

THE PENGUINS OF MADAGASCAR
206 "The Big Squeeze"
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FADE IN:

EXT. ZOO - DAY

SKIPPER, KOWALSKI, RICO and PRIVATE clandestinely ZIP thru the Zoo: their heads pop out from around a trashcan, the hot dog cart, out of a potted plant and finally they peek out from a building corner their eyes go wide as Alice's legs pass in the FG. They instantly duck back, then a Kowalski-designed PERISCOPE creeps out to see--

THE LOADING DOCK - We see the back of a truck backing in as Alice guides it in (she's standing in front of a brick wall.)

ALICE

Okay. You're good... Little more... Little more...

The truck comically smooshes her against the wall.

ALICE

(pained)
Little less.

KOWALSKI - watches through his periscope viewfinder, wincing.

KOWALSKI

oo... That's a big truck.

PRIVATE

I wonder who we're getting?
Perhaps it's a unicorn!

SKIPPER

Private. The transfer is from
Hoboken... Not the Elfen Glen.

ON TRUCK - The rear door is now open and Alice backs out, struggling with a large crate. She angles out away from the wall and the crate just keeps coming... and coming... it's a long crate.

RESUME KOWALSKI - reacting.

KOWALSKI

Ooo... That's a big crate.

ALICE - answers her RADIO, while still holding up the front end of the long crate (which continues out of frame).

RADIO GUY (V.O.)

Yo, Alice. What's in the box anyway?

As he speaks, pull back to reveal the full 20ft. length of crate. Radio Guy holds up the back, but the crate on his shoulder conceals his face.

The Penguins lean forward to hear--

ALICE

You don't want to know.

They react. Private looks especially worried.

PRIVATE

<gulp>

ON RADIO GUY (still hidden by crate) as they round a corner.

RADIO GUY (V.O.)

Yeah. I probably don't.

EXT. JULIEN'S HABITAT - CONTINUOUS

AS THE DUO carry the crate past Julien's fence, he glances down from his throne and lights up with excitement.

KING JULIEN

Oh, Maurice! You sly dog you!

Maurice looks over the rail at the crate, confused.

MAURICE

Who's a dog now?

Julien leaps down beside him and points.

KING JULIEN

I know what's in that very long box.

Mort pops up between them.

MORT

Is it my birthday?

KING JULIEN

Wouldn't you know if it was your birthday, Mort?

MORT

No. I like surprises!

KING JULIEN

It's my birthday!

MORT

Yay!

MAURICE

In eight months.

KING JULIEN

Yes! According to the Julien calendar we are now in the middle of my party season.

MAURICE

I don't think you want that box...
(points)
Look at that there.

ON BOX - A BUNCH of scary looking DANGER LABELS (both in words "DANGER" and "PELIGRO" and pictographic symbols).

RESUME JULIEN - even more excited.

KING JULIEN

Oooo... Maybe it's a skateboard!
A very, very, very, very long
skateboard.

Maurice just rolls his eyes.

MAURICE

Only if they're gonna go shreddin'
in the--

The Penguins pop up from behind a bench, still following the crate's progress.

KOWALKSI

Reptile house!

PRIVATE

I'll bet it's some sort of
reptile.
(off their looks)
You know... obviously.

SKIPPER dashes down below the bench, followed By the others.

SKIPPER

Let's haul tail-feather, men -- I
wanna see exactly what sort of
reptilian we're dealing with.

INT. REPTILE HOUSE - SOON

EST. A glass fronted reptile habitat, the door of which
has a complex locking system - it's been made extra
secure, for a creature that needs to be contained at all
costs. (ala Hannibal Lecter.)

NEARBY - The Penguins pop up from behind an informational
sign check out the habitat. Kowalski uses BINOCES. ADJUST
TO BINOC POV - a BLURRY IMAGE, as he tries to focus.

SKIPPER (OS)

Well?

KOWALSKI - suddenly goes wide-eyed and lowers the binocs.

KOWALSKI

It's a...it's a...

Kowalski's look of horror triggers...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ZOOVENIR SHOP - NIGHT

KOWALSKI

...a BOA!

REVEAL - we're at a COMMUNITY MEETING. Some of the
zoosters murmur with concern at this.

ZOOSTERS

(concerned murmurs)

But KING JULIEN is pleased.

KING JULIEN

Oh, boas are very festive. I
especially like the purple ones.

SKIPPER

Not that kind of boa, lemur.

KOWALSKI

Member of the genus *Constrictus*
And-how-us. Meat eaters. Capable
of growing up to 25 feet in
length. I've done a rendering of
the *actual size* of our new
arrival.

He shows a CRAYON DRAWING of a thick snake, featuring its head on left of the page, and a body that reaches to the right edge of the 8 x 10 paper.

MASON

(chuckles) Well, if that's actual size, he's rather small, if you ask me.

Kowalski nods at Private, who pulls out the edge: It's many, many sheets long (sheets taped together) and by the time Private is finished, the drawing encircles the perimeter of the room, enclosing the group.

MAURICE

(stunned) Whoa. That's a lotta snake.

SKIPPER

Especially when the crushing begins.

Kowalski hold up his Scratch 'n Sniff Guide to the Rainforest which SHOWS <Scratch, scratch>: A) a Boa constricting a victim, then B) Its unhinged jaw swallows its victim.

KOWALSKI

Precisely. As my Scratch 'n Sniff Guide to Rainforest Animals clearly indicates, a Boa will coil round its prey, crush it into unconsciousness, then swallow it whole.

<SCRATCH, SCRATCH> -- the final image shows a lump (the victim) working its way down the snake's gullet -- like a cantaloupe going thru a garden hose. Several of the Zoo gang recoil from the smell emanating from the book.

SKIPPER

Take a good whiff. That's the smell of fear, gentlemen.

KOWALSKI

Well, technically it's snake bile. But point taken.

MARLENE steps forward, soon joined by Private and Mort.

MARLENE

Well, I think we shouldn't be so quick to judge. Sure, *some* Boas may be mean in the wild. But this is the zoo; we're neighbors.

PRIVATE

Right! And neighbors don't eat neighbors.

MORT

I do!
(off their stares)
If my neighbor is a mango.

Julien strokes his feather boa lovingly.

KING JULIEN

Are we sure he's not all soft and cuddly?

SKIPPER

Oh, they're cuddly alright. But when a boa cuddles you, it means the dinner bell has just been rung. And you're the neighbor du jour.

Now even Rico looks a little worried... or confused.

RICO

Uh...

SKIPPER

Not to worry. This Boa tries anything, we'll be on him like stink on a monkey.

The Penguins head out, as the CHIMPS react. MASON is offended, PHIL smells himself.

MASON

Says the fish eater.

EXT. PENGUIN HABITAT - DAY

ZOO GUESTS smile, laugh and take photos...REVERSE ANGLE - ...as the Penguins cavort. Private does a somersault and they cheer. He beams.

PRIVATE

They like me, they really like me.

SKIPPER

Don't let it go to your head,
Private. Fame's a fickle friend.

Kowalski pops up from under the fish bowl wearing his headphones and holding his little audio dish device.

KOWALSKI

Intercepting an Inter-Zoo
transmission, Skipper.

Skipper asides to Private.

SKIPPER

Keep dancing, Private.

INT. PENGUIN LAIR - CONT.

Skipper and Rico flank Kowalski... CRACKLE of STATIC as
Kowalski attaches wires to their LOUDSPEAKER and we hear-

ALICE (WALKIE TALKIE V.O.)

Yeah... It's the lemurs. We lost
one.

The three Penguins exchange worried looks.

EXT. PENGUIN HABITAT - CONT.

The other PENGUINS zip past the still-performing Private,
as Skipper grabs him and they zip OS.

SKIPPER

Show's over, Private.

ZOO ONLOOKERS - are left standing there, looking puzzled
and shrugging -- what just happened?

EXT. LEMUR HABITAT - DAY

SKIPPER takes the lead interviewing KING JULIEN, like a
cop interviewing "a loved one," as MAURICE stands nearby.

SKIPPER

Can you describe what happened?

KING JULIEN

What is there to be describing?
Mort is gone.

KOWALSKI

Mort. From the Latin root
"morte." As in...dead.

As the other 3 Penguins bow their heads reverently,
Skipper says:

SKIPPER

Let's not jump to conclusions,
Kowalski. Not till we rule out
all other possibilities. Or until
we find a body.

PRIVATE

Could Mort have perhaps run away?

KING JULIEN

Well... He was not treated well.
Always being picked on, you know?
Why did you pick on him so,
Maurice?

MAURICE starts to admit guilt, then realizes:

MAURICE

I didn't mean to! I just --
waitaminit! You're the one who--

KING JULIEN

-Always with the pushing and
pressuring and the do-this, do-
that. And now see what you have
caused. No more Mort.

King Julien crosses to an empty coconut shell with a tiny umbrella and straw. He's distraught.

KING JULIEN

Who will bring to me my fruity
smoothie with the teeny umbrellas?

MAURICE

The smoothies... Julien did send
Mort to some get some pineapple
from over by the reptile house.

KING JULIEN

The geckos get all the good stuff.

SKIPPER

(gets a steely look)
Reptile House, eh? Gentlemen, I
smell a rat, and it has the
distinctive odor of snake.

INT. REPTILE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

THE PENGUINS <tap tap tap> on the glass outside the maximum security Boa habitat. DRAMATIC REVEAL - as the BOA CONSTRICTOR's body slithers around from various bushes and rocks and he slowly approaches the glass. Ala Hannibal Lecter, the humongous snake is charming, belying a sinister and menacing demeanor.

BOA

Greetingsssss and ssssalutationsssss
vissitorsssss. Sssso nice to
sssee you.

SKIPPER

I get it. You're a snake. Can the hissy talk.

BOA

(normal)

Sorry.

SKIPPER

Look. We've got a disappeared tiny lemur.

KOWALKSI

And a cumulus cloud of suspicion hanging over your head.

BOA

Oh my, a missing Lemur? How awful.

SKIPPER

(aside to Penguins)

This reptile likes to play it cool and coy, boys.

PRIVATE

Or maybe he's innocent, Skipper.

(to Boa)

This should be easy enough to clear up, if you could tell us: where were you between the hours of...er, now and uh, sometime before now?

BOA

Where would I be? Where could I be? For as you can see, I have no possible means of escape from this glass prison.

SKIPPER

Kowalski?

Kowalski has been checking out the perimeter, using a comb attached to an "inspection device" magnifier.

KOWALSKI

I've gone over every inch of the perimeter with a fine tooth comb, Skipper.

SKIPPER

And?

KOWALSKI

Unbreachable. Nothing or no one could get out of here.

As SKIPPER mulls this over, the BOA smiles with innocent satisfaction.

BOA

There, you see? I'm perfectly innocent. I haven't eaten anyone.

Skipper nods, then suddenly reacts.

SKIPPER

Who said anything about eating anyone?

BOA - realizing his own slipup, feigns innocence.

BOA

I...just assumed. I'm always being falsely accused of this or that.

PRIVATE

That's must be awful!

BOA

Tragic beyond measure.

Skipper eyes him, then addresses the Penguins.

SKIPPER

Let's go shake some bushes, boys.
See if we can sniff out any eyewitnesses.
(as they head off)
We're keeping an eye on you fella.
You'll slip up. They always do.

BOA

I assure you, I'm 100 percent, entirely innocent.

As the Penguins leave, Skipper hears a taunting chuckle.

BOA

(taunting chuckle)

He whips around to see the snake smirking.

INT. PENGUIN LAIR - NIGHT

Skipper paces and reviews the "case", while the other Penguins try to sleep.

SKIPPER

Let's run through this one more time, Kowalski.

KOWALSKI gets up, yawning. He crosses to a drawing of the Reptile Habitat, rendered in crayon.

KOWALSKI

As we've already established, the Boa couldn't have escaped. The habitat is secure and in perpetual lockdown.

SKIPPER

(mulling)
Lockdown... Let's look at those locks again.

KOWALSKI shows a crayon drawing of the lock system.

KOWALSKI

Double-forged titanium.
Interlocking tumblers. Openable only from the outside.

Skipper reviews the "blueprint" of the habitat, notes something.

SKIPPER

Hel-lo. Now what do we have here?
Appears to be some sort of window-

KOWALSKI

Ventilation shaft. I suppose it's possible...

Kowalski quickly measures the shaft on the drawing with a drafting compass, then goes to his abacus.

KOWALSKI

Sorry, Skipper. The shaft is far too narrow for a Boa to slip through. That's a tight squeeze even for a penguin.

Their moment of frustration is interrupted by:

KING JULIEN (OS)

<alarmed scream>

Private and Rico spring out of their bunks.

EXT. LEMUR HABITAT - NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER

Penguins zip in to find a horrified King Julien.

KING JULIEN

First Mort. And now Maurice is missing!

PRIVATE

Well, of course he's missing Mort.
It's very understandable.

KING JULIEN

Not missing. *Missing*. Gone away to
bye-bye land. He went to fetch me
some pineapple... only not to come
back. Ever.

SKIPPER

Maybe you should get your own
pineapple ringtail.

KOWLASKI

I am sensing a pattern here. A
very lemury pattern.

Suddenly, there is another scream.

MARLENE (OS)

<scream>

PRIVATE

It's Marlene!

KOWALSKI

So much for the pattern.

The Penguins zip off. KJ hesitates, then looks around
worriedly and follows them.

EXT. OTTER HABITAT - MOMENTS LATER

The Penguins and KJ arrive. No sign of Marlene -- just
a BALL that's slowly bouncing or rolling unattended.

KOWALSKI

We're too late!

RICO notices something.

RICO

<indicating GRUNT>

Skipper checks it out. It's a tiny bit of dark leather.

SKIPPER

Kowalski. Analysis?

Kowalski whips out a "jeweler's loupe" type device.

KOWALSKI

Inconclusive. A fragment of shoe
leather, perhaps...

SKIPPER

Try... snakeskin. Boys, I'll bet my left flipper that we find that Boa out of his cage and on the prowl.

Skipper leads the chase to the Reptile House. King Julien nervously looks around, as he follows.

INT. REPTILE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Penguins leap to a landing at the Boa's habitat to find...He's locked inside, looking very relaxed as he smiles at their arrival, as if almost expecting them.

PRIVATE

Good thing you're right-flipperd, Skipper.

Skipper presses the snake for answers.

SKIPPER

Alright, I don't what kind of game you're playing, but three of my friends have gone missing and I want answers.

BOA

I'd love to help. Really I would. But how could this possibly involve me?

Just then, the Boa's sides vibrate a little, and a small bulge goes in and out. The Penguins take note. He covers:

BOA

Apparently something I ate doesn't agree with me.

PUSH IN ON THE BULGE - then DISSOLVE INSIDE TO REVEAL:

INSIDE THE BOA - CONTINUOUS

Mort, Maurice and Marlene all smooshed together inside the snake's belly, pounding on the "wall."

MAURICE

I hear somebody!

MARLENE

Help! Here, inside the snake!

MAURICE

Get us out!

MORT

It's stinky and smelly...and I miss my King's feet!

BACK ON THE SNAKE - as we pull out from the bulge in his belly to him addressing the Penguins.

BOA

Perhaps a piece of bad melon. Now, if you'll excuse me... it's been a long day.

The BOA retreats into the shadows of his habitat.

INT. PENGUIN LAIR - NIGHT

The Penguins go over the data. There are drawings of Mort, Marlene & Maurice posted on a board. KJ is lounging nearby, eating some grapes, but glancing about nervously.

KOWALSKI

One thing is for certain, Skipper. This fiend has an appetite for mammals.

KING JULIEN

(with relief) Whew. Thanks to the good spirits, I am not a mammal.

PRIVATE

Er, I believe you are a mammal.

KJ reacts terrified.

KING JULIEN

No, I am not! Mammals have the sweat glands. And Kings never sweat.

(calls out, alarmed)

You hear that, whatever-is-making-mammals go disappearing? I. am. not. a. mammal!

A beat, and he starts fanning his hands under his arms.

KING JULIEN

Woo. Is it hot in here? I'm swimming.

Skipper gets a sly look.

SKIPPER

A taste for mammals, eh? Gives me an idea.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - SOON

The Penguins -- one atop the other, pass down a MONKEY PLUSH TOY from the gift shop window.

EXT. PENGUIN HABITAT - SOON

RICO hocks up a samurai sword...and expertly slices the plush toy open.

RICO

<Samurai cry>

CUT TO: THE PENGUINS pull out the stuffing from the toy.

CUT TO: Rico and Skipper adjust what is now a monkey costume onto Private...as Kowalski sews it up.

KOWALSKI

Hold still, Private. I'm about to sew up the inseam.

CUT TO: PRIVATE, in monkey costume, unhappy. Skipper inspects him and nods with approval.

SKIPPER

Perfect snake bait, Private. To the untrained eye you could pass for a smelly monkey.

MASON THE CHIMP happens to be passing by.

MASON

(called-sing song)
Offensive.

EXT. ZOO WALKWAYS - NIGHT

Private (with walkie-talkie as his "wire") wanders the zoo, posing as a monkey as we hear Skipper's voice:

SKIPPER (V.O.)

Looking good Private. But you've got to monkey it up a little if you're going to be bait.

PRIVATE reluctantly goes along, mskes up a song.

PRIVATE

<Gulps...>
(singing awkwardly)
I'm a monkey....and I love bananas...to eat...They are sweet...

PAN TO: Kowalski, Rico & KJ in the RC car, staking out the scene.

KING JULIEN

He calls that a monkey song?
Hmph. Where is the peppy rhythm?
Where is the bouncy bounce?

NEARBY - Skipper fires a zip line up and OS and disappears into the night.

SUSPENSE SEQUENCE - from out of the shadows, the huge Boa's head appears. His eyes glow hungrily.

BOA

(sotto) Monkey. Yum.

Private parades as bait, keeps singing his monkey song.

PRIVATE

(still singing)
And very...funky. I am a monkey.

The Snake slithers along, stalking its prey.

Rico, Kowalski and Julien hear something, then SEE a slithering figure and sotto into the walkie talkie.

KOWALSKI

Just keep singing Private and whatever you do, don't look behind you.

Quick push in on Private looking terrified.

PRIVATE

Please hurry.

SKIPPER

Affirmative. We're on the move.

The Penguins stealthily close in on the "slithering snake." Tension builds. And then they see...

what what they're closing in on is not the Snake. It's ALICE dragging a garden hose.

KOWALSKI

That's no snake. Private, come in -- come in.

CUT TO: THE WALKIE TALKIE - lying there. A beat, then the Penguins and KJ rush in, but there's no sign of the snake or Private.

INT. REPTILE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Snake slithers into his habitat. The door closes. We SEE and HEAR the locks getting re-locked by someone on the outside... but we don't see who.

BOA

<chuckle>

The Boa slithers deeper into his habitat.

BOA

Well done.

The ventilation shaft opens and HANS, the evil puffin, drops down!

HANS

Oh please. I've had ticks in my tailfeather more difficult to pick than that lock.

The two villains gloat until Skipper drops down from the ventilation shaft, then reacts with surprise to see Hans:

SKIPPER

So...it's a two-man job. And the second man is is a puffin! My old nemesis, Hans. But how--

They start to circle each other. The Boa lazes nearby.

HANS

-Did I get here? I had my reptilian friend smuggle me in from the Hoboken Zoo.

KOWLASKI

You mean?

HANS

In his mouth. Yes. Clever, no?

SKIPPER

An inside job.

They continue to circle each other.

HANS

I thought I had outwitted you for certain this time Skipper.

SKIPPER

Never gonna happen. But one thing doesn't add up.

What's in it for you? Thought you'd gotten over that whole revenge thing.

HANS

(chuckles)

These little games we play are what makes life amusing.

Skipper is steely.

SKIPPER

So that's what you call this -- a game? Well, I've got a newsflash: The minute you bring a dangerous predator into my house and he eats my friends -- playtime is over.

HANS

(excited) So then, it is duel-time! Shall we say...herring?

With that, Hans whips out a large FISH. As Skipper speaks, he slyly whips out a ridiculously tiny oily fish.

SKIPPER

Why don't we say... sardine?

HANS

(starts to salivate)

Sardines are... my weakness.

SKIPPER

I know. Denmark, remember? It was the seductive siren song of the oil-packed sardine that finally brought you to your knees.

SKIPPER flips the sardine in the air. HANS, unable to contain himself, hungrily tries to catch it. Skipper uses the distraction to...WHOMP the Puffin with a flying kick.

HANS - smashed against the Reptile House wall, manages to get up...brandishing a Herring and charges Skipper.

SKIPPER dodges Herring parries and thrusts -- gets whacked once or twice...but then does a fancy leap onto the glass wall, propels himself backwards in a mid-air somersault and WHOMPS the puffin hard in the gut.

Hans lands atop the Boa's head, dazed:

HANS

A little help here, yah?

BOA

(relishing it) Yah, indeed.

The snake rises up, as Hans slides down to the ground. Skipper backs away, but the snake's tail slithers around and starts to ensnare Skipper. At the same time...

INT. BOA CONSTRICTOR'S STOMACH - CONTINUOUS

Inside the snake, Private leads Marlene, Maurice and Mort on their way to freedom.

PRIVATE

This way to the mouth!

MORT'S fuzzy feet move drag along the surface of the snake's innards.

MORT

Sticky floor. Tickles my feet.

BACK ON SCENE - THE BOA starts to enclose around Skipper, when he suddenly REACTS with increasing discomfort....

BOA

Tickle in my throat. <HACKING>

The Snake comedically starts hacking and clearing his throat -- uncoiling from Skipper as he does. As the hacking continues -- Private and the others suddenly get PROPELLED out of the Boa's mouth...and land near Skipper.

PRIVATE

Hello, Skipper.

SKIPPER

Nice to have you back, Private.
And the rest of you, too.

The Boa is still hacking a bit, as Hans goads him.

HANS

Come on. Are you a snake or a girly-worm? Get them get them all!

Skipper looks out thru the glass to see...KJ peeking in the Reptile House door and giving a thumbs-up signal. Skipper smiles and nods.

SKIPPER

Everybody follow me...to the door.

MAURICE

But it's locked.

OUTSIDE - Rico hocks up a WELDING TORCH...which Kowalski catches and uses on the lock...

INSIDE - The Boa comes at Skipper, Private, Marlene and the 2 lemurs. He licks his lips. They have nowhere to go, backed up to the door, seemingly trapped.

OUTSIDE - Kowalski finishes using the welding Torch on the lock, which breaks free. He nods at...

KING JULIEN and RICO who tug on the door and open it.

The good guys rush out the door, as Kowalski zips in with the RC CART and they all climb aboard and zip off.

The Boa and Hans, riding atop the Boa's head, give chase.

HANS

Follow them!

The Motor Cart with our gang on it rounds a corner and zips into cover behind some bushes. A beat later, the Boa chases in, looks around confused.

REVEAL - ALICE rushes in, sees the snake.

ALICE

This isn't Hoboken, tough guy!

She pulls out a MACE-LIKE SPRAY GIZMO from her belt and twirls it like a western hero, then fires a spray at the Boa...THE BOA'S eyes cross dizzily, and he passes out, his tongue out. A beat later, HANS drops down, passed out and lands on the Boa's tongue.

FROM NEARBY - THE PENGUINS and pals watch.

KOWALSKI

Tranquilizer spray. Nice.

SKIPPER

You don't ever wanna get on that lady's bad side.

Boa and Hans snoozing, as Alice nods with satisfaction.

The Penguins high-five. KJ and Marlene then do the same.

KING JULIEN

I am slapping you with great joy
at not being eaten.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZOO - DAY

As the TRUCK drives away, ALICE in the f.g. speaks into her walkie talkie.

ALICE

Hoboken? I'm sending back your troublemaker. And you can keep him!

EXT. PENGUIN HABITAT - DAY

As Penguins and Marlene watch the truck drive away:

MARLENE

Well thank goodness we're rid of that Boa. But what happened to Hans?

SKIPPER

(smiles) Something tells me the inside man is where he belongs.

INT. BOA CONSTRICTOR'S STOMACH - CONTINUOUS

Hans is hip-deep in digestive juices, banging on the inside walls of the snake, as we:

HANS

Okay now, this is not funny! Let me out....Let me ouuuuut...!

CUT TO: THE BOA - smirking. He nestles down lazily.

BOA

Not till we get to Hoboken. <yawn>
Now hush up and let me nap.

FADE OUT.