

EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY

A dark figure against a grey sky, THE MONKEY QUEEN stands triumphantly on the edge of a building. She's deadly in her costume (ominous APE SYMBOL emblazoned on her chest, black mask, billowing cape). Blonde hair flaps in the wind.

Behind her, several large ANIMATED APES swing on aerials and push each other like restless thugs.

An EXPLOSION lights up their faces.

The smallest ape, MUJU, jumps up into Monkey Queen's arms, scared, and she holds him as she watches the city smoking below, FLAMING MONEY FALLING AROUND THEM.

She laughs, pure evil, and her APES JOIN IN the chorus.

INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE, THE FLAT - DAY

Ingrid (aka The Monkey Queen) LAUGHS menacingly, but it turns into a sad laugh and dry, desperate sobs.

She's in a t-shirt and boxer shorts, sitting at a kitchen table. On her laptop, a budgeting program. She pathetically taps a CALCULATOR. It's a talking calculator (inanimate).

CALCULATOR

Zero. Zero.

She hits her forehead into it and keeps her head there.

CALCULATOR (CONT'D)

Zero.

APE 1 is on the sofa, playing PS2 on a cathode ray TV.

APE 2 chews the TV remote, making the channel change, causing the two apes to HOOT at each other.

APE 3, wearing glasses, is pulling books off the bookshelf, leafing through them thoughtfully, then wiping the pages on his butt and putting them back. APE 4 pulls out the dirtied books and sniffs them.

Muju plays with a TOY TRAIN.

INGRID

I'm so poor. Why do I keep blowing up banks and destroying capitalism?

APE 5 next to her shrugs, pulls Ingrid's wallet out of her handbag, takes a \$5 note and eats it, unseen.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I have to get a second job.

Ingrid raises her head enough to BANG the calculator again while Ape 5 pats her back and nods understandingly, chewing.

CALCULATOR
Zero zero zero zero.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

A clean white waiting area, pleasant music plays. Ingrid sits erect, resumé in lap, blending into the wall in white blouse.

Her APES occupy the other seats, except one ape in the corner, neatly tearing eyes out of magazine faces and sticking them on another ape.

The office manager, BRAD (because they're always called Brad) steps into the reception area.

BRAD
Ingrid? Follow me.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

A clean white office. Brad is seated behind his desk, Ingrid in the chair facing it.

Brad reads from a sheet of paper.

BRAD
It says here that you have
managerial experience.

Please note: Brad does not look up for the whole interview.

INGRID
(eager to please)
Well, as the leader of a band of
evil monkeys, it's my job to keep
everything together. Organising the
week ahead, plotting pathways
between laser alarms, ordering
explosives...

Brad jots a note on the paper.

BRAD
So, stock control?

INGRID
Most certainly. It's not just the
armory and chemical warfare I have
to keep in stock, but bananas. You
have no idea how many we go
through. I've had to get good at
haggling or threatening the family
of vendors to get the best deal.

Brad nods, writes.

BRAD

Good negotiator. How are you with Word, Excel and Powerpoint?

INGRID

I yell at my computer a lot and threaten to throw it out the window. And I can touch-type.

BRAD

Very useful. Any other skills?

INGRID

I've got over three years experience in torture-slash-interrogation, I possess ape-like flexibility which makes me good on an office sportsball team, and... I guess I'm logistical. A facilitator. A person who uses big words to create an illusion of competence.

Brad looks up at her.

BRAD

Great! I just have one more question.

INGRID

Yes?

BRAD

Do you have to have these... monkeys with you?

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

The APES look up.

Two APES are fighting over a Gameboy.

Another APE rubs a potted plant on his butt, and different APE chews on that plant.

INGRID

They won't cause any trouble. I promise.

Muju peeks out shyly from behind Ingrid, with big eyes.

BRAD

Hello little fellow, aren't you cute!

Muju makes an adorable, SHY NOISE.

INGRID
You won't even notice them.

Behind her, Muju CRAPS into his paw.

INGRID (CONT'D)
If anything, they'll help me work.

Muju studies the poo in his hand.

INGRID (CONT'D)
And no need to worry - they're
toilet-trained, so you'll never--

SPLAT! Wet, brown POO hits Brad in the face. He gasps, wide-eyed horror, chocolatey goop sliding down his cheek, slopping onto his perfect white shirt.

Ingrid turns to Muju, who looks very happy with himself.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Muju, no!

Ingrid pulls a pack of baby wipes from her bag.

INGRID (CONT'D)
(quaint)
I'm so sorry.

She leans over and wipes poo off Brad's shirt, but it just smudges in worse.

INGRID (CONT'D)
He's had gastro all week, poor
thing.

Brad is traumatised.

Muju jumps up and down, screeching with joy.

The other APES join him in vocal chaos.

Muju shits into his hand and THROWS IT at Brad's face again.

Brad is even more horrified, shaking, scrunching himself down small in his office chair and sobbing.

INGRID (CONT'D)
MUJU! Naughty monkey!

INGRID (CONT'D)
I really need this job. I could
show you my cleavage?

She pops a blouse button open and squeezes her boobs together, getting poo on her décolletage.

Brad whimpers in PTSD and Muju jumps up and down, CLAPPING.

INT. TRAM - DAY

The tram is near-empty. Ingrid sits in the rear, not happy. APES sit on other seats, validate tickets over & over, swing between handles. One nit-picks an Old Lady's hair. Another MAN-SPREADS at a Man who is man-spreading, holds eye contact, and the Man is so uncomfortable he neatly closes his legs.

Muju jumps up on the seat beside INGRID.

MUJU

Ooh ooh ooh ooh?

Ingrid turns away and looks out the window.

Muju SCREECHES, stomping his foot.

INGRID

You ruined my advancement
prospects. Go sit over there.

She points.

Muju SCREECHES again, and jumps off to another seat.

INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE, THE FLAT - DAY

Ingrid: veged out on the sofa. Face drooped, lazy eyes on the TV. She presses the remote every 3 seconds, comatose channel-surfing. The dialogue of the programs combine to say:

"The. reality. is. you're. a. failure. and. you're. going.
to. starve. to. death. Death. Death."

She doesn't notice, so morose.

MOBILE PHONE RINGS - ringtone: EVILLLLL!

INGRID

Hello, The Monkey Queen.

Listens.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Oh mum, just wait a sec.

Ingrid runs over to the kitchenette and presses the blender.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Hi, sorry, it's hard to hear over
the chopper blades. I'm on a date
with a very wealthy man--
Yes, I checked his financials. He's
taking me for a flight over Sydney
Harbour.

(fake awe)

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

Ohhh, it looks just like the aerial montages in bad 1980s Australian films. Gotta go, Mum, the caviar is turning all décolletagé. Bye!

She hangs up, takes her finger off the blender. Slumping back onto the couch, she picks up the remote.

SLOPPY BROWN SHIT hits the T.V. and slides down the glass.

INGRID (CONT'D)

MUJU!

Muju, standing before the couch, blows a raspberry at Ingrid.

INGRID (CONT'D)

That's it.

She stands.

INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE, THE FLAT - DAY

Ingrid is back on the sofa, smug-faced.

At the other end of the couch sits Muju, arms crossed tightly, scowling face. He is wearing a NAPPY.

Ingrid changes the channel. The T.V. has been half-heartedly cleaned, and brown smears don't prevent her watching it.

INGRID

Anyone want a chocky bicky?

Ingrid holds up the box of biscuits.

APES gather around and dig paws into the box.

Muju crawls across the couch.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Someone tell Muju that monkeys who throw poo at the TV can't have chocky bickies.

The APES LAUGH and grab more bickies, chewing happily.

Muju HUFFS and returns to his end of the couch.

INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE, THE FLAT - NIGHT

Ingrid scrapes banana peels off a plate into the bin. It's full of banana peels.

She walks into the lounge where the APES sit in a row on a rug, picking each other's lice.

INGRID

Awww, you're like a hominid
centipede.

They all turn to grin at her, except Muju.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Who wants to watch Nemo?

The APES CLAP and CHIRP, climb onto the sofa.

Ingrid puts the DVD in the player.

INGRID (CONT'D)

You'd think you guys haven't seen
this film 14 times this week.

Muju climbs up on the couch.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Someone tell Muju that monkeys who
throw poo at the TV don't get to
watch Nemo.

Muju SCREECHES and beats his chest.

Ingrid picks him up and carries him out.

INT. HALLWAY, THE FLAT - NIGHT

Opening a door with APE FINGER-PAINTINGS all over it, she places Muju in the darkened bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE, THE FLAT - NIGHT

The APES jiggle through the opening credits and Ingrid joins them on the couch.

From the other room, Muju WHINES.

INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE, THE FLAT - DAY

At the table, Ingrid sits with the APES, playing the board-game, 'TROUBLE'. They pop the bubble over & over, LAUGHING.

One APE is rubbing playing pieces on its butt, and another APE is eating them, but Ingrid doesn't notice.

Muju slides up onto a chair, hopeful.

Ingrid looks at him coldly.

INGRID

Monkeys who throw poo at the TV
don't get to play board games.

Muju looks up at her with big, heartbroken eyes, and slips down off the chair. In the corner he plays with toys, alone.

Ingrid watches him, guilt taking over.

INT. APES' BEDROOM, THE FLAT - NIGHT

The APES lie in little beds as Ingrid reads a bedtime story.

INGRID

It didn't take long until the apes had caught Charlton Heston, with his oiled-up pecs, and carted him off in a cage to meet his furry, sexy fate.

She closes the book.

INGRID (CONT'D)

That's enough excitement.

The APES make a SOUND OF DISAPPOINTMENT, but snuggle down into their beds and close their eyes.

Ingrid rises and turns off the light, a night-light stays on, sweet tinkly music. She stands in the doorway, looks at Muju.

He lays quietly in his little bed, covered with his rocket-ship doona. So small and sweet.

Ingrid sits on the edge of his bed.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Muju, do you realise you were a bad little monkey today?

Muju nods and makes a high sound of timid agreement.

MUJU

Uh huh.

INGRID

But you're going to be good now, aren't you?

Muju nods again.

MUJU

Uh huhhh.

His eyes big and shiny in the dim light, tiny paws clutching the pulled-up doona.

Ingrid tucks her baby monkey in and strokes his head.

INGRID

That's better. Night, night.

Ingrid moves to the door, about to close it behind her.

INGRID (CONT'D)
(tenderly)
Don't let the bed bugs bi--

Turning, a NAPPY HITS INGRID IN THE FACE. It slides down -
sloppy brown crap streaking her nose and lips.

Her body turns rigid and she PANTS LOUDLY through her nose.

The other APES have woken and are LAUGHING and HOOTING.

Muju jumps up and down, SCREECHING AND CLAPPING.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I hate being a mother.

THE END.