

SKETCHES

Written by

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EXT. STORAGE LOCKER - NIGHT

Detective JOHN MILLS, late 30's and balding, leans chain-smoking against his car surrounded by uniformed officers when his partner, Detective RAYMOND PARK, early 30's, walks up.

MILLS

What am I going to see in there?

Park grimaces and looks away.

PARK

Maybe it's better if you don't come in.

MILLS

Let's just get this over with.

Mills pushes past everyone and slides the door up. His mouth goes agape, and the cigarette falls out of his mouth.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Oh my Christ.

We match his eyeline and see a woman, half in shadow, hanging in the nude from the ceiling. Park tries to pull Mills back.

PARK

John, you don't have to look.

Mills shrugs him off.

MILLS

She's my wife.

Beat. Mills walks towards JENNY, holding back his tears. We can make out a plastic bag over her head, clamps on her body.

MILLS (CONT'D)

What kind of sick son-of-a-bitch murdered my wife?

Park doesn't answer. Other police officers mill in the background looking at evidence.

PARK

It...may, not, have been murder.

MILLS

The fuck you say?

PARK

It could have been an accident.

MILLS

What kind of accident involves hanging a woman with a plastic bag over her head, and fucking...clamps on her tied up body?

PARK

It looks like your wife was into...BDSM, bondage, etcetera.

Mills grabs Park.

MILLS

Etcetera? That's my wife you're talking about!

UNI ONE

Sir?

Mills holds on to Park but looks at the uniformed officer.

MILLS

What?

UNI ONE

He may be on to something. I found some...items over here.

MILLS

What kind of items?

The Uni holds up a two foot long black dildo.

UNI ONE

Sexual in nature sir.

He nods towards a table covered with various paraphernalia.

UNI ONE (CONT'D)

I count 10 dildos ranging from your standard size to this...monster.

He waves the dildo at Mills, but underestimates it's stability and accidentally bats Mills around the mouth.

MILLS

Get that fucking thing out of my face.

UNI ONE

Right. We also have handcuffs, lubricants, nipple clamps-

Mills turns away and bites his finger.

UNI ONE (CONT'D)
 ..bondage straps, gags, leashes,
 whips...

MILLS
 You don't know she wasn't tortured.

UNI TWO
 Ahem.

MILLS
 What now?

UNI TWO
 I seem to have found some photos of
 your wife, sir.

Mills rushes towards him.

MILLS
 What kind of photos?

UNI TWO
 Looks like a, chronology.

The second uni rifles through a set of polaroids for Mills.

UNI TWO (CONT'D)
 We can see her smiling there. And
 there are the um (clears throat),
 clamps being put on.

PARK
 Dammit John, quit torturing
 yourself.

UNI TWO
 And I'd say the two thumbs up there
 with the big black dildo about to
 be...administered, is a clear
 indicator of her...willingness.

Mills puts the photos back down.

MILLS
 What the hell is going on here?
 Have I gone completely crazy? I
 mean...nipple clamps?

Uni One stops miming clamping onto his own nipples.

MILLS (CONT'D)
 Now would somebody please tell me
 how she wound up dead?

PARK

So you think it was foul play?

Mills points at his wife still hanging.

MILLS

She's dead!

UNI THREE

Sir?

Mills rounds on the third officer.

MILLS

What what **what**?

UNI THREE

Well sir, its just that..

Mills comes nose to nose with the Uni.

MILLS

You better have good fucking news
for me!

UNI THREE

I do. Sort of. Sir.

He holds up a letter.

MILLS

What's that?

UNI THREE

Looks like a...suicide note.

MILLS

My wife would never actually kill
herself.

UNI THREE

The first line addresses that.

Mills grabs the papers and reads it aloud.

MILLS

Dear John. I would actually kill
myself.

Mills lowers the paper.

MILLS (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

Park puts his hand on Mills' shoulder.

PARK
I'll read it John.

Park takes the note and keeps reading.

PARK (CONT'D)
And what better way to do it than
in my favorite activity. Hard-core
sexual bondage surrounded by my
closest corp of lovers.

MILLS
Argh!

Park falters.

PARK
Maybe we shouldn't do this.

MILLS
Keep going!

PARK
(stammering)
Although I will miss the endless
facials and five headed vibrators
that I love, I find myself tired of
what this world has to offer.

Mills screams and punches the wall.

PARK (CONT'D)
I'm not one for long speeches, so
to my wonderful bevy of bukake
wonders, including Raymond--

Park halts and glances briefly at Mills.

MILLS
Finish it!!

PARK
Judd-

Park looks at Uni One, JUDD BAKER.

PARK (CONT'D)
Hank-

Uni Two, HANK SMITH, looks at Judd then at Park.

PARK (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 And Bob-

Uni Three, BOB MAXWELL, flits glances between the others.

PARK (CONT'D)
 -I bid fond farewell. I had
 everyone leave before I stepped off
 the stool to meet my final climax.
 Goodbye, John.

Park looks at Mills, who has his back turned.

PARK (CONT'D)
 John, are you ok?

Mills slowly turns and looks at each of the men.

MILLS
 I finally see what's going on here.

The three cops gulp and look away.

PARK
 You do?

MILLS
 Yes. Jenny *was* murdered. And some
 asshole went through the trouble of
 staging all this.

PARK
 How do you know?

MILLS
 The letter, man, don't you see?
 It's clearly a message for us. Ray,
 Judd, Hank and Bob. All of you
 standing here now. Whoever did this
 is fucking with us.

Park looks at Uni One, who shrugs and nods.

PARK
 Riight.

Uni One, Judd, accidentally hits a button on the big black
 dildo he's holding and it starts gyrating. Mills eyes him.

UNI ONE/JUDD
 Monsters, sir.

MILLS

God as my witness I'll find out who
did this.

Mills exits as Uni One/Judd tries to turn the dildo off.

MILLS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get the CSI team in here now!

The four men are left alone in the room.

PARK

Damn, I'm going to miss her.

UNI TWO

I know.

All the men salute Jenny one by one. Uni One/Judd
accidentally hits himself in the face with the gyrating
dildo. He switches hands and salutes with the rest.

INT. LINCOLN BOYHOOD NATIONAL MEMORIAL - BREAK ROOM - DAY

The tour guide, JEFF, red eyed and very hungover, slips on his period appropriate clothing. Breeches. Overshirt. His Toms that no one notices. He goes to the mirror.

JEFF

You are a worthless human being.
You have peaked in life, and you
are the alternate tour guide in the
least visited national museum in
the country. You disgust me.

Jeff closes his eyes and falls into the mirror with a thud.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I hate my life. And Lincoln. I
won't do it. I won't go out there
one more day and say those lines.

Jeff's boss, TODD, 50 and anal, walks in.

TODD

Jeffrey, art thou not ready to
begin your labours for the day?

JEFF

(under his breath)
Why are you talking like that?

Jeff shakes his head, fighting back rage.

TODD

Look lively! You have quite the
throng to entreaty with your ware
of knowledge. Be not afraid, you
have an abundance of fortitude
waiting to runneth over!

Todd gives two thumbs up, then sheepishly catches himself and folds his thumbs under his fingers. A brisk nod and he's out the door. Jeff stops shaking, struck by an idea.

JEFF

Oh yes. They'll be entreated to my
fortitude. I'm going to give them
an Abe Lincoln they've never seen!
Huzzah!

EXT. LINCOLN BOYHOOD NATIONAL MEMORIAL - CONT.

Jeff walks up to a group of 5 people. A couple and their two kids. An older man in khaki shorts and sandals.

JEFF

Welcome everyone to the Young Abe Lincoln National Museum. My name is Jeff, your tour guide for the day, and I'm excited to bring you a...unique, glimpse of our young president...at 8.50 an hour.

The tourists follow him in.

INT. LINCOLN BOYHOOD NATIONAL MEMORIAL - CONT.

The cabin is small - a single room. Bed in the corner, fireplace, kitchen table, tools leaning against the walls. They form around Jeff, who claps his hands together.

JEFF

Now, usually I'd give you the regular patter about this being the place where our famous president became the man he was. How he used to read by the light of the fire and do sums on a shovel with bits of flint.

The parents squeeze their kids' shoulders and smile.

JEFF (CONT'D)

But, I'd like you to get to know the real Abe. Complete with flaws.

The five tourists lean in, excited.

JEFF (CONT'D)

For instance, let's talk about some of the secret diary pages we found-

The mother and father grin eagerly-

JEFF (CONT'D)

That's right folks, written by honest Abe, they reveal his love of taking burning sticks from the fire and burning his legs so he could, and I quote - "feel alive."

FATHER

What--

JEFF

Sir, *please* don't interrupt me.
Because I'm trying to tell you how
Abe also liked to tuck his thing
back and put on his step-mother's
clothes.

The young boy looks away.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't be ashamed little boy. If Abe
hid this predeliction his whole
life so can you.

MOTHER

I'd like to talk to your boss--

JEFF

Excellent ma'am, as soon as the
tour is over.

Jeff points into the far corner with a built in panel that
makes a sort of closet.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That corner lights up like a
christmas tree under UV light -
apparently this legend of a man was
a cup that as they say, ran over.
Repeatedly.

The daughter looks embarrassed.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't worry little lady I'm sure
there's a shrine that lights up for
you in some boy's closet too.

Jeff points to the kitchen table.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And that ladies and gentleman--

OLD MAN

Is that where they tied up animals
and had there way with
them...sexually?

The old man smiles deviously. The whole family doesn't know
what to do. Jeff slowly turns back to look at him.

JEFF

Sir! This is a storied establishment, please get your mind out of the gutter.

(to everyone)

Now as they didn't have gutters back then I'll show you the ditch that Lincoln would take the sheep into for hours of fornication. That's right people - Lincoln liked to get fucked by sheep.

TODD (O.S.)

Jeff!

The group turns to see Todd standing in the doorway.

TODD (CONT'D)

Blazes man what art thou doing?!

JEFF

Not swearing in front of children, boss.

Todd looks apoplectic and advances on Jeff.

TODD

You..brazen..unconsciounable!!

MOTHER

He was talking nonsense, something about a secret diary!

Todd stops, flummoxed.

TODD

You said you destroyed it!

FATHER

You mean what he's saying is true!?

Todd gives the family a simpering look.

TODD

Absolutely not. This man is a raving lunatic!

JEFF

Am I Todd? Am I?

TODD

You're fired, you lout!

Jeff steps towards Todd.

JEFF

That's interesting. You think somebody else is going to keep your secrets like I do?

BOY

What secrets?

TODD

He's touched, little boy.

JEFF

Not quite, son. I know when a man reenacts hidden diary pages. When he puts on a fake beard and does things by the light of the fire.

GIRL

Mommy I want to go home!

JEFF

We all do little girl. And I'm sure Todd here is looking forward to seeing his sheep...playing with his lincoln log, if you catch my drift.

The old man smiles and nods. The little girl starts crying and the harried family rushes out. Jeff goes to Todd.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I hope you found the abundance of my fortitutde favorable...bitch.

Jeff leaves. The old man winks at Todd and walks out.

INT. ADULT BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

TOM, average joe in his late 20's, walks in. The CLERK doesn't look up from the book he's reading.

TOM
Hi, I'm looking for the um..

The Clerk turns a page.

TOM (CONT'D)
The...you know...

CLERK
Sex toys?

Tom drums his fingers on the counter. The Clerk reads on.

TOM
Yes.

CLERK
Back left corner.

Tom walks to the back of the store, and quickly scans over the various shelves. He backtracks, and squats down, then pops back up. Stymied, he looks to the Clerk.

TOM
Sir?

The Clerk turns another page.

CLERK
How can I help?

Tom scans the shelves again.

TOM
I'm looking for uh-

CLERK
Vibrators?

TOM
No-

CLERK
Bondage straps?

TOM
No um-

CLERK
Lubricants?

TOM
No you see-

CLERK
Anal beads?

TOM
No.

CLERK
Jumbo anal beads?

TOM
There's a difference?

The clerk turns a page and clicks his tongue.

CLERK
Night and day sir. Night, and, day.

TOM
No you see I was looking for
something to um...help, er, me?

CLERK
Masturbation sleeves and
flashlights are on the bottom
shelf.

TOM
Yes I see them, just not what...I
want.

CLERK
And what's that?

TOM
Something a little...different, I
guess.

CLERK
Spit it out, I've heard it all.

Tom walks back to the counter.

TOM
Well, the thing is, the thing you
have to understand is that I was
raised in a very...particular
manner.

CLERK
Please, do tell.

TOM
Well I won't go into all the
details suffice to say that I was
very close to..the person who
raised me.

CLERK
This is enthralling so far.

TOM
This is hard for me.

CLERK
A fleshlight would help with that.

TOM
No, well I mean hopefully soon. Uh.
I'm looking for a-

Tom brings his hands together like he's balling up a
newspaper.

CLERK
We're not prudes here. A specific
kind of masturbator.

TOM
Yes. But special.

CLERK
Something black, Asian?

TOM
No?

CLERK
Full bodied, ass up?

TOM
No, I don't really care about that.
It's more about, the look? Well,
those were too. But more-

CLERK
I can't help you if you're not
specific.

TOM
I want an old vagina.

CLERK

We have older models - the best
sellers if you will.

Tom leans over the counter and closes the Clerk's book,
making him look up.

TOM

No. I mean an *old...vagina*.

CLERK

How's that?

TOM

The...person who cared for me was
elderly.

Tom leans his head. The Clerk catches his drift.

CLERK

Oh. Wait, what?

TOM

I'd like something with a looser
profile. And a, ha, distinguished
exterior.

The Clerk puts the book down.

CLERK

That is--

TOM

Just another request huh?

CLERK

In all my years, I've never-

Tom shrinks.

CLERK (CONT'D)

And to think I thought the
paedophiles that came in here were
bad.

Tom coughs.

TOM

Certainly you're not comparing me
to..people like that.

CLERK

No sir, of course not.

Tom smiles.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You're worse.

TOM

But you said you'd seen it all.

CLERK

I thought that was true. And yet today has shown me the depths of human depravity. What are you going to do, play recordings of some poor old woman begging for death to help you get your jolly's?

Tom backs away.

TOM

Well if this is how you treat customers.

CLERK

I treat customers as I see fit you geriatric rapist fuck.

TOM

Who said anything about raping? I just want a loose, wrinkly vagina to fuck, ok? OK?!

CLERK

That's fine, you'll just have to look somewhere else.

Tom exits. GARY walks in and the clerk smiles at him.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Some people, you know? So, how can I help you?

GARY

Do you have any baby--

CUT TO BLACK

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

BRANDON, late twenties, sits down watching TV. He has bags under his eyes and is dishevelled, twitchy. There is a CREAK, and he whirls around looking for the noise.

BRANDON
Hello? Is anyone there?

No response. Brandon slowly turns back to watching TV. A shadow crosses, and he whip turns the other direction.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Quit playing around. This isn't a
joke--ah!

Brandon is startled by DAVID, a large, imposing man who is standing right in front of him. Brandon can't look at him, and fidgets on the chair.

NICK (O.S.)
What's not a joke?

Brandon blinks rapidly and looks to his left and sees his roommate Nick with his girlfriend, EMILY. David is gone.

BRANDON
What?

NICK
What's not a joke?

BRANDON
Nothing.

Brandon smiles at Emily as they resume watching TV. A hand lands on Brandon's shoulder.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Ah! David, you're still here.

DAVID
Of course, I promised.

In a wide shot we see Nick and Emily looking at Brandon, who has no one standing by him.

EMILY
(to Brandon)
Who's David?

NICK
Oh no. Not now.

EMILY

What?

Nick hangs his head. Brandon looks away from "David."

BRANDON

This can't be happening.

DAVID

It has to happen, Brandon. Don't be squeamish, be a man.

Brandon slowly punches the chair.

BRANDON

I can't believe you. You crazy bastard.

Emily watches as Brandon starts sweating profusely.

EMILY

Nick? What's going on?

NICK

I was hoping to tell you about this later. Look, Brandon has delusions, okay? And these are most commonly manifested by a figment of his condition named David.

EMILY

Delusion?

NICK

Yea.

A single tear rolls down Brandon's cheek.

DAVID

If you don't like it, all you have to do is leave.

BRANDON

I'd never make it out the door.

DAVID

Well then, shall we begin?

David gets even closer to Brandon, who shrinks back into the cushions. He shakes his head while staring at the ground.

BRANDON

No!

Brandon makes a break for it. David wrenches Brandon's arm and turns him around into a forced hold on the chair. We hear fabric ripping.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Somebody help, no!!

EMILY
What's going on!?

NICK
Yea they're arguing, and right about now David's going to hit Brandon in the face.

Brandon's head jerks into the chair, but we see he is not being held down. He screams. Emily looks over in horror while Nick sits unphased. Brandon pulls his own pants down.

EMILY
Oh my God Nick, what's happening!?

BRANDON
He's raping me! Heeelp! He's raping me!

NICK
Yea, now he's raping him. It happens all the time. Super annoying. It already happened this morning so I thought that would be it for today.

EMILY
Are you guys fucking with me? What is going on?

BRANDON
Oh god please, somebody help me.
Can't anybody hear me?
Nick...NICK!!

Nick looks at Brandon with boredom, then sighs mutes the TV.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
(sobbing with the
"thrusts")
No...no...no...

EMILY
But we should do something, I mean Jesus he's in pain!

Nick holds up his finger.

NICK

Well, technically, none of it is really happening. It's all in his mind. And believe me, I've tried to intervene. I've shaken him, screamed at him, thrown water in his face. But apparently the delusion is very strong. And from what I've gleaned of Brandon's conversations, so is David. Ironic in a sense.

EMILY

Shouldn't we at least leave until it's over?

NICK

It should be over soon. David never lasts longer than two minutes.

BRANDON

(whimpered)

Please God let it end.

Brandon looks up and squeals. Emily covers her mouth.

EMILY

It's horrible.

Brandon looks back and directly at Emily.

BRANDON

Oh no, what are you doing now?!

Emily shakes her head.

EMILY

I can't believe this. Why didn't you tell me? How did you end up living here?

NICK

If I had tried to tell you that hey look my friend gets raped by his own mind and believes its real, what would you have said?

Emily can only sigh.

BRANDON

No, not on my hands, please, no!
Nooo!!

Emily looks at her hands and slides them under her legs.

NICK

Exactly. And look, Brandon is aware he has delusions, but as far as he knows only the "cat" he talks to isn't real.

EMILY

This is horrible.

NICK

Yea, but babe he's given me one hell of a deal. \$500 a month, and that includes everything.

EMILY

Wow.

Brandon cries out, then curls up, holding himself. Nick picks up a protein shake off the table and goes to Brandon.

NICK

Heyyy Brandon. Care for a shake?

Brandon snaps out of it and sees Nick, then takes the shake.

BRANDON

Nick, wha...where were you?

NICK

Oh, Emily and I just got back. Everything ok?

BRANDON

Yep. Does she..?

Nick shakes his head. Brandon starts to drink, but his hand shakes and he stops. He extends it towards Emily.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Emily, would you like this? My hands are a little...shaky right now.

Brandon holds a hand out to Emily, who stares at it.

EMILY

I have a germ phobia, actually.

Brandon pulls his hand back and rolls his eyes.

BRANDON

Yikes. Sucks to be you.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - BEFORE TRAILERS

EVAN and KEVIN, early thirties, sit waiting for the trailers to roll.

EVAN

And that, my friend, is the monty hall problem.

KEVIN

And now I know for sure that you are full of shit.

EVAN

Look, I'm just trying to tell you that you need to switch it up, okay?

KEVIN

Well what if I told you that I'm going to stick by my original decision that you are indeed, full of shit?

EVAN

Well, what if I told you that I know exactly what I'm talking about and you should listen to me?

KEVIN

I can't believe this, you know jack about probability. You studied ceramics.

EVAN

That doesn't matter, and don't slight my liberal arts degree, it's very worthwhile. I ghost all the time.

Kevin face palms.

KEVIN

Wow, you're using the movie Ghost as a verb to describe your making ceramics. And that movie was about pottery.

EVAN

One, ghosting is our term, and it's about that state of disappearing from your body and becoming one with the ceramics.

KEVIN

Would you believe me if I told you
you sound like a massive jackass
right now?

EVAN

Well what would you do if I slapped
you in the face?

KEVIN

What would you do if I blocked your
slap and ghosted you into the
ground?

Evan looks away, biting his finger.

EVAN

Ok. Ok. Welllll, what if I told you
that you could never ghost me?

KEVIN

I'm trying to tell you straight,
stick to ceramics.

EVAN

What if I told you that you're
about to set me off buddy? And
that's the truth.

KEVIN

What if I told you that you're not
man enough to tell me the truth?

EVAN

Well what if I told you I love you
huh?!

Kevin blanches, stunned. The lights dim for the trailers.

KEVIN

Well, looks like I was wrong.
Thanks for telling me about it now,
right before the movie. Really
psyched to talk about it after.

Evan picks at his popcorn, and Kevin awkwardly reaches over
for it, then stops.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

EVAN

No. Please. Go ahead.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

KATHERINE sits in her cubicle, working on her computer. A link pops up on her screen in all caps, and she clicks on it. Grainy footage of a guy screaming in his office pops up.

KATHERINE

Oh my god, this is crazy. Hey Ben, check this out.

On the wall closest to Katherine pops up BEN, her cubicle neighbor, who at first glance is meek and sycophantic. Katherine laughs at the video.

BEN

What's that, Katherine?

KATHERINE

There's this hilarious video on youtube. This guy lost it at his office and started screaming at everyone.

Ben slides along the cubicle wall.

BEN

Really? Wow, that's ummm, crazy.

Katherine pushes away from the desk.

KATHERINE

Oh wow, now he's fighting somebody. He's just throwing haymakers.

BEN

He's really beating him up huh?

Katherine doubles over with laughter.

KATHERINE

Yea, but he can't even hit this guy.

BEN

Imagine if he did.

A toothy smile just creeps over Ben's face.

BEN (CONT'D)

He just curls his fist up real tight, so tight his fingers go numb. And then he moves so fast, he doesn't even know what he's doing.

Katherine slowly stops laughing, and leans back up.

BEN (CONT'D)

And then he connects.

(giggle)

He looks at his fist, realizes the power in his hands.

Katherine's brow furrows and she nervously organizes her desk. A sheen of sweat covers Ben's forehead.

KATHERINE

Ben, are you okay?

Ben sucks spit back.

BEN

And then he keeps going, punching over and over and over. And the blood, so much blood. And he can smell the blood, it's so sweet and metallic.

Ben licks his lips. Katherine keeps looking at Ben but picks up the phone and presses a button. Ben doesn't seem to notice.

BEN (CONT'D)

And imagine if he had a Donna in accounting like we do? And Donna comes over with her binder of the whole year's purchases that she wants you to verify but there's a whole puncher in your hand and blammo!

Katherine winces as the phone rings.

KATHERINE

Hey Mike, it's Katherine. Good thanks. Look could you come over to my cubicle? Yep, it's all good. Now, though, if you could.

BEN

Haha, and Mindy is nearby. And she lets out a screech with that annoying voice of hers and the whole puncher is in the air until it connects, sending Mindy's teeth flying! And some of the blood gets in his mouth.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
 And he feels a pain in his
 knuckles, the first pain he's felt
 in God only knows how long. But he
 loves the pain. Hahaha!

KATHERINE
 I know, riight? That would be
 crazy.

Ben keeps laughing maniacally. Another cubicle neighbor looks
 over Katherine's far wall. Mike walks up.

MIKE
 Everything okay here, Katherine?

Ben coughs and looks at Mike.

BEN
 Hey Mike, looks like you caught
 Katherine at a good time in between
 watching youtube videos.

Mike looks at Katherine's computer and sees the video playing
 on it. Katherine looks at Ben who smiles in glee at her
 before disappearing.

MIKE
 You called me over for this?

KATHERINE
 No I, it's Ben he--

BEN
 No, Katherine, I don't want to look
 at your not safe for work videos.

Mike crosses his arms and leers at Katherine, who leans
 towards him.

KATHERINE
 (mouthing words and
 pointing at Ben)
 He's crazy. Crazy! He was talking
 about beating Donna and Mindy!

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE
 HR. Ten minutes.

Mike walks away as Katherine fumes. Ben slowly pops back up.

KATHERINE
 You won't get away with this.

Ben brings a safety pin over to his hand and pricks his knuckle, drawing blood. He slowly brings his hand to his mouth and licks it, closing his eyes and inhaling with pleasure.

BEN

Mhm.

KATHERINE

This can't be happening.

BEN

Feels good. Sooo good.

MIKE (O.S.)

Katherine!

In the background we hear an annoying cackle of a laugh. Ben looks over to see MINDY, head thrown back, laughing hysterically. Ben's hand lands on his hole puncher.

INT. WORKOUT VIDEO STAGE - DAY

An elderly couple, SALLY and JEFF, walk out in sweats/old spandex, waving to the camera crew.

SALLY

Hi everybody, welcome to Building Better Bodies with Sally and Jeff!
I'm Sally-

She looks over at Jeff.

JEFF

And I'm Jeff!

SALLY

Tell me Jeff, are you ready for our special workout?

JEFF

Ready and so excited, Sally!
And now without further ado let's bring out our special guest.

SALLY

Mr. Razor, come on out!

The lights center on the back of the stage as a young man, CHET RAZOR, walks out. He's in incredible shape wearing shorts and a sleeveless shirt.

CHET

Hi Jeff and Sally, I'm so excited to be here!

SALLY

So are we, Chet. So, what do you have for us today?

CHET

Just a ton of fun Sally, and one heck of a workout.

JEFF

Let's hope we can keep up.

CHET

I believe in the power of belief
Jeff. Believe it - to achieve it!

Chet looks at the camera and smiles. They all laugh.

CHET (CONT'D)

Are you two ready?

JEFF/SALLY

Ready Chet! Let's get our workout crew out here and get started.

Two women and two men in workout clothes come from the wings.

CHET

Before we get started I'd like you all to try my revolutionary new pre-workout compound! Brilliantly delivered in an airborne format!

Everyone lines up as Chet shows the camera a canister that says "Chet's Super Spray" and starts spraying it at everyone.

JEFF

What's in it, Chet?

CHET

A brilliant combination of metabolism accelerants, mind focusing agents, and pep. Now breath deeply!

SALLY

And it has such a sweet smell. I can almost taste your spray, Chet!

All the extras eyes go wide and they have already started sweating. The music picks up as Chet takes center stage.

CHET

Alright folks, before today we're gonna step it up a little bit. I'm assuming you've already warmed up, otherwise what are we doing here? So let's begin with some high intensity sprints in place!

Chet begins kicking his legs up, knees to chest, as hard as he can. Everyone follow suit, slowly at first but the aerosol starts to take effect.

CHET (CONT'D)

55 more seconds everyone, whoo, yea, can you feel it?

Chet keeps pumping and moves back towards Sally, who has started sweating profusely.

CHET (CONT'D)

Come on Sally, lift those legs!
This workout is going to be lots of
intensity with very little rest, so
let's go go go!

JEFF

Whew, we almost there Chet? I'm
starting to feel it.

CHET

No we're not Jeff, not at all. Now
let's go double time!

The music picks up, and Chet starts going even faster. One of the backup guys clutches his chest and goes down to one knee. The woman next to him goes to see what's wrong but slips and goes down. Some of the camera guys look at each other.

CAMERAMAN 1

(whispered)
Should we stop?

CAMERAMAN 2

And get fired like the last crew?
Don't stop.

The other back up guy puts his hands to his face.

BACKUP GUY 2

I feel hot. My skin is too hot.

CHET

Yep, feeling the burn. Feeling it!

The backup guy stumbles towards the other woman, who covers her mouth before throwing up on him. Chet laughs and shakes his head.

CHET (CONT'D)

That's right people, shop until you
drop! Exercise until you drop! Drop
everything, and don't stop!

JEFF

(to Sally)
I can't breathe.

SALLY

(whispered angrily)
Don't be such a pussy.

Chet jogs over to Jeff.

CHET
Pick up those knees. Pick em up
pick em up!

JEFF
(breathless)
I don't think I can. My heart!

CHET
Don't think about it, I never do!
NOW PICK THEM UP!

Chet grabs one of Jeff's legs and yanks it upward. We hear a distinct SNAP. Chet tilts his head and jogs away.

CHET (CONT'D)
He's gonna feel that one in the
morning. Now come on Sally, don't
let Jeff leave you in the dust.

Chet gets right up by Sally's ear.

CHET (CONT'D)
You wanna get that hardbody Sally?
You wanna be the best?

SALLY
I do.

CHET
How bad do you want it?

SALLY
So bad!

CHET
So bad?

SALLY
So bad Chet!

Jeff limps past her in the back of frame to rest on one of the step stools lying around. Sally starts crying, hard.

CHET
Aaaaaand done. Whew.

Chet looks around to see Sally still going, tears running down her face. Jeff is trying to straighten his leg but can't seem to do it. The one woman is trying to mop up her vomit while the other has crawled to the man who passed out and tries to bring him to.

CHET (CONT'D)

Alright everybody, only 59 more
minutes to go!

Chet turns back to the cameras and smiles. The cameraman
don't go to help.

SALLY

The lights are so bright. Sooo
bright! It's beautiful.

A huge smile creeps across Sally's face.

CHET

So happy I came here. Building
Better Bodies proves yet again that
you can build a better body, no
matter what.

(to the others)

And with my spray, directly inhaled
into the lungs, you can do
anything. Am I right people!?

Gentle sobs reach Chet's ears. He is oblivious.

INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young boy's bedroom as he sleeps. We track across various toys on the shelves. Army men, x-men, a couple troll dolls. We push in on one of the army men and troll dolls in close proximity. The screen blurs and the dolls are replaced with real people, SARGE and NEON.

NEON

(high pitched voice)

I thought Timmy was never going to sleep.

SARGE

I know, that kid is a real piece of shit.

NEON

Ah come on Sarge, he's a good kid.

SARGE

He's good at using me as an anal scrubber, troglodyte.

NEON

Oh, God, Sarge, don't say that.

SARGE

Why, because it makes you uncomfortable?

TIMMY

Hommuna, erm ahh--

Sarge and Neon freeze. Timmy rolls over and quiets down.

SARGE

That's right, Neon. Haven't you wondered what he was doing when he took me into the bathroom all those times. Alone?

NEON

I thought maybe he set you up to guard the door.

Sarge gets right in Neon's face.

SARGE

Oh no. Not to guard the door. This soldier was placed on Recon duty. And I didn't have a choice in the matter. I went in the foxhole Neon, a dark, heinous foxhole.

Neon can't keep Sarge's gaze.

NEON

Timmy's a good boy Sarge, you shouldn't say such things.

SARGE

You think I'm the only one, Neon? Huh, you think you won't be next?

NEON

Stop it Sarge.

SARGE

I used to say that too. Stop. Please Timmy stop.

Neon tries to walk away, but Sarge grabs him.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Don't you walk away from me maggot.

NEON

Troll.

SARGE

Whatever. I can't even look my men in the eye after what I've been through. How's a man supposed to lead his unit with any shred of dignity, when he's become a standard issue suppository!?

NEON

I don't know!

SARGE

Damn right you don't know. And that's not even the worst part.

NEON

It gets worse?

SARGE

Oh yes. I can't attack Timmy, that's the toy coming to life rule, as you know.

NEON

Everyone knows that.

SARGE

It would make him go insane.

NEON
That would be horrible.

SARGE
So I had to take my anger out
somewhere else.

Sarge looks around at the other toys.

NEON
What did you do, Sarge?

Sarge giggles but stifles it.

SARGE
I'll spare you the gory details,
and they were gory, Neon.

Timmy mumbles again, and they both freeze.

TIMMY
Who's there?

SARGE
(whispered to Neon)
If you really want to know, be sure
to ask Flat Top later on.

Neon looks over at another army soldier toy, Flat Top, who has a frozen scream on his face and an unblinking stare. Timmy keeps mumbling.

NEON
(to himself)
You're a monster.

SARGE
You think all toys are good, Neon?
Some toys are just made bad. Others
learn. And God as my witness I'll
learn how to 86 what Timmy's doing.
Even if I have to bathe myself in
the sweet poison of Pine-Sol, I
will get around the rules of toys
coming to life and destroy his anus
with extreme prejudice.

We hear Timmy get out of bed and retreating footsteps. Neon and Sarge start to move but Timmy comes back and they turn back into toys as Timmy picks up Sarge and walks away. "Tears" roll down Neon's plastic cheeks.