest.

Rummy tugs on Valderama's gown, pulls him down in the process and lands on top of him. Valderama tries to pry Rummy from his clutches, but Rummy pleads.

RUMMY

I need an exorcism!

Almost frothing, Rummy grabs Valderama around the neck with both hands, chokes him and bangs his head off the floor.

RUMMY (CONT'D)

Please, rid me of my demons.

Valderama mumbles, a mix of Hebrew and Spanish. With catlike quickness, he breaks Rummy's grasp and places him in a scissor-hold.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Valderama places Rummy in a camel clutch submission hold.
- B) Rummy in a full-nelson, pain on his face.
- C) Valderama returns Rummy to the scissor-hold.

Rummy tries desperately to extricate himself, his head covered by the gown.

FROM UNDER THE GOWN

Rummy looks up, his eyes fall upon Valderama's golden thong.

RUMMY
(guttural)
Noooo ...

The exhale from Rummy's scream flutters the gown and exposes his face. With a rush of adrenaline, Rummy throws off Valderama's muscular leg and stumbles to his feet.

RUMMY (CONT'D)
You work for him, the man haunting
me.

Valderama fixes his gown and rises to his feet.

VALDERAMA
I'm here to help you.

RUMMY
No, you have a golden thong, just
like his, the man who torments my
sleep.

Surprised, Valderama moves toward Rummy.

VALDERAMA
What man?

RUMMY
Stay back, I'm warning you.

Rummy searches for something to pick up - a bronzed pickle on a marble stand, with the anagram, "D.I.C.K."

RUMMY (CONT'D)
(reads out loud)
Delicatessens International
Cucumber Kibbutz, 1st Place,
3,300th Annual Kosher Dill-Off?

VALDERAMA

They loved my big pickle.

Rummy grabs the bronzed pickle and yanks it.

VALDERAMA (CONT'D)

No --

RUMMY

Stay away. I'll hurt you.

VALDERAMA

The man, he comes to you during slumber?

RUMMY

Every night, and twice on Friday.

Valderama locks his hands together and brings them up to his chin, sways ever so slightly.

VALDERAMA

Of course, All Thongs Day.

RUMMY

What?

Valderama drops to his knees, euphoria washes over his face. He looks to the heavens, tears in his eyes, as a choir of angels sing, "Ahhhhh".

VALDERAMA

You were brought here to lead us.

RUMMY

I was brought here by that rabble on the beach after too many Jäger-Bombs got me believing I could swim back to LA. Look at me. I'm not exactly what you'd call leader material.

VALDERAMA

Only the Chosen One, of pure bloodline can see Thongulus twice on Friday.

Valderama rises, moves in close.

VALDERAMA (CONT'D)

Look.

Valderama turns around, pulls up his gown and exposes his buttocks.

Rummy shields his eyes.

RUMMY

Listen, I'm totally straight. That night in Argentina, I was drunk, and she had amazing blue eyes. How could I know she was pre-operative.

Valderama points to the tattoo on his right cheek, a golden thong inside overlapping hearts, bleeding red tears.

VALDERAMA

The Order of the Thong.

Rummy peeks through his separated fingers.

RUMMY

Lovely ... does this village have taxi service? Or a man with a donkey? Hell, I'll settle for a lesbian with strong legs and a wide back.

Valderama lowers his gown.

VALDERAMA

For centuries we have devoted our lives to wresting the sarcophagus of Thongulus back from the Bloomerati, so that The Golden Thong may be returned to its proper resting place and the natural order of the world restored.

RUMMY

Huh?

VALDERAMA

The Golden Thong ... we must find it!

RUMMY

Have you tried Bangkok on a Saturday night?

VALDERAMA

Stitched from the very fabric of Aphrodite's girdle, capable of such great power that women gush from their loins at its mere presence and men, reduced to tears at the ultimate in banana hammockery.

RUMMY

I think you got the wrong guy.

Rummy takes two steps towards the door before being stopped dead in his tracks.

MARISOL (Hispanic; 20's) strides in, beautiful, dark hair and green eyes, she wears a tight-fitting butcher's apron which accentuates her voluptuous figure.

The ground rumbles slightly, the walls shake.

Rummy, mouth agape, looks at Valderama, then Marisol and back to Valderama.

RUMMY (CONT'D)

On the other hand, I was co-captain
of my high school pep squad.

Marisol smiles and extends her hand.

MARISOL

Marisol.

Rummy shakes her hand.

RUMMY

Rummy ... the Chosen One.

Marisol looks at Rummy's single-lensed sunglasses crooked on his nose, she brings her right hand up to hide her laughter.

RUMMY (CONT'D)

You know, the Order of the Thong
... I am of pure bloodline.

Marisol's smile disappears as the ground rumbles again, this time much more violently.

RUMMY (CONT'D)

Wow, every time I look at you ...
(sings)
I feel the earth, move, under my
feet, I feel --

MARISOL

It's El Chichion.

RUMMY

Is that Mexican for "gettin' busy"?

VALDERAMA

El Chichion is a volcano, Chosen
One.

(MORE)

VALDERAMA (CONT'D)

It has been speaking to Vesuvius
for a week now. Finally we know
why.