

ALDENTE ARTIFACTS

CONNIE PENNINGTON

FADE IN:

INT. RIGATONI RECORDS - DAY

Rigatoni Records is a quaint record store with posters of various bands on the walls, windows along the ceiling, and records inside of milk crates loosely organized. There is a counter with a cash register and a calendar reading 1971 to the right and a door to the left.

A STRINGED TELEPHONES RECORD is held in the hands of VERMICELLI VLAD, 24, shoulder length brown hair with a white long bell sleeved shirt, black vest, and tight black pants. Vlad is in the middle of a conversation with a CUSTOMER.

VERMICELLI VLAD

I'm tellin' you man, play it backwards. It has the secrets.

CUSTOMER

The secrets to what?

VERMICELLI VLAD

The hidden noodle. It gives you knowledge, man. Drape it like a scarf and all of a sudden you know everything.

Vermicelli Vlad gives the record to the customer without charging him. The customer leaves the record store smiling and the bells on the door clanking behind him. THE NARRATOR, a disembodied voice of reason and strict schedules questions Vermicelli Vlad.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Do you give all your records for free?

VERMICELLI VLAD

(Mouth hung open in a blank thinking state)

You know man, I think I do.

Vermicelli Vlad's MAILMAN opens the door and the bells clank as the door shuts. The mailman is dressed in uniform and has a brown mail satchel slung across his shoulder.

VERMICELLI VLAD (CONT'D)

What's the good stuff today man?

MAILMAN

(uninterested)

Nothing good today my man.

The mailman hands Vermicelli Vlad a small stack of mail and exits. Vermicelli Vlad thumbs through his mail and stops on a plain envelope labeled "Internal Revenue Service" and then tears it open.

VERMICELLI VLAD

(Envelope pieces falling)

Can you dig it?! I've been selected for an audit! Hey man, what's an audit?

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

You know how you give away all your records instead of selling them?

VERMICELLI VLAD

Yeah?

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Well, "the man" wants to know where your income is coming from.

VERMICELLI VLAD

That's bogus!

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bogus or not the man's coming for you.

EXT. RIGATONI RECORDS - DAY

Vermicelli Vlad turns the open sign to close and shuts the door to Rigatoni Records with bells clanking as it shuts. He locks the door and places the folded audit letter in his vest pocket and begins to walk in a random direction.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Where are we headed?

VERMICELLI VLAD

The temple, man.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

What temple?

VERMICELLI VLAD

You know man. The temple that contains the Noodle of Knowledge. It's all in the Stringed Telephones record if you play it backwards.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

And the directions to said place?

VERMICELLI VLAD

Not sure man. It's in the jungle somewhere.

Vermicelli Vlad walks past several buildings and then past greenery. The foliage becomes more irregular, with exotic colored trees and strange bushes.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

It would really help if we had a map.

Vermicelli Vlad passes a giant flashing Vegas styled sign reading "JUNGLE ENTRANCE".

EXT. PIZZA PETE'S STAND - DAY

Vermicelli Vlad stops to get some cheese pizza from his favorite pizza stand run by PIZZA PETE, age unknown, has pepperoni eyeballs, a dripping face, and looks greasy in general.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What are you doing!? We passed it.

VERMICELLI VLAD

Yeah, man. But pizza. (to Pizza Pete).

Hey man, can I get a cheese pizza?

PIZZA PETE

Sure thing. Journeying before afternoon today?

VERMICELLI VLAD

Yeah man, I'm being audited.

PIZZA PETE

Is Rigatoni Records okay?

VERMICELLI VLAD
Of course man, why wouldn't it
be?

PIZZA PETE
You know they'll take your store
if you can't prove income from
it.

VERMICELLI VLAD
Wait what?!

Pizza Pete directs Vermicelli Vlad's attention to the rack of
pamphlets that sits between his pizza stand and the newspaper
stand. "What to do in case of Audit", "Dodging an Audit", and
"Preparing for Audits 101" is among the mix of pamphlets.

VERMICELLI VLAD (CONT'D)
They can't take my store man. I'm
gonna get drafted.

Pizza Pete pulls "Dodging an Audit" and is about to hand it
to Vermicelli Vlad.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh look! They have one for the
temple.

Vermicelli Vlad picks up the Noodle of Knowledge Temple
pamphlet.

VERMICELLI VLAD
Aw man, thanks Pizza Pete. How'd
you know I needed this one?

PIZZA PETE
You don't-

VERMICELLI VLAD
Thanks man.

Pizza Pete covers his pepperoni eyes with a hand and lets his
forehead rest in his palm.

PIZZA PETE
(giving up)
If you are set on going to the
temple, you've had to have heard
about the tribe.

VERMICELLI VLAD
(more interested in
the pizza he is
holding)
Um. What tribe?

PIZZA PETE
The Raw Pasta Ruffians. They are
well known for their quest for
the Noodle of Knowledge.

VERMICELLI VLAD
Why does some tribe need it?

PIZZA PETE
It's been rumored to be their
holy relic.

VERMICELLI VLAD
(stuffing his face
with pizza)
Oh man.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
(hasty)
We have to beat them to it Vlad.

VERMICELLI VLAD
(Still stuffing his
face)
Yeah. Yeah man. I got it.

EXT. JUNGLE/RAW PASTA RUFFIAN CAMP - DAY

Vermicelli Vlad and The Narrator are deep in green forestry
and a healthy amount of mud. Overgrown branches smack
Vermicelli Vlad in the face. Vermicelli Vlad parts the leaves
to reveal the camp of the Raw Pasta Ruffians. The fires are
freshly put out and their tents and tools are in disarray.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Well we did not beat them there.
That is for sure.

VERMICELLI VLAD
How will I know how to get out of
an audit without the noodle, man?

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
You might still have a fighting
chance to get it.

VERMICELLI VLAD
But I'm a pacifist.

EXT./INT. ENTRANCE OF TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The temple is a profile of a giant head made out of stone.
Stairs lead up right in between the hairline made of vines
and the carved out eye of the head. Vermicelli Vlad ascends
the stairs and looks down into the temple from the entrance.
The ceiling of the temple is dilapidated, with a few branches
and some vines hanging down. Moss drapes down through the
holes in the roof. Sun shines through the ceiling to show a
giant pot of spaghetti cooking on a bonfire and three RAW
PASTA RUFFIANS, all humanoid figures made out of various raw
pastas.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
How are you going to get the
noodle?

VERMICELLI VLAD
I don't know man. Hopefully
unnoticed.

Vermicelli Vlad begins to climb down a rope ladder to get to
the ground on the inside of the temple. The rope snaps when
Vermicelli Vlad is almost to the bottom.

RAW PASTA RUFFIAN #1
Schloosh!

The Raw Pasta Ruffian tribe all look in the direction of the
thud where Vermicelli Vlad landed. A small cloud of dust
rises and surrounds Vermicelli Vlad.

VERMICELLI VLAD
Aw Fooey.

INT. TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

The Raw Pasta Ruffians start to approach Vermicelli Vlad
threateningly.

VERMICELLI VLAD
(As if trying to calm
a bear)
I know like this is your holy
relic and all, but could I just
borrow it man?

The Raw Pasta Ruffians pull out orecchiette simultaneously
and put them on top of their heads in sync.

Raw Pasta Ruffian #1 pulls out a manacotti shell. Raw Pasta
Ruffian #2 duel wields penne and Raw Pasta Ruffian #3 swings
a linguine lasso above his head aiming it towards Vermicelli
Vlad.

Vermicelli Vlad crawls clumsily towards the bonfire of the
boiling pot of pasta.

RAW PASTA RUFFIAN #1
Whirrish Blish Ooop!

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
(worried)
Vermicelli?

Vermicelli Vlad reaches the bonfire and grabs onto a log. He places his feet on adjacent pieces of wood and tugs with great effort.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Come on Vlad. They are coming.

VERMICELLI VLAD
Yeah man. I got it.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hurry.

VERMICELLI VLAD
(struggling)
Yeah. I know.

The log breaks free from under the stack of burning wood. The pile of wood starts making little creaks. A large crack erupts through the room and the boiling pot of spaghetti is tipping in the direction of the Raw Pasta Ruffians.

VERMICELLI VLAD (CONT'D)
(raising the log in
the air triumphantly)
Got it!

Boiling water and spaghetti noodles rush out of the pot and immediately flood the Raw Pasta Ruffians. The Raw Pasta Ruffians lay amidst ankle deep water and a few strands of noodles.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
It looks like you will not have
to fight after all.

VERMICELLI VLAD
What do you mean?

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
They are the Raw Pasta Ruffians
correct?

VERMICELLI VLAD
Yeah man, and?

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
And now they are the Cooked Pasta
Ruffians.

VERMICELLI VLAD
So?

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
They are dead.

VERMICELLI VLAD
I didn't mean to kill them man!
(BEAT) Oh no.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
You can get the noodle now

VERMICELLI VLAD
No. Not Yet.

Vermicelli Vlad takes the stake he pulled from the bonfire over to the Raw Pasta Ruffian corpses. He begins to dig shallow graves for each of the Raw Pasta Ruffians using the wood to scrape the ground.

As Vermicelli Vlad picks up the arm for the first Raw Pasta Ruffian to drag him into his grave, the Raw Pasta Ruffian's arm unattaches from his shoulder.

VERMICELLI VLAD (CONT'D)
(Holding the noodle
arm of the Raw Pasta
Ruffian)
Oh man!

The limp noodle falls forwards like a wilting flower as Vermicelli Vlad scrambles to reattach the noodle arm of the Raw Pasta Ruffian, but is unsuccessful.

Vermicelli Vlad tries to scoot each Raw Pasta Ruffian body gently into their uncovered graves, making sure to place the unattached noodle arm next to the Raw Pasta Ruffian so that it looks attached.

Vermicelli Vlad notices a STRINGED TELEPHONES BUTTON pinned on the Raw Pasta Ruffian in the center grave.

VERMICELLI VLAD (CONT'D)
(pointing to the
center Raw Pasta
Ruffian)
Hey man! Look at that!

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hmm?

VERMICELLI VLAD
He's a fan of the Stringed
Telephones.

Vermicelli Vlad covers all the graves with the surrounding dirt.

INT. TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Vermicelli Vlad walks over to the spilled noodles and goes through some of the stranded about spaghetti noodles around the room, but not one noodle stands out from the rest.

Suddenly, a spot light shines down directly over the spilled noodles. ANGEL HAIR HAROLD, an unenthusiastic middle aged man who seems more focused on when he can sleep than his job, floats down in a white toga and lyre in hand from the spot light on a fettuccine rope.

ANGEL HAIR HAROLD
(yawning and stroking
the strings of his
lyre)
Congratulations. You are the
first to find the Noodle of
Knowledge. Go and claim your
prize.

Angel Hair Harold lazily waves an arm towards the pile of noodles. With a PRERECORDED SOUNDING MAGICAL FLOURISH, the Noodle of Knowledge appears glittering gold against the dull yellow of al dente spaghetti.

With many jerks and stops, Angel Hair Harold is pulled back up into the spot light. Returning the temple to normal.

Vermicelli Vlad picks up the glittering noodles and drapes the Noodle of Knowledge around his neck as if it were a scarf.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Does it work?

VERMICELLI VLAD
I am unaware of the maximum
capabilities yet sir.

Vermicelli Vlad pulls out the audit letter he received from his vest pocket and unfolds it. His eyes quickly scan the paper.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
And?

VERMICELLI VLAD
I believe, good sir, that this is
spam mail.

Vermicelli Vlad rips up the fake auditing letter and throws it in the air like confetti.

FADE OUT.