

The Wombat

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Two boys are walking across the school parking lot. This is TYF and RANDALL. Tyf is a slightly tall boy with glasses and neat slicked-back hair. Randall is slightly shorter and is rotund. They are both dressed as typical nerds.

NARRATOR(V.O.)

Hello there. The story I'm about to tell is about these nerds. In fact they're the nerdiest nerds of all nerds. They're the Mayors of Nerddom, the Kings of Nerddom. Where is that? Why, it's at the corner of 3rd Street and Nerd Ave. Did I say 3rd Street? I meant NERD Street. They shop at Nerdstrom; Nerd is the word; they're a herd of nerds. They're so nerdy they make Erkel look like Enrique Iglesias. To them, Dungeons & Dragons is a contact sport! Well, mostly just the portly one, Randall. The one on the left there, Tyf, he's not so bad. But that Randall guy... he's... well... he tends to make people very uncomfortable.

Randall casually scratches his armpit, looks around shiftily, and then smells his fingers as though smelling something delicious. Tyf stares at him as if to say, "Why do I hang out with you?"

NARRATOR CONT'D.

Yep. Weird. Anyway, we join them today on the first day of the second week of the third quarter of their freshman year. They are on their to Mr. O'Malley's physics class. They are also on their way to a roller coaster ride of fantasy, folly, friendship and... fah... fah... well other words that begin with f. THIS IS THE STORY OF THEIR... REDEMPTION!

INT. MR. O'MALLEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Randall is watching the morning news intently and drooling slightly. Tyf is writing down his assignments in a leather notebook. The other kids in the class are talking, listening to iPods, sleeping, etc.

NEWS PERSON

...And congratulations to the math team for their victory over China in the international Mathlympics...and special congratulations to Tyf Langthon and Randall Cobb from Ms. Milne for their extra hard work and time spent after school preparing for the competition.

Tyf and Randall cheer quietly.

EXPRESS KID

Shut up nerds! Math is barely even a sport!

A paper ball comes from off screen and hits Randall in the back of the head.

Randall drops his head in sadness.

TYF

Who threw that?

A second ball, significantly bigger than the first, hits Tyf in the back of the head.

TYF

That was mean...

A third ball, the biggest of the three, hits Randall and then Tyf in the back of the head as he is sitting down. He cautiously picks it up and throws it pathetically back to where he thinks it came from.

Mr. O'Malley, who has entered the room, storms over to Tyf's desk.

MR. O'MALLEY

Is there a problem here?

TYF

Yeah, Mr. O'Malley. Someone's assaulting Randall and I with paper...

MR. O'MALLEY

(reasonably frustrated)

Stop screwin' around guys. This is chemistry class; it's the opposite of fun! You screw around in here and someone's gonna take some acid to the face. Do you want acid on your face Tyf?

TYF

No, Mr. O'Malley.

MR. O'MALLEY

What about you, Oswald? And you, Chester?

CHESTER and OSWALD shake their heads. They are two brothers who look strikingly similar. Chester dresses in an athletic jersey and Oswald wears really awful band T-shirts (i.e. Nickelback) and jeans.

O'MALLEY CONT'D

That's right, you don't. If you four were any uglier, it would actually hurt people to look at you.

Mr. O'Malley walks back to his desk and does Chemistry stuff. Chester and Oswald glare at Tyf and Randall with curled lips. Tyf and Randall look at each other, wide-eyed, as though unaware of what just happened.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tyf and Randall are sulking down the hall together, their heads hung in shame, their too-small superhero (Spiderman, Batman, etc.) backpacks shrugged on their depressed shoulders, their faces contorted in disturbing sadness.

TYF

Man, I can't stand this anymore. Why do those two seniors bully us? Every day it's the same old shenanigans. But we're cool!

RANDALL

Wait... shenanigans?

TYF

Shenanigans.

RANDALL

No one says that, Tyf.

TYF

Nah, I'm pretty sure they do.

Randall raises an eyebrow skeptically.

TYF (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're cool! We're the Freshman Leaders of the Math Diplomacy Coalition, the Resident MC's of the Hip-Hop Tap Dancing Squad, the Regional Leaders of the Junior David Bowie Impersonators of America Club, and we're the only guys on the JV Synchronized Swimming Team!

RANDALL

I bet if we were Varsity Synchronized Swimmers they'd respect us.

Tyf nods seriously, then proceeds strategically.

TYF

Maybe. But we have to think of a logical plan for right now! We won't survive the next four years of high school if we don't get help soon!

Randall begins to hyperventilate and flail his arms.

RANDALL

I'm freakin' out man, freakin' out!

TYF

Deep breaths Randall.

Randall breathes from the diaphragm repeatedly. Then, he sighs.

RANDALL

If only there were a righteous defender of truth and justice we could call on to be our watchful protector.

Voices singing "Wombat" are heard. Tyf looks around, confused. Randall squeals and cowers behind Tyf.

TYF

What the hell... ?

RANDALL

I'm scared Tyf!

CHESTER

You should be.

Oswald and Chester strut onto the screen behind Tyf and Randall, wearing a different jersey & band t-shirt respectively. Tyf and Randall turn around in fear.

Randall panics and begins to run past Chester, who trips him. Randall squeals again.

TYF

Leave him alone you... you... fiendish... person...

Oswald and Chester cock their eyebrows, look at each other, then shake their heads at Tyf's pathetic comeback. Oswald folds his arms and steps forward like a thug.

OSWALD

(as if he were in NWA)
Watchu gon' do 'bout it?

Tyf runs around in circles.

Oswald picks him up with one hand, as though bored. Chester opens a locker, and Oswald puts him in it. They high-five, say "Tubular!" and walk away.

Tyf climbs slowly out of the locker and brushes himself off. Randall continues to lie face down.

TYF

See Randall? That's exactly the kind of shenanigans I'm talking about.

RANDALL

No one says that.

Randall stands up weakly. The same voices singing "Wombat" are heard again. Tyf looks around, confused. Randall panics.

RANDALL

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US!?!?

Tyf ignores him.

TYF

Hey Randall, what's that poster on the wall over there?

Tyf glances at the poster and begins to read aloud.

TYF

"Are you tired of disturbingly large teenage boys forcing you into lockers? Are you constantly picked on because you were unable to make the Varsity Synchronized Swimming Team? Have you been injured by no fault of your own? Then call Larry Feinstein, Attorney at Law."

Randall shakes his head sadly.

RANDALL

We can't afford an attorney, Tyf; I only make four dollars an hour at Papa Lou's Pizzeria and I --

TYF

But wait!

Tyf stares at the camera.

TYF CONT'D

There's more!

Tyf looks back at the paper.

TYF CONT'D

(reading)

"Can't afford me? Only make four dollars an hour at Papa Lou's Pizzeria? Then direct your attention to the poster on the adjacent wall surface."

Randall looks next to himself and sees the poster on the wall.

RANDALL
Oh look! A poster on the adjacent wall
surface!

Randall walks over to the new poster with a wombat insignia at the top.

TYF
What's it say?

RANDALL
(reading)
"Tired of the same old shenanigans?"

Tyf nods proudly, as if to point out that he isn't the only one who says shenanigans.

RANDALL CONT'D
(reading)
"Too poor to afford Larry Feinstein?
Consider... The Wombat."

Voices. "Wombat". Both boys seem disinterested at the interruption.

RANDALL CONT'D
(reading)
"Meet me in the deepest, darkest place
in the Town Forest. You know, that
place where all the bad kids go during
class to destroy their futures and/or
brain cells."

Tyf looks up from the paper in realization.

TYF
Yeah, yeah! I know that place!

RANDALL
Wait. It says something else: "No, not
that place, the other one."

Tyf again looks up again as if having some sort of epiphany

TYF
Oh! Right, *that* place!

Tyf again looks to the paper

RANDALL
Wait, no, there's more. "No, not that
one either. You know the place. Come
alone."

TYF
Okay yeah, that place. I got it.

Randall and Tyf look at each other.

TYF CONT'D
Let's roll.

RANDALL
I don't know...

TYF
Great! Since we both agree it's safe,
we're going! I get the vaguest feeling
that this poster is going to be the
cause of some major turning point in
our lives!

Tyf looks into the camera for 5 seconds as it slowly zooms in.

A picture of a wombats head spirals onto the screen as a transition.

EXT. TOWN FOREST - DAY

Tyf and Randall are seen walking into an area of the town forest.

RANDALL
Alright, we're in the town forest.

TYF
Thanks, Captain Obvious...

RANDALL
You're welcome, Sgt. Sarcasm.

TYF
Alright, now that we're here at the
spot, what do we do?

A wombat call is heard.

RANDALL
What is that?!

TYF
It's a bird, it's plane, it's a...

The "Wombat Theme Song" is playing over the stock footage of a wombat running.

TYF CONT'D
...man dressed as a wombat...

THE WOMBAT pounces onto the screen.

The Wombat is Mr. O'Malley dressed in a brown and gold unitard, with a brown-and-gold striped cape, and a gold-striped Batman mask. On his chest is a picture of a wombat head as his insignia.

nia. This is the same wombat head that spiraled onto the screen earlier. There is an air of majesty about him.

The Wombat speaks like Adam-West-era Batman.

THE WOMBAT
G'Day feeble nerds. I am The Wombat. I understand you are having bully problems. I am here to help you.

Randall stares longingly at The Wombat.

RANDALL
Gee whiz, Mr. Wombat!

THE WOMBAT
(Like Christian Bale's Batman)
It's THE Wombat.

RANDALL
Sorry, Mr. The Wombat!

THE WOMBAT
(Back to normal voice)
It's quite alright, Randall.

RANDALL
Wow! How do you know my name?!

THE WOMBAT
The Wombat knows all.

Tyf looks at The Wombat skeptically.

TYF
You're going to help us? What can you even do? And what's with your costume? You look like a ridiculous Batman wannabe.

THE WOMBAT
Actually Tyf, I'm better than Batman.

TYF
How are you better than Batman?

THE WOMBAT
(Christian Bale voice)
He's just a bat... I'm a wombat.

TYF
Wow...

RANDALL
Oh I know, isn't he great? GEE WILLIKERS!

The Wombat and Tyf stare at Randall, uncomfortable at his over-enthusiasm.

THE WOMBAT

Uh...er...um, yes, well....I must be off. I have... wombat... things to do. So... but, I'll be watching, unseen, with utmost vigilance! Until next we meet, fare thee well! WOMBAT... A-HWAY!

The Wombat points and poses dramatically, then walks offscreen anti-climactically.

TYF

That was weird, man.

Randall blinks at him.

The wombat head spiral transition occurs.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A crowd of students make their way to the different lunch tables.

RANDALL'S TABLE

Randall and Tyf silently eat their lunch. Randall looks up and sees Oswald and Chester approaching.

RANDALL

Oh crap! Here they come.

Randall and Tyf quickly start to scarf down their food, awaiting Oswald and Chester.

OSWALD

What's up. losers?!

TYF

Get out of here, Oswaldork!

Oswald, Chester, and Randall look confused and shake their heads at Tyf's terrible comeback.

RANDALL

That was terrible.

CHESTER

I just feel bad. That was awful. I'm gonna give you guys a head start now.

RANDALL

Head start for what?

Oswald and Chester look at each other, then look back at Randall and Tyf, link arms, then yell. Randall and Tyf run out of the cafeteria. Oswald and Chester run after them.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Chase continues, with Tyf & Randall running and Oswald & Chester racing after them.

The Wombat comes out of nowhere and clotheslines Oswald and Chester. They fall to the ground.

CHESTER
Who.. who are you?

THE WOMBAT
(Christian Bale voice)
I am The Wombat... Chester.

CHESTER
How do you know my name?

THE WOMBAT
(Christian Bale Voice)
THE WOMBAT KNOWS ALL!

Oswald and Chester get up and run at him. The Wombat fights them off with M.M.A (Marsupial Martial Arts) and other Wombat-related-self-defense moves.

THE WOMBAT
(back to normal)
Do you believe in me now, Tyf?

TYF
Yeah, I guess I do.

RANDALL
I always did Wombat!

Randall goes in to try and hug The Wombat. The Wombat backs away.

THE WOMBAT
(Adam West voice)
Begone cretin!

RANDALL
Ok Wombat!

THE WOMBAT
(Aside to Tyf)
Your friend makes me uncomfortable. Is that... normal for him?

TYF
Yeah. He, uh, he does that.

Tyf walks over to Randall and slaps him

THE WOMBAT

Good. Now, I shall train the both in ways of wombat combat. TO A MONTAGE!

The Wombat's insignia spirals onto the screen.

MONTAGE: THE WOMBAT TRAINING THE BOYS

The tune of "Eye of the Wombat" plays over the montage.

-- The boys are jumped in the Science Wing lobby by Oswald and Chester; The Wombat steps in front of them and uses wombat combat. Oswald and Chester run away like little girls. The boys take notes.

-- The boys are seen punching and kicking lamely at dummies of Oswald and Chester in the town forest. The Wombat shakes his head.

--The boys are walking down the hall in a turtle-fashion and are once again approached by Oswald and Chester. They try to run away, but run out of breath fast. The bullies catch up to them and take them away. The Wombat appears and shakes his head in disappointment. He throws a plush wombat at Oswald, who collapses.

-- The Wombat is seen leading the boys on a run. Randall falls to the ground on his back, and can't get up. Much like a turtle.

-- The boys are seen training with the dummies. They have improved and are now at least able to connect with the dummies. Randall lands a punch; the Wombat nods and smiles. Randall grins creepily.

-- The boys are once again approached by Oswald and Chester in the English Wing. Tyf & Randall outrun them this time and pass The Wombat. The Wombat throws a small net over Oswald and Chester, who collapse under it. Tyf and Randall point and laugh at them.

-- Randall furiously takes notes; Tyf casually takes notes. The Wombat looks over at the notepads. Tyf's notes are organized and detailed; Randall's are doodles of The Wombat with some hearts. The Wombat makes a disturbed face.

-- Tyf and Randall are training in the forest. They can now knock over the dummies with some effort. The Wombat watches proudly and regally.

END MONTAGE

EXT. OSWALD AND CHESTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, at Oswald and Chester's house.

INT. OSWALD AND CHESTER'S ROOM

The room is that of a little child. There are Legos and stuffed animals everywhere; there are posters of Disney princesses on the walls; there are bunk beds/ race car beds/ race car bunk beds. Oswald is lying in the top bunk. Chester is pacing and petting a Furby.

CHESTER

I can't believe this. How are we supposed to feel alive without instilling fear into the hearts of the inferior??

Chester throws the Furby in a fit of rage. Furby makes a noise.

OSWALD

You keep Furby out of this! She did nothing to you! This is about the nerds and...and that...that cursed wombat!

CHESTER

I know! I have an idea about how to handle them.

OSWALD

What idea is that, brother?

CHESTER

I found this poster today in school.

Chester looks at the camera.

CHESTER CONT'D.

I feel like it will a significant turning point for us.

Chester looks at the poster and begins reading it. Chester cont'd.

CHESTER

(reading)

Attention bullies: Have the nerds that you're bullying obtained a superhero as a bodyguard? Is this superhero of a marsupial nature? Then do I have a deal for you. Meet me in the darkest part of the town forest. You know the place.

Oswald looks up quizzically and then makes a face of realization.

CHESTER CONT'D.

(reading)

No, not that one. Yeah, you know.

Oswald makes the same face.

CHESTER CONT'D.

(reading)
 No, idiot not that one either. There
 you go, that one.

Oswald and Chester look at each other with sly grins.

OSWALD AND CHESTER
 Excellent.

CHESTER
 This sounds promising.

OSWALD
 Yeah, I like the sound of this.

CHESTER
 Yes, this sound is wonderful.

OSWALD
 (menacingly)
 Indeed. The night is long that does not
 see the day.

CHESTER
 Macbeth?

OSWALD
 Aye.

CHESTER
 Excellent.

The two boys climb carefully into their bunk beds and pull the covers up to their chins

OSWALD
 Hey, Chester?

CHESTER
 What Oswald? I'm trying to sleep.

OSWALD
 (whispers, lovingly)
 Goodnight.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Tyf and Randall are walking into school. Chester and Oswald are standing in their way. Tyf and Randall try to go around them, but the Oswald and Chester push them to the ground. Tyf and Randall get up and scoff.

TYF
 You guys sure you wanna go through this again? You want us to make fools out of you guys again?

RANDALL

Again?!?!

The voices that yell "wombat" are heard.

The wombat walks on screen in all his glory.

THE WOMBAT

You leave these boys alone. I'm sick of using wombat combat to subdue your antics.

CHESTER

Oh, I don't think it'll be you who subdues us this time Wombat.

THE WOMBAT

What do you mean, silly boy?

The DINGO springs onto the screen. He appears in a full body purple costume that in some way looks like a dingo. He wears a Zorro-like mask over his eyes. Even with the mask, it is clear that the Dingo is MR. JEAN.

THE DINGO

Hello Wombat. We meet again.

The Wombat lets out an over-exaggerated gasp; in fact, the Wombat actually says, "Gasp".

THE WOMBAT

It can't be! I threw you into a vat of molten pudding skins in Budapest, you cheeky slattern!

THE DINGO

I do remember that fateful day. And now? I've returned to claim revenge and also to help these two devious ne'er-do-wells achieve pusilanimous pontification!

RANDALL

I don't think 'pontification' really fits there.

THE DINGO

Quiet you dandiprat!

TYF

Why does everyone suddenly have such a big vocabulary?

THE DINGO

Regardless! We waltz to our mortality! We tango... to... the... DEATH!

Both enter fencing stances. The Wombat reaches into a pouch-like compartment in the front of his uniform and pulls out a small baby wombat-like doll.

He throws it at the dingo.

The doll hits The Dingo in the face and he catches it in his mouth.

The camera pushes in quickly on The Wombats face.

THE WOMBAT
Dingo ate my baby.

In a fit of rage and confusion, The Wombat charges at The Dingo.

The Wombat and The Dingo grapple much like Batman would with an enemy from a 1960's episode, complete with the sound effects ("Bam!" "Pow!") popping up on the screen.

The Wombat falls to his knees, defeated.

TYF AND RANDALL
(In Unison)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THE WOMBAT
(Breathlessly)
You have grown stronger since we last grappled in that pudding skin factory in Budapest all those years ago.

THE DINGO
Indeed I have. Your wombat combat is no match for my dingo figh... tin... go... umm....

THE WOMBAT
No synonym for fighting rhymes with dingo! You never understood that!

THE DINGO
Silence! Chester, Oswald, GET THE NET!

Oswald and Chester toss a net over The Wombat. Tyf and Randall run frantically to the net to try and save the wombat. Oswald and Chester push them to the ground. Randall runs to a corner, enters the fetal position, and begins crying hysterically.

RANDALL
NO! WOMBAT! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

TYF
We will avenge you Wombat!

Tyf falls to his knees and lifts his hands to the heavens in despair. The Dingo, Oswald, and Chester all walk away with The Wombat, net still over him. His hands are bound.

EXT. TOWN FOREST - DAY

A disheartened Tyf and Randall are sitting on the ground in the area where they first met The Wombat.

Randall is still sobbing hysterically.

TYF

Look, I'm pretty upset too, but you're just being weird about it.

RANDALL

You'll never understand what we had! He was my best friend!

TYF

First of all, ouch. Thanks a lot. Second, you didn't have anything with him. Actually he thought you were really weird. He told me once when you were running around dressed like him.

INT. SCIENCE LOBBY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Randall frolics about dressed in a miniature version of The Wombat's costume. Tyf and The Wombat look on.

THE WOMBAT

That kid is really weird.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Randall starts to pout like a little kid.

RANDALL

You're the weird one!

TYF

No, Randall, you always hold me back! I could almost be cool if it weren't for you! I could be on the Varsity Synchronized Swim Team if it weren't for you! I might even talk to females if you didn't weird them out!

RANDALL

But... Tyf... I... Girls... Swimming...

TYF

No, Randall!! I'm sick of your shenanigans!! I'm going off to save The Wombat, because he's actually useful! He taught me more than Math Diplomacy ever taught me!

RANDALL

But... but... we don't even know where he is right now!

TYF
We could start in Budapest!

RANDALL
We can not just simply walk into Budapest! One does not simply walk into Budapest!!!!!! You can count me out. I'm keeping what dignity I have left.

TYF
Randall, you never had any dignity!!!

RANDALL
How dare you. You monster. I have plenty of dignity.

Randall storms off. He trips and begins to cry pathetically.

RANDALL CONT'D.
Wombatwhereareyou!?

TYF
I'm leaving, Randall. Goodbye.

Randall's head spirals onto the screen with a giant frown for a transition.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O)
Meanwhile, in The Dingo's lava lair...

The Wombat is tied to a chair. Oswald, Chester, and The Dingo are sitting around a table, bored.

CHESTER
So... this is your lava lair?

THE DINGO
Can't you see the sign?

The Dingo points to a sign on the wall that reads "Dingo's Lava Lair. It's dangerous in here. And stuff. Keep Out."

OSWALD
So what do we do now?

THE DINGO
Well, honestly I thought The Wombat would be a lot harder to capture. My vat of pudding skins won't be here for another two weeks.

OSWALD
Why such a long time?

THE DINGO

Well they're coming from Budapest, and I didn't get the priority shipping. Too expensive. Times are tough you know? And I only make four bucks an hour at my side job at Papa Lou's Pizzeria.

CHESTER
They have good breadsticks there.

THE DINGO
Yes they do, Chester. Yes they do.

Awkward silence.

THE DINGO CONT'D
Sooo, you guys uh, doing anything later?

CHESTER
Let's keep this relationship professional, Dingo.

THE DINGO
Oh, alright. Well, get out of my lair then! Come back tomorrow. We'll discuss our plans for the rodent!

The Wombat is seen tied to a chair and struggling against his constraints.

THE WOMBAT
I'M A MARSUPIAL!

THE DINGO
Put a sock in it!

Oswald takes off his sock and puts it in The Wombat's mouth.

THE DINGO CONT'D.
Excellent. Now, begone!

The Dingo's head spirals onto the screen as a transition.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Tyf walks down the hallway alone. He is determined to find The Wombat.

TYF
Wombat! Wombat! Wombat, where are you?!

MR. Jean comes out of his classroom.

MR. JEAN
Hey, kid! Shut up! I'm trying to educate children in the ways of World History.

TYF
I'm looking for my friend The Wombat.
Have you seen him?

Tyf gives Mr. Jean a poster with a picture of an actual wombat on it. Mr. Jean reads it aloud.

MR. JEAN
"Wombat lost. Call this number with any information. 508-867-5309." No... No. I haven't seen him. And you know what? I don't even know why you're looking for a wombat. They're dirty creatures! Filthy! They make me feel like a zookeeper. Whenever I gaze into their beady little eyes I see evil. Evil!

Tyf stares at him, wide-eyed and terrified.

MR. JEAN CONT'D.
Hm. Anyway. If The Wombat were somewhere, he definitely wouldn't be in the boiler room.

TYF
So... I shouldn't check the boiler room?

MR. JEAN
Correct.

TYF
Yeah, I think I'm gonna check the boiler room. Somehow I don't trust you.

MR. JEAN
That's probably for the best. I'm dangerous, boy, DANGEROUS! I'M A LOOSE CANNON!

Tyf slowly backs away. Mr. Jean stares at him intimidatingly.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Tyf walks down the basement hallway cautiously.

TYF
If only there were some kind of sign for the lava lair!

The camera pans back to reveal Tyf standing in front of the sign for the Dingo's Lava Lair. Tyf shrugs and walks in.

INT. LAVA LAIR (BOILER ROOM)

It is completely dark.

Tyf steps into the lair tentatively. He can not see anything, but he hears struggling and muffled noises.

TYF

Wombat? Wombat, are you in here? Dammit, too dark to see. Gotta find the lights.

The lights go on.

THE DINGO

No need for that, Tyf. I've found them.

Tyf turns to face The Dingo.

TYF

Where's the Wombat?

THE DINGO

He's right over there.

The Dingo points to where The Wombat is tied up, with the sock still in his mouth.

TYF

Wombat! You let him go, Dingo! Or I'll...

THE DINGO

Or you'll what?

Oswald and Chester step in behind Tyf. Each one of them grabs an arm as Tyf begins flailing his legs.

TYF

Wombat, I'm sorry! I'm not strong enough!

RANDALL (O.S.)

You just have to belieeeeeeeve!

At this point, Randall leaps into the room heroically. He is dressed in a crude imitation of The Wombat's costume.

TYF

Randall! That was an impressive entrance.

RANDALL

I couldn't you do this alone, Tyf. Not after all we've been through.

Randall lets out a strange battle cry. It is a really high pitched, guttural noise that no human should be able to make.

THE DINGO

Sweet mother of God! What was that?

Randall charges Oswald and Chester. The two of them drop Tyf, and get ready to engage Randall. Upon reaching them, Randall begins Wombat Combat.

Oswald and Chester engage him in 1960's era Batman style fight, complete with on-screen sound-effects.

The struggle eventually leads out of the Lava Lair and into the hallway outside. The Dingo runs out after them.

In the confusion, Tyf unties The Wombat.

THE WOMBAT

Thank you, Tyf. Now lets go help the odd one.

They run from the lair.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Randall and The Dingo are still engaged in combat. They are clearly at a stalemate.

THE DINGO

You cannot defeat me! You're just a dumb little nerd.

THE WOMBAT

He might not be able to, but I can.

The Wombat charges The Dingo and engages him in Wombat Combat.

THE DINGO

Chester! Oswald! Dispose of the nerds!

Oswald and Chester charge at Tyf and Randall. They continue with The Batman combat. Eventually, Tyf and Randall get the best of them; Oswald and Chester fall to their knees.

The Wombat and The Dingo fight their way back into the Lava Lair.

THE WOMBAT

WOMBAT CHOP!

The Wombat chops The Dingo, who falls to his knees like Oswald and Chester.

THE DINGO

No! Foiled again by The Wombat and his cursed nerds Randall and Tiffany.

TYF

My name's not Tiffany. It's Tyfoneus. Tyfoneus Langthon!

RANDALL

And I'm Randall!

Tyf and The Wombat look at Randall who meets their gaze passionately.

All three look back to the spot where The Dingo was. He has disappeared.

TYF

Wow. He doesn't waste any time.

THE WOMBAT

I didn't even get the pudding skins. I have to say I'm kind of disappointed.

RANDALL

Does this mean there will be a sequel Mr. The Wombat??

He comes uncomfortably close to the Wombat.

THE WOMBAT

I hope not, Randall. I truly hope not... Anyway, meet in Mr. O'Malley's room children. We shall discuss our victory, perhaps over punch and pie.

A pie swirls across the screen in the style of The Wombat transition.

INT. MR. O'MALLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Tyf and Randall enter to see Mr. O'Malley sitting alone in his room doing chemistry stuff.

Tyf and Randall look at each other in recognition.

O'MALLEY

(in his normal voice)

What can I do for you guys?

TYF

Mr. O'Malley, uh, we just wanted to thank you for everything. We really learned a lot.

O'MALLEY

Really? No one's ever thanked me for chemistry class before! This is so exciting!

RANDALL

No, not that. The Wombat!

O'MALLEY

(sadly)

Wait... what are you talking about, Wombat?

RANDALL

We know, Mr. O'Malley. You're the wombat. The tall, muscular, handsome, and fantastic Wombat.

Awkward beat.

MR. O'MALLEY

Well, I may be all those things, Randall. But I am not the Wombat. Sorry. I'm not a superhero; I'm just a chemistry teacher.

The Wombat enters dramatically.

THE WOMBAT

Hello, children! Sorry, I'm late. I just got off the phone with Amazon.com. I had the toughest time canceling that order of pudding skins.

Mr. O'Malley, Tyf, Randall, and The Wombat all take turns looking at each other awkwardly.

TYF

What?

RANDALL

If you're not the Wombat.. and he is...then who are you?

Camera zooms in on The Wombat, who slowly removes his (her?) mask...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

Credits roll over various clips of faculty revealing themselves as The Wombat.