

Writing Sample  
Tribute to Jim Carey

by  
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INT.NOVELTY SHOP AISLES - DAY

Theodore grabs a rubber mask, latex gloves, invisible ink, exploding poop off the shelves and crams them into his basket, at the same time he is running his lines

THEODORE

No names --- (clears his throat,  
tries for a deep pitch) -- no names  
please --- (back to a whine) A  
hitman doesn't say please, what are  
you thinking! Stupid, stupid,  
stupid!

He moves off to the Super Hero section of the store and zeros in on some Spidey-Man gloves.

INT. NOVELTY SHOP CHECKOUT - CONTINUING

The Clerk hands back Theodore's credit card, shaking her head.

Theodore pulls a checkbook out of his back pocket, a single check remains. He fills it out and hands it to the clerk.

She watches as Theodore smooths his shirt against his ripped physique and poses.

CLERK

Got any id?

Theodore pulls out a Warehouse Discount Club Employee card.

CLERK

Good photo, I never take a good  
picture. Go figure.

Theodore leans over the counter. He gives the clerk a peck on the cheek and slips her an autographed head shot from his back pocket.

She hits the sale button on the register and hands Theodore his bag of novelty items.

THEODORE

Mark my words darling, the first  
person I'll be thanking at the  
awards ceremony is

He finger guns her with both hands, blowing off the tips

THEODORE

...YOU!

INT. RV - CONTINUING

A young boy, TED2, helps fasten the various props to Theodore's wrists, ankle and small of his back.

Donning a windbreaker that reads LIL SIZZLERS, Theodore turns and models for the boy.

THEODORE

Well???

TED2

Dad, if you blow this...

Theodore spins around and points, a grappling hook shoots from the cuff of his Spidey gloves.

THEODORE

Up up and away....

INT. WAREHOUSE CLUB SUPERSTORE - DAY

It is sampling Sunday and the Super Warehouse is packed with people. At the end of each aisle, a demo table with food samples and a sampler.

Theodore tends the Lil Sizzlers table situated at the end of aisle four, the canned goods and pickles section. His eyes scan the room as he skewers each sausage with a toothpick.

A hand reaches out and taps Theodore on the shoulder from behind, he jumps.

LADY

Can you direct me to the restrooms?

LATER

The crowds have thinned out, three Lil Sizzlers remain in the electric frying pan. Theodore looks beat.

An Asian woman, JANET, stops her shopping cart in front of the table.

Theodore doesn't give her a second glance.

JANET

My husband, he's a bastard

THEODORE

Beg pardon?

JANET

Cheating, lowlife son of a bitch.  
May his golden rod wither and rot.

Theodore looks startled and begins herding the remaining sausages in the pan into a protective circle.

And then a light comes on in Theodore's head. He sees a padded envelope sticking out of Janet's purse. He reaches for it and she bats his hand away.

JANET

Not so fast Mr. Wise Guy. What do I  
get for my money?

Theodore looks both ways, Janet looks both ways, They both look both ways together.

Janet scoots herself closer to Theodore making sure that he is in full view and earshot of her pendant, a large jade dragon with a blinking red eye.

Crouched beneath the demo table Ted2 twitters.

THEODORE

Well... how would you like it done?

Janet's eyes glitter, she moves even closer still.

THEODORE

Lil Sizzlers serve well boiled,  
fried or nuked. Which do you  
prefer?

Theodore winks several times at Janet. His foot nudges Ted2 under the table, who stops what he is doing and peers out from under the table.

Theodore reaches out and puts his arm around Janet, He turns them both to face the center of the warehouse. As one arm sweeps across the fullness of the view, Janet's Police backup pull back to avoid detection.

THEODORE

You see this warehouse Janet? This  
warehouse is a microcosm, a  
metaphor if you will, for the  
world...

Theodore dangles his hand over Janet's shoulder. He pulls the envelope out and drops it to the floor where Ted2 scoops it up.

THEODORE

I like to think that golden rods  
too are a metaphor for life. Eggs  
without a stiff golden rod, are  
sooo boring.

Theodore drops a piece of exploding poop into Janet's purse.

Janet struggles out from under Theodore's arm, righting  
herself so that once again the pendent has him in full view.

JANET

Cut the crap Mister. Just tell me  
are you going to do it or not?

Janet hands Theodore a cell phone and presses a few buttons  
so that a Google map, list of locations, and a photo of an  
ugly man scrolls by.

Janet's Police backup are ready to bust this sting operation.

Theodore sticks out his hand, Janet grasps it and they shake.

Janet reaches into her purse to extract the envelope

JANET

Here's half down. The remaining  
when you complete the job. Wha....?

Theodore remotely triggers the exploding poop, it sprays all  
over Janet. He takes a few steps back and bolts down the  
aisle of canned goods.

Theodore activates his Spidey glove and a grappling hook  
shoots out and catches on one of the upper shelves of the  
overstock section.

Janet's Police backup swarm the scene.

Ted2 scrambles out from under the table and makes for the  
exit.

Theodore presses another button on his glove and the  
grappling hook begins reeling him up towards an escape hatch  
in the roof of the discount club.

The Spidey glove jams and Theodore dangles helplessly between  
the second and third shelf of overstock.

THEODORE

and scene

Theodore is cut down, handcuffed and led away while Police backup frantically searches for the missing envelope.

Ted2 has managed to escape unnoticed.

Theodore smiles brilliantly for the camera. Winks.