

JIM BOB AND THE STORAGE PEOPLE

Written by

Brandon Saunders

Copyright (c) 2016 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

30/08/2016

brandonsaunders52@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Shoulder to shoulder walls.

Sitting on the crapper with his pants around his ankles:
FITZGERALD, 30, scruffy hair and beat up clothes. In awe,
looking through a nudie magazine.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK -- from behind the walls.

Fitzgerald stops. He looks around, up and down. Cautious.

LIGHT SCRATCHES -- from behind the walls.

He puts his ear against the wall.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK.... SCRATCH, SCRATCH.

Fitzgerald, in a tizzy, throws his magazine aside. Stands.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Open kitchen overlooking the --

LIVING ROOM

Snoring and drooling on the couch: SPOT, 60, button up shirt
promotes "Coomera Storage Facility".

Blinking heavily, Fitzgerald storms through. Arms moving at
pace show enthusiasm.

FITZGERALD

(to Spot)

I'm gonna sort this buzzing mess
right here and now, alright, matey.

Spot doesn't budge. Snores away.

FITZGERALD

(whispering to himself)

Flippin' paddies, Jarvis. How many
times have I told ya, buddy ol'
pal?

Fitzgerald exits through the front door.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Beautiful day. Storage sheds lined up as far as the eye can see.

Fitzgerald, with purpose and swinging arms, marches down the main strip of storage sheds to SHED 15. BANGS ON THE DOOR.

FITZGERALD

Jarvis! I got a bone to pick with you, cobba!

The door slides up and open, revealing a make shift home in a 4 x 4 meter storage shed. A single bed and box tele furnish a hell of a mess. Home to:

JARVIS, 45, washed up. Sports draggy clothes that are ten sizes too big. Wipes sleep from his eyes.

JARVIS

What the p's and q's, Fitzgerald?
You scared the jeepers out of -

FITZGERALD

- Mate! I was just in the little boys room and you know what I heard?

Stupid look stamped over Jarvis' face. Shakes his head.

FITZGERALD

I heard that flippin' rodent of yours has got out and into the house again! Have you forgotten what Spot said? He doesn't like that thing! You're gonna ruin it for all of us.

Jarvis forms a disgusted look upon his chops. He SNIFFS. Looks at Fitzgerald in pitty.

JARVIS

You forgot to wipe ya bum again, didn't ya?

Fitzgerald takes a moment. Has a SNIFF. Stamps his foot.

FITZGERALD

Oh god damned and blast it!

Fitzgerald shakes it off.

FITZGERALD

Don't change the subject! The four legged runt you got running around in this place is gonna cause a whole heap of mischief between our land lord and us. Spot don't need to keep us around you know. He's doing us a favor!

From across the way: SHED 8 door opens. Revealing: AGNES, 75, sweet old dear with curlers in her hair.

AGNES

What's this beeping racket out here, young men? You two wouldn't be at each other's necks again would ya?

Jarvis and Fitzgerald, clearly not in the mood for Agnes's shit.

JARVIS

It's all good, Agnes; we don't need ya help. Fitzgerald's just got his nickers in a tizzy.

AGNES

Alright, you precious darlings. I'm cooking spaq bowl for din din's if you're feeling peckish. There's plenty here to go around -

FITZGERALD

(frustrated, but polite)
- Yeah, okay, thanks, Agnes, appreciate it, very much!

Agnes backs back into her storage home and closes the door.

AGNES

(to herself)
Lovely young man he is.

JARVIS

Look, Fitzzy, Jim Bob ain't got to nowhere. He's right here.

Jarvis points out: JIM BOB, rat, in a cage.

JARVIS

See. Jim Bob ain't caused no mischief today. Now, look, I appreciate your concern because of
(MORE)

JARVIS (cont'd)
 the last time, but that ain't the
 case today.

Fitzgerald doesn't buy it. He's about to say something --
 But doesn't. He takes a deep breath.

FITZGERALD
 Don't tickle me, Jarvis. I'm not
 one to be tickled in the wrong
 places. I'm very ticklish.

JARVIS
 I'm not tryna' tickle ya anywhere
 Fitzzy; I'm just presenting the
 truth. Jim Bob hasn't left the cage
 all day.
 (hand on heart)
 I cross me heart.

Fitzgerald huffs and puffs. Storms off in the opposite
 direction.

He marches around to the next isle of storage sheds.

FITZGERALD
 (to himself)
 It wasn't Jim Bob he said. Jim Bob
 was right there. How the flippin'
 meat paddies did the little
 vertebrate get back in the cage
 without Jarvis noticing?

POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

Fitzgerald stops. Looks to the sky. Inhales as much fresh
 air through his nostrils as humanly possible, then exhales.

Heavy blinking and a slight neck twitch. He continues to
 march to SHED 23. BANGS on the door.

Door flies open, revealing super hero posters surrounding a
 pristinely made bed and a fully sick flat screen TV.

BESTIE, 30, lanky without an ounce of muscle on him. Nerdy
 specs and super hero tee scream virgin - gives Fitzgerald a
 gracious smile.

BESTIE
 Hello, Fitzzy.

Fitzgerald smiles. Gives Bestie a hug.

FITZGERALD
 I love you, my bestie.

BESTIE

I love you, too, Fitzy. You're my best, most intelligent and handsome friend.

INT. BESTIE'S SHED - CONTINUOUS

Bestie closes the door.

They take a seat on Bestie's bed.

FITZGERALD

I need ya help, Bestie. I don't know what to do.

BESTIE

I'm here for ya, Fitzy.

FITZGERALD

It's that darned little Jim Bob again.

BESTIE

Ohhhh no. He's escaped again?

Fitzgerald nods.

FITZGERALD

Oh yeah, again. Jarvis didn't even notice this time.

Bestie shakes his head. Scratches his chin.

BESTIE

Geez, he's a crafty little bugger, isn't he.

The two men have a think.

BESTIE

You know, I've been thinking this over a lot since our last little Jim Bob conundrum and to be completely honest with ya. I believe the only option is to put him up for adoption.

Fitzgerald strongly disagrees.

FITZGERALD

Mate, there's no way I'm putting rat poison in his feed.

BESTIE
No, no. Not kill him. Adoption.

FITZGERALD
You're a vicious sucker ain't ya?
(laughs)
Poison him; that's great.

Bestie laughs along with him.

BESTIE
I mean. There's plenty of websites
on the internet machine where you
can put 'em up for adoption.

Fitzgerald rubs his chin as he thinks.

FITZGERALD
Poison in his feed is great. He'd
eat it all up like a hungry little
hippo, wouldn't he!

Fitzgerald slaps Bestie on the knee and laughs. Bestie
hesitantly joins in with the laughter.

BESTIE
Yeah, I guess your right. I mean,
what if we gave him away to people
that might, ya know, have bad
intentions for the little fella?

FITZGERALD
Exactly. We don't know who's mitts
he may end up in.

Fitzgerald stands.

FITZGERALD
I knew I could count on you,
Bestie. You're so smart. I'm gonna
go let Debbie in. She hates Jim
Bob's bleeding guts, too.

BESTIE
I'll come with ya. I want to watch
you kill it. This'll be so much
fun!

Fitzgerald waves for Bestie to stop.

FITZGERALD
No need for you to get your hands
dirty.

BESTIE

What? Why not? Don't you need help?

Fitzgerald shakes his head.

FITZGERALD

Tomorrow when Jarvis goes to collect his Centrelink payment, I'm gonna break into his house and get the -

(psychs up)

- little mother fucking cunt and kill his fucking cunt ass!

Bestie, jumps with excitement. He BANGS THE WALL.

BESTIE

(yelling)

Yay! I can't wait to poison the little fucker. I want to watch him choke on his own vomit and die to death! I'm so fucking happy!

Fitzgerald BANGS the door repeatedly.

FITZGERALD

(yelling)

Caaaan yooooooooou dig it!

The door FLIES OPEN revealing Spot, wielding a baseball bat. Livid.

SPOT

Cor blimey! You again! Get out of here you smelly prick!

Spot takes a swipe at Fitzgerald with the bat.

Fitzgerald ducks it, barely, and BOLTS away, LEAPING over the gates.

Spot can't be bothered taking chase. He turns back around to SHED 23. Checks inside:

Storage boxes and containers stacked to the roof.

Spot shakes his head and closes the door.

SUPER: FITZGERALD WAS RE-CAPTURED, CLEANED UP AND TAKEN BACK TO THE MENTAL INSTITUTION.

FADE TO BLACK