

THE MR. BILL SHOW - THE TRAINEE

Written by

Todd Ouzts

16425 SW 113th Avenue
Portland, OR 97224
971-263-9564
todd@scenario.com

1 FADE IN: 1

Cue "Mr. Me" by They Might Be Giants, which plays uninterrupted throughout our story.

TITLES
THE MR. BILL SHOW
STARRING MR. BILL AS
THE TRAINEE

2 INT. REGISTER AREA - NIGHT 2

MR. BILL is standing proudly atop a cash register. MR. BILL is a colorful doll, made of Play-Doh.

MR. HANDS
Well hello, Mr. Bill. Welcome to your first day at McDonald's! Here, let me clock you in.

MR. HANDS punches in his employee number. The camera flips over slowly to reveal that 7718 upside-down spells "BILL."

3 INT. REGISTER AREA - NIGHT 3

MR. HANDS
Okay, that was your first customer. Don't forget to give him a game piece.

MR. BILL
Here's your game piece, sir. Good luck!

The customer takes the game piece but rips MR. BILL's arm off in the process!

MR. BILL (CONT'D)
(in agony)
Oh, noooooooooooooooooo!

4 INT. REGISTER AREA - NIGHT 4

MR. BILL is standing in the cash register drawer, holding a quarter in his hand.

MR. HANDS
There's another one. Very good, Mr. Bill!

MR. BILL
Here's your change, ma'am.

But MR. HANDS slams the drawer shut, severing MR. BILL's legs. His torso and severed head hit the floor and the quarter bounces between them.

MR. BILL (CONT'D)
Arrrrrrrrrrrgh!

5 INT. PIE AREA - NIGHT 5

MR. BILL is having fun riding on the fried pie carousel while MR. HANDS turns the wheel.

MR. HANDS
Okay Mr. Bill, break time's over.

MR. HANDS grabs a rail and spins the wheel faster. MR. BILL flies off the carousel and crumples onto the countertop in a heap.

MR. BILL
No, no no -- Oooooooh nooooooo!

6 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 6

MR. BILL is standing in the lobby with a grimace on his face.

MR. BILL
I don't think I want to work here anymore. I wanna go home, please.

MR. HANDS
Don't worry, Mr. Bill. It gets better.

MR. BILL is trying to fill the napkin dispenser when suddenly MR. HANDS slams his head in the metal drawer.

MR. BILL
(muffled)
Oh nooooo!

7 INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT 7

MR. BILL is standing at the bottom of a long wooden ramp, staring up at a heavy cardboard box marked "NAPKINS."

MR. HANDS

Maybe you aren't cut out for lobby work, Mr. Bill. Here, let me show you how to catch stock. Ready?

MR. HANDS gives the box of napkins a shove and it slides down the ramp toward MR. BILL like a freight train. Now downstairs, MR. HANDS lifts the box to reveal MR. BILL has been crushed flat.

MR. BILL

(muffled)

Oooooohhhh, nooooooooo!

MR. HANDS scrapes MR. BILL off the floor with a spatula.

MR. HANDS

Oh wow, okay. Let's try a little grill work, then.

8

INT. GRILL AREA - NIGHT

8

MR. HANDS is rolling a ball of brown Play-Doh.

MR. HANDS

Maybe you could use a little help.

MR. HANDS sets a cute little brown dog next to MR. BILL.

MR. BILL

(excited)

Spot! How you doin', buddy? Boy I've missed you!

SPOT

(barking happily)

MR. HANDS is searing hamburger patties on the grill. He lifts the searing tool to reveal that SPOT is part of the cooking meat now.

SPOT (CONT'D)

(whimpering and then sizzling)

MR. BILL is super angry now.

9

INT. GRILL AREA - NIGHT

9

He stands on a metal tray and falls face first into the toaster grill. MR. HANDS pulls the lever down and squishes MR. BILL in the hot toaster.

When MR. BILL's legs pop up, MR. HANDS lifts the lever, pulls MR. BILL out and starts to brush off his flattened face.

MR. HANDS
Oh I'm sorry, Mr. Bill. I didn't
see you there.

10 INT. GRILL AREA - NIGHT 10

MR. HANDS stuffs MR. BILL and SPOT into a Big Mac sauce dispenser, inserts the piston and ratchets it down.

SPOT
(barking)

MR. BILL
(muffled)
No, no, no, no, let us out!

MR. HANDS squirts a disgusting, mangled glob of Play-Doh out of the dispenser and onto a waiting bun, as the music ends.

11 CREDITS 11

THE END
(on message board)

CAST
(rolling)
Mr. Bill - Todd Ouzts
Mr. Hands - Ken Goldberg & Steve
Krenik
Spot - Todd Ouzts