

"Bending The Rules"

By GalaxyDancer

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The one . . . the only . . . Me Myself and I movie. Starring Me, Myself, I, Johnny C., Zim, Jeremie, Spot, Sparky, Wilt, Kevin, and VT.

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1 - Scene One

Me Myself and I in

Bending The Rules

Written by Jamie Fandler, Jhonen Vasquez, Johnny Ciller, Linda Florance, and Todd Vocal.

(Yeah right. Written by ME!! MUAHAHA!!) Before reading this, please read the INFORMATION so you'll know what the heck is going on. Thank you.

Voices:

Jessica McCoy	Me
Janice Kawaye	Myself
Grey Delisle	I
Jhonen Vasquez	Johnny
Richard Horvitz	Zim
Rick Miller	Sparky
Phil LaMarr	Wilt
Sharon Mann	Jeremie
Nathan Lane	Spot
Shaun Fleming	Kevin
Susie Essman	VT

SCENE ONE

Begin title credits on a black screen, playing Journey's "Open Arms". It seems like it's going to be a very sentimental movie. The credits, written in boring white letters, change by fading in and out.

Credits: Pixel Animation presents, a Cortoroid Productions film, in association with Slave Labor Graphics-

Suddenly the music stops with a record scratch.

Me (offscreen): Oh, come on! What do you people think this is? Some Lifetime chick flick? Lighten up!

The music is now REM's "Stand".

Me (as the beginning of the song is still playing): Yeah! Now THAT'S more like it!

As the exciting part of the music kicks in, a knife swipes across the screen, wiping away the credit "In association with Slave Labor Graphics" and replacing it with "Bending The Rules". The title "Bending The Rules" is written in exciting letters.

Me: Although I would have also accepted the Banana song . . .

Melaughs. The knife swipe replaces the title with the first voice credit. The knife swipe (different each time) replaces one voice credit with another, until all the main characters vocal credits have been shown. One final knife swipe changes the black background to a lovely view of a harbor at sunset. The credits continue, only fading in and out on top of the backgrounds. Lightening runs across the top and left of the screen, as if the television was being electrocuted. The harbor picture fades into the view of a city, also at sunset. Lightening runs across the bottom and right of the screen. The city picture fades into a zoomed out version, showing the city farther away with a cliff in the foreground, out of focus. The music fades out and the credits end as we zoom out even further, revealing somebody is sitting on top of a car parked on the cliff. All we can see is their silhouette. They have their head rested in their hands, and their elbows rested on their knees. The sun gets much lower in the sky as we fade into nighttime. The person on the car sighs. We still can't see who it is.

Person: I'm going to miss it. But I really need time away from everything, so I can sort out my life. Something's gone wrong with me, and I know it. If I can figure out *what*, maybe I can fix it. But the likelihood of my perception changing is very slim, anyway, so there can't be much to improve on. . . . And in any case, everybody I've ever met hates me, so I'm not losing anything by going away for a while. Talking to Squee, yes, but he doesn't like it when I talk to him. He's scared of me. . . . As is everybody else in the universe.

The person sighs.

Person: I guess no matter where I go, no matter how I try to right what I've wronged . . . everybody will always hate me. Even when I try to apologize, like I did with Devi . . . they are too scared of me to accept it. I'm beginning to wonder if there is any real place for me . . . where people will forgive me . . .

Suddenly, the lightening runs all around and across the screen, startling the person. He stands up and is about to run, but the lightening suddenly all converges in the middle of the screen (on him). He glows bright white for a second, hovering, and then the white of his silhouette rushes outward in all directions, covering the screen in whiteness. Cut to an interior view of the bedroom in Me Myself and I's house. It's nighttime, and everybody except Me is asleep. Me is laughing evilly as she types away at VT's keyboard, her face lit by the glow of VT's monitors.

VT: Me, are you sure this is such a good idea? I mean, I can understand Sparky, Wilt, and even Zim . . . but this guy is a killer! Do you understand the kind of danger you're putting yourself and everybody else in?

Me: Sure I do, VT! But if I can keep Zim from experimenting on Spot's organs for this long, I think I can handle this guy. He's not such a bad guy if you don't make him mad.

VT: I'm telling you, Me, this is a horrible idea! One slip-up and your head rolls across the floor. And you know I can't bring people back to life. That's out of touch with the World Files.

Me: Oh, you and your worries. All he really needs is a friend or two! And what better bunch of friends could he have than-

As Me says each character's name, they are shown on screen, currently sleeping except for VT and Me.

Me:-Sparky, Spot, Wilt, Jeremie, Zim, Myself, I, you and me?

VT: I must admit, you all get along in a strange way. But this guy is different from all of you. He comes from Universe Seven Seven Seven, which, though not too much unlike Universe Seven Thirty-Seven, is much harsher than any other. The people there-

Me: I know all about it, VT. I read all seven comics! I know everything there is to know about him. I even know his favorite flavor is cherry! Hee hee!

VT: That's just it, Me. Don't you remember what he did to Jimmy for copying him? Jimmy knew everything about him, too.

Me: Oh, I remember. But Jimmy was a freak. And besides, I'm not copying him or anything. I'm just trying to show him he has friends here who understand him and don't care about what he does or what he used to do. People change, VT, and I'm going to prove it! He just has to learn to accept himself for who he is.

VT: Well, if you're completely positive you can keep him under control . . .

Me: No, VT! Of *course* not! He doesn't like to be controlled, so I'm not even going to try. But I *will* try to keep him calm enough so that he doesn't kill anybody. And guess what? I'm gonna let him come to school with me! If I can fix up his outfit and his hair enough, nobody will recognize him!

VT: You *do* recall when you tried this with Zim . . .

Me: Oh, that was different. Zim's impossible to disguise. But Johnny could really pass off as a Sophomore, don't you think? And if I say he was held back a year, that would make him a Freshman, like me! And we could be in class together!

VT: It'll never work, Me. Somebody will say something, and he'll get upset, and then he'll be writing you letters from jail.

Me: He never gets caught, VT. Now . . . are we ready?

The classic Code: Lyoko music begins playing.

VT (suddenly in computer mode): Affirmative. Please confirm Universe, target, transmit to form target, and coordinates.

Me: Classification: comics. Universe Seven Seven Seven. Target: Johnny C. Form target: Not applicable. Coordinates: Last page, issue seven, sitting on his carat the edge of the cliff that overlooks the city. Memory: Complete memory transfer, from JTHM Issues one through seven. Exclude director's cut edition. Details: Give him his hair back. I like his old hairdo better.

VT: Confirmed. Please insert time lapse after coordinates.

Me: Thirty minutes.

VT:Password?

Me(talking to herself): Radioactive rubber pants. Waffles. Head Explody. Geebs,stop this crazy thing! Marshmallow Bunnies, J.C. Leave me to my vomit. Wacky!Fake-out make-out. Cherry pie.

VT:Invalid password.

Me(annoyed): Tessa is a big dork-face.

VT:Password accepted. Transmission pending. Transmitting: Johnny C., UniverseSeven Seven Seven to Universe One. Notable changes: hairstyle. Error detection:multiple outfits. Selection?

Me: Blackshirt with randomized logo on front, and thick black and white stripes on theback. Thick-striped sleeves, gray pants, and knee-high boots.

VT:Settings approved. Accessories?

Me: Hisdiary.

VT:Settings approved. Confirm transmission?

Me: Confirm.

VT:Confirmed. Transmit Johnny C. at nine percent completion. Twenty-four percentcompletion. Thirty-seven percent completion. Fifty-two percent completion.Sixty-six percent completion.

Me's eyesbecome big and she smiles as she watches the loading bar on the screen.

VT:Eighty-three percent completion. Ninety-nine percent completion.

Me turnesaround in the chair to watch as one of the garbage-can pods next to the desklights up. Lightening strobes around the wires connecting the pod to VT's maincomputer, which sits under the desk her monitor is on. She gets up and walksover to the pod.

VT:Transmit complete. (Snaps out of computer mode) Me, be careful.

Me: Justopen the pod, VT.

The poddoor slides open, revealing at first nothing but smoke that pours out, but whenit clears we see Johnny curled up at the bottom of the pod with his eyesclosed. Me gasps and squeals, excited. She reaches down and grabs Johnny underthe arms, then, with much struggle, drags him out onto the floor. She gently setshis torso down.

Me: Aw,thanks, VT! Isn't he beautiful? I've never seen him asleep before.

VT:Technically, he's just unconscious. And I'm serious, Me, you have to becareful! Johnny is dangerous!

Me: Oh, shut up about it, you artificial intelligence worrywart. I know how to handle him. Besides, until morning, I have him all to myself!

VT: It's a miracle this never wakes anybody up.

Me: True. Either that, or they're all really heavy sleepers. Anyway . . .

Johnny moans and blinks his eyes open.

Me: Oh, good, he's already awake! Usually it takes a little longer . . .

VT: Well, he was never a fan of sleeping, anyway. That might have had some effect on the time it took for him to wake up.

Me hovers over Johnny and stares at him.

Me: Hi, Johnny C.! Glad you're awake! My name is Me, and welcome to my house! If you feel a little dizzy, that's normal. You were just pulled out of an alternate reality! Oh, and there's this other little side effect . . .

Johnny: Wha . . . oh, my head . . . where . . .

Me: Oh my gosh, you're so sweet! And I like the way your voice sounds! After all, we never really know what your voice sounds like, because you're a comic instead of a cartoon. Kinda reminds me of Jhonon's set of vocals, actually. But that's no surprise, considering he created you.

Johnny: What are you talking about? And how did I get here?

Johnny sits up and puts his hand on his head. He looks confused.

Me (realizing something): Oh, I forgot! You don't know yet. Well, here's the basics. You exist in an alternate reality called Universe Seven Seven Seven. That Universe was created by Jhonon Vasquez. You are an idea that he thought up. For every idea, no matter how simple or complex, there is a Universe. The majority of complex Universes are television shows, but others are comic books, like yours. Your entire reality is nothing but a comic book. Creepy, huh?

Johnny looks freaked out, his hand still on his head.

Johnny: You're insane. How do you know my name? Have you been following me?

Me: Not in so many words. Like I said, you're in a comic book. I've read all seven issues. I like the first issue, when you meet Squee for the first time! Oh and in the second issue you meet Devi. That was funny. Man, did you get your butt kicked! She's the only one who ever got away, though, isn't she? But the funniest part I ever read was in issue three, when you were talking with that guy from the crime council, and he mentioned something about the girl found behind the mall who had all her blood drained-

Johnny: What the he-

Me: Nah,ah, ah, Nny! Public television. Sorry, no swearing.

Johnny:Oookaayyy . . . What the *heck* is going on here? I have no idea whatyou're talking about. Comic books? This is insane! Really. How do you know somuch about me?

Me: Oh,just hold on one second.

Me getsup and walks over to her bed. She reaches under the mattress and pulls outthree comic books, then drops them in front of Johnny. Johnny picks up the oneon top and opens it, scrolling through the pages. Me sits down next to him and putsher arm on his shoulder, looking at the comic with him.

Johnny:This . . . this is me! This comic tells all *about* me! Even my diaryentries . . . where did you get this?

Me:Jhonen Vasquez drew it. Like I said, he created you! You're an idea, and youentire reality is nothing but a comic book. Creepy, huh?

Johnny(awe-struck): Uh huh . . . That's . . . that's . . . ohh, I don't feel good . . .

Me: Yeah,finding out everything you know is a lie can do that to you. That's the otherside effect I mentioned earlier. But don't worry; if you concentrate onsomething enjoyable, you can usually ride it out before you projectile vomitall over the place.

Johnny:Uh, okay. So . . . if you know everything about me, don't you hate me? Aren'tyou going to run away screaming any time soon?

Me: No,not really. . . . Well, yes, probably tomorrow, but not because of you. I justlike to run away screaming.

Johnny(creeped out): You sound like you're a cheerleader. Are you?

Me(outraged): CHEERLEADER?!? I hate them! They think they're sooo cool, becausethey can jump around and climb on top of each other and wave little pom-pomsaround and memorize catchy rhymes! And they think they're the best ateverything because they're pretty and get to go out with worthless footballguys who have no good qualities except for their appearances! And theneverybody likes them because they're paired with the quarterback! AND THEY'RESO STUPID!! Don't even get me started about how stupid they are!

Johnny:Okay, okay, I get it. You hate cheerleaders as much as I do. Sorry I offendedyou.

Me(suddenly happy): Not at all! Cheerleaders are funny! And I'm *very*funny, so I'm told, if a little insane. My nickname is Waffles!

Johnny:Waffles? Well, okay. What was your real name, again?

Me: Me.But not spelled M-M-Y like that freak Jimmy. It's spelled the way it sounds:M-E! Neat, huh? And

my sisters are Myself and I. But we're not triplets, eventhough we're all fourteen. You see, we're three halves of one girl. Well, weused to be. Her name was Tessa Fandler. But when Kevin and Jeremie attempted tosend her to Universe Forty-Nine to say hello to Leonard and let him know Spotwas okay, she ended up being split into three people who each had differentparts of her qualities and talents. I'm the insane half, most likely! I likebugs, singing, doodling, and cartoons! Myself is a goody-goody-two-shoesteacher's pet. She likes to paint, play the piano, and get good grades. I isgothic. She likes to write stuff and wear dark clothes, and she's a genius likeJeremie. And if you put us together, that's something like what Tessa was like!Oh, and we all get little tidbit flashes of her memories once in awhile, butfor the most part we only know what Kevin and VT tell us. Kevin is Tessa'sten-year-old brother, and he's really annoying. Oh, and then there are the VTBabies - creatures VT pulls from other Universes, like you.

Johnny'seyes are big as he listens.

Johnny:This . . . this is too much to take in at once. Just stop, before you make mesick!

Me: Oh,sorry, Nny. That usually happens when I explain everything to a newbie. Youwant a bucket?

Johnny:No . . . I'm okay. Just . . . just shut up! Can't you tell me this later?

Me: Likewhen? You just got here, so I figure this is the best time.

Johnnyglances at the digital clock on the table.

Johnny:It's one AM. Shouldn't you be asleep? It looks like everybody e/se isasleep . . . and you don't wanna wake them up, right?

Me: Oh,don't worry about them. For some reason, they're all really heavy sleepers.They never wake up in the middle of the night. But don't you wanna know whothey all are? After all, you're going to be here for a while, so you should getto know them.

Johnny:Only if you can make the introduction quick and simple.

Me: Actually,I was. There's a whole novel's worth of information I left out! Those were justthe basics. Anyway, yeah I can introduce them quickly enough. But why? We haveall night to talk.

Johnny:Because all of this information is seriously making me nauseous. I need time tothink. Go ahead and tell me about the others here, and then go to bed. I'lljust sit here and think about everything.

Me: Okeedokee. Let's begin.

Me getsup and walks over to the second set of bunk beds, where the VT Babies aresleeping. She squats down next to the bottom bunk.

Me: Thisis Jeremie. He's from Universe Nineteen, and he's here to help Kevin fix VT,because he's a super genius. He likes to watch documentaries on television.Sometimes, he taps into an ultrasonic Link File frequency and contacts Aelitafor help. Aelita is a virtual girl, basically, and she's his girlfriend. Next!

Me moves up to the second bunk.

Me: This is Spot the dog. He's from Universe Forty-Nine. Oh, and he can talk. He enjoys normal *dog* things as well as normal *boy* things. He has a high ego, and he's very funny at times. But when it comes to emotions, he really has problems keeping it together. He's very dramatic. Next!

Me stands up all the way and puts an arm on the third bunk.

Me: This is Sparky. He's from Universe One Sixteen. He's an alien: Newtropicalian, if you want to get specific. He has an appetite that's nearly a match for his energy. He'll eat anything, but his favorite is junk food, specifically candy. He's the hyper one. Next!

Me goes around to the side of the bunk beds and climbs the latter to the top bunk, resting her elbow on it while standing on the latter.

Me: This is Wilt. He's from Universe Four Eleventy-Three, the imaginary Universe: thus the imaginary number. We just use the six-digit code 4113-01 for the technical term, but the real name is still four eleventy-three. Anyway, he's really tall, and that's why he's on the top bunk. He's insanely nice and forgiving, but if you ask too much of him, he's in danger of a nervous break down. He's more of a goody-goody-two-shoes than Myself is, but he's really cool about it. He used to play basketball, and he's really sensitive about his missing arm and wonky eye. Last . . .

Me jumps down from the bunk bed latter and lands next to a small green blanket and pillow on the floor.

Me: . . . is Zim. There was nowhere else to put him, so he just sleeps on the floor. He's from Universe Seven Thirty-Seven. He's also an alien, but he's an Irken, not a Newtropicalian. He's almost as hyper as Sparky, but not quite. His mission used to be taking over the Earth in the name of his leaders, the Almighty Tallest, but he had to give that up when we transmitted him here. He basically hates human beings in general, so you'll have to forgive him if he doesn't like you. Oh, and he was also created by Jhonen Vasquez, so you two have something in common! Hee hee!

Me moves over to the other three bunk beds.

Me: You already know about these two. The one on the top bunk is Myself, and the one in the middle is I. And me, I sleep on the bottom bunk. Oh, and there's one more person!

Me walks over to VT's monitor and rests her arm on it.

Me: This is VT, which is short for Virtual Transmitter. She's who brought you here, by my command. She has a mind of her own, though, because Kevin and Jeremie equipped her with artificial intelligence and emoticon chips. She's based on Sadie the car, from an episode of *Kim Possible*. And she has a sense of humor, but you have to listen closely to figure out where it is at times.

VT: Haha, very funny.

Johnny sighs, overwhelmed.

Johnny: Well, nice to meet you, VT. My name's Johnny, but you can call me Nny, if you like.

VT: Charming! Nny it is. Taking off half of the word saves three bytes of memory for me.

Johnny: Um, thanks?

Me: That was an example of her humor. Three bytes is basically nothing to a computer. Don't be rude, VT!

VT: Sorry. Anyway, nice to meet you, Johnny.

Me: See, VT? I told you I could handle it. He's not such a bad guy if you take the time to get to know him! Right, Nny?

Johnny: I suppose so, but lately I haven't had a very high opinion of myself.

Me sits down next to Johnny with a concerned expression.

Me: Aw, Nny, it's okay. I'm your friend! After all, we're both clinically insane here, aren't we?

Johnny (sarcastic): Oh, thanks, that really makes me feel better. So . . . you *choose* who you bring here, right? Why did you choose me?

Me: I like you. And I want you to be happy again!

Johnny: That really is very kind, but I'm afraid your efforts have been in vein. I'll never be happy again. Everybody I've ever liked is scared shi- I mean, scared *breathless* of me.

Me: Well, you'll see that not everybody hates you, Johnny. And here, you have the chance to start all over! Say . . . do you think you could pass as a Sophomore?

Johnny: I suppose, though I'm really twenty. Why?

Me: Oh . . . no reason. Well, I'm going to bed now. You can just sit here and think, but don't go anywhere. Pacing around the room is okay, though, as long as you don't leave. I'm going to show you around *tomorrow*. Oh, and VT? Wake me up before everybody else so we won't have any screaming. After such a long time without anybody knowing, it would be a real shame to have one person scream and make the parents come in to find all this.

VT: Got it, Me.

Me yawns and crawls into her bunk, below I and Myself.

Me: Goodnight, Nny. Feel free to sleep, if you want.

Johnny: No, that's okay. I still have a headache from listening to you and all your explanations. I need to

think about it for a while before I try to sleep.

Me: Suit yourself. Nighty-night.

Alone, it seems, Johnny sighs and puts his hands in his lap. He twiddles his thumbs.

Johnny: Why does everything always have to happen to me?

2 - Scene Two

BendingThe Rules
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SCENE TWO

VT: Fivefifty-three AM. Time to get up, Me.

A mechanical arm extends from VT's monitor and taps Me on the shoulder. Me waves her hand at it as if it were a mosquito.

Me: Fivemore minutes, VT.

VT:Johnny's waiting, Me. You said you would show him around today.

Me: Isthe sun even up yet?

VT:Almost.

Me sitsup in bed and rubs her eyes as the mechanical arm retracts back into the monitor. The sun is shining through the windows, making the room bright with morning light. Johnny is still sitting on the floor. He looks deep in thought as he twiddles his thumbs.

Me: Nny?You ready? I'm gonna show you around the house. Nny? You there?

Johnnyshakes his head, snapping himself out of his thoughts. He turns around to faceMe.

Johnny:Yeah, I'm here. Sorry. I was still thinking about everything that's happened.It's really unnerving.

Me putsher feet on the floor and stretches her arms, yawning.

Me: Yep,yep, I know. Come on, we have a lot to cover. It's a two-story house.

Johnny:Alright.

Johnnystands up and stretches, leaning into a half back-bend. Me stands up and jumpsfour times, then holds out her left hand and uses her right hand to bend herfingers backwards until they touch her wrist. Johnny looks horrified.

Johnny:What the heck?!!

Me: Oh,sorry, I forgot to mention I'm also the one with the freaky body talents. I canbend my fingers

backwards, twist my arms and legs backwards, cross one eye at a time, and double my voice.

Johnny (really freaked): Double your voice? What's that mean?

Me: I censing and talk in two notes at once. I'll show you. (In doubled voice) Oooooohhhh!!!

Johnny: Holy shi . . . p! Ship! How do you do that?

Meshrugs.

Me: I dunno. But it's fun! It disturbs people!

I roll over in bed, disturbed by Me's noise.

I: Not *this* early, Me. Do that later. *Some* of us are trying to sleep!

Me: Oh, yes! Nny, you can meet *I* first. As I told you, she's the gothic one of us three.

I's eyes snap open in realization.

I: No! Not *another* one! Who is it *this* time, Me? Who did you pull *this* time? Osmosis Jones? Ami and Yumi? Double Dee? Snap?

Me (looking dreamily at Johnny): Nope! He's not *from* a television show. He's from a comic book!

I sits up in bed, horrified. She stares at Johnny and Me, who are standing in the middle of the floor. Me smiles and waves.

I: Oh my God! Johnny? You pulled *Johnny*?! Are you insane? Wait, I take that back. Are you *more* insane that you already were? Are you on drugs or something?

Johnny: Excuse me, but is there something *wrong* with me?

I: Duh! You're a homicidal maniac! You're dangerous! Me, do you know what you've done?! You've sentenced us all to death! We're so dead, now! My God, what are we going to do?!

Me: Shut up, I. Johnny's really nice. Don't you think he would have killed me by now if he was going to?

I: You *do* have a point. How did you pull it off, Me? You haven't driven him to a breaking point yet.

Johnny: She never said anything rude about me. I don't exactly like her in any way, but at least she's not as cruel as most people - and by "most people", I mean people like you.

Me: Ah, give her a break, Nny. She'll understand eventually.

Myself rolls over in bed.

Myself:What's going on, guys?

I: Mepulled *Johnny* here. Johnny C., the homicidal maniac! You know, fromthose comic books you hate so much? And now he's *here!* We're all doomed,thanks to dunderhead, here!

Myselfsits up and stretches her arms.

Myself:Johnny C.? Oh, he's not that bad, I. I've read the comics, too, and I don'thate them that much. If you're nice to him, you'll see he's actually kind ofcharming.

Me: HA!!!!IN YOUR FACE, !!!

I: Haveyou gone mad, Myself? Johnny is a killer!

Myself:Only if you're mean to him. I say it's okay if he's here, as long as he doesn'ttake everything so seriously.

Johnny:Don't worry, Myself, I'm not going to do anything. There's too many people here,anyway. And it seems that this place is different from where I used to live.I've never been caught before, but *here* . . . I'm not so sure. Besides,I don't want to kill people any more. I want friends.

Myselfand Me (together): I'll be your friend.

I slaps her hand onto her forehead in disgust.

VT: Okay,everybody, it's time to get up and start the day. Six AM, Sparky, Spot,Jeremie, Wilt and Zim. Six AM.

Suddenlythe radio turns on, playing "Manic Monday" louder than necessary. Theremaining sleepers wake up, rub their eyes, yawn, and stretch. Wilt is thefirst to notice the new addition.

Wilt: Oh,hello there! My name's Wilt. Who are you?

Johnny:Johnny C. Nice to meet you, Wilt.

Johnnybows to Wilt.

Wilt: Wow. . . heh . . . that's really polite.

Sparkyrubs his eyes and notices Johnny, as does Spot.

Sparky:Who's the new guy?

Wilt:This is Johnny C. He's really nice, from what I can tell.

Sparky:Really. Does he like tacos?

Johnny: Sure, I do, but I like Cherry Doom Brainfreezies better.

Sparky: Brainfreezy? Sounds delicious! You ever tried Slugworms?

Johnny: Sorry, no. Is that some kind of candy?

Sparky: More like a *live* candy, actually.

Spot: Hey, I think I've seen you somewhere before. Are you on a cartoon?

Johnny: From what I hear, I'm from a comic book.

Wilt: Interesting. I didn't know VT could do comic books.

VT: Neither did I, but it turns out they're Universes just like cartoons are.

Jeremie (waking up): That's amazing! I never came across that in your programming before, though. You'll have to give me the details later. Oh, and welcome to Universe One, Johnny.

Johnny: Thank you. Jeremy, right?

Jeremie: Right, but spelled with an I-E instead of a Y. Most people misspell it.

Myself: Well, I'm glad it worked out, VT. Johnny's really nice.

Me: That's why I chose him, Myself!

I looks completely dumbstruck as she stares blankly at everybody.

I: HAVE YOU ALL GONE MAD?!!

Everybody stops what they were doing and looks at I, except for Zim, who's just now waking up.

I: Johnny's a killer! He's a homicidal *maniac*! How can you all say he's so nice? Look at him! Look at what he's wearing! He's dangerous!

There's a pause as everybody looks at her like she's insane. Johnny looks upset, and crosses his arms.

I: What? What? I'm just telling the truth!

Myself: But that was mean, I.

Me: You deserve to have your face shoved in dookie for that!

I: Oh, come on.

Johnny: It's people like you I hate. You're not even willing to give people like me a chance. If I could, and

if I had a knife, or even a spork, I would make it so you could use your own organs for a biology report. Just to be nice, I'd let you *choose* which ones before I tell you it doesn't matter and stab you through the stomach.

For a moment, nobody says anything.

Wilt (to himself): Well. . . . Okay, I guess I really should get to know people before I just assume the best.

I: You see? You see? He's dangerous! VT, couldn't you have just told Me she wasn't allowed to bring him here?

VT: Sorry, I, but the only thing that could have stopped her was the password, and we all know she stole it from Kevin. In any case, I *tried* to talk her out of it.

Me: Oh, you two are just being obnoxious. Johnny's a really nice guy!

Zim, standing up and stretching just like Johnny did earlier, turns around and notices the new person in the room. For a moment he just stands there, looking at Johnny.

Zim: You a VT Baby, tall human filth?

Johnny: I suppose so. Zip, right? Me told me about you.

Zim: Zim, actually. So if you're a VT Baby . . . that means I'm not the new guy any more! YES!! MUAHAHAHAHA!!! Finally, Me has a *new* person to torture! Maybe now I'll get some time to write in my log book without her reading it.

Zim walks up to Johnny and motions for him to lean down to listen. Johnny leans close to Zim, curious.

Zim (whispering): Watch your back. She'll figure out just how to torture you. Trust me. She used to dump a bucket of water on my head every morning instead of just waking me up. And water is *acid* to Irkens.

Johnny turns and looks at Me, unsure.

Johnny: She *seems* nice enough, though . . .

Zim: It's all an act. Just wait until she tries to take you to school with her.

Johnny stands up straight again and sighs.

Johnny: Well . . . hey, what about that tour, Me?

Me giggles and grabs his hand.

Me: Sorry, Johnny, but it's too late. The parents are probably already up. Oh, but guess what? It's my turn to go to school today! And guess who's going with me?

Johnny's eyes get wide. He glances at Zim, who nods in an "I told you so" way.

Johnny: Me, I am *not* going to high school with you. I never even went to high school, anyway. It's just another place crawling with horrible, judgmental people who stereotype you. Not as bad as the mall, but still a disgusting public place. And I'm tired of people hating me. You've read those comics about me; you should know.

Me: Don't worry, Johnny. My friends will accept you without question, and they won't make fun of you. They're really nice! Brittany-EI Nanas is hilarious, and Nina likes Jhonen Vasquez's work almost as much as I do. Ashley's One and Two are more of "Inuyasha" fans, but they'll still like you because Nina will. Patricia will probably think you're cool, and Nancy probably won't talk to you much. She never talks very much, anyway. David will act like an idiot at first, but you get used to it after a while. Don't take *anything* he says seriously, because he means none of it. Oh, and he's *also* a big Jhonen fan, so he'll probably recognize you before anybody else. Kylie will probably want to go out with you, but don't let her. Heather will probably like you, too, but she waits at least a week before asking anybody out.

Johnny: Sounds like a nice bunch of friends. But still . . . I'm not going.

Myself: It would be funny if you did, though.

I: Funny for who? The devil? He'll end up murdering the school counselor the first day!

Me: Shut up, dunderhead. Johnny's too smart to do that. Right, Nny?

Johnny: Uh . . .

Me: Riiiiight, Nny?

Johnny: . . . Right.

Me crosses her arms proudly and smiles at I, pointing her nose to the ceiling. I sighs, disgusted, and tucks herself back into bed.

Me: Okay, then, it's settled. We just have to change your outfit and fix your hair. How does a short-sleeve pink T with blue jeans and a jean-jacket sound?

Johnny: Hideous.

Me: Great! VT, whip him up some new threads. You have a sense of fashion, so you decide.

VT: I'll do my best.

One of the garbage can pods lights up again, and opens to reveal a pair of bell-bottom jeans, a pink T-shirt, a jean-jacket, and a pair of red and white tennis shoes. Me walks over and picks them up, showing them to Johnny.

Johnny: . . . No. Oh, no. *Heck*, no. I am *not* going to wear that crud, and I'm *not* going to high school with

you. Never! Not in a million years!!'d rather die again! You're not getting me to do this!

Cut to inside the school bus. Johnny is sitting next to Me, wearing the new clothes. His hair is perfect and combed. He has his arms crossed, and he looks totally discouraged.

Johnny: I can't *believe* you got me to do this.

Me: Oh, it's gonna be okay, Nny. You'll meet a lot of nice people here, and I'm sure you'll make some friends. And if you try not to look so tall, people probably won't recognize you.

Johnny (not paying attention): Bell-bottoms. I *hate* bell-bottoms! Why did they have to be bell-bottoms? They could have just been normal jeans! And why did this shirt have to be pink? Pink, of all the colors . . . it could have been blue, or green, or red . . . red would have looked the best, next to white . . . but pink? Why pink? It's the one color I hate the most!

Me: It's not *that* bad. Timmy Turner wears pink, and he's famous! Just be grateful you're not wearing a pink *hat*, too. See? So it *could* be worse! And it's just clothes, anyway. Clothes don't matter much.

Johnny: Yes they do. Appearances make the person, in every "Universe" everywhere. Normally I don't worry about what I look like so much, but this . . . this is ridiculous. This makes it look like I *do* worry about my appearance, and I don't like that. And here's proof: EVERYBODY'S STARING AT ME!!

Every kid on the bus suddenly turns and looks at Johnny because he yelled.

Johnny: See?

Me stands up and claps her hands loudly.

Me: Okay, everybody! Since I have your attention . . . once again . . . for the sixteenth time this month . . . I'm going to introduce the new student at Manton High! This is Johnny . . . uh . . . C.! He would have been a Sophomore, but he was held back a year, so he's a Freshman. Everybody be nice!

Johnny sinks down into his seat, horrified and embarrassed.

Brittany, in the seat in front of Me and Johnny, stands up as well.

Brittany: New student? Awesome! Does he like waffles, Waffles?

Me: I dunno, Brittany. He likes buttered toast, though. I remember reading that in issue six by turning it upside-down and reading the writing on a page in his diary.

Brittany: What?

Me: Nothing!

Me sits down as Brittany moves from her seat and crawls over Johnny to sit next to her. Johnny scoots over, making room for both of the giggly girls.

Brittany(whispering so only Me can hear): So why are you sitting with the new kid, huh? You liiiike him?

Me (alsowhispering): Isn't he cute? Of *course* I like him! But you wanna know whye/se I like him?

Brittany: Sure! Why?

Me: Weeeelll, you remember that time I brought Zim to school and everybody found out but I told them he was a holograph created by my brother?

Brittany: Who *doesn't*?

Me: Anyway, have you ever read JTHM comics . . . ?

Brittany stares for a second, comprehending this. She glances back at Johnny, figuring out what Me was telling her.

Brittany: No way. Johnny C.? *The* Johnny C.?

Me: The very one! But I don't think he's gonna kill anybody -except maybe the school counselor, if she makes him mad- because he wants to make friends. I told him he could sit with us at lunch. Okay?

Brittany (accidentally not whispering): Of course! Johnny's hot!

Johnny glances at her, confused. Brittany smiles and giggles nervously. She waves to him.

Johnny (thinking): Note to self . . . avoid Brittany.

3 - Scene Three

MMI Bending The Rules "This is totally random, but did you notice how they forgot to bring back Alex's carrot obsession at the end of the Totally Spies movie? They should have done that. Morons." ~GD

Bending The Rules
By GalaxyDancer

SCENE THREE

We enter Scene Three with nothing but shadows on a wall that's dimly lit. We see Johnny's shadow talking with Me's shadow.

Johnny (really emotional): No! No! How can you do this to me?

Me (dramatic): I told you, John . . . I never loved you. We were only going to be friends, but you turned it into something I didn't want to get into. I just wasn't ready for the change! You have to understand, John, you have to!

Johnny: I can't handle this, Tessa. You just don't understand what I've been through. I don't want to have to go through this again! It's too much!

Me: I'm sorry, John . . . really, I am. But I must leave now, before I'm late for my flight. Perhaps we'll see each other again, but-

Johnny (suddenly dark): No. No uncertainty. . . . If I can't have you, Tessa . . .

Johnny pulls out a knife from behind his back.

Johnny: . . . then *nobody* can.

Me (frightened): Johnny, what are you doing? Put that away, before you hurt somebody! Johnny? John?!

Johnny grabs Me roughly by the wrist and holds the knife high above her. Me shrieks.

Johnny: Goodbye, my love. I'm sorry it had to come to this.

Me (crying): Johnny, stop! JOHNNY!!

Me screams loudly as Johnny stabs her through the heart, pulling the knife out again, and then she falls limp in his grasp. Johnny suddenly appears horrified, and takes a step back as he drops the knife.

Johnny: Oh, God . . . what have I done? Tessa . . .

Johnny holds Me's limp body close to his heart as he fights back tears.

Johnny (almost crying): Tessa! Why did I do this to you? Why? I love you so much! Please . . . Lord, forgive me . . .

Johnny gently sets Me's body down and picks up the knife again, holding it out in front of himself.

Johnny: *I can't* live without my Tessa, and I don't *deserve* to live because of what I've done. I bid thee farewell, cruel world.

Johnny stabs himself through the heart and drops to the floor next to Me, his arm falling over her chest as if hugging her. We now can see Johnny (not just his shadow anymore) laying next to Me, both of them dead. Cut to a view of a classroom, with kids in chairs (not desks) watching something at the front of the class with tears in their eyes. The teacher, a black woman wearing a red dress with a black silky vest, stands up from her desk and claps.

Teacher: Bravo, Tessa and Johnny! Bravo! That is some of the best acting I have ever witnessed from freshmen!

All of the students begin clapping. Now we see that the front of the classroom is a stage (without curtains), and Johnny and Me had only been acting. They stand up and bow to the class.

Me: That was fun, Mrs. Tillary! I had a hard time trying not to laugh!

Johnny: I must admit, that was *much* more entertaining than I ever thought it would be. I'm not used to *faking* murder, though, especially with a rubber knife.

Mrs. Tillary: Oh, but you both did so well! And the script you wrote, Tessa, sounds professional. And *Johnny*, I'm very impressed with your skills - especially for a first-time actor. You play the part of John perfectly! And never, in my entire life, have I seen a person who could memorize the entire second half of a play in thirty minutes! You were born to act!

Johnny: Thank you, Mrs. Tillary, but I don't think acting is something I'd like to pursue as a career in. I'd much rather make a living off of drawing, like I have been.

Mrs. Tillary: Jonathan C., don't you dare talk like that! An actor you were meant to be, so an actor you *shall* be! Acting is the best way to express the soul. Don't waste your time with silly doodling in some dark room lit by a dim five-watt bulb. You need to express yourself. You need an audience to perform for. You need to act!

Johnny: That is very kind, really, but acting isn't in my interests.

Mrs. Tillary walks up to Johnny and puts her hand on his shoulder, then walks him back to her desk. Me steps off the stage as well, but instead of following Mrs. Tillary and Johnny, she starts talking with Nina. The rest of the class goes back to their usual gossip.

Mrs. Tillary: I'm serious about this, Johnny. You're incredibly gifted. Now, I don't do this for just anybody, so I suggest you keep this in mind and forget about drawing.

Mrs. Tillary hands Johnny a card with a phone number on it, and a logo that says "Spotlight Search".

Mrs. Tillary: This is the number for Spotlight Search, a company that's always looking for young, talented people like you. With your skills, you could become famous in a week! Can't you just imagine it? The next hit movie: starring Johnny C.! By the way, what does the "C" stand for?

Johnny: I really would rather not say. It's just another part of my past I'm trying to forget. And in any case, Mrs. Tillary, however generous of you this is . . . I told you that acting isn't something I'm interested in. I perceive acting as trying to be something you're not, and because that is the kind of thing that I despise most, I try to avoid it as much as possible. Changing my characteristics and bad habits is another thing, though, and I'm afraid that while still in the process of this, I haven't the time to even consider anything else.

Johnny sets the card back on Mrs. Tillary's desk.

Johnny: I accept your generosity in complimenting my skills, but I'm afraid I will have to refuse your offer. So thank you, but no thank you. I've other things to concentrate on.

Mrs. Tillary looks horrified as the bell rings and Johnny leaves the classroom, followed by the other students. Nina and Me are the last two out. As they pass Mrs. Tillary's desk, she jumps up and grabs Me by the shoulders.

Mrs. Tillary: Tessa! Talk some sense into your friend! He's a natural actor, but he just won't accept it. Please, *please* ask him to reconsider. I haven't seen talent like this since . . . well, ever! And he's the perfect part for John!

Me: David?!!

Mrs. Tillary: No! Johnny! David's too fat to play the part. Johnny, however, looks just like John as described in the script! You have to get him back! I can't lose him to some art teacher!

Me (lecturing): My, my, what a paradox you're in, here. Johnny is a natural writer, artist, (under her breath) murderer, (back to normal) *and* actor! He has so many different talents he must tend to, that he often doesn't realize some of the hidden ones he has. Acting, Mrs. Tillary, is another newly discovered one, but it shouldn't come as a surprise to you. Johnny has spent his entire life acting; he just doesn't know it. Everything he says is well thought-out and planned, as if it were written in a script like the one he memorized. Everything he does, down to the very words he speaks, is in the image of a human being with such a majority of time to think the actions out that they come out perfectly complex and accurate every time. And because of this, he is not likely to change his mind about the majority of things he decides. In conclusion, his mind is made up and he's not planning on changing it any time soon until he realizes exactly what I have told you here. One irrelevant detail I've noticed: his tone of speaking - using such a vivid vocabulary that, if written in a book, would have to be read at least three times before the reader understands - is quite contagious.

Mrs. Tillary just stands there with her hands on Me's shoulders, awe-struck.

Nina: Woah. . . . Teach *me* to do that!

Me: Sure, why not? Bye, Mrs. Tillary!

Me walks away, dislodging Mrs. Tillary's grasp on her shoulders. Mrs. Tillary still stands there as Me and Nina leave. Her mouth is hanging open.

Mrs. Tillary: And I thought *I* was the only one who reads the dictionary . . .

Cut to the hallway, after Me and Nina leave. Johnny is leaning against the wall across from Mrs. Tillary's room, waiting for them.

Johnny: I'm supposing she stopped you to ask you to try to change my mind. Am I right?

Me: Yep. C'mon, Johnny, we're going to the front office next, and making you an official student. Buh-bye, Nina! See ya at lunch!

Nina: Bye, Waffles.

Nina walks down the hallway to the left as Me leads Johnny to the right.

Me (randomly): It was FUN acting like I was murdered!

Johnny (annoyed): Trust me, you're not the *only* one who had fun with that scene.

Cut to the principal's office. Principal Dan is sitting at his desk with Julie Dever, the -now- school psychologist, at his side. They're talking to David.

Principal Dan (trying to reason): David, you can't draw giant spiders on your arms. It's just . . . not right! And the safety pins clipped to your sleeves are against the school dress code. How many times do we have to go through this?

David: Hey! I've read the dress code . . . uh . . . once! And it didn't say anything about safety pins! OR spiders!

Julie: It included safety pins when it said "no possible weapons". Safety pins are classified as weapons, if they're not being used properly.

David: I'm using them properly: pinning up stuff!

Principal Dan: Your sleeves?

David: My sleeves deserve to be pinned up! They strangled my wrists! I'M USING THESE THINGS IN SELF-DEFENCE!!

Principal Dan groans and puts his hand on his head, then falls over on top of his desk. He pounds his fist on it in frustration, knocking off a book titled "Reasoning With Not Compliant Students". Julie picks up the book and holds it close to her, attempting to not lose hope.

Julie: David, what Principal Dan *means* is that some people might not find safety pins acceptable. I know you like them, but this is the eighteenth time you've been sent to the principal's office for dress code violations. We're going to have to take drastic measures if you don't comply with the rules.

David (sarcastically): Yeah, you're right. Because you're a psychiatrist with a degree, your incredible speaking skills have convinced me to change my life for the better. I'll be in the bathroom, taking out the safety pins and scrubbing my arms.

David gets up and walks out. Julie sighs and Principal Dan sits up. Immediately after David leaves, Me knocks on the open door with a big smile on her face. Principal Dan's exhausted expression changes to horror.

Principal Dan (under his breath): Oh . . . as if I didn't have enough problems . . .

Julie: Now, sir, remember: positive attitude. It's the only way they'll learn. If you're always negative, they won't be motivated to do *anything*.

Principal Dan (acting happy): Tessa! Come on in, have a seat! Is there anything I can do for you?

Me (still in the doorway): Actually, I have a new student who needs to be enrolled. His name's Johnny! He's a great actor, so put him in Theater Arts II with me!

Me pulls Johnny into the doorway by his shirt and smiles even bigger. Johnny shakes his head, not believing what he's going through. Principal Dan looks unhappy to have another misfit to talk with, but Julie just puts her hand on his shoulder to encourage him. He forces a smile.

Principal Dan: Of course! And Tessa, just exactly when did you take on the responsibility of handling new students' parents?

Me: Three minutes ago. Can I come in with Johnny? Please? PLEEEASE?

Principal Dan: There's really no need-

Julie: You're welcome any time, Tessa. Come on in. And Johnny, nice to meet you. Have a seat, and we'll get the paperwork taken care of.

Me and Johnny walk in and sit down in the two chairs before Principal Dan's desk. Principal Dan starts pulling papers out of his desk. Johnny shakes Julie's hand.

Johnny: This may seem strange, ma'am, but it's almost like I've met you somewhere . . .

Julie: Mrs. Dever. But you can call me Julie, if you like.

Johnny:Julie . . . I like that name. By the way, you can call me "Nny" forshort.

Julie: Ofcourse, Nny. This may seem strange to you, but I *also* feel like we'vemet . . .

Johnny:Perhaps we have, somewhere . . . (under his breath) I suppose I'd believe *anything*,after being pulled into an alternate dimension and forced to wear pink.

Julie:Excuse me?

Johnny:Nothin'.

PrincipalDan hands an outrageously large stack of papers to Johnny. Me laughs at Johnny'sbefunkled expression about the amount of papers.

PrincipalDan: Alright. Have your parents read these, and sign where necessary. Bringthem all back within a week.

Principal Dan leans over the desk, close to Johnny's ear.

PrincipalDan (whispering): And take my advice: stand clear of Tessa Fandler. That girl'snothing but trouble. Her personality seems to have a rotation period of threedays, and she comes to my office at least once a day. Unless you want to get onmy bad side, I suggest you go independent.

Johnnysighs and sets the papers next to him as Principal Dan stands up and puts hishand on Me's shoulder.

PrincipalDan: You can leave, now, Tessa. We'll take it from here. Thank you for yourhelp, and . . . all that. But please go. Now.

Me(grumbling): Meh. Waffle hater. (happy again) Bye, Johnny! I'll see you inclass! And if not in class, then at least at lunch! Unless you end up with adifferent lunchtime . . . which, in that case, I'll see you on the bus! But if youmiss the bus . . . then I'll see you at home! But what if you get lost? Erm . . . then I'll see you at the park! Wait . . . if you can't find the park, then-

PrincipalDan: NOW!!

Me racesout the door, but stops in the doorway and blows a kiss to Johnny. She goes toclass. Julie giggles under her breath at Me, and hands Johnny one more paper.

Johnny(reading): Student schedule. First: Theater Arts II. Second: Algebra I. Third:science. Fourth: study hall. B-Lunch. Fifth: Boys PE. Sixth: World Geography.Seventh: English I.

Julie:Those are your classes. I hope you don't mind being in Theater Arts II.

Johnnyshoves the schedule into the pocket of his jean-jacket.

Johnny: Isuppose not. Acting isn't really my passion, though. So . . . what happens now?

PrincipalDan: You can go to your second period class and show your teacher your schedule. Oh, and don't forget to have your parents sign those papers. I suggest you put them in a safe place, so you won't lose them.

Johnny: My backpack's completely empty. They won't get mixed up with anything.

Silence. Julie and Principal Dan stare at Johnny questioningly.

Johnny: What? They can't possibly get lost in my . . .

Johnny reaches for the backpack he thinks is slung over his shoulder, but realizes he doesn't have one.

Johnny: Oh . . . oh yeah. Um . . . in that case, could you spare a grocery bag? Or maybe a few extra-stretchy rubber bands. That would work, too.

Cut to Algebra I. Me looks bored out of her mind as she stares at the chalkboard, drooling on her desk.

Mrs. Haskette (unenthusiastically): And so, students, that is all you need to know about the Pythagorean theorem. Not that any of you care. Now take out last night's homework and hand it to the person in front of you to check it. The answers are on the chalkboard. If you have any questions, let me know, and I'll work the problem out for you. Even though you'll just forget how I did it and fail this semester exam anyway.

Johnny kicks the door open. He's holding the stack of papers, which are now rubber-banded together and come up just past his eyes. His schedule, because he has to hold the papers with both hands, is precariously perched on top of his head. Half of the class giggles. Johnny stumbles over to Mrs. Haskette and leans over so the schedule falls into her hands. She holds it up and looks at it with a grim expression.

Mrs. Haskette: New student, huh? Johnny. You can take a seat behind Brittany.

Johnny peeks over the papers to look at the class. Brittany and Me both stick their arms high into the air and wave at him. Brittany is one seat across and one seat past Me, so Johnny will be sitting directly next to Me and behind Brittany. Scowling, Johnny stumbles over to his seat and sets the papers on the floor. He sits down and takes the Algebra book out from under the desk. (The desks have little places for supplies under them)

Mrs. Haskette: Alright, then. Does anybody have a question about homework?

Krystal (raising her hand): Yes. Could you work out problem two?

Mrs. Haskette: Whatever.

Mrs. Haskette begins writing steps on the board next to the homework answers. Johnny sighs from boredom and puts his elbow on the desk, resting his chin in his hand. Me stares at him with a big smile. Johnny notices them. The very first music loop (those chime things) of Puffy AmiYumi's "Love So Pure" fades in from nothing and continues in a loop, starting very soft and progressively getting louder.

Johnny:What?

Me giggles.

Me: We're in class together!

Johnny:You'd better not distract me from my work. Just because you brought me here doesn't mean you can ruin my grades. (To himself) *There's something I don't say every day.*

Me(slyly): Oh, don't worry. I won't.

4 - Scene Four

MMI Bending The Rules "I suggest you listen to the music while reading the montage. It really adds to the humor - especially because I tell you where the music is in the montage. Oh, but it will probably take a couple times to imagine everything with the right timing." ~GD

Bending The Rules
By GalaxyDancer

SCENE FOUR

Montage to Puffy AmiYumi's "Love So Pure", continuing from the music loop and going up to the end of the first refrain. White letters on a black screen read "The Next Day . . ." We zoom in on the school building, then cut to the inside. (Cue drums) Johnny is in class, working on something really hard. Me pops up over his shoulder and attempts to give him an origami swan. Johnny uses his index finger to slowly push Me away from him by her forehead. (Cue first verse) Cut to Johnny walking home from school. It's cloudy. A drop of water falls on his head, causing him to look up. When he looks forward again, Me is standing in front of him, holding a closed umbrella. She opens it and holds it over her and Johnny's head. Johnny points to something, and Me looks off in that direction. While she's occupied, he closes the umbrella on her head and then continues walking. (Cue second verse) Cut to the dark inside of the fridge. Johnny opens the door, looking behind him cautiously, but jumps back in surprise when he looks in the fridge. Me is sitting in it, and attempts to hand him a cup of yogurt. Johnny closes the door on her and puts a lock on the handle. (Cue refrain, first half) Cut to Johnny sitting on Me's bed, writing in his diary. Me, out of nowhere, leans over his shoulder to watch. Johnny leans forward, attempting to hide his writing from her. Me leans farther over him, accidentally losing her balance and causing both of them to fall to the floor. (Cue refrain, second half) Johnny's diary lands, open, on top of his head. Cut to everybody - but the parents, obviously - sitting around the television at nighttime, except Me. Nny has his back to the sofa. He takes a bite of his popcorn, staring mindlessly at the screen. Suddenly, Me jumps from behind the sofa and grabs him, causing him to throw the bowl of popcorn into the air. It lands on his head. The music starts to fade out as Me tosses a piece of popcorn into the air and catches it in her mouth, then giggles. Johnny doesn't look amused. Fade to the bedroom, the music now gone. Johnny is laying on Myself's bunk (the top one) with his arms behind his head, and Jeremie is typing away at VT's keyboard. Everybody else isn't there.

Johnny (stressed): Is there any way you can fix that World File thing faster? I'm not trying to rush you, it's just . . . Me is really annoying. She follows me everywhere.

Jeremie: I wouldn't be too upset with her. She may seem creepy, but she means well. It's just her way of showing you she likes you.

Johnny sits up and dangles his feet over the edge of the bunk.

Johnny: Yeah, no doubt about that . . . but still. When it comes to annoyances, I have this old habit that

surfaces when I'm pushed too far. I *like* Me, too, so I don't want to do anything I might regret.

Jeremie: Just give it time. But here's something to try: when she annoys you, just let her know. She usually tones it down a little if you're serious with her.

Johnny: Mm hmm . . . So, Jeremie, why are you here?

Jeremie: Excuse me?

Johnny: Well, it seems everybody has an interesting background story to tell. I've heard from everybody but you, so I was just getting curious.

Jeremie: Oh. Alright. I guess I've just been here so long I don't think about it anymore, but . . .

Johnny leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees, interested.

Jeremie: It's kind of hard to explain. A long story, of course.

Johnny: I've nothing better to do. But if it's a secret or something, I understand.

Jeremie: It used to be. I guess it still is, to the people from my Universe.

Johnny: That's okay. I don't-

Jeremie: No, I didn't mean I wouldn't tell you. I will.

Johnny: . . . Okay.

Jeremie: There's this virtual universe -in my own Universe, of course- called Lyoko. It exists in a super computer in an old factory not too far from the boarding school.

Johnny: You went to boarding school? Oh, sorry for interrupting . . .

Jeremie: It's okay. Yeah, I did. Do, I mean. Well, I guess . . . I don't know. I would if I was still there. But . . . anyway. Lyoko is really like a computer game. You have life points, levels, enemies to face . . . but it's not like a normal computer game. The "villain", if you will, is XANA. And he attacks-and starts the "game"- by attacking real people in my Universe. When he does, he activates a tower in Lyoko.

Johnny (interested): Go back. He attacks people? Like a monster?

Jeremie: Not exactly. XANA can't physically touch people, because he's only a program. But he can access anything that has a traceable signal, or is connected to anything electric. And whatever he affects, he leaves his symbol on if he can. One time, he used hypnotic music to paralyze anybody who listened to it.

Johnny: Remind me not to listen to *that* song.

Jeremie:Heh. It's okay now. We fixed it.

Johnny:Ah.

Jeremie:Okay, here's how we fight back. My friends and I go to the factory, I sit at the super computer to monitor Lyoko and stay in contact with them, and they step into the scanners to be virtualized - that is, I send them to Lyoko.

Johnny:You put them in the game?

Jeremie:Exactly. Once they're there, they have to find Aelita.

Johnny:Aelita . . . I think I said something about Aelita. Isn't she your girlfriend?

Jeremie:Well . . . um, not exactly . . . she lives in Lyoko.

Johnny:Oooh.

Jeremie:Remember what I told you about XANA activating a tower? To stop him, Aelita has to deactivate it. And when she does, time rewinds itself so nobody remembers what happened except my friends and me. And Aelita, of course.

Johnny:Wait. If all Aelita has to do is deactivate a tower in Lyoko, why do you send your friends there? Sorry, this is just confusing.

Jeremie:Aelita has to first *get* to the tower, which XANA tries to stop by sending his monsters after her.

Johnny:In Lyoko, right?

Jeremie:Right. But she can't fight them alone, so my friends go there to help.

Johnny(excited): I get it! They help her fight monsters, and then she deactivates the tower and wins the game!

Jeremie:Exactly! You caught on a lot faster than I thought you would.

Johnny:I've heard a lot of interesting stories, but that one's probably the best. So . . . why are you *here*?

Jeremie:Well . . . that's a different story. It happened before Tessa was split into three people, actually. They had brought Spot here, and Kevin couldn't figure out how to send him back, so they brought me to help. I've been here ever since, trying to fix the broken World Files. But I'm not working *alone* with Kevin. I figured out a way to contact Aelita directly, because this is a *transdimensional* computer. Along with helping me fix the World Files, Aelita also keeps the other VT Babies' families informed about their current situations. She's been the biggest help in all this.

Johnny:Interesting. She knows a lot about computers?

Jeremie:Of course. She originated as a computer program, but I don't like to think about her that way. *She's* a real person, *too*, with feelings and emotions. We even figured out a way to materialize her!

Johnny:To *what*?

Jeremie:Oh, I forgot to tell you. When one of my friends runs out of life points, they are materialized: sent back to my Universe through the scanners. But if Aelita loses her life points . . .

Johnny:She disappears or something?

Jeremie stops typing and swivels the chair around to face Johnny.

Jeremie:I don't want to find out. That's why I wanted her to be materialized so much:it's too dangerous for her to stay on Lyoko forever. If XANA keeps attacking,it's only a matter of time before we don't make it there in time . . . so I want to materialize her as soon as possible.

Johnny: I thought you already *did*. And if XANA's a computer thing, why don't you just turn him off or something?

Jeremie:If I do, it will erase Lyoko and all its programming, including XANA and Aelita. And when we first materialized Aelita, XANA implanted a computer virus in her. If we shut down Lyoko, we shut her down, too. Even when she's standing there with us.

Johnny(kind a sad): Oh. And you haven't figured out how to remove the virus?

Jeremie(also kind a sad): . . . Not yet. . . . Do you want to meet her?

Johnny:What? Aelita?

Jeremie(happy): Yeah! She always likes meeting new transdimensional beings! Plus, she can inform anybody back home about where you are. I'm sure your family's concerned.

Johnny:Actually, I . . . I don't really have a family. I guess you could count Squee and Devi, but I already told Squee I was leaving, and Devi hates me.

Jeremie:Oh . . . I'm sorry. I didn't know. But, hey, you want to meet Aelita now? I'm sure she . . . wait, you already told someone you were leaving? How did you-

Johnny:Before I came here, I was about to go on a trip. Me caught me at the perfect time, I suppose. I was (Changing the topic) So what about meeting Aelita? She sounds really nice.

Jeremie:Oh, right. Of course. (Jeremie turns back to the computer screen.) VT? You there?

VT makes a few beeping noises, acknowledging she's awake.

VT: Yeah,I'm here. Sorry. I don't like listening in on private conversations when I'm not invited, so I put myself into sleep mode. What can I do ya for, Jeremie?

Jeremie: Johnny would like to meet Aelita. Can you put her on screen for us?

VT: No problem. I'll tap into the Link File frequency system right now.

We get a good view of the computer screen, which has numbers running down it like something from The Matrix. As it does, we see the reflection of Johnny sliding off the top bunk and walking up next to Jeremie. The screen then switches to the classic Lyoko view screen on Jeremie's laptop. Jeremie goes to work typing in codes and such, just like he used to do on Code: Lyoko. Johnny waits patiently. Finally, Aelita pops up on screen.

Aelita (on screen): Jeremie! It's been a while since you've contacted me.

Jeremie: I know. I've been busy with the World File problem. And there's a new transdimensional with us: Johnny. He really wants to meet you.

Jeremie turns to the side slightly, letting Aelita and Johnny face each other. Johnny looks awestruck.

Aelita: Nice to meet you, Johnny. Where are you from?

Johnny: I . . . I, uh . . .

Jeremie: He's from a comic book, so I heard. Is that right, Johnny?

Johnny (not listening): Uh . . . yeah. I don't know. Wow . . .

Aelita: You seem confused, Johnny. Are you all right?

Johnny: I don't know . . .? Wow. You're talking to me, and you're in a virtual world. That's amazing. That's . . . WOW.

Jeremie: He just found out about Lyoko, so he's kind of in shock. I guess.

Johnny (really out of it): Shocking. Yeah. Wow. Your name's Aelita, right? Aelita from Lyoko. Wow.

Aelita: Yes, that's right.

Johnny (holding out the word longer than necessary): Wooow . . .

Jeremie (getting jealous): Or maybe he's been exposed to something for too long. Something radioactive.

Jeremie crosses his arms.

Johnny: Radio songs sound pretty . . . like in Universe One, Natasha Bedingfield's "These Words" . . .

Aelita: I've never heard that one. Maybe VT will play it for me.

VT: Sure. . . you okay with that, Jeremie?

Johnny:Wow . . .

Jeremie(glaring at Johnny): I guess so.

Cut tonighttime, still in the bedroom. Everybody is asleep except for Johnny, who is laying in the middle of the floor with a flashlight and his die-ary. He writes intently, but with a slight smile on his face that fades towards the end. We hear his thoughts as he writes.

Johnny's thoughts (echo-ish voice): Dear Die-ary. I know that it's my responsibility to keep myself under better control, now. While I still have feeling, I owe my devotion to Devi. But I think that my time away from her has caused her image in my mind to fade, slightly. I'm forgetting why I loved her to begin with. And because of this, my foolish brain has mistaken *another* to satisfy my longing for her: Aelita. She is both beautiful and smart, like Devi. But she *isn't* Devi, and I have to remember that. If I get lost in my emotions, I'll never be able to find my way back.

Johnny(out loud): Devi . . .

Tears form in Johnny's eyes. Fade to black after one drop onto the open page in his die-ary.

5 - Scene Five

"Heh "Heh. . . I really like commenting at the beginning like this. Always something random to say . . . by the way, I figured out a way to fix the spacing problem." ~GD

Bending The Rules
By GalaxyDancer

SCENE FIVE

We see the entire high school from the outside, viewed from a nearby tree. The bell rings, and students begin pouring out. The music, soft, sad and hardly noticeable, suggests an internal conflict situation of some kind. A much closer view of the door shows Johnny walking out, quiet and dismal, his hands in his pockets. Me, happy and bouncy, follows, dancing in circles around him as she sings.

Me (singing almost to the tune of Ring Around The Rosies): It's Friday! It's Friday! Not poke-yourself-in-the-eye day! Not jump-off-the-roof-and-fly day! It's Friday! It's Friday! (screaming) I LOVE FRIDAY!!

Johnny sighs and lowers his head, still walking. Me stops circling him and walks next to him, on his right side.

Me (oblivious): Johnny, it's the weekend! And *you* know what *that* means!

Johnny (mumbling): I dare wonder . . .

Me: TOURTIME!!!

Johnny stops, confused and somewhat interested. Me steps in front of him and faces him, a big smile on her face.

Me: We're all going to show you around the neighborhood! If we're lucky, we can get to the mall before the parents come home! (leaning close and whispering) They always work late on Friday.

Johnny's interest fades suddenly, being replaced by guilt and depression.

Johnny: No . . . that's okay. You can show me around *next* weekend. Right now, I . . . I just want to be alone.

Me fakes a pouty face.

Me (talking as if to a frustrated baby): Aw, is somebody all saddy-waddy? Do you need a hug?

Me leans close to him with a squinty smile on her face. Johnny can't even muster a sneer.

Johnny (indifferent to her teasing): Please, Me . . . not now. Not . . . (he thinks about it for a moment, reconsidering) . . . Well, I guess going to the mall couldn't hurt. If we go right now, and don't bring the others.

Me (all happy again): Yeah, sure! Let's go! It's so close, we can walk there anyway! . . . But we could always bribe the bus driver to take us there. That would be neeeeeeeaaat. One time, I got her to go to Sonic Boom and get everybody a Kiddy Meal. And we all tossed our toys out the window and hit innocent people driving by! Well . . . 'sides me. Mine was a motorcycle, so I put it in my hair like a hairclip. And people called me Motor Head for three weeks solid!

Johnny (a little freaked out): Interesting . . .

Cut to the food court at the mall, packed with people. Johnny walks with Me, his hands in his pockets. Me still has her backpack on.

Me: You'll see; you'll love this place. I know you're not a fan of malls, but Katy Windmills is awesome! They have everything! And if you know where to look and who to talk to, you can get special stuff . . . for

free!

Johnny(not so depressed any more): Uh huh . . .

Flashback scene. As me talks, we see one screen-shot image after another showing ascene from her story, almost like an illustrated children's book. Flash backstarts after the word "yeah", and ends after the word"free".

Me: Yeah.One time, I was going to see a movie with Kylie, right? But it wasn't going tostart for thirty minutes. So we go to this video game store to look around.Kylie saw an ad for "Final Discovery III: Revenge of the Mutants",see? So we go to the counter to check it out for five dollars, but they're soldout. I ask to talk to Karen Mason, okay, so the checkout lady says "Fine,whatever." and goes and gets her. I tell her that David told me to tellher that he heard from her manager that she had said to mark down FinalDiscovery to three dollars, and that everybody with a card that had three oddnumbers and two even numbers was allowed special access to games originallyintended for on-shelf rental only. So I show her my card, and she goes and getsthe game from the back. Then I remind her of the three-dollar discount foreverybody with a card who is a student of Kanes ISD, and lives within threemiles of the mall. So she agrees, checks my card and information and stuff, andthen we get the game for free!! Pretty cool, huh?

Johnny(wide-eyed): Um . . . yeah. Confusing, though.

Me: See?Told ya. You just gotta know where to go and who to talk to. You wanna get somenew art supplies?

Johnny:Art supplies? For what?

Me(asking the obvious as if an idiot): Well, you're an artist, aren't you?

Johnny>Last time I checked, I suppose . . .

Me:Great! Just like the Tessa original! Follow me; I'll get you the best of thebest!

Me grabsJohnny's hand and pulls him off screen. Cut to them walking into a huge artstore called "Lobby of Hobbies". There are isles and isles with allkinds of fancy art supplies, pottery, fake grapes and flowers, cloth, paint,and anything else pertaining to art. The ceiling is really high, too, and thewall in front is nothing but windows and a pair of automatic slidingwindow-doors. To the left are the checkouts, running all the way to the back ofthe store like the isles, which are to the right side of the store. Johnny andMe stop at the entrance to gawk.

Johnny(amazed): This . . . this is incredible! I didn't even know stores like thisexisted!

Me: Theyexist in Universe One. So what do you want to get first? Paint? Pencils?Plastic purple porpoises?

Johnny:Paint and brushes, and paper would help. And if they have-

Suddenly,Me's watch beeps. Me makes it stop, annoyed.

Me: Drat.It's four o'clock. If I don't get home, I won't have time to makepeanutbutter-marshmallow straw-blueberry-smoothie covered chocolate bananas.They're everybody's favorite.

Johnnysticks his tongue out, disgusted.

Me:You'll be fine on your own, right?

Johnny:Of course. I have money enough to pay for some art supplies. And I'll try toavoid losing my temper, but I don't think that will be a problem. People inyour Universe seem to be much nicer than people in my Universe. But I feelsorry for anybody who decides to take their anger out on me. People like that .. with just no reason. They don't take others into consideration. They don'trealize . . .

Me: Justdon't kill anybody important.

Johnny:I'll work on it.

Me:Great! Come home in an hour, kay? If you need help finding your way, callMyself's cell phone. She'll help. Oh, and try not to run into anybody you'vemet in school. Except David. You and him share some common interests, besidesintelligence and relevance. Bye!

Me walksoff, leaving Johnny alone. Johnny sighs, happy to be alone. He walks into thestore. Pan from

the far left of the store to the far right, from Johnny's perspective. The place is huge!! Someone walks up behind Johnny and taps him on the shoulder.

Person: Excuse me . . .

Johnny turns around, a little annoyed at being bothered. We get a good view of the person, now, who is wearing glasses and has braces. He has blonde hair, and is wearing the store's uniform: a blue and white shirt and pants, and tennis shoes. In his breast pocket is a pen. Overall, the guy's a nerd who talks with a slight slur on his S's.

Person (annoyed): Can I help you?

Johnny: No, I'm fine.

Person: Then could you move? You're blocking the entry. So either get in and buy something or get out!

Johnny (trying to be patient): I was just looking. I haven't even been here two minutes, anyway, so there's really no problem.

Person (adjusting his glasses): Not that *you* can see. I work here, so it's my job to keep everything in order. And you, sir, are not in order.

Johnny (*really* trying to be patient): If you would have just *asked* me to move, I *would* have. You didn't have to come up to me and complain like this.

Person: Well, sooooo-eeee. I'm just doing my job. Now are you going to get out of the way, or not?

Johnny's eye twitches.

Person: C'mon, c'mon, I don't have all day!

The person shoos Johnny away with his hands. Johnny grits his teeth. The music, suspenseful, suggests the worst. Cut to the living room of Me Myself and I's house. Wilt, Sparky and Spot are watching television, sitting on the sofa. On television, we see a scene from an episode of Code: Lyoko. Ulrich insults Sissy, and everybody laughs. Suddenly, a news report interrupts the show. Wilt, Sparky and Spot stop laughing and watch intently. We get to watch the television with them.

News lady: -arrived to find the man stabbed through the head with a paintbrush. We now join Katherine Gates at the scene of the crime: Katy Windmills Mall. Katherine, how are things where you are?

The screen cuts to Katherine, who is standing outside of Lobby of Hobbies, which is now crawling with police.

Katherine: It's not a pretty sight, here, Danielle. The man, an employee at Lobby of Hobbies, was supposedly attacked by a serial killer. The motive is still unknown. The only evidence, so far, is what security cameras caught on tape.

Switch back to Wilt, Sparky and Spot on the sofa. As Katherine talks, we hear the front door open, and somebody whistling Ode to Joy. Switch to a view of behind the sofa. Wilt, Sparky and Spot glance over the back, seeing who it is. Johnny, covered in dripping blotches of red, stops whistling and leans his arms over the back of the sofa.

Johnny (in a good mood): Whatcha watchin'?

Wilt: The news.

Sparky: Yeah, some guy was killed with a paintbrush at the mall.

Spot: Hey. . . weren't you just *at* the mall?

Johnny (kinda nervous): Yeah, I . . .

Katherine (voice only): Let's play that footage for them, Danielle.

Wilt, Sparky and Spot turn back to the television, interested. Johnny, also interested, pays attention.

Switch to the television, showing a recording of very blurry, pixelated people moving around. Some guy with black-blue hair grabs the employee by the shirt, snags a paintbrush off a nearby shelf, and is about to stab the employee. We switch to Wilt, Sparky, Spot and Johnny as we hear the screams of the employee and the rest of the public witnessing the murder. We pan from one person to the next. Wilt, Sparky and Spot look horrified and sickened. Pan to Johnny, whose eyes are wide. He looks almost

frightened. Switch back to the television. Before we can really see anything, it is turned off. We see Sparky has the remote.

Sparky: Eesh . . . the things people will do.

Wilt: That . . . wasn't okay.

Spot: Wow. Sort of a coincidence, that Johnny was at the mall about the time... that. . . happened

Everybody turns around slowly and looks at Johnny. Johnny doesn't say anything, trying to figure out why they're looking at him.

Johnny (really nervous): What? . . . *What?*

Sparky: Y-you . . . ?

Johnny (realizing they're looking at the red blotches all over him): This? I-I was painting.

Beat.

Johnny: Really! I just got some art supplies from Lobby of Hobbies! You can ask Me; she knows.

Me, in the kitchen, pokes her head around the corner, a spatula in her hand.

Me: What, Johnny?

Wilt, Sparky, Spot and Johnny stare at her. Johnny gulps.

Johnny: I was getting art supplies at the mall, right? Earlier?

Me: Yeah. Hey, I'm almost done with my peanut butter-marshmallow straw-blueberry-smoothie covered chocolate bananas. You want one?

Sparky and Spot: YEAH!

Sparky and Spot jump up and run into the kitchen as Me goes back to cooking. Spot, of course, runs on all fours. Wilt stands up and follows. Johnny is left alone. He sighs.

Johnny (to himself): I was painting . . .

Me pokes her head around the corner again.

Me: C'mon, Johnny. They're really gewd!

Johnny: That's okay. I . . . I guess I need to be alone.

Me shrugs and goes back into the kitchen. Johnny walks off into the hallway. Cut to the bedroom, where Zim, Jeremie, Myself, I, Kevin and VT are playing cards. VT is keeping score. Zim adds an 8 to the pile of cards with a big smile.

Zim: Ha! I call diamonds.

Everybody else moans, tossing their cards into the pile.

I: That's the nineteenth time in a row, Zim! Can't you call hearts or clubs for a change?

Kevin: Really! And you've won every time! VT, are you sure these cards are shuffled correctly?

VT: As random as I could.

Jeremie: By "random", you *do* mean "miscellaneous", right?

VT: Randomly in order according to number.

Jeremie sighs.

Jeremie: Random means miscellaneous, not in order.

Myself: No *wonder* Zim's won every time! We always deal him first!

Zim smiles evilly.

VT: Oh. Sorry. Zim said it meant in order, when playing Crazy Eights . . .

Zim's smile suddenly fades as everybody glares at him accusingly.

Zim: Um . . .

Suddenly, the door opens. Johnny walks in, his head hung low and his hands in his pockets. He sits on Me's bunk and rests his head in his hands.

Zim: Johnny human! Come play Crazy Eights with us!

Johnny looks up.

I: Oh, don't bother. Zim's cheating.

Zim(louder than necessary): YOU LIE, BLUE-HAIRED GOTHLING! I obey the rules, like any *other* rule-obeying alien! You're just jealous because I'm winning!

Kevin: You're *winning* because nobody else stands a *chance*, you cheater!

Johnny sighs.

Johnny: That's okay, guys, I'm not in the mood. I . . . I'm just having a rough day.

Jeremie: Maybe you need some rest. It's not a bad idea, considering you haven't slept since you got here.

Johnny: Five days isn't that bad. I've gone longer.

Jeremie: Are you sure? The lack of wave patterns could disrupt your transdimensional stabilization.

Sleeping recharges your very existence, when you've been pulled into another Universe. Without it, you could . . . the possibilities are endless. You could possibly disappear from existence altogether.

Johnny(interested in a dull way): Sounds just like what I want.

6 - Scene Six

Bending The Rules
By GalaxyDancer

SCENE SIX

The music is Pachelbel Canon (link to site with various dumb variations of it). It's sunset at Me Myself and I's house. Johnny is walking down to the pond that rests just west of the house. He has his hands in his pockets, and he looks very sad. He is back to wearing his original outfit and his hair is back to its normal messy state. He sits down just next to the water with a sigh. Me walks up and sits next to him from out of nowhere. She has on a blank expression and is staring forward. Slowly, a smile comes across her face and she turns her head to look at Johnny. Johnny moves his eyes to look at her.

Johnny: . . . Yes?

Me: I know a great way to cheer up a sad Johnny. I know you're not a social bug, but you might decide to change your mind after this. Wanna give it a try?

Johnny: I . . . don't think so. Society, no matter where, reeks.

Me: Oh, no . . . not society. Not the way *you* think, anyway. But it's close.

Me leans close to Johnny and whispers in his ear.

Me (whispering): I rewired VT's connection and created a neutral Meld Universe, capable of holding up to five hundred thousand entrants from different dimensions. I had VT connect to Lyoko and give Aelita the message to send out invitations.

Me leans away, as does Johnny. He looks at her like she's nuts.

Johnny: And you didn't tell Kevin . . . why? Any reason?

Me: He'd spoil the whole thing. Anyway . . . it's called Mustard Kazoo and Cash. We hired the best bands Universe Original has to offer, but we reached the agreement to pay them *after* the concert. Of course, VT will wipe their memories before they leave. In other words: free entertainment!

Johnny stares for a moment.

Johnny: You're stealing music?

Me: Not in so many words, and not just the music - the bands. They perform live. All of the best songs. "Beverly Hills", "Don't Mess With My Heart", "Don't Lie", "Don't Bother", "Don't -"

Johnny: There's a lot of "don'ts", aren't there?

Me: Yep. So . . . you wanna come?

Johnny thinks about it for a moment.

Me (trying to tempt him): I invited King Louis XIV . . . from France . . .

Johnny: In that case . . . no.

Johnny gets up and walks off screen. Me looks desperate to get him to come, and runs after him. The camera still stays on the scene by the pond.

Me (offscreen, screaming): King Louis is a lot like you, though! 1662, Nny!! And all of the other VT babies will be there! Wilt, Sparky, Spot . . . come on! There'll be cookies! And nachos! And Devi! I invited Devi!

Johnny (off screen, yelling): I SAID NO!!!

Me (still off screen... still screaming): We've got classical music, too! And a poetry contest? Do you like apples? We've got apples! And you *know* that you like waffles! WAFFLES ARE GOOD!! I HIRED A MAN IN A GIANT RUBBER BUNNY COSTUME!!

Johnny (still off screen, yelling louder): NO, NO, NOOO!!!

Me (you know the drill): SKETTIOS!!!! SKETTIIIIOOOOSSS!!!!

Cut (fade) to Mustard Kazoo and Cash, in full swing. It's a place that is ABSOLUTELY HUGE!! There is no roof. It's almost nighttime, about thirty minutes past the "pond" scene. Right now, we only see the sky, and hear music. It's not exactly a song - it's more like a really good beat. We hear the crowd cheering. When the camera pans down, we see a large array of actual people (not animated) and cartoons, all dancing and having a great time. Just to list a few: the casts of every cartoon show under the sun, and a few teen sitcoms (like Phil of the Future, That's So Raven, Drake and Josh, Zoey 101, etc). As the camera pans from left to right, we see a variety of events taking place. Lazlo swings by on a random electric cord, holding on with his tail. Starfire grabs The Tommy and throws him into the air, then flies up and catches him mid-fall, giggling. The Totally Spies are having a blast dancing. Mandy (from Billy & Mandy) slaps Raj. Rudy Tabootie twirls Penny Proud around. Phil Diffy projects a hologram of himself to dance with Zoey, while he goes off and dances with Keely. Kim Possible back flips into the scene and lands right in front of Chip Skylark. Danny Phantom and Aelita (2D) dance together. Grim and Ember dance as if they've fallen in love. Drake flirts with London Tipton. Josh flirts nervously with Raven (from That's So Raven). Drake Long asks Tak (human disguise, leaning on a table off to the side) to dance, who pulls out a laser and points it at his nose. Drake Long goes Dragon and flies away in a hurry. Otto Osworth dances with Mushi. Bloo and Dee Dee are having a dance-off. Edd is nervously chatting with Zoey (from The Proud Family). The camera stops on Me and Johnny at the snack bar. Johnny isn't enjoying himself. Me's as happy as a cat on catnip.

Me: Oh, come on, Johnny. This is great! It's as wild as wild gets! And best of all, we're the only ones

who'll remember it! That is, until next time. You see, each time I send out the invites, all previous attendants remember MKC. But before that, they have no idea. Except us in Universe One. Neat, huh?

Johnny doesn't acknowledge her. A random tennis ball bounces off his head. He doesn't notice. Me still waits for a reply.

Me (loudly): . . . I said, "we're the only-"

Johnny: I heard you.

Me: Oh. Okay, then.

Person (in the distance, off screen): I demand an explanation! First, a mysterious letter appears before me - out of nowhere.

Me looks to the sound, coming from the left of our view.

Me: Ah, he's here! Come on, Nny, you can meet-

Johnny: Fine. As long as I don't have to talk.

Me shrugs. She grabs Johnny's hand and runs off screen to the left. We watch as Me drags Johnny to the person (still off screen). She pushes through a few people to get there, including cutting in on Robin and XJ9, and bumping into Brad (from Teenage Robot) and Juniper Lee.

Person (off screen): When I read the invite, I decide to accept, and I suddenly appear at this . . . this . . .

Camera switches to the mysterious person's view as Me steps directly in front of him at the entrance to the party. Obviously, the mysterious person is a little taller than her. Me lets go of Johnny's hand, and he slips away without her noticing.

Me (informal and friendly): Welcome to our *bizarre chaotic social gathering*, AKA the fifth Mustard Kazoo and Cash! Feel free to eat chips!

Me sticks her hand out to shake. Switch back to normal view, and we can now see the person. Surprise appearance by Leonardo DiCaprio (not animated), playing King Louis XIV from the movie "The Man In The Iron Mask", 1998. Of course, he doesn't know he's just an actor . . . just like all of the other "*real people*" characters (Drake, Josh, Raven, Phil Diffy, etc). King Louis was complaining to Wilt, Tuk (from Teenage Robot) and CatDog, who were selected to be the bouncers.

King Louis (to Wilt, not happy): Who is this? And again, I ask, what *are* these creatures? I command you send me back to France AT ONCE!!!

Wilt: This is Me. She's in charge of the party. (To Me) Which, by the way, is going great! It's even better than the last four!

Tuk (to Me): Yeah, but why'd you invite King What's-His-Name here?

Tukpoints his thumb at King Louis.

Cat: Yeah, he's crashing the party!

Dog: But he has a nifty robe. I wish I had a robe like that . . . so poofy!

Dog laughs. King Louis takes a step away from him, looking creeped out.

King Louis (not sure who to talk to): This . . . this isn't right. I'm the king of France! You have to obey me!

Me still has her hand out, waiting for a handshake.

Me: True, but this isn't France.

Tuk: Yeah, stupid! It's America!

Me: Actually, it's not even a place that exists. It's somewhere between Limbo and Reality. But it's the perfect neutral meeting place where people from all places and all time periods to come together and just have fun.

Pause.

King Louis (not believing, going nuts): No . . . I have to get back to my kingdom. They're nothing without me. I don't have time to listen to any more of these insane claims! Let me leave!

Me (still with her hand out): Oh, you can't leave until it's over. In the meantime, just have fun!

King Louis: But I-

Me: I SAID HAVE FUN!!! And besides, you'll be sent back to the very second at which you received the invitation. You won't remember a thing until next year.

King Louis: . . . You can't talk to me like that! I'm royalty! You . . . (he looks at the people around him) . . . you . . . *all* of you

Me finally gives up on a handshake and just grabs King Louis's hand. She pulls him out on the dance floor, and he finally notices all of the technology.

King Louis (in awe): . . . you oh . . .

Me: I think you mean "wow". Well, once you're through gawking, take off that bulky robe and have some fun.

King Louis nods, not even sure what he's nodding about. Me walks back to the entrance, leaving King Louis to himself and the party.

Me: Nny, did you . . .

Me looks around, but Johnny is gone.

Me: Nny? Johnny? . . . JOHNNY C., WHERE DID YOU GO?!!

Me looks completely pissed. She storms off screen screaming Johnny's name, trying to find him. Cut to the stage just as the music stops. Atom Smasher (real person) walks on stage with a microphone. The crowd stops and listens to him.

Atom: Alright, MKC! It's time to bring out our live entertainment!

The crowd cheers.

Atom: Here's Weezer, playing "Beverly Hills"!

The crowd goes wild. Atom walks off stage, replaced by Weezer and some dancers. The music to the song starts. We get to watch up to the end of the first refrain, with cut-ins of the crowd enjoying the entertainment.

Weezer (singing):

Where I come from isn't all that great;

My automobile is a piece of crap,

My fashion sense is a little whack,

And my friends are just as screwy as me. (Cut-in: Juniper Lee elbows Roger)

I didn't go to boarding schools. (Cut-in: Jeremie and the Lyoko crew look at each other)

Preppie girls never looked at me. (Cut-in: The Totally Spies all staring at him and drooling)

Why should they?

I ain't nobody,

Got nothing in my pocket.

Beverly Hills! (Cut-in: Complete crowd shot from behind Weezer)

That's where I want to be.

Living in Beverly Hills. (Cut-in: Zoey 101 and the Phil Diffy hologram dance)

Beverly Hills!

Rolling like a celebrity. (Chip Skylark and Ember dance, with Grim in the background looking heartbroken)

Living in Beverly Hills.

Cut to Me, who's still looking for Johnny.

Me: JOHNNY? JOHNNY C!!! JOHNNY!!! NNY?!! JOHNNY!!!

Me walks off screen to continue her search. Pan to a still-in-awe King Louis just as the lyrics correspond appropriately. Hold for a second, showing his still awed expression. A quick pan to the right lands on a blank spot on the dance floor, where Emperor Kuzco slides into the spotlight and executes a series of Kuzcoish dance moves, including the Egyptian Move.

Kuzco: Ohyeah! WOOHOO! Emperor Kuzco's in the house!

Flashzoom in on Kuzco, who comments to the camera.

Kuzco:And *you* thought you could watch a movie without *me* in it, *didn't*you? Think again!!

Flashzoom out, but then another flash zoom in when Kuzco realizes he wants to add something.

Kuzco:Oh, and understanding the risk of being killed by an angry mob of fans for *not*saying this . . .

Flashzoom out as Kuzco strikes a very Kuzcoish pose.

Kuzco:BOOM, BABY!!

Cue musicbreak (end of second refrain). Cut back to King Louis, still staring blankly at the stage. Kuzco walks up and puts his hand on his shoulder.

Kuzco:Hey, Kingie . . . lighten up. This IS a party, after all.

KingLouis: The creatures . . . the loud music . . . what does it all mean?

Kuzcopauses and pretends to think about it for a minute.

Kuzco:Hmm. I think it means . . . (yelling in Louis' face) YOU NEED TO QUIT BEINGBORING!!

KingLouis seems to snap out of his trance as he shoots Emperor Kuzco a confused, somewhat offended look.

Beat.

Kuzco: Orsomething to that extent.

KingLouis (getting smart): This is some kind of . . . celebration?

Kuzco (sarcasticallyshocked): NAH! Really?

KingLouis doesn't respond - he's too confused.

Kuzco(quietly): Just between you and me, you're supposed to *dance* at parties.

KingLouis straightens his posture, standing erect.

KingLouis (trying to have his brain catch up with the rest of him): Very well, then. Whom shall I ask?

For a moment, Kuzco just stares at him like he's nuts. Cue third refrain in song.

Kuzco: Are you serious? Look, unless you brought a date -which I highly doubt you could find wearing that hideous robe- then you're just supposed to . . . dance. You know. By yourself?

King Louis: Dance with myself? I've never heard of such a stupid-

Kuzco: No, no, no! Just have fun. Like . . . (looking around the room) . . . like those guys.

Kuzco points to the right, and the camera follows his finger. We land on Bloo, Beast Boy, Dee Dee and Josh (from Drake and Josh), who are all participating in the dance-off now. Each person is dancing in their own . . . -ahem- *unique* style. Quick pan back to King Louis and Kuzco. King Louis looks at them as if they've gone insane, while Kuzco watches with interest.

King Louis: What are they doing?

Kuzco's happy expression suddenly turns sour as he glares at King Louis.

Kuzco: They're dancing, genius. For fun? Fun dancing?

King Louis: I still don't see how-

Kuzco (getting a nasty idea): You know what? I think you need something to drink.

Kuzco leads King Louis off screen to the right, while we pan a little to the left, revealing a dark hallway in the back corner. We slowly zoom in on the hallway as the song "Beverly Hills" ends and "Listen To Your Heart" (original, not remix) begins. Cut to the entrance of the hallway. The music is now muffled. It's kinda dark. Pan a bit to the right (closer to the inside), and we see Johnny leaning against the wall.

Johnny: It just isn't for me. I never liked crowds or large groups . . . heck, I don't even like *people*. . . . I just don't fit in.

Devi (barely stepping into the scene, nearly all off screen): You've got *that* right.

Johnny looks towards her general direction with wide eyes.