

SKETCH PACKET

Written by

Brandon Beck

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Brandon Beck
4444 Los Feliz Blvd, Apt 105
Los Angeles, CA 90027
wbrandonbeck@gmail.com

WOKE WHALERS

EXT. WHALING BOAT - DEAD OF NIGHT

A group of WHALERS hoist nets and pull ropes while singing a whaling song.

ALL WHALERS
CAST AWAY ME BOYS
AND SET THE SAILS
WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO HUNT SOME
WHALES
WITH A STURDY SHIP
AND A SHIP SHAPE CREW
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO
DO...

Cap'n McDaniel, the gruffest old salt around, exclaims--

MCDANIEL
RAISE THE ANCHOR AND HAUL AWAY!
(Beat)
HO!!!

ALL WHALERS
AND AS WE LIVE THIS WHALIN' LIFE
WE SING OUR SONG WITH DRUM AND FIFE
THE ONLY THING HARDER THAN CATCHIN'
A WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALE....
(Beat)
IS FINDING A FAITHFUL WIFE! HEY!

The whalers all laugh and cheer, heartily, until--

WHALER TWO
WHALE ON THE LINE!!!

ALL OTHER WHALERS
WHALE ON THE LIIIIIIIIINE!!!

They struggle for a moment, and eventually pull up The Whale.

THE WHALE
(Cheery)
Okay, okay, ya' got me, ya' got me!
(Beat)
Hey, uh, real quick though: Could
we talk about that song you guys
were just singing?

MCDANIEL

Aye, The Whaler's Lament! 'Twas
sung to me by me father, and his
father before him, and--

THE WHALE

Right, see, that's the thing: I
don't think you guys are aware of
how problematic you're being.

WHALER BRYAN

No more problematic than a woman
runnin' 'round on us!

WHALER CHRISTOPHER

It's just a song, who cares!

THE WHALE

I'm just trying to have an honest
conversation about--

MCDANIEL

I don't wanna have a
"conversation," I wanna keep
whalin'! We'll sing a different
song if it'll shut yer damnable
blowhole.

(Beat)

Boys?

WHALER MICHAEL

How about "Drown the baby in the
bath!" A one and two and--

Whalers Michael and Brandon begin to stomp and clap as the
rest sing--

SINGING

DROWN THE BABY IN THE BATH
DROWN THE BABY IN THE BATH
DROWN THE BABY IN THE BATH
'CAUSE WE'VE ALREADY GOT ONE!

The Whalers all cheer and laugh!

THE WHALE

Quick note on that one too--

WHALER BRYAN

What? It's got a happy endin'! Who
needs more'n one baby?!?

WHALER CHRISTOPHER

Nobody, that's who!

WHALER BRYAN

How about "Me Johnny Marched Off
T'War," 'twas me gram's favorite.

They begin to sing a plaintive, mournful song with just drum
and vocals.

SINGING

ME JOHNNY MARCHED OFF TO WAR
WHERE ALL THE OTHER BOYS WERE LED
ME JOHNNY MARCHED OFF TO WAR
AND MARCHED BACK WITHOUT A HEAD
ME JOHNNY MARCHED OFF TO WAR
AND THE VERY LAST THING HE SAID
PAPA DON'T SEND ME OFF'TA WAR
LET'S SEND ALL THE WOMEN INSTEAD

(Beat)

OLE!

THE WHALE

(Dry)

Should I even--

MCDANIEL

No, no, I hear it now. I hear it.

THE WHALE

Okay, good, because that's an easy
one.

MCDANIEL

Can you blubbering brigands think
of ANY songs that aren't deeply
problematic, then?

(Beat)

What about you, fishie? You started
all of this trouble, do you have
any suggestions?

THE WHALE

Oh! How about my favorite whale
shanty, "Blowhole Baby."

The Whale begins squealing an atonal, warbling whale song.
After a beat--

THE WHALE (CONT'D)

EVERYBODY!

The whalers all try and sing along in whale. It sounds like
fucking garbage.

MCDANIEL

Hard pass.

THE WHALE

It makes more sense in the original
whale-sh.

Long, awkward pause.

WHALER MICHAEL

Sooooooooo.....what do we sing
now?

MCDANIEL

Hmmm...we need a song that we all
know, that's good fer whalin' yet
equally good at not offendin' women
or other marginalized groups, and
that we won't mind singing for the
next six months.

Long pause.

WHALER BRANDON

Cap'n, I think I've figgered it
out!

He blows a pitchpipe and begins to sing:

WHALER BRANDON (CONT'D)

I WANT MY BABYBACKBABYBACKBABYBACK--

OTHER WHALERS

CHILIIIIIIII'S
BABY BACK RIBS
CHILI'S BABY BACK RIBS

THE WHALE

BAR-BE-CUE-SAAAAAAUCE!

BLACKOUT

POLYAMOROUS PARROT

Vaughan is playing videogames. Erin enters with a flourish.

VAUGHAN

Hey bud.

ERIN

SUP BEEF JERKY????

(Beat)

That's my new catchphrase!

VAUGHAN

(Excited)

Oh, cool, I don't give a shit!

(Beat)

I got a parrot! You wanna meet him?

ERIN

Sure! Birds is dope!

VAUGHAN

Here's the thing, though: He's poly.

ERIN

His name is Polly? How cute!

VAUGHAN

No, he's polyamorous, and he kinda won't shut up about it. His name is Tractor.

ERIN

I'm sure it's not that bad! I wanna meet him!

Vaughan pulls a sheet off Tractor (who's just a dude wearing a parrot mask).

VAUGHAN

Hey Tractor! This is my friend Erin!

TRACTOR

SQUAWK! Erin's such a lovely name. My wife is actually seeing a woman named Erin, how FUNNY! SQUAWK! My wife and I fuck other people! SQUAWK!

ERIN

Awww, what a li'l cutie! And so talkative!

VAUGHAN

Only about issues relating to his polyamory. I can't get him to talk about anything else.

(Beat)

Hey Tractor, wanna cracker?

TRACTOR

Meh.

VAUGHAN

Hey Tractor, are you thirsty?

TRACTOR

Not really.

VAUGHAN

Hey Tractor, do you have a girlfriend?

TRACTOR

Well, I'm poly, SQUAWK, so I keep several lovers along with a primary partner.

(Beat)

Sometimes we all fuck and there's just cum EVERYWHERE, SQUAWKKKKK, because we're poly so we fuuuuuuuuuuuck people we aren't married too ALLLLLLL THE TIMIIIIIIIME! SQUAWK!

ERIN

Ya' know, I've always thought about being poly, but I've never really had the guts to go through with it. Good for him!

VAUGHAN

I mean, that's what I thought too, but you haven't had to be here during one of his fuck parties.

ERIN

I can't be that bad.

ERIN (CONT'D)

It sounds like a hundred Fran Dreschers choking to death.

(Beat)

For HOURS.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Oh god.

TRACTOR

Um, actually, technically, actually people within "the lifestyle" refer to them as PLAY parties and they're an expression of our human desire for sensual **and** sensuous play outside of the confines of societally imposed monogamy.

(Beat)

It's really forward thinking to be poly. AND a parrot! SQUAWK!

ERIN

God, you're right. He's like one of those dipshits from Real Sex. I one hundred percent agree with him but he just...he just suuuuuuuuuuucks.

VAUGHAN

Right? He sucks sooooooo baaaaaaaad.

ERIN

Fuck this dumb bird.

TRACTOR

Interspecies play is a very important part of any sexual diet, and I'd be honored to--

ERIN

Nope! Nope! Mamma's not fuckin' a bird named after a farm vehicle. I'M OUT, BEEF JERKY!

She winks to the audience after her catchphrase.

VAUGHAN

Let's go. We're gonna be late for this screening of my favorite movie, Star Wars: The Last Jedi.

They leave.

A moment later, a ROBBER sneaks in, wearing black and white stripes and holding a bag with a big dollar sign on it.

ROBBER

I'm a robber! With no one home there's so many goodies for me to steal! VCRs! Cook books! Diamond Ringlets! All for the taking!

TRACTOR

Actually, SQUAWK, it's greedy to keep things strictly for yourself. I often share my wife with other people because it would be a LITERAL CRIME to smother her sexual energy from the rest of the word.

(Beat)

I'M A PARROT AND I'M POLY! SQUAWK!

ROBBER

Oh, cool, me too.

(Beat)

You wanna fuck to a ZZ Top album?

TRACTOR

YOU BET I DO!

SHARP DRESSED MAN begins to play as Tractor begins to violently peg the robber.

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ABANDONED MINE SHAFT

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

Two MALL SECURITY GUARDS, Nathan (Grizzled, older) and Terry (young, excited) walk through the mall.

NATHAN

Layout of the mall is pretty self explanatory: Nordstrom and Belk's are to the east, Food Court's to the west, Neiman'ses at the far north end there.

TERRY

Makes sense.

NATHAN

Over there's the abandoned mine shaft, and right next to that is the Apple store.

TERRY

The what?

NATHAN

The Apple Store, it's where you go to buy your iPads and iPods and what have you, they've been around for like fifteen years now.

TERRY

No, the abandoned mine shaft...

NATHAN

Oh. Right. It's pretty much exactly what it sounds like.

(Beat)

Honestly, the majority of your day is going to consist of stopping tweens from going down there to smoke weed or fornicate.

TERRY

What?

NATHAN

Fornicate. It means fuck. Keep up.

TERRY

No, why is there an abandoned mine shaft in this mall?

NATHAN

Times are tough for malls these days, what with the economy'n'all.

TERRY

Is it at least a...a nice abandoned mineshaft?

NATHAN

Nope. It's an abandoned mineshaft. It collapses often and has hurt a ton of people.

(Beat)

You sure you worked in mall security before?

TERRY

I worked at the Mall of America for six years!

NATHAN

Ooooooooookay, if you say so...

(Beat)

There's three types of people you need to watch out for in the abandoned mine shaft:

(Beat)

- 1 - Teens.
- 2 - Mall walkers who made a very wrong turn.
- 3 - The Crimson Shrieker.

(Beat)

Any questions?

TERRY

Many.

(Beat)

What's a Crimson Shrieker?

NATHAN

Couple'a years ago thanks to Obama's War on Christmas we had to let the majority of our mall Santas go. Most of 'em took it pretty well, economy'n'all, but one of 'em got rull liquored up, stumbled down into the musty ol' bitch and just sorta took up residence.

(Beat)

We've been tryin' to get him out for a few years now but he's a stubborn ol' cuss I tell ya' h'what.

TERRY

Could he really cause that much trouble down there?

NATHAN

You really don't know much about mall security, do ya' boy-toy?

(Beat)

Last week he caused a collapse under the Chick-Fil-A. Their milkshake machine was broken for THREE DAYS.

TERRY

My god...

NATHAN

We also think he might have built a meth lab, but he's rigged the place up like the goll durn Viet Cong, makes checkin' fer certain nearly impossible, 'less'n you wanna get impaled.

We hear a maddened, howling scream from the back of the theater. Nathan looks up in fear.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

My god. He's breached the shaft!

THE CRIMSON SHRIEKER comes running up through the audience, holding sparklers and screaming. He is wearing a Santa hat, bushy beard, and open red robe but is otherwise completely nude.

Terry shoots him.

Silence. Terry looks proud.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

...YOU BROUGHT A GUN?!?!?

TERRY

...is that not okay?

NATHAN

NO! NOT AT ALL! THIS IS MALL SECURITY, ALL WE GET IS PEPPER SPRAY.