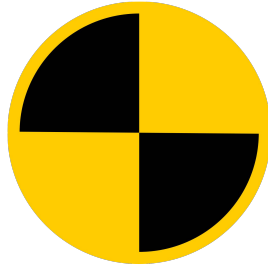


SMASH-UP



DERBY

by

Rebel Without a Clue

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A vacuum sales agent, MR. HART (40), stands front and center. He addresses the students.

MR. HART
... and that's how I became the top
sales rep for 'Vaccu-Suck Inc'!

The teacher, MS. PEPPER (30), chimes in.

MS PEPPER
That was... interesting. Wasn't
that interesting, class?

Snores from the kids. Mr. Hart reaches into his jacket.

MR. HART
I have a bunch of coupons the kids
could take home. It's for twenty
percent off their first total home
cleaning.

She tries to usher him out. He hangs onto the door jam,
reluctant to go --

MR. HART
It's for the 'Vaccu-Suck' total
home 'Vaccu-Suck-Off' as we like to
call it, because of the twenty
percent off offer, and --!

One final push -- SLAM!

MS PEPPER
Okay! Wow! Who's next?

Sitting quietly in the corner is the last of the career day
presenters... a full-scale anthropomorphic crash test dummy,
DERBY DUMMY (adult size), bald, limited facial expressions.

He gets up and stands front and center.

DERBY
(at Ms Pepper)
Is this good? Here?

MS PEPPER
Oh, yes. Yes, that's perfect.

DERBY

Okay, great. This is a great spot.

She claps to wake the class.

MS PEPPER

Okay, for our last speaker of the day we have a special treat... Jimmy's dad! And he's here to tell us all about the dangers of being a crash test dummy!

DERBY

Person.

At the back of the class, another test dummy, and student, JIMMY (child size), SLAMS his head into the top of his desk.

JIMMY

Ugh... my life sucks!

The kids laugh at his shame.

MS PEPPER

What's that?

DERBY

Crash test person.

MS PEPPER

Oh! I am sooooo sorry. I didn't -- You're right, it's 'person'.

DERBY

Yes. I'm a people person. I also identify as both a man and a woman to the general public. I'm a person, but not a real person... per se.

MS PEPPER

Right, umm... class, let's remember what we talked about during our Social Justice Exercises and please welcome Midtown's very own local non-binary celebrity...

Derby stands proud, chest puffed. He feels larger than life at this fabulous introduction.

MS PEPPER

Derby Dummy!

He grimaces.

DERBY
FYI, it's actually pronounced 'Due-May'. It's French... but, whatever.

He shrugs it off, then, pulls out a smoke bomb the size of a fist.

DERBY
Hey kids, who wants to have some fun?!

Ms. Pepper looks terrified.

MS PEPPER
Oh, no! We don't allow explosives of any kind in --!

DERBY
No, no, it's all good! I do this all the time. Trust me!

He pulls the pin to release a putrid sulfur cloud.

DERBY
This one's called the Ghost Pepper Grenade. Who wants to see me eat it?!

The entire class cheers him on as he forces it down his throat --

CLASS	DERBY
Go! Go! Go!	Mmmf! Gulp!

Silence, then... a faint concussive sound as he GROANS and keels over.

MS PEPPER
Are... are you okay?

DERBY
Oh, yeah, yeah. I'm fine. A little rapidly expanding gas never --

BOOM!

His head blows off and shoots through the window like a cannonball.

CLASS
Whoaaaaa!!

Then, sounds of CRUMPLING metal and mayhem as --

EXT. DEMOLITION DERBY - NIGHT

SLO MO: Derby smashes his vehicle into a concrete barrier and plows face first through the windshield.

ANNOUNCER TOM (V.O.)
 Wow! I think I actually heard his
 head crack in half that time, Bob!
 Talk about vehicular suicide with a
 three-thousand pound bullet!

ANNOUNCER BOB (V.O.)
 You ain't just talkin' shit, Tom!
 I'm not sure how the officials
 allowed glass onto the demolition
 track, but the crowd is absolutely
 loving the assault and battery,
 look at him fly!

Derby soars through the air like a rocket --

DERBY
 (sing song)
Highway to the danger zone...!

Then... CRUNCH! He hits a brick wall, impacting his head deep into his chest cavity.

INT. HOSPITAL - IMAGING

Head duct-taped into place, a machine scans Derby's skull.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A dimly lit consultation room.

DERBY
 Give it to me straight, Doc.

Derby's X-ray is illuminated on a viewing board. It's basically the head shot of a mannequin's exo-shell. A female DOCTOR (50), points to the inner region of the scan.

DOCTOR
 See this?

DERBY
 I'm not a doctor, Doc. What am I
 looking at?

DOCTOR
 Nothing. It's empty.

DERBY

Oh, Gawd! I knew it! How long do I have to live? Three spoonfuls, a fortnight... 5th avenue?

DOCTOR

Are you even aware of the concept of time?

DERBY

(mourned)

I can't taste spices.

DOCTOR

No, time. A linear force that governs our ability to experience cause and effect.

DERBY

Oh, Gaaaaawd! Why?!

She rolls her eyes.

EXT. BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS - TEST AREA - DAY

Derby rapidly approaches on a Tomahawk Motorcycle as a group of scientists and an ENGINEER (40), stand ready to record the velocity of this sick machine.

ENGINEER

Here he comes!

Derby jets by like a streak of liquid metal as a hurricane of salt rips through the test area --

ENGINEER

Holy Shitstorm!

Then... absolute chaos as he loses it and spills. The bike EXPLODES into a ten-megaton mushroom cloud.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR

Soft lighting and ambient music.

The TWISTED charred remains of what was once Midtown's beloved non-binary crash test dummy, have been haphazardly laid to rest in a open pine casket.

A nearby CHAPLAIN (60), speaks a few words of consolation.

CHAPLAIN

Father in Heaven, although we never
did find Derby's head, we ask for
the comfort of your Spirit as we --

A SNICKER from the casket. The Chaplain curiously eyes the
remains for a moment... resumes.

CHAPLAIN

... as we remember --

More SNICKERS.

CHAPLAIN

(sighs)

Really, Derby? Don't you think
faking your death is about as low
as you can go?

DERBY

I'd have to disagree. Ever been
fully compacted until your head is
literally inside your anus?

CHAPLAIN

Oh... that's where it went.

DERBY

Yes. It's dark, scary, and smells
of failure.

Off to the side, Jimmy and his MOM (an effeminate-looking
test dummy) mournfully weep.

JIMMY

Mom, is dad gonna be okay?

MOM

Physically, probably. Mentally...
meh?

The Chaplain slams the casket lid and storms out.

CHAPLAIN

No refunds!

DERBY

(muffled)

Now it smells of failure *and* pine
needles. Like a Christmas tree!

(beat)

A dark and scary Christmas tree.

SMASH TO BLACK.