

KING JULIEN

The Foosa are catlike carnivorous animals native to Madagascar. They are always annoying us by trespassing, interrupting our parties and ripping our limbs off.

ALEX

Yeah. Sounds good. Look, we're just visiting until the ship comes back for us, so—

KING JULIEN

You must tell me... who the heck are you?

ALEX

I'm Alex. The Alex. And this is Marty, Melman and Gloria.

MAURICE

And just where did you giants come from?

ALEX

We're from New York.

KING JULIEN

All hail the New York giants!!

(The LEMURS cheer and gather around the ZOOSTERS while KING JULIEN pulls MAURICE aside.)

Maurice! I have a plan!

MAURICE

A plan?

KING JULIEN

We must make friends with the New York giants. Then, Mr. Alex will protect us, and we will be safe and never have to worry about the dreaded Foosa ever again! I thought of that. Yes! Me! I did!

MAURICE

I don't know... Something about Mr. Alex gives me the heebie-jeebies! All those teeth, sharp claws...

KING JULIEN

Maurice, why are you pooping on my party?

MAURICE

I'm just saying. What if he turns out to be even worse than the Foosa?

(A loud rumbling is heard.)

What was that?! What was that?!