

CRIME SCENE REENACTMENTS

By

Nate Green

nm125758@gmail.com
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FADE IN:

ON TV:

Quick shots of people being shot, stabbed, drowned, etc. play over an intro for the TV show CRIME SCENE REENACTMENTS.

TV NARRATOR

Crime Scene Reenactments, the only show that puts the actual crime victims back at the crime scene so they can reenact the worst moments of their lives for your viewing pleasure. There are no actors. There is no script. Just a camera crew, the victim, the criminal and a whole lotta' pain and suffering. Here's your host Brian Longley!

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

A handsome host, BRIAN LONGLEY, 40s, stands in front of the drab Culver City Strip Mall.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The Culver City strip mall. Once known for businesses like Barb's Soft Serve and Manny's Mexican Restaurant. That was until one fateful evening, when it became known for a crime like nothing you've ever seen. Today we meet the victim of that crime, Dave Powalski.

DAVE POWALSKI, 40s, (think David Koechner), a dopey, always upbeat guy with a comb-over and ultra conservative clothing.

DAVE

Brian, I've got a confession... I'm a fan. A huge one. Me and the wife, we love your show. Love it! Being here with you, reliving the worst moment in my life, it's not only an honor, it's a privilege.

BRIAN

Dave, tell us how it all began.

DAVE

Sure thing. So, there I was...

EXT. STRIP MALL - (REENACTMENT) - DAY

(note: reenactments are shot like a styled CSI episode.)

Dave relaxes at a patio table. He licks an ice cream cone and listens to an iPod that's nestled in his front pant pocket.

DAVE (V.O.)
Listening to Richard Marx and
enjoying a vanilla ice cream cone
with rainbow sprinkles like I do
every Sunday evening.

BARB locks up Barb's Soft Serve for the night.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(fails to account for
headphones)
See ya next Sunday, Barb!

Barb laughs and waves goodbye. She heads for her car, the only vehicle left in the parking lot.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Every store has closed up and
called it quits for the night. It's
just me, all by my lonesome.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Or so you thought.

Her car pulls away. Something in the distance catches Dave's eye. He stops in mid-lick, squints into the setting sun.

DAVE (V.O.)
That's when I saw something...
something strange.

A SMALL FIGURE looms on the horizon, thirty yards away. OMINOUS MUSIC swells.

The small figure approaches. Dave blocks the sun from his eyes, but can't get a clear look. The small figure breathes like an asthmatic, getting louder as it closes in.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was a real tiny fella. Couldn't
have been an inch over four-foot.
So my first thought was, it's some
poor kid who lost his mommy. So I
says to him, I says...

The small figure looks to be a small BOY. He wears a baseball hat that's pulled down tight to partially conceal his face.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Did you lose your mommy!?

The Boy circles Dave's table.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I started sensing something
wasn't right. He starts circling
me, like I'm his prey. Then he said
the five words I'll never forget.

The Boy stops circling Dave, lets loose a devilish grin.

BOY
Get down on all fours.

DAVE (V.O.)
That's when I made the biggest
mistake of my life...

Dave bursts into laughter.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I realize this is an actual little
fella. A midget, a drunk midget.

(note: The Boy will now be known as DRUNK MIDGET)

FOAM drips from Drunk Midget's mouth.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But this wasn't just some drunk
midget, this was a drunk, possibly
rabid midget.
(smile instantly fades)
And he means business.

Dave's paralyzed with fear. Drunk Midget seductively runs his
hands along Dave's face and in and out of his mouth.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He starts running his chubby little
sausage fingers across my cheeks
like I'm his Goddamn prom date.
Then he says it again...

DRUNK MIDGET
All fours.
(stomps foot)
Now!

EXT. STRIP MALL - PRESENT DAY

Dave earnestly looks at Brian.

DAVE

I've heard robbery victims say the best thing to do during a robbery is to stay calm, and just do as your told. So I figured the same theory must apply for when you're about to get raped by a rabid, drunk midget.

EXT. STRIP MALL - REENACTMENT

Dave lays on the ground, on all fours. He keeps the ice cream cone propped up.

DAVE (V.O.)

I'm down there on all fours, wearing my nicest pair of Sunday trousers mind you, when I finally got a good look at its face.

DAVE'S POV:

- Drunk Midget's reflection in the Ice Cream Store's window.

- Drunk Midget removes his hat, reveals a lumpy forehead and clumps of ugly red hair that spew from his scalp.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He looked just like that Chucky doll from the movies...

- Drunk Midget runs his tongue along his rotten gums and teeth. He puckers up his lips and blows a kiss to Dave.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Except uglier.

- Drunk Midget smiles as he tries to pull Dave's pants off.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's when it dawned on me, this ain't a drunk midget after all, this is a tiny demon, sent straight from hell on one mission... to make mincemeat out of my butthole.

(note: Drunk Midget will now be known as TINY DEMON)

EXT. STRIP MALL - PRESENT DAY

Dave and Brian have a heart-to-heart.

DAVE

Call me old fashioned, but I don't wanna get raped by anything. But if you've gotta choose between getting raped by a drunk midget or getting raped by a tiny demon that looks like that Chucky doll on a week long meth binge, which one are you gonna choose?

BRIAN

The drunk midget. Without question.

DAVE

It's a no-brainer. Now at this point I know it's not a matter of if I'm getting raped...

EXT. STRIP MALL - REENACTMENT

Tiny Demon unbuttons his pants. Dave's still on all fours, with the ice cream cone still held up.

DAVE (V.O.)

But when. He's foaming real bad at the mouth, like a kid on Christmas morning about to open his presents.

Tiny demon wipes the foam from his mouth with his sleeve.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've only got one shot to escape. So, I rear my leg back and try to kick that little moon-faced demon right in the mouth.

Dave kicks his leg at Tiny Demon's face, but Tiny Demon catches it, then twists Dave's ankle.

Dave SCREAMS in pain. He realizes he's out of options, until he eyes his ice cream cone. He waves and back and forth.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You like ice cream cones?
It's got sprinkles.

Tiny Demon's eyes repeatedly shift from Dave's behind to the ice cream, until they finally settle on the ice cream.

Tiny Demon takes the ice cream cone, stares it quizzically. He takes a cautious lick, then another, and another until --

He grabs his head in pain, a victim of an ice cream headache.

David hops up and runs, pants around his ankles. He heads towards the back alley of Manny's Mexican Restaurant.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - REENACTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dave searches for an exit. He climbs a chain-link fence, but can't make it over the barbed wire. He falls.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I'm in the back alley of Manny's Mexican Restaurant, and this shouldn't come as a surprise, but it does not smell good.

He opens a dumpster labeled "Manny's Mexican Restaurant." His face recoils when he smells what's inside.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I realize I've got ten, maybe fifteen seconds before this tiny demon finds me. So, I says to myself, I says...

Dave gathers the courage to press on.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 David Powalski, if you ever wanna see your beautiful wife again you're gonna have to find a way to outsmart this tiny demon.

BRIAN (V.O.)
 What did you do?

DAVE (V.O.)
 I did what anyone would do in that situation.

BRIAN (V.O.)
 You hid inside the dumpster?

Dave curls up into a ball and closes his eyes.

DAVID (V.O.)
 I played possum.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PRESENT DAY

Brian looks at Dave in disbelief.

BRIAN

In hindsight do you think --

DAVE

I know where you're headed with this, Brian. Playing possum was not a wise choice.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - REENACTMENT

Dave's playing possum.

DAVE (V.O.)

I hear footsteps approaching. One by one, tiny midget footsteps closing in.

Tiny Demon rounds the corner, sets his sights on Dave.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But that's when it dawned on me.

Tiny demon stands over him. A locket hangs from his neck, it reads, "If found please return to Ken Jenkins."

DAVE (CONT'D)

Jimmy?

Tiny Demon rips his buttoned up shirt clean off to reveal a RICHARD MARX tour t-shirt underneath.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Jimmy Jacobs?

(note: Tiny Demon will now be known as JIMMY)

EXT. STRIP MALL - PRESENT DAY

Dave now looks at Brian in disbelief.

BRIAN

Jimmy Jacobs?

DAVE

You know, the forty-five year old midget whose old man locked him in a secret dungeon? It was all over the news. Nothing?

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well, it turns out Jimmy's a huge Richard Marx fan, but then again, who isn't?

Brian is absolutely appalled. Dave doesn't get it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What? You don't like Richard Marx? Right Here Waiting? It's a classic.

Brian's clearly over this interview. He barely puts forth the effort to hold the mic up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You see, the state didn't know what to do with folks like Jimmy back then so they would just lock 'em up and throw away the key. His old man wasn't having it though, so he made up this elaborate hoax...

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO)

Jimmy's dad, KEN JACOBS, 30s, stands at a podium.

KEN

If you've seen my son, please bring him back to me. I miss him so much.

He holds a photo of Jimmy in the same Richard Marx shirt.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Jimmy Jacob's was last seen wearing this Richard Marx t-shirt.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A search party looks for Jimmy.

DAVE (V.O.)

They searched and searched, but no one could find Jimmy.

INT. JACOB'S FAMILY DUNGEON - REENACTMENT - NIGHT

Ken leads Jimmy into a cage. It's made up to look like a typical teenagers bedroom.

DAVE (V.O.)

'Cause he was hidden in his old man's dungeon.

Ken closes the door and locks it.

KEN

I'm sorry, Jimmy, it's the only way we can be together. Here, have some table scraps.

Ken places a plate of table scraps in the cage.

INT. JACOB'S FAMILY DUNGEON - REENACTMENT (PRESENT DAY)

Jimmy relaxes, bobbing his head to Richard Marx on his iPod while he enjoys a plate of table scraps.

BRIAN (V.O.)

How do you explain the foaming at the mouth?

A RACCOON sneaks into the dungeon.

DAVE (V.O.)

Oh, that was rabies. Somehow a dang raccoon snuck into their dungeon.

The raccoon follows a trail of table scraps that lead into the cage.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eventually Jimmy and that dang raccoon became best buds.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Jimmy tries to dance with the raccoon while his iPod plays.
- Jimmy cradles the raccoon in his arms like a baby.
- Jimmy dangles table scraps in front of the raccoon.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jimmy fed that raccoon table scraps every day like clockwork. He was real fair too, they split those scraps 50/50. They were getting along great until one day Jimmy didn't feel like sharing.

Ken walks down the steps, plate in hand.

KEN

Table scrap time!

Ken places a plate full of turkey scraps down.

KEN (CONT'D)
Happy Thanksgiving, Jimmy.

Jimmy huddles in a corner, refusing to share with the raccoon. The raccoon bites into Jimmy's arm.

DAVE (V.O.)
That raccoon was rabid. And he gave Jimmy rabies.

The raccoon picks up the Ipod with his mouth, scurries off.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now remember, Jimmy had been splitting his scraps, so he had lost a few pounds.

Jimmy squeezes between the bars.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He squeezed right on out of there and ran like hell to this very strip mall.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - REENACTMENT - DAY

Jimmy tilts his head. Dave reaches into his pocket, takes out his IPod and shows it to Jimmy, Richard Marx is on pause.

DAVE (V.O.)
Turns out Jimmy wasn't trying to rape me after all. He was trying to get into my trousers and get my IPod. He must have thought I stole it from the raccoon or something. Hell, I don't know what the heck was going through his mind that day, he had rabies for Chrissakes.

Dave takes the earbuds out, turns up the volume. "Right Here Waiting" plays. They trade off signing lyrics.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(gulps, sings)
Oceans apart, day after day...

JIMMY
And I slowly go insane...

Dave's taken back by Jimmy's beautiful voice.

DAVE
I hear your voice on the line...

JIMMY

But it doesn't stop the pain...

They both stand, feeling the power of the music.

DAVE/JIMMY

*If I see you next to never, how can
we say forever...*

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A sign reads, "Karaoke Night, with Jimmy Jacob's."

INT. KARAOKE STAGE - NIGHT

Jimmy plays piano and is dressed exactly like Richard Marx. People of all walks of life watch in awe.

JIMMY

(singing)

*Wherever you go, whatever you do, I
will be right here waiting for you.*

Various people in the crowd shed tears.

DAVE (V.O.)

I'd be lying if I said I hadn't
shed a tear or two myself.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

A SINGLE TEAR runs down Dave's cheek.

DAVE

Jimmy Jacob's taught me more than I
could have ever imagined.

(wipes tear from eye)

At first I thought he was a tiny
demon, but he's not a tiny demon,
he's a tiny angel, sent from
Heaven.

(cries hysterically now)

To spread his wings. Spread your
wings Jimmy Jacob's! Spread your
wings!

Brian gives Dave a half-hearted pat on the back, he just wants to get out of there at this point.

BRIAN

There you have it. Another riveting
episode of Crime Scene
Reenactments. Join us next week
when... aww screw it!

Brian chucks his mic into Barb's Soft Serve's window.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I quit! This show sucks.

FADE OUT:

THE END