

The Untitled Rhapsody

UNTITLED #2 "PIANO"

INT. PERFORMANCE AREA

A baby grand piano sits alone in a performance area. HUBERT enters and sits down at the piano bench.

Hubert notices a sticky-note on the piano. Hubert reads it:

"A minor G flat C sharp D major"

Hubert nods, place the sticky note on the holder for music books, and plays according to the note.

EXT. FIELD

Hubert finishes playing, and stands from the bench.

Hubert bows.

Hubert exits.

End.

UNTITLED #3 "CROWD"

A large crowd is gathered around something. Some people have brought lawn chairs and are enjoying icy drinks, others are trying to see the action while on tiptoes, others throw popcorn at it.

After a good while of seeing the crowd, the object is revealed to be a person tearing up shreds of paper and putting them into a large bowl of broken eggs. End.

UNTITLED #7 "CARL"

INT. CARL'S HOUSE

CARL sits on an ottoman. He turns to the camera.

CARL
Hey there guys, it's me: Carl! You
know: CARL! That's me! Yep: Carl.
Carl! Carl, Carl, Carl. CARL!
Wait... Wait no! NO! Come back!
Please? I... I'm Carl. Carl!
Please? Carl?

INT. BLACK - NIGHT

Ending credits, Carl's theme song plays.

CARL
(singing)
I'm Carl! Yeah I'm Carl! Please
come back because I'm lonely.

End.

UNTITLED #12 "A FILM"

EXT. FIELD

A man in a Polo shirt and a comb-over whom we'll call
MARKIMER frolics through the field.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer lies face down in the fields, covered in ticks and
blood.

EXT. ROOF

Markimer is on top of a roof, screaming with his hands
raised.

INT. BLACK - NIGHT

Blackness.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer frolicks through the field some more. The same action of Markimer frolicking begins to repeat.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer is performing a one man *Hamlet*. He is currently stabbing himself through a curtain.

MARKIMER

How now? A rat!

MARKIMER

Help! Help!

EXT. ROOF

Markimer faces himself on the roof.

MARKIMER

I hate you so much.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer attempts to reach down his own throat.

EXT. ROOF

Markimer gives up reaching down his throat and sits.

INT. LIBRARY

Markimer sits down in a comfy library chair. Markimer approaches himself.

MARKIMER

I brought you some historical fiction.

MARKIMER

This isn't fiction.

MARKIMER
It is now.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer weeps.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer frolicks.

EXT. ROOF

Markimer reads his book in the armchair.

INT. LIBRARY

Markimer screams.

INT. BLACK - NIGHT

Blackness.

INT. WHITE - DAY

Whiteness.

INT. LIBRARY

Markimer approaches himself in the library.

MARKIMER
I brought you some historical
fiction.

MARKIMER
This is historical ficiton!

MARKIMER
I know.

Half of the credits roll.

Title: Untitled #12 A Film

EXT. FIELD

Markimer frolicks.

EXT. ROOF

Markimer stares at himself holding a pineapple.

INT. LIBRARY

Markimer reads historical fiction.

MARKIMER

Alas poor Yorick, I knew him.

Markimer throws the book to the ground.

MARKIMER

Get thee to a nunnery!

The other half of the credits roll.

INT. LIBRARY

Markimer screams.

EXT. FIELD

Markimer screams.

EXT. ROOF

Markimer screams.

Title: The End.

Title: Untitled #12 A Film

Roll credits backwards.

Title: Untitled #12 A Film

Title: The End.

EXT. ROOF

Markimer sits in the armchair staring at the pineapple on a stool.

MARKIMER
Aye, there's the rub.

End.

UNTITLED #13 "A SPOON"

INT. DINING ROOM - DUSK

HUBERT and PAUBLO face each other at opposite ends of the dining room table. Hubert has a spoon.

PAUBLO
So, what do you have there?

HUBERT
Oh, A spoon.

PAUBLO
A spoon, eh?

HUBERT
Yep. A spoon.

End.

UNTITLED #16 "HAUNTED"

INT. STAGE - UNKNOWN

PERSON WITH TOASTER walks onto the stage sans toaster. All lights turn off.

A single beam of light falls on Person With Toaster.

PERSON WITH TOASTER
 You know, this theater is supposed
 to be haunted.

INT. STAGE

Person with Toaster wears a suit jacket with "Person with
 Toaster" embroidered on it.

INT. STAGE - UNKNOWN

The Person with Toaster has not moved.

PERSON WITH TOASTER
 I just thought it'd be nice to
 know.

The person with Toaster exits. End.

UNTITLED #23 "SCAMPI THE MOUSE DECIDES TO TAKE A VACATION"

EXT. FIELD

A poorly drawn mouse scamper across a notebook page. On the
 notebook page is a poorly drawn field.

The mouse's name is SCAMPI, and very little can be discerned
 about him.

The characters' dialog appears in word balloons over their
 heads while an actor speaks the lines.

SCAMPI
 Springtime is over and soon summer
 will be here/ i wish I had a house.

A FLOWER sprouts out of the ground.

FLOWER
 Hey there Scampi! Did I hear you
 needed a house? Mr. Tree can help
 us!

SCAMPI

Oh, I don't want to bother Mr.
Tree. I hear he's awwwwwfully busy!

FLOWER

Ah Poopysticks, Scampi. Mr. Tree
will be gald to help you out! All
you need is wood!

MR. TREE scoots up to Scampi and the Flower.

MR. TREE

Hello, I am Mr. Tree! I can help
you! I can help you with ahouse.

SCAMPI

Hooray! Now I can be warm for the
summer!

FLOWER

Let's get building!

Mr. Tree rips off his limbs and gives them to Flower who
builds a house. Mr. Tree bleeds very graphically.

MR. TREE

THIS IS ALL FOR YOU SCAMPI!

FLOWER

We're building you a house!

SCAMPI

Hooray! The house is d. done.

The Flower puts the last limb onto the house. All dance.

SCAMPI

Hooray for Scampi!

FLOWER

Hooray for Scampi!

MR. TREE

Hooray for Scampi!

SCAMPI

I guess I've learned that as long
as there are good people in the
worl, everything wei- OH DEAR GOD
IT'S THE BUTTERFLY MONSTER!

A gigantic hideous butterfly monster flies down and snatches
up Flower and Mr. Tree.

BUTTERFLY MONSTER
I THIRST FOR PLANT BLOOD!

The Butterfly monster devours Mr. Tree, who screams and bleeds.

FLOWER
Too bad we're your only friends,
Scampi! We're going to die now!
You're going to be all alone in
your new house!

The Butterfly Monster devours Flower the same way it did with Mr. Tree. The Butterfly Monster flies away.

Scampi is alone.

SCAMPI
Well... shit. I guess Ive got a new
house, though.

TITLE: **"THE END"**

UNTITLED #24 "TELEPHONE"

INT. ROOM

Two people sit at opposite ends of a table. In the middle of the table is a telephone. The phone rings.

PERSON 1
Phone call.

PERSON 2
It's for you.

PERSON 1
I see.

Person 1 picks up the phone.

PERSON 1
Hello? Yes. Hello? No. Hello, here
he is.

PERSON 2
Me?

PERSON 1
It's for you.

Person 2 takes the phone.

PERSON 2
Hello? Hello?

Person 2 hangs up the phone.

PERSON 2
He hung up.

PERSON 1
That's not very nice.

PERSON 2
No. It isn't.

The phone rings.

PERSON 1
Phone call.

PERSON 2
It's for you.

End.

UNTITLED #25 "BROWN PAPER BAG"

EXT. PARK

A person sits on a park bench with a brown paper bag.

The person eats something out of the bag. They eat, and eat,
and eat.

Finally, the person finishes what it was they were eating.
The person eats the brown paper bag, and leaves.

End.

UNTITLED #26 "MICE"

INT. CLASSROOM

A single figure sits at a desk in the middle of an empty classroom.

The figure scrawls away in a notebook.

INT. NOTEBOOK

The figure draws picture after picture of mice.

INT. CLASSROOM

A mouse crawls across the table. The figure does not notice.

INT. NOTEBOOK

The figure crosses out a sketch of a mouse on a plane.

INT. CLASSROOM

A rubber squeaky rat is on the table. The figure does not notice.

INT. NOTEBOOK

The figure draws a picture of a mouse underneath a blanket.

INT. CLASSROOM

Multiple squeaky rats are on the desk and mice in balls run on and around the desk.

The figure turns to a new page in the notebook.

A MAN IN A MOUSE SUIT enters through the door. The Man in a Mouse Suit point a gun to the Figure's head.

MAN IN MOUSE SUIT
DAMMIT I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!

The Man in Mouse Suit shoots himself. The figure does not notice. End.

UNTITLED #38 "A NICE MORNING"

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Hubert yawns and rubs his eyes. He opens the refrigerator and pulls out a carton of eggs.

Hubert puts the carton of eggs on a counter and crosses to a cupboard. Hubert opens the cupboard and takes out a frying pan.

Hubert rests the pan on the stove.

Hubert crosses back to the carton of eggs and takes it to the stove. He takes out two eggs and cracks them into the frying pan. Hubert stares at the eggs.

The eggs sizzle.

Hubert crosses back to the refrigerator and takes out a carton of orange juice. Hubert rests the carton on the counter. He looks over at the eggs, and crosses to another cupboard.

Hubert takes out a cup and crosses back to the carton of orange juice.

Hubert pours himself a glass of orange juice. He puts the carton back in the refrigerator.

Hubert crosses back to the stove and looks at the eggs.

INT. FRYING PAN - MORNING

The eggs sizzle and solidify.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Hubert licks his lips and grabs a spatula.

Hubert puts the spatula next to the stove and crosses to another cupboard. He opens it and pulls out a plate.

Hubert crosses back to the stove and flips the eggs onto the plate.

Hubert takes his eggs and orange juice and sits down at the kitchen table.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Hubert's house explodes in a massive fireball. END.

UNTITLED #53: BLOCK

A Person is sitting in a park. A person is swinging in a playground. A person is throws a hot dog stand down onstage. The spectator feels a warm belonging for all of humanity. A costume rack appears and falls to the ground.

Bunnies. Lots of them. All singing the blues. One on country western ragtime guitar. A Keyboard. A billboard. No, we'll never get one without advertisements. Make that a bill, then a board. 2x4. Christmas tree, Christmas tree. There's just one thing left.

The number 2, the bunnies. A person is playing catch with their father, in the background a person dies. No the person doesn't die, they eat ice cream. Scratch that, they get devoured by a person in a large ice cream cone suit. Drugs. Tons of them. Raining from the sky. The idiots everywhere rejoice as they no longer have to face themselves.

A person alone in a room, trying to think of why no one likes him. A bunny. A Puppy. Wombat? Sure, throw him in there. Title Card: Self referentiation. The director enters and dances to the tune "God Bless America". No, "Suffragette City". No, Whatever kind of crap you can find on public domain. No, no crap and in public domain. A Person with a hammer. A person with a saw. Back to the person with a hammer. They hit themselves? Too slapstick. The build a canoe? yes, then they hit themselves with the canoe.

Spelling errors and nursery rhymes. Hay diddle diddle teh kat and teh fidel. End. Explode. End. Hug. End. Roll credits. Begin. Roll credits. A person holding a title card that reads "End". The title card reads: By Vvinni J. Gagnepain.

UNTITLED #59: SUPERBALL HALLWAY

INT. HALLWAY

A PERSON walks down a long hallway. The person has a garbage bag with a small hole in it slung around their shoulders.

The garbage bag is full of superballs.

The person walks down the hallway.

The hole in the bag gets larger, and superballs begin to leak out.

The person walks. As the person walks the hole only gets larger and the superballs fall out.

The superballs bounce.

The person reaches the end of the hallway. They reach into the garbage bag.

There are only four superballs left.

The person throws the four superballs to the beginning of the hallways.

The person exits. End.

UNTITLED #60: "SUBURBIA"

INT. KITCHEN

A nice suburban home, a CHILD eats cereal out of a bowl, and a MOTHER is cleaning the dishes. The FATHER walks in, all ready for work.

FATHER

Gee this breakfast smells great,
too bad I can't take it with me!

MOTHER

Oh honey you always know just what
to say. Here, have some toast.

FATHER

Golly I love toast!

The father eats the toast rather ravenously.

FATHER

Well that was fantastic, wasn't it slugger?

CHILD

This cereal makes me extra strong and hearty!

MOTHER

Oh good, we can have you for dinner tonight!

FATHER

Yes, yes. You've grown too old now to be cute, son. You're brother will be the new you, and he won't remember anything about his brother.

CHILD

Can you eat me with artichokes? My blood would make a good sauce.

MOTHER

(taking a plate and throwing it down on the ground)

NO! I can't go on! My life is a lie!

FATHER

(chuckles)

CHILD

Mommy, would you like me better if I were born a boy?

FATHER

Your flesh would be too stringy then. Your brother, however, would make a great daughter!

MOTHER

(Still throwing dishes)

I don't have a heart. I don't even have an oven.

FATHER

Son! Come in here! We have to make you forget your gender! (To child) What are you doing here? I thought I told you to get into the oven!

CHILD

But you have to preheat it!

MOTHER

(Opening cans and pouring them
down the drain)

Here is my dinner tonight! I can't
cook! Eat me instead! I too am not
stringy!

The mother screams and throws herself into the oven.

FATHER

I can't figure out for the life of
me why she'd do such a thing.

CHILD

Shall I jump in with mama, father?

FATHER

No, child. I guess I haven't been a
very good father to you or your
soon-to-be sister.

CHILD

It's okay, father. I forgive you.

FATHER

But I don't forgive myself. Excuse
me.

The father exits. The child goes back to his cereal.

CHILD

These new O's contain 40% less
sugar than the leading competitor,
and that makes me sad. But I can't
cry. Grandpapa told me if I cry I
can't be in the war. Oh, how I wish
I could taste the fine flesh on my
back. Oh my, it's time for school.
Should I go today? Perhaps today
will be the day I kill all of my
classmates.

The father re-enters. He is now wearing a wig and dress,
similar to the mother.

FATHER

I'm now your mother! Go to school
sweetheart!

CHILD

Father?

FATHER

No! I am your mother now! I have
always been your mother! We are
eating turkey for dinner tonight!

The father laughs uncontrollably as (s)he takes a long
syringe and squirts basting liquid into the oven.

FATHER

(crying)

Oh what wonderful daughters I have!
Well take care, bye bye!

CHILD

Mama, will we be eating me tonight?

FATHER

Not tonight, honey. Now bye bye.

CHILD

Bye bye. I think I'll jump off a
building today.

The child takes his lunchbox, backpack, and a large knife
and exits. The father looks out the window waving to her/his
son.

FATHER

Oh they just grow so fast. Son?
Where are you? I need a daughter.

End.

UNTITLED #67: "THESAURUS"

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Harsh light and an armchair. GLARMANDO sits in the armchair
reading a thesaurus. Glarmando wears a tortise-shell
turtleneck.

Behind Glarmando is SIR REIGNALD FARNSWICK, the
manifestation of Glarmando's self esteem. Sir Reignald
Farnswick is a knight, and should look as such.

GLARMANDO

I am reading a thesaurus! I shall
sing the thesaurus song!

Thesaurus, Thesaurus, Thesaurus.

Thesaurus.

Thesaurus Thesaurus Thesaurus
Thesaurus!

Sir Reignald Farnswick unsheaths his sword.

GLARMANDO

I wonder what antoher word for
"Placate" is! I can look it up here
in my handy thesaurus!

Glarmando flips through the thesaurus.

Sir Reignald Farnswick pulls out a sharpening stone and
sharpens the sword.

GLARMANDO

It's Mollify! Thank you Thesaurus!

Glarmando chuckles to himself as he flips through the
thesaurus.

Sir Reignald Farnswick sharpens his sword.

GLARMANDO

It's just so great that I have a
thesaurus, now none of the kids
will make fun of me!

Sir Reignald Farnswick finishes sharpening the sword. He
holds it up to the light and reflects light onto the wall.
He dangles the sword close to Glarmando's neck.

SIR REIGNALD FARNSWICK

I am so fucking amazing now that I
have a thesaurus.

End.

UNTITLED #68: "MEANING"

A montage of images and actions. What they are doesn't matter, but what does matter is that they are edited beyond all possible recognition. The SOUND plays.

SOUND

You're disappointed. It doesn't matter when or where this will be performed or screened, you're disappointed. Why are you disappointed? Because this hasn't been what you were expecting.

It's either too crazy or not crazy enough. Very little of you, if any of, will walk out being absolutely satisfied. But you'll pretend you liked it. Why? Because this apparently holds meaning.

Within this reflexivity there will be those among you who will see it as a massive artistic choice. This is wrong. You are wrong. There isn't anything here. But you'll keep on thinking there is.

You need this to mean something, and you'll need to walk out of here and talk about how great this has been because you need to give justification for your own existence.

This won't be shown. It never will be. And even if it does I'll have to edit it. twist it and turn it and at the end of it this section won't exist.

The question, then, is are you justifying your existence by listening or am I justifying mine by writing it? It's too bad we'll never know.

UNTITLED #79 "LEGION OF EVIL"

A Darkly lit room. DR. MAGNUM SINISTER (45) stands at the head of a longtable. Dr. Magnum Sinister wears a black lab coat lined in red. He looks vaguely threatening.

Surrounding the table is CRAZY CARDBOARD, a cardbaord box with "**crazy**" written on it; DECOMPOSOR, a decomposing corpse; and HAMDANCO, a novelty dancing hamster.

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER

Mwelcome to the mtwentyfirst
mmeeting of the mlegion of mevil.
Mfirst order of business, horrible
mbudget cuts. Thoughts on this
Crazy Cardboard?

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER

(speaking through Crazy)

I think we could use my box-like
powers to infiltrate the mint and
steal all the gold in the world!

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER

Myes, mperfect. And what do you
think Decomposor?

DECOMPOSOR

(says nothing, as it is a
corpse)

Hamdanco dances.

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER

Yes! Dance My Hamster! DANCE!!!

A knock sounds at the door to the Legion of Evil's secret one-bedroom lair. DEADBEAT (35) speaks through the door.

DEADBEAT (O.S)

Magnum? Is that you?

Deadbeat enters. Deadbeat has a gut and stubble. He wears sweat pants and a college hoodie.

DEADBEAT

Hey, I know you're my arch nemesis
and all, but can you give me some
nutmeg? I'm making cookies for my
son.

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER
 (speaking through Crazy
 Cardboard)
 No! Now face the repercussions!
 Hahahahhahahaha!

DEADBEAT
 Alright. Remember we have our
American Gladiators marathon
 tomorrow.

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER
 Yes, I'm planning on bringing my
 evil four bean dip!

Deadbeat leaves.

DR. MAGNUM SINISTER
 Excellent, now for our plan to take
 over the world. The rat and fly
 stockpile seems to be growing to an
 EVIL AMOUNT!!!

Dr. Magnum Sinister points to a pile of dead rats and flies.
 He cackles. End.

UNTITLED #85: BLOCKED AGAIN

INT. CONFERENCE HALL

This is a conference for blocks. An "L Block" from the
 Tetris games is having a chat with a wooden block over a
 nice non-alcoholic drink.

L BLOCK
 mluh mluh mluh mluh mluh.

The wooden block throws it's drink in the face of the
 L-block. Both blocks look ready to fight. A small lego
 block approaches both of the blocks.

LEGO BLOCK
 coomp coomp wah.

The L-block and Wood block look at the small lego block.

The lego block is adorable.

The other blocks decide not to fight.

They embrace... or emblock. All of the other blocks cheer.
 This is a triumph.

TITLE CARD: **THE BLOCKS LIKE EACH OTHER.**

End.

UNTITLED #90: BANANA AND PEACH

INT. TABLE

A banana and a peach are on the table. The banana turns to the peach.

The peach stands still.

The banana inches slowly towards the peach, but the peach dare not move.

The banana is now a centimeter away from the peach, and the peach is feeling very frightened.

A few frames of black.

The peach has been devoured and all that is left are some peach guts and a pit. The banana is back in the corner.

TITLE: BANANA HATES PEACH.

End.

UNTITLED #91: HEADS

EXT. LAMPPOST - NIGHT

A person leans against a lamppost. The person is clothed entirely in black and has a large hat.

The person flips a coin.

The person flips the coin.

The person flips the coin.

The person flips the coin.

The person flips the coin and slams it onto their wrist.

The person looks at the coin.

PERSON

Heads.

The person shakes their head.

The person flips the coin.

End.

UNTITLED #92: RON ON BENCH

EXT. A BENCH

A person is sitting on a bench reading a newspaper, and sipping from his coffee. An announcer speaks loudly.

ANNOUNCER

This is Ron. Ron is reading the newspaper. Ron is drinking the coffee. THIS IS RON! Now Ron looks to his right at a dog catching a Frisbee. LOOK AT RON LOOK! The Dog has caught the Frisbee and now Ron is going back to reading his newspaper! READ, RON, READ! Ron drinks more of his coffee. Ron does not LIKE HIS COFFEE! Ron grows tired of this park, so he stands. Ron reaches into his pocket and pulls out keys. Ron unlocks his bicycle. RON RIDES OFF! Keep on Riding, Ron. We're all rooting for you back at home. Until next time, Ron, keep on shooting for those stars. One day you'll hit them. One Day.