

FAT MAN AND LITTLE BOY

screenplay by
Daniel J. Toemta

Based on the graphic novel
by
Frank Miller

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FADE IN:

EXT. BASIN CITY DOCKS - NIGHT

A pick-up truck is parked by the water.

DOUGLAS KLUMP, a small guy in his late twenties, wearing a cap, and BURT SHLUBB, a fat man in his early thirties, a lot of piercings and shabby shoes are unloading a rolled up carpet from the back of the truck.

Two legs are sticking out of the end of it.

KLUMP

The perimeters of our assignment were described to us with specificity, Mr. Shlubb. We are to deposit our cargo into the body of water which we now overlook. It was likewise made clear to us that any embellishment of said perimeters would not be advisory.

SHLUBB

I cannot prescribe to such a narrow interpretation of the perimeters which you now invoke, Mr. Klump.

They carry the carpet containing the dead body to the end of the pier. They put it down.

KLUMP

Be this as it might and with all due respect, Mr. Shlubb, I must nonetheless suggest that simple footwear is of little value when compared to the risk of incurring ill will on the part of our already displaced employers.

SHLUBB

The beforementioned footwear being a pair of finely crafted boots, the value of which I estimate to be no less than two hundred dollars-- And which happen to be exactly the correct size for my own poorly clad feet, Mr. Klump.

Klump looks at the boots sticking out of the rolled up carpet.

KLUMP

Your discomfiture notwithstanding, surely you remember that we are on notice, pursuant to our less-than-adequate performance at rendering silent in a certain witness to murder? Hence our regulation to duties of such a common and janitorial nature as these we now perform, Mr. Shlubb.

SHLUBB

Here with it is incontinent upon me to most strenuously challenge your assessment of the consequences of the simple act of acquirement I am at this moment contemplating, Mr. Klump. Surely the bearer of the exquisite footwear in question is unlikely to inform our employers of this minor transgression. Said bearer being, one can readily presume, a stiff.

Klump walks up to Shlubb.

KLUMP

Given our current status in the extralegal community, even a minor transgression could be cause for discipline most severe, Mr. Shlubb.

Shlubb points to the legs sticking out of the rolled up carpet.

SHLUBB

Still I must insist, Mr Klump. Our extended period of limited income has remanded me bereft of any but the most embarrassing and blister-inducing of pedal garments!

Klump crosses his arms.

KLUMP

I registrate my protest, Mr. Shlubb!

Shlubb crouches down and takes the boots off the legs sticking out of the rolled up carpet.

SHLUBB

You protest is duly noted, Mr. Klump.

There's a wire attached to one of the boots which runs into the carpet in stead of feet.

SHLUBB (CONT'D)

And here I must confess to stunned surprise! For within the much desired boots there are no feet!

Klump looks at the wire, puzzled.

SHLUBB

Which can only raise the question as to why the carpet we did carry was of such weight, if there is wrapped inside it no corpse? And why now this sound, not unlike the ticking of a clock?

The carpet blows up along with half the pier and throws Klump and Shlubb several feet into the air.

They both land in the rubble looking pretty roughed up.

KLUMP

Leave us say we have been roundly
disciplined, Mr. Shlubb.

SHLUBB

I regretfully concur, Mr. Klump.

FADE OUT:

THE END