

MR. PENNYWHIPPLE

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 1

An old hole in the wall, dive in the city.

2 INT. NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS 2

The place is dead.

Only A FEW PATRONS are sprinkled throughout the audience.

BOB BURTON, a middle-aged ventriloquist is bombing on stage.

His dummy is BRIGSLEY.

The audience's expressions and reactions to the duo's performance are of complete boredom.

There is one audience member, MR. JACKS, engaged and paying very close attention to Bob and Brigsley.

A strange looking man, very thin and straight, Mr. Jacks sits dressed in a black and white suit with slicked back hair and odd grin stretched ear to ear.

3 INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER 3

Bob is winding down and packing up his things.

Mr. Jacks knocks on the door and enters the green room, carrying a case.

BOB

Uh, hello.

MR. JACKS

Hello good sir. Great show tonight.

BOB

(chuckling)

Really? I couldn't tell, but thank you.

MR. JACKS

No, no, sir, I see great potential in you.

BOB

Don't forget about Brigsley.

Bob gestures to his sidekick, lying in a box.

MR. JACKS  
Yes, Brigsley, of course.

Beat

MR. JACKS (CONT'D)  
Mr. Burton, my name is Roland  
Jacks. I'd like to offer you some  
support, a favor if you will, and  
please, don't take any offense to  
what I'm about to say.

BOB  
Sure thing.

MR. JACKS  
As great of a performance as  
tonight was, I feel like you're  
holding back, you're not being  
yourself out there on stage. I'd  
like to help you.

BOB  
What are you a manager or  
something? Look pal, I'm not  
looking for any representation.

MR. JACKS  
No, I am not a manager sir.

Mr. Jacks places his case down beside Brigsley.

MR. JACKS (CONT'D)  
May I?

Mr. Jacks gestures to his case.

BOB  
Sure.

Mr. Jacks opens the case to reveal, MR. PENNYWHIPPLE, another  
ventriloquist doll.

MR. JACKS  
Mr. Burton, allow me to introduce,  
Mr. Pennywhipple.

Bob looks at the doll.

BOB  
Ha. Looks like you.

Beat

BOB (CONT'D)

OK, great, nice, you're a performer too. OK I get it. Very nice, look your dummy's nicer than mine, what do you wanna talk about our acts being too similar or something?

MR. JACKS

Mr. Burton, I merely want to offer you a chance to be more successful, to bring in the types of crowds you used to, in the good ol' days.

BOB

What do you want me to do?

MR. JACKS

Take Mr. Pennywhipple home. Try him out. I can assure you, he'll help with your act.

BOB

Hey listen pal, I'm not really interested in-

MR. JACKS

(interjecting)

I can also offer you \$1,000, just for taking the doll home tonight.

Bob chuckles.

BOB

Are you serious?

MR. JACKS

I was once a stage performer myself sir, comedy. It's not wise for a comedian to be serious, but I must say,

Mr. Jacks pulls out the \$1,000 in cash.

MR. JACKS (CONT'D)

At this particular time, I am very serious.

4

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

4

Bob lies restless in his bed, tossing and turning.

MR. JACKS (O.S.)

Mr. Burton, I merely want to offer  
you a chance to be more  
successful...

(pause)

Take Mr. Pennywhipple home. Try  
him out. I can assure you, he'll  
help with your act...

(pause)

I can also offer you \$1,000, just  
for taking the doll home tonight...

(pause)

I was once a stage performer  
myself...

(pause)

I am very serious.

Bob falls asleep.

5 INT. FRONT ROOM - LATER

5

Mr. Pennywhipple's box sits near the door.

The box opens slowly.

Mr. Pennywhipple sits up out of the box, his head turns.

From his POV, Mr. Pennywhipple leaps out from the box and  
walks to the bedroom.

6 BACK TO BEDROOM

6

From Mr. Pennywhipple's POV, the door creaks open, revealing  
Bob sleeping in bed.

Mr. Pennywhipple enters slowly.

Bob wakes suddenly, screaming.

Mr. Pennywhipple is gone.

Bob gets up from his bed and walks to the door, which is  
open.

He looks out into the darkened hallway.

Bob sees the box, just as he left it.

He chuckles.

BOB  
(to himself)  
I'm losing it.

Bob walks back to the bed.

As he lays back down, a creepy Mr. Jacks appears in the bed right beside him.

CUT TO BLACK.

7 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 7

The old hole in the wall, dive is alive this night.

8 INT. NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS 8

The place is packed to capacity and jumping.

The audience is engaged and laughing hysterically.

On stage, Mr. Jacks is on fire.

He looks a lot more normal.

He is fun and full of life.

With him is his ventriloquist dummy, BOBBIO.

The dummy looks just like a sad Bob Burton.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END