

Bobblelution

By

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A neat office with a five storey view. A framed PHD on one wall. The intercom on the desk BUZZES.

DR.PARSONS(40)answers as he studies his computer.

On one corner of the desk sits a bobble head doll, a small scale of Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry character.

SUPER - NEW YORK CITY JUNE 2019

PARSONS

Yes, Wendy?

WENDY(O.S)

Ms Davis is here for her ten a.m appointment, Doctor.

PARSONS

Thank you. Please send her in.

He takes the Dirty Harry doll in one hand. Opens a drawer with the other, pulls out a Batman bobblehead. Moves them around in pretend combat.

The door opens and SONYA DAVIS(25)enters. She's a blonde, stunning looks, expensive clothes.

PARSONS

A hobby of mine. I collect celebrity bobble heads. My clients seem to like them too. Its...therapeutic.

SONYA

Hey, whatever helps, right? More power to the bobble heads!

PARSONS

Exactly! So, Sonya...how may I help you today?

Suddenly, something hurtles through the window. Glass shatters, sprays across the carpet. A figure dressed in black rolls to his feet. The STRANGER(28)is handsome and buffed, two baseball bats strapped across his back.

STRANGER

Come with me if you want to live.

(beat)

That's not right...ok, got it...please step away from the bobbleheads.

SONYA

Oh wow, is this part of your treatment, Doctor?

PARSONS

I should say not. He looks like one of those basket weaving vegan protesters. I'll fix him.

He presses the intercom.

PARSONS

Wendy, can you send security in? We have an intruder.

WENDY(O.S)

Certainly, Doctor? Is it that peeping tom again?

PARSONS

Ah no, thank god. Its a vegan type by the look. Thank you.

STRANGER

Two things...I'm not a bloody vegan, and I'm not here to harm you. I'm here to protect you from the bobblehead threat.

SONYA

Ah, so thats why the traffic was so bad? The fires, smoke, explosions?

STRANGER

Yes. Judgment Day a la bobblehead has finally arrived. And me and my organization are ready.

PARSONS

Ah, so you're from the tax office?

STRANGER

Look, can we just...oh fuck! Take cover, both of you!

On the desk the tiny Dirty Harry turns towards Parsons, lifts its Magnum. It fires a series of booming shots into his chest. He topples back over, blood flying in the air.

At the same time Batman leaps forward to slice the doctor's face with his Batarang. Sonya watches in horror as Dirty Harry runs to the edge of the desk, aims at her.

Wham! A base ball bat crunches the doll into a wall. Batman turns, sprints straight off the desk at the Stranger, shooting a grapple gun.

The hook bites into the Stranger's arm. He grunts in pain before simply falling back, whipping the doll over his head and out the window. A moment of silence.

STRANGER

Bobbleheads are getting craftier.

He helps Sonya to her feet, winces as he pulls the tiny grapple from his arm. They survey the damaged office.

SONYA

Everything you said... the dolls are bent on killing us?

STRANGER

Yes. We are able to track them across the city. But its__

SONYA

Was it fate that I was here? Are our destinies entwined?

STRANGER

Actually no. I had an appointment to see the doctor. He may be a fruitcake himself but he sure is good dealing with man stuff.

SONYA

It doesn't matter. I think we were meant to meet.

The Stranger studies her, smiles. He walks to the door, looks back at her. Their eyes seem to meld.

The door opens suddenly, hitting the Stranger's head. He loses balance, falls over. WENDY(23) hot blonde, walks in followed by three huge SECURITY GUARDS.

WENDY

Oh, sorry. Are you the annoying vegan the Doctor mentioned?

STRANGER

Why the fuck does everyone think I'm a vegan?

WENDY

Because you__oh no, did the Doctor get a papercut again?

She doesn't see Parson's body but notices Dirty Harry.

WENDY

The doctor's bobbleheads. What happened? I hope the rest of his collection is ok.

She picks the doll up gently, heads to the closet. The guards grab the Stranger, haul him up.

STRANGER

Wendy, I beg you...please do not open that door.

He struggles but the guards are too strong.

WENDY

Typical vegan. Always telling us what to do.

STRANGER

No one ever listens to me.

Wendy opens the door. Bobbleheads roar out of the closet. Superman, Magneto, Wolverine, Woody, Spiderman and Thor.

Wendy has time for another 'oh' before she's sliced to bits by titanium claws. The Stranger elbows one guard in the guts, knees another in the balls, dives to one side.

The third guard cops Superman's fiery eyes in the chest, and his suit bursts into flames. The other two are easy prey to Thor's hammer.

The Stranger circles as the dolls continue to attack the guards. Then he wades in with his baseball bats. Spiderman goes flying into the ceiling; Thor is hit out the window.

The stranger never stops moving, blocking the fire rays, claws and fists. Soon only Magneto is left.

Magneto pins the Stranger and slowly rotates him in the air over to where Wolverine's claws are sticking up from the floor. The Stranger gives his all but it's no use.

Just before the magnets are released though, the claws are kicked away by Sonya. Magneto hesitates, the Stranger slumps to the floor and Sonya rushes in to swing a bat at the doll, crumpling it into tiny bits.

SONYA

Are you alright?

STRANGER

Yeah, fine. Thanks for saving me. Thought I was kebab meat.

He stands up, surveys the carnage.

STRANGER

Cleaners won't be happy tonight.

SONYA
I still can't believe all this.

STRANGER
We got suspicious when B grade
celebrity dolls began selling.

SONYA
Which celebrities?

STRANGER
Robert Pattinson and Ben Affleck.

SONYA
That makes sense. Now what? Is
there any hope for mankind?

The Stranger takes the bat from her hand, sheathes it;
does the same with the other bat. He takes her hand.

STRANGER
There's always hope, never forget
that. Come with me.

He sweeps her in for a kiss. They part lips, embrace.

SONYA
So you're our John Connor,
leading the resistance?

STRANGER
I guess I am.

He opens the door. The chaos from the streets is loud.

SONYA
Do you think that one day in the
future Bobblenet might send back
a Bobblenator to kill you?

STRANGER
Bring it on if they do. Fighting
a naked Arnie doll would be cool.

They walk through to the reception area, closing the door.
The camera moves over to the window showing the apocalypse
outside: bobblehead dolls swarming over groups of humans.

SONYA(O.S)
I'm Sonya by the way.

STRANGER(O.S)
I'm happy to keep going with the
Stranger title, but for the
record? My real name is Robert.
(beat)
And please, no puns. I do not
answer to...Bob.