

THE IDIOT

Webisode #103
"To Mock a Killing Bird"

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In Loving Memory of
Gene Wilder

SHOOTING DRAFT
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INT. MOE'S OFFICE - NONSPECIFIC TIME

MOE GALLO -- refined gangster -- sits in his darkened office, looking particularly sinister in the dim light.

An industrial-sized BOTTLE of hand sanitizer adorns Moe's desk and is within arm's reach.

RAY -- Moe's number-one -- enters the room and sits down.

MOE
(gruff)
So what's the story on this guy?

RAY
(hesitantly)
Uhh, well, I don't really know what to make of it. But I think we're dealing with a major player here...

Moe looks concerned. He reaches over to the hand sanitizer, pumps a squirt into his hands and rubs them together.

MOE
Tell me *everything*.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

Ray sits in his CAR holding BINOCULARS up to his face.

BINOCULARS POV -- we see ALONZO "AL" BANDINI and JOEL WOLCOTT standing beside each other at an outdoor eatery.

RAY (V.O.)
From what I could see, it looked like Al was waiting on this Joel guy hand and foot... Kinda like Al's in his pocket, if you know what I mean.

MOE (V.O.)
Bandini's working for that clown? I don't believe it.

BINOCULARS POV -- we see Joel absentmindedly almost knock over a SOFT DRINK CUP. Al dives for it, recovers it and hands it back to Joel. Al then proceeds to dust Joel off, appearing subservient. Abruptly cutting to --

EXT. UNSAVORY LOCALE - DAY

Al and Joel:

AL
(irritated)
Will ya be careful? Hold your
fucking drink.

Al looks at Joel and sees CRUMBS on his shirt and a smear of
MUSTARD on the corner of Joel's mouth.

AL (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. What are you, four?

JOEL
(chuckling, amused by Al)
No, I'm not four. I'm forty-three.

AL
When you were a kid, was your
school bus long or short?

Joel doesn't follow.

AL (CONT'D)
Forget it.
(begins cleaing Joel up)
You're like having a fucking baby
around.

JOEL
(sincerely)
Do you always have to curse?

INT. RAY'S CAR - SAME

Ray's perspective. He's still peering through the binoculars.

BACK TO:

INT. MOE'S OFFICE - NONSPECIFIC TIME

Moe and Ray continue to converse.

RAY
I don't know, boss. Al seemed
scared of this guy.

Moe leans back in his chair, deep in contemplation. He then
ominously nods his head to Ray in conformation. Ray
acknowledges Moe's nod.

MOE
 We'll find out who's working for
 who...

EXT. UNSAVORY LOCALE - DAY

Al and Joel stand beside each other. Joel is in his own world, Al looks annoyed and standoffish.

JOEL
 (imitating a 1950's
 character)
 So we gonna blow this joint or
 what? I know a doll downtown that
 we can give the flimflam. It'll be
 swell.

AL
 (at wit's end)
 Will you knock it off with the
 private eye lingo? You sound like a
 mental case. And *swell*? You think
 Bogart ever said *swell*?

JOEL
 (cheerful)
 Nineteen-Forty-One. *Maltese Falcon*.
 Sam Spade. "*Swell*."

Al rolls his eyes.

Suddenly, a loud BUZZING from a BUG overhead. Joel panics and dodges the flying insect as though it were a bullet, letting out a girlish, comic SHRIEK.

AL
 What the fuck is wrong with you?

JOEL
 (distraught)
 There's a bug! I think it's a
 cicada.

AL
 (unfazed)
 Yeah, so kill it.

JOEL
 (shocked)
 I can't kill it!

AL
 Why not?

JOEL

What right do I have to kill something because its inconveniencing me?

AL

What the hell happened to you to make you this fucked-up?

JOEL

You're the one that wants to kill an innocent creature for no reason. What happened to you to make you that --
(stutters and stumbles)
Ffff... screwed up?

AL

It's a bug, Joel. It doesn't know its head from its ass.

JOEL

It's unnatural to just go around killing things that can't defend themselves.

AL

(mockingly sophisticated voice)
On the contrary... it's the most natural thing in the world.

The Bug lands on the ground beside Al's feet. It is NOT a cicada. Al looks toward Joel, is earnest in demeanor, and STOMPS on the bug, killing it.

Joel becomes unusually serious, looks Al in the eye. Al is now visibly uncomfortable.

JOEL

You believe in God, right?

AL

(extremely uncomfortable)
Yeah... Sure... I don't know.

JOEL

Then next time you go to squash a living creature, remember, in this universe, you're the bug.

Al's CELL PHONE begins to ring.

AL
 (to Joel)
 I gotta take this.

Al walks away from Joel for some privacy.

AL (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello...

MOE (O.S.)
 Hello you sack of shit.

AL
 Moe...

MOE (O.S.)
 (from phone)
 I don't know what you think you're
 up to, but you work for me and ONLY
 me.

AL
 I don't know what you're --

MOE (O.S.)
 (rhetorically)
 I'm tellin' ya, I've never met a
 guy looking for a way out as badly
 as you. If you want to commit
 suicide, save me the headache and
 do it yourself... Get in the
 bathtub, light a candle, and
 shuffle off this mortal fucking
 coil.

AL
 MOE! What the fuck are you talking
 about?

MOE (O.S.)
 I know about you and this Joel
 asshole. He played nice and dumb
 when he was watching Candy and me
 in the van like a pervert, but I
 got eyes everywhere, Al. You of all
 people should know this.

AL
 Moe, slow down. You think Joel...

MOE (O.S.)
 I know you're working for him!

Al turns around and looks at Joel. Comically, Joel JERKS and DODGES another invisible flying bug. Al turns back around.

AL
Moe, you got this all wrong!

MOE (O.S.)
Do I? Well, we'll see...

Suddenly, and unbeknownst to Al, a CAR speeds up. Ray and a second henchmen -- ROCKY -- get out. They storm up to Joel and WHACK him over the head with a BLUNT INSTRUMENT. Joel immediately loses consciousness. His knees give way and he falls, being caught by Ray.

Ray and Rocky proceed to drag Joel toward the car. They pop the TRUNK, throw Joel inside, and speed off.

MOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(to Al, over phone)
We'll see if bossman tells us what
you two schmucks are up to when
there's a loaded gun pressed
against his forehead.

Al turns around and Joel is gone. There's fear and fury in his eyes.

Al hangs up on Moe. He proceeds to rush into the parking lot, frantically looking around. He then runs to his car and departs with breakneck speed.

INT. TRUNK - DAY

Joel is shown unconscious in the back of the trunk.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

In a dark and dingy Storage Room, Ray and Rocky drag the now-alert Joel to a CHAIR and forcefully sit him down.

JOEL
(nervous but cheerful)
Fellas, I think there's been a
mistake.

RAY
Shut up! ...Now talk.

JOEL
(sincerely confused)
Which is it?

RAY

What?

JOEL

Should I shut up or should I talk?

RAY

What are you some kind of smart
ass?

JOEL

(modestly)

Well, I'm no Noel Coward, but I've
been known to turn a phrase.

Ray turns toward Rocky. Rocky shrugs. Joel turns toward
Rocky.

JOEL (CONT'D)

(to Rocky)

I don't believe we've been properly
introduced.

ROCKY

Rocky.

Joel extends his hand.

JOEL

(joking)

Bullwinkle.

Joel lets out an awkward, nervous laugh. Ray and Rocky remain
stone-faced.

JOEL (CONT'D)

(more seriously)

Now, look guys, there's been some
kind of mix up. I'm not supposed to
be here. You're looking for someone
else.

RAY

You sound sure of that, JOEL.

Joel is surprised and troubled by Ray knowing his name.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tell us what you're doing with
Bandini.

JOEL

(confused)

Al?

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

(then, relieved)

Oh, I see. I understand. Are you a private eye, too? Maybe we were gumshoeing your turf.

(playfully suspicious)

...Or perhaps Al caught you with a kitten and you don't want the missus to find out?

Ray looks thoroughly confused and frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S CAR - DAY

Al races down the street in his car, determination in his eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ray turns to Rocky.

RAY

Give us a minute, will ya?

(turning to Joel)

I want a moment alone with Keyser Soze here. We'll find out who works for who...

JOEL

(correcting Ray)

Whom.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S CAR - DAY

Al continues to drive recklessly.

BACK TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ray is alone with Joel. He stands over him, intimidating. He removes a GUN from underneath his jacket.

Joel's eyes widen, nervous.

RAY

(no nonsense)

Now, look. If you don't tell me what I want to hear in about five seconds, I'm going to shoot you in the head.

Joel becomes overwhelmed with fear. His playful demeanor evaporates.

JOEL

(struggling to find the words)

You're gonna... you're gonna what?

RAY

I'm going to kill you.

JOEL

(finding it hard to breathe)

Wh... why?

RAY

No more of this fucking game. Tell me who the fuck you are and what you're doing with Al or I'm gonna put you in the fucking ground. Understand?

Joel begins to speak, slowly becoming more intense and rage-filled as he does. Slowly the words begin to make Ray feel uncomfortable. We cut back and forth from Joel to Ray, showing Ray becoming more and more transfixed by Joel's outburst:

JOEL

You mean, you're going to take my life? You're going to kill me over... nothing? I haven't done anything to you. I don't even know you. And you'd end my life? Do you even understand what that means? My life. You're going to end it. You're going to shoot me with that gun and end my life. This life. The one I'm living right now. The only one I'm ever going to get. You'd end that. I have people that care about me. Love me. What about them? What are they going to think? You're just going to leave them with a lifetime of endless questioning: why?

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

Why was he murdered? Why was he taken off of this planet forever? The only existence he ever knew. The only thing we get in this random, meaningless, collision of matter. What do you think's going to happen? Do you think I'm going to go up on some cloud and take a harp lesson, see my old relatives and play bridge with Jesus? I'm going to die. Cease to exist. I'm going to enter an eternal void of nothingness. Endless silence. A vortex of unimaginable death. Just nothing. Nothing. Black. Dark. Spaceless. Nothing. For all time. Do you know the likelihood that there's life after death? Infinitesimally small. We're just going to be eclipsed by the listless shadow of death. And you're going to send me there. Can you even comprehend what you're stealing from me? Can you even imagine the implications of your actions? You'll go on living and I'll be rotting in the ground, thoughtless, lifeless, imprisoned by boundless, infinite darkness --

Ray suddenly snaps, unable to take the intensity of Joel's speech any longer --

RAY
ALRIGHT, ENOUGH!

Joel goes silent. There's an awkward pause.

RAY (CONT'D)
(bewildered, trying to act tough)
Just hold on.

Ray moves toward the door and leaves, closing it behind him.

INT. ROOM OUTSIDE STORAGE DOOR - DAY

Rocky stands outside the door and greets Ray with a nod.

ROCKY
What's going on in there?

RAY

(shaken, out of "tough
guy" character)

I don't know, man. He's like,
talking about death, and that
there's no God and stuff. I don't
know. I'm really freaked out right
now.

INT. AL'S CAR - DAY

Al continues to race down the street. He approaches a building-front, slams on his breaks and turns into the parking lot from the street.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ray reenters the storage room, still holding his gun. He looks at Joel, a little frightened of him, but trying to maintain a confident, intimidating exterior. He cocks the hammer on the gun.

RAY

Okay. Let's try this one more time.

INT. ROOM OUTSIDE STORAGE DOOR - DAY

Al comes rushing into the storage room toward Rocky. Rocky squares up into an intimidating stance.

ROCKY

Look who it is. Fucko. How'd you
find us so fast?

AL

You jerkoffs go to like two places
for everything. Now let me in
there.

ROCKY

I can't do that.

Al is panicked, out-of-sorts. He breathes heavily and his eyes dart as he thinks to himself.

Suddenly, and quite awkwardly, Al lunges toward Rocky and head-butts him in the face.

Both men writhing in pain. Rocky clutches his nose and Al braces his head with both hands.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
(in pain)
What the fuck?!

Al grabs Rocky by the shoulders and starts KICKING him sharply in the shins. There is comedic sloppiness to the altercation.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ray is distracted by the noise coming from outside the door.

RAY
What the --

Ray turns toward the door and goes to open it, but as he does so, Al comes busting through it, striking Ray violently in the face with the door.

Ray, shocked and in immense pain allows for his gun to fly freely from his hands. He drives at Al and they begin a sloppy tussle.

The gun, meanwhile, slides to Joel's feet. Joel bends down, picks up the weapon and fires.

It is not shown where the bullet strikes. We end on the barrel of the gun.

CUT TO BLACK.