

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD ENGLISH SHOP - DAY

An accordion grate bars the entrance and the side windows appear boarded up.

Overlay ZACKITY YAK THEME.

BENNY, pudgy, round faced, around 50, approaches in COMPRESSION/STOP TIME.

He greets the new work day with a chest patting smile, jiggles "Get to work" elbows in little circle, and opens shop.

The grate resists, but few kicks guide it into its slot.

Benny enters.

And IMMEDIATELY exits with an easel and a broom.

Setting the easel up he turns to sweep one half of the sidewalk.

The easel SLIDE WHISTLES down.

Benny turns back, a bit surprised to find the easel down.

Setting it back up, he sweeps the other half of his sidewalk and the easel SLIDE WHISTLES down.

Benny turns back, again startled, but this time annoyed.

He sets the easel up.

And stands back to watch.

The easel doesn't move.

He turns away.

And SPINS right back.

The easel hasn't moved.

Satisfied, Benny enters the shop.

The easel SLIDE WHISTLES down.

Benny emerges, shocked to find the easel down again.

Grinding teeth he re-enters the shop.

And IMMEDIATELY re-exits.

Lifting the easel he bends down OFF FRAME.

SFX: HEAVY DUTY STAPLER. A PAUSE. THEN SEVERAL MORE.

Benny straightens, putting hands on hips.

The easel shudders, but that's all.

Benny bobbles a smug smile and flings a staple gun away.

SFX: QUICK SLIDE WHISTLE.

He enters his shop.

And IMMEDIATELY re-exits wearing a wearing a 19th century British naval uniform and double beaked admiral's cap.

Plucking lint he spit polishes his medals with a cuff.

Does a couple air push outs in each direction.

And a useless hamstring stretch in each direction.

Then pats his ample gut in denial he's still got it.

Jiggling "Get to work elbows" he hustles in his little circle.

And jabs a BUTTON on the door frame.

SFX: OFF TIMED BUZZER.

The window boards SLIDE WHISTLE open, revealing pamphlet holders.

Benny steps back, clicking heels, and snapping a crisp salute.

SFX: "HERE COMES THE CHIEF."

A W.W. 1 recruiting poster SLIDE WHISTLES onto the easel.

Benny wipes a patriotic tear.

SFX: BICYCLE BELL.

Startled, Benny checks his watch, then quickly steps off the curb, POSITIONING a discrete hand behind.

SFX: BICYCLE BELL.

As PAPERBOY rides past behind.

SFX: BICYCLE BELL.

And Benny has his paper.

He smirks at the camera as if to say, "Yeah you caught me, but, who can you tell?"

TWO MEN (O. S.)
(pompous)
Bl ah bl ah. Bl ah. Bl ah bl ah.

Caught off guard in the open, Benny scurries into the entrance nook. There, he pops the paper up like a hunter's blind.

Two OLD ARI STOCRATS stop in front, completely unaware of Benny.

ARI STOCRAT 1
Bl ah, bl ah. Bl ah.

ARI STOCRAT 2
Bl ah, bl ah. Bl ah, bl ah.

Benny scowls over top of the paper, annoyed by their presence.

ARI STOCRAT 1
Bl ah?!

ARI STOCRAT 2
Bl ah!

The Aristocrats finally wander away.

Benny lifts the paper back up, peering overtop like a shifty hunter.

SFX: HIGH SPEED BABBLE APPROACHES.

Two GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMEN, airheads of the day, stop in front.

SFX: HIGH SPEED BABBLE.

Benny leans over his paper, arcing suggestive eyebrows at the camera.

The women move on.

Benny's gaze follows.

SFX: LOLLYPOP SLURPING.

Benny's eyes narrow and shift down, then to the side.

An ANNOYING BRAT in a Victorian sailor suit and ribbon hat stares up, slurping on an oversized sucker.

Benny scrunches down behind the paper.

The Brat won't leave.

Benny flutters a hand.

The Brat keeps slurping.

Benny lifts a subtle foot.

And gives Brat a none too subtle push.

The Brat comes right back and resumes slurping stares.

Benny vibrates anger..

Folding the paper he pats, pat, pats the Brat OFF FRAME.

Returning, he doesn't realize Brat is right on his heels.

Satisfied, Benny snaps his paper blind back up.

SFX: SLURPING.

Benny grimaces, and glares down.

His back to Benny, Brat slurps the lollypop, swinging a bored arm.

Benny glares.

Then eyes widen in inspiration.

SFX: DING.

He shifts cunning eyes down.

He sidles up to the unsuspecting Brat.

Then feigns interest in the sky.

Suddenly, Benny starts, then taps the kid and points up, pantomiming airplanes.

SFX: DOGFIGHTING PLANES.

Brat searches.

Benny plucks the lollypop from its stick and frisbees it away.

SFX: SLIDE WHISTLE.

Seeing the empty stick, Brat puts fists to eyes.

SFX: BABY WAILS.

The Brat's hat falls off.

Feigning sympathy, to passersby, Benny pat, pat, pats Brat
OFF FRAME.

Returning ON FRAME, Benny checks for witnesses.

He flicks the hat up with a foot.

And frisbees it away.

SFX: SLIDE WHISTLE.

Returning to his nook he snaps his paper back up and settles in.

A ENGLISH GENTLEMAN wanders along and stops. Fit and intelligent looking, he's in prime physical condition.

Benny rejects with an annoyed head shake.

The Gentleman leaves, oblivious as to his narrow escape.

Frustrated, Benny checks his watch and glances down the street.

His eyes light up and he quickly snaps his paper up.

A dim-witted, inbred aristocrat, the PREY, wanders along and stops in front of the store, never noticing Benny.

Preening in his bowler hat, and gaudy high fashion suit and cane.

Benny POPS out from his blind.

Startled, Prey who gawks round, wondering where Benny could have been hiding.

Benny gestures to poster and recruiting pamphlets with a snake oil smile.

SFX: PATRIOTIC MUSIC SWELLS.

The Prey blinks stupidly.

Benny buffs his medals, flexes his fine physique, then steps aside, gesturing in the shop.

The Prey politely declines and turns away, searching for his flock mates.

SFX: PATRIOTIC MUSIC DIES.

Benny curses his first failed effort.

The Prey searches up and down the street.

Benny jabs at the buzzer.

SFX: OFF TIMED BUZZES.

SLIDE WHISTLE as a tropical island backdrop unrolls from the awning and a grass door flops over the entrance.

A cheap disco globe, grass skirt and ukulele wire down in front of Benny and he steps into costume.

The Prey searches for his flock.

SFX: TUNELESS UKULELE PLUNKS.

Startled, the Prey turns, and GASPS.

PREY

Blah?!

Now wearing the grass skirt Benny hula-hulas around Prey, plunking the ukulele like a Pied Piper.

The globe spins hypnotically.

The Prey's eyes glaze.

Benny plinks on the ukulele and taps the buzzer.

SFX: OFF BEAT BUZZER.

A WOMAN'S ARM beckons seductively from the grass door.

Benny dances care free encouragement.

Prey takes a weak kneed step.

Three arms wave from the grass door.

SFX: SLURPY KISSES & BRAINLESS COOS.

Slack jawed, the hypnotized Prey stumbles another couple steps toward the entrance.

Benny smiles anticipatory triumph.

And he's attacked by a ferocious umbrella.

SFX: ANGRY HIGH SPEED BABBLES.

He spins, cringing helplessly under an OBESE MOTHER's assault.

SFX: UKULELE STRINGS PING.

The ukulele is destroyed.

SFX: UKULELE STRINGS SNAP.

Prey stops, shaking his head and eyes clear.

Obese Mother storms off.

Benny looks down.

Brat sneers up.

Benny glares and starts to retaliate.

The Obese Mother returns and Benny cringes under another round of swats.

Obese Mother huffs and hauls Brat away.

Cautiously, Benny relaxes.

Brat returns and kicks Benny in the shins.

Benny winces, hobbling. Mother returns and he cringes.

Brat sticks out his tongue as he's hauled away.

Benny gimps in self pity.

Prey looks on, still slightly confused.

SFX: MINDLESS BLAHS & BABBLES.

Prey spins away from Benny, searching for the sound.

Benny stiffens, horrified.

The Prey's flock BABBLE and BLAH amongst each other as they meander along a sidewalk.

The Prey's eyes light up.

Benny freaks, and PANIC JABS the buzzer.

FRANTIC BUZZES continue even after Benny's stopped pressing.

The Prey raises his cane to call as Benny rushes behind, reaching inside his coat.

PREY

Blah--

He's BLACK JACKED.

Cane and bowler hat fly up and OFF FRAME.

Prey staggers in wobbly circles.

Two GORILLA THUGS in undersized uniforms rush from the office.

They catch Prey just as his legs buckle, then haul him inside.

Benny catches the cane and flicks it away.

SFX: SLIDE WHISTLE.

Then the dented bowler hat and flicks it away.

SFX: SLIDE WHISTLE.

Benny leaps back into his little nook, snapping the paper up.

Prey # 2 strides ON FRAME, his back to Benny, searching, certain he had heard a flock mate's one plaintive call.

PREY 2

Blah?

He searches, listening, and calls again.

PREY 2

Bl a-aah?

Benny springs out.

Startled, Prey 2 spins round, wondering where Benny could possibly have been hiding.

Benny gives the camera that one sly grin, then turns to his next victim.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END