

THE TURKEY TAKEOVER

Written by

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Based On Actual Events

Thanksgiving OWC
(c) 2022

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS

INT. TV STUDIO - ACTUAL CBS BOSTON NIGHTLY NEWS - THAT NIGHT

"Ken & Barbie" like CO-HOSTS teeing up the nightly human interest story, stand next to a screen with the story theme: **THE TURKEY TAKEOVER.**

BARBIE
They are not shy!

EXT. NEWS PROGRAM VIDEO CLIP - DAY

A giant rampaging WILD TURKEY charges the back-tracking camera.

BARBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wild Turkeys, we're told, are chasing down cars, attacking people and pets, and terrorizing entire neighborhoods!

INT. TV STUDIO - THAT NIGHT

BARBIE
These Wild Turkeys have no fears!

KEN
The people of Woburn tell us about "The Turkey Takeover."

EXT./INT. MONTAGE - NEWS PROGRAM CLIPS OF RESIDENTS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE PREDATOR WILD TURKEYS - DAY

- A WOMAN STRANDED IN HER CAR

She speaks through her semi rolled down window. The giant Wild Turkey leader of the gaggle, KEVIN, pecks incessantly at the passenger window of her car in her driveway.

WOMAN #1
The most aggressive turkey is called "Kevin." You have to open your passenger side door, then lure him over there, then make a clean break to your house.

- A MAN IN HIS BACK YARD

BIG MIKE, a moose of a guy with a flat top haircut, gray handlebar mustache, in his factory work shirt looks ridiculous holding a fluffy white cat standing under his backyard maple tree.

BIG MIKE
My wife's cat, Pierre, got out in
the yard and that BLEEP-ing Kevin
nearly got him. Good thing turkeys
don't climb trees.

(Beat)
If I ever get my hands on that punk
overgrown rooster bastard...

- A WOMAN STRANDED INSIDE THE EXIT DOORS OF A SUPERMARKET

She looks out at over 30 Wild Turkeys as they roam among the
cars in the parking lot, aggressively pecking at the tires.

WOMAN #2
Not only do you have to watch out
for the turkeys, you gotta watch
out for the poop!

END MONTAGE / LAPSE DISSOLVE TO THE SEGMENT SIGN OFF

INT. TV STUDIO - THAT NIGHT

Now seated behind their news desk.

BARBIE
You get the feeling these turkeys
got together and had a meeting...

KEN
...yeah, and said, "this
Thanksgiving, things are going to
be different!"

INT. BIG MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Big Mike and his wife, MARIE, a 70-ish sweetie, are seated in
recliners as he turns off the TV. Pierre jumps into Marie's
arms and nuzzles her cheek.

MARIE
Well, Mike, you sounded just like
yourself. Thank God they bleeped
you! Couldn't you clean up your act
in front of a million people?

BIG MIKE
If I ever get my hands on that
Kevin I'd run him over with my
Harley --

MARIE
(Cutting him off, but
sweetly)
If ya' had one! C'mon Mike, he's
just a wild animal, he don't know
better. The only reason they're all
roaming around is because they
can't find enough to eat in nature.

BIG MIKE
 You bleeding-heart animal lovers!
 If Kevin had Pierre for lunch,
 trust me, you'd be talking a
 different story.
 (Getting up, and taking
 Marie's arm to guide her)
 C'mon honey, let's feed Pierre, and
 then feed me.

MARIE
 I'm fine, Mike.

She doesn't need his help. She knows the way to the kitchen, holding Pierre, touches here and there navigating carefully through the living room furniture to assure herself. We know now that Marie is blind by the way she holds herself, and the guide cane now revealed next to her recliner.

EXT. BIG MIKE'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

A few of the Wild Turkeys are roaming the neighborhood.

Big Mike is getting into his fully restored flaming red 1974 Pontiac Firebird Trans Am SD-455, and sees his elderly but peppy neighbor, Audrey, across the street. She's stooped over and quickly shuffling to her car, a Subaru Legacy.

BIG MIKE
 Hey Audrey! It's almost
 Thanksgiving, you want me to grab
 one of these here turkeys and save
 you a trip to Costco?

AUDREY
 Ya' know Big Mike, I don't think
 "Big" refers to your size.
 (As she flips him the bird.)
 It refers to your mouth!

Big Mike giggles, AND THEN:

Sees a huge on-coming gaggle of Wild Turkeys thundering down the street. And who's in front? Kevin!

Big Mike jumps in his Firebird, burns rubber and fish tails out of the driveway, charging at top road rage speed directly at Kevin who flies over the car and out of the way as the gaggle parts the sea. Big Mike misses his chance to obliterate the predators, disappearing around a corner.

INT. FACTORY LUNCH ROOM - NOON

A large group of blue collar workers are already inhaling their lunches when Big Mike saunters in with his.

THE WORKERS ALL TOGETHER
(Busting his chops)
Gobble-gobble-gobble. Gobble-gobble-
gobble! GOBBLE-GOBBLE.

Big Mike is a good sport. He loves the attention.

WORKER #1
Big Mike, star of the nightly news!

WORKER #2
Ooh-la-la! Love your puddy-tat,
Pierre!

BIG MIKE
You guys don't live in my area.
It's a shit storm with them fuckin'
Wild Turkeys.

WORKER #3
Hey, Mikey, what would you do if
you actually got your hands on that
big one?
(Beat)
Would you have Kevin for
Thanksgiving?

Big Mike gets a good laugh out of the idea. Then as he bites
into his sandwich, the wheels start turning in his head.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - AFTER WORK

Big Mike's Firebird pulls into a parking spot close to the
entrance.

INT. WALMART - SAME

Big Mike wanders the aisles filling his shopping cart with
stuff: rope, netting, a bag of corn feed and zip ties.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BIG MIKE'S KITCHEN

Marie is making dinner, very skillfully and deliberately.
Chicken comes out of the oven with veggies. As she carefully
makes a salad, Big Mike watches her knife skills.

BIG MIKE
So, baby, this Thanksgiving we
having your family over again?

MARIE
Of course, Mike! Like every year.

BIG MIKE

Will it be the entire Adams Family
coming over? Your brother, Lurch?
And your sister, Morticia and hubby
Goomez? What about the kiddies?

MARIE

(Turning around with the
knife)

Okay, that's enough, Uncle Fester!
And please, honey, be on good
behavior. Nobody wants to have an
arm wrestling contest during
dinner.

Marie finishes the salad, and as she starts to bring
everything to the table...

BIG MIKE

I'm just going to grab a beer in
the garage right quick!

MARIE

Yeah, you get it honey, I don't
like those steps.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Big Mike comes through the door from the kitchen, down the
rickety steps, with the light streaming in. As he grabs a
beer from the refrigerator (totally filled with Budweiser),
in the glow of light we see all the things from Walmart piled
on the floor, PLUS an ominous long blade HUNTING KNIFE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Big Mike and Marie are in their recliners again. Pierre
snuggled in her lap. Big Mike has the remote.

BIG MIKE

What do you want on?

MARIE

Put on Rachel Maddow, please.

BIG MIKE

Oh, jeez! Then I'm gonna go to the
cigar store.

MARIE

Fine, but no stink bombs in the
house, and besides, when are you
gonna stop that filthy habit?

BIG MIKE

(On the way out.)
A week after I'm dead.

EXT. BIG MIKE IN THE FIREBIRD - NIGHT

He drives slowly through random neighborhood streets with trash bins curbed side ready for pick up. Then BINGO, there's Kevin with a few side kicks ravaging a tipped over bin.

INT. BIG MIKE IN THE FIREBIRD - HIS POV - SAME

Big Mike has a bag of corn feed next to him and throws a large handful in the street. Kevin sees it, and goes for it.

EXT. FIREBIRD - SAME

Big Mike drives slowly, leaving a trail of corn feed in the street, drawing Kevin to his house like Hansel and Gretel to the oven...

EXT. FRONT OF BIG MIKE'S GARAGE - LATER

...and into Big Mike's open garage as he gets out of the Firebird with Kevin following. Big Mike continues the trail of corn to the center of the floor and then goes inside through the kitchen door leaving Kevin to feast on the corn.

The kitchen door opens slightly, a hand with a remote device sticks out. CLICK! A heavy net drops on Kevin. And the garage door automatically comes down.

EXT. REVERSE POV FROM BIG MIKE'S GARAGE - SAME

Audrey peeking out, slowly closes the curtain of her front bay window.

INT. AUDREY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Audrey is on her phone.

AUDREY
I'd like to tell you about a
kidnapping of sorts...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF BIG MIKE'S HOUSE - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Big Mike comes out his front door, stunned to be met by a large crowd of neighbors surrounding the CBS Boston News crew. Cars driving by stop, and passengers join the crowd.

BARBIE
Mr. Carlson, Mr. Carlson! Good
morning.

(MORE)

BARBIE (CONT'D)
 We're following up our story about
 the "Turkey Takeover" in your
 community. Apparently, someone has
 taken Kevin, the leader of the
 gaggle.

Big Mike welcomes the investigation.

BIG MIKE
 What if they have?! I say good
 riddance. That "*thing*" nearly
 killed my wife's cat. That cat is
 everything to her.

AUDREY
 (Stabbing her finger
 toward him.)
 Mr. "Big Nothing" over there has
 Kevin tied up in his garage. I saw
 him do it last night.

KEN
 Is that true, Mr. Carlson?

Big Mike turns and walks back to the Firebird, gets in and as
 he drives past the crowd he lowers his window to say --

BIG MIKE
 (To the cameras.)
 Let's just say, I might be cooking
 up something!

As Big Mike drives away, the crowd has mixed feelings.

CROWD
 SAVE KEVIN! COOK KEVIN! SAVE KEVIN!
 COOK KEVIN!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CBS BOSTON TV BUILDING - LATER

STATION MANAGER (V.O.)
 Oh, man, this story IS A GIFT! The
 phones lit up like a Christmas tree
 after the morning show. That guy is
 classic old school Archie Bunker.

INT. STATION MANAGER'S GLASS-WALLED OFFICE - SAME

A seasoned senior looking TV exec looks at the floor bay
 outside his office with everyone on the phone.

STATION MANAGER
 I told those two to stay right
 where they are!
 (MORE)

STATION MANAGER (CONT'D)
We're going to go national tonight
and bounce this story off the White
House pardoning the two turkeys
earlier in the day.
(Beat)
Thank you, gods of Thanksgiving!

INT. FACTORY PRODUCTION LINE - DAY

Big Mike stops his job to answer his phone.

BIG MIKE
Hey, babe, what's up?

MARIE
Mike! People are calling saying
they're going to kill you. What did
you do this time?

He's speechless.

INT. BIG MIKE'S GARAGE - DAY

It's poorly light, but the door opens and Marie is
silhouetted in the doorway. Kevin is whimpering and
fluttering in an attempt to free himself from the net.

MARIE
Oh, dear God. Poor baby.

She leaves the doorway, and after we hear noises from the
kitchen she reappears with a handful of carrots. No need to
turn on the lights, she gingerly steps down the rickety
stairs with her guide cane to find her footing on the floor.
And fearlessly approaches Kevin.

MARIE (CONT'D)
(Ever so sweetly.)
Hi Kevin, I'm Marie. I'm sorry
you're being treated so badly.

Kevin squawks in fear. Back stepping. Marie tries to find a
safe distance. The outreached carrots are suddenly the object
of Kevin's affection. He's calming down.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Poor baby, you must be sooooo
hungry!

EXT. FRONT OF BIG MIKE'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Big Mike has to constantly honk his horn to force his way to
his house through the sea of people crowding the entire
street.

TV Trucks line the road with station talents interviewing the disgruntled residents vs. animal lovers, for and against roasting the bad boy Kevin.

Signs everywhere: SAVE KEVIN. COOK KEVIN. The crowd level is almost deafening.

Big Mike pulls into the driveway, and unafraid walks to Ken and Barbie with his back to the garage.

BIG MIKE

You guys got me in deep doo-doo. Or rather Miss Judas across the street did.

BARBIE

So, Mr. Carlson, America wants to know: are you having Kevin for Thanksgiving.

BIG MIKE

Definitely. I am not backing down from death threats...

Big Mike stands his ground as the interview is drowned out by the crowd noises.

Behind him, the garage door opens, and Marie in her simple house dress with her guide cane slowly marches a docile Kevin down the driveway toward the street while he munches on carrots she feeds him.

With the sun setting behind her, she looks beatific, like St. Francis, the Patron Saint of Animals.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION MANAGER'S GLASS WALLED OFFICE - SAME

He and his assistant are watching a bank of monitors with video feeds from affiliate stations around the country. The screens show crowds divided between "SAVE KEVIN" AND "COOK KEVIN."

Big Mike's interview is on a single big screen.

STATION MANAGER

This story is blowing up all across the country on social media. This broadcast now already has 27 million views in the past 3 minutes. This is pure gold. Solid fucking gold!

Marie commands everyone's attention leading Kevin to safety.

ASSISTANT

You're a pathetic monster.

STATION MANAGER

(Eyes still glued to Marie
and Kevin.)

I know I am. An absolute monster.
And that's why you are my
assistant, and I am not yours.

BACK TO:

EXT. FRONT OF BIG MIKE'S HOUSE

The crowd starts to go quiet as Marie and Kevin approach Big Mike from behind.

MARIE

Nobody's going to cook you, Kevin.
But somebody else's goose *is*
cooked!

Sensing she is close to Big Mike, Marie points her guide cane toward his butt.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Kevin, do your thing, to
his thing.

As Big Mike turns around, shocked to see them -- Kevin goes for the gold with a vengeful bite.

You might say, Big Mike is cut down to size.

FADE OUT