

CIRCUS FOLK CEMETERY
PILOT

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CIRCUS FOLK CEMETERY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Last light hits the closed iron gate, where a plaque reads, "CIRCUS FOLK CEMETERY -- THE GREATEST FUN-ERAL ON EARTH!"

Inside, this circus-themed burial ground blends tented tombs and rows upon rows of grave plots shaped like circus rings. Yellow brick inroads flow from end-to-end. One takes us to...

EXT. THE BIG TENT. ENTRANCE FLAP - DAY

...a big circus tent -- the property's largest structure.

VIOLET (30) prunes petunias in her candy striped jumpsuit. It's like a janitor's uniform, but a grass-stained circus version.

HONK-HONK.

Startled, Violet accidentally **DECAPITATES** the petunias.

It's GIMBLE (30), a handsomely charming clown with a HONKER.

GIMBLE

Gotcha!

Upon seeing him, Violet **LAUGHS** despite it not being funny.

GIMBLE

Gotta look alive, Violet. I prank like it's my job. Because it is my job. It's very important stuff.

VIOLET

Oh yeah? My job is burying dead people, so -- really -- you better look alive. Or...I'll kill you.

Violet grins. Awaits Gimble's reaction. He becomes stone-faced.

She hides back in the petunias to escape by feigning work.

GIMBLE

Right...well, I'm gonna skedaddle. Let me get those two knuckleheads I call coworkers out of your hair so you can finish getting ready...
(peeks inside tent)
...looks great so far, by the way.

VIOLET

Aw, thanks Gimble! I tried to --

She turns back. Gimble has already disappeared inside the tent.
A beat of awkward Violet aloneness.

BROUHAHA inside the tent gets her attention. She takes a peek.

INT. THE BIG TENT - DAY

A wide open space setup like if a three-ringed circus were to host sick, Vegas-style funeral bashes, which we'll get more into later on, but right now everything is dormant.

An acrobat, NAOMI THE MAGNIFICENT (25), points and GIGGLES at Gimble, who holds his honker in the pelvic region (à la penis).

Unexpectedly, a muscleman, GALAXAR (35), squeezes it.

HONK-HONK.

They all LAUGH together. Like a commercial. It looks fun.

[Please note these are all ALIVE people (coworkers of Violet in a cemetery run by circus people). No *Sixth Sense* stuff occurs.]

EXT. THE BIG TENT. ENTRANCE FLAP - DAY

Violet's eyes watch the fun. They want to be part of that fun.

She turns her attention back to the dead petunias. Picks one up. Stares at it, lifeless in her palm. Frowns.

INT. THE BIG TENT - NIGHT

The place is empty now except for Violet, who finishes wiping down a stripper pole. Something on the pole catches her eye.

She finds a note there. *What's this?* Picks it up.

INSERT NOTE: "Violet, DON'T look inside the bowl over by the bar. ;) - Gimble"

Violet smirks. Points her gaze to a chic bar in the corner.

Sure enough, there's a SILVER SERVING BOWL on the bar top.

As she walks over to it, GIGGLES naturally leak out from her mouth. She shakes her head. Rolls eyes playfully. *Oh, Gimble!*

At the bar, she ganders inside the bowl ready for a surprise.

It's empty. *Hmmm...*

All of a sudden, her CIRCUS-THEMED RINGTONE sounds off.

Violet raises her phone to glimpses the caller ID.

INSERT CALLER ID: "MIKE (EX) - DO NOT CALL!!!"

Her heart seems to sink. She GULPS.

Answers.

Waits.

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
Hey. How's it going?

[Violet doesn't recognize the highly recognizable voice of actor JACK BLACK. Albeit, these are just strung together soundbites found online. It's supposed to be a crank call.]

VIOLET
Mike?

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
It's me, baby. Me.

As she starts to pace, a hand from behind the bar tosses a FAKE RAT toward Violet in an attempt at a YouTube-style scare prank.

It misses. Violet doesn't notice.

VIOLET
You sound different...

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
ME!!!

VIOLET
Fine! Jesus -- whatever. Why are you calling me?

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
You know what I was thinkin?

VIOLET
...what?

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
I love you.

Violet's taken aback. Speechless. The fake rat SQUIRMS nearby.

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
Don't you have something to say?

VIOLET
It's been five years, Mike...

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
Yeah. I just wanted to say it.

Violet gets teary-eyed.

VIOLET
I can't do this game with you
anymore. I told myself, "no."

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
I WANT YOU!

VIOLET
Please, don't do this...

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
Think about it, man!

Reveal Gimble rising from behind the bar. His face appears embarrassed to be hearing this. He gestures at a nearby pillar.

Reveal Naomi step out beside the pillar. She's been recording with her phone the entire time. Her face cringes at the scene.

Reveal Galaxar enter from an exit flap. He holds his laptop (with JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD) and phone. Gives a thumbs up.

Violet's too distressed in serious thought to notice them.

VIOLET
I don't know -- I mean, if you
really mean it...

Gimble motions to Galaxar. *Cut. It. Out!*

VIOLET
...if you've really changed your
heart on the matter, then --

Galaxar motions back. *Fine...* Hits a button.

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
Yeah, hold on a second. I'm
looking at the menu. You know how
you have the six piece nuggets?

VIOLET
What? What are you talking about?

JACK BLACK SOUNDBOARD (V.O.)
Put two of them up your ASS!

Violet GASPS. She's confused and sad and angry.

VIOLET

I'm not putting anything up my ass
for you ever again. Goodbye!

Violet hangs up. Immediately breaks down into SOBS.

She notices the fake rat squirm by her feet. *Huh...?* Picks it up, puzzled. *What's going on?* Glances around.

This, of course, leads her to finally spot Gimble.

They make eye contact. Gimble grimaces. *I'm so sorry...*

Still dazed, Violet follows his glances to find Galaxar scratching his head and then Naomi recording.

NAOMI THE MAGNIFICENT

(awkward)

Heh -- pranked ya...

Violet finally realizes what happened. Blushes in embarrassment.

Through tears, she attempts to save face. Holds up the rat.

VIOLET

(not saracastic)

Ha, wow -- good one, guys...

(re: awkward stares)

...no, seriously. Really funny!

Violet tries to mean it. Forces a sad grin for her audience.

TITLE CARD