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### How Comedy Television is Written and Developed.

Douglas Holloway  
*Syracuse University*

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Writing and Developing of Comedy Television Shows Through Life Experiences and Innovative  
Screenwriting and Storytelling

A Capstone Project Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the  
Requirements of the Renée Crown University Honors Program at  
Syracuse University

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and Renée Crown University Honors  
Spring 2017

Honors Capstone Project for Television, Radio, Film

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[Click here to enter text.](#)

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## Abstract

In this analysis, I plan to describe how I developed and wrote three episodes of a comedy web series. In the beginning of my paper, I will discuss the importance of my cultural background and how it shaped my appreciation of a wide variety of artistic expression. I then will discuss the contrast of art I experienced in my academic compared to my domestic life.

I will then focus on the importance of television and film in my life. Specifically, I will discuss how I was influenced by popular television at a young age. I will discuss viewing sinister films at led to my appreciation for dark comedy.

In my view dark comedy, more than other genre, puts a spotlight on society ills. My web series is titled *The Force*.

In addition, I will also describe how my aesthetics of my favorite comedy shows assisted in my development of the screenplays.

In the final section, I will discuss what I plan to do after I graduate with a Television, Radio, Film degree from Syracuse University. I will elaborate on how this project has influenced me to become more interested in the creative opportunities in the television industry.

Attached to the critical analysis are the episodes of *The Force*.

## Executive Summary

Over the past 2 years, I developed and wrote a web series called *The Force*. The show is about a narcissistic, overzealous and abusive mall cop in a northern Florida mall who hires a film crew to follow him on his daily adventures. I was inspired (to write the series American's by the obsession with material things found in malls and by the many stories of abusive law enforcement. This series is written in “mockumentary” style, inspired by shows like *Trailer Park Boys*, *Clark and Michael*, *The Office*, *Reno 911*, and *Parks and Recreation*.

## **Acknowledgements**

To the late Dr. George Clayton Branche Jr.

I wish you were still around to see me graduate.

Thank you for always emphasizing the importance of education at such a young age.

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## The Force

**The Force – Episode 101 “Pilot”**

**The Force – Episode 102 “Nick Cage”**

**The Force – Episode 103 “Merry Crisis”**

## **Chapter 1- *Culture: A Personal Influence***

Trying to understand my culture has been important to me from a young age. As a Television, Radio, Film student, my work does not come out of thin air. I was raised in Black household in a mostly White neighborhood, where I was exposed to Black art and Black Aesthetics. The Black art I experienced at home ranged from Spike Lee movies, viewing the incredible paintings of Romare Bearden and Jean-Michel Basquiat, to listening to Michael Jackson, Miles Davis, Al Green, and Marvin Gaye. My mother is a psychologist, and my father who studied Television at Emerson College shared their philosophy that art is the key to becoming a well-rounded intellectual.

During my childhood, I was confused about my identity. I was introduced to the works of Faith Ringgold, Jean-Michel Basquiat, and Romare Bearden, while at school I was introduced to Monet, Warhol, Van Gogh and Rembrandt. I rarely saw any intersection between what I viewed at home compared to what I viewed in school.

Music had a similar contradiction in my life. While I would listen to the revolutionary sounds of Gil Scott Heron, Marvin Gaye, Biggie Smalls, and The Temptations, my White friends at school would listen to Red Hot Chili Peppers, The Beatles, Eric Clapton, and Metallica. In addition, I would be exposed to the frequent Broadway show-tunes my mom would play in long car rides if my father was not present. I eventually learned to merge the “White culture” that I experienced outside of the home to the “Black culture” that I received from my parents.

A constant at school and home was television. My father, who was one of the only Black television executives at the time, watched television every night when he got home. Although going straight to the television right after a long day of work may have

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contributed to my parents' divorce, it was the catalyst for my love of visual storytelling. As a young child, I would sneak into the den and see what content my dad was watching. Whether it was *30 Rock*, *The Boondocks*, *The Office*, *The Sopranos*, *My Wife and Kids*, *Desperate Housewives*, *The Simpsons*, *Six Feet Under*, *Family Guy*, *The Wire*, I would sit with my dad and watch. Some of these shows had all-White casts and some had all-Black casts, but it was all quality television.

The world of film was very similar. Ironically, my mom did not allow my brother and I to watch television on school nights, but she allowed us to watch any movie we wanted to view on the weekends. The first movie I recall watching was Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*. Although that may not be the most appropriate film for a child of six, I found the film as a whole to be funny. As I watched people run away from flocks of birds who were trying to peck their eyes out, blow up gas stations, and kill innocent teachers, I laughed. I found it funny because of the absurdity of it all. I saw past all the blood and gore the film and understood it as a commentary on the human condition. I deemed it funny that despite the all power and glory of man, a species that we kill for sport can one day come back and murder us all. That was when I knew comedy was for me.

Although I love to laugh and make jokes, I never enjoyed watching comedy movies. But that changed when I began watching films such as *Superbad*, *Pineapple Express*, *Knocked Up*, *Airplane*, and *Blazing Saddles*. As much as I enjoyed these movies, I didn't particularly find them as funny as my friends did. I enjoyed dark comedies that at face value were not necessary comedic, but were funny because of what

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they exposed about America. Movies such as *American Psycho*, *Network*, *Pulp Fiction*, *Do The Right Thing*, and *Bamboozled* were ones I found hilarious because of the message of how preposterous our society has become.

One of the first television comedies I watched on my own was *The Boondocks*, created by Aaron McGruder. McGruder was an African American Studies major at the University of Maryland, College Park, and originally created a comic book series with the same title. *The Boondocks* follows the life of a ten-year-old Black nationalist by the name of Huey Freeman, and his violent eight-year-old brother Riley Freeman. The two boys live with their grandfather in a rich White suburb of Maryland, after leaving Chicago due to the death of their parents. During their time in the community, the boys interact with Black men who are not comfortable with their racial identity. They also hang out with White liberals who ignore the realities of Black oppression. Adult Swim – a late night subsidiary of Cartoon Network that airs more adult-friendly animated content, eventually picked up the comic book series and turned it into a television show.

While home alone at the age of ten in my suburban home on New Years' Eve, my little brother and I and watched the first episode. Although I was traumatized by seeing cartoon characters referring to young Black children as “little niggers,” and “monkeys,” I was astounded by how television could be so egregious and reckless, while conveying a political message (that I didn't understand at the time). As I got older, *The Boondocks* eventually became my favorite comedy show. Besides easily relating to the lifestyle of being a Black face in a White space, I enjoyed how *The Boondocks* creatively made light of serious issues in the Black community. Some of these issues include self-

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hatred, police brutality, crime, poverty, and mis-education. After learning that McGruder was an African American Studies major, I was motivated to declare a Television, Radio, Film major with a minor in African American Studies.

In my late teenage years going into college, my life got more hectic. I witnessed the extremely toxic divorce of my parents, in addition to losing my grandfather: a paramount figure in my Black community. As the relationship with my parents waned, I gravitated towards watching more television and films that showed the absurdity of life and human behavior as a whole. I removed myself from my schoolwork and would binge watch television shows that displayed human greed and ignorance in a comedic fashion. I watched more of *The Boondocks*, *Archer*, *Trailer Park Boys*, *Arrested Development*, *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, and *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*. I appreciated and respected the stubbornness of Larry David from *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, the greed and family toxicity of the Bluth Family from *Arrested Development*, and the binge drinking and outlandish actions of Sterling Archer from *Archer*. I was able to seek comfort in knowing that the ridiculousness that I saw in real life also happened on television. I idolized characters that continued to unapologetically ruin the life of others, because I was able to affirm that people on television *and* in real life were obnoxious and foolish.

Throughout my college experience, I had tumultuous relationships with not only my parents, but also with women. After break ups, I would look for a show that would help me relate to the complex life of not being understood. Larry David's character in *Curb Your Enthusiasm* was paramount in my understanding of the human

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condition, and that it is sometimes OK to not apologize for your actions. Although he was a Jewish man in his 60s, I was able to resonate with his comedy and ridiculous lifestyle. With my experience in being in a mostly White Jewish community my entire life, I was able to relate to the Jewish cultural aspects of the show. As an aspiring television writer, it gives me comfort to know, while human relationships will never be perfect, one can utilize those experiences and create incredible stories from our failures and imperfections.

During each summer in college, I had the opportunity to work for MSNBC in New York City. Although I am not interested in the world of news broadcasting, the job helped me become more informed. Unfortunately, these were during the times where we became too familiar with iPhone footage of Black men being shot and assaulted by police officers. While everyone else I worked with became numb and insensitive to videos of Black men ages 13 to 40 being shot dead in neighborhoods, I became angrier. I became frustrated at the way I saw White people treating innocent Black people, in addition to seeing the way Black people were treating other Black people. During this time, I became a very irritated human being, and it reflected on the content I viewed. I started to watch movies that displayed the disgusting nature of how Blacks and other groups of people were treated historically in the United States. I gravitated and loved films such as *Fruitvale Station*, which told the story of Oscar Grant being gunned down by a transit officer. I watched *12 Years A Slave*, to remind myself of the scars that this country still had. I also watched Spike Lee films, such as *Do The Right Thing*, *Mo' Better Blues*, *He's Got Game*, *She's Gotta Have It*, which normalized the Black experience and displayed Black people on screen as human beings with stories to tell.

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Even though my project is a television series, it is important for me to clarify that my influences have come from movies, television, music, and paintings. Writing for television just happened to be the medium where I enjoyed placing my thoughts, sentiments, and to share my vision of the world.

## **Chapter 2- *My Work: Anger Transferred into Comedy***

After my first meeting about my capstone project, I struggled to think about what I wanted to create. I had a few ideas that I jotted down in my phone, but I did not think they were worth working on for the next two years. At the time, I was in a feature film writing class with my advisor Professor Keith Giglio. In this class, we were learning about story structure in the film space and how to develop a story that would fill a 100-plus minutes of airtime. I created a drama about a mass shooting that occurs at a bank on Christmas Eve. The story follows the lives of the people killed in the attack. The script reflected my frustration with gun laws in the United States, and how rich White men control our country's laws, that results in innocent people to be killed by gun violence. I thought this script would be a creative way to express this. I didn't succeed. The script is too melodramatic and the characters are not believable. But the script was a way to begin to share my views on this kind of violence.

During that time, I was also living in my fraternity house that has a culture of its own— drinking and doing outlandish things. In addition, I watched a lot of television shows that reflected “frat behavior” such as *South Park*. Although it was a comedy, the message was too obvious. However, one television show that worked for me was *Trailer*

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*Park Boys*. *Trailer Park Boys* is a television comedy about middle aged White men in a trailer park. The show was shot in a documentary style, which made it seem as though it was real. Other shows that use this “mockumentary” style are *The Office*, *Reno 911*, *Clark and Michael*, and *Parks and Recreation*.

I was drawn to these shows because of how well the characters were developed. Each of the characters act like their White-trash trailer park environment is the center of the universe. They engage in shoot-outs, drink too much burn down each other’s homes, and go to prison without foreseeing any consequences. I loved the uncensored dialogue loaded with expletives. In addition, *Trailer Park Boys* displayed the true and bare animalistic mentality of human behavior, and the understanding that life is just a bunch of mistakes and mishaps. That's what ultimately made me fall in love with it.

After viewing all of *Trailer Park Boys*, I knew I wanted to create a television show in a similar style. I wanted to express my ideas of society without caring who I offended. I wanted to create a sick and twisted character that reflected how I thought about the human condition.

In Newhouse, I learned about content platforms. It was a frequent theme in many of my classes that the world of television had become more diverse. We have Network Television (ABC, CBS, FOX, NBC, CW); and we also have a plethora of Cable Television Channels (AMC, FX, HBO, SHOWTIME, The Food Network, USA, BET Bravo, etc.). Cable Television now has a channel for any demographic, which has made it extremely difficult for networks to compete with new and innovative content. In addition, we have seen an emergence of new modes of television that we can watch on our

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computers (Netflix, YouTube, Hulu, Amazon). And YouTube has created a space where people can create their own low budget movies and television shows, but can still receive high critical acclaim. Through the grassroots creation of “webisodes” (web episodes), people are able to watch content that do not have a development or a production deal with a major network. They can just create the work on their own time and money. YouTube has also begun to give creators commercial revenue depending on the success of their show. After learning the advantages of creating something designed for a specific platform, I chose YouTube as my broadcast medium for my show.

While considering ideas, I thought about the hectic times that I have had throughout my life. In addition, I thought about the culture around me and the defining events of my generation. A video I remember specifically watching on YouTube was called “The Loud Challenge.” It consisted of a man smoking marijuana in a mall, and not getting caught by law enforcement. As I was watching the video, I recognized the mall. It was Destiny USA in Syracuse. I then started thinking about demographics of the people who go shop and hang at Destiny, and some of the weird things they’ve done or maybe thought about doing. I then thought about the type of people who would most likely witness these events: mall cops. I then fantasized about all of the illegal and outrageous activities the mall cops at Destiny USA have witnessed.

But, I decided Destiny would be too big for me to write about, so I scaled down and used the Shoppingtown Mall in DeWitt, New York as my model. Shoppingtown Mall is a perfect setting for the location of my story. It is small and old enough where I could keep the story contained and focused on only a few characters. Shoppingtown Mall is

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also half abandoned, so the ridiculousness of the characters can mirror the grimy and decrepit space they are in.

So I started in New York but ended in Florida, which has more than its share of things like police brutality. As a Black man, I have always associated that state with the most outlandish crimes against people of color. The deaths of Trayvon Martin and Jordan Davis both occurred in northern Florida at the hands of White people who believed they were above the law.

With the mall being set in northern Florida, I knew I needed to create a main character that matched the outrageousness of the location. I created Rick Lund: a narcissistic, and obsessive mall officer, working in a bankrupt mall in the state of Florida. In addition to Rick, I created Dom, who is Rick's assistant. Like many police officers, Dom abuses his power and believes that he can have his way with women. Similarly to *Trailer Park Boys*, I wanted these characters to inherently believe there was nothing more important than what went happens in the mall.

In addition to mall life and police brutality, I wanted had to express my dissatisfaction towards the new administration, and I wanted to do it in a comedic form. In the first scene of my show, we see a photo of Rick with a tall Black man in front of the mall. The tall Black man is supposed to represent the Obama Administration. When we get to the first scene, we learn that the mall has switched ownership to a German-owned company. The C.E.O. of the company is a character that resembles the aggressive nature of Donald Trump. I knew that this portrayal would be obvious and offensive for many viewers and readers.

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I wrote the first three episodes of *The Force*, and I could not be more proud of them. I connected my views of America with my appreciation and passion for comedic television. To prepare for each episode, I watched funny videos on YouTube and serious news stories on NBC, BBC, and FOX. Based on this “research,” I created a step-by-step outline of each episode. I also borrowed the technical form of “The Talking Head” from *The Office* and *Parks and Recreation*, in order to give the viewer insights into what the characters are thinking.

### **Chapter 3 - So, *What's Next?***

After spending a semester focused on television development in Los Angeles while writing the show, I knew that this script was something I would love to pitch to YouTube or other digital entertainment spaces. I am now proud to say that I have a body of work that is funny, witty, and relatable to many audiences. I have had my colleagues and friends read my work and find it funny while also being intellectually stimulating.

While in Los Angeles, I became more fascinated with the world of television development. I worked at Imagine Entertainment, which produced comedy shows such as *Arrested Development*. Besides taking phone calls, and scheduling meetings with television agents for my boss, I read scripts all day. My job was to read three to four television pilots a day, and then give back feedback. Many of these pilots were comedies, so I was able to practice critiquing other people’s writing. Although my job required long hours and many sleepless nights, I loved my job.

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While working at Imagine, I also recognized that I was personally and emotionally invested in the world of television. I began to understand the business. I started to make it a habit to read *Variety*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, and *Deadline Hollywood* to learn about new development deals and what shows and movies were in the making. This assisted me in gaining a better understanding of how the entertainment industry operated, and the type of content studios and production companies were looking for. In addition, I also had the incredible opportunity to listen on every phone call Fox Television Studios made with Imagine, regarding the production of *Empire*, *24*, and *Shots Fired*. Through these phone calls, I got to understand what studios expect from their writers and production companies.

For the past two years, I was almost certain I wanted to be a development executive for a major network such as Netflix, Amazon, NBCUniversal, or CBS. My interest in my career changed after the release of Jordan Peele's film *Get Out*. Jordan Peele, who is the creator of Comedy Central's *Key and Peele*, directed, wrote, and produced *Get Out*. Peele's film is about a young Black male who goes with his White girlfriend to visit her parents in upstate New York. After a series of bizarre events, the boyfriend realizes that his girlfriend and her family intentions were to use him as a scientific experiment. They wanted to swipe his brain out for the brain of an older White man.

What gravitated me towards *Get Out* was not only the incredible acting by the main characters, but it was also the socio-political message that went a long with it. Peele created a comedy-horror film that accurately displayed the dangers of being a Black man

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in America in 2017. My overall intention is to express my sentiments in the same comedic form in *The Force*. In addition, I want to create a platform for other storytellers from marginalized communities.

With a bachelor's degree in Television, Radio, Film and a minor in African American Studies, it would be a shame for my creative voice to not be heard. I want to utilize my knowledge of the entertainment industry to discover new mediums to incite change and innovative ideas. Luckily, we live in an era where many individuals have the chance to tell their own stories from an electronic device in their pockets. It's imperative that as human beings we continue to utilize our first amendment right, whether its through comedic storytelling, or academic dissertations, we must continue to find new and innovative ways to keep our communities entertained and informed. I hope one day I can become the next Jordan Peele, and utilize my honors background in Television, Radio, and Film with a minor in African American Studies to one day influence the world to not be afraid to utilize an artistic medium to educate and entertain.

THE FORCE

Episode 101

"Pilot"

Episode 102

"Nick Cage"

Episode 103

"Merry Crisis"

Written by

D.J. Holloway

**THE FORCE: PILOT**

COLD OPEN.

\* Everything is shot through a handheld device, giving the impression we are watching from a perspective of a documentary camera crew.

INT. OAKWOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

In a small apartment with chipped red paint, we see various certificates, medals and awards hung up on a wall.

We hear Aretha Franklin's *I Say A Little Prayer* lightly mixed with water coming out of a shower as we move across these images.

We pan across the awards. They have many things in common-  
*MALL OFFICER OF THE YEAR 1989-2017- MALL SAFETY PROFESSIONAL OF THE YEAR - MALL COP ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT - SUNSHINE MALL'S 5 TIME SHINING STAR - CITIZENS AND MALL COPS ALLIANCE CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR (FOR 12 YEARS STRAIGHT)*

We see a stocky White male with a thick mustache shaking hands with a tall Black man in a suit in front of a building with a sign that says:

**SUNSHINE MALL**

The sign has a missing "S."

**TITLE SEQUENCE: THE FORCE**

FADE IN:

*"You're about to witness the strength of street knowledge" -*

Music: instrumentals of Straight Outta Compton.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Rick is putting on his mall cop uniform. He takes off his pants, exposing his bright blue underwear that says:

*FORCE OF NATURE*- Right on his ass.

Rick is so in the zone, he doesn't realize the camera crew has followed him into the locker room.

He continues to hum and sing the same song we heard in the shower.

Babies crying and glass breaking can also be heard in the background.

Rick is lost in the ecstasy of starting a new day.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Five old ladies led by a woman in a wheelchair with bright red hair going inside of a Spencer's.

Minutes later, we see them break out of the store with candy lingerie and sex whips. The granny in the wheelchair is launched out of the storefront window in an incredible blaze of glory, with glass and flames exploding behind her.

These are: **KLEPTO GRANNIES.**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - MOMENTS LATER

The Klepto Grannies then walk into Victoria's Secret. We see them through the store window taking **bras** and **thongs** off the racks.

Rick in full uniform- including **taser, segway keys, pepperspray,** and a **flashlight.**

The frame freezes.

LOWER 3RD: **RICK LUND(40)- MALL COP**

RICK

Every day I walk into this fine establishment and I say to myself "I'm here to make the world a better place."

(Beat)

Like, Jesus, MLK, Morgan Freeman, Luke Skywalker and Jack Bauer.

The camera man pans over to the Klepto Grannies. They are pulling down fashion manikins, and fighting other customers for various articles of Victoria's Secret clothing.

Rick is unaware of chaos happening yards away from him.

RICK V.O.  
Yup, I started out here in 1989.  
Here's a picture of me.

Rick realizes that the film crew is not paying attention.

RICK V.O. (CONT'D)  
Hey, over here you fucks.

He then composes himself.

RICK V.O. (CONT'D)  
I started out here in 1989. Here's  
a picture of me.

Rick steps in front of the camera to hold up a photo of a 13 year old with a thick mustache and a mall cop suit that hangs off his skinny body.

He pulls the photo down.

RICK  
I was 13 years old in this picture.  
And yes that is a real mustache. I  
had a weird thing with my body,  
where I had the facial and pubic  
hair of a 40 year old man when I  
was 10. I was such a freak that I  
dropped out of school , and my  
mother kicked me out of the house.

PRODUCER V.O.  
You dropped out of middle school to  
be a mall cop?

RICK  
Imagine being in a 6th grade locker  
room with the body hair of a 40  
year old. It was horrific. I was a  
goddamn freak of nature.

The camera pans over to the producer. Rick doesn't like the removal of the spotlight.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey! You're not supposed to be  
fucking talking. You're the goddamn  
camera man.

We focus back on the Klepto Grannies. We see one take a cherry bomb and throw it on the other side of the store, creating a massive explosion.

\*BOOM\*

Lingerie flies out of the store window.

Rick turns around and backs up.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

He goes to his radio, and starts towards the storefront.

The camera crew follows.

RICK (CONT'D)

We got a granny bust in the left wing, third floor. This is not a drill. We got bombs and thongs, I repeat bombs and thongs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Rick and his assistant are walking the handcuffed grannies out of the mall.

FADE TO BLACK.

**TALKING HEAD: RICK**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

Rick is sitting in front of a BLANK WHITE WALL, silently sipping his coffee.

He's making obnoxiously loud \*SLURRPPSSSS\*

RICK

So the Klepto Grannies came into play in the early 1990s.

**MONTAGE:**

The most innocent looking grannies are knitting and sipping tea in a nursing home.

RICK V.O.

They were thought to be wonderful members of society; honest, caring and kind.

(MORE)

RICK V.O. (CONT'D)

(Beat)

That wasn't the case.

Once all the nurses and caretakers leave the vicinity, the grannies get out of their wheelchairs, climb out of the nursing home window, and storm across the street to the Sunshine Mall.

RICK V.O. (CONT'D)

They reek havoc inside the mall,  
and then bring all of the  
merchandise they stole back to the  
nursing home to sell on *The Black  
Market*.

We see the grannies burning trash cans, throwing cherry bombs through store windows, and robbing everything in sight.

The grannies go back home, and toss all of their new possessions on the nursing home floor, as all the other members of the community start to bid.

**END MONTAGE.**

Back in the break room.

RICK

But that ends today.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

We follow Rick as he's riding around the mall on his segway. The camera crew is quickly jogging after him.

RICK

Everyday is an adventure here.

(Beat)

Can you guys keep up? Or do I have  
to fucking slow down.

The camera man puts a thumbs up in front of the camera.

RICK (CONT'D)

Good.

Rick stops the segway.

He walks over.

The frame freezes.

LOWER 3RD: **DOM (45)- MALL COP ASSISTANT**

Dom is striking a cool pose in his uniform. His uniform is only halfway buttoned, exposing tattoos all over his chest, along with 6 to 7 thick gold chains.

Rick gets off of his segway and walks over.

Rick awkwardly shakes his hand.

DOM  
(Pointing to the camera crew)  
Who the fuck are these guys?

RICK  
I hired a documentary crew to follow my life.  
(Beat)  
You know cause of the...  
(Beat)  
P-word.

DOM  
If you really think you're gonna get that promotion, you must be out of your damn mind!

Rick turns towards the camera crew and shews them away. We see Rick and Dom from a distance.

RICK  
This *is* going to get me the promotion.

He points to the camera crew.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You're sure as hell not getting the promotion.

DOM  
Watch how you speak to me.

Rick shoves Dom.

Dom kicks Rick in the sack.

Rick does the same.

The two get into a shuffle that turns into a bear hug.

The producer runs over to break it up but is shoved to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL- DAY

We see Dom slowly approaching a mall kiosk, steeped with *teeth whitening products*.

On the other side of the kiosk we see NANCY, 25, rubbing her teeth with white strips. If she rubs her teeth any harder, they may fall off. Dom comes out of nowhere from the other side of the kiosk.

NANCY  
(Startled)  
Oh shit!

Dom leans on the kiosk, he then turns to the camera and intentionally gives them a \*WINK\*.

Nancy is creeped out.

DOM  
Hello there.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK TALKING HEAD : DOM**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

DOM  
I've been trying to pursue this young doe for a while. It really takes a strategic measure to approach such a beautiful and innocent creature.  
(Beat)  
I think it's time for this wolf to get a bite of his prey.

He gives the camera a predator-esque look.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - PRESENT

NANCY  
Oh you startled me there.

DOM  
Yeah I have a tendency to be a ...  
shaker.

He goes over to put his hand on Nancy, and knocks over half  
of the teeth whitening products from the kiosk stand.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Dom sprints away from the kiosk, leaving her to pick up the  
mess.

Dom goes around the corner of the store, kneels down and  
bangs his palm against his forehead.

He's sweating profusely.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Dom turns to the camera crew.

DOM (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you guys looking  
at.

He rushes over to the camera crew, putting his hand in front  
of the lens.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Rick's phone buzzes. He takes it out and looks at it.

The frame freezes.

**LOWER 3RD: HANS VAN TRUMP : EINKAUFSZENTRUM INC.**

HANS  
(Thick German accent)  
Misssuurreee Rick. Do you know why  
ve have vought this establishment?

RICK  
To make money?

HANS  
Yes! Our long range goal is to  
restructure the vay you Americans  
shop.

(Beat)

(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)  
 In order to do that we must ...  
 ENFORCE.

He slams his hand on a desk.

HANS (CONT'D)  
 And we must militarize our  
 malls to protect them  
 from outside scum.  
 (Beat)  
 Do you see Misssureeee Rick.

RICK  
 (Mildly shaken)  
 Uh yes, yes sir.

HANS  
 And in doing that I have entrusted  
 you to enforce and establish what I  
 want this mall to be.  
 (Beat)  
 I want order in this mall!  
 (Beat)  
 Are you up to this challenge?

With residual smoke from the havoc of the Kelpto Grannies,  
 Rick blocks the background from Hans.

RICK  
 Yes, sir! Things are just as you'd  
 like it.

The phone turns off.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

We see Rick in the corner of the mall, next to where a bunch  
 of Goth kids are sitting around chain-smoking cigarettes.

Rick walks over to one of the kids and swipes the cigarette  
 out his hand.

Rick immediately burns his hand on the cigarette and drops it  
 on the floor.

RICK  
 Fuck.  
 (Beat)  
 You know what, turn off the fucking  
 camera.

We see Rick walk over to the camera man and pushes the camera away.

The camera, recovers and follows Rick.

Rick walks over to the producer.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(To Producer)  
You know what, I changed my mind. I want to end this.

PRODUCER  
What do you mean?

RICK  
Turn the fucking camera off, the mics, everything. This project is over.

CUT TO: BLACK

CREDITS.

## **EPISODE 2: NICK CAGE**

COLD OPEN.

\* Everything is shot through a handheld device, giving the impression we are watching from a perspective of a camera crew.

INT. SUSHINE MALL - DAY

Five twenty one year old Black and White males walk through the partially abandoned Sunshine Mall. One of the men pull out an i-Phone 7 and raises his arm to take a selfie with the rest of his crew.

These are: **THE BLUNTED FIVE**

BLUNTED ONE  
Ayoo whaddup Facebook live! We out here mobbin in the beat ass Sunshine Mall.

(We see the live stream for a moment through Facebook, without seeing who's viewing the video)

Blunted One swings the camera around so the whole crew can be seen, but makes sure he's still in the frame at all times.

Blunted Five: The shortest, whitest, but most urban looking member of all tries to push into the view of the camera.

BLUNTED FIVE (V.O.)

Yo! You missed me!

BLUNTED ONE

(Turning Back)

Ain't nobody missed you homie, I got you in the damn shot.

BLUNTED FIVE

No you didn't!

BLUNTED ONE

William Broadus Cordzar Calvin the 3rd, you better shut the fuck up before we send yo ass back to your mamma's house and she finds out you didn't go to volleyball practice.

All five start to chuckle.

Blunted One hands the camera to Blunted Three.

BLUNTED FIVE

Don't use my government name on the damn Facebook, man. I don't want these haters running up in my crib.

Blunted One takes out a massive marijuana wrapped cigar (blunt). There's enough weed in the blunt to get the entire state of Florida to the moon and back.

BLUNTED THREE

Yo, you're not in the pic. Move your ass over there.

(Beat)

Ok, closer.

Blunted One moves closer.

He then takes out a lighter and puts the blunt to his lips and-

BLUNTED ONE

Cheers.

Right as it's lighted, Rick comes out from the corner of his segway and bulldozes into the group.

RICK (V.O.)  
Not in my mall.

The phone is dropped and then picked up to see Blunted One being plowed into Nancy's teeth whitening stand.

Shattering of glass and snapping of wood is heard.

Dom arrives and notices Nancy's stand has been destroyed.

He's in shock.

**TITLE SEQUENCE: THE FORCE**

**EPISODE TWO: NICK CAGE**

INT. SUSHINE MALL - DAY

We see the frame of a new teeth whitening station being built. Dom arms at his side stands by the maintenance crew.

He turns to the camera and shakes his head.

**TALKING HEAD: DOM**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - DAY

DOM  
I have to make sure that-  
(He leans into the camera  
to whisper)  
*These people* can make a proper  
castle for my princess. After the  
destructive actions of-

The camera crew turns to Rick pouring coffee on the other side of the break room.

Rick turns around mid pour.

RICK  
You talking 'bout me?

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: RICK**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - DAY

RICK  
So I've been investigated for some  
type of "police brutality."

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME DAY

Blunted One is in a hospital bed in a full body cast as his  
homies are all surrounding him.

RICK (V.O.)  
The media said the force of the  
segway broke about 30 bones in his  
body.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - DAY

Rick is looking at the video on his phone with his aviator  
glasses on.

RICK  
Over 300,000 views on YouTube.

PRODUCER (V.O.)  
(To Rick)  
Is there anything you would have  
done differently?

A slight moment of silence.

Rick looks up from his phone at the producer.

RICK  
Nope.

PRODUCER V.O.  
(Sounding like a Vice News  
Documentary reporter)  
Nothing, not anything at all?

RICK  
(Shaking his head)  
Are you kidding me? This kid was  
smoking an illegal substance on  
private property.

(Beat)

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

If you break the law, there has to be consequences.

PRODUCER V.O.

So there's really nothing you would have done to have prevented a young man from almost dying.

RICK

(With more rage in his voice)

How many times do I have to tell you? No!

PRODUCER V.O.

Ok, ok, Rick, you're right.

(Producer snaps out of being a Vice reporter and remembers who's paying the bills)

I think you'd like to know there's a crowd of protesters outside of the mall calling for your resignation.

Rick whips his sunglasses off of his face.

RICK

They're what?!

Rick immediately gets up and runs out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Rick is running through the mall as the camera crew is barely keeping up with him.

He opens the front door of the mall to see a crowd of angry protesters.

EXT. SUNSHINE MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

One of the protesters has a sign with Rick's infamous 13 year old picture, along with an X over his early onset pubescent face.

The crowd is chanting.

ANGRY CROWD  
Get him out!

Someone then lights the poster with Rick's face on fire.

RICK  
Jesus Christ!

Someone then throws a fat tomato towards his direction.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, who the fuck did that?!

More objects start to fly at Rick.

He then turns around and gets back in the mall.

INT. SUNSHINE MALL- DAY

Nervously, Rick looks at the cameramen.

RICK  
Alright this is a CODE RED.  
Lockdown. Law and order will be  
commenced.

Rick goes onto his walkie talkie.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Alright everyone, we have a code  
red lockdown, that's a code red  
lockdown. Shut the hole! We are  
shutting the hole!

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL TEETH WHITENING STATION - DAY

Dom is still standing over the construction workers as they are working on the teeth whitening stand.

We hear Rick on the walkie talkie, but Dom is enamored.

**TALKING HEAD: DOM**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - DAY

DOM  
I miss Nancy.

Dom then puts his hand down and starts to cry.

The sound guy goes in front of the camera to comfort him. Dom immediately swipes the sound guy away.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Get your hand off me!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

We see Dom walking around the mall patrolling.

He walks into a Spencers, and does an inspection. He then grabs a few shirts from the rack.

As he walks away, he salutes the store owners who are visibly pissed.

DOM (V.O)  
I've really been thinking about  
taking it to the next level with  
Nancy and asking her out on a date.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Dom has his face pressed against the window of a Jared Jewelers.

From the inside of the store Dom's breathing can be seen fogging the window.

His eyes are pressed at one bright ring.

The manager walks out of the store.

JARED MANAGER  
May I help you?

Cut out of his trance, Dom snaps around to the manager.

His face is bright red.

Dom advances towards the manager.

DOM  
Did I ask you for some damn help?!

JARED MANAGER  
No, no sir...

DOM  
Get inside!

The manager scurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Rick is running throughout the mall, trying to find Dom.

RICK  
Dom! Code Red! Code Red!

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - DAY

We're back with Dom in the coffee room. His facial expression has become increasingly more stern.

DOM  
(To the camera crew)  
The problem is, I'm low on funds. I cannot properly display my true love. I need to prove myself to my innocent doe.  
(Beat)  
And that's why I'm going to ask for a raise.

Rick barges into the break room.

RICK  
CODE RED!

Dom looks up, startled.

DOM  
Oh fuck!

Rick looks equally as surprised.

RICK  
Oh thank god!

DOM

What?!

Rick is sweating bullets.

He bends down to catch his breath.

We then hear heavy weeping.

RICK

I don't think I can go on anymore.

Dom walks over to Rick.

DOM

Come-on Ricky.

Dom starts rubbing his back. Rick then rolls over on his back as Dom starts to cradle him.

DOM (CONT'D)

Who was the one who got the  
allegator out of the Yankee Candle  
Store with nothing but a box cutter  
and a plunger?

RICK

(Sniffling)

M- me.

DOM

And who was the one who handled the  
riot when Nicholas Cage came to the  
mall.

Rick slowly rises up.

RICK

I DID!

DOM

And who is about to beat this  
unfair, and unjust police brutality  
accusation, and confront his  
accusers?

RICK

I will!

They both and jumping up and down in full hype mode.

(Rocky-like music being played in background.)

With ambition flowing out of their little hearts, the two sprint outside of the mall.

EXT. SUNSHINE MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dom and Rick burst open the doors to find that the angry mob is no longer there.

Silence.

RICK  
(Looking around)  
Where did everyone go?

Dom seems equally confused.

Next to the two, we see an old who looks as though he has seen the test of time, slowly sweeping the mess outside of the mall. This is JEFF.

His voice has doubly aged with the enhancement of cigarettes and whisky.

JEFF  
They all went away.

DOM  
Where?

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: JEFF**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - DAY

JEFF  
I told them all Nick Cage was having a book signing for his novel on acting for the movie Ghost Rider at the bookstore down the street.  
(Beat)  
They ran faster than I could say  
"CON AIR."

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSHINE MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

JEFF

(To Rick)  
Yeah, I told them you were bringing  
out the entire force and they just  
sprinted away. I guess they were  
just too afraid.

Rick and Dom high five.

RICK

That's what I'm talking about!

RICK AND DOM

(In unison)  
LAW AND ORDER! LAW AND ORDER!

Just as they walk back into the mall, a reporter comes  
running after them.

Rick turns around.

REPORTER

(Panting)  
Rick! Do you have anything to say  
about today's events.

RICK

Let's just say I had this  
situation...  
(Beat)  
Fuckin' handled.  
(Beat)  
Ok, no more questions!

The reporter is dumbfounded over Rick's stupidity.

Rick waves to a nonexistent crowd.

RICK AND DOM

LAW AND ORDER! LAW AND ORDER!

As they still chant, they walk back into the mall.

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: RICK**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL COP BREAK ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

RICK

And that's how you keep order in a mall. That outta keep the Nazi fucks off my ass.

(Beat)

I'm fucking Joe Enders in this bitch!

Break.

PRODUCER V.O.

You know he dies at the end?

RICK

That's not the point!

Rick gets up.

He turns around and walks away.

His microphone is still on.

RICK V.O.

You guys fucking ruin everything.

(Mumbling)

Motherfucking know-it-alls. I hired you fools to do one thing and one thing only. Always gotta put your damn input into everything I say. How bout I shove that camera up your ass. That would ruin your day, huh?

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

**EPISODE 3 : MERRY CRISIS**

COLD OPEN

\* Everything is shot through a handheld device, giving the impression we are watching from a perspective of a camera crew.

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

The sound system plays a static *Carol Of The Bells* we see various Christmas decorations throughout the mall.

**MONTAGE:**

- An inflatable Santa slowly deflating.
- Three reindeer with broken antlers, missing ears.
- Kids hanging on a brown Christmas tree, with most of the ornaments decaying.

**END MONTAGE.**

Rick is strolling through the mall on his segway. The camera crew chases up with him as he speeds by.

RICK

(Speaking to the camera)  
The holidays are such a wonderful  
time here.

(Beat)

Christmas- Jesus, Santa, Rudolph -  
all the people who have shown us  
what giving truly is.

Rick goes up to the massive blown up Santa which is only half inflated, and sighs.

RICK (CONT'D)

You can just feel the magic in the  
air.

\*FZZZZZ\*

A fizzing noise comes from Rick's cellphone. He takes it out and static comes from his phone. After the static, the familiar Aryan face appears on his screen - Hans.

HANS

(In a booming voice)  
HELLOOOO MISSURREEE RICK!

Rick's eyes pop out in fear and disbelief.

HANS (CONT'D)

It is very nice to see you my  
friend.

RICK

Yes, yes - it's very nice to see you too sir.

HANS

I heard about your little, itty, bitty mishap with ze kid.

(Beat)

I was told that was all going to be taken care of.

RICK

Yes it was ! We had the crowd removed with the least amount of force possible. Couldn't of done it without my team!

HANS

Hm, good. Very, very good. Missure Rick, you must understand that zis type of incident Vust never happen again.

(Beat)

Do you understand!

As startled as the Lion in the Wizard of OZ., Rick jumps back and falls on the floor.

RICK

(Voice trembling)

Yes, law and order is our first priority.

HANS

So, What are you doing to make sure this never happens?

RICK

(With distinguished uncertainty)

We have now developed new methods to be mindful of the way we apprehend offenders.

(Beat)

We have just implemented the "No one under 18 left behind policy." It means that no one under 18 is allowed in the mall after the hours of 5 PM.

HANS

No that's illogical. You vust create a more logical solution that will continue to maintain and increase the economic position of zis establishment.

(Beat)

Look at this chart.

A graph fills the screen.

HANS (CONT'D)

18 year olds spend the most money out of any age group, and sales are higher after 5 o'clock.

(Beat)

You must do better to protect zis mall againzt zhe poison of our society.

Hans disappears from his phone screen.

Christmas music fades back up.

**MONTAGE:**

Santa blows back up. Fat couples walking and eating green and red soft serve. Kids running around. And old man buying a T-shirt that says "Too Hot To Handle."

**END MONTAGE**

CUT TO:

Rick immediately gets up and goes back on his segway.

RICK

So as I was sayin-

Across the hall we see a kid no older than thirteen years taking a piss under the main Christmas tree.

This is: **PISSING PETE**

CUT TO:

**TITLE SEQUENCE: THE FORCE**

**EPISODE 3: MERRY CRISIS**

**TALKING HEAD: PISSING PETE**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

With his head down, we can barely hear Pete.

RICK  
(From the other side of  
the break room)  
SPEAK UP!

Camera pans over to Rick with his arms cross on the other side of the room.

Camera pans back to Pissing Pete.

Pissing Pete lifts his head up and looks at the camera crew.

PISSING PETE  
My name is Peter. I'm 12 years old,  
and I've been comi-

RICK  
Goddamn pissing!

Rick walks over to Pete's side of the break room and points to the camera.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You see here, this is what happens  
when criminality starts at a young  
age. With no guidance, and no  
responsibility, our youth become  
dangerous PISSING PREDATORS.

Pissing Pete turns and looks up at Rick

PISSING PETE  
Fuck you old man.  
(Beat)  
You don't have anything else to do  
but look at little kids dicks.

Rick then slaps Pete upside the head. The producers and the camera crew ignore the situation.

RICK  
I swear to God!  
(Beat)  
You know what, fuck this.

Rick walks out of the room, and then comes back with a long rope.

He starts to tie Pete to the chair.

PISSING PETE

What the fuck do you think you're doing?!

Rick slaps Pete in the face.

The camera shakes.

RICK

Shut the fuck up.

Rick sticks his hand out in a hitting motion. Pete flinches.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'm going to show you a thing or two.

Rick then gets a roll of duct tape that will keep Pete's eyes wide open for the entire film. It's as if we are in the Ludovico scene from *A Clockwork Orange*.

We get a close up of Rick pressing play on a VCR.

PISSING PETE

PLEASE NO!

We open up with the video titled *SAFETY FIRST*, that dissolves into an image of Rick strolling through the mall.

The quality of the video is from the early 90s.

YOUNG RICK V.O.

(10 years younger.)

Oh hello! I didn't see you there!  
If you're watching this, it means you've been a very bad boy, and you haven't behaved properly in our establishment.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 MINUTES LATER.

PISSING PETE

Oh god. Make it stop. I'm going to be sick.

He then starts to sob loudly. Rick is unnerved.

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: RICK**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

RICK

Yeah, so when I was just starting out, I made an educational video to teach young men and women to behave in the mall.

(Beat)

None of the big film companies were interested. I tried Sony, Warner Brothers, Universal, but no one was interested. So now I just show it to my prisoners.

Rick looks at his homemade DVD cover with deep nostalgia.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ah, those were the days.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

The video ends.

The lights turn back on.

Rick turns back to the camera crew.

RICK

First, it starts with urinating on mall property. Then you're going to exposing himself to your children!

(Beat)

Where does it end?

(To Pete)

And where the Hell is your mo-

Just before Rick can finish his sentence, a 5'4" 400 pound middle aged White woman barges in the door with both pudgy arms hanging on to shopping bags.

This is BRENDA (45), Pissing Pete's mother.

BRENDA

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Rick turns around.

Pete's face is red from Rick's bitch-slap, and the terrible film.

Brenda looks at Rick and then looks at Pete.

Pete's eyeballs quickly move from his mother to Rick.

Her southern accent is thicker than her physical appearance.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
What the hell did you do this  
time?!

Rick startled looks back at Brenda. Guilt is written all over his face.

RICK  
(Thinking she's speaking  
to him)  
I-

BRENDA  
Not you!

The tone of her voice suddenly changes from a shrieking to a combination of Darth Vader and Morpheus.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
You.

She points right at Pete. Rick quickly rushes and takes the tape off of his eyelids.

Her tone of voice goes back to what it was before- shrieking.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
Did you .... ?

Pete looks down at the floor.

BRENDA (CONT'D)  
(Walking over to Pete)  
You did! Didn't you?!

She goes up and grabs Pete by the ear and drags him out.

PISSING PETE  
Mom! Please, no!

BRENDA  
I will not have you become your  
father!

We hear the faint screaming of Pete and his mother, as she drags him out of the mall by his earlobe.

The camera crew then turns to Rick who raises his eyebrows and gives the "I told you so" look.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

We see Dom looking right at the camera with a grin. He rips off his sunglasses.

DOM  
She's coming back today!

Behind Dom is a brand new teeth whitening station, equipped with the latest in teeth whitening appliances. At the station sitting patiently is Nancy.

DOM (CONT'D)  
My love has come back to me.

He \*SWINGS\* around and makes his way toward the teeth whitening station.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Hello cutie!

Nancy is whitening her own teeth, she looks up and sees Dom advancing.

NANCY  
Oh my god! I didn't see you there.

Dom leans closer.

DOM  
(Whispering)  
You know I have a tendency to come  
in places where I shouldn't...

Nancy turns her head away in disgust.

NANCY  
Ok, I think I've heard enough.

She turns her back to him.

Dom stands there with a blank look on his face. His lip quivering as he walks away from the stand.

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: DOM**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

We see Dom with an blank expression on his face. We hear the producer in the background.

PRODUCER

So, are you going to say anything?

DOM

What do you want?!

Dom puts his hand in his arms and starts to silently weep.

The weeping gets louder.

Louder.

And LOUDER.

Dom lifts his head up and his face his bright red. His aviator glasses have now been completely removed from his face.

DOM (CONT'D)

My heart is fucking broken!

Dom puts his head back into his arms and continues to weep uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Once again Rick is gliding along on his segway through the inside of the mall.

*It's The Most Wonderful Time of The Year* plays on the mall sound system.

Suddenly.

A Santa is bouncing across the walls of the mall, stumbling, and knocking Christmas objects over

Rick is headed towards a collision with the man.

RICK

OH SHIT!

\*SKEEERRRTTTTTT\*

Rick barely misses the stumbling Saint Nick, and instead veers off and almost rams onto a pillar. Santa continues to stumble, bumping into stands and shoppers.

Rick darts over to Santa waving his arms.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sir.

He keeps on walking.

Rick is sprinting.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sir! Please!

Santa continues.

He then takes a stainless steel flask out of one of his jolly red pockets- takes a long swig and burps.

Then -

Silence.

Jolly ol' Saint Nick slowly turns around. He's swaying from side to side.

SANTA

AY!

Rick stops in his tracks.

Then, Santa begins to pull down his pants with one hand as he gives Rick the bird with his other hand.

Rick then goes to his side belt and pulls out a taser and points it at Kris Kringle.

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: RICK**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

RICK

Yes, I bought a taser.

Silence.

PRODUCER  
(V.O.)  
Is that even allowed?

Rick looks over the camera.

RICK  
No.  
(Beat)  
But it was necessary.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

We're back as Rick is aiming his taser right at Santa's ballsack.

Droplets of sweat are slowly trickling down Rick's face.

RICK  
Please sir. Put that *thing* back in your pants.

Just then we start to hear trickles. Santa is pissing on the floor.

SANTA  
Go fuck yourself!

As he gives the mall floor a golden shower, Santa is now has both of his middle fingers both up in the air.

A crowd starts to gather. Some people take out their phones to record the show.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK:**

Rick ramming his segway into the group of kids.

HANS V.O.  
Look at this chart.

**END FLASHBACK.**

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSHINE MALL - DAY

Rick is trembling. The only sound is a heavy stream of urine and camera phones flickering.

With the taser pointed at urinating Santa, Rick turns to the crew . Then turns back to Santa.

\*BZZZZZZZZ\*

The taser darts directly at Santa's genitals. Santa begins to shake uncontrollably. His body smacks onto the hard floor. A mixture of foam and vomit start to come out of his mouth. His eyes start to roll into the back of his head.

A mother closes her child's eyes.

Santa's body continues to convulse.

Silence.

Rick turns off the taser.

He walks over to the unconscious and bottomless Santa.

Dom comes out of nowhere.

He walks over and looks down startled and horrified.

DOM

Shit, man. What did you do?

Rick looks down at Santa's smoking balls and then looks up at his face. He leans over to check his pulse.

Everyone around him is still frozen in terror with their cellphones still pointed at Santa.

Rick then looks over at the camera crew.

CUT TO:

**TALKING HEAD: RICK**

INT. SUNSHINE MALL BREAK ROOM - DAY

The television is blaring with the local news on.

NEWSCASTER

Rest in peace Kris Kringle.

(Beat)

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

How a over zealous mall cop single-handedly ruined the Christmas spirit, by ruthlessly murdering a childhood icon. We'll be right back with the details.

Rick is sitting in the break room with a massive grin watching the end of the report.

PRODUCER

(V.O.)

So, do you think your actions were appropriate today?

RICK

Are you fucking kidding me?!

(Beat)

Of course they were appropriate. Saint Nick was exposing himself in front of little children. I had to utilize proper force.

PRODUCER

(There is rage in his voice)

By tasing his gentiles until he died?

RICK

Yup.

PRODUCER

You think you may lose your job over this?

RICK

I will not.

PRODUCER

This is your second infraction for the unnecessary use of force individual.

(Beat)

Not to mention you also murdered a man.

RICK

It was necessary for the welfare of this establishment.

(Beat)

There is no way I will lose my job. Justice will prevail.

Rick stares deeply into the camera.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Justice will prevail.

Rick then slowly gets up and walks away from the camera.

In the background we hear the newscaster.

FADE TO BLACK.

NEWSCASTER  
The Sunshine Mall will be closed  
indefinitely due to the pending  
investigation of Santa's murder.

CREDITS

TO BE CONTINUED...