

THE UPPER CRUST CARTOON PILOT EPISODE

By

Rob Warmowski

Based upon The Upper Crust Band

(c) 2010

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INT. ROCK CLUB

THE UPPER CRUST are finishing their set to a wildly appreciative audience. The band is in their usual 18th century French aristocrat garb - waistcoats, powdered faces and wigs, knee pants, beauty marks. The stage is adorned with Grecian columns, vines, candelabras and the amplifiers are in gilded frames.

CUT TO:

LORD BENDOVER, guitarist, singer, at the microphone, sneering. His face is powdered, his wig is a mound of curls, his brocaded waistcoat and ruffled underlay twitches with every beat. He plays a gold metal flake Les Paul and twin Marshall cabinets.

LORD BENDOVER

(sings)

*Let them eat rock / Why don't you  
eat rock? / I said ready or not.*

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER (in scripty font) reads LORD BENDOVER.

CUT TO:

Pan of AUDIENCE. A rock and roll crowd bangs heads, spills beer, pumps fists. Every 10th attendee is dressed in 18th century garb as in the style of the band. The rest are in nominal rock and roll attire - t-shirts, leather jackets, gym shoes.

The final bars of "Let Them Eat Rock" ring out as the band drains every bit of energy out of the song with an extended ending. The lights pulsate, the crowd waves its arms. Beer cups fly.

As the song moves through its last bars, we cut to each member of THE UPPER CRUST on stage in an introductory sequence.

CUT TO:

JACKIE KICKASSIS, drummer, behind the drum kit. He is also powdered and in similar garb. His wig is doubly peaked, unlike that of the other band members. He twirls drumsticks with poofy spherical ends as he bashes away. Effortlessly, he flings a stick straight into the air...

FREEZE FRAME: SUPER in scripty font reads JACKIE KICKASSIS.

(CONTINUED)

...and catches it on a downbeat. He is deadpan, with his nose slightly elevated as he does this. His kit is a translucent Ludwig set.

CUT TO:

DUC D'DISTORTION, guitarist, aside LORD BENDOVER. His wig is in its characteristic position over his eyes. He cannot see, but he does bend and twist in the final guitar solo, ending up almost completely reverse-hunched over. His guitar knocks over a candelabra...

FREEZE FRAME: SUPER in scripty font reads DUC D'ISTORTION.

...and he pays no mind as he plays an identical gold metal flake Les Paul with twin Marshall cabinets that are ensconced in Louis XVIII cabinetry.

CUT TO:

COUNT BASSIE, bassist, aside LORD BENDOVER. His demeanor is permanently low-key and disdainful, and at the absolute nadir of the music's crescendo, he is shown in contrast to the others to be dryly plucking his bass with the absolute minimum of movement. We stay on his on the final note, which he plays, then immediately begins adjusting his frilly cuffs with an expression of supreme boredom and disgust.

FREEZE FRAME: SUPER in scripty font reads COUNT BASSIE.

The set finishes to riotous applause.

LORD BENDOVER  
We bid you...good night-ah!

As the crowd cheers crazily. The band puts down their guitars and strolls leisurely, always leisurely, off the stage. DUC D'ISTORTION, his sight as always obscured by his wig, begins walking in a different direction, but is elegantly guided by LORD BENDOVER toward the exit off the stage.

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM

The band relaxes backstage. A classically grimy rock club dressing room is adorned with divans and fainting couches, as if the presence of the band elevates the room to a status it does not have. The band relaxes with glasses of wine. A coterie of WENCHES attends to them, feeding them grapes, polishing their fingernails, rubbing their shoulders.

MUSIC: A baroque harpsichord plinks away fussily in the background.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT BASSIE figets upon the divan, between grapes. A look of concern takes his face.

COUNT BASSIE

Ah. Nature calls. I do believe I am in need of the gentleman's gentleman.

BASSIE stops his attending wench from feeding him another grape, turns his head and calls over his shoulder.

COUNT BASSIE

Bumbles!

BUMBLES the manservant appears, holding a bronze bucket. He is dressed comparatively shabbily, in a vest and knee britches. He has short patchy hair, is scrawny and looks unhealthy. BUMBLES extends the bucket while dipping in a curtsy. COUNT BASSIE rises and undoes his breeches to noisily relieve himself into the bucket as it is held.

COUNT BASSIE

(brightly)

Well, Bendover. By your reckoning, how many were rocked this evening?

SFX: A splashing stream.

LORD BENDOVER

(as his fingernails are being buffed)

I can't say with any accuracy, I'm afraid. The damnable stage lights, you see.

DUC's wig, as always, covers his eyes.

DUC D'ISTORION

There were lights?

LORD BENDOVER

Yes, and they blinded me terribly. I did manage to make out in the haze some four score of the rabble, but beyond that it is anybody's guess.

JACKIE KICKASSIS

Why is it that we do not count the attendees at the door?

LORD BENDOVER

(aghast)

Count them? At the door? How gauche! What do you propose, my percussionist friend? Shall we tally them as they arrive? Scrivening in the manner of common clerks? Oh, no. Have some decorum, man.

COUNT BASSIE noisily reaches the end of his task, splashing BUMBLES in his eyes with bucket drops.

BUMBLES

Agh!

COUNT BASSIE buttons up.

COUNT BASSIE

(oblivious)

That's the spirit, Bumbles. I find enthusiasm about one's work bracing.

COUNT BASSIE tosses a coin into the pissbucket and pats BUMBLES on the shoulder, wiping his own hand. BUMBLES regards the coin and mutters as he slinks away holding the bucket. COUNT BASSIE returns to the couch.

COUNT BASSIE

I say, Bendover, where ever did you find our dear Bumbles? He makes a most excellent manservant.

LORD BENDOVER

(distractedly)

A compilation of the desperate named "Craig's List".

A tumult is heard. The harpsichord stops and the genteel decorum is lost. A nearby chanting and angry yelling of a crowd begin. All pull up - albeit subtly - at the noise.

CROWD

The Upper Crust is a bust! The Upper Crust is a bust!

DUC D'ISTORTION looks around, wig still over eyes.

DUC D'ISTORTION

What is that ruckus? I can't see where it comes from!

DUC D'ISTORTION knocks over a lamp due to his blindness.

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE KICKASSIS

It appears to come from through there.

JACKIE KICKASSIS points at a window. All the band lounges indolently as the chants continue:

CROWD

What do we want? Justice! When do we want it? Now!

LORD BENDOVER

That is a tumult, is it not?

COUNT BASSIE

More of a fracas, I'd say.

JACKIE KICKASSIS

Damned annoying is what it is. Perhaps we should investigate.

LORD BENDOVER

Yes, perhaps we should.

COUNT BASSIE

Agreed.

The band continues to lounge indolently, for several more beats, lifting no finger.

CROWD

1-2-3-4! The Upper Crust has made us sore!

DUC D'ISTORION

I don't suppose this mystery will reveal itself.

LORD BENDOVER

No, you're quite right, my hirsute friend. Now is the time for action.

WHOLE BAND

(in unison)

Bum-bles!

BUMBLES appears.

BUMBLES

How may I be of service, my lords?

LORD BENDOVER

(annoyedly)

You may begin by attending more closely to your duties.

COUNT BASSIE

Indeed. That window is the source of a most disagreeable racket.

DUC D'ISTORTION

We have a window?

JACKIE KICKASSIS

It is past time for you to see what the noise is about, Bumbles.

BUMBLES bows.

BUMBLES

Of course, my lords.

BUMBLES steps to the window, opens it and looks down to the alley.

CUT TO:

ALLEY BEHIND CLUB, MS FROM ABOVE

He sees an organized protest with placard-carrying demonstrators. They are in identifiably French costume including one in a Napoleon Field Marshals' hat, berets, red and white horizontally striped shirt, a DeGaulle kepi, French national flag, etc. Some carry French national flags. The placards read "Baguettes Not Regrets" "Guarantee The Fleur-de-lis" "France For The French" and "Don't Prank The Franc", "Mime Has Come Today". They brandish a decorative wheeled guillotine. The protest is led by the blond, red-bereted DESIREE DEGAULLE, 22, who is leading the chants.

CUT TO:

CU: DESIREE LEADING THE PROTEST

DESIREE stands with fist raised and yelling into a bullhorn.

DESIREE

(shouting)

Alouette, jaunte alouette,  
alouette, ze Upper Crust must pay!

(CONTINUED)

BUMBLES

It is a protest, my lords.

COUNT BASSIE

(appalled)

A protest? The idea!

LORD BENDOVER

Whatever is this...protest about,  
Bumbles?

A fusillade of fruit and rotten tomatoes thrown by the crowd smacks BUMBLES violently in the face. BUMBLES retreats, beaten badly by the fruit, debris is in his eyes.

BUMBLES

I cannot say, my lord. Indeed, I  
can no longer see anything. It  
is... very painful.

DUC D'ISTORTION's wig remains blocking his vision. He turns away from BUMBLES to scold him.

DUC D'ISTORTION

Ridiculous! You are on duty, yet  
have the temerity to be blind?

COUNT BASSIE

(laconically)

You had best recover your eyesight,  
Bumbles, otherwise your continued  
investigations will lack a certain  
effectiveness.

LORD BENDOVER

(in high dudgeon)

A protest! I'm not concerned about  
further investigation as much as I  
am with finding enough dung to dump  
on these jabbering nuisances.

LORD BENDOVER looks at BUMBLES's behind, gets an idea.

LORD BENDOVER

Rather than his eyes, I should  
think we have more pressing need of  
Bumbles's other end.

The door opens. Into the room walks JODI, 38, the manager of the UPPER CRUST. Her hair is in a tight bun and she wears modern black business wear in leather.

(CONTINUED)



JODI

So predictable. There's no problem you guys can't open up a window and throw dung onto, is there? Don't bother, the television news crews are already here.

At this, BUMBLES climbs down off the pisspot he was beginning to attempt to fill.

JACKIE KICKASSIS

Ah! Our manager arrives.

DUC D'ISTORTION

(facing away from JODI)

Has our manager managed to learn what in creation these people want?

JODI sits down, whips out smart phone. Tired of DUC's blindness, she rolls her eyes and waves her hand in front of his face.

JODI

Oy. I'm over here, hawkeye. All I know for sure is I got this letter a week ago from a group calling itself "Sons Of Versailles" It says: "For too long we have endured the Upper Crust's insensitive on-stage portrayals of 18th-century French nobility. As the vanguards of French culture, the Sons Of Versailles will protest and boycott all appearances and holdings of the Upper Crust until they learn to respect the identity of the French people and culture." Then they list all your holdings and investments, which means they know where to hurt you financially.

LORD BENDOVER

They know of every holding?

JODI flips through the letter.

JODI

They list the entire portfolio. The Burger Fop fast food restaurants, the Old Money Home Combination Safe franchises, the Rabble B-Gone Tear Gas factory,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JODI (cont'd)  
and something I didn't even know  
about...the Sandusky Dandies? A  
minor league baseball team?

As JODI goes through the list we CUT TO each product in  
action:

Burger Fop: A giant sign in the shape of a lace-cuffed hand  
holding a burger with the pinky extended.

Old Money Safes: A print of "Blue Boy" is swung away from  
the wall to reveal a combination safe

Rabble-B-Gone: A line of riot cops faces a line of frail,  
older protesters, closeup of a gloved hand holding a grenade  
painted with the band in repose, pulls the pin, throws into  
crowd of geriatrics, who convulse.

The Dandies: The team logo is modeled on the Cleveland  
Indians logo with a grotesque, idiotically grinning face,  
only this one is wearing a powdered wig and face and a mole.

COUNT BASSIE

Yes, the Dandies are a recent  
acquisition. A splendid  
investment. There's no end to the  
peasants lining up to purchase  
related garments and gew-gaws at  
the most incredible profit.

JODI

Well, your investment is about to  
go down the drain if the "Sons Of  
Versailles" picket the games. It's  
a public relations nightmare. The  
last thing we need is the  
impression getting around that the  
Upper Crust is anything less than  
All-American.

SLOW PAN around the dressing room, with each band member  
lounging in silent, indolent decadence, being fed grapes,  
being fanned, having manicures.

JACKIE KICKASSIS

(belches, to JODI)

One assumes you have a plan.

JODI

(smiling)

Don't I always?

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

SFX: Organ music, crowd noise.

A MONTAGE of the Sandusky Dandies stadium, including the logo on caps, t-shirts, drink cups, foam rubber "#1" fingers (except these are foam rubber pinkies), "Dandy Dogs" etc.

SUPER: Three Days Later...

CUT TO:

Office of MIKE MENDOZA, Manager of the Sandusky Dandies. A former big league ballplayer whose descending career trajectory has led him here, MENDOZA is in uniform and starter jacket behind his shabby desk in a cinder-brick manager's office. He reaches in to a drawer, pulls out a fifth and takes a swig, hiding it as KELLY approaches. KELLY is the Dandies' pitching coach.

KELLY

Hey, skip. The team owners just showed up. You hear anything about that?

MENDOZA

(regretfully)

I heard they were coming. I was hoping I imagined that when I was drunk. They here now?

KELLY

Yup. There's four of 'em. I ain't never seen uglier women, neither.

MENDOZA

Sigh.

MENDOZA takes another swig.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

Announcers are GOOBER and STEIN, a bucolic southern-accented rube and a nerdy stat-oriented caller.

GOOBER

(into the microphone)

It's time to sit 'er down, wrap it up, lock it in and put it in a bag on this be-yootiful afternoon for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GOOBER (cont'd)  
 Sandusky Dandies baseball. The  
 Dandies are facing a Wichita  
 Linemen team hot off a barnstorm  
 road trip that took em from  
 Rochester, Minnesota all the way  
 over to Bettendorf Iowa. Hoo,  
 lemme tell ya that Bettendorf is a  
 rough town, dadgum it. Loose  
 ladies up there. I recall one time  
 I ended up with sores all over my  
 --

STEIN  
 (interrupting in a nick of  
 time)  
 -- PITching for the Dandies is  
 lanky southpaw Mac McNeilly, who's  
 gone 2 and 7 this season, but on  
 the other hand has an ERA over 11.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY - UPPER CRUST SEATS

CU: LORD BENDOVER and COUNT BASIE in their seats. They are  
 wearing their usual garb, but are seated in regular minor  
 league stadium seats. Behind BASIE and BENDOVER are  
 D'ISTORTION and KICKASSIS, who is wearing two Dandies  
 baseball caps, one on each peak of his powdered wig.

DUC D'ISTORTION  
 So this is baseball.

COUNT BASSIE wrinkles his nose.

COUNT BASSIE  
 Yes. But what in the world is that  
 odor?

LORD BENDOVER  
 Cooked entrails. Pig snouts, beef  
 tongue and everything in between.

COUNT BASSIE  
 (appalled)  
 Cooked? Do you mean to say these  
 things are...eaten?!

LORD BENDOVER  
 Not separately. I am told each  
 disgusting tidbit is ground and  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LORD BENDOVER (cont'd)  
pressed into something called a  
"hot dog".

COUNT BASSIE  
I fear I shall be sick.

BENDOVER genially pats BASSIE on the leg.

LORD BENDOVER  
Come now, my friend. A bit of  
close contact with the hoi polloi  
never caused any lasting harm.

PULL BACK TO:

The shot widens to show that the CRUST are surrounded by a vast section of empty seats roped off by velvet ropes, no such close contact, because the crowd is kept at bay by the empty seats.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

SFX: Baseball organ

Batter's box. A BATTER swings at a pitch and fouls it into the stands.

GOOBER  
(V.O.)  
And Greenlees shanks one into the  
stands foul.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM SEAT SECTION - DAY

WS: Ball sails into the stands, prompting a minor struggle among fans for the souvenir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY - UPPER CRUST SEATS

CU: LORD BENDOVER, COUNT BASSIE, and JACKIE KICKASSIS look from a distance at the foul ball landing and struggle.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT BASSIE

Do you see that? Oh no. No, that won't do.

BENDOVER and JACKIE turn while DUC D'ISTORTION as per usual, turns to the opposite direction due to his wig-enforced blindness. BENDOVER is blank.

LORD BENDOVER

Excuse me?

COUNT BASSIE

The aim of this...game is for the batsman to send a base-ball into the stands, correct?

LORD BENDOVER

That is correct.

COUNT BASSIE

And yet we have been seated here for some time and still we are without any such base-balls. None have come near. That doesn't seem proper, does it?

JACKIE KICKASSIS delicately slurps a soda with pinky extended.

JACKIE KICKASSIS

Indeed, it does not.

DUC D'ISTORTION claps twice.

DUC D'ISTORTION

(calls out)

Bumbles!

CUT TO:

BUMBLES is at work in a nearby seat, polishing the CRUST'S platform shoes. He occasionally uses his tongue.

DUC D'ISTORTION

(O.S.)

Bumbles!

BUMBLES places the shoe he is polishing upon a tasseled pillow, then dashes off at the call, hovering at the side of the seated CRUST.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM SEAT SECTION - DAY

BUMBLES

Sirs?

COUNT BASSIE

Bumbles, do you see that small  
white ball out there?

BUMBLES turns to look at right field.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGHT FIELD - DAY

SFX: a batted ball

A fly ball is caught by the Linemen RIGHT FIELDER and is  
throw back to the PITCHER as the crowd cheers.

BUMBLES

I do, my lord.

COUNT BASSIE

Well, if I wait any longer for that  
ball to be hit in this direction, I  
shall expire of old age. You are  
to fetch that ball and bring it to  
me.

BUMBLES nervously regards the field and contemplates his  
assignment. He spots...

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A pair of SECURITY GUARDS is seated at the edge of the field  
to keep spectators off.

CUT TO:

ECU: BUMBLES - DAY

BUMBLES swallows nervously.

SFX: Gulp.

(CONTINUED)

DUC D'ISTORION

Now begone! You are obstructing my  
view.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

STEIN

(O.S.)

And with that, it's two outs for  
the Dandies.

GOOBER

Y'know Steiny, with all your years  
in the game, I know I don't have to  
tell you, but for the folks at  
home, you know...if baseball's  
anything it's a game of  
conditioning. Only the finest  
athletes in double-A competition  
going toe-to-toe, on the razor's  
edge of their abilities. If  
there's a finer display of  
competitive excellence in all of  
northwestern Ohio, let me tell you,  
I'd sure like to know what it is.

CUT TO:

INT. DANDIES DUGOUT - DAY

The DANDIES team is seated on the bench. While GOOBER  
continues, the shot PANS right to successive CU angles of  
slack-jawed DANDIES PLAYERS. The first chews tobacco and  
spits. The second blows bubble gum. The third is  
overweight and eats a submarine sandwich. The fourth is  
monstrously muscular, has tied off his arm and injects  
himself with a syringe full of steroids. The shot settles on  
MENDOZA, who takes an obvious slug from his flask.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME PLATE

A DANDIES HITTER is up in the box, twirls his bat and  
spits. In the background, the LINEMEN PITCHER stands on the  
mound impassively. In his hand he tosses a baseball, up and  
down.

CUT TO:



EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM SEAT SECTION - DAY

BUMBLES stands at the first row of seats off the first base line. He is sweating, nervous, eyes dashing furtively from left to right.

MUSIC UP: Spy music - heavy reverb guitar, bongos, trilled flute.

PUSH INTO:

ECU OF BUMBLES'S EYES

Zooming into his eyes shows the LINEMEN PITCHER's hand, casually one-handed tossing the baseball he's been ordered to get.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM SEAT SECTION - DAY

BUMBLES swivels his head to look at the SECURITY GUARDS on the field. Then back to the PITCHER, then back to the SECURITY GUARDS.

BUMBLES  
(to himself)  
Too many officers to jump the  
fence. Maybe I can try another  
way.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM ACCESS CORRIDOR

A door marked "NO ADMITTANCE". BUMBLES creeps up to it, opens it and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. MASCOT'S LOCKER ROOM

In a dimly lit, cramped area marked with a coffee-maker, a desk, air ducts and storage room objects, seated on a folding chair in front of a television is the Dandies' mascot the MARQUIS DE STUFF...or rather, the ACTOR inside the enormous mascot suit is seated still wearing the bulky suit but with his enormous grinning mascot head laid to the side. The ACTOR is taking a break, surfing a website named Mascot Stalker on his laptop.

(CONTINUED)

BUMBLES reaches for a nearby baseball bat...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM ACCESS CORRIDOR

As we see the door, the spy music cuts off abruptly as we hear the "bonk" of the bat hitting the MASCOT ACTOR's head. In sync with the hit, a hit takes place on the field and a crowd roar rises.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

GOOBER

Spicer swings and cracks one, sends a frozen rope into shallow left for a single.

STEIN reads from a piece of paper.

STEIN

Speaking of singles, now's the time to mention to all the Sandusky area singles that local favorite rendezvous Al Shabaab's Motor Lodge on Route 9 is back open for business after the fire.

CUT TO:

INT. MASCOT'S LOCKER ROOM

BUMBLES has donned the mascot costume. He struggles with the mascot head, placing it on top of his own. He is shorter than the MASCOT ACTOR, and his head barely pokes above the neckpiece. He sets the head upon the body, then pauses a beat.

The MASCOT ACTOR lies bound and gagged on the floor, struggling.

BUMBLES is muted from within the costume.

BUMBLES

(to MASCOT ACTOR)

Uagh. My God, the smell! Do you bathe with parmesean cheese?

(CONTINUED)

MASCOT ACTOR  
(muffled, inaudible)  
Hey, fuck you, dude!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAT SECTION - DAY

The MARQUIS DE STUFF (BUMBLES in costume) makes his way down the walkway, waving to the crowd. He vaults over the wall between two SECURITY GUARDS and begins his routine in first base foul territory.

CUT TO:

EXT. PITCHER'S MOUND - DAY

The LINEMAN pitcher winds up, kicks and throws. The DANDIES batter swings hard and loses his bat, which helicopters across the field...

EXT. 1ST BASE FOUL TERRITORY - DAY

...and sails right into THE MARQUIS DE STUFF'S head with a mighty thwack.

SFX: Crowd "oooooh"

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH

(Both GOOBER and STEIN are wincing at the spectacle on the field.)

GOOBER  
That's gonna leave a mark, lemme  
tell you what.

STEIN  
Maloney took a mighty cut and lost  
his bat, which sailed right into  
the enlarged head of the Dandies'  
beloved mascot the Marquis De  
Stuff.

GOOBER  
(under his breath)  
Yeah, I dunno about beloved.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD 1ST BASE FOUL TERRITORY, DAY

SECURITY GUARDS and the MENDOZA gather around the MARQUIS/BUMBLES.

MARQUIS  
 (from inside the thick mascot  
 suit)  
 Oooohhhh.

CUT TO:

ECU MARQUIS' GRINNING FACE

BUMBLES writhes on the ground, but of course the mascot's face is as idiotically grinning as always.

CUT TO:

BUMBLES POV UP AT TWO SECURITY GUARDS

SECURITY GUARD  
 (V.O. in a dumb guy voice)  
 Well, he *looks* okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEFT FIELD STANDS - DAY

Way on the other side of the field, in the stands are found the protesters led by DESIREE DEGAULLE. DESIREE tears off her baseball hat and dons her red beret as protesters seated near here produce placards, French flags and effigies, and tear off jackets to reveal camouflage fatigues.

DESIREE  
 (to protesters)  
 Zis is ze moment! Now! Now! While  
 ze security guards are  
 distracted! Take ze field!

The protesters jump over the wall and begin marching toward center field, brandishing their signs. The crowd confusion rises.

(CONTINUED)

## PROTESTERS

(chant)

Zero, one, two, three, give us back  
our dignity!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAT SECTION - DAY

The UPPER CRUST look on with opera glasses at the ruckus in  
left field.

## COUNT BASSIE

It seems the more I watch this  
game, the less I comprehend about  
it.

## JACKIE KICKASSIS

I don't think this is part of the  
program. That appears to be the  
same group who were picketing us at  
the show the other night.

## LORD BENDOVER

(annoyed)

Of all the damnable effrontery.  
(Puts away glasses, stands up, tugs  
at waistcoat.) Come along,  
gentlemen. There is only one  
course left open to us to deal with  
these rabble.

## COUNT BASSIE

(stands, tugs lace cuffs)

Quite.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

In a wide shot, the protesters and the UPPER CRUST approach  
each other from across the outfield. The CRUST walk four  
abreast and appear determined, but walk in the manner of  
fops in a kind of mincing gait. The protesters, led by  
DESIREE are surly and are rolling up their sleeves in  
anticipation of a fight. The crowd buzz rises as the two  
groups approach each other.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNOUNCER BOOTH - DAY

GOOBER

Well now, I have no idea what the Sam Hill's going on out in center field. Whatever it is, it sure looks fancy.

STEIN reaches for another piece of paper.

STEIN

Speaking of fans jumping on to the field, next Tuesday at the ballpark is sponsored by Sullivan's Bail Bonds. First 5,000 fans in attendance receive a free 10% off coupon. If you've only got one phone call, make it to 1-800-SULLIVAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

The two groups face each other. As one, the UPPER CRUST reach into their waistcoats, produce powder puffs and begin applying powder to their faces, creating a massive white cloud that obscures all.

MUSIC UP: THE UPPER CRUST "RABBLE ROUSER"

As the hard rock song intro bars proceed, the cloud begins to thin. By the time the first words are sung, the cloud has receded to the point that the band is visible, has their instruments, amps and microphones somehow set up and is playing the song.

LORD BENDOVER

(singing)

*Rabble Rouser / You raised a mob in my heart...*

NEW ANGLE on protesters, coughing from the powder, in surprise and recoiling from the band's volume.

NEW ANGLE: BENDOVER points at DESIREE.

LORD BENDOVER

(singing)

*You make my trousers / split and fall apart...*

NEW ANGLE on CU DESIREE

(CONTINUED)

Her eyes widen at being singled out, then her eyes drop to trouser level and bug out completely.

NEW ANGLE on JACKIE KICKASSIS, who goes double-time on the drums while still wearing two baseball caps.

LORD BENDOVER

(O.S. singing)

*Rabble rouser you don't know your  
place / you ain't nothin' but a  
pretty face*

NEW ANGLE on COUNT BASSIE, who sneers as he plays.

NEW ANGLE on DUC D'ISTORTION, who guitar-slings blindly yet with perfect confidence.

NEW ANGLE on DANDIES CENTER FIELDER, whose face cap and uniform are stained with powder. His glove hangs limply as he blinks flabbergastedly at the spectacle.

LORD BENDOVER

(singing)

*You think you do it in the best of  
taste / You want it all and it just  
won't wait, all right.*

NEW ANGLE on protesters as they trip over themselves to get away from the loudness, covering their ears.

LORD BENDOVER

(singing)

*Rabble Rouser / You messin with the  
status quo*

LORD BENDOVER serenades DESIREE, who stands defiantly. BENDOVER points in time with the lyrics.

CUT TO:

BENDOVER holds and gestures with a baseball, then on "who knows" throws it hard to his left.

LORD BENDOVER

(singing)

*Once you've got the whole ball  
rollin / Well who knows where it  
goes...*

CUT TO:

Tracking shot of the baseball arcing in flight.

LORD BENDOVER  
(singing)  
*Rabble rouser with your call to  
arms / Something gathering down on  
the farm*

CUT TO:

CU of BUMBLES, who is near the first base line, still inside the MARQUIS costume and is struggling to his feet while dizzy and groggy (with a halo of stars indicating this).

SFX: Music down 60%

LORD BENDOVER  
(singing, O.S.)  
*It's too late to sound the alarm /  
[something] but where's the harm*

As BUMBLES rises to his feet finally, the baseball sails out of the sky and strikes him on the head, knocking him to the ground again, landing face down in the chalk.

SFX: thwock

CUT TO:

BENDOVER and BAND, LOW ANGLE

Music back up 100%

LORD BENDOVER  
(singing)  
*Rabble rouser! Rabble  
rouser! Talking bout a --*

CUT TO:

DESIREE, LEADING THE PROTESTERS

PROTESTERS  
(singing)  
*Revolution!*

CUT TO:

ECU COUNT BASSIE. While playing, he disgustedly rolls his eyes and sneers at the outburst.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)



PROTESTERS  
(singing)  
*Revolution!*

CUT TO:

ECU JACKIE KICKASSIS' kick drum foot, which is a platform heel in costume.

LORD BENDOVER  
(O.S.)  
*Rabble rouser! Come on talking  
bout a -*

CUT TO:

PROTESTERS, in a knot, opposing the band

PROTESTERS  
(singing)  
*Revolution!*

CUT TO:

ECU PROTESTER laying upon the center field grass, knocked flat onto his side by the volume of the band. A platform heel, costume shoe descends upon the side of his head.

PROTESTER  
(as the shoe descends and  
plants on his head)  
*Revolution!*

CUT TO:

MS of BENDOVER leading band, foot planted on PROTESTER as if upon a stage monitor.

LORD BENDOVER  
(singing, away from microphone)  
*Rabble rouser! Rabble rouser!*

CUT TO:

ECU of amplifier volume knob. A delicate hand in a lace cuff reaches for it and twists it to 11.

CUT TO:

A knot of PROTESTERS drop their signs and run away from the additional volume, clutching their ears.

(CONTINUED)

LORD BENDOVER

(O.S. singing)

*Rabble rouser, you know not what  
you do / Throwing out the good with  
the bad well it's all the same to  
you.*

CUT TO:

MS DESIREE in the foreground, back turned to the band, arms crossed, nose up. BENDOVER approaches.

LORD BENDOVER

(singing)

*Rabble rouser with your heart of  
stone...why can't you do like  
you've been shown?*

CUT TO:

INT. MASCOT'S LOCKER ROOM

SFX: Music down 25%

MASCOT ACTOR, while bound and gagged, lies on the floor, headbanging agreeably.

LORD BENDOVER

*Better watch which way the wind is  
blown / [Something something] when  
you're all alone all right*

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

Over these lyrics, a MONTAGE of characters' faces comes down on the dowbeats/chords: MENDOZA (agape), JODI (exasperated), PROTESTER #1 (unconscious, head under BASSIE'S high-heeled foot), STEIN (reading a copy of BASEBALL PROSPECTUS), GOOBER (agape, confused), FANS (agape), CENTER FIELDER (dusted with powder), DUC D'ISTORTION (in a umpire uniform, making a terrible call at first base)

(BAND)

*Rabble rouser! Rabble  
rouser! Rabble rouser! Rabble  
rouser! I hear you talkin' bout a  
revolution / rabble rouser /  
Revolution...*

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

The song ends. DESIREE and BENDOVER face each other nose to nose. As the ending chord fades, they stand locked in a stare. A quiet beat passes, then a single "Boo" rises from the stands.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD STANDS - DAY

A DANDIES FAN is seated in the stands, booing loudly into cupped hands. He wears a Dandies cap and a t-shirt reading "BRING BACK ROIDS"

FAN 1

Booo! Getcher fancy asses offa the field ya sissies! Boooooo!

FAN 2

(to FAN 1)

They ain't sissies, they's hippies! (to field) Boooo! Get offa the field and get a job, you hippies! Boooo!

FAN 1

(to FAN 2)

What? They ain't hippies, they's too fancy! Look at 'em!

FAN 2

(angrily to FAN 1)

They's hippies for sure! Aint had no haircuts or nothin!

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

As the argument in the stands progresses (audio drops a bit to indicate distance) DESIREE and BENDOVER stand frozen in the same nose-to-nose positions they were at the end of the song. Only now, their gaze, which was locked on each other changes. They blink and while they remain frozen, their eyes move to the source of the argument, up in the stands.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD STANDS - DAY

FAN 1  
 (to FAN 2)  
 Look, I seen hippies before, and they ain't look like that. And the sure don't smell like that neither.

FAN 2  
 Sure they do!

FAN 1  
 The hell they do, hippies smell like feet and onions. These here boys smell like, uh...

FAN 3  
 (piping up)  
 Like an airwick! Like one o them air fresheners you plug into the wall!

FAN 1 turns.

FAN 1  
 (to FAN 3)  
 Nah, it's more like old ladies perfume or somethin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

As the argument proceeds, BENDOVER and DESIREE now stand facing not each other but facing the stands, both looking up at them in disdainful confusion, their eyes following the different voices. They glance at each other. As the argument proceeds...

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - FIRST BASE LINE

BUMBLES, still in the costume of the MARQUIS DE STUFF is seated, in pain and is cradling his head. He staggers to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

BUMBLES  
 (groaning)  
 Ooooooh...

CUT TO:

POV: BUMBLES

Tilting to and fro, the POV shows the baseball stands, with advertising on the stands seen in tilting double vision. The vision of COUNT BASSIE appears dreamily superimposed as BUMBLE remembers his mission.

COUNT BASSIE  
 (w/reverb)  
 You are to fetch that ball and  
 bring it to me.

BASSIE disappears and the POV focuses on a giant baseball painted on the outfield wall, a part of an advertisement.

BUMBLES  
 (groggily)  
 Base...ball...

NEW ANGLE on BUMBLE lurching off toward the baseball very erratically. The costume is also well-beaten up by his recent travails.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

At this point, the O.S. argument in the stands is a cacophony. DESIREE regards the crowd while BENDOVER addresses her.

LORD BENDOVER  
 Well, I hope you're  
 satisfied. These rabble are now  
 thoroughly roused. No good can  
 come of your provocations, I'm  
 afraid.

DESIREE  
 My provocations? Are you  
 serious? Eet is your insensitive  
 portrayal of ze French culture zat  
 has brought us to zis impasse!

(CONTINUED)

LORD BENDOVER  
Ridiculous.

DESIREE  
It is true! Look! Look with your own eyes at the grotesque parody of our people that you let zese people ridicule. It is nothing less than shameful! Look!

DESIREE points.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

BUMBLES, wearing the MARQUIS costume approaches, but is struggling with the weight of his enormous costume head as well as his own concussion wooziness. He appears to be gamboling in an effeminate manner as he sways to and fro. He collapses on his face, wiggles his upended rear end, struggles to his feet, runs like a spaz off in one direction, flapping his hands. He then collides with the wall, knocking him out yet again. At his collapse, the crowd boos mightily.

CUT TO:

CU BENDOVER

BENDOVER is hiding his eyes with one elegant hand. He removes his hand resignedly.

BENDOVER  
(sighing, with regret)  
Indeed, I do now see the objection. There is but one course available to us.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER FIELD - DAY

SFX: A riotous mob

A group of protesters push their wheeled guillotine forward from left to right.

NEW ANGLE: a group of protesters have surrounded BUMBLES/MARQUIS and have bound his hands behind him. They hustle him from right to left.

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE: the POV from below the head-hole looking up at the guillotine blade is filled by the goofy face of the MARQUIS as he is placed face down into the guillotine.

NEW ANGLE: CU of the raised blade.

SFX: The baseball standard organ music  
"Da-da-da-da-da-daaaa-charge!"

At "charge" the blade falls. A realistic, grisly chopping sound is heard and a roar of approval goes up from the crowd.

CUT TO:

SPINNING NEWSPAPER SEGUE

MUSIC: Harpsichord plinking fussily, playing "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" in a baroque style. RECEDES to background after SEGUE settles on the front page of the Sandusky Signal. The shot tracks to a story with the headline "Dandies No More: Owners Change Ball Club's Name To Rabble"

PULL BACK:

JODI is holding the newspaper, sipping a mug of coffee.

JODI

So you changed the name of the team to the Rabble. I hope that works. I'm a little surprised, but we haven't heard a thing from the protesters in days. And game attendance is actually up. But did you really have to cut off the mascot's head and give children nightmares? Wasn't that a little...extreme?

NEW ANGLE: As in the dressing room at the start of the episode, the UPPER CRUST lounges upon divans, being tended by wenches, receiving manicures, being fed grapes.

BENDOVER

(airily)

Nonsense. It had to be done. The gesture gave the mob...what is the term? Change...they could believe in. Besides, it hurt no one.

BUMBLES enters from the left, holding a pitcher. His hair is different; the guillotine blade gave him a very close

(CONTINUED)

call, producing a reverse Mohawk. JODI sees him for the first time and stifles a laugh, then all laugh while BUMBLES looks sheepish. All laugh except DUC D'ISTORTION, whose wig is still in his eyes, and looks in the other direction.

DUC D'ISTORTION  
I do not see what is so amusing.

THE END