

The Tick

"The Tick Vs. The Late 70's"

Written by hujhax

<http://hujhax.livejournal.com>

Black screen. Music. The theme-song 'da dwee' scatting is made to sound like a wah-pedalled guitar.

FADE IN on silhouetted shot of the TICK and ARTHUR, walking towards the camera in slow motion.

A deep voice speaks up over music that sounds vaguely like the theme from *Shaft*.

VOICEOVER

Who's the nigh-invulnerable man  
that's got the City in good hands?

BACKUP SINGERS

(as TICK and ARTHUR step into the  
light)  
Tick!

VOICEOVER

Darn right.

OPTICAL WIPE TO:

THE TICK jumps across housetops, ARTHUR flying behind.

VOICEOVER

Who's the superhero guy that jumps  
across the city sky?

FREEZE-FRAME on the TICK.

SINGERS

Tick!

VOICEOVER

Right on.

OPTICAL WIPE TO:

THE TICK pursues the MAD FLAMINGO down an alleyway.

VOICEOVER

Who's big and blue, an' always  
lookin' out for you and the City?

SINGERS

The Tick!

VOICEOVER  
Spoon.

OPTICAL WIPE TO:  
THE TICK holds the bomb on the dam from the original intro sequence.

VOICEOVER  
Yeah, that cat the Tick, he's one  
bad super-

The bomb explodes; in front of the fiery background, a 70's-font, chrome-edged "The Tick" logo quickly fades in, gleams.

OPTICAL WIPE TO:  
A TV showing the 'Action News.' BRIAN PINHEAD sits at the anchor desk.)

BRIAN  
Our top story tonight...

FOOTAGE OF a madman running through the streets waving gobs of money.

LOWLIFE TEENS watch, bored.

BRIAN (O. S.)  
The City has absolutely no crime.

FOOTAGE OF an electronics store ('Angry Hank's Electronics Superstore') with its merchandise on the sidewalk and a cash box; large sign says "Take what you want -- pay by the honor system."

BRIAN (O. S.)  
The anti-crime wave has the police twiddling their thumbs, and the City is now the safest place to live, anywhere, ever. But for some, no crime spells hard times.

SERIES OF INTERVIEWS: GUARDS

The two guards from "The Tick Vs. Brainchild." Caption:  
"Professional Security Guards."

GUARD #1  
We got fired.

GUARD #2  
Again.

GUARD #1  
There was no crime. What could we  
do?

GUARD #2  
But you know who I feel sorry for?  
The superheroes.

SERIES OF INTERVIEWS: THE MIGHTY SPORK  
We see 'The Mighty Spork,' a superhero with a 'The Rake'-  
style spork and a blue suit with the word "Spork!" written  
across the chest. Caption: "The Mighty Spork --  
Superhero."

THE MIGHTY SPORK  
I moved here from *Detroit*. What  
was I *thinking*?

SERIES OF INTERVIEWS: SILHOUETTED FIGURE  
It is obviously CHAIRFACE CHIPPENDALE. Caption:  
"'Charlie' -- Incarcerated Arch-Villain")

CHAIRFACE CHIPPENDALE  
I am incredibly disappointed in my  
fellow criminals. They simply  
aren't doing their jobs. Poor  
show.

SERIES OF INTERVIEWS: SILHOUETTED FIGURE #2  
It is obviously DIE FLEDERMAUS. Caption: "'Billy' --  
Superhero")

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
I mean, without crime, I'm just

some crazy guy in a bat suit -- er  
-- hey...

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM  
THE TICK sits despondently on the couch, lit by the glow of  
the TV.

DIE FLEDERMAUS (O. S.)  
Um -- are you going to use that?

The doorbell rings.

In the background ARTHUR walks by with a broom, sweeping.

ARTHUR  
Are you getting that?

TICK  
("Hmph.")  
Is it a villain intent on wreaking  
havoc on our fair city?

ARTHUR  
(crossing to door)  
Probably not.

ARTHUR opens the front door, revealing DOT and DINOSAUR  
NEIL, who are dressed in 70's attire.

DOT  
(smiling)  
Arthur, you're coming with us!

ARTHUR  
You're going to that stupid 70's  
club, aren't you.

ARTHUR walks away, picks up a feather duster, starts  
dusting. DOT follows ARTHUR. NEIL trails after, warily.

DOT  
It's not stupid! There's been no  
crime, you've been cooped up in  
here -- you need to have *fun*.

ARTHUR  
Do not!

DOT  
Do too!

NEIL  
(tentative)  
Just hit the town for one night.  
No big deal.

ARTHUR  
I don't want to.

DOT  
Arthur, put down the feather  
duster.

ARTHUR  
(holding it defiantly)  
I'll put it down when I'm good and  
ready.

NEIL  
The place is spotless, Arthur.

DOT  
And, we know you don't go out much.

ARTHUR  
Oh, thank you, Dot.

THE TICK looks out the window.

EXT. STREET CORNER (TICK'S POV) -- NIGHT

A woman walking diagonally through an intersection. DOT  
and ARTHUR continue in the background.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

DOT  
But you've got to get out of this  
apartment!

ARTHUR  
We're doing *fine*.

DOT reacts doubtfully; TICK is in the background.

TICK  
Jaywalking fiend!

THE TICK leaps out through the window, lands with a crash; everyone stares at the window, stunned.

EXT. STREET CORNER

THE TICK has made two Tick-foot-shaped potholes in the pavement, and stands directly in the path of a frightened JAYWALKER.

JAYWALKER  
(screams)  
What... what do you want?

TICK  
Ma'am, you've crossed paths with  
the shady side of the law!

JAYWALKER  
Here! Take my wallet!

TICK  
You must understand our city's  
pedestrian by-laws, because -- my  
God, woman, the *safety!*

JAYWALKER  
What?

TICK  
(shocked whisper)  
You walked *outside the crosswalk  
lines!*

JAYWALKER  
(humoring the crazy guy)  
Okay, fine. Won't happen again.

TICK  
Walk on, duly corrected citizen!  
Weave yourself into the civic  
fabric of a law-abiding society.

As the JAYWALKER walks away, THE TICK looks a bit  
disappointed.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM  
THE TICK enters. He looks sad, bored. The argument  
continues in the background.

ARTHUR  
Dot, I'm not going, and you can't  
make me.

DOT  
But --

ARTHUR  
No!

DOT  
Tick!

THE TICK looks up warily.

DOT  
I know we're not great friends.

TICK  
We're not?

DOT  
But you saved Neil's life. And  
there's more to life than fighting  
crime.

TICK  
Yeah, there's *doing* crime. But  
nobody's *doing* it lately.

NEIL  
Would it help if I got some  
parking tickets?



TICK  
Oh, Neil. It just wouldn't be the  
same!

ARTHUR  
What would I do at a dance club?  
I don't dance.

NEIL  
Hey -- you never know, there might  
be a crime there.

THE TICK looks up; suddenly NEIL has his undivided  
attention.

TICK  
*Really?*

ARTHUR  
Tick? Tick, he was kidding.

TICK  
*Crime? Really?*

DOT  
There's always a chance of crime.

ARTHUR  
Dot! Stop enabling him!

INT. DOT'S STATION WAGON.  
NEIL is driving. DOT, ARTHUR, and THE TICK are passengers.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT  
They arrive at the club. The club is decked out in garish  
colors and psychedelic patterns. A large sign reads "The  
Romper Room." THE TICK has a goofy grin on his face.  
ARTHUR, exasperated, stares out the window.

ARTHUR  
Great.

We see DOORMAN, floating in front of the club front door.  
His costume features a mask and a door insignia on his  
chest.

ARTHUR  
It's 'Door-man.'

Note: it's pronounced like 'Batman' or 'Spiderman,' only with a 'Door.'

DOT  
You know that guy?

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT -- FRONT DOOR  
DOORMAN floats, arms folded, looking irritated.

DIE FLEDERMAUS stands before him, pleading angrily.

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
Oh, *come on!*

DOORMAN  
I'm sorry, you don't have 'the  
look.'

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
The look? I've so got 'the look!'

DOORMAN  
You look like a crazy guy in a bat  
suit.

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
But hey -- check out the *moves....*

DIE FLEDERMAUS essays a bit of  
disco dancing. DOORMAN grimaces,  
then looks away.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT -- NEAR FRONT DOOR  
ARTHUR, THE TICK, DOT, and NEIL walk up to the club. DIE  
FLEDERMAUS gets hurled to the ground nearby.

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
Gah!

DOORMAN  
And stay out!

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
Oh, yeah? I'm just too hot for  
you to handle!

DIE FLEDERMAUS notices the new arrivals.

DIE FLEDERMAUS  
Tick! Arthur! Wouldn't think  
you'd waste time at a dump like  
this.

ARTHUR  
(To DOT)  
See? It's a dump.

TICK  
Well, Die Fledermaus, Dot and Neil  
have invited us to the intrigues  
of a 'nightclub.' If you'll  
excuse us, it looks like I see an  
old friend.  
(walking past)  
Doorman! We meet again.

DOORMAN  
(exasperated)  
Hmm?

TICK  
(pointing to himself)  
It's the Tick! Sorry about the  
explosions when I visited your  
last place, there, I...

NEIL  
Um -- they're with us, Gary.

DOORMAN takes a pained look at THE TICK and ARTHUR, and  
motions the four of them in with a tilt of his head.

INT. ROMPER ROOM.

DOT, NEIL, THE TICK, and ARTHUR walk through. Everyone  
dressed in loud period costumes. DOT and NEIL are happy.  
TICK looks around with wonder. ARTHUR is still annoyed.

DOT  
Look! A lava lamp!

ARTHUR  
Yeah. Great. I'd find it  
fascinating if I had the brain of  
a --

TICK  
(gazing at lava lamp)  
Ung.

ARTHUR  
Tick. Stop drooling.

TICK  
(entranced -- lava-lamp-pattern  
eyes)  
Yes, master.

ARTHUR  
Oh boy.

TICK  
(shaking out of it)  
This is amazing!

ARTHUR shrugs; TICK ignores him.

TICK  
We've been magically transported  
back in time! Now we can fight  
evil in the mid-to-late-70's!

ARTHUR  
It just *looks* like it's in the  
70's -- it's just a club.

TICK  
But it's a *nightclub*, Arthur!  
It's all seedy! Who knows what  
this one holds -- a deranged  
mentalist? a part-time electrician  
with plans for anarchy?

ARTHUR  
Nothing is going on here!

They stop near a small stage and a DJ's booth.

TICK

That's just on the *surface*, Arthur.  
To the practiced eye, there's a  
man concocting a cocktail of green  
deadliness!

ARTHUR

Tick, he's mixing a drink. There  
are no villains here, so don't...  
do anything.

ARTHUR walks away.

The music to "I Will Survive" starts up.

Lights flash. The DJ motions to THE TICK from his booth.

DJ

Nice costume! C'mon up!

TICK

(walking up, perplexed)  
What costume?

DJ

(holding microphone)  
Let's have a big round of applause  
for...

The DJ moves the microphone over to THE TICK.

TICK

Wha? --  
(feedback noise)  
Oh, 'The Tick!'

DJ

(taking back microphone)  
Yeah!

TICK

What? What do I do?

DJ  
Just read off of the prompter.

INSERT OF the prompter, which shows the lyrics with a bouncing smiley-face ball. THE TICK starts to sing along hesitantly.

TICK (O. S., talking)  
At first I was afraid. I was  
petrified.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- STAGE  
THE TICK stands still, carefully reading the prompter as he sings.

TICK  
(melody coming into his voice)  
Kept thinkin' I could never live  
without you by my side.

DOT and NEIL notice him, smile, and applaud. THE TICK nods towards them.

TICK  
(sings with a bit more spirit)  
But then I spent so many nights  
thinkin' how you...

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BAR  
A shadowy, bulky FIGURE in a Panama hat at the bar suddenly notices what's going on on-stage.

FIGURE  
Hmm.

TICK (O. S.)  
... did me wrong, and I grew  
strong! And I learned how to get  
along!

The FIGURE gets up and walks out of frame.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- END OF THE BAR

ARTHUR disconsolately toys with a little umbrella in his drink. He looks up, surprised, as the singing continues.

TICK (O. S.)  
Go on now! Walk out the door!

ARTHUR buries his face in his hands.

ARTHUR  
Oh no.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- STAGE  
THE TICK is now singing with gusto and dancing goof-ily.  
The AUDIENCE claps long.

TICK  
Just turn around now, 'cause  
you're not welcome anymore.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DJ BOOTH  
The shadowy FIGURE walks up to the DJ booth, his face still shadowed by his hat.

TICK (O. S.)  
Weren't you the one...

The FIGURE takes off a gold medallion and tosses it.

INSERT OF the medallion flying through the air.

INSERT OF it landing in a corner of the club with a clang.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DJ BOOTH  
The DJ notices this and exits the DJ booth, scratching his head.

TICK (O. S.)  
... who tried to hurt me with  
goodbye?

The FIGURE enters the DJ booth.

TICK (O. S.)  
Did I crumble?

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- STAGE

TICK  
Did you think I'd lay down and die?  
Oh no, not I!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DJ BOOTH  
The FIGURE yanks out a cable.

INSERT OF the teleprompter, which suddenly goes blank.)

TICK (O. S.)  
I will survive!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- STAGE

TICK  
(thinking fast)  
You know your evil ways aren't  
gonna get through this alive!  
Beneath a superhero's gaze, you'd  
better stop your evil ways...

DOT and NEIL clap along, perplexed.

TICK  
and stay alive! I will survive!  
Hey hey!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DJ BOOTH  
The FIGURE unplugs a second cable. The music goes dead.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- STAGE  
The CROWD makes complaining noises.

TICK  
Hey! Who stopped the music?



INT. ROMPER ROOM -- END OF THE BAR

DOT and NEIL walk up to where ARTHUR sits. The shadowy FIGURE is exits of the DJ's booth in the background.

DOT

Arthur? Do you know who that guy  
is?

ARTHUR gets up and walks towards where the FIGURE is headed.

ARTHUR

Stop!

THE TICK leaving the stage and standing in the way of the FIGURE; ARTHUR stands to the side.

The FIGURE is a large man wearing a Panama hat and aviator's glasses.

ARTHUR

Tick, uh... is there a problem?

TICK

(pointing at FIGURE)

This mystery man stopped everybody  
from getting their groove on!

The character's theme music plays  
as the FIGURE takes off the hat  
and glasses, revealing himself to  
be...

TICK

Hey!

ARTHUR

(pointing)  
It's Taft!

BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)

Taft!

TICK

Say, uh, Taft, you're not going to  
dress like my mother and try to

beat me, are you?

ARTHUR  
*What?!*

TICK  
Therapy, Arthur.

ARTHUR  
Wow. He must have been one bad  
mother --

TAFT  
Shut yo' mouth!

ARTHUR  
(scared)  
O-o-okay.

TAFT  
And keep cool.

TICK  
What's going on?

TAFT  
There's a criminal here at the  
club, and I don't want superheroes  
here drawing attention to  
themselves.

ARTHUR  
You fight crime? I thought you  
were a psychotherapist's assistant.

TAFT  
I'm also a private detective. And  
this is my gig, dig?

TICK  
Oh I dig.

ARTHUR  
Yes. We both dig.

TAFT  
(sarcastic)

Uh-huh.

ARTHUR  
Who's the criminal?

TAFT  
Somebody who wants to destroy the  
city.

TICK  
("yes!")  
A *super-villain!*

TAFT  
So promise me you'll stay quiet...

THE TICK covers his mouth.

TAFT  
(cont'd)  
... and stay out of my way.

ARTHUR  
Okay.

TAFT walks away.

TICK  
Oh, curséd fate! A villain is in  
the building, and we promised Taft  
we wouldn't do anything about it!

ARTHUR  
Well, we didn't say *that*.

TICK  
I didn't?

ARTHUR  
We just have to stay quiet and  
stay out of his way. That doesn't  
mean we have to sit around here  
doing *nothing*.

TICK  
I dunno...

ARTHUR  
It'll be fine. We'll split up,  
and we'll get to the bottom of  
what's going on.

TICK  
I feel just like Sam Spade!  
(excited)  
I'll go this way...

With exaggerated caution, THE TICK sneaks along the wall.  
ARTHUR casually goes the opposite way.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BAR  
TICK sneaking up to the bar, eyeing the BARTENDER  
distrustfully.

The BARTENDER looks back, bored, cleaning a glass. DOT and  
NEIL sit beside him.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK WALL  
ARTHUR casually walks past a door marked 'Employees Only.'  
He passes it, and it opens behind him, and a SAILOR and  
CONSTRUCTION WORKER emerge. They grab ARTHUR and drag him  
back through the door.

ARTHUR  
Tick! Dot!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DANCE FLOOR  
Loud music. Everyone is dancing. ARTHUR'S voice is only  
barely audible.

ARTHUR  
Somebody?!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK WALL  
The door slams shut.

ARTHUR (O. S.)  
Help!

A MAN IN LEATHER and a NATIVE AMERICAN walk up to the door. The MAN IN LEATHER locks it. They stand in front of the door, arms folded, with a bit of menacing music in the background.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BAR

THE TICK sits at the bar with DOT and NEIL.

DOT  
I dunno, Tick.

NEIL  
This doesn't seem like the place  
for a supervillain.

TICK  
Did you hear that?

NEIL  
What?

TICK  
Arthur's in trouble!

NEIL  
What?

TICK  
(looking around, worried)  
Where is he?

DOT stands up, looks around, and points.

DOT  
He was over there.

THE TICK heads through the crowd.

TICK  
Excuse me. Pardon me. Excuse me.

THE TICK runs into the NATIVE AMERICAN.

NATIVE AMERICAN  
Stop right there, friend. This is  
for employees only.

MAN IN LEATHER  
Yeah. Get back down to Groovetown.

TICK  
Step aside, noble Native American  
friend. Man in leather, you face  
a disco inferno of justice!

THE TICK points a finger skyward; we see a disco ball in  
the background.

TICK  
SPOOOOON!!!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK ROOM  
ARTHUR is shoved in through the door.

The SAILOR and CONSTRUCTION WORKER are silhouetted in the  
door behind him for a split second, then the door slams  
shut.

ARTHUR  
Hello? Anybody?  
(quiet)  
Um...help?

Suddenly the room is filled with a bright, strange light.  
ARTHUR turns around, faces the camera.

ARTHUR  
Oh that's not good.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK WALL  
TAFT watches the TICK.

TICK  
Unblock that door in the name of  
justice!

MAN IN LEATHER  
It's employees only!

TICK  
But my sidekick's back there!  
(big, theatrical accusation)  
What have you done with Arthur?!

TAFT quickly walks up.

TAFT  
There's not really any problem  
here. Right, Tick?

TICK  
But -- I -- oh, man!

TAFT  
(significantly)  
We'll just be quiet.

MAN IN LEATHER  
All right. Move along, now,  
before --

Suddenly TAFT knocks the MAN IN LEATHER out cold with a  
single punch to the face, accompanied by 'Taft' theme music.

TAFT  
I didn't say anything about not  
knocking you out.

BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)  
Taft!

TICK  
Wow!

TAFT  
You go do what you gotta do. I'll  
take care of things here.

THE TICK wrenches open the door.

TICK  
Arthur!  
(running inside)  
Hang in there!



INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK ROOM

ARTHUR, sitting transfixed, stares at the light.

Reverse shot shows a wall composed of a million lava lamps.

CLOSE-UP on ARTHUR, his eyes filled with lava-lamp shapes, spellbound by the lamps. The scene begins to swirl and fade to....

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT

ARTHUR sits back and looks over a menu.

ARTHUR

Uh... do you have fresh guacamole?

The waiter is a large capybara named SPEAK.

SPEAK talks with a faint upper-class-British accent.

SPEAK

Of course, sir. Our guacamole is  
made fresh daily.

ARTHUR

Oh, good.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK HALLWAY

The TICK runs down the hall.

TICK

Arthur!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK WALL

TAFT, now dressed in the man in leather's costume, mans the door. The NATIVE AMERICAN walks up to him.

NATIVE AMERICAN

Did you have any problems with  
that big blue goon?

TAFT  
(shaking head)  
Mm-mmm.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT

SPEAK is standing on a small stage, holding a trumpet. A bassist and pianist play behind him. Everything in the restaurant sways faintly with the music

SPEAK (singing)  
*Un blues calibre douze  
Est braqué dans mes reins  
Dans le banlieue de Toulouse  
Où j'attends mon destin.*

Music finishes with a slow wave of cymbals. Applause.

SPEAK  
And now it is time for  
posthypnotic suggestion. There is  
a suitcase here that you must take  
home.

ARTHUR  
(entranced)  
Okay.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK HALLWAY #2  
The TICK rounds a corner and sees....

TICK  
Arthur!

ARTHUR stands insensate, with little lava-lamp shapes in his eyes. He is holding a small metal briefcase.

TICK  
Arthur?

THE TICK shakes ARTHUR slightly.

TICK  
Arthur! Talk to me!

ARTHUR

Er -- wha? Aah!

TICK

You're all right! There's something really strange going on here. There was a man in leather and this mean Indian and... say, chum, where'd you get the briefcase?

ARTHUR

I dunno. I just know that if I put it down my eyes will start bleeding and my brains will explode.

TICK

Ooh! One of *those* briefcases!

Sounds of someone making a loud speech in the distance.

TICK

Now, how do we get out of this villainous maze?

ARTHUR

(Puts hand to his ear)  
There's voices that way!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- MASSIVE UNDERGROUND HALL  
THE TICK and ARTHUR walk around another corner and find themselves in a massive underground hall. CAPTAIN FUNK stands at a podium, addressing a crowd of arch-criminals.

TICK & ARTHUR

Wow....

CAPTAIN FUNK

... these people are too unfunky to live!

(crowd cheers)

We will *destroy* the cit-tay, and it will not be pret-tay!

(crowd cheers)

And at last the Funksdays Device is

ready! They will get down with it,  
whether they like it or not! And  
it will start with those classless  
goons, the Tick and Arthur!  
(huge cheer)

TICK  
Spoo-

ARTHUR puts a hand over THE TICK'S mouth.

ARTHUR  
Tick!

TICK  
But -- Arthur!  
(pointing)  
E-vil!

ARTHUR  
We promised Taft!

TICK  
(holding himself back)  
Gah!

CAPTAIN FUNK  
The only cat groovy enough to  
catch on to our plan is in my club  
as we speak!

A projection-display shows TAFT, dressed as the man in  
leather, standing by the employee entrance.

TICK  
Taft!

CAPTAIN FUNK  
Taft! Now, watch, as he is  
eliminated.

TICK  
They're gonna...

ARTHUR  
... 'eliminate' Taft?

TICK  
We gotta help him!

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK HALLWAY #2  
THE TICK and ARTHUR run out of the hallway, through the compound.

INSERT OF a laser-beam detector that they trip.

Alarms start going off -- cheesy multicolored rotating lights, with a deep VOICEOVER saying "Intruder Alert. Mmm-hmm."

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BAR  
DOT and NEIL sit at the bar.

DOT  
I hope he's all right.

An alarm starts going off.

BARTENDER  
All right everyone, that's a...  
uh... fire alarm! Everyone clear  
the club!

Screams of "fire?!" -- pandemonium breaks out.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT  
A police car pulls to a stop in front of the club.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O. S.)  
Hey -- looks like something's  
going on there.

INT. CITY PRECINCT  
A roomful of bored POLICE OFFICERS. One of them is balancing an egg on a table.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
See? You can stand it on end.

POLICE OFFICER #2 smiles as  
another officer reaches for his  
wallet.

POLICE OFFICER #3  
(entering)  
Bob says there's something going  
on at the Romper Room! Could be a  
real crime!

SHOUTS and HOLLERS as the room clears out.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK WALL

TAFT waits by the door. He checks his watch. Someone taps  
him on the shoulder.

He turns around to see the NATIVE AMERICAN, the  
CONSTRUCTION WORKER, and the SAILOR, armed with menacing  
weapons.

SAILOR  
Looks like somebody's been  
sticking his nose where it don't  
belong.

Someone taps the SAILOR on the shoulder. The SAILOR turns  
around and sees...

TICK  
Ahem. Spoon.

POLICE #1 (O. S.)  
All right!

EVERYONE turns around.

POLICE #1 (O. S.)  
Everybody out!

SAILOR  
Yeah, not until I'm finished with  
--

The SAILOR turns back around; TAFT isn't there any more.

SAILOR  
Hey! Where'd he go?

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT  
There are about fifty police cars there, lights flashing,  
with more arriving.

THE TICK, ARTHUR, and DOT are standing around waiting.

TICK  
Chalk up another evening gone  
curiously awry!

DOT  
(glaring at ARTHUR)  
Hmm.

DOT looks off in the distance and waves.

DOT  
Over here, Neil!

DOT walks away.

ARTHUR  
(To TICK -- softly)  
That Funksday Device sounds like  
it will destroy the entire city!  
We've gotta find Taft!

TICK  
But where?

ARTHUR  
Well, we know where his day job  
is...

NEIL pulls up in the car.

TICK

Oh, no.  
(dramatic music)  
No!

A rotating crane shot of TICK bellowing at the heavens,  
with melodramatic, cliffhanger music.

TICK  
NO!

END OF ACT II



ACT III

INT. CAPTAIN SANITY'S OFFICE  
THE EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER WHAT BOMBS AT MIDNIGHT raves.

EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER  
That's what I say, baby! Down  
with the man! Boom, baby, boo --

THE EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER is knocked out of frame by a large cartoonish bomb with arms and legs.

EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER (O. S.)  
No! The bomb goes, boom, baby!  
Bad is good!

INT. CAPTAIN SANITY'S OFFICE -- CAPTAIN SANITY'S DESK  
CAPTAIN SANITY, a disembodied head floating in what looks like a water cooler, watches and takes notes.

SANITY  
No, Harvey. Sometimes bad is *bad*!

INT. CAPTAIN SANITY'S OFFICE -- FLOOR  
THE EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER struggles back upright)

EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER  
There is no 'Harvey!' I am the  
Evil Midnight Bomber What Bo --  
oof!

THE EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER gets knocked down again.

INT. CAPTAIN SANITY'S OFFICE -- CAPTAIN SANITY'S DESK  
SANITY  
Hmm. Bomb treatment showing  
potential.

EXT. SANITARIUM -- DAY  
"Captain Sanity's Superhero Sanitarium"; sign out front reads "Electro-Shock -- 2 for 1 Sale!"; DOT'S station wagon is parked outside.

ARTHUR (O. S.)  
What's the big deal?

INT. SANITARIUM -- HALLWAY  
THE TICK and ARTHUR walk down the hallway.

They pass mock-'Successory' posters, with peaceful nature photographs, accompanied by captions like "Paranoia: If they were out to get you, they'd have gotten you a long time ago," and "Guilt: Remember -- you can *always* blame it on the other guy."

TICK  
Well, the thing with therapy... er,  
I mean --

ARTHUR  
You said he works here, so --

TICK  
He does, but...

ARTHUR  
Tick, are you afraid of Sanity?

TICK  
Not scared, but he is kind of...  
creepy.

As THE TICK says this, they reach the door marked "Sanity -  
- Therapy Room." ARTHUR opens the door and enters.

ARTHUR  
Oh, he can't be *that* bad....

INT. CAPTAIN SANITY'S OFFICE

SANITY  
(peevish)  
May I *help* you?

TICK  
I, uh...

ARTHUR

Ew....

TICK

Um...

ARTHUR

We've got to talk to Taft!

SANITY

I'm sorry, you can't do that.

We're in the middle of  
some rather delicate therapy right  
now.

In the background the large bomb takes a flying leap at THE  
EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER, knocking him again to the ground.

TICK

But the City is at stake! If we  
can't talk to Taft, it might be  
destroyed!

SANITY

Hmm, so only you and Taft can save  
the entire city?

TICK

We stand between this City and  
total destruction!

SANITY

(taking notes)

"Clearly delusional..."

TICK

What?

SANITY

You still have issues; remember,  
you can't argue with sanity.

TICK

But I'm saner than ten sane men!

ARTHUR  
Look, we just need to talk to Taft  
for five minutes.

The 'Taft' background music plays. The MAN IN THE BOMB  
SUIT removes the headpiece of the costume, revealing  
himself to be...

TAFT  
Somebody asking for me?

ARTHUR  
Hey!

TICK  
(points)  
It's Taft!

BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)  
Taft!

EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER  
(in background, breathless)  
Baby...

THE EVIL MIDNIGHT BOMBER collapses; background music  
finishes.

EXT. HAMBURGER STAND -- DAY

THE TICK, ARTHUR, and TAFT sit at an outdoor table. It's  
out in the country, like the Sanitarium. DOT'S car is  
parked nearby. Some other, less intrusive 70's-style  
'Taft' theme plays in the background.

TAFT  
I've only got twenty minutes for  
lunch before Harvey's  
tranquilizers wear off.

TICK  
If the clock's ticking, we'll make  
it quick, since a private dick  
can't afford to waste any time.

We've got the lowdown on the  
criminal mastermind behind the  
Romper Room.

TAFT puts some ketchup on his burger.

BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)  
Puttin' on ketchup!

TAFT  
I told you: stay out of my way.

ARTHUR  
We saw the guy -- he was giving a  
speech; he had sunglasses, and a  
big, shiny suit, and --

TAFT  
Captain Funk.

TICK  
("wow!")  
'Captain Funk!'

ARTHUR  
He said he had something called...  
the 'Funkeday Device.'

TAFT is visibly shaken.

TICK  
Is that bad?

TAFT  
(nods)  
My day job is going to keep me  
from doing anything.

TICK  
Never fear, citizen! We'll track  
down the --

TAFT raises a hand to stop him.

TAFT  
I have people who can take care of  
this.

ARTHUR  
People? What people?

TAFT  
Top people.

EXT. SANITARIUM -- DAY  
DOT'S car drives away.

TAFT watches the car depart and pulls out a cell phone.

INT. OFFICE  
Three glamorous women (CANDY, TRUDI, MINDY) sit in a room with a speakerphone. Cheesy glam music plays in the background. TRUDI answers the speakerphone.

TRUDI  
Hello?

TAFT (O. S., filtered)  
It's Taft.

ALL THREE  
Hi, Taftie!

TAFT (O. S., filtered)  
We've got a problem.

CANDY  
Awww, a problem?

TAFT (O. S., filtered)  
With Captain Funk.

MINDY  
Oooh. He's mean.

TAFT (O. S., filtered)  
He's got something called the  
Funksdays Device. Figure out what  
it is, and where it is, and how he  
plans to use it.

ALL THREE

Okay!

TRUDI

I'm gonna need hairspray!

MINDY

And little spangly bracelets!

CANDY

Yeah!

TRUDI

And of course, we've got to get  
our hair and nails done before we  
can go anywhere --

TAFT (O. S., filtered)

Get whatever you need; but get  
into that club!

MINDY

Okay Taftie!

TAFT (O. S., filtered)

And the name is *Taft!*

BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)

Taft!

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- DAY

AMERICAN MAID stands outside the club, is visibly annoyed.

AMERICAN MAID

What?!

A two-shot shows DOORMAN floating placidly in front of  
AMERICAN MAID, arms folded.

DOORMAN

Sorry, new club policy. No  
superheroes allowed.

AMERICAN MAID

But *you're* a superhero!

DOORMAN

Sorry, I'm going to have to ask  
you to leave.

AMERICAN MAID

What kind of quisling are you?

DOORMAN

Don't make me call the authorities.

AMERICAN MAID

Fine.

AMERICAN MAID walks away.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM ROOF -- EARLY EVENING.

Walking bass line plays in the background.

AMERICAN MAID hoists herself up on to the roof, then makes  
her way down an air vent.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- CATWALK

Pizzicato 'sneaky' music plays. AMERICAN MAID drops  
silently on to a catwalk, and walks carefully along it,  
coming up to a large picture window. AMERICAN MAID notices  
the window, freezes next to it, makes to carefully sneak  
under it.

Meanwhile, we notice that there is a ZIP WIRE attached to a  
point just above the window, and that CANDY, MINDY, and  
TRUDI are hanging on to a handle and sliding towards the  
window at great speed.

The three of them bursting through the window as AMERICAN  
MAID looks on, alarmed. Cheesy theme music plays as they  
pose with their weapons in completely pointless directions.)

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DANCE FLOOR

THREE GOONS are shocked at what happened, but quickly  
recover. GOON #3 carries a big stick.

GOON #1

(pointing)

Get them!



GOONS #2 & #3 run out of frame.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- CATWALK

CANDY, MINDY, and TRUDI look back and forth (mainly to swish their hair around) for a few seconds, and then start daintily running along the CATWALK, out of shot.

AMERICAN MAID looks on, shocked.

GOON #2 (O. S.)  
'Ey! There's one of'em!

AMERICAN MAID looks annoyed with being "one of 'em." She throws a shoe off-screen.)

GOON #2 (O. S.)  
Oof!

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT BUILDING

TICK (O. S.)  
I just can't take it, Arthur!

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

The briefcase sits beside the TV set. ARTHUR reads a magazine. THE TICK is visibly agonizing.

ARTHUR  
This is Taft's job.

TICK  
We can't just sit here!

ARTHUR  
Taft said --

TICK  
But Arthur! EVIL! A threat to  
The City!

ARTHUR  
But how are we going to get to

this guy?

TICK  
I have an idea!

Triumphant musical sting.

ARTHUR  
Okay.

TICK  
Brute force!

Higher-pitched triumphant musical sting.

ARTHUR  
Brute force?! That's your big  
idea?

TICK  
Simple, yet effective.

ARTHUR  
Last time it almost got us  
arrested!

TICK  
No need for raised voices, chum.

ARTHUR  
We'll just let Taft figure  
something out.

TICK  
But... that's not the Arthur I  
know! You're just full of ideas  
and plans and stuff!

ARTHUR  
Like what?

TICK  
Well... we could sneak in!

ARTHUR  
Then we'd have to blend in...

TICK  
Yes! We'll blend in!

ARTHUR  
No we can't! Look at how we look.  
Look at how we act. We can't  
possibly fit in at a 70's  
nightclub!

TICK  
We can do it! We'll be the  
swingin'-est guys the Rumpus Room  
has ever seen!

ARTHUR looks doubtful.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- HALLWAY  
CANDY, MINDY, and TRUDI look around.

CANDY  
Do you see anything, Mindy?

MINDY  
(looks all around)  
Nothing. The coast... is clear.

AMERICAN MAID  
What are you doing?

AMERICAN MAID was standing right next to them; they hadn't spotted her. CANDY, MINDY, and TRUDI are all shocked, and quickly rearrange themselves into a mock-threatening tableau facing AMERICAN MAID.

CANDY  
Who are you? We may have to  
(Shatner-esque beat)  
destroy you.

AMERICAN MAID  
I'm American Maid. I'm here to  
stop Captain Funk's fiendish plan  
to destroy the city.

TRUDI  
I'm Trudi!

MINDY  
I'm Mindy!

CANDY  
I'm Candy!

AMERICAN MAID  
Well I'm angry! You can't just  
(imitating their moves mockingly)  
wiggle around while people try to  
beat you with sticks!  
(CANDY giggles)  
What?

CANDY  
You're funny!

AMERICAN MAID  
You're in a lot of danger here.

MINDY  
Well danger is my last name.

AMERICAN MAID  
It's your *middle* name. Don't  
you... fine. Just follow me and  
I'll get you out of here before  
any of you get hurt.

CANDY  
(cheerily)  
Okay!

GOON #1 (O. S., from around a few  
corners)  
They're over here!

AMERICAN MAID  
Quick, follow me!

AMERICAN MAID runs away.

TRUDI, MINDY, and CANDY run in SLOW MOTION along the hall,  
cheesy theme music in full force.

AMERICAN MAID running around a corner, normal speed. TRUDI, MINDY, and CANDY follow; we see that it's not in slow-motion -- they're just running really really slow.

TRUDI

(sotto voce)

Wow. We look so much cooler than she does.

AMERICAN MAID reaches a locked door and gets ready to kick it.

AMERICAN MAID

Stand back, girls, this...

(looking around; she's lost them)  
girls?

MINDY, TRUDI, and CANDY are now encircled by GOONS.

They all face outwards, doing faux-kung-fu moves.

GOON #2

What do we do, boss?

GOON #3

Do we hit them with sticks?

GOON #1

They're harmless. Just chloroform them.

GOON #2

That'll just put them to sleep!

GOON #3 wants to make sure everyone understands this key point:

GOON #3

I want to hit them with sticks!

GOON #1

Put on your mask, Ned.

THE GOONS put on gas masks; GOON #1 sets off a canister of chloroform.

TRUDI  
(stumbling)  
Oh... I feel... woozy.

MINDY  
(about to pass out)  
Oh, this'll mess my hair...

AMERICAN MAID tears into the room, immediately starts coughing, staggering back.

The GOONS drag the three girls through a doorway. Dramatic music.

CANDY  
Get Taft!!! At Captain Sanity's!  
(as she passes out)  
Please!

The door slams shut. AMERICAN MAID collapses in the smoke.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- TV  
SALLY VACUUM and BRIAN PINHEAD, as teenagers, face the camera. Video is really old, lousy quality.

BRIAN

With these simple lessons and the magic of this new "VCR" technology, you too can learn to be super-cool!

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM  
ARTHUR and THE TICK watch from the the couch. THE TICK is enthralled. ARTHUR is bored.

SALLY (O. S.)

So let's get started!

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- TV

BRIAN

First off, fellas, let's talk about talkin' with "the ladies."

SALLY

Just repeat what Brian Pinhead says, guys, and you'll be the hippest cat on the block!

Thumbs-up to the camera; cheesy wipe to next scene.

BRIAN

'My, you're looking foxy.'

A caption at the bottom of the screen reads the same.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

ARTHUR and TICK

My, you're --

SALLY

C'mon! Like you mean it!

TICK  
My! You're looking foxy!

BRIAN  
'Hey, baby! What's *your* sign?'

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT BUILDING

BRIAN  
.. and remember, the key to being  
a happening guy in the 70's is...

SALLY and BRIAN  
Dancing!

Dancing silhouettes in the windows of Arthur's apartment as  
disco music plays. One of them stops.

ARTHUR (O. S.)  
This will never work.

EXT. SANITARIUM -- DAY

Small sign out front: "Superman filling you with feelings  
of inadequacy? Just talk to us!"

EXT. SANITARIUM COURTYARD -- DAY

A few MAD SCIENTISTS do odd but harmless things. One  
SCIENTIST runs around with a butterfly net. A MAN IN  
TIGHTS up a tree shouts "Captain Ordinary to the rescue!"  
jumps, plummets, lands. Several SUPERHEROES act like  
mimes trapped in boxes.

TAFT walks across the grounds, with background music.  
AMERICAN MAID, holding an ice pack to her head, walks up  
behind him.

AMERICAN MAID  
Excuse me? Are you Taft?

TAFT turns around and takes off his sunglasses, the music  
in full force.

TAFT  
Uh-huh.



BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)  
Taft!

AMERICAN MAID  
(blinks a few times, smiles)  
Um... hi.

TAFT  
What's a fine, foxy lady like you  
doin' 'round here?

AMERICAN MAID  
Foxy?  
(regaining composure)  
I mean, thank you. Citizen. I  
need your help. A supervillain  
has captured three friends of  
yours.

TAFT  
Three ladies? Big hair?

AMERICAN MAID  
Yeah, and one of them knew you.

TAFT  
(sighs)  
They got themselves caught.

AMERICAN MAID  
Rest assured, I intend to --

TAFT  
I should have let the Tick handle  
it. But Captain Funk would have  
a... violent reaction to those two.

AMERICAN MAID  
Now we need a plan to get them  
back!

TAFT  
(nods)  
Come with me.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT

Dot's station wagon pulls up. Da-dwee scattting starts up. In slow motion, TICK and ARTHUR, in full disco-suited regalia, exit the car. Music kicks in with horns as they walk up to the club. ARTHUR, looking the other way, hits something and falls down (still in slow motion).

ARTHUR  
Owww...

We see that ARHTUR ran into TAFT.

TICK  
Uh, Taft! Fancy meeting you here!

ARTHUR  
(getting up)  
American Maid, is that you?

AMERICAN MAID is dressed in a red white and blue 70's costume, her hair down.

TICK  
Lookin' cool, American Maid!

AMERICAN MAID  
(uncomfortable)  
It's not regulation.

ARTHUR  
Well, what are you doing here?

AMERICAN MAID  
We're taking down Captain Funk and his diabolical plan to destroy the City.

TICK  
Oh.

ARTHUR  
Oh.

TICK  
Well, we'll just be going.

TICK and ARTHUR start walking away. TAFT puts a hand on their shoulders, stops them.

TAFT  
Stop.

They turn around; close-up on TAFT.

TAFT  
I should never have told you to  
stay out of the way. We gotta  
fight this together.

TICK  
(tearing up)  
That's so right on!

TAFT  
Let's go!

They all walk towards the club front door together.

DOORMAN (O. S.)  
Stop!

EXT. ROMPER ROOM FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT.  
The four of them are stopped by DOORMAN, floating  
imperiously before them in front of the door.

DOORMAN  
I'm sorry. The club is closed for  
a private party.

ARTHUR  
Not again!

AMERICAN MAID rolls her eyes; TICK moves to the front of  
the group.

TICK  
What would your mother say? When  
Mrs. Doorman finds out that her  
superhero son is working for a  
villain intent on destroying the  
City, how will she feel then?

DOORMAN  
(shedding a single tear)  
I'm... sorry.

EXT. ROMPER ROOM -- NIGHT.  
The two GUARDS from the news story get out of their car  
with coffee and donuts.

GUARD #1  
(watching them)  
*What?*

GUARD #2  
What's up?

DOORMAN floats aside and allowing the four crimefighters to  
pass.

GUARD #1  
He's just letting them in.

GUARD #2  
Great. There go *our* jobs.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- DANCE FLOOR  
Empty. Dark. The four walk in. The door creaks shut  
behind them.

ARTHUR  
Hello?

TICK  
Looks like somebody cancelled the  
party!

TAFT  
Stay quiet.

We hear the grind of machinery.

ARTHUR  
What's that?

A large disco ball descends into the room.

TAFT  
Whatever you do, don't look up.

TICK  
(looking up)  
Don't look up at what?

TAFT  
Tick, no!

The disco ball lights up. A million spots of multicolored light fill the room.

CLOSE UP ON THE TICK, whose eyes go funky.

TICK  
Oooh.

INSERT OF the glittering disco ball.

TICK (O. S.)  
Shiny...

AMERICAN MAID throws a shoe towards it without looking, misses. She puts her shoe back on.

AMERICAN MAID  
My aim's no good if I can't look  
at it.

ARTHUR  
Tick!  
(To TAFT)  
What'll we do? The Tick has  
become the mind slave of late-70's  
decorations! TICK!

TAFT  
He's too mellow to hear you now.

ARTHUR  
Not on my watch! Tick! Remember  
when they cancelled 'Justice:  
American Style' just to have a

special report on the *weather*?

TICK

Unggg... eeeerrrrggh....

ARTHUR

Or last week, when Ben's Diner was  
all out of bacon?

TICK

Well...

ARTHUR

No BLT's at all!

TICK

That was... bad....

ARTHUR

And don't you really, really hate  
how there hasn't been a single  
arch-villain on the loose for  
*three whole weeks*?

TICK

(blinks repeatedly)

Why, yes, Farrah, I'd -- hey!  
Where am I?

TAFT

We're good.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- BACK HALLWAY

THE TICK, AMERICAN MAID and TAFT following ARTHUR down a  
hallway in the hidden compound; they face a fork in the  
road.

AMERICAN MAID

Where did they take you next?

ARTHUR

Then... the guy with the big nose  
threatened to hit me with a stick,  
and they threw me...  
(taking the left path)  
this way.

TAFT

Man, how long were they pushing  
you around?

ARTHUR

And after that the Tick found me.

TICK

Wow! Then Captain Funk's  
innermost lair must be right  
around that corner!

(rushing off)

Spoon!

THE TICK exits; the other three react and follow.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- VAST UNDERGROUND HALL

We now see that the floor is made of glass tiles of various  
bright colors. THE TICK enters, followed by the other four.

CAPTAIN FUNK (O. S., filtered)

Ha! If it isn't my main mean  
arch-nemesis man, Taft! And the  
squares without compare he dares  
to hang out with in my secret lair.

TICK

Wow! He's a poet and he doesn't  
even know it!

CAPTAIN FUNK

Yeah, you've gone groovy on the  
smooth B, but it just ain't enough!

AMERICAN MAID

Tell us where the Device is, and  
nobody gets hurt, Funk.

CAPTAIN FUNK

Oh I couldn't let you *destroy* the  
Funkday Device. No, I think  
we're gonna have to see how much  
funk y'all can *take*!

(villain laugh)

Beat-heavy music kicks in.

The four turn around.

The SAILOR, the CONSTRUCTION WORKER, the MAN IN LEATHER, and the NATIVE AMERICAN facing them, ready for a fight, as the floor lights up in colored patterns beneath them.)

TICK

Looks like a distinctive male  
cross-section of American society  
is looking for a fight!

THE TICK cracks his knuckles; he begins unconsciously moving his hips a bit with the music.

TICK

It's been a while, but I'm looking  
forward to pummeling evil again --  
whoa!

The hip-sway had gotten more pronounced, until it finished in a spontaneous spin move that landed TICK on the floor.

Their adversaries advance on them in identical, synchronized moves. THE TICK tries to get up, fails.

TICK

I'm as clumsy as a newborn faun!

TAFT and AMERICAN MAID are dancing slightly.

TAFT

It's the irresistible beat. Just  
go with it, Tick!

ARTHUR

But we look like dorks!

TICK

(moving incredibly clumsily)  
I barely watched the disco part of  
the video! Whaagh!



He gets grabbed by the SAILOR and the MAN IN LEATHER. One gets the head, one gets the feet. They swing him one way, snap, swing him the other way, snap, repeat.

The CONSTRUCTION WORKER takes on AMERICAN MAID and TAFT. TAFT fights valiantly.

AMERICAN MAID keeps reaching for her shoe. Moving involuntarily to the beat prevents her from doing it.

TAFT  
What are you doing?

AMERICAN MAID  
Can't quite  
(grab)  
get my shoe.  
(grab)

ARTHUR activates his wings, but flies erratically, barely staying afloat.

ARTHUR  
I can't fly! This is screwing up  
my rhythm!

The NATIVE AMERICAN grabs his foot.

ARTHUR  
Nooo!

The SAILOR and the MAN IN LEATHER let THE TICK go, and spin into poses as THE TICK goes flying into a wall, taking out big chunks of concrete.

TICK  
Ow?

TAFT  
You've got to groove down to that  
shoe, American Maid!

AMERICAN MAID  
But I'll look silly!

As TAFT pays attention to AMERICAN MAID, the CONSTRUCTION

WORKER knocks him down with a rhythmically-timed punch, and pulls out a wrench, which glimmers menacingly.

AMERICAN MAID  
NO!

She does a very fancy move that ends with her removing her shoe, and hurls it.

CLOSE-UP OF the CONSTRUCTION WORKER looking shocked.

INSERT OF the shoe flying through the air with a whooshing sound.

CLOSE-UP OF the CONSTRUCTION WORKER getting knocked cold by the shoe and passing out.

TAFT crosses the room, tapping on the shoulder of the NATIVE AMERICAN (who is still holding ARTHUR's foot as he tries to fly free), knocking him out cold.

The MAN IN LEATHER and the SAILOR walk up to TICK, who lies in the rubble, dazed and moving slightly with the music.

MAN IN LEATHER  
Two against one looks like bad  
odds.

AMERICAN MAID clears her throat. The MAN IN LEATHER and the SAILOR turn around to see TAFT, AMERICAN MAID, and ARTHUR facing them.

AMERICAN MAID  
How about two against four?

They quickly incapacitate the two henchmen.

INT. ROMPER ROOM -- OBSERVATION ROOM  
CAPTAIN FUNK watches what's going on, then exits through a side door.

TAFT

We'll keep these goons from following you. You take on Captain Funk.

TICK

But... where is he, Taft?

CAPTAIN FUNK appears.

CAPTAIN FUNK

*He is bringin' the funk to you!*

CAPTAIN FUNK looks at TAFT.

CAPTAIN FUNK

Taft! How could you?

(TAFT reacts with raised eyebrows.)

The coolest cat in the City, and you're trying to take *me* down?

You want to live in a city where people dress like *that*?

(pointing at TICK and ARTHUR)

A city that's *boring*?! I don't understand!

TICK

I think you don't understand, captain! A plain storefront can hide a time-traveling disco! A floating head's assistant can be a keen private eye! Villainous fiend, this city is only as boring as you make it!

CAPTAIN FUNK

Join me, Taft! Join me, and together we'll bring the City down to its no-dancin', bad-dressin', boy-band-listenin' knees!

TAFT

(shaking head)

Destroying the City is not cool.

AMERICAN MAID

Tell us where the Funksdays Device  
is!

CAPTAIN FUNK

Why not? It's in your apartment,  
little rabbit guy!

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

The suitcase, sitting on the coffee table, is now beeping  
and blinking. The latches pop open, one at a time.

CAPTAIN FUNK (O. S.)

And it should be deploying any  
second now!

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

CAPTAIN FUNK  
You're all too late for the  
Funksday Device!  
(villain laugh)

TICK  
Arthur! We gotta get home before  
that device destroys the whole  
city!

TAFT  
You'll need this.

TAFT tosses his car keys to ARTHUR, who catches them.

ARTHUR  
What's this?

The theme music starts as TAFT smirks slightly.

TAFT  
The fastest way home.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT  
A '78 Corvette roars down the street.

INT. CAR  
ARTHUR is driving, with a maniacal grin. THE TICK has his hands over his face; he occasionally peers through his fingers, and is trying to crumple into the fetal position.

TICK  
Arthur, *slow down!*

ARTHUR  
We gotta get there fast, and --

ARTHUR takes a hard turn -- SCREECH! -- THE TICK gets plastered against the passenger door.

ARTHUR  
(cont'd)

... y'know, I'm getting to like  
this.

A horn blares.

TICK  
That was a red light!

ARTHUR  
Dark orange.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT  
The Corvette barrels down the street.

TICK (O. S.)  
(almost sobbing)  
We're gonna die-e-e-e!

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT BUILDING  
ARTHUR flits around by the window. THE TICK looks up from  
street level.

TICK  
Do you see it?

ARTHUR  
(sotto voce)  
Oh, no.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- ARTHUR'S POV  
A disco ball with a blinking, beeping red LED protruding  
from the top emerges from the open suitcase.

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- BY THE WINDOW  
ARTHUR tries to open the window.

ARTHUR  
It won't budge!

TICK  
Are you sure?

In the background, the blinking and beeping gets faster and faster until it becomes a steady light and tone.

ARTHUR  
Tick, do something!

The sound & light stop. ARTHUR looks inside, flies away from the window, down towards TICK.

ARTHUR  
It's gonna blow!

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM  
A bright flash of light, and then a cloud -- maybe a mirage? -- slowly emanates from the disco ball.

EXT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT

TICK  
Nooooo!

THE TICK runs into the apartment building and disappears. We hear him ascend the stairs really fast.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM  
As the cloud expands, things inside of it change.  
\* The carpet becomes a bright green shag rug.  
\* The wallpaper gains a paisley pattern.  
\* Arthur's CDs all turn into vinyl LP's.  
\* The TV gets rotary dials.

THE TICK bursts through the front door.

TICK  
Huh?

THE TICK looks around a bit, sees the device, leaps forward.

Slow motion. THE TICK leaps in through the emerging shock wave, and gains an Afro, a variety of medallions, and a shiny new suit as he flies into the zone.

The cloud expands faster and faster, but TICK brings his fist down on the ball, shattering it. Normal speed.

ARTHUR enters.

ARTHUR  
Tick! Is it too late?

TICK  
The City... is safe.

ARTHUR  
(perplexed and disgusted)  
What happened to my apartment?

TICK  
Evil did some redecorating, and  
(preening a bit in his new suit)  
it's time to hit the town!

INT. DOT'S STATION WAGON  
ARTHUR and TICK are in front. TAFT and AMERICAN MAID, both  
in sunglasses, get in the back seats.

Beat.

TAFT  
Let's go.

ARTHUR hits the gas and the car rolls out of frame.

EXT. STREET -- EARLY EVENING  
A high, high crane shot looking down on the car as it  
drives along a highway. We slowly, slowly pan up to the  
City skyline as the Tick theme from the opening montage  
fades in.

ARTHUR (O. S.)  
Do we even know where we're going?

TICK (O. S.)  
(rising in volume and intensity  
throughout)  
Y'know, Arthur, sometimes it's  
about the *journey*. 'Cos when  
you've given evil a good, solid



pummeling, and scared it away to  
its secret lairs and hideaways,  
the ever-vigilant can take a ride  
out on that big highway called  
Life. And it may not have any  
destinations or clearly marked  
road signs, but it's got wondrous  
sights and smells along the way.  
So let's hit that road and take a  
good whiff! Feel the funk! Hit  
the floor! Shake your groove  
thing!

BACKGROUND SINGERS (O. S.)  
Taft!

FADE TO BLACK.

TAFT  
Mm-hmm.

The music finishes.

END OF SHOW.