

HE-MAN AND THE MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE
"Night Soil of the Necromantis"

By

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INT. SNAKE MOUNTAIN - SKELETOR'S THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Assorted villains lounge about.

SKELETOR opens the bathroom door and steps out with a newspaper folded under his arm.

SKELETOR

The toilet is broken again.
Trap-Jaw, get in there at once and
repair it!

TRAP-JAW chews on a handful of nuts and bolts pulled from a paper bag. He stands up.

TRAP-JAW

Ugh. I told her not to flush them
anymore.

EVIL-LYN yells from another room.

EVIL-LYN (O.C.)

It wasn't me! You-know-who was in
there for two hours this morning!

BEAST MAN sits Indian-style, devouring a monstrous, juicy ham-on-the-bone. He BITES at it repeatedly. Drool and grease run down his chest.

He notices everyone staring at him.

BEAST MAN

What?

Trap-Jaw steps past Skeletor and into the bathroom.

TRAP-JAW

Oh, man.

Skeletor walks to his throne and adjusts his belt, easing into his seat.

Beast Man burps while mouthing random syllables.

EVIL-LYN (O.C.)

And your last name is?

Skeletor exhales.

SKELETOR

Whoo. Who's up for a strategy game?

THRONE ROOM

CLOSE ON CHESSBOARD

SLOW ZOOM OUT TO:

Skeletor and TRI-KLOPS sit in front of an exotic chess board, placed on a card table. Tri-Klops on a tiny wooden stool. Skeletor on his throne, staring at the board, his hand on his jaw.

A beat.

Tri-Klops spins his eyes around. He looks at his watch.

He looks down at the chessboard. Back up at Skeletor.

TRI-KLOPS
This is boring.

Skeletor breathes lightly.

TRI-KLOPS (cont'd)
Are you... Cuz it's hard to tell...

A snore.

TRI-KLOPS (cont'd)
Sigh.

TRAP-JAW (O.C.)
Sir!

Skeletor jumps.

SKELETOR
I'm thinking, I'm thinking!

TRAP-JAW
The...

Skeletor whirls around, surprised to hear the voice is coming from the other side of the room.

Trap-Jaw stands in the bathroom doorway, covered in sewage. A hydraulic plunger attachment on his robotic arm.

TRAP-JAW (cont'd)
...flushing mechanism is unable to
be repaired. The entire unit must
be replaced.

Trap-Jaw holds up a small rusted chain, pinched between his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

Skeletor flips the chessboard and jumps up from his throne. Tri-Klops falls backwards and hits his head.

SKELETOR

Out of the question! I'm saving the company funds for a death ray!

Evil-Lyn steps in, drying a dish with a towel.

EVIL-LYN

One of you is going to have to get a job.

Tri-Klops sits up and rubs his head. Stars.

BEAST-MAN

Doesn't bother me. I can just go in Panthor's litter box again.

A ferocious roar from PANTHOR.

FAKER slams a hardcover book shut and stands up from a Lazyboy. He clicks off a reading lamp.

FAKER

Sorry, but this is a breach of contract.

MER-MAN raises a webbed finger.

MER-MAN

Grayskull has a french toilet, I heard.

Faker walks towards the front door.

FAKER

I'm outta here.

Skeletor stands.

SKELETOR

Patience, my legion of villains!

The villains stop.

SKELETOR (cont'd)

To overcome this workplace inconvenience, I, Skeletor, have devised a plan!

He picks up his staff and points it at a fancy mirror on the wall. A glow.

MER-MAN
(mumbling)
...a new bathtub would be nice...

SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC

SLOW PUSH IN ON SKELETOR

Images appear in the mirror behind him.

SKELETOR
We will acquire the Mighty Throne
of Andor, a piece of furniture of
unbreakable construction, its
materials bound through an ancient
magical enchantment.

ON VILLAINS

VILLAINS
Oooo!

ON SKELETOR

SKELETOR
And the Spiral Gem of Andromedis...
which, once activated, opens a
swirling vortex to another solar
system! I will harness and combine
their ancient powers to construct a
portable device of infinite waste
disposal power!

Lightning strikes.

ON VILLAINS

The villains look around for the source of the lightning.

A beat.

SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC STOPS

SKELETOR (cont'd)
Any questions? Yes? No?

ON VILLAINS

Trap-Jaw drops the chain from the toilet into his mouth and
crunches on it. Still splattered with sewage.

Evil-Lyn stands with her arms crossed, annoyed. She looks at
Trap-Jaw out of the corner of her eye.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL-LYN
Um, how about air freshener?

MEDIUM ON SKELETOR

SKELETOR
Oh, yes.

A beat.

SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC

SLOW PUSH IN ON SKELETOR

SKELETOR (cont'd)
We will also retrieve The Dark
Flowers of Flagronysis, which bloom
tiny black holes, so powerful that
no scent can escape!

Maniacal laugh from Skeletor.

Another lightning strike.

SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC STOPS

ON VILLAINS

Mer-Man raises his webbed hand.

MER-MAN
I know... how about--

SKELETOR
Nope! That's all you get.

Skeletor points his staff at the villains.

SKELETOR (cont'd)
Prepare the Land Shark!

A beat.

TRAP-JAW
Actually, it's got a flat.

SKELETOR
What?! How can the--

RING!

A rotary telephone with curly cable.

Skeletor gasps.

(CONTINUED)

RING!

SKELETOR (cont'd)
Don't answer it!

A beat.

RING!

Evil-Lyn reaches for it.

ON PHONE

A blast from Skeletor's staff blows it to pieces.

ON SKELETOR

He points.

SKELETOR (cont'd)
I said--

RING!

ON PHONE

A busted pile of phone parts.

SKELETOR (cont'd)
No!

ON TRAP-JAW

He holds the charred and severed end of the phone cable.

RING!

SLOW PUSH IN ON SKELETOR

Recoils and opens his jaw.

RING!

SLOW PUSH IN ON PHONE

RING!

SLOW PUSH IN ON SKELETOR

Eye sockets swirl.

SFX: A crescendo of ringing and static.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. - MODERN BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

A telephone rings in the distance.

SNORT!

Skeletor wakes up at his desk. A puddle of drool. He wears a white short-sleeved button-up shirt and tie. Messy hair grows from the sides of his head. Bald on top.

He touches his head and gasps.

FAST ZOOM OUT TO ROOM

Eternia's heroes, dressed in office attire, lean in around Skeletor's desk. Evesdropping.

MAN-AT-ARMS slurps coffee and squints. He smacks his lips.

A fat PRINCE ADAM bites a muffin. Crumbs.

THE SORCERESS in a skirt and high heels. RAM-MAN looks her up and down. Mostly up.

They stare at Skeletor.

A beat.

Laughter explosion.

Skeletor hides his face in his hands, sinks back into his seat.

TEELA approaches. She carries manila folders.

TEELA
OK, everyone...

The crowd breaks up. Teela pauses at Skeletor's desk.

Skeletor looks up.

TEELA (cont'd)
Oh, and when you get a chance...
boss is out of staples.

A telephone rings in the distance.

Skeletor whirls around in his chair.

FAST PAN TO:

Giant gold-framed painting of ORKO in a business suit and military regalia. Grey beard. Holding a quill pen.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE VOICE

Thank you for calling OrCo. How may
I direct your call?

CLOSE ON SKELETOR

He snatches up a piece of stationary from his desk. Through
the paper, the company logo: OrCo.

FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)

Please hold.

BIRD'S EYE ON SKELETOR

Skeletor grips his skull with both hands and screams into
the air.

SPINNING SWORD