

**LAND O MUSE**  
**EPISODE 3: A WHALE OF A TALE**

BELLY OF A WHALE

Darkness. BUBU BEAR'S eyes glint.

BUBU BEAR  
Oh, where am I now?

Brighter. Bubu Bear examines the outline of his hands.

BUBU BEAR  
My eyes are starting to adjust but  
it's still too dim to see where I  
am. I need more light.

And then there is light. DARK GUY, a silhouette of a man,  
stands next to Bubu Bear holding a lighter.

DARK GUY  
How's this?

BUBU BEAR  
(Squints)  
Great. Thank you. Uh, Wait one  
minute. Who are you? Where are  
we?

DARK GUY  
I might ask you the same.

BUBU BEAR  
But I asked first.

DARK GUY  
And I am asking second. And since I  
asked my question last it should  
take precedence. So, then who are  
you and what are you doing in my  
whale?

BUBU BEAR  
Your W-W-Whale?!

Darkness.

DARK GUY  
Ouch!

BUBU BEAR  
What happened? You ok?

DARK GUY  
Yeah, I'm ok, the lighter burned my  
finger. Happens all the time.

BUBU BEAR

Ouch.

DARK GUY

That's what I said. Ouch. If only I had some wood then I wouldn't have to keep hurting myself with this lighter. Hey, you wouldn't happen to have any wood?

BUBU BEAR

Rosewood?

DARK GUY

Any wood.

Light.

BUBU BEAR

A Rosewood sculpture?

Heavenly music plays, they look skyward.

DARK GUY

Uh, yeah, that'll do. Give it here.

BUBU BEAR

I, uh, can't seem to find it. I had it a few minutes ago but now it's gone.

(starting to cry)

I feel very insecure without it.

DARK GUY

Now, now,

(a pat on the back)

I understand completely. Without wood we are doomed to exist in uncertainty.

Darkness.

DARK GUY (CONT'D)

Ouch!

BUBU BEAR

Burn your finger again?

DARK GUY

Does it show?

BUBU BEAR

If you want I can hold the lighter. Wait. I think I feel it. Yep, that's it. Well, let go of it.

DARK GUY  
Uh, that's not the lighter.

BUBU BEAR  
Oh. Sorry!

Light.

DARK GUY  
Look. We only have a few seconds before we are plunged into darkness again. It's just enough time for you to work on a solution.

BUBU BEAR  
Um. Wait a minute. This is YOUR whale. I think you should be the one to work on a solution.

DARK GUY  
I'm a bit ashamed to admit it but I haven't been entirely truthful with you.

BUBU BEAR  
You haven't?

DARK GUY  
No. Uh, this isn't my whale.

BUBU BEAR  
You mean you stole it?

DARK GUY  
No, nothing like that. It's all above board. Really. See, I've lived in this whale for a long time and I like to call it home.

BUBU BEAR  
(dreamy)  
Aaaah! Hooome.

DARK GUY  
But the truth is that I have no control over it because, well, its got a mind of its own. And lately I have this nagging feeling...this nagging feeling that we are doomed.

Darkness.

DARK GUY  
Ouch.

BUBU BEAR

Why don't we just sit in the dark  
for a while? I don't mind and  
it'll be a lot easier on your  
finger.

DARK GUY

Great idea. I knew you would come  
up with a solution. And to repay  
you for your kindness, I will  
take advantage of this darkness  
to tell you a grim tale which I  
hold dear to my heart.

BUBU BEAR

(Sarcastic)

Great.

EXT. SHEEPHERDER HOUSE

The crazy-eyed MAD SCIENTIST/SHEEPHERDER in a white coat,  
stands outside his house tending his sheep. The sheep graze  
in the mountain meadow.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

Once upon a time there was a mad  
scientist/sheepherder who lived  
alone among the mountain meadows.  
For many people this would have  
been the good life but for the mad  
scientist/sheepherder it was a  
nightmare.

The mad scientist hugs one of his sheep.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

He loved his sheep.

The mad scientist kisses the sheep.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

He really loved his sheep.

The mad scientist slumps to the ground, depressed.

SHEEP #1

Baa!

MAD SCIENTIST

It's not you fleecy.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

But he needed human companionship  
too. He was very lonely.

MAD SCIENTIST

I'm so lonely. If only I could find  
a way to tend my sheep in the city.  
There would be a lot of people  
nearby and I wouldn't have to be  
lonely anymore.

The mad scientist puts a finger to his temple in thought.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

The mad scientist/sheepherder  
pondered this problem.

Lowering his finger, the mad scientist puts his other  
finger to his other temple in thought.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

And then he pondered it some more.

MAD SCIENTIST

If I were able to make my sheep  
smaller then I could tend them in  
an apartment. I could move to  
the city and I would never be  
lonely again. Bwwahahah.

INT. SHEEPHERDER HOUSE

The mad scientist works on an experiment. Bolts of  
electricity and test tubes fill the table before him.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

But it wasn't easy. The mad  
scientist/sheepherder tried any  
idea he could come up with.

The mad scientist squirts water on his sheep.

MAD SCIENTIST

Shrink, damn you, shrink!

DARK GUY (V.O.)

No matter how far-fetched.

The mad scientist tries putting a sheep in a large funnel.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

And all of his attempts failed  
miserably.

The mad scientist slumps, depressed.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

It seemed like he might never  
make miniaturized sheep.

The mad scientist raises his finger in triumph.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
But then he had a fantastic idea.

Gears, cogs, and metal plates are scattered about. The mad scientist pieces them together in quick motion.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
For a day and a week the mad scientist/sheepherder worked on his sheep miniaturization machine, until it was finally completed.

The mad scientist stands in front of a large complex looking machine. He smiles.

MAD SCIENTIST  
It's is done.

The mad scientist leads a queue of sheep into the machine.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
One by one the herder put his flock into the machine.

A smaller version of each sheep exits the other side of the machine.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
And out came a perfect miniature.

The mad scientist scoops up the sheep on a piece of paper and deposits them into a large glass bowl that has a flat green bottom.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
He carefully put every one of his flock in a special terrarium he had prepared. And at the bottom of that terrarium was a bonsai strain of grazing grass.

EXT. SHEEPHERDER HOUSE

Moving men take boxes from the house and place them into a truck.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
Then the mad scientist/sheepherder packed up his house.

One mover carries a boxed marked "FRAGILE - THIS SIDE UP" and "SHEEP".

SHEEP IN BOX  
Baa, baa, baa.

The mover shakes the box. The mad scientist is alarmed.

MAD SCIENTIST  
I'll take that one.

The mad scientist grabs the box from the mover. Relieved, he gently strokes the box as he holds it.

INT. SHEEPHERDER APARTMENT

A small apartment filled with boxes. The city is visible through the windows. The smiling mad scientist enters the apartment carrying a box marked "FRAGILE - THIS SIDE UP" and "SHEEP".

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
And he moved to a small apartment  
in the city.

The mad scientist puts down the box and looks out of the window. The sound of people shouting and traffic noises wafts in through the window.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
The city was everything he had  
hoped for. There were people  
everywhere and plenty of ambient  
noise to remind him that he was  
not alone.

MAD SCIENTIST  
How wonderful! I must unpack as  
soon as possible so my sheep and I  
may start enjoying our new life.

The mad scientist heads directly to the box marked "FRAGILE - THIS SIDE UP" and "SHEEP". He carefully begins unwrapping the box. There is a loud KNOCK on the door.

DARK GUY (V.O.)  
However, while unpacking the  
terrarium he was startled by a LOUD  
noise.

The mad scientist starts. The terrarium flies from the box. The mad scientist tries to catch the terrarium but he slips, hitting his head on the way down to the floor. The terrarium falls to the floor, cracking into hundreds of pieces.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

The terrarium flew from the box.  
The mad scientist was knocked  
unconscious while trying to save  
the airborne terrarium. On impact  
the terrarium was irreparably  
shattered.

The unconscious mad scientist lies on the floor, face up.  
Shards of glass surround him. The flock of miniaturized  
sheep stream toward his body.

SHEEP

Baa, baa, baa.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

He only lost consciousness for one  
moment, but in that moment the  
voracious sheep -- who weren't  
exactly happy with the bonsai  
strain of grazing grass -- sensed a  
new source of food nearby.

The sheep climb onto the body of the unconscious mad  
scientist. They graze his body hair.

DARK GUY (V.O.)

They climbed onto the body of the  
unconscious mad scientist and began  
grazing his body hair. To this day  
no one will become intimate with  
the mad scientist shepherd for  
fear that they might catch his  
incurable affliction. And the  
morale of this story is...

BELLY OF A WHALE

Light.

Dark Guy stands alone.

DARK GUY (CONT'D)

Where'd he go?

FADE OUT