

"The Auditions"

By

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Part of "Squirt!" the Webseries

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EXT. A BASEBALL FIELD--DAY

A large poster board on top of a fence reads "SUPER HERO SIDEKICK AUDITIONS".

In the outfield of the baseball field, a table is set up with two folding chairs behind it. A sign hanging from the table reads "Sidekick Selectors" in a style similar to the American Idol logo.

Behind the table sit Rufus and Dan, the latter of which is in his Squirt costume. Rufus is dressed up, however. He wears a white shirt, black tie, and an obviously fake mustache.

RUFUS

Okay, Daniel, we're almost ready.

DAN

What do I do?

RUFUS

Just say a lot of black people things.

Dan shakes his head, disapprovingly.

DAN

That's racist.

RUFUS

It's hardly racist, Daniel. If anything, it is a simple suggestion that you perpetuate a harmless stereotype for the sake of our auditions.

Dan sighs, giving in.

DAN

Fine. What do you want me to say?

RUFUS

Stuff like "dog". But say it like "Dawwwg".

Rufus shakes a gangster symbol he made with his hand in front of his face. His mustache begins to peel off and he fixes it.

Dan shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Alright, but I feel weird in this wet-suit and I still don't get why your little sister's here.

The camera pans over, revealing SARAH, 12ish, Rufus's younger sister. She looks bored.

RUFUS

It's part of a complicated judging system, set and proven by Reality Television.

DAN

You like Reality T.V.?

RUFUS

Ugh, no. But anything that started the career of Miss Clarkson has to be doing something right.

DAN

You're a weird dude, you know that?

SARAH

Can I, like, go yet? This juice box you gave me tastes like Vodka...

Rufus turns to Sarah and barks:

RUFUS

Quiet Sarah! Drink your juice!

OPENING TITLES: "Squirt!"

The first person to audition walks up. He is DR. HUNGER, 16. He has a large backpack that looks stuffed. Rufus speaks with a lame British accent, that aims to be similar to Simon Cowell's.

RUFUS

State your name and power.

Dan and Sarah shoot Rufus looks.

DR. HUNGER

Um, hey. The name's Dr. Hunger, and, I, uh, eat stuff.

Rufus looks interested. He still uses a fake British accent.

RUFUS
Interesting. Where did you receive your degree?

Everyone just sort of looks at Rufus.

DAN
Okay, what's with the accent?

Rufus, annoyed, looks at Dan. He drops the accent.

RUFUS
Really, Dan? Really? It's not rocket science, okay? It's truly not that difficult to figure out who each of us are supposed to emulate.

Sarah rolls her eyes.

DAN
Alright, okay, whatever. Continue.

Rufus turns back to Dr. Hunger, and clears his throat. He picks the accent back up.

RUFUS
I'm sorry, what university did you say you attended?

Dr. Hunger looks confused as he awkwardly shifts his weight from leg to leg.

DR. HUNGER
Um, I'm gonna be a junior in High-school.

Rufus looks at Dr. Hunger with spite.

RUFUS
I'm sorry, I thought your power was supposed to be eating, not lying.

SARAH
Um, eating's not a power, I can eat.

DR. HUNGER
Um, I'm real good at it though...

Dr. Hunger motions to his backpack.

DR. HUNGER
I brought some food if you guys
want to see...

DAN
Go ahead.

Rufus shoots Dan a look. Dan sighs, and holds up a hang loose sign.

DAN
...Dawg.

Dr. Hunger sets his bag down and unzips it. He takes a banana out, peels it, and begins to eat it at a regular speed.

Dan, Rufus, and Sarah just watch as Dr. Hunger slowly eats the banana. He finishes, and takes another one out. He peels it and begins to eat it.

SARAH
This is boring, Rufus.

Rufus pulls another juice-box from a bag by his feet, and hands it to Sarah.

RUFUS
Have another juice box.

Sarah takes it, and inspects it.

SARAH
Why are these already open?

SUPER: "10 Minutes Later"

Dr. Hunger slowly and painfully eats another banana. Spread around his feet are quite a few peels.

Dan stares at Dr. Hunger intently. Rufus is taking extensive notes. Sarah, who has a few empty juice boxes on the table in front of her, twirls her hair and stares into the sky.

Dr. Hunger cannot finish his current banana. He begins to gag, covers his mouth, and runs out of shot, where we hear him puking.

Dan cringes, Rufus takes note, and Sarah perks to attention.

SARAH
Oh my gosh! He's totally puking!
That's so funny!

Sarah starts laughing, a bit too much.

SARAH
Could I get another Juice Box
Rufus?

RUFUS
Sarah, I think you're just
right. I'm cutting you off.

Dan looks worried.

DAN
Cutting her off what, Rufus?

Rufus clears his throat and avoids making eye-contact with Dan.

RUFUS
Next!

A girl in black tights and kitty ears elegantly strides in front of the table. She is FELINIA, 17. Rufus still uses his accent.

RUFUS
Name and power?

FELINIA
My name is Felinia and I make cat noises.

RUFUS
Interesting. Proceed.

FELINIA
Really? Okay. Um...

She looks around awkwardly.

FELINIA
Meow.

Sarah points a drunken finger at Felinia.

SARAH
You think your so hot? Don't
you? Don't you!

Rufus turns to Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

RUFUS
Hosh-sha-sha!

He snaps in front of her face a few times, distracting her. He stops, and turns to Felinia. Sarah stares upwards. Rufus picks up his accent again.

RUFUS
Quite honestly, that was
pathetic. I've heard better
meowing from lambs at petting
zoo's.

Felinia doesn't seem to really care. Rufus looks at Dan, expectantly.

RUFUS
Dan- ...er, Squirt?

DAN
Yeah?

RUFUS
Don't you have something to say?

DAN
Oh, um, that was, uh, *tight*, dawg.

FELINIA
Meow.

She doesn't seem very interested. She licks her hand. Rufus sighs.

RUFUS
That's enough. You can go.

Felinia doesn't move. She just stands there, licking her hand and looking around awkwardly.

DAN
Thanks, Dawg, but that's all we
need from you.

She doesn't move. Rufus gets up.

RUFUS
Leave!

She doesn't leave. She starts licking her other hand. Rufus rolls up his notes, and moves towards her, holding them up as if threatening to swat her.

RUFUS
Scat! Scat!

FELINIA
Rowr!

She pounces away. Sarah grunts.

SARAH
That, ugh, that....Ugh! Who the heck does she think she is?

DAN
Rufus, what'd you do to Sarah?

RUFUS
Nothing, Dan. Don't worry about it.

DAN
Rufus...

RUFUS
Next!

A skinny dude with each hand stuck in a watermelon darts in front of the table. He is WATERMELON FISTS, 17.

WATERMELON FISTS
They call me Watermelon Fists and I-

Sarah starts laughing uncontrollably. Dan looks at her with concern.

RUFUS
Next!

MONTAGE:

A variety of different applicants step forward with various costumes, doing different things. There are approximately 5 more.

END MONTAGE

Sarah is passed out, face down on the table.

DAN
This is getting pathetic, Rufus.

(CONTINUED)

RUFUS
Excuse me?

DAN
What?

RUFUS
This is getting pathetic *Rufus*?

DAN
I'm not saying Dawg anymore. I
don't get it, and I'm tired.

Rufus sighs.

RUFUS
It has been a bit fruitless, hasn't
it?

DAN
Yeah.

RUFUS
Well, we've got one more. Let's
give her a go.

DAN
Fine.

RUFUS
Next!

SUSAN, 18, walks up, no costume.

SUSAN
Hey.

RUFUS
State your name and power.

SUSAN
Susan Murphy. I-

Sarah abruptly snorts awake.

SARAH
Polly Pocket!

Silence, as everyone stares at Sarah. She twirls her hair
in her hand.

SARAH
You guy's are total dullsville.

Rufus turns back to Susan.

RUFUS
What's your power, Susan?

SUSAN
I just recently started to be able
to pull chopsticks out of thin air.

Rufus and Dan share a look of curiosity.

DAN
Really?

SUSAN
Yeah.

She pulls a pair of chopsticks out from behind her back.

SUSAN
See?

Dan and Rufus are shocked.

DAN
Woah.

SARAH
You!

Sarah points at Susan.

SARAH
Come here!

Everyone looks sort of confused. After a beat, Susan shrugs "Why not?" and steps forward.

SARAH
Closer...

Susan looks to Rufus and Dan. Rufus shrugs. Susan leans closer to Sarah, who leans closer in turn.

SARAH
You...

Sarah takes her finger, and sticks it right at the tip of Susan's nose.

SARAH
I like you...

Susan looks around awkwardly.

SUSAN
Is she drunk?

DAN
You're in.

RUFUS
You're in.

CLOSING TITLES: "Squirt!"

EXT. CURB--DAY

Watermelon Fists sits near the curb, presumably waiting for a ride.

Sarah stumbles up next to him.

SARAH
Hey big guy.

WATERMELON FISTS
Uh, hey.

Sarah sits down next to him and looks at him drunk-seductively.

SARAH
You know what they say about the size of a man's watermelons . . .

She breaks into uncontrollable laughter. Watermelon fists looks down sadly.

END OF EPISODE THREE.