

Noodle Town
"Flatu-gioli"
an original screenplay by
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"FLATU-GIOLI"

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL BUSTLING METROPOLIS - DAY

PAN the city. A sign reads, "WELCOME TO NOODLE TOWN." Continue toward uptown. FRESH VEGETABLES hurry down the bustling street. RAMEN NOODLES peddle rickshaws.

A RIGATONI NOODLE pushes a baby stroller. Inside the stroller, a mini-RIGATONI wears a baby bonnet. Continue toward a house shaped like a PASTA MAKER.

INT. PASTA CASA - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A sparkling stainless steel kitchen. BIGOLI NOODLE wears a chef's hat and apron. He stirs a steaming pot on the stove while SINGING, "*O Sole Mio*."

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RAVIOLI NOODLE sits on the sofa SLURPING and LICKING a large bowl clean.

RAVIOLI

I just loooovveee Ricotta cheese.

FUSILLI NOODLE, a busty curvaceous pasta, reads a book. She looks over the rims of her black-framed glasses.

FUSILLI

That was meant for everybody.

ZITA NOODLE paints her toenails red. Her long strands of semolina hair fall onto her shoulders.

ZITA

You could of at least shared.

RAVIOLI BELCHES.

RAVIOLI

There. I shared.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Aromas swirls in the air. Bigoli INHALES. His feet lift off the ground. He speaks with an Italian accent.

BIGOLI

Just like my Mamma used to make.
Eh, Noodles! Time to eat! Mangiamo!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ravioli, Zita, and Fusilli sit up straight.

RAVIOLI

Did he say, come eat?!

Ravioli propels in the air and rotates like a Frisbee, ZOOMING out. Zita's long hair strands spin like helicopter blade.

ZITA

Not if I get there first.

Fusilli springs after them not in a rush. PING! PING!

FUSILLI

Losers!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

ZIP! WHIR! PING! Ravioli, Zita, and Fusilli sit at the table. Double forks in hand. Ravioli DROOLS.

Bigoli places a heaping bowl of spaghetti on the table. He takes a seat, and grabs his forks.

BIGOLI

Ready...set...*manga!!!*

Their forks stab into the pasta, and they SUCK down the long noodles in one breath. The bowl RATTLES empty. A SIREN blares.

TOGETHER

It's the Big Perogy!

A COLANDER lowers from the ceiling. Rays of white light stream from each hole. A HOLOGRAM of the BIG PEROGY, stuffed with cheese. He smokes a CIGAR.

BIG PEROGY

We have an emergency noodles. Garlic escaped from the cooler and is overpowering the city.

A PROJECTION of the GARLIC BULB walking down Al Fredo Street and devouring a SPINACH LEAF. The spinach SHRIEKS.

ZITA

Oh, no! That's horrible.

RAVIOLI

This stinks, boss.

BIG PEROGY

And he's heading towards the nursery.

BIGOLI

Pasta *fagioli*! Not the--

BIG PEROGY

Yes, the beans. It's a crisis. His emissions are lethal.

FUSILLI

Garlic could destroy the flavor of the city as we know it.

BIG PEROGY

And it's up to you, Noodles, to stop him.

BIGOLI

We're on it, boss. Noodles, *andiamo*! Let's go crush that garlic!

EXT. BOLOGNESE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Garlic devours everything in his path. He CHOMPS on a TOMATO. It collapses. Garlic sees the *Fagioli* Nursery. He licks his lips and walks toward the entrance.

INT. FAGIOLI NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

A FAVA BEAN splits apart at the base. The proud mama looks down as JUNIOR BEANS evacuate from her pod. Each one GIGGLES as it waddles away.

Enter Garlic. Fava Bean SHRIEKS. The babies scamper towards her. Garlic sneers, then BELCHES.

Green fog envelopes Fava Bean. She wilts. We hear the babies fearful YELPS as garlic walks towards them.

EXT. BOLOGNESE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The noodles speed down the street: Ravioli hover-craft, Zita hair-helicopter, Fusilli spring-action, and Bigoli curls into a giant wheel. Bigoli INHALES.

BIGOLI

He's this way.

They race towards the *Fagioli* Nursery. Garlic exits holding the baby beans. Ravioli motions to the Noodles.

RAVIOLI

And there he is!

ZITA

Holy garbanzo! He has the beanie-babies

FUSILLI

Let's go get him.

BIGOLI

Noodles to the rescue!

An evil grin. Garlic opens his mouth wide. The beanie babies SHRIEK. The Noodles ZOOM in front of him.

RAVIOLI

Not on my shift, stink-face.

Radioactive cheese ZINGS from Ravioli's eyes. Garlic elevates off the ground and spasms. The beanie babies fall to the ground. They scamper off, CRYING:

BEAN BABIES

Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama!

Garlic's eyes flare.

GARLIC

GRRRRRRRAAHhhhh!!!!

Garlic PUFFS up his face, then BURPS. The green stench surrounds Ravioli.

RAVIOLI

Holy halotosis!

Ravioli falls backward, eyes blank. He MOANS. Zita whips her hair; a propeller fan. The odor dissipates.

Ravioli stands. Enraged, Garlic shoots cloves--rapid fire. Zita WHACKS them with her hair. The garlic is minced.

Garlic SCREECHES. He faces his butt toward the Noodles and GRUNTS.

BIGOLI

Mother Teresa!

FUSILLI

He's going to--

TOGETHER

FART!!!

Garlic's face puffs up. He GRUNTS. Bigoli steps forward.

BIGOLI
Step aside, this one's mine.

Bigoli's noodle-top transforms into a rocket gun. He fires.
BAM! BAM! BAM! MEATBALLS shoot out. A direct hit.

BIGOLI (CONT'D)
Occhio di bue! Bull's-eye!

Garlic stands upright, grabbing his butt. He SHRIEKS!

GARLIC
EIYAAHHH!!!!

FUSILLI
Time to finish him off.

Fusilli springs. Her coils encapsulating Garlic within her inner-tube. She expands like an accordion. We see Garlic's squished face visible through the semolina.

Fusilli GRUNTS:

FUSILLI (CONT'D)
But this is really stretching it to the limit.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

A barred jailhouse. Garlic stands inside a large TUPPERWARE boxed cell. Garlic fumes. His eyes glower.

FUSILLI
Now, that's what I call stink-eye.

Big Perogy, still smoking a cigar, locks the cell door.

BIG PEROGY
Good job, Noodles.

ZITA
Do you think that'll hold him?

BIG PEROGY
The seal is airtight. He'll keep.
But as for now--

Ravioli's stomach GRUMBLES, interrupting.

TOGETHER
Let's go eat. *Andiamo!*

FADE OUT:

THE END