

INT. MCDONALDS - DAY

GRIMACE (O.S.)

Aroooo!

The Manager and his employee stand behind the counter.

MANAGER

Ah, it's time. Come Thomas, you'll want to see this.

The manger leads Thomas towards the play place, ignoring a long line of angry customers bickering amongst eachother. A cashier falls to the ground praying.

INT. PLAY PLACE - DAY

GRIMACE

Aroooo!

A mother Grimace lays in the ball pit, her belly swole and full of life. Birdie the early bird attends to her as a midwife. Three cloaked Mcdonalds priests dressed as hamburglars stand to one side of the ball pit and a team of "fry kids" with vacuum backpacks stand on the other. The manager comes in and is marked with a black goo on his head.

THOMAS

Oh my god...

MANAGER

A Female Grimace? Yes, and she's pregnant with three pups, now the female grimi go into heat only once in there lifecycle, and every mcondalds has at least one female. But hte males, are exceedinly rare. In face, the last bull Grimace died this year. Do you know what that means?

The manager and Thomas take their positions at the foot of the ball pit.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

It means, if she doesn't produce a male...the species is doomed.

The Manager inspects the birth canal with his hand.

GRIMACE

Aroooo!

MANAGER

Cervix dilation - 12 cm. She's ready.

The Manager pulls his hand back, dripping with amniotic fluid.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

15 months of gestation but she's ready now to bring her litter of grimi pups into the world.

GRIMACE

Aroooo!

A river of amniotic fluid gushes forth as the head of the first gimi pup emerges, it's body wrapped in a thin transparent sack. The grimi tears through the sack and gasps for breath. A Hamburglar priest takes the pup, lifting it in the air to show the other two.

HAMBURGLARS

Female! Female! Female!

GRIMACE

Aroooo!

A second pup is born. Another Hamburglar takes this one and lifts it.

HAMBURGLARS

Female! Female! Female!

The third and final pup emerges, backwards. The mother Grimace writhes in pain.

GRIMACE

Aroooo!

MANAGER

Damnit, it's gone beech. Quickly Thomas before we lose it!

The Manager and Thomas reach into the birth canal pulling the sack of the pup. Straining more and more intensely. Manager and thomas yelling in unison.

GRIMACE

AROOO!

A river of amniotic fluid gushes forth, filling the ball pit to the point that it begins to overflow. The Grimi pup slides out as the manager and thomas fall backwards.

The pup lands in Thomas's lap. The Manager tears the sack open, pressing on his tiny ribs.

MANAGER

Come on, breathe! BREATH!!!

The pup coughs amniotic fluid into Thomas's face and takes its first breath. Its eyes flutter open to see Thomas.

GRIMI PUP

Arooo!

THOMAS

It, it's beautiful.

MANAGER

He'll make a fine bull.

The black eyes glisten in the light as the third Hamburglar takes the pup from the customer, raising it up.

HAMBURGLARS

Male! Male! Male!!

The fry kids begin sucking up all the amniotic fluid into the vacuum tanks on their backs. The Manager licks his fingers clean of amniotic fluid and smiles. He throws the doors to the play place open and faces the crowd of customers that have gathered outside.

MANAGER

Ladies and Gentleman, THE MCRIB IS  
BACK!

The doors burst open to the play place.

CUSTOMER 1

I'll take one!

CUSTOMER 2

I'll take four!!

The Hamburglars begin taking the male pup away, the mother reaches for her child. A tear rolls down her cheek as Birdie pulls a machete out from behind her back and hacks at the mother Grimace's throat. Blood splatters onto one of the play place bubbles where two precocious kids have been watching the whole time. They scream a muffled scream. Cut frenetically between shots of the Mother Grimace being chopped apart like apocalypse now, amniotic fluid squirting onto the extruded patties, the baby grimaces are shoved into dog like cages and taken away. the customers biting into the disgusting McRibs from the mother.

This builds in a crescendo of mouth and meat noises. The manager reveling, is interrupted by thomas.

THOMAS

Hey, just to let you know i cant work next Wednesday, my grandma died.

MANAGER

Oh ok ill update the schedule, but please try to let us know 2 weeks ahead of time.

THOMAS

Well, i didnt know she would pass away, i have no real way of controlling that.

MANAGER

No, i know. I know. Just letting you know.

End.