CHUCK

 (getting irritated)

 Hey, I don’t have time for this

crap! I’m a busy man! I’ve got

hogs to hang and beef to grind!

At Chuck’s last statement, the Mime begins to pantomime the action of using a meat grinder.

 CHUCK

 (more angry)

 Yeah. That’s right! I’ve got meat

 to grind, pal! So I’m gonna’ call

 the cops if you don’t beat it!

The Mime performs his meat-grinding pantomime with even more fervor – His nasty grin spreads across his face like inky poison.

 CHUCK

Unless you want to be doing

pantomimes of picking up soap in

a prison shower, I suggest you

make a quick exit!

The Mime stops his pantomime and holds his finger up. His expression has changed to one of innocent expectation. He slowly reaches behind his back and pulls out an actual meat grinder – The poisonous grin returns. The Mime moves slowly towards Chuck!

Chuck looks in horror and expels another girly-squeal of terror!

 SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT: DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - MORNING

Doug exits a small grocery store. He is carrying two large paper bags almost spilling over with assorted items. His AMC HORNET is parked at the curb just in front of the store. His cell phone rings from within the car.

 DOUG

 Aw, crap.

Doug stumbles over to his car. Searching for his keys, he spills the paper bags. The phone is still ringing. Amidst mumbled swearing, Doug finally finds his keys, unlocks the passenger door and picks up the phone. As seen earlier, Doug must first place the unwieldy antenna on the roof before he can begin talking.

 DOUG

 (loudly)

 Hello? Hello?

GO TO: DUEL VIEW SPLIT SCREEN PHONE EFFECT

Mr. Hardly is obviously the party on the other line, but it is impossible to see him through the impenetrable screen of cigar smoke.

 MR. HARDLY

 Winthrop! What the hell are you

 doing?! I’ve been calling you

 for the past 45 minutes!

 DOUG

 I was just...

 MR. HARDLY

 I don’t give a rat’s hat what you

 were doing! Listen! There’s been

 some sort of trouble down at the

FLESH FACTORY BUTCHER SHOPPE!

 DOUG

What kind of trouble?

 MR. HARDLY

How the hell should I know!? You’re

the reporter! Now get over there

and report!

 DOUG

Actually I’m a cartoo…

 MR. HARDLY

(interrupting)

Oh, and Winthrop…!

 DOUG

Yes, sir?

 MR. HARDLEY

Pick me up some hamburger while

you’re there!

Mr. Hardly hangs up without waiting for a response. The split screen goes back to full screen. Once again, a blast of cigar smoke hits Doug from the phone.

 DOUG

 (coughing)

 Yes, yes sir.

Doug throws the phone in the passenger seat, then scoops up the spilt items and throws them in as well. He removes wooden chocks from under the back tires, and begins to push start his car.

Once it gets going at a fast enough pace, he races around to the driver’s side door to hop in. It’s locked.

Trying to keep up with the car, Doug fumbles for his keys. The car rolls on picking up speed, driverless.

After an extended period of time & panic, he manages to unlock the door and jump in. The HORNET starts up with several loud reports.

INT. FLESH FACTORY BUTCHER SHOPPE - SAME

Doug’s car can be heard coughing & sputtering in the background. Once again Detective Dirkson is standing amongst a bizarre scene. He is eating a sausage & busily scratching in his notepad while police activity flurries about.

Doug enters. He stares wide-eyed at the surreal image before him. On the counter, in front of Detective Dirkson, is a meat grinder with fresh ground meat hanging out of it. A human hand is poking out the grinder’s top.

Covering the counter are freshly wrapped white packages with the words “GROUND CHUCK” written on each of them. Despite all the investigative activity, customers are milling about and filling their baskets with the fresh “GROUND CHUCK.”

Doug steps over to the Detective.

 DOUG

 (sarcastically)

 So, what do you think it is this

 time, Detective? A traffic

accident? A wild boar attack?

Or maybe an indecent exposure gone

horribly wrong?

 DIRKSON

 That’s enough out of you, Junior.

 DOUG

 You can’t stand here and tell me you

 think this was another accident?!

 DIRKSON

 Of course it was no accident! Any

 rookie could tell you that!

 DOUG

 Well it’s about time you started

 coming to your sens...

 DIRKSON

 (interrupting)

 Obvious attempted suicide.

 DOUG

 (total disbelief)

 WHAT?! What?! Did you just say

 suicide?!

 DIRKSON

 Attempted suicide. I said attempted

 suicide. We have a survivor.

 DOUG

 Wha...?!

Before Doug can even finish his word, a stretcher is carried around the counter towards the exit. On it lay a figure covered with a sheet - or more precisely, half a figure - Chucks remains.

The only part of Chuck that didn’t get ground is from the waist down, but still very much alive as evidenced by the flailing feet. Doug stands staring with his mouth open.

 DIRKSON

 (taking a bite from his sausage)

 We haven’t gotten him to say

anything yet, but I’ll be going to

the hospital later to grill him.

 DOUG

 Of course he’s not going to say

 anything! There’s nothing left

 but a stump!

 DIRKSON

 Evidently he tried to end it all

 by grinding himself into oblivion.

 Luckily someone found him before he

 could finish the job.

Dirkson rests his hand on one of the packages of “GROUND CHUCK.”

 DIRKSON

 The only odd thing is we can’t seem

 to find the rest of his body.

While Dirkson takes another bite of his sausage, Doug stares blankly at the remaining packages of GROUND CHUCK as a couple more customers slip several of the parcels into their baskets.

Dirkson displays a look of surprised pain in mid-chew.

 DIRKSON

 AG! What the...?

 (removing a foreign object from

 his mouth)

 A ring?

 (looking back at sausage)

 What the hell would a pig be doing

wearing a ring?

Dirkson drops the ring on the counter and then steps away to talk with one of the uniformed officers.

Doug goes to pick up the ring. As he does, he notices a familiar white flower lying on the counter as well. Looking from side to side, he picks them both up and heads for the exit.

Police activity continues in the butcher shop. Doug’s car can be heard backfiring and driving off as we see another customer pick up a package of GROUND CHUCK.

FADE TO:

A large hospital. A sign in the foreground reads: “TURNIP GROVE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.”

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION COUNTER - MORNING

Doug walks up to the nurse behind the counter.

 NURSE

 (politely)

 May I help you, sir?

 DOUG

 Uh, yeah. I need to see a patient

 that was just admitted here. A

 butcher, uh, with a nasty flesh

 wound.

 NURSE

 You must mean Mr. Suet. Charles

 Suet.

 DOUG

 Uh, yes. Of course. Good ‘ol

 Chuck!

 NURSE

 Only family are allowed to visit

 at this time, sir. Are you related?

 DOUG

 He’s my, uh, half-brother.

Doug winces as he realizes the bad pun he inadvertently made.

 NURSE

 Well in that case, sir, just go down

 the hall to your right. You’ll find

 him in the first door on the left.

 room # 308.

 DOUG

 Thank you. Thank you very much.

Doug heads to room #308.

INT. ROOM #308 - SAME

Doug enters. There on the bed is Chuck’s remains. He’s holding the TV remote with his toes and is channel surfing.

 DOUG

 Excuse me... Chuck?

The feet drop the remote and turn towards Doug. Doug jumps back a bit. A look of disgust crosses his face.

 DOUG

 (walking forward slowly)

 Uh, Chuck. My name is Doug

 Winthrop with the TURNIP GROVE

GAZETTE. I was wondering if you

could give me any information about

who did this to you?

The feet begin to move about rapidly trying to communicate the whole story. Doug takes a step back to avoid getting kicked.

Doug looks around and spots a pad of paper and a pen on the nightstand next to the bed. He grabs them.

 DOUG

 Chuck! Chuck! Hold on a second!

 I’ve got an idea.

The feet stop flailing.

 DOUG

 ...uh... are you a righty or a

lefty?

Chuck lifts his right foot. Doug places the pen between his toes and holds the pad of paper near his foot.

 DOUG

 Okay. Chuck, I want you to try and

 describe to me who did this to you.

Detective Dirkson and a uniformed police officer enter the room.

 DIRKSON

 Winthrop?! What are you doing

here?!

 DOUG

 I was trying to find out from Mr.

 Suet who did this to him!

 DIRKSON

 I told you it was an attempted

 suicide!

 DOUG

 That’s ridiculous! Just give him

 a chance to try and tell us what

 happened.

 DIRKSON

 I don’t know what kind of game

 you’re playing, Winthrop, but

 you’ve got two minutes and then

 I’m throwing your butt outa’

 here. Then it’ll be my turn

 with Shorty here.

Doug turns back to Chuck and places the pad of paper under his right foot.

 DOUG

 Okay, Chuck. Just try to describe,

 the best you can who did this to

 you. Take your time.

Chuck’s foot begins its crude righting on the pad. Letters begin to take shape. Then a word begins to emerge -

“M - O - M – E”

Detective Dirkson grabs the notepad and reads it.

 DIRKSON

 M-O-M-E? What the hell is MOME?!

Chuck’s feet begin to thrash about in frustration.

 DIRKSON

 MOME...? Hmmm...

Dirkson repeats the word over & over again, changing its pronunciation and manipulating it until it begins to sound like the word “MOMMY.”

 DIRKSON

 MOMMY? MOMMY! Good Lord! You

 mean to tell me that your own

 mother did this to you?!

Chuck’s feet are really thrashing about now. Doug stands with a look of disbelief on his face.

 DIRKSON

 (to the two uniformed officers)

 Men, call for back-up! We’ve got

 one sick old lady to take down!

 Don’t you worry, Mr. Suet, we’ll

 have that homicidal, hag mother

 of yours strip-searched and

 hammering out license plates

 before you can snap your fing...

 uh, toes. Let’s go men!

Dirkson & his officers exit the room as quickly as they came in. Doug stands staring numbly at the door. Chucks feet are flinging about wildly. Doug snaps back to reality and tries to hold Chucks legs down.

 DOUG

 Chuck! Chuck! Calm down! Calm

 down!

Chuck calms with only mild shaking.

 DOUG

 Good. Now let’s try this again.

Doug puts the pen back in Chuck’s toes and repositions the pad of paper. Chuck begins scribbling again, but this time it is more legible -

“M - I - M – E”

 DOUG

 (picking up notepad)

 M-I-M-E... MIME!

Chuck’s feet begin frantically nodding “yes.” Doug throws the pad of paper down & begins to bolt for the door. Just before he reaches it, he remembers something.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the ring found at the butcher shop, and turns back toward Chuck.

 DOUG

 I almost forgot. Here, Chuck, I

 figured you might be needing thi...

Doug looks at the ring, and then back at Chuck’s legs. He goes back over to Chuck’s feet and places the ring on one of Chuck’s toes.

Doug exits out the door.

EXT. TURNIP GROVE INTERNATIONAL ACADEME’ DU PANTOMIME - AFTERNOON

In Doug’s open hand is Chuck’s note that reads “M-I-M-E”. In his other hand is the small white flower. Doug looks up at a sign on the building in front of him.

The sign reads: “TURNIP GROVE INTERNATIONAL ACADEME’ DU PANTOMIME.” The predominant feature of the sign is a single white flower.

Doug enters the large, old, brick building. From across the street a shadowy figure hunched down in a group of bushes watches as he goes in.

INT. MIME TRAINING GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

Doug is led by a receptionist (in mime attire) into a large room that serves as the main training area for the mime cadets.

Large mirrors run along the walls. Several mime cadets are lined up performing mime drills in unison. A mime drill- instructor is up front, pacing back & forth menacingly.

HEAD-MASTER DALE, in total mime attire as well as gold-braided shoulder boards & riding crop, surveys the activity around him.

Doug approaches the Head-Master.

 DOUG

 Good afternoon. My name is Doug

Winthrop, from THE TURNIP GROVE

GAZETTE. I was wondering if you

could help me with a story I’m

working on. I just have a few

questions

 H.M. DALE

 Certainly. I am Head Master Dale.

Please, step into my office where

we can talk.

 DOUG

 Thank you.

Doug and H.M. Dale head into the office.

INT. HEAD MASTER DALE’S OFFICE - SAME

H.M. Dale takes a seat behind his desk.

 H.M. DALE

 Please, Mr. Winthrop, have a seat.

 DOUG

 (sitting)

 Thank you.

H.M. Dale leans back in his chair while positioning his elbows on the armrests and placing his fingers together.

 H.M. DALE

 I always enjoy speaking to the

 press. So, what kind of story are

you writing?

Doug pulls a pen and pad of paper from one of his pockets.

 DOUG

 Actually it’s a piece about the

Academe’. I figured with the

Festival coming up this weekend,

it would be an appropriate story.

 H.M. DALE

 Well then, where shall I start?

 It all began in 1938 when my

 grandfather, Phinnius Daleinski,

 the great master of pantomime,

 came to this town and started

 what we lovenly call THE

 INTERNATIONAL ACADEME’ DU

 PANTOMIME!

 DOUG

 (trying to interrupt)

 Actually, I was thinking of more

 current…

 H.M. DALE

 (oblivious to Doug)

Over the years my family has built

this school into what you see before

you - the finest mime training

academy in the country!

 DOUG

 (leaning forward)

Yes, sir. But what I wanted to

know about...

 H.M. DALE

 (interrupting)

 Not only that, but it’s this

very school which has put TURNIP

GROVE on the map.

(MORE)

H.M. DALE (cont’d)

Young minds come from around the

globe to hone their skills in the

sacred art of pantomime.

 DOUG

 (jumping in immediately)

 That’s all very interesting, sir,

but what I actually came to ask

you about was more along the lines

of the... oh, the inner workings of

the academy, you know, sort of a

“Day in the Life” kinda’ thing.

 H.M. DALE

 (looking slightly disappointed)

 I see. Well, what sort of questions

would you like to ask?

Doug leans back and prepares to finally take some notes.

 DOUG

 Well, uh, like, how many students

are enrolled here at the academy?

 H.M. DALE

 As I’m sure you know, we here at

the ACADEME’ only accept the most

gifted of applicants. Those

talented individuals who are chosen

go through a rigorous four year

program which includes all the

aspects of the art of pantomime.

Make-up technique, conveying

emotion through facial expressions,

panhandling for profit...

 DOUG

 (interrupting)

 That’s very interesting, but how

many...?

 H.M. DALE

 (interrupting)

 Oh, yes, I’m sorry. We currently have

117 students.

 DOUG

 (half-heartily scribbling in notepad)

 And of those 117 students, how many

of them live here on the campus?

H.M. Dale picks his riding crop off the desk and fiddles with it absentmindedly.

 H.M. DALE

 Well, all of them of course. Here

at the T.G.I.A.M we have very strict

rules. No student is allowed off

the campus grounds for any reason

during their entire enrollment here.

 DOUG

 Really? Why is that?

H.M. Dale sets the riding crop back on his desk.

 H.M. DALE

 We don’t want our students to be...

how should I say? Unduly influenced

by outside distractions.

 DOUG

O-kay…

 H.M. DALE

Before one can become a mime,

they must first cleanse them-

selves from within… much like a

Buddhist Monk. It is at this

delicate stage that a student

is most vulnerable and must

therefore be protected - like

the pupae of the graceful

butterfly.

Doug sits silently staring at H.M. Dale. A look on his face as if he were staring at a three-headed cow.

H.M. DALE’s hands are neatly folded on desk. A proud smile on his face.

Doug delivers his next line.

 DOUG

 (still staring)

 I... see. Uh... how do you know for

sure that all of the cadets are

on the grounds at all times?

 H.M. DALE

 Allow me to demonstrate.

(Talking into intercom on desk.)

Florence, would you please send the

closest cadet into my office?

A mime Cadet steps into office and quickly snaps to attention.

H.M. Dale reaches into his top desk drawer and pulls out what looks to be some sort of TV remote - He pushes a button. An electrical buzzing & crackling fills the room. The mime cadet crumples to the floor as a silent scream escapes his gaping mouth.

Doug watches this bizarre scene in shock.

H.M. Dale picks up his riding crop and casually walks over to the smoking cadet on the ground.

Using The riding-crop, he pushes up one of the cadets pant legs. Around the blackened, still-smoking ankle, we see some sort of radio-tracking-device.

 H.M. DALE

 This, Mr. Winthrop, is how I know

all of my cadets are on Academe’

property at all times.

Doug stands up and walks towards H.M. Dale and the quivering mime cadet.

 DOUG

 Wha... what is it?

 H.M. DALE

 It is a radio-controlled device

that is set to emit 20,000 volts

whenever it goes beyond 50 feet

of the Academe’ perimeter.

 DOUG

 (pointing to remote in H.M. Dale’s hand)

 Or whenever you push that button.

 H.M. DALE

 (slight smile)

 Mmm. Yes.

H.M. Dale walks back over to his desk, places the remote back in its drawer and calmly takes his seat.

 H.M. DALE

 It’s just one of the methods

we use here at the Academe’ to

remind our students we’re here to

protect them.

 DOUG

 Uh huh, okay.

Doug cautiously takes his own seat. The mime cadet still smokes & quivers in the background.

 DOUG

What about Academe’ alumni? Do you

have some way of knowing where they

are? A mailing-list perhaps?

 H.M. DALE

 We keep very close tabs on all of

our graduates. One of the services

we provide after a student

successfully completes the Academe’

is job placement.

 DOUG

 Job placement?

H.M. Dale stands up from his desk and moves towards a wall. He pulls down a roll-up map displaying the entire globe. It has tiny little mime-shaped stickers covering hundreds of locations on the map.

He uses his riding-crop as a pointer.

 H.M. DALE

 Yes. We send our mimes out onto

street corners all over the world.

There isn’t a single country where

you won’t find one of our students,

proudly plying their trade!

 DOUG

I see.

 H.M. DALE

And, in return, all we ask is that

they pay a modest tithe from their

income on a weekly basis.

H.M. Dale heads back to the chair behind his desk.

 DOUG

 How modest?

 H.M. DALE

 50%

 DOUG

 Oh. Well, uh, what about any

individuals who choose to make a

career-change to something more

lucrative? Say... fast food, sweat

shop, welfare...

 H.M. DALE

 (slamming fist on desk)

 One does not quit being a mime!

Doug flinches backwards in his chair. Eyes wide at the unexpected outburst.

 H.M. DALE

Once a mime, always a mime! A zebra

would sooner change its spots! A

piano would sooner grow fur! A

monkey would sooner wear pants!

When you become a mime, you are a

mime for life!

 DOUG

(uneasily)

 Mmm, hmm... So, are you saying that

there’s never been a past student

you’ve lost track of?

H.M. Dale quickly snaps out of his fanatical mode and is now lost in faraway thought. He stands and walks over to his office window. He stares out, numbly unaware of his surroundings.

 H.M. DALE

 One.

(a beat)

There was one.

(a beat)

He came to us several years ago.

From where I do not know... it

didn’t matter. As soon as I saw

him I knew that he was a

pantomiming genius. Almost

immediately, I decided he was to

one day take over as Head Master

of the Academe’… he was to be THE

CHOSEN ONE.

DOUG

 The chosen one?

 H.M. DALE

But, it was not to be.

 DOUG

(Very interested for the first time)

Why? What happened?

 H.M. DALE

(Still gazing out window)

Three years after the arrival of

my brilliant protégé, it all came

crashing down…

Doug leans forward in his chair eagerly.

H.M. Dale’s eyes are staring far off to a time only visible to himself.

 H.M. DALE

I was doing my hourly security

check of the grounds, when I

noticed a storage closet door ajar…

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK – H.M DALE DOING SECURITY CHECK & NOTICING DOOR AJAR

 H.M. DALE (VO)

I went to secure it, expecting

nothing out of the ordinary.

H.M. Dale moves towards the door.

 H.M. DALE (VO)

 I was just about to close the door,

 when I heard movement from within…

H.M. Dale peers through the opening.

 H.M. DALE (VO)

The scene I witnessed next shall

forever be burned into my mind.

H.M. Dale’s eyes widen in shock at the horrid scene before him!

Shadows cast upon the storage room wall display two derby-clad bodies intertwined in some sort of frenzied, gyrating, impossible, contortion!

The look on H.M. Dales face turns to one of agonized, disjointed repulsion!

 CUT TO:

INT. HEAD MASTER DALE’S OFFICE - SAME

 DOUG

(leaning forward, almost off the chair)

What?! What was it!?

H.M. Dale’s eyes are wet with tears.

 H.M. DALE

It seems that my Chosen One and

one of our female cadets were

engaged in an activity that I

hesitate to even speak of...

 DOUG

Sex?

 H.M. DALE

...pornomime.

 DOUG

(Soto)

Pornomime?

Dale snaps from his gaze out the window and seats himself back behind his desk.

Doug sits and waits for H.M. Dale to continue.

 H.M. DALE

(trying to regain composure)

 Of course we couldn’t tolerate

that sort of flagrantly filthy

behavior within these sacred walls,

so I had no choice but to expel him!

With sincere emotion, H.M. Dale pantomimes reaching into his non-existent shirt pocket and pulling out a non-existent handkerchief. He pantomimes dabbing away a tear from each eye.

DOUG

Uh... of course. So you say you

have no idea of his current

whereabouts?

 H.M. DALE

(choked up with emotion)

Not a clue. All that is left of

him is some tarnished memories, and

a box of items he left behind.

 DOUG

(excitedly)

Items?! What sort of items?!

 H.M. DALE

Just some miscellaneous objects that

were still in his room after his

departure.

 DOUG

(still excited)

Where are these items now?!

 H.M. DALE

(sadly)

I believe they were placed somewhere

in the attic…

H.M. Dale stands again and stares longingly out the window.

 H.M. DALE

…I suppose in the unconscious hope

that he would one day return for

them.

Neither of them speak for a few moments. H.M. Dale gazes on as Doug sits in silence.

 H.M. DALE

 (still gazing)

 Please. I grow weary. I can talk

 no longer.

 DOUG

(standing)

Just one more thing, sir. Would it

be possible for me to see these

items you spoke of?

 H.M. DALE

(still transfixed)

It makes no difference to me. Ask

my receptionist for directions to

the attic entrance on your way out.

And tell her to hold my calls... I

want to be alone for a while.

 DOUG

Yes. Of course. Thank you, Head

Master Dale.

Doug stands to leave. He walks to the door, hesitates, and looks back at H.M. Dale who is still gazing out the window. Doug rolls his eyes and exhales a sigh of disbelief. He opens the door and exits.

INT. ACADEME’ ATTIC - SAME

Doug is standing amongst the attic clutter. He scans the area looking for the box in question. After a bit of searching, he looks off to a darkened corner and spots a dusty sheet covering something.

Doug walks over to the corner and removes the sheet to discover a box containing several items. He moves the box closer to the light. Once there, he kneels down and begins pulling out the objects, one-by-one.

The first item removed from the box is simply a book on pantomiming. Doug sets it aside and pulls out the next item. This time it’s a how-to book titled “THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.” Doug looks at it perplexed and moves on.

Next he pulls out a note-book. Written on the cover, in bold black letters, are the words “MY MIMEFESTO.” He turns to the first page and begins reading the handwritten message.

INSERT – THE NOTEBOOK PAGE

 DOUG (VO)

 “I find it more and more intolerable

 everyday to walk amongst “Those Who

 Speak.” Those ignorant creatures

who fail to appreciate the true

artistry which is pantomime! They

look upon me & my kind as if we

were mere clowns, buffoons, street

trash. They refuse to acknowledge

what is rightfully ours – The

respect and praise of the unwashed

masses! Conceit and arrogance drips

from every foul syllable that spews

forth from their ever-moving lips.

The rage wells up within my soul!

The Lip-Movers must be punished for

their sins, and I shall be the

instrument of their destruction!”

BACK TO SCENE

Doug turns the page. He reacts in horror as he sees the images before him.

INSERT – THE BLUEPRINT

Doug is looking at what appears to be plans for an elaborate device of death & destruction! It is the blueprints for some sort of time-bomb.

The blueprints show an elaborate array of wires, springs, a digital clock, a hammer, and several other household items. In the very center of this eclectic mass is a mysterious beaker containing a strange green liquid.

At the bottom of the page, in bold red ink, the following words can be read:

 “METHAGYN GAS BOMB”

BACK TO SCENE

Doug looking up slowly from the words he has just read.

 DOUG

 Oh... my... God...

 SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. ACADEME’ DU PANTOMIME - SAME

From across the street, slightly in a bushy wooded area, Doug is seen exiting the Academe’ and carrying the newfound notebook. His car is parked at the curb in front of the building. He removes the blocks from the tires and pushes it.

Once it gets going, he jumps in and sputters off. As Doug’s car can be heard backfiring off into the distance, the shadowy figure is revealed in the foreground. It is the unmistakable silhouette of a mime!

INT. - DOUG’S HORNET - SAME

Doug is on his bulky cell-phone waiting for Heather to answer. As she picks up, the screen splits. Heather is seen with the latest issue of “COSMO” and is painting her toenails.

 HEATHER

 Hello?

 DOUG

 Yeah, hi Heather. It’s Doug.

Listen, I just found some evidence

that these recent killings around

town weren’t accidents! I don’t

know who the murderer is, but I

think I know what he is!

Heather is concentrating intently on her toenails.

 HEATHER

 (oblivious to what Doug said)

Uh huh.

 DOUG

Not only that but I think he’s just

warming up! Toying with us!

 HEATHER

 (still oblivious)

 Great, Hon. Hey, what color goes

 better with my eyes? Plum or

 chartreuse?

 DOUG

 What? Heather, did you hear what I

 said? I think I’ve got proof that

 there is a killer running around

 town! Not only that, but I think

 he may have bigger plans! I’m going

 to go to the police but, first I

need to think about how I’m going to

 explain it so they don’t think I’m

 crazy!

 HEATHER

 (still oblivious)

 Plum! Definitely the plum!

 DOUG

 (frustrated)

 Heather! Never mind! I’ll be home

 late. I’m suppose to meet Greg at

 the gym. Besides, that’ll give me

 time to think about how to approach

 the cops with this.

Heather sets down her bottle of polish and sits back to admire her work.

 HEATHER

 (to herself)

 Perfect. Absolutely perfect.

 (to Doug)

Yeah, okay, Hon.

 DOUG

I’ll see you later.

Heather doesn’t answer back. She’s too busy looking at her toenails. Doug sighs and hangs up. The duel-screen disappears.

EXT. TURNIP GROVE PUBLIC GYM - AFTERNOON

Greg is standing outside the gym. He’s holding a bag of pork rinds and smoking a cigarette. Doug runs up carrying the notebook he found in the attic.

 DOUG

 Hey, Greg. Sorry I’m late. I had

 some stuff come up.

 GREG

 Yeah, so’d I, but I spit it out!

HA!

 DOUG

 (mildly disgusted)

 Okay.

 GREG

 Hey, whatcha’ got there??

 DOUG

 Oh, Something I didn’t want to

leave in my car. I’ll show you

when we get to the locker room.

They enter the gym.

INT. TURNIP GROVE PUBLIC GYM - LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Doug is dressed in his workout clothes and tying one of his shoes. Greg has the notebook in one hand and a half-eaten candy bar in the other. He is looking at the strange blueprint.

 DOUG

 Well? Whaddya’ think?

 GREG

 I think they’re making candy bars a

 lot smaller than they used to.

 DOUG

 No! About the notebook!

Greg closes the notebook and throws it on the bench.

 GREG

 I think some sicko has one hell of

an imagination.

 DOUG

 (frustrated)

 Come on! You think that all these

 recent killings, the little white

 flowers at the crime scenes, and

 this notebook are just some sort of

 coincidence!?

Greg begins to unbutton his shirt to change into his workout clothes.

 GREG

 You know, I think I changed my

mind…

 DOUG

Great!

 GREG

…I think there’s TWO sickos with one

hell of an imagination.

 DOUG

(really flustered)

Oh never mind! I’ll figure it out

myself!

Doug stuffs the notebook in his locker, slams the door and locks the lock.

 DOUG

I’ll meet you out in the

gym.

He storms out while Greg is still trying to get his shirt off.

INT. TURNIP GROVE PUBLIC GYM - SAME

Doug is jogging on a treadmill. There is a TV on in front of him - a nondescript program drones on. Greg walks up and begins walking on the neighboring treadmill. He is dressed in sweats, headband & wristbands. He is also carrying a bag of CHEESE PUFFS.

 GREG

 Sorry I took so long in the locker

 room. I bent over to tie my shoes

 and blacked out.

 (a beat)

Cheese Puff?

 DOUG

 No, that’s okay, all yours.

They jog/walk in silence for a few seconds.

 DOUG

 Hey, Greg, I know you think I’m

 imagining this whole thing, but can

 you do me a favor when you get home?

 GREG

 (panting & wheezing)

Yeah, sure.

 DOUG

 Just to humor me, when you get home

 tonight, go online and find out

 anything you can about Methogyn gas.

 I’m gonna’ stop by the office when

 I’m done here and do the same.

 GREG

 (wheezing more heavily)

 Check.

 DOUG

 Tomorrow we can compare notes on

 exactly what the stuff is.

 GREG

 (sweating & gasping profusely)

 If it will make you… gasp… feel

 better… gasp… you got it.

 DOUG

 Thanks, Pal.

With the exception of Greg’s wheezing, they jog/walk in silence a few seconds.

 GREG

 (completely drenched in sweat)

 Stick a fork in me, I need a

cigarette. I’m gonna’ go hit the

shower. Are you about finished?

 DOUG

 (sarcastically)

 Uh, no. I like my workouts to last

 at least as long as it took me to

 put on my shoes.

Greg steps off the treadmill, completely out of breath.

 GREG

 Okay, buddy. I’ll talk to you soon.

Greg wobbles away, barely able to stand. Doug continues his jogging.

The TV is still on in front of him. The nondescript program continues to play – until - a special bulletin flashes on the screen.

INSERT – TV SCREEN

 MALE (VO)

“WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULARLY

SCHEDULED PROGRAM TO BRING YOU

THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE

HONORABLE MAYOR BLUMBERG.”

The mayor flashes onto the screen. He is seated behind a desk bearing the Seal of the Mayor. An American flag is prominently displayed behind him. He speaks:

 MAYOR

 Good afternoon, citizens of Turnip

 Grove. It is my pleasure to once

again have the privilege of

reminding you that tomorrow is our

annual MIME APPRECIATION DAY

FESTIVAL. As always, the

celebration will be held in the Town

Square. There will be plenty of fun

activities and music, so bring the

whole family! We’re expecting the

entire town to be there so don’t be

left out! And remember, there will

be an all-you-can-eat barbecue

chicken wing buffet, generously

supplied by Yours Truly.

RETURN TO SCENE

Doug continues his walking, only half aware of the announcement he just heard. The treadmill stops and he steps down and towels off.

INT. SHOWER ROOM OF GYM - SAME

Doug is lathering up his hair in the shower. We begin to hear Doug’s thoughts. It’s a VO of bits of the Mayor’s speech:

 MAYOR VO

 ...tomorrow is our annual MIME

 APPRECIATION DAY FESTIVAL...

 ...bring the whole family...

 ...the entire town will be there...

 ...the entire town will be there...

 ...the entire town will be there...

 ...the entire town will be there...

This last line echo’s in Doug’s head. All of a sudden the realization of what is going to occur clicks!

 DOUG

 The MIME APPRECIATION DAY FESTIVAL!

 The entire town will be there!

That’s got to be where he’s going to

set off the gas-bomb! He’s going to

wipe out the entire town all at once!

I’ve got to warn the mayor!

Doug turns to head towards his locker, but as he does, he hears raspy “DARTH VADER” like breathing. From within the steam, the lone silhouette of a figure stands – he is wearing a bowler hat - THE MIME!

From out of the steam, the Mime begins to slowly appear. The only thing he is wearing is his trademark bowler hat, his mime makeup & a black & white striped towel around his waist.

Doug, with his back to the Mime, does not yet see him. The Mime pulls out a red towel and begins twisting it into a “rattail.”

The Mime gives a painful sounding snap to Doug’s buttocks region.

Doug screams & jumps. He turns to see the Mime and stares at the bizarre sight in complete shock. He’s quickly brought back to reality when he sees that the Mime is twisting up his towel again for another strike!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Doug scrambles for his towel as he receives another thunderous towel shot. Doug squeals.

Doug frantically backs into the locker room, desperately trying to twist his own towel while dodging violent snaps at the same time.

Doug finally manages to get his towel into a rattail. He and the Mime begin circling each other. The sound of humming light sabers can be heard.

STAR WARS type music begins playing.

Doug snaps a couple of pathetic shots at the Mime but they are easily dodged. The Mime grins.

The Mime takes another snap at Doug. Doug manages to dodge it but in a very ungraceful fashion.

Doug gets backed up against a fountain statue of a little boy peeing. (Which just happens to be in the locker room.)

The Mime’s eyebrow raises as he breaks into an even wider more evil grin. The Mime lets loose a furious, blurring towel snap as the statue boy’s “unit” disintegrates from the towel blow.

Doug’s eyes get big as he looks down at the statue, then down at his own nether-region, and then back at the mime.

The Mime’s smile broadens.

Doug lets loose another squeal and dives over a bench. He does a few ungraceful rolls and lands on his back.

The Mime is now standing over a terrified Doug. The Mime grins and winds up his towel!

The Mime’s towel hits with lightning speed on either side of Doug’s head! Doug dodges the blows as chunks of tile explode from the floor upon each impact!

Doug scrambles to his feet and retreats into one of the toilet stalls. He slams the door behind him.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM STALL - SAME

Doug is braced up against the stall door and breathing heavily. Suddenly we hear two consecutive towel snaps as two holes appear in the door on either side of Doug’s head! Doug squeals again and jumps away from the door.

The stall door hinges are snapped away with duel towel blasts. The door falls in on Doug.

Doug peers over the door to see the Mime standing in the doorway and winding up for another brutal salvo!

The Mime stands in the stall doorway - the view of Doug is obscured. The Mime breaks into a rapid barrage of towel shots!

Doug can be heard screaming as toilet paper, porcelain chunks, tiles and a toilet seat fly out of the stall in a raining flurry!

Doug is in a severely contorted position against the back of the stall wall. Tile chunks have been taken out all around his form, the toilet is destroyed and a geyser of water is shooting up.

The Mime pauses and then readies for the fatal blow.

Doug glances down at the bottom of the partition wall and makes a move to go under it. He moves with cat-like speed to shoot under the barrier.

Doug is halfway through as the Mime snaps two times rapidly. More tiles fly as the shots just narrowly miss between Doug’s legs.

The Mime quickly goes to the next stall, but sees no Doug. He glances over toward the lockers just in time to see Doug running behind them. The Mime heads in that direction.

Doug is cowering behind the lockers, hidden for the moment. He is talking quietly to himself, building up his courage.

 DOUG

 (panting)

 Get a grip, Winthrop. Get a hold

 of yourself.

Doug decides that if he’s going to go down, at least he’s going to go down fighting. He gets himself pumped up, steps out around the corner and almost bumps into the Mime! Doug screams as he dodges another towel shot!

Doug runs a few paces and then turns to face his attacker. He sends a couple of towel shots back at the Mime.

Doug leaps up onto a changing bench and jumps twice as the Mime snaps at his feet. Doug bounds off the bench and hammers a couple of towel shots back at the Mime.

The Mime takes a couple of steps back. Getting a little more confident, Doug begins to back the Mime up with several more towel snaps. The Mime begins to look a little less sure of the whole deal.

They both snap at the same time and in mid-snap their towels become entangled. Doug performs the typical fencing move and rips the towel from the Mime’s hand. Doug is now feeling very cocky as the Mime nervously backs up. Doug steps forward.

 DOUG

 Aha! So, are you ready to throw

 in the towel? Ha ha!

The look of fear melts from the Mime’s face and is slowly replaced with a poisonous smile. The Mime reaches behind his back and produces a huge beach-towel!

Doug’s eyes get as big as saucers.

The Mime rattails his huge new weapon and fires off deadly blasts in Doug’s direction! One by one, the bank of urinals behind Doug explode into a storm of porcelain shrapnel and urinal cakes! Doug drops his towel and runs off shrieking.

Doug tears towards the exit door. Rapid-fire towel blasts disintegrate tiles only mere inches from his heels with every step!

Only a few feet away from the door, Doug launches into a flying leap.

 SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. GYM WORKOUT ROOM - SAME

Doug blasts through the door. He rolls to a stop face up. Dazed, he lifts his head to look around. Everyone present in the gym has stopped what they were doing and are now looking at the wet, naked figure laying on the floor. Doug smiles nervously. Then a thought occurs to him.

 DOUG

 The notebook!

He jumps up and rushes back into the locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

The locker room is completely silent save for the sound of running water. Doug peers from side to side, watching for any movement.

He cautiously works his way over to his locker. When he gets there, he finds that there is a gaping hole blown through the metal door - obviously a well placed towel shot.

Doug peers in to see that not only is the notebook gone, but so are all of his clothes.

Doug looks around but the Mime is long gone.

EXT. TURNIP GROVE PUBLIC GYM - SAME

Doug comes bursting out of the gym, still wet and wearing only a towel. He frantically looks from side to side trying to spot the Mime. No luck.

Parked nearby, he rushes over to his car. He looks around again and spots two young girls standing on the sidewalk about 30 feet away.

 DOUG

 (to the girls)

 Hey! Would you girls mind giving

me a push?!

The girls run away screaming.

Doug pauses for a moment, then snaps into action. He pulls the chocks from the back tires and begins to push the HORNET. Once it gets up to a mild speed, he dashes to the driver’s side door and jumps in.

His towel snags on a piece of rust on the outside of the car and falls to the ground. Doug slams the door and the car races away. The usual backfires result.

INT. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE MAYOR - AFTERNOON

Doug bursts in. He is still wet, but this time, having lost his towel, he is wearing only the wooden-beaded seat-cover from his car.

 DOUG

 (frantically to the receptionist)

 I need to speak with the mayor!

It’s an emergency!

 RECEPTIONIST

 Sir! You can’t see him like that!

 Besides, he’s in a meeting!

 DOUG

 (desperately)

 I have to see him! Hundreds of

lives depend on it...!

Doug rushes past the receptionist and bursts through the door leading to the Mayor’s office.

 RECEPTIONIST

 Sir! You can’t go in there...!

INT. - MAYOR’S OFFICE - SAME

Doug bursts in. The Mayor is seated behind his desk. Detective Dirkson is standing off to the side with a cup of coffee and stuffing a donut in his mouth.

 DOUG

 (rushing to front of desk)

 Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor! You have to

 cancel the Mime Appreciation Day

 Festival!

The Mayor just sits and stares, wide-eyed, at the bizarre spectacle before him. Detective Dirkson, stuck in mid-chew, does likewise. The receptionist enters.

 RECEPTIONIST

 (flustered)

 I... I’m so sorry sir. I tried to

stop him...

 DOUG

 This is serious, Mr. Mayor! There’s

 an insane mime that’s going to kill

 everyone in town with some sort of

time-release gas-bomb!

 MAYOR

 (to receptionist)

 That’s okay, Margaret, if there’s

 any trouble, Detective Dirkson can

 handle it.

Margaret nods and then retreats, closing the door behind her.

 MAYOR

 Now, Mr. Winthrop. I’m sure there’s

 some plausible reason for this

 intrusion, or at least there had

 better be.

 DOUG

 (a bit calmed down)

 Mr. Mayor, the person responsible

for all the weird deaths lately is

a deranged mime!

 MAYOR

(smirking)

A mime, you say?

 DOUG

Yes! And for some reason, he plans

to kill everyone in town with some

sort of gas-bomb!