

Pretty Flamingo
by
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EXT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

NOTE: ALL VOICES ARE V.O. UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED.

The moon moves behind an endless dark cloud.

Warm yellow light spills from the trailer's windows onto the yard, which is filled with every imaginable lawn ornament. They cast long shadows.

Then the warm light is extinguished and any shadows meld into the general darkness.

But one sole light breaks through the blackness. A bare bulb in a wire lantern held aloft by the ceramic hand of a lawn jockey, JOCK.

JOCK
My favourite time, the beginning
of my watch.

His impassive weathered black face stares forward.

JOCK
From dusk until dawn I stand in
my appointed spot. Eight hours
watching the yard from my post,
eight hours guarding her.

Before him, past his lantern, near a mailbox and turned slightly away is a fluorescent pink plastic flamingo, MING.

JOCK (O.S.)
She's beautiful isn't she? Her
name's Ming, like an antique
vase, only rarer. -- Not a reason
in the world I'd wish to be
anywhere else. It's my dream job.

He stares forward.

JOCK
But the trouble with dreams is
that eventually you're gonna wake
up. It's unavoidable. And so it
was that one day my lamp went
out.

CUT TO:

BLACK

JOCK
The dark can be a lonely place --

EXT. TRAILER HOME - LATER

The lantern flickers on, illuminating Jock's face.

JOCK
But it doesn't compare to seeing
that those you love are missing.

Before him, past his lantern, only a mailbox.

JOCK
Guard. I mean those you guard. --
MING!

Jock waits for a response but an evil-sounding chuckle pierces the silence. His lantern illuminates some bushes and they rustle.

JOCK (O.S.)
Ming? Is that you? Come out where
I can see you? -- MING?!

A whisper.

WHISPER (O.S.)
I have the answers you seek.

The light illuminates a blank stretch of lawn.

JOCK (O.S.)
Tell me then!

WHISPER (O.S.)
Come closer...

JOCK
The most important rule for a
lawn ornament is never move from
your appointed spot.

WHISPER (O.S.)
Closer...

JOCK
But if Ming went and broke that
rule in order to get herself
lost, then I was just going to
have to break that rule in order
to find her.

The light moves across a blank stretch of lawn.

JOCK (O.S.)
So for the first time ever, I
left my post.

Into view, a white pedestal; a greenish mirrorball, ORB,
sits at the top and glaringly reflects Jock's light.

JOCK (O.S.)
What in the hell are you?

WHISPER/ORB
I am the Orb. I see all and I
know all.

JOCK
Then where's Ming?

ORB
 In good time my friend, in good
 time. First there is something
 you must do for me.

JOCK
 Alright, I'm listening.

FADE TO:

BLACK

MALE VOICE
 No, Senor. Please! I will pay
 him! Please Senor. No! Please!

The sound of crunching porcelain then a male voice screams.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAILER HOME - LATER

A Mexican, MEX, with sombrero, poncho and a donkey at his
 side looks like he's taking a siesta, but he moans and
 whimpers.

MEX
 I would have paid him, Senor...

A broken porcelain leg lay on the ground before him.

Jock is a short distance away, he does not face Mex.

JOCK
 I felt for the Mexican, I really
 did, but I didn't do anything to
 him that a bit of glue and some
 tape won't fix. And if it means
 finding Ming...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAILER HOME - LATER

Jock stands in front of the Orb, the reflection of his face
 stares back.

JOCK
 I've done as you asked.

ORB
 I know. And you've done very
 well. On my team a man like you
 could go quite far. For your next
 task...

JOCK
 My next task?!

ORB
 Surely the information you seek
 is worth more than one broken
 leg.

JOCK
 You son of a...

Jock tips the pedestal using his lantern arm. The Orb rocks
 in it's cradle.

ORB
 Wait! If I break then you'll
 never find your precious Ming.

Jock stops.

JOCK
 Then you have very little time to
 tell me where she is.

He pushes forward again.

ORB
 In the east! You'll find Ming in
 the east!

Jock releases the pedestal and it drops back into it's
 appointed place. The orb rocks sharply back and forth in
 it's cradle.

ORB
 I see an unhappy ending.

The orb hangs on the edge of its pedestal.

ORB
 One that could easily have been
 avoided.

The Orb goes over the edge.

It takes a long time for the Orb to make his final journey,
 but it's one trip that may truly be called a smashing
 success.

The hundred pieces that once were the Orb lay at Jock's
 feet, glittering as they reflect his shining lantern.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAILER HOME - LATER

Jock stands alone.

JOCK
 The east side of the lawn. The
 wishing well district.

At the edge of his light radius, a wishing well.

JOCK
 I've heard stories about this
 place. It's a place where your
 dreams come true -- for a price.
 Where strung out cherubs looking
 for a quick wish end up --

Closer, two Cherubs(CHER and ROB) perch on the well's edge.

CHER
 Grant you a wish, mister?

ROB
 Or maybe you might like our two
 for one special? Hmmm.

CHER
 Stop trying to horn in on my
 deals, will ya?

ROB
 But he's got a free...

CHER
 Shut up!

ROB
 Make me!

CHER
 I'd never find a gag big enough!

They titer with glee.

JOCK
 Quiet! Please! I'm not interested
 in wishes. I'm trying to find
 someone. Her name's Ming --

CHER
 What a coincidence. My name's
 Ming --

ROB
 I'm Ming! I'm Ming too!

CHER
 You're a whore!

ROB
 Well, you're a slut!

CHER
 And you're a --

JOCK
 QUIET! I shouldn't have come
 here. Ming would never have come
 to this place.

CHER
That's right, Mister "I'm not interested in wishes". You ain't going to find your girlfriend here. But I got some news for you buddy. Wish or no wish, you ain't going nowhere till you pay up.

ROB
You tell him!

CHER
I am. Pay up mister!

JOCK
Pay up? (He laughs) Sorry, but I'm out of here.

Jock turns but on the ground behind him is a gang of cherubs, each individual holding a rope.

CHER
Get 'em cherubs.

The ropes fly, they tangle around Jock; his lantern arm is the first captive.

He turns trying to escape. The cherubs are tugged by their ropes but they manage to remain in their place.

Then Jock tips over and falls to the ground. The victorious cherubs cheer as they surround his bound body.

Cher perches near his face.

CHER
We know how to get what we want.
To the whirlygig!

The cherubs huzzah. Jock is dragged away.

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The WHIRLYGIG is a dangerous looking contraption composed of many sharp looking pinwheels. They whir as the spin quickly in the wind.

Still bound. Jock is face to face with the monster and connected by rope to cherubs on either side of the machine. He moves ever so slowly forward as they pull.

JOCK
That double-crossing Orb got what he deserved, I should have known better than to trust him.

He slides closer to the machine.

JOCK
He knew just how to get rid of me. He sent me straight into the hands of these blood-thirsty cherubs.

Jock envisions the Orb.

ORB
In the East! --

A dizzying array of pinwheels approach.

JOCK
Or did he?

A closer vision of the Orb showing the curved reflection of Jock's face.

ORB
East! --

The sharp whirring objects near.

JOCK
How could I be so stupid? Only a
idiot lawn jockey or a mirror
would confuse --

Pointy spinning metal inches from his eye.

JOCK
I wish -- I wish I had gone west
instead of east!

CHER
Wait! Did he just say wish?

ROB
He did, he said wish! He's got a
free one.

CHER
Shit! There goes tonight's
entertainment.

The cherubs groan.

CHER
Granted.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jock stands in front of some bushes that block the walkway to the side door.

JOCK
They say that every individual
has one free wish to use as they
please, but that most everyone
uses theirs for the wrong reason.

He scans the area with his light.

JOCK
I'd say that I used mine wisely --
MING?

JOCK
It's alright, I'll take care of
those bastards. Somehow.

Jock moves forward. The gnomes do too. Six more gnome
appear out of the darkness.

MEL
You're way out of your league
buddy.

The gnomes murmur and chuckle in agreement.

MEL
Make it easy on yourself, get out
of the way, we gots no use for
you.

One of the gnomes covertly leaves rank and heads toward
Ming.

MEL
Alls we want is that luscious bit
of pink over there.

JOCK
There's no way on this good green
lawn that I'm letting you
anywhere near Ming. And tell me--

Jock knocks the covert gnome away with a swipe of his
lantern.

JOCK
Are all of you gnomes such
idiots?

MEL
Kill the fucker.

Jock is besieged as the gnomes surround him, the sounds of
garden implements breaking plaster then

The porch light snaps on.

MEL
Shit! Everybody beat it! It's the
big guy!

The gnomes scatter. Jock does too.

JOCK
Ming, stay still. I'll be right
behind these bushes.

Jock pushes against the far side of the bushes as the porch
door opens. Dressed in a flannel robe, belly hanging out,
the midriff of the BIG GUY appears in the doorway.

BIG GUY
Who's there?

The midriff walks down the steps.

BIG GUY
I heard you! I know you're here.

At the bottom of the stairs. CRUNCH.

BIG GUY
Awww, son of a bitch. Goddamn
kids! STAY THE HELL OUT OF MY
YARD.

Then the midriff stomps back up the stairs and closes the side door. The porch light goes out.

JOCK
Ming! Ming he's gone, so are the
gnomes. I can take you back to --

Jock turns the corner of the bushes and then stops. It begins to rain, drops cascade down Jock's face.

JOCK
Oh, Ming.

From above, Jock's circle of light illuminates both himself and Ming, who lies at the bottom of the stairs. Her neck is broken beyond repair.

JOCK
I wish my lamp never went out --
I WISH MY LAMP NEVER WENT OUT!

FADE OUT.