

Bonne Homme 1

By

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Der Gute Mann Und Die Lieder Des Schnees

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1 EXT. CROWDED MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

We pan past a line of smiling families (any ethnicity, except one) standing in a cold mall parking lot, children excitedly bundled in their finest winter suits, dresses and gender neutral clothing.

Large posters and banners are hung and displayed all around the parking lot:

"Today only! Meet winter's favourite character - Bonne Homme! Line up and then see him at the end of the line - if you dare!"

We pause on a young girl, blowing into her average, five-fingered hands to warm the total of ten fingers that her fingerless gloves aren't able to cover.

In front of her, a gang of rude teens butt into the line. Parents and children are aghast but are too frozen with terror and also the cold temperatures to do anything about it.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Excuse me! Everyone has been waiting all day to see that famous bonne homme in there! You can't just line break like this! Why don't you jump in line nearer to the front of the line so you get in sooner? That's right, get out of here! All of you! Especially the little ones! I see you hiding under that Winter Buffalo statue! All of you get out of here!

The young teens leave the line, flicking teen cigarettes or wads of teen smoking gum at people as they go.

Everyone else in the line cheers and applauds for Lyndsay's quick thinking. Lyndsay breathes a sigh of relief and slides her katana blade back into its scabbard.

CROWD MOM

Wow, you really taught those worthless piece of trash orphans a lesson, Lyndsay! They've been

terrorizing the city for weeks now!
They think just because their
families were all killed by the
police that they're owed a hand-
out!

CROWD MOM 2

I guess we shouldn't consider
anything less considering who your
father is and how considerate he's
considered - I'm sure it's thanks
to only him that you make any right
choices at all!

CROWD MOM

Bonne Homme - Bonne Homme!

Lyndsay looks up at a poster of her dad - the Bonne Homme!
Yes, that's right! Her father was a Bonne Homme all along!

But there's sadness all over Lyndsay's face, like someone
threw a frown onto her head and it stuck in her mouth.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

(softly)

Happy Winter, dad, hopefully we get
to spend it together this year...

CROWD MOM

Did I hear those whispers right?
Did you quietly say that your dad
is the beloved Bonne Homme? You
don't look anything like him!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

We look a lot more similar when he
has his costume off, but we were
both adopted so it's more of a
similarity based on lifestyle. My
theory is also that people look
similar because if they have the
same accent their face builds up
the same style of speaking and
singing muscles.

CROWD MOM 2

Wow, that makes a lot of sense! The money we give the Bonne Homme each year for snow tribute must have made sure you got all of the latest fashions and pets!

Lyndsay sadly looks up again to the enormous pictures of her snow daddy, specifically the shoes.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

(softly)

But what use is all the pets in the world if your dad isn't around to dress them up with you?

Snow dad? More like - No dad...

CROWD MOM

After you're done speaking softly to yourself do you think you could put in a soft word for me with Bonne Homme? Maybe ask him to wish my son a happy winter in person? If he doesn't have time for that maybe he could just say "Hap' Win'?"

Lyndsay looks up at the pictures of her father again, even sadder this time.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

(softly)

Sure, if I even get to see him myself...

CROWD MOM

Great, thanks!

CROWD MOM 2

And my kid gets one too, right? For free?! I'm a single mother and I might have cancer!

2

INT. BONNE HOMME MALL - DAY

The mall is completely packed, full of steaming children and their owners, wildly cheering and writhing in pleasure at the thought of the soon approaching Bonne Homme performance.

They've saved up all season for these tickets and there's nothing else they've been looking forward to, especially not being sent to Child Labour Island in the summer.

The curtain opens and a small man with a ponytail (worn on the back of his head) and sunglasses (worn on the front of his head) comes out onto the stage.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Men (men cheer) and women (women cheer) and children (children cheer) - I'm the Bonne Homme's manager Brownie Tartlington and, first of all, I'm so pleased that you could all come here to the mall this winter for our special show!

CROWD MOM 2

Bring out Bonne Homme! Now!

CROWD MOM

Release him for our pleasure!

Brownie smiles and waves the crowd and crowd moms down, he's used to having the crowds riled up every year. He lives for the sweet rush.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

First of all, I want to remind everyone that the Bonne Homme is brought to you by this mall, that I own. Please, shop at some of my many Bonne Homme store outlets or the Ardene's and help us keep the Bonne Homme profitable for winters to come!

We cut to the crowd where Bonne Homme stalls are being crushed by fans, overwhelming the young staff members dressed as Bonne Homme Juniors.

Homemade Bonne Homme fudge and soap is being devoured by consumers, bidding the prices higher and higher on the official merchandise in their sweet, frothy euphoria.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I've got a pair of official Bonne Homme commemorative plates for the first fan to push their way past security and onto the stage!

The crowd swells and presses up against itself, the fans frantically clawing at one another to get those fantastic plates, already imagining how they'll look on their display tables next to commemorative spoons or lamps.

But, as soon as the first person reaches the edge of the stage an electric grid, hidden from sight, electrifies their body, leaving them shaking and smoking as they slump to the floor. The crowd behind them, unaware and still unable to see the invisible field, continues to press forward, crushing the man to death beneath their feet and killing dozens of others caught between the impenetrable wall and the weight of thousands of people behind them.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Ha ha! Sorry for the little joke everyone! I just wanted to let you know that I'm using my new Brownie Tartlington force field technology to protect the Bonne Homme this year!

Brownie smashes the plates on the ground.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Now, without further delay, may I present the amazing hero of winter himself.

He's white, he's right and if you pray hard he might - make your winter alright - it's *THE BONNE HOMME!*

The lights drop and people scream in confusion before a spotlight appears onstage, lighting the bonne homme and then people scream not with confusion, but with excitement.

The Bonne Homme picks up his guitar and begins to sing and dance in that order.

BONNE HOMME

(sung)

Hey hey hey I'm the Bonne Homme and
I love to rock and roll!

Hey Hey Hey I'm the Bonne Homme and
making music is my goal!

Visit the gift shop for
commemorative lamps and bowls!

When you go to sleep at night
If you're black, tan, pink or white
Every day it's gettin' closer
When you may see that composer
Bonne Homme makes you feel alright!
Hey Hey Hey I'm the Bonne Homme and
I'll always be your friend!
Hey Hey Hey I'm the Bonne Homme and
I'm not some passin' trend!
We've got stickers and jackets for
you to spend, spend, spend!

(spoken)

Okay everybody, I'm going to need
your help for this next part!

(sung)

Now stomp your feet!
Now clap your hands!
Gonna rock your minds and smash
your glands!

Now snap your fingers!
Now click your tongue!

Bonne Homme season has just begun!

Now stomp, stomp, click, snap

Now click, stomp, stomp, clap

Now stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp

Now clap, clap, clap, clap

Now click, click, click, click

Now snap, snap, snap, snap

Hey, Hey, Hey I'm the Bonne Homme
and you all have passed my test!

Hey, Hey, Hey I'm the Bonne Homme
and I wear pants and a vest!

I'll never stop rockin' cuz the
Bonne Homme never rests!

Bonne Homme takes off his sash and throws it into the crowd,
a young woman catches it and smells its musk. Bonne Homme

winks at her and she's so awe struck she passes out and is crushed to death by the crowd.

BONNE HOMME

I want to thanks everyone for coming out but the show's over and I need to rest!
You're the canvas that I'm able to paint my art upon!
Remember to check out *Bonne Homme 5: Vengeance* on the PlayStation-Xbox, coming soon!

The lights shut off and the music ends.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

(over mall speaker)

That's the end of the show everyone! On behalf of the Bonne Homme and everyone at Bonne Homme Industries Entertainment sleepy gas will be released in five minutes and anyone still in the building will become property of Bonne Homme Industries Entertainment.

See you again next year!

3 INT. BONNE HOMME MALL BACKSTAGE - DAY

Bonne Homme comes back from the curtain and hands his instrument to a Stage Hand's hand.

He takes off his Bonne Homme head to reveal MURRAY SNOWSON's head, a middle aged performer who is sweating.

STAGE HAND

Murray that was amazing, another great show!

MURRAY SNOWSON

Thanks, Jim-Jam, how are the wife and kids?

STAGE HAND

Thanks for remembering about them, Murray! It's great that even though you are the Bonne Homme you still

take time to memorize that people like me have families, if not necessarily their family's names.

MURRAY SNOWSON

No problem! I might be the Bonne Homme but I'm just a regular guy like you who happens to be a Bonne Homme and much richer, but money is just a number, right?

Brownie comes into the room and snaps his fingers at the stage helpers.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

All of you! Get out now you worthless scum!

They retreat to their lunchables nook to prepare for future performances, coming soon.

Murray drinks some clean water, his favourite.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Murray! There's my favourite star! We sold thousands of money worth of merchandise today!

MURRAY SNOWSON

That's great, Brownie, but you know being the Bonne Homme isn't about the money for me, it's about the spirit of Winter and meeting women.

Brownie puts his arm around Murray and walks with him over to the costume freezer.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Murray, what do you think about adding a 12:30pm show after the 12:00pm show?

MURRAY SNOWSON

I thought we already settled this, Murray - No more shows in a day. We do an 8am show, a 9am show, a 10am show, an 11am show, a 12pm show, a

1pm show, a 2pm show, a 3pm show, a 4pm show, a 4:30pm show, a 5:00pm show, a 5:30pm show, a 6pm show, a 7pm show, an 8pm show, and then a 9pm show before the 10pm and 11pm shows.

I need that time in between to work on my songs - you know I like to write original songs for every performance and I can't disappoint my fans.

Lyndsay walks in behind him

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

What about disappointing your family?

Murray turns around with a smile almost as big as the Bonne Homme himself (7').

MURRAY SNOWSON

Little Lyndsay? It's so nice to see you my little white snowball!

Murray picks her up and spins her around in the air and then kisses her on the lips, which is normal to do where they live.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I thought you were still stationed at sector 7 in Winnipeg!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

No, I got transferred this morning and there's nothing I'd rather do than see my dad - that is, if he has time inbetween all those A-Class performances.

Brownie pushes himself in between father and daughter.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

How about a kiss for your old uncle Turlity? Come'on, it's normal to do where we live!

Lyndsay reluctantly hugs Brownie but only lets him kiss her once on the lips.

Murray strips off his costume and puts on his street clothes - slacks and a t-shirt that says "yes, I am the Bonne Homme."

MURRAY SNOWSON

I'm headed out for celebration
lunch with my daughter, Brownie.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

But we do sounds check in 10
minutes!

MURRAY SNOWSON

Laaaaaaaa! Okay, I just checked
sounds and they seem to be fine!
Seeya in a while!

Lyndsay laughs really hard and so do all the crew and other cast members because, let's face it, it's a great joke.

As soon as Murray walks through the back curtains of the show Brownie pulls out his manager's gun.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Stop laughing and get back to work!
I don't want to hear anyone laugh
ever again!

The crew rush back into positions. The people dressed as winter bushes stop giggling.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

This is so hard! If only I had a
Bonne Homme that didn't have
distractions like a family and
friends and a career to get in the
way we could really take this show
to the top or even the next level!

Just then a scientist enters the backstage area. She's dressed in a tuxedo like she just came from a scientist convention and also wears medals around her neck like she won prizes for science there. She introduces herself, her red, metal science eyes scanning the room, the colour of

heat.

DR. CHALK

Hello Mr. Tartlington, I'm Dr. Veronica Chalk and I read on your Facebook earlier that you were looking for some way to create the perfect Bonne Homme.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

What? I thought my Facebook was closed so no one could see my posts!
I use my Facebook wall for personal notes only!

DR. CHALK

Maybe we could visit my lab, Mr. Tartlington, I think you might be interested in what I have to say there in the lab.

Brownie looks shocked, but then, thinking about it, begins to nod in agreement about the prospect of visiting a lab, something he hasn't done since he worked selling blood from young, homeless dogs to rich, old dogs.

4 INT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We're in a small, hip coffee shop with fashionable decorations like teak, mid-century furniture and Palestinian flags. Men and women of various ages (18, 22 and 26 are just some of the ages represented) fill the place.

They all sip on tiny mugs of espresso (which is also the password to the wifi).

The patrons' clothing is of the finest thread counts, many of them wear flowing capes and wide, floppy felt hats.

Despite their variety of fashions they're united by their dedication to the arts and to never having children.

A small stage made of a former kitchen table has been placed between a natural fruit juicing machine and a natural fruit dehydrating machine.

A young, androgynous, performer goes through a slideshow of pictures of themselves as a child, each accompanied with an anecdote designed to make patrons titter with laughter but also reflect on their own slideshows.

Lyndsay is sitting in a wooden recliner, surrounded by her friends, all of them nervously wearing scarves and holding guitars.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I think I'm next, where is he?

TENT O' DOULES

Don't worry, Lynds, if your dad said he was going to come down to see you perform at this open mic for the first time ever then you can count on him, I'm sure, even though none of us have ever met him.

I'm excited to meet your dad! From the sounds of the story you told us it sounds like the promises he makes to you mean a lot!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Thanks, Tent, after mommy and daddy's divorce it seems like daddy is always working.

LINT O' DOULES

Hey, baby, that was yesterday and this is today, stop worrying about divorce and get to da-course, of your song! Up on stage, next!

The host - a man who has shaved himself completely hairless to save the earth - comes onto the stage and begins clapping to signal the audience to clap also.

HOST

Okay, that was Junko Gummo with their comedy stylings, remember to vote online to select your number one performer here tonight to be entered into win our special prize pack from Tostitos and not Doritos,

as was incorrectly advertised.

Everyone flips open their personal phones and votes Junko Gummo a "1," the lowest possible score. The scores are all visible on the screens around the stage - Junko is just happy that they were able to share a message with a mostly attentive audience.

Lyndsay picks up her trumpet case and begins to make her way to the stage.

The host is interrupted by a barista, who passes him a new scroll, which he unrolls with mouth agape.

HOST

Fellow human and demi-human patrons, you're in for a special yum-yum. We're bumping the next lady on the list to make way for an amazing guest. You've seen them on posters, banners and bedsheets everywhere. They appear every winter to bring warmth and cheer during the frigid months, who are they?

The crowd thinks about the riddle, fingers stroking stubbled chins.

Lyndsay frumps back into her seat, her crest falling everywhere.

LINT O'DOULES

Oh, my god, is it Bonne Homme??!?

Everyone goes nuts. The pretension and pomp that permeated the crowd moments before is gone along with all the scarfs, shawls and capes.

Everyone is on their feet, except for Lyndsay who presses even deeper into her chair, like some kind of camouflaged bird that has evolved to live inside of chairs.

To even wilder applause, Bonne Homme takes the stage. He's dressed in more casual street wear, including a leather jacket and leather pants.

He takes the microphone from the smoothskin host and addresses his fans.

BONNE HOMME

Hey, everyone - a happy winter to you all!
This one goes out to my daughter, who I can't say who she is because my identity is a semi-secret!
Sweet babe, this number's for you!

Bonne Homme points at Lyndsay and then turns to the live band.

BONNE HOMME

Okay gents, this one comes in hot and then gets real cool! Follow my lead and when in doubt, just jam it out!

And a one, two, a one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve-a-bum-dum-ba-ba-na-na-dum-ba-bum-ba!

(sung)

Every winter, I'm getting chilly
There's nothing left to protect our skin

But in the meadow, I wonder will he
Let me see the real feelings within
We talk for hours
We dance and sing
We scratch our names in the heart
of the Oak

But then the powers
The news they bring
They take my love away from me like
a joke

It's been years, my fire's dying
Where is my love, where is my heart
But through the tears, my mind is flying
I eat boogers and I love to
FART!

With the last line of his song the Bonne Homme turns from the crowd, bends over, spreads his butt cheeks and a loud

fart noise is played over the PA system while a noxious gas is released from the rafters.

The crowd laughs uproariously and holds their hands over their noses and mouths, struggling to breathe, their eyes watering, they try to stand and get to the exits while clapping for the Bonne Homme. Some of them fall unconscious and are dragged away.

The Bonne Homme bumbles off stage and the host reappears at the microphone, his eyes are swollen shut from the gas and he has a huge smile swollen onto his face.

HOST

That was the Bonne Homme with an amazing original song, he's our trickster prince.

Alright, let's get some air and something to eat and drink and let's get this next chick on stage.

You can go up now while I get a smoke - you've got less time because I gave Bonne Homme your time.

Lyndsay takes the stage to complete silence. She takes her trumpet out of its case and raises it to her lips, coughing through the fumes left by Bonne Homme.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Okay, thanks for sticking about everyone, this song is about being overshadowed by your beloved father and--

TENT O' DOULES

Bring back Bonne Homme!

LINT O' DOULES

Bonne Homme! Get this shit off the stage!

TENT O' DOULES

Bonne Homme's outside giving away free lithographs!

More people rush outside. Lyndsay struggles not to cry as

she plays her sad trumpet song.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Daddy, why? Daddy, why were you
never there?
The night is cold but winter gives
way to spring
There are other seasons to our
lives
Can't we warm one another
Can't we make new memories
Any time is a time to start
There's emptiness in your melodies
I eat boogers and I love to FART!

On the last line, Lyndsay turns around and bends over, but Bonne Homme used up all of the fart smell and sound effects when he did his performance and so nothing happens.

The crowd, seeing what they think is a huge rip off of their beloved Bonne Homme by this talentless-hack-nobody begin to jeer and throw their framed lithographs at the stage.

TENT O' DOULES

Boo! You fucking hack! You're just
ripping off Bonne Homme! Fuck you!

Lyndsay places her trumpet back into it's little case where it lives and slinks off the stage to rejoin the crowd, sitting again with her friends.

TENT O' DOULES

Hey, great job Lyndsay! The crowd
was rough, but they wouldn't know
real talent if it hit them hard in
the face like a signed lithograph.

LINT O' DOULES

Yeah, we both loved it! Why don't
we all go out for some chowder and
chili at the restaurant before we
head back to our beautiful house?

Lyndsay gets up and looks out the stained glass windows of the cafe, where she can see Bonne Homme capering and entertaining a mass of smiling patrons.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Hold on, I'll be right back, then
we can go to our beautiful house.

Lyndsay leaves through the doors that connect the inside of the cafe to the outside of the rest of the world.

Behind her, the stage master is returning to introduce the next act.

HOST
Okay, thanks everyone for sticking around, sorry about that last performer, if I was a puppy I'd say it was pretty ruff!
(laughter)
But if I was really a little baby puppy I wouldn't be able to introduce our next act - please welcome the Bonne Homme tribute band - the Snow Balls!

The Snow Balls are all dressed like abominable snowpeople.

5 EXT. OUTSIDE CAFE ON THE STREET

Lyndsay approaches the Bonne Homme from behind as he speaks with fans.

BONNE HOMME
That's right ladies, I'm single and loving it. If you give me your Instagram accounts I'll slide into those DMs quicker than an ice cube on linoleum!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Excuse me, can I speak with you alone for a second, *Bonne Homme*?

Bonne Homme looks up, surprised that a woman has spoken to him without being asked to.

BONNE HOMME
Oh, sorry guys, Bonne Homme needs to make time for young performers looking for advice. That takes

priority, even for an old poon
hound like myself.

The women and men disappear back inside, imagining when
they'll be contacted and slayed by Bonne Homme in the
future.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
What the hell was that, dad?!

MURRAY SNOWSON
Surprise! It's me!
Betcha didn't guess that when I
agreed earlier to come watch your
open mic that I'd actually come and
perform for you and all your little
friends! Surprise!
I looked over your set list also
and loved that fart noise and fart
gas so I incorporated it into my
own act! Surprise!
I love spending surprise time with
my baby! Surprise!
How about a sweet kiss before I go
back to work!

Lyndsay is upset.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Dad, you ever wonder why you spend
so much time in that makeup and
costume? It's because when you're
dressed like Bonne Homme everyone
has to love you.
Well you're standing in front of
someone who has to love you even
without that helmet on and you're
pushing her away - just like mom,
and just like step-mom and step-
dog!
I'm talking about myself in case
you didn't follow!

Lyndsay starts to cry.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I don't get it, I did this all for you! Don't you want the money, the cars, the men, the surgeries? I guess I can just take that all back then? If you hate everything about Bonne Homme see how great it is living without him!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I don't care about Bonne Homme, dad, I just want my dad back, Bonne Homme!

Bonne Homme punches the brick wall of the coffee shop with his hand, shattering it.

BONNE HOMME

(shouting)

I am Bonne Homme! Don't you get it! This is the only thing that makes me feel alive! This is the only thing that I have that I care about!

Lyndsay, shivering with disgust, spins 360 degrees away from her dad.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

When I was growing up, all I ever wished for was a dad, and now I have one. So why am I still wishing for the same thing now that I'm a fully developed woman?

She gallops away and Bonne Homme starts to trot after her but more fans pull him back to hug and kiss him.

TENT O'DOULES

Hey, Bonne Homme, will you sign my little foot?

Bonne Homme looks after Lyndsay for a moment before turning to the fans with his shiny black eyes and a full black smile.

BONNE HOMME
Of course! Pull that flipper out of
its slipper and I'll put my special
X on it!

6 INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Melissa Da Vinci (nee SNOWSON) is in full scrubs and rubber gloves, working diligently on a sick, crying dog on the operating counter.

Nurses wipe Melissa's brow and nurses' assistants wipe the brow of their nurse masters in turn.

No one wipes the brow of the assistants and the sweat from their foreheads slimes down into their eyes and leaves stains on their uniforms.

MELISSA DA VINCI
I need that injection! Stat! We
don't have much time!

The aides quickly fumble about with their unskilled hands to fill up a big needle with medical goo.

NURSE FLUMBO
Here you go, Dr. Da Vinci

Melissa takes the needle and jabs it into the skull of the dog, which drifts peacefully to sleep with a sly smile.

The beautiful and talented vet take off her mask and doctor cap to release the puff of curly hair underneath.

NURSE FLUMBO
Another dog successfully euthanized
Dr. Da Vinci. This makes 25 this
morning, you've smashed your
personal record!

MELISSA DA VINCI
I'm not in this job to win awards,
Nurse, I'm in it to be the best dog
sleeper in the country. Now fetch
me my award gown, the Vet's Award
Ball is in a few hours and I'm
nominated for best dog sleeper in

the country.

The nurse runs, full speed, into the VIP locker area to do as she's told.

Melissa lights up a cigarette over the cooling body of the puppy she's just put to sleep. She takes a sensuous drag then looks down and pets its soft fur before pushing it into a plastic bag and throwing it into the pile.

A phone rings in the background as Melissa turns to the cages behind her, stuffed with other sick dogs, cats, parrots and horses.

MELISSA DA VINCI

I'm sorry, but you'll all have to hold on just a little longer, I promise I'll fix you all as soon as I get done with this little distraction.

CAT

(happily/understanding)

Meow!

(subtitles - thank you!)

The nurse comes back into the animal storage cooler with the office phone, the cord stretching back to the main animal reception room.

NURSE FLUMBO

Doctor Da Vinci, it's for you. It's your husband, he says he's on a phone!

MELISSA DA VINCI

EX husband, Nurse Flumbo, I only talk to him on a phone occasionally in order to arrange sleepover days for our children and for special favours.

Melissa takes the phone and dismisses her nurse with a casual slap of the hand to her head. The nurse goes back to her cube to fill out paperwork, signing death certificates for the pets and inheriting their property.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Murray, so great to hear from you, sweetums! I'm so excited to go to the awards banquet this afternoon with you as my date - it's an open bar, your favourite! It means so much to me to see you again and be close to you! I'm might sing a song if I win!

MURRAY SNOWSON

Hey! What's up? Is this Melissa? Sorry I can't make it, I got a gig lined up last minute but I'll catch ya next time, we cool?

MELISSA DA VINCI

...yeah...sure...we cool...

MURRAY SNOWSON

That's my brave little snowflake! Okay, seeya later, alligator!

Melissa slowly drops the phone to the ground, the taught coiled cord tugs the receiver back out of the room.

All of the animals feel uncomfortable.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Nurse! Prep for surgery! We have time for a few more before I go!

7

INT. PET DOCTOR AWARDS BANQUET - AFTERNOON

This is the whom's-whom of the animal fixing business. Famous and glamorous doctors, nurses, counselors, nutritionists, and massage therapists line the brown carpet posing for magazine photos for all of the big animal magazines you might find at any famous check-out stand - *Animal Planet* is one - you can imagine the others!

Naturally, no animals are attending the awards. That would be like if you allowed a TV to sit somewhere at the Golden Globe, or a Movie Screen to be on stage at the Oscars. Animals are the medium that these healers work in. They themselves are not nominated for awards. If an animal was ever even considered for an award it would cause the

dissolution of the professional body that oversees these awards - the Department of Animals.

Melissa is skulking solo through the crowd of other nominees who are accompanied by their ex-husbands.

REPORTER

Melissa De Vinci! You're nominated for the top veterinarian of the year award! You're 26 years old and single after breaking up with your famous husband Murray Snowson. Where is Murray? He had a ticket tonight to sit next to you but I'm getting breaking news that now he isn't?!

MELISSA DA VINCI

How would you like it if I asked you personal questions about your life with camera in your face? Where's husband for you? Where are children for you? Does that feel good?

CAMERAMAN

We've been married for 25 happy years, covering awards shows as husband and wife!

SECOND CAMERAMAN

And I was brought into the family business to carry on the legacy of my mom and dad who I love!

REPORTER

Lead story - family is amazing!

The news team hug and kiss each other and begin to interview one another on some of their favourite family memories. Having no memories of this family, Melissa leaves without offering a comment.

The doctor tries to slip into the venue and find her table for one but before she can take the escalator to the right floor she's stopped by an older, dashing man who slows down from his dash when he sees her and offers a snide smile.

It's Dr. Tom Acula, Melissa's rival in healing animals.

He's dressed impeccably - a red crushed velvet suit with matching evening cape and sword. His sunglasses have white frames.

DR. TOM ACULA

Ah, good afternoon good doctor! I want to wish you well! If you win this award you'll only be a few dozen behind the top winner...me!

MELISSA DA VINCI

Dr. Tom Acula! I know you've been stealing animals from my animal hospital just so you can heal them and put them back on the market - frogs, pigs, caterpillars - anything to get your numbers up.

Dr. Tom Acula swoops his cape towards the hall of fame, where his awards go back years.

DR. TOM ACULA

Take a look at some of the previous winners - before me it was my father, Dr. Tom Acula II and before him my grandfather, Dr. Tom Acula III.

I think they might have to get a bigger wall soon, for my potential son, Dr. Tom Acula 5, Mwahahah!

Melissa walks by with DIGNITY.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Well Dr. Tom Acula, even if I don't win today, there's always next week's awards!

Melissa sits down into her chair which is coated with the hair and skin of old animals healed by a vet in the past.

The lights dim and seat fillers occupy those seats that are empty. A seat filler sits down next to Melissa, he's wearing a mask of her ex-husband Murray's face. He takes her hand and pets it, like a training rabbit, then raises it to his

rubber lips and kisses it, like a training hamster. This is all part of his job.

The crowd applauds as the hosts of this years awards, Rickey Gervais and Rickety Gervais, walk their way to the stage. Rickety walks a lot less well than Rickey does.

The audience is hushed, remembering the topical and scathing humour that the Gervais twins shocked the world with last year.

Luckily they don't say any jokes this year and just announce the awards which, as everyone later agrees, makes that show much more tolerable and free from liberal propaganda.

RICKETY GERVAIS

And now, without any jokes at all,
I'd like to announce the nominees
for Best Animal Fix. Remember that
of these nominees, one will win the
award. This isn't the list of
winners, this is only a group of
potential winners.

Rickety Gervais shakily opens the envelope that his brother silently hands to him, without any jokes.

RICKETY GERVAIS

According to envelope...

Melissa grips her seat filler's rubber hand tightly, not letting her face express just how important this award is to her business.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Without this award bump, I might
not get next year's city contract
to release animals from the pain of
life.
Their faces are so close to the
ground, it's torture for them.

RICKETY GERVAIS

According to this envelope the
award will be postponed
indefinitely for a very special
performance from the city's very

own Bonne Homme!

The lights flash along with the crowd, who are on their feet cheering and stampeding to the front of the community hall where Bonne Homme has been lowered down to stage level in a coffin made of snow.

Maple Syrup snow-taffy lights drip down from the ceiling to make the performance unforgettable.

BONNE HOMME

This is a special performance to me because someone very special to me is involved in this profession - my new dog!

Take a bow! Wow! What a bow!

Bonne Homme's dog is shown on the video screen. The words "very special to the Bonne Homme" appear across the screen. The dog waves to the crowd.

BONNE HOMME

Now let's rock this place with music! A cool treat to chill your troubles!

(sung)

Bonne Homme's been around the world and he's met all kind of friends. Blondes, Brunettes and red heads, the options never ends I've been with barbarians, contrarians, libertarians and vegetarians, Delawareans, octogenarians, and those delivered by Cesarean.

But the only woman that I'm marryin' is a big fat veterinarian!

The crowd really pops off when they hear their own profession mentioned. It ties the performance into the larger awards show and reminds people who they are and why they're all here.

BONNE HOMME

Bonne Homme! Bonne Homme! Gonna rock your ears like a cherry bomb!
Bonne Homme! Bonne Homme! Find

future dates on BonneHomme.com!

Bonne Homme smashes the keyboard he's been playing on stage into the pile of award statues - destroying them forever.

BONNE HOMME

That's it, that's the show, thanks so much for everyone who came out to the concert tonight!

Bonne Homme leaves backstage and Ricketey Gervais comes out dressed as Cricketey Gervais, which is a cricket costume.

RICKETY GERVAIS

Okay! That's the show thanks to everyone who came out tonight! Let's HOP out of here pretty quick before the city council meeting in half an hour.

Everyone in the audience helps out by picking up garbage and beer cans from the floor, folding chairs and stacking them against the walls in neat rows.

It's just the considerate thing to do after a show.

Melissa is still fuming, having the award stolen from her and from smelling the latex mask of her ex-husband worn by the seat filler next to her during the whole show.

She gets up, folds her chair, and stampedes backstage. Pickety Gervais and Tickety Gervais try to stop her with signs and requests to inspect her ticket but she blows both of them to get to the greens room.

8

INT. GREENS ROOM - NIGHT

Murray is back in the greens room with a bunch of fans (all female identifying).

MURRAY SNOWSON

Please, help yourself to anything from the salad bar, it's my pleasure!
Avocado is extra.

MELISSA DA VINCI

What was that, Murray? You say you
can't come to the award show with
me and now I see you on stage
singing and dancing as Bonne
Homme?!

And whose dog was that on screen?
You're not licensed to own a St.
Bernard.

Murray turns to the sound of her voice, identifying it with his ears and then smiling with his mouth when his eyes focus on her shape and recognize it with his memory.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Surprise, snowball! I wanted to
surprise you!
This is my day of surprises!

MELISSA DA VINCI

You know what, Murray? After all
these years (3), this is the least
surprising thing you've ever done.
It's typical Murray Snowson.

MURRAY SNOWSON

What are you talking about, I did
this for you - you think I like
playing at this little nothing
animal doctor show? I barely made
\$5,000!
I did it to make you happy!

MELISSA DA VINCI

Bullshit, Murray! You did this to
make yourself happy! You can't
stand not to be the focus of
attention for one minute.
You'd rather be up on stage than
just sit and support someone else
in the crowd by making sure no one
makes fun of how they still have
all their baby teeth.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Listen, can we talk about this at a home? I've got another show I need to get ready for and first I've gotta have sex with all these women.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Murray, this is it, if you walk away now there's not going to be a home for you to come back to.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I know you think this is the end of the world, or whatever, but I'm the Bonne Homme - and that means something to a lot of people. No one even knows who you are. Do you know who she is?

CROWD MOM

Please, Bonne Homme! Make love to me!

Murray rubs white greasepaint across his face.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Maybe you're just jealous because of everything I've got - the snowsuits, the penthouse in the ice district, the mountain puma racing karts.

Murray slops more white paint to his face.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Get out, Murray! I don't ever want to see you again, I'm removing you from our family Spotify account.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Sure thing, this is the last time you're ever going to see Murray Snowson!

Murray applies additional face paint to his head and neck.

BONNE HOMME

But you're going to be seeing Bonne Homme for the rest of your life, unless I die first!

Bonne Homme jumps onto his motorbike and rides into the cargo hold of his luxury helicopter.

Melissa watches as the copter whirls into the air and lands on top of Bonne Homme Industries skyscraper, next door.

MELISSA DA VINCI

I'm so mad I might sing a song! But I won't yet, maybe later.

9 INT. SECRET LABORATORY - DAY

Brownie and Dr. Chalk examine oozing tubes of glowing ooze in tubes that glow as they examine them.

The room is full of mysterious experiments in cages that thrash about, unseen.

Brownie's assistant, Chim-Cham the monkey, follows along, dutifully dragging a suitcase. We never see this character again, he's just in one scene. If we don't know a monkey to appear on camera who can act WELL, I'll have to rewrite this whole scene.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Okay, so I'm here in this laboratory where you promised that secrets would be revealed and so far I'm just seeing all this glowing ooze, which I could just see at home.

DR. CHALK

What would you say is the most difficult part of your job as the Bonne Homme's manager, Brownie?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

It's impossible to pick just one! Paying him, feeding him, making sure the temperature in his apartment is suitable for human

conditions, listening to him, him not obeying my every command and also that he refuses to sing and dance non-stop all day, every day!

DR. CHALK

What if I said that I had a way to solve all of our problems?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Well, I don't know what any of your problems are.

Dr. Chalk turns away from Brownie to stare into a glowing tube of ooze. Placing her hand onto the tube, its ooze glowing.

DR. CHALK

My problems? Well, what if I were to tell you that I come from a long line of women dedicated to the craft of ice and cold, from a land far away?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I didn't ask for you to tell me.

DR. CHALK

Ha ha! A business man of true business ethics! Pure, undiluted capitalism!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

If you don't want to feel my invisible hand across your thighs, you better start revealing secrets to me!

DR. CHALK

Ha ha! A straight shooting man of no nonsense! So refreshing from all the soft millennials I meet on Bumble!

Brownie throws an orange at Dr. Chalk and she catches it in the air and takes a bite.

DR. CHALK

Tell me, Mr. Tarlington, have you ever wondered where the term Bonne Homme comes from?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

No, not at all.

Dr. Chalk enters commands into her cyber implants and a glowing hologram fills the room acting out her story as she speaks.

Brownie yawns, angrily.

DR. CHALK

In ancient Hyperborean myth the kings would send tribute each winter to the good men of ice and snow in order to appease them and ensure a happy season of mirth, song and dance.

The hologram shows kings giving special gifts to the snowy mountains and then singing and dancing around them.

Brownie looks at his watch, then yawns again and looks at his other watch to make sure the first one was correct.

DR. CHALK

But, eventually, the people decided that the old ways were foolish and that those goods and services they donated to the snow were wasteful and could be better used themselves through the long dark months or sacrificed to better creatures, like the house dwarfs that clean our chimneys.

The hologram shows a dwarf cleaning a chimney with a big smile on his face. Brownie frowns at the dwarf because it looks familiar.

DR. CHALK

But the snow became angry and blanketed the land with winter for a thousand, thousand years until

all that remained were whispers and legends of whispers.

The hologram shows the palaces being swept away under the snow and people whispering about it.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Usually the only time I listen to a woman this long is because I'm in court and she's the judge and my ex-wife and it's through tele-conference because I'm already in jail. Now you better explain how all this hubbity-bubbity makes me money, honey!

Dr. Chalk smiles, showing her braces, and takes a tube (filled with ooze: glowing) out from her desk.

DR. CHALK

I traveled to these forbidden lands, Mr. Tarlington! And the snow isn't a myth, it's very real! I found the formula for snow!

Dr. Chalk pulls a curtain from a huge tank behind her. Inside is a freezer with glass walls, empty except for mounds of snow and lesser mounds of ice.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Okay, I've seen about enough Dr. Chalk and I'm closing my eyes again!

Now, I came back to your apartment because I thought you were going to let me sex on you, but now you're showing me how you keep your hamburger cold. This was a waste of the six children's strength Viagra I took!

As Brownie turns to go he walks past the tank and a huge snowy fist slams against the glass. He shrieks and his erection decreases, slightly, from terror.

The tank's frost clears for a moment and he's able to see a huge hulking shape move against the ice. It's the same

colour as the rest of the tank, white as white snow.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

What the hell is that?!

DR. CHALK

Once it was a panda that I smuggled out of China. They're actually marsupials so it was easy to fit them into my pockets when I planed out.

But now I've given it the greatest gift, eternal snowy life.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Aren't panda's endangered?

DR. CHALK

No animal is actually endangered, that's just a myth that governments started to spread in the 70s when they thought that the oil industry was getting too powerful.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I knew it!

DR. CHALK

This snow creature is my greatest achievement so far, more so than all my ooze that I was able to make glow and put into my tubes.

Brownie unlocks the door to the snow tank and opens the door.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I can't wait to meet it!

DR. CHALK

No! It's not ready to meet!

The Ice Panda smashes open the door and throws Brownie to the ground. It roars like how a deadly ice panda does in real life and clomps around the room, leaving a frozen footprint with every clomp.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

It's out of control! I didn't do anything and I'm not responsible!

Brownie takes out his gun-chucks and shoots at the snow panda as it slowly advances on him, huge icicles for fangs and snowballs for hands and feet that also have icicles on them.

The bullets go right through the snowy body, smashing into the science microscopes behind it.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

It's immune to bullets! Somehow it's been immunized to bullets!

The creature opens its mouth and raises its chilly claws, ready to rip Brownie to chunks. But suddenly its eyes roll back into its head, it begins to lose its consistency and then begins to melt, screaming as it puddles to the floor, soaking Brownie beneath. Behind the creature is Dr. Chalk whose hand rests on the wall thermostat, which she has cranked to "HOTTEST SETTING."

Brownie gasps for breath and pulls himself up.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Amazing! With this kind of technology you could create an army of ice pandas at the north pole able to easily wage war against those ice penguins.

DR. CHALK

You're thinking too small, Mr. Tarlington. With this technology you could create the perfect Bonne Homme, one that didn't need to eat or breathe or sleep.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

But that thing couldn't sing and it could bear-ly dance, ha ha. And, also, I didn't see a guitar in there made of ice. Would it even be able to hold a regular guitar? The guitar's essential to the act. I

guess while I'm thinking out loud
we could just get one of the back-
up band to play lead guitar...no,
that's too extreme, it would never
work!

DR. CHALK

Relax, Mr. Tarlington, with a few
more years of research I'll have
the formula to turn guitar's into
ice completely figured out!

Brownie sops out his suit and coat and orders Chim Cham to
pull a dry suit out of his monkey trunk.

This shot with Chim Cham needs to be perfect. If we spend
most of the CGI budget here I'm fine with it.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

A few years?
Dr. Chalk, every minute I don't
forcibly transform my human Bonne
Homme into a snow creature is
costing me money from my food,
water and air budget!

DR. CHALK

But the system's never been tested
on human men before, just young
human boys!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I don't care! I need a Bonne Homme
that's going to rock people's socks
off, while not needing to wear
socks himself!

Brownie picks up his phone and starts taking photos of the
puddle which is sort of shaped like a melted panda.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Wait till my snapchat followers see
this!

DR. CHALK

Mr. Tarlington, have I ever told
you I find small, fat, greasy, bald

men with pony tails who wear sports blazers over T-shirts that have pictures of their own faces on them very attractive?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
You kept telling me that on the elevator ride up here, why?

Brownie picks his head up from his phone and the many comments rolling in: [-Looks like a Panda!- -Is that water?- <3 <3].

to see Dr. Chalk, undressed on her ice bed, which is a water bed that's been frozen into comfortable ice. She has robotic arms and legs but we never learn why.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
Wowee Zowee!

DR. CHALK
I have some extra slim condoms next to the bed, I hope they're your size.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
"You'll grow into it!"
Looks like my mom called it!

PHONE
Calling--Mom--RING RING

CROWD MOM
(through phone)
Hello, Brownward, is that you? It's been so many years!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
Not now, Mom! I'm about to get on the panda express!

Brownie slams his 60s style cell phone down and jumps into the bed. His body is completely round and he's entirely covered with long, soft red hair.

We cut away from this scene here but let's keep rolling for an extended director's cut that we'll put in later, I think

Brownie's going to be the breakout star of this movie and people are going to want to see more of him in deleted scenes.

10 INT. BONNE HOMME MALL - NIGHT

Bonne Homme is up on stage, rocking and rolling for another packed audience. That means he's singing another song.

The spotlight is on Bonne Homme and the rest of the stage is blacked out. Only some light piano cords are played in this first part.

BONNE HOMME

Sometimes this world can feel so
cold and so lonely
And sometimes you feel like a book
put alone on a shelf
That's the truth that you learn and
it's the only
Thing that you can do, cuz you can
only depend on yourself!
(this is where the drums and
guitars kick in with the
lights)

We're all born alone!
Oh, we're all born alone!
The king on his thrown one day he's
just dust and bones, yeah our
life's just on loan!
Oh, we're all born alone!

(spoken)

Sometimes people in your life will
try to stop you from reaching the
top! And it's not because they love
you even though that's what they
say! It's because they're jealous!
And even though they'll take your
money and say they'll enroll in
your Bonne Homme culinary school
it's all just lies!

(sung)

Cuz we'll all die alone!
Yeah, we'll all die alone!
Oh you've got to disown all those
traitors you've known, it's time

for them to atone!
Oh, we're all born alone!
YEAH!

The lights turn off and the crowd goes wild. Bonne Homme takes a bow in the dark even though no one can see (they aren't supposed to be off for this long it's a mistake) and then goes back stage.

11 INT. BONNE HOMME MALL BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Bonne Homme walks into the backstage area high fiving backstage workers as he takes off his Bonne Homme latex mask and suit.

STAGE HAND

Another top shelf performance Murray! You're truly the best performer I've ever seen. You looked really strong out there too! Have you been working on developing your muscles? People really feel safe when a muscular Bonne Homme is singing to them. I couldn't look away from your chest and ab! You've got a beautiful body, man!

MURRAY SNOWSON

Thanks, Jim-Jam, you really messed up the spotlight tonight and I'm going to recommend you aren't paid but how are the wife and kids?

STAGE HAND

Wow, thanks again for remembering about them Murray! They're just as good as when you asked about them this morning.

MURRAY SNOWSON

How about you and I spend some time together, just the two of us? Wouldn't that be nice?

STAGE HAND

Sorry, Murray, no can do. My son's
girlfriend just developed stage 9
skin and we're going to hold a
healing candlelight vigil tonight.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Oh, well maybe I can come? Sing
some healing chants?

STAGE HAND

Sorry, Murray, no can do - the lead
spirit wrangler says music could
bump her skin to stage 10.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Oh...well have you seen Brownie?
Maybe I could help him polish the
clip boards tonight?

STAGE HAND

Sorry, Murray, no can do -
Brownie's been gone all day.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Gone all day? That doesn't sound
like him. Did he say where he was
going?

STAGE HAND

All he said was "No one bother me,
I'm going to slam some broad at her
secret laboratory. If anyone asks
where I am, tell them I'm slamming
some broad at her secret
laboratory." End Message.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Secret laboratory? I wonder if he
meant secret lavatory?

Stage Hand is already on the city bus that takes all of the
workers back to their communal living cells.

STAGE HAND

Sorry, Murray, it's a four hour
ride back to the city and if I miss

this bus I'll have to hitchhike
back to town and you know that gang
of murderers are killing beautiful
men on the roads, recently.

The prison bus doors close and the bus pulls off. Murray is left alone in the Bonne Homme room. Hundreds of posters of Murray as the Bonne Homme line the walls. One shows Bonne Homme holding a book that says "Reading isn't for losers. Lift up some books at your local library." another says "I know some of you still aren't visiting the library, please go down and hold a book." a third poster shows the Bonne Homme outside a demolished building which reads "Library to close due to low membership. Pizza store opening soon."

Murray looks around the room at all the dolls of himself, all the VHS tapes he's made, all of the disks, all the Bonne Homme shoes and gloves (shoes for hands) and slumps down in a Bonne Homme chair.

He looks at his Bonne Homme phone and dials the number for "wife"

PHONE
Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring
Ring Ring.

BONNE HOMME
Come'on! Pick up!

PHONE
Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring--

DR. TOM ACULA
Hello!

MURRAY SNOWSON
Um, hello? Is Melissa Da Vinci able
to come to the phone, please?

DR. TOM ACULA
I'm sorry but she's just in a
shower right now, may I ask who's
calling and I'll yell to her under
the water?

MURRAY SNOWSON

The shower!? Who am I speaking to?
Who is this!?! The shower??!

DR. TOM ACULA

My name is Dr. Tom Acula and I'm
the handsomest animal-heal in this
area, I came home with your ex wife
after you blew it at the big one
today and now you're out the
picture, time I swoop in just like
my ancestors Dr. Tom Acula I, II
and 0.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Listen to me you creep, this is
still my ex-wife you're talking
about and I don't care how long
we've been court-ordered separated,
I care about all my old wives!

DR. TOM ACULA

(to the other room)

What's that baby? You want me to
help you shower your back? Okay,
I'll swoop right in and splash it
for you.

(talking to Murray again)

Sorry, I got to go, call back again
in a couple hours and maybe she'll
be able to talk again. She might
sing a song later.

Click.

Murray smashes the phone into the ground and screams in a
non-humorous way. Then he picks up a different phone and
dials the phone and the phone responds.

PHONE

Ring Ring Ring--

MURRAY SNOWSON

I'm so sick of rings! I just want
voices!

PHONE

Ring Ring -- phone pick up noise

TENT O' DOULES

Uhhhhhhh....hello?

MURRAY SNOWSON

Hello? I want to speak with
Lyndsay, put her on the phone, now!

TENT O' DOULES

Sorry, she can't come to the phone
right now, she's in the shower.

MURRAY SNOWSON

The shower?!? Who is this?! Who am
I speaking to? She's in the
shower??

LINT O' DOULES

That's right dude, she was covered
in muck so we let her use the
shower afterward.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Well you tell her that it's her
daddy on the phone and he needs her
real bad.

LINT O' DOULES

Oh no, we're not falling for that.
She told us that her dad died
earlier today and that was related
to all the muck.

TENT O' DOULES

The muck proves it!

MURRAY SNOWSON

But I'm alive I tell you, I'm
alive! Tell her to get on the phone
now! Now! Now!

TENT O' DOULES

Oh man, you're chilling my drugs
buzz Mr. Snowson.

LINT O' DOULES

We better inject some more before
it's too late. Bye Bye!

TENT O' DOULES

Bye Bye too!

The phone hangs up and Murray smashes this new phone in
shame. He picks up another phone and dials.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I'll call for a pizza, that'll calm
me down. And then, when the pizza
man gets here I'll make them come
in and spend time with me the rest
of the night as my playmate.

PHONE

Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring

PIZZA VOICE

Hello? Who is this? What do you
want?

MURRAY SNOWSON

Hi, I'd like to order a pizza and
can you send over your most
interesting pizza postal worker for
me to talk to?

PIZZA VOICE

Sorry, we aren't making pizza
anymore, Giuseppe is in the shower,
he was covered in cheese after an
accident.

MURRAY SNOWSON

The shower?! Who am I speaking to?!

The shower?

PIZZA VOICE

(off the phone)

No, it's nobody, baby. Yeah, I'll
be in there to shower your back
soon.

MURRAY SNOWSON

Put pizza on the phone! Tell him
that it's Bonne Homme speaking and
I need a pizza delivered, he'll
know what it means.

PIZZA VOICE

Sorry, I gotta go, I just got out
of a shower so I need to get back
in before I dry off.

The phone hangs up and this phone breaks apart
unintentionally. It was the last phone.

Murray looks sad then looks around then looks mad.

He gets up from his exercise ball and rampages around the room, smashing statues of the Bonne Homme and ripping up packages of Bonne Homme instant soup powder. Everything in the area reminds him of his success, and how much it's cost him.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I'm sick of everyone betraying me!
I'm sick of this world and all the
 betrayers within it! I'll show them
 what they're missing!

Murray takes down a Bonne Homme shotgun from the shelf and loads it. He takes a swig from his bottle of browned liquor and jumps onto his moto-scoot.

MURRAY SNOWSON

You're all gonna be sorry! You'll
all miss me when I'm gone! I'm
going to take everybody out!

Murray puts the shotgun into his mouth and pulls the trigger.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I'm going to spend the night at a
hotel and plan an amazing party
that I'll take everyone out to and
they'll miss me when I'm gone but
they'll all see me soon at this
amazing party.

He takes another sip from his liquor bottle (which is full of cola soda) and he does a line of cocaine off his sword and pulls away into the darkness.

12 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Murray is sobbing as he travels down the lonely darkened highway on his moto-scoot. He swerves around cats, bushes, raccoons, strollers and wheelchairs abandoned on the road.

He drinks from his leather liquor gourd and watches night glow bugs dance around his head.

He cranks the music of himself singing as Bonne Homme up to "loud" and cranks the moto-scoot speed up to 25 K.

MURRAY SNOWSON

I'm sick of this lonely life! From this day on I'm going to renounce the fame and some of the fortune associated the being the Bonne Homme.

My contract with the government is almost up so I'm going to drive there right now and talk to the night government about getting out of my contract.

Maybe I can pick up some shifts as a Bonne Homme Junior once in a while or as summer Bonne Homme but my days as the real Bonne Homme are over.

From now on I'm only going to be Murray Snowson, world famous musician and also husband and also father and also friend, in that order.

Nothing can stop me, I'm going to live forever!

Suddenly Murray hears the sound of a semi-truck horn blowing at him. He looks up from his phone and sees the huge truck barreling down. He takes a swig of his low-alcohol wine and then tries to swerve but it's too late.

Murray is dragged beneath the wheels of the truck, which tries to brake in time but speeds up instead because the

pedals for both are right next to each other which is pretty poor design.

Murray is pulverized as the wheels on the truck go round and round.

He's tossed into the middle of the road and the truck squeals to a stop.

The back of the truck comes loose and horses, cows, pigs and chickens, all on their way to be delivered to farms, stampede out across the road and over Murray's crumpled body.

The driver runs towards Murray as he closes his eyes and the world gets blurry, but not from tears as Murray has never cried before.

13 EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - NIGHT

It's hours later and the side of the road is blocked off. The night is lit up with police, ambulances and fire trucks and the bonfires that they've started to survey the crime scene.

An officer is interviewing the truck driver.

Horses and Cows are being handcuffed and arrested for their role in the accident and taken to animal jail.

TRUCK DRIVER

So there I was just driving normally.

I was using the center of the road inbetween lanes because its safer that way to drive and I was going 200 K/hr because I needed to get these animals to farms before they acclimatize to an urban environment and my headlights were off to save gas and the environment.

Suddenly, this guy comes up on me so I swerve into him as a dominance move to show him that bigger cars have the right of way and the crazy bugger doesn't even drive off into the ditch when he sees me.

OFFICER

No, it sounds like you did
everything you could. Okay, you're
free to go.

The truck driver jumps into her transport truck and gently pushes police cars out of her way as she goes as fast as she can down the road.

The police officer moves over to Murray who's being treated by ambulance women.

OFFICER

Okay, buddy, you've got a lot of explaining to do! You're lucky that you're dying right now or else you'd be thrown in prison for the rest of your life, forever!

MURRAY SNOWSON

Please...tell my wife and daughter and son that I'm sorry...

OFFICER

What? You're going to have to speak up. My knees hurt from driving so far out here and I'm not willing to bend over to listen to you.

MEDIC

I'm sorry, he can't hear you anymore...I stuffed his ears full of medical wax.

OFFICER

Get this piece of garbage down to the morgue jail with all the rest.

A limousine screeches up from out of the night, inches from the officer's head and body. Before the car even comes to a complete and safe stop Brownie is tumbling out to Murray's side.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Stop! Stop! Don't you touch him!

OFFICER

And just who the hell are you, some kind of stranger that I need to respect?

Brownie takes out his manager badge and shows it to the cop.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Brownie Tartlington, manager to the stars, maybe you're heard of them? This isn't some typical meat criminal you're scraping off the pavement, this is *THE* Bonne Homme.

Everyone within ear shot gasps when they hear the news, except for those who have filled their ears with medical wax.

OFFICER

You're telling me this is Bonne Homme? Oh my god! Can I get an autograph?

MEDIC

I can't believe I sawed off the hands and feet of *THE* Bonne Homme, wait till I tell the gossip rags!

Dr. Chalk has left the car and is now standing over the body.

DR. CHALK

You're not going to be telling anyone anything ever again! You're going to be releasing the body over to me by the power of the Scientists Guild.

The officer and the medic look over the paper, pretending they're able to read it.

OFFICER

Okay, this all checks out. You're free to take the body.
(to rest of officials at the scene)
Alright, let's get out of here and go for pizza! I know a place that

serves it!

The flashing lights fade into the distance as Brownie and Dr. Chalk drag the moaning corpse into the trunk of their car.

DR. CHALK

Let's get this thing back to my lab, where all my stuff is.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

If he dies it'll mess up all of my perfectly laid plans that I've had for years!

DR. CHALK

Don't worry, Brownie, I'm not about to flush this opportunity down the toilet like all the other things I flush down there.

The limo peels off, leaving only blood and chickens behind on the empty road.

14 INT. DA VINCI DINNER/SUPPER ROOM - NIGHT

Lyndsay and her mother sit in the dinner/supper room at the dinner/supper table slurping soup in silence (sounds of slurps are barely audible).

A bowl of soup at the head of the table sits unslurped. There's a placard in front of that seat that reads "Soup Reserved for Daddy."

The two women eye nervously at one another.

Melissa clears her throat.

MELISSA DA VINCI

So, how was school today?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Fine.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Did you...learn anything interesting?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
No.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Well, I learned something today.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Okay.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Are you interested in what I
learned?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
No.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Did you know that dogs actually
respond faster to life releasing
poisons than cats?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
No, I didn't know that.

MELISSA DA VINCI
It's true, we did a race today to
find out which one would win.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Okay, and you killed the dogs
first?

MELISSA DA VINCI
We *RELEASED* the dogs first.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Great.

MELISSA DA VINCI
These animals are in pain and my
job is to lead them on to the next
world! Some of them have internal
parasites!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Cool.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Yeah, it is cool! It's cool to not just selfishly think about how great it feels for me to feel the life slip away from an animal but the real good I'm doing out in the world! But what would you know about real sacrifice? I heard on the news today that you bombed hard at that open mic!

Lyndsay throws down her soup bib in anger.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Well I was watching the animal awards live today on the award channel, guess who I didn't see up on stage getting an award?

MELISSA DA VINCI

Who?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

You, mom! Another year passed over for your life's dream. You're 26 now, maybe it's time to admit you'll never be as successful as Dr. Veronica Chalk, who at age 19 was able to turn dogs into sand!

MELISSA DA VINCI

How dare you bring up that character's backstory in this house!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

How can I help it when you have pictures of her all over the house? You cut out all the pictures of my baby head and put a sandy dog's head inside it instead!

MELISSA DA VINCI

That's for science, Lyndsay, something you'll never understand!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Maybe I'd understand if you
actually came to one of my musical
shows instead of just listening to
them on the musical radio!

MELISSA DA VINCI

You know I can't watch music in
person due to my inability to be in
large crowds without a service
animal to euthanize!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

There you go again, all you ever
talk about is work!

MELISSA DA VINCI

At least I have a job, you're the
laziest 12 year old I've ever met!

DR. TOM ACULA

Please, girls, please! My friend
Chuck Bechdel recommends that if
two women start getting hysterical
the quickest way to correct their
behavior is to get them to talk
about their relationship to a man
and their feelings towards him. So
why don't we use the Check Bechdel
test and all talk about your ex-
husband and ex-father?

MELISSA DA VINCI

Great idea, Dr. Tom Acula, can you
please pour me some more of that
crimson liquid from the goblet you
brought to dinner which I assume is
wine?

DR. TOM ACULA

If it'll get you to relax and stop
using that whiny voice then I will.

Dr. Tom Acula releases the cork of his mysterious chalice of sloshing liquid and lets it slowly glog into Melissa and Lyndsay's snifters.

DR. TOM ACULA
A toast, to new experiences and
potential memories!
Drink deeply my dearests, let the
liquid flow through you.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Thanks Uncle Tom!

MELISSA DA VINCI
To your father, the Bonne Homme and
the life he's chosen for us to tag
along with.

They lean their heads to the sky and chug ravenously at the
thick juice, streaks of red covering their cheeks and necks
as they quench their thirsts.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Yum Yum - this is so good!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
I wish daddy was here to enjoy it
with us.

DR. TOM ACULA
Oh, I'm sure he would be if it was
as important as his job. Remember
that he makes everyone in the
mall's vicinity happy as our local
Bonne Homme, not just you and your
mother.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Hearing a man explain it makes a
lot of sense, Tom. But he's still
been ignoring us for so long. He's
missed all of the weddings I've
arranged for us since we've met.

DR. TOM ACULA
Stop talking for one second and
listen to me! You're right, a man's
place is in the home making sure
his women are working and living
well. He's ignoring the basic
duties to his clan.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Thank you Uncle Tom-Tom, that's
what I've been trying to say for
years!

MELISSA DA VINCI

Then I'd like to make a toast!

DR. TOM ACULA

A toast, to moving on with our
lives together as an uncle!

Everyone raises their glasses and Dr. Tom Acula once again
drips his brew atop their overflowing cups, gooing across
the table cloth and then splashing against their teeth,
darkened by the drink.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Uhhhhhhh! Refreshing!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

This is the best children's wine
I've ever had!

DR. TOM ACULA

Yes, it's a sweet ambrosia made to
be enjoyed by the very young and
the very, very old!

Everyone laughs at the joke and slurps up more green soup
while making prolonged eye contact and smiles. Silence holds
for several minutes on this warm family scene before the
ring of telephone breaks the spell forever.

PHONE

RING RING RING RING RING RING
RING

Everyone looks around the room, shocked, a feeling that
they'll feel from this moment on, forever.

MELISSA DA VINCI

That sounds like phone! But who
could it be it's nearly 3am!

Melissa stands up and picks up the handle of the phone, a
decision that will haunt her, forever.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Who is it mom? Tell us!

Melissa stares at her daughter and work colleague, not knowing that this will be the last time they'll ever know the sweet bliss of happiness, forever.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Hello, I'm on the other end of the phone.

Melissa listens quietly to the voice on the other end. Her eyes go wide, then narrow, then wide again, then begin to drip salty tears like the savory taste of a bag of peanuts served at a funeral. It's a taste she'll remember, forever.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Okay, thanks, you have a great day too.

She puts the phone back in its cradle, much like the cradle that she dropped Lyndsay into when her and Murray were still living together. She had hoped that one day they would be able to go back to the old days and put their daughter to sleep once again in her crib as husband and wife, but those dreams have been put to bed themselves, forever.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Mom, what's wrong? Mom?
Mooooooooooooom?

DR. TOM ACULA
Is Murray okay? Was that Murray on the phone? Tell me Murray's alright!

Melissa has been strong her whole life. When she went though dog medical school she was the only blonde woman in her class and it was tough. The other children would tease her, stuffing the cadaver pups full of yellow wigs, as cruel young people are want to do. But, even then when her instructors turned a blind eye and a deaf ear and a dead tongue to her troubles, she held strong and completed her attendance certificate in the top 80% of her class. And all that time she never cried.

When her own mother donated Melissa's kidney against her

will to her step dad, Dwayne, who was then able to drink twice as much and be four times as mean, she never shed a tear.

But now those tear gates (the eyes) are open, like the dam gates of a mighty dam, releasing excess water after a heavy rainfall so as to avert a flood.

Mellisa falls to the ground, the thick shag carpet muffling the sound of her dangling beads.

She looks up at her dinner guests, knowing that no one will want dessert, even her specialty - french peeled bananas, forever.

MELISSA DA VINCI

That was the the mayor, your
father...he's...

Lyndsay screams uncontrollably and knocks the huge cauldron of soup off the table and into the carpet where the seven family cats quickly leap to lap it up with their tiny, scratchy tongues.

DR. TOM ACULA

It's time to move on! We need to move on! It's done! We need to all move on with our lives!

I'll move in to take over the house and Murray's finances. It's going to be okay. We're going to get through this together. We're never going to see Murray ever again!

He's gone!

And with that the lights fade on this sad tableau due to the power being in Murray's name and canceled with his death.

Dr. Tom Acula said that Murray would never be seen again and perhaps there was wisdom in the old man's words, but the *Bonne Homme* would return to their lives in ways they never expected or dreamed of, forever.

Now the characters sing a song.

MELISSA DA VINCI

How many times has it happened to you?
You're working all day at the animal zoo,
And you're passed up for an award that you just steal instead!
And then, when you get home, the Bonne Homme is dead!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

How many times has it happened to you?
You practice all day for your music debut,
You tried your best but maybe you should have just stayed in your bed!
And then, when you get home, the Bonne Homme is dead!

DR. TOM ACULA

How many times has it happened to you?
You spend all afternoon buying fancy cashews,
And buy better locks so no one else can get out of your shed!
And then, when you get home, the Bonne Homme is dead!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

How will I move on with my hot, teen life?

MELISSA DA VINCI

Now I need to be someone else's wife!

DR. TOM ACULA

I'm so sick of having to fix locks on my shed!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON/MELISSA DA VINCI/DR. TOM ACULA

We all just got home and the Bonne Homme is dead!

DR. TOM ACULA

Now, let's all get some sleep on
our big family bed!

15

INT. SECRET LABORATORY - NIGHT

Dim light, like the kind found in any laboratory when closed for daily science business, fills the dank laboratory like only light can. Silent and untouchable but also able to make its presence known with a warming heat that can turn to an irritating and embarrassing burn. Thankfully, this light is not nearly powerful enough to keep even a potted fern alive, let alone scorch a man's skin when he's fallen asleep with no shirt on while attempting to shingle his own roof to save a few bucks in the middle of August.

We pan across the sprawled experiments and mysterious medical implements. To those with basic knowledge of implements, some of them are obviously scalpels.

More experimental tubes line the walls and flank the emergency exits of this dastardly location. All of these are covered (on the inside) with some form of medical ice, obscuring our view of what may lay or lie within.

(But if you remember several scenes earlier you can probably expect the inside of the tube to house some kind of ice monster and, although we can't see them, that's definitely what's in there).

Brownie enters the room quietly, holding an ornate candlestick in his right hand and, in the left, a hard boiled egg, which he munches on feverishly.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Well, well, well, well, well, well,
well, Murray we meet again, for the
last time.

I know that you planned your
suicide tonight to spite me. You
knew that the only way out of your
Bonne Homme Bonne-tract was for you
to be killed by a semi-truck on
Christmas Eve, but I'm not going to
let you go that easily.

A depressed looking janitor (or to the PC crowd - sanitation

worker) enters the lab. He's heavy set and looks as though he's been stuck in a loveless marriage for decades after impregnating the first ruddy skinned drive-thru attendant that would let him on top of her, leaving him with only a secondary education and four or five doomed youngsters more likely to torture a cat to death then achieve anything more than their slug of a father.

There's no doubt this janitor is suffering from some sort of grander cosmic justice, perhaps for some idiotic jocular bullying that he mercilessly led (along with others) against a more sensitive and intelligent peer between the ages of 12 and 17, inclusive. Perhaps this janitor had told everyone in the junior high that his schoolmate was covered in terrible facial, neck and arm acne because he never washed himself which was untrue, the schoolmate washed himself constantly including with a harsh chemical compound which dried out his skin and, coupled with the acne, made his face and arms look like a topographical map of the rocky mountains.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

You! Janitor! Get over here and
clean these experiment tanks! I
want you to scrub them so well we
can fire you afterward and just
coast on the job you've done for
months going forward.

The janitor salutes to his master and cowers as Brownie shoves past him to return to his boiling pot of additional eggs.

The janitor readies the sad tools of his trade, a mop, a mop bucket and mop bucket water (which he gathers from a nearby sink).

As he, joylessly, begins to clean up the space, the janitor uses the swipe card held by a frayed lanyard around his weak neck to bypass the security system and allow him access to the interior of the tanks for cleaning.

PHONE

Tanks open for cleaning -
activated.

The pods hiss open, slime and mist rushing out heedlessly.

The janitor sighs, he'll be the one who needs to collect all of this slime and mist and dispose of it properly.

As he trudges along through the now obscured room he hears a loud SMASH from somewhere behind him.

He turns as fast as his arthritic ridden bones can muster, but he only sees more mist and a bit of slime.

He reaches inside his jacket pocket for one of his flasks and a quick nip to forget how miserable his life has been since he left high school in a downward spiral, unaware of the matching but opposite upward spiral of the classmate he bullied so relentlessly who has since been able to limit his acne outbreaks to his back and upper legs and has become an award considered writer and author.

Suddenly, another CRASH! "Oh no" the janitor thinks, "this glass is going to come out of my salary."

But, just as quickly, the Janitor looks down to see his chest impaled on a thin rod of ice, his ancient janitor's blouse blossoming with red colored blood.

His last thoughts, as he's torn apart mercilessly by the ice claws inside of him, are of his terrible life and how he's glad it's finally over.

Before his mind disappears all together, but after he's lost control of his body and is slumped up against the floor, he sees two blue feet step across his flopping entrails, each footfall bringing a crackle of ice onto the floor beneath it.

But, before he can see where the feet may walk, he's dead and, after a budget funeral later that week, no one can quite remember who he was or even what his name was within a year.

16 EXT. SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

We're at a shipping yard exactly like the one in *The Wire*.

Shipping men are sitting on the exterior of their trailer (if we can get access to the inside of a trailer I'd prefer to use that) playing a multiplayer game of chess where there are four different sets of peices, the normal black and

white and then red and blue. They've created the game by taking four separate chess boards and pushing them together.

SHIPPING MAN 1

Okay, I'm going to win this move.

SHIPPING MAN 2

No way!

SHIPPING MAN 1

Alright, maybe, but we'll see.

A noise happens from back in the stacks of big metal boxes.

SHIPPING MAN 2

Oh no! What was that!

SHIPPING MAN 1

Don't be so scared! I checked the last noise. Suzy and Roberta, you take a look at this one.

SHIPPING MAN 2

And keep your flashlights off to save power!

Suzy and Roberta get up and walk into the darkness with flashlights but without turning the flashlights on.

The two remaining shipping men rearrange the pieces on the game board to be more favourable for them.

After a few minutes we hear screaming coming from the darkness.

SHIPPING MAN 2

Another sound!

SHIPPING MAN 1

I definitely heard a sound this time as well.

SHIPPING MAN 2

Let's check it out. Even though I'm scared we're being paid to protect these boxes. We aren't some lazy over-paid and under-worked government jobbed union leeches,

we're hardworking, everyday war
veterans.

SHIPPING MAN 1
I support our troops!

The two men get up and grab some flashlights that they don't turn on to save power and head into the darkness.

It's really scary in this area of the shipping yard.

The two security guards turn the corner and see nothing becasue their flashlights aren't on. They turn to one another and mutually agree, silently, it's nessesaray to turn on their flashlights, briefly.

They quickly flick them on and, before they're quickly flicked off again, they see the other two shippers, ripped apart and frozen to the walls.

SHIPPING MAN 1
Oh no! I'm scared again!

SHIPPING MAN 2
Maybe it was just a trick!

SHIPPING MAN 1
No, it wasn't, let's turn our
flashlights on again!

SHIPPING MAN 2
Are you sure?

SHIPPING MAN 1
This is what they're for! If we get
in trouble they can take the power
bill out of my cheque!

They bravely flick on their flashlights again and they're face-to-face with a terrifying ice monster! It's icicled maw hangs menacingly above them, iced steam pouring forth from the bloody remains of their former chess friends.

Feet stumps are everywhere!

The two men run into the darkness of the metal shipping boxes but they quickly get lost as they've turned out their flashlights again to save power and they're walled in on all

sides, except the side they just came from, but now there's probably a monster on that side!

They jump weakly, but the top of the crate is at least a foot overtop of them and they're both heavy set and over 80 years old, unable to pull themselves up even in the unlikely event they did manage to grab hold of the top.

SHIPPING MAN 1

Looks like this is the end, being married to you all these years has been the happiest time of my life.

SHIPPING MAN 2

AHHHHHHHHH!

Shipping man 2 is ripped to shreds by the huge claws of the ice monster (we assume that's what's happening as the flashlights are being flicked on and off to save power).

SHIPPING MAN 1

Are you okay? What happened?

BONNE HOMME

Happy Winter.

SHIPPING MAN 1

AHHHHHHHHH!

Now this second man is eaten to death by the snow monster. A few minutes later the shiny night moon glows down on their bodies, now buried next to each other in twin piles of blood drenched snow.

We see a limo screech up at the edge of the shipping boxes. Brownie jumps out with a walkie talkie that's also a gun pointed at his head.

He looks around at the bloody carnage and flashlights neatly turned off before hopping around, furiously!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Brown-Tart to base! Come in base!
Come in face! Come in! This is
Brown-Tart! Over!

The half walkie-talkie half gun buzzes from the half that's a walkie-talkie.

DR. CHALK

This is doc-chalk, I read you very
loud and pretty clear, Brown-Tart.
Did you find the creature and, if
not, what did you find instead?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Over! I was too late! Luckily only
four shipping workers were killed,
but the boxes were untouched! Over!

DR. CHALK

But if we don't find that creature
and get it back to our lab, before
sun comes up and it melts, our
plans will be ruined!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Over! I know! Over!

DR. CHALK

Well then you better get out there!
There's no telling where he could
be! We checked the shipping
container part of town, but now he
could go see other things he valued
highly in life like his human
daughter and wife!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Don't worry! I'll handle his human
daughter and wife!

DR. CHALK

Over!

Brownie smiles to himself and cocks his walkie-talkie to get it ready to fire bullets instead of voices. He climbs back up inside of his car and shuts the door, then using his hands he takes the keys and turns the car on and safely backs up out of the shipping container area and then signals to turn back onto the road and drives down the road.

Young college aged students line the bustleways of this average college building.

You've got all your typical groups, jocks, jock-adjacent, drama goons, sk8r bois, regular bois, magic the gathering experts, anime club, martial artisans and the rest.

We follow low to the ground on a traveling camera so its as if we're from the perspective of a dog, or a large cat, zooming across the hallways.

Students jump out of the way, terrified, as this dog or cat rushes at them.

The animal runs through the gym into the middle of a basket game, it steals the orange-pimpled ball and slam dunks it through the goal, does a flip and then runs out of the gym as the team wins the game.

The dog or cat enters the cafeteria where lunch ladies and lunch lads are scooping spoons of soup into a pot. The dog or cat grabs a beaker of pepper and dunks it with a slam into the huge lunch pot, does a flip then runs out of the kitchen as the chefs takes the soup and realize that pepper was the one ingredient missing from their recipe.

The dog or cat paws its way into a classroom full of students taking a test. It jumps up to the front of the class and pulls down a chart that has all the answers on it. The students begin mewling with happiness and quickly copy down the answers before the headmaster can push up the answer sheet. But it's too late, they've seen everything. The dog or cat does a flip and leaves by smashing through a window back into the hall.

We zoom towards a classroom door that says "Veterinary Animal Doctoring 101." The Dog or Cat enters through the small doggy/catty door at the bottom of the frame and looks around to see a classroom full of future animal doctors. They stare and whisper at the animal as it walks over to the table at the front of the class, jumps up with a flip and lays down.

We return to normal point of view and see that it's been a dog this whole time.

Dr. Tom Acula gives instruction to the class.

DR. TOM ACULA

Now class, this is what a dog looks like.

You'll be seeing these at many of the hospitals you might be freelancing at later this semester.

Dr. Tom Acula brings the gas mask over the dog's mouth and nose and turns the lever on the big metal gas bottle to "full dose."

DR. TOM ACULA

Just remember when you gas your first few dogs you'll be surprised how much they kick and struggle as you can see here.

But eventually they'll settle down and you can release your hands from their neck and let them gently pass.

The students scribble down notes and sketches of the dead dog before Dr. Tom Acula pushes it back through the dog door into the hallway for collection.

DR. TOM ACULA

So the number one thing that you absolutely have to remember before the final next week is--

BELL

RING RING RING RING RING

Students jump out of their seats and furiously stuff their books and snacks into their bags, pushing toward the door.

DR. TOM ACULA

Okay, that's the end of class! Remember to read pages 1 through 3 for next week! And happy winter everyone!

Lyndsay tries to make it to the door but Dr. Tom Acula comes up from behind her and grabs her and forces her back into her desk.

DR. TOM ACULA

Lyndsay, sit down and talk to me
dammit! For once in your god damned
life think of someone else for once
in your god damned life!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I need to get to class, Dr. Tom
Acula.

DR. TOM ACULA

Well then how about a joke to
loosen you?

How about this one:

(joke)

Why do they lock gas station
bathrooms? Are they afraid someone
will clean them?

(normal voice)

How about a smile, babe?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

That's a George Carlin bit! You're
just stealing jokes!

DR. TOM ACULA

No, that was just a test to make
sure you knew Carlin's material -
you passed. Okay, here's an
original joke:

(joke)

For his birthday, an old man's
nephews secretly hired a prostitute
for him. When he answers the door
she's standing there in a tiny
little black dress - very very hot
stuff.

She says to the old man, "I'm here
to give you super sex."

After thinking for a minute then
the old man he says, "I guess I'll
have the soup!"

(normal voice)

Well, do I see a little smile up in
there?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

That joke was printed in this week's Reader's Digest. I saw you reading it at the kitchen hutch this morning and you talk out loud as you read so I heard the joke earlier.

DR. TOM ACULA

Wow, okay, so that was another test for you there to make sure you respect that magazine. Yeah, you passed that one too - doing pretty good so far.

Try this one on for size my little frown face:

(joke)

"I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. I want to achieve it by not dying." -

Woody Allen

(normal voice again)

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

You said "Woody Allen" at the end of that quote from Woody Allen.

That's not a joke, it's just something he said and you properly credited him.

DR. TOM ACULA

Listen, Lyndsay, I just found out that I'm going to have to fail you in my class.

Now before you say anything, no this isn't all about your father's death - not everything is about you. I just feel like we need to spend some more time together.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

What? But I'm president of the class in grades! This isn't fair!

DR. TOM ACULA

Sorry, Lyndsay, sometimes life
isn't like in those books you're
always reading - welcome to the
real world!

PHONE

Lyndsay Snowden, please report to
College Principal Mouse's office
immediately.

DR. TOM ACULA

Wow, that was really loud! You
better get those little cherry
tomatoes down there sweetie, and I
want you home tonight by 4pm. I
need you to move all of your stuff
that I didn't pawn into your new
room in the garage attic.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

What? You sold all of my stuff? My
dad bought that for me!

DR. TOM ACULA

Well, he didn't say in his will
that he wanted you to keep it so I
had to sell it to cover my
expenses.

It's time to grow up, Lyndsay,
you're not a kid anymore! And I
want my dinner on my desk when I
get home tonight! I'll have my
usual - an egg medley: scrambled,
boiled, poached and fried.

Lyndsay stands up, picks up her nap-sack and runs through
the door to leave the room.

DR. TOM ACULA

Ah, kids, you love them so much but
they'll always end up breaking your
heart...

DR. CHALK

What if I told you that there was a
way to take care of both of our
problems?

Dr. Tom Acula spins around to see Dr. Veronica Chalk
standing in the secluded shadows of the classroom.

DR. TOM ACULA

Well, well, well, Dr. Veronica
Acula.

DR. CHALK

I'm going by my new name now,
Chalk.

DR. TOM ACULA

You got rid of our family name? Are
you ashamed of your heritage?

DR. CHALK

Don't make this any harder than it
already is, Tom.

DR. TOM ACULA

I thought I saw the last of you in
Cineplex Odeon, over three months
ago.

When you walked away I thought it
was for good.

DR. CHALK

This isn't a pleasure visit, Tom.
I'm here to talk about the girl.

DR. TOM ACULA

Who, Lyndsay? She's nobody, what
could you possibly want with her?

DR. CHALK

I want you to sign over possession
of her to me and my research team.
Now that her father's gone you're
the only one left that can make the
right choice and give her a good
and full life living in my lab.

DR. TOM ACULA

Sure, but what's in it for me? I'm responsible for her now and I need to make sure that I get the best deal possible.

DR. CHALK

I can pay you \$1,000 now and there's another \$500 in it for you if you can keep this out of the college papers.

DR. TOM ACULA

You always did drive a hard, but fair, bargain. Okay, I'm in! It's great to be back in business with you!

The two shake hands, hard. Their muscles flex big and sweat drips down their rippling, ropey arms.

We zoom in really close on their hands. So close that it just becomes a blur and then we zoom out to reveal:

18 INT. PRINCIPAL MOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

It's dark in Principal Mouse's office and so cold that Lyndsay can see her own gas escape as mist.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Hello? Principal Mouse? Are you in here in your office?

Lyndsay walks down the corridor of the principal's office, the hallway worming further and further back to the administrator's lair.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Wow, it's so cold in here! It's freezing! I guess Principal Mouse is a real ice mice! I hope he didn't hear that!

Lyndsay opens the sliding door to Mouse's office. She turns to the corner on the left, nothing.

She inspects the corner to her right, nothing there either.

Then she turns to the middle corner and there it is - the frozen corpse of Principal Mouse!

His body is locked in ice, his skin blue where it peeks through his principal's uniform. His hair stands straight up with ice. Frozen icicles of blood run from his face to form a cheery red beard.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Hello? Principal Mouse? Are you okay?

But Lyndsay instinctively knows that he's very much not okay! Her medical training takes over from afternoons of helping her mother at animal doctoring.

Without a second thought Lyndsay assesses the area for hazards like slippery liquids and frayed power cords and, seeing none, drapes a warming towel over Principal Mouse's head.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

You're going to be okay! I'm going to call the police and they'll get you to an ambulance!

BONNE HOMME

Noooo....Pooooooliiiiiceeeee....

Lyndsay darts her eyes to each of the room's three corners once again, then stares up in horror at the source of the noise, from the room's ceiling corner.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

What....

She sees, with her own eyes, a shifting mass of snow and ice in a vaguely humanoid shape. It's all claws and fangs, but she sees a face start to form, a familiar face...

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Principal Mouse? Is that you?

BONNE HOMME

Noooooo....Lyndsayyyyyyyyy...

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Vice Principal Cat?

BONNE HOMME
Noooooo...

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Lint?

BONNE HOMME
Noooooo....Lyndsay...It's
meeeeee....urrrr Daaaaaaa

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Oh my god! Dad! You're alive! How
is this possible?

The Bonne Homme slides down from the ceiling in a dune of snow and reconstitutes from the ground in the shape of Murray.

BONNE HOMME
It's me snowball! It's me your dad!
Surprise! I don't know what's going on, the last thing I remember is being hit by a truck! Nothing unusual!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
That must be the truck that hit you!
It's been almost an entire day since then!

BONNE HOMME
What? I've got a show tonight! I need to get down to the mall!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Then let's get you down there!

BONNE HOMME
But what about your curfew?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Hey, there's nothing I'd rather do than spend time with my dad!

BONNE HOMME

Okay, well I can't go out like
this, I'll melt!

Lyndsay thinks and then spots Principal Mouse's cooler. She dumps all of the beer onto the ground and holds open the lid.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Quick, get inside! I'll carry you
on the bus!

Bonne Homme gives a wry smile and slushes his way inside the cooler held by his daughter's arms.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Next stop - the mall!

The pair leave the room by way of Principal Mouse's patio door. No sooner have they left when the front door springs open on hinges and Brownie storms into the room.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Hello?

Principal Mouse? It's me, Brownie Tarlington! We spoke on the phone earlier? You said that you thought I sounded familiar and I said that I'd reveal how we knew each other when I came by your office later?

Hello?

Brownie walks in and takes off his sunglasses that he bought on the way to the school. If he hadn't stopped to pick them up this story might have gone a lot differently, but they were on sale and he needed them!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Damn! You've outsmarted me again this time, Murray (or should I say, Bonne Homme), but I think I've got an idea where you'll be next!

Lyndsay is running as fast as she can with the cooler but it's obvious that it's too heavy for her.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Wow, dad, did you put on weight?

BONNE HOMME

Lyndsay, this is no time for jokes,
if I don't get down to the mall for
tonight's show on the eve of winter
then our business is over!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Well, we're going to need to find a
better way to carry you around.

Lyndsay looks around and sees a frozen meat truck, a frozen fish truck, a liquid nitrogen truck and an ice creamed truck.

HOST

Ice cream, get yer ice cream! Cold
and sweet the perfect winter treat!
This truck is cold! Come and get
some ice cream!

BONNE HOMME

Remember when you were little and I
would buy you ice cream?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I'm surprised you remember that
dad, you've been so busy with your
career.

BONNE HOMME

Are you kidding me, buying ice
cream for you is one of my
favourite ice cream memories!

Lyndsay runs up to the truck and opens the back doors. The ice cream man looks over in surprise and drops a scoop of vanilla ice cream on the floor.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Sorry, but we need to borrow your
truck, it's a Bonne Homme
emergency!

The ice cream man pulls out a gun and aims it at Lyndsay and

the cooler.

HOST

Get back! Unless you want to buy
some ice cream! But if not then get
back!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Whoa! Slow down! We only need to
borrow your truck for a few days!

BONNE HOMME

We don't have time for this
Lyndsay!

Bonne Homme sloshes out of his bucket and decends on the screaming ice cream salesman, ripping him apart with an icey ferocity.

BONNE HOMME

Quick! Help me get him in the
cooler and let's get on the road!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

You got it dad!

BONNE HOMME

You're going to have to drive, I've
got to get into the other cooler to
stay cold.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

You got it dad!

The ice cream truck speeds down the highway, destination - mall.

20 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

Lyndsay has the wheel, honking and speeding to get to the mall to meet curtain time. Bonne Homme's long snowy neck snakes out of the cooler all the way to the front of the truck, where his head bobs next to Lyndsay.

BONNE HOMME

I always told you that I'd teach
you to drive, didn't I!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Dad, I still don't understand, you
died, so how are you still alive?

BONNE HOMME

I don't know Lyndsay, all I do know
is that I've been given a second
chance to be the husband and father
I always should have been. After
tonight's three shows, plus encore
show, I'm coming straight home and
loving the whole family!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

But what about your new snow body?

BONNE HOMME

What about it? You think I'm less
of a man and father because I'm
made of snow?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

That's not what I'm saying at all
dad...

BONNE HOMME

I knew I should have sent you to a
catholic college! Liberals are
always about tolerance until it's
right in their own face!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

What does it feel like to be made
of snow now? Do you feel the same?
Do you still get hungry or sleepy?
Are your emotions the same?

BONNE HOMME

Huh, I never thought about it. Let
me think about something sad...nope
nothing. I can't feel sadness
anymore!

Let me try and eat one of these ice
creams...hmmmm, the ice cream just
becomes part of my body as soon as
it touches me. So I don't need to
eat but I do need to take on mass.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I guess ice cream goes to mass for
both of us!

BONNE HOMME

Wow, I didn't find that funny at
all! I guess I can't sense humour
anymore either.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Well what do you feel.

BONNE HOMME

...I feel cold, Lyndsay...so
cold...

And I feel like putting on an
amazing show tonight! Next stop -
the mall!

The truck drives even closer to the mall.

21 INT. BONNE HOMME MALL - DAY

As it's Winter Eve the mall is absolutely slammed with potential customers. They're shoving and pushing one another for this year's hottest toys, an electronic Bonne Homme that children (or adults) need to feed and shoe to keep his spirit meter up high enough to reach the level of winter cheer necessary in order to celebrate with ribbons and syrup.

A group of Bonne Homme Juniors are on stage to the amusement of no one. The crowd is restless, they don't want these pretenders to the throne, they want the real deal.

CROWD MOM

What is this trash!

CROWD MOM 2

My son needs to see Bonne Homme, we
were promised an exclusive behind
the scenes visit, all expenses
paid!

CROWD MOM

If her son get that then I want it
too!

The Bonne Homme Juniors, provincial level performers, understudies at best, try their hardest but it can't compensate for the fact that they have no stage presence and are complete garbage.

BONNE HOMME JUNIORS

(sung)

We're the Bonne Homme Juniors
Just little baby Bonne Hommes
Daddy wanted to be sooner
We hope that you remain calm
There's plenty to do
And plenty to see
At the Bonne Homme Mall
And we guarantee
We cut prices so low that they're
an amputee
So accept our discount reality!
Ya!

The crowd boos and throws last year's hot ticket winter items (Bonne Homme BBQ forks) at the Bonne Homme Juniors, wounding them.

They crawl off stage to receive medical assistance based on how much merchandise they were directly responsible for selling (and the medical experts can tell).

22

INT. BONNE HOMME MALL BACKSTAGE - DAY

STAGE HAND

Oh no! We're out of all of our
Bonne Homme Juniors! We'll have to
send out the Bomme Hommettes even
though they're tonight's big
closers!
This crowd is too thirsty!

BONNE HOMME

Well then maybe it's time to
satisfy that thirst!

Stage Hand turns around at the sound of Murray's snowy voice. He sees the frozen winter man and does a double take (two times) as he struggles to understand what he's looking at.

STAGE HAND

W-w-w-what?! Murray Snowson!? B-B-
B-But! W-W-W-What?!

BONNE HOMME

Yes, Jamm-Jamm, it's me, Murray!
How are the wife and kids?

STAGE HAND

They're great Murray! Thanks for
asking about them again. It's
amazing to me that even with all
the pressures of being turned to
snow and ice you still remember
about families such as mine.

Murray friendly puts an ice claw on Stage Hand's shoulder,
which instantly freezes.

BONNE HOMME

All families are important to me,
Stage Hand! Especially those
families out there! Now let's me
get out there and put on a great
show! This is my daughter, by the
way, she gets in for free!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Thanks, dad!

Bonne Homme slides out through the curtain to the stage.

23

INT. BONNE HOMME MALL - DAY

Bonne Homme's ice form materializes in a flurry to form one
huge icy face, taking up all of the stage.

BONNE HOMME

Have you been naughty this summer?

The crowd turns, mouths agape, throwing their wallets and
purchases to the ground, mesmerized by this heavenly voice.

CROWD MOM

It's him! It's the true Bonne
Homme!

CROWD MOM 2
I knew he wouldn't betray me!

The Bonne Homme face blows harsh winds that nip and burn the noses and finger tips of the audience, pushing many over.

BONNE HOMME
I witnessed how you treated my
children, the Bonne Homme Juniors!
You will be punished!
With this rocking song!
Hit it!

The music kicks into high gear as Bonne Homme returns to human size and humanoid form. He grabs a mic stand and lets out one of his trademark bangers.

BONNE HOMME
(sung)
Sometimes when you wake up the
world seems a little strange!
Now you're made of snow and you
don't quite know how your life got
rearranged!
You've lost all of your skin and
hair and your heart's gone from
your chest
But despite it all you'll just grin
and bear it's no reason to be
stressed!
There's still cheer and mirth and
for what it's worth I can no longer
shed tears
It appears this earth has just
given birth to a
Rockin' Talkin' Bonne Homme who's
about to blast your ears!

People in the crowd are fainting from how amazing this performance is.

Bonne Homme splits himself into several different copies and is able to play a guitar, piano, saxaphone and drum solo all at the same time!

This really stirs the pot, with people moaning and crying from this terrific show.

From the back of the room Brownie bursts in surrounded by police officers. He runs over to a huge switch labelled "Bonne Homme Power" and switches it off. The music fades immediatley and the house lights come back on.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
Stay perfectly still everyone!
Officers, arrest that man on the
charge of illegal Bonne Homme
activity! He's no true winter's
clown!

The police open fire on the stage, trying to subdue the Bonne Homme but audience members throw themselves into the path of the bullets, sacrificing themselves to protect their beloved saviour.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
Shoot him you idiots! Or use
stronger bullets that will shoot
through these people into the Bonne
Homme!

The police take out their biggest bullets and are able to reach the stage but the Bonne Homme simply shifts his snow body around the bullets.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
No you idiots! Fire fire bullets to
melt him! It's the only thing that
will destroy a true Bonne Homme!

The police light their bullets on fire, put them into their guns and shoot at the Bonne Homme again, the audience and stage lights on fire.

BONNE HOMME
Oh boy! This is one hot crowd!

Bonne Homme wipes his head with his arm, he's getting too hot and he's beginning to melt!

BONNE HOMME
Looks like there won't be any
encore tonight! Please remember to
buy Bonne Homme merchandice on the
way to the exits!

As bullets fly Bonne Homme quickly exits the stage.

24 INT. BONNE HOMME MALL BACKSTAGE - DAY

The backstage area is riddled with bullet holes and dead or dying crew members.

Stage Hand is slumped in the corner, next to the backup bags of cheetos, coughing up blood and cheetos.

STAGE HAND

It was all worth it...to see
tonight's show...Promise me,
Murray...cough

BONNE HOMME

Anything, Jim-Jam!

STAGE HAND

Promise you'll tell my family that
I was the Bonne Homme all
along...cough. That's what I've
been telling them for
years...cough...they never believed
me...cough.

BONNE HOMME

I promise.

Bonne Homme then graciously puts Stage Hand out of his misery by slicing his face off. Bonne Homme takes the face skin and puts it over his own snowy face.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Great idea dad, a disguise to help
us sneak past those guards! Quick,
slice off the rest of his skin and
clothes!

Bonne Homme does as she asks and is able to cobble together a perfect looking human appearance.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Wow! You look completley and
perfectly human except way more
muscular and attractive than that
guy was in real life! Let's get you

out of here!

BONNE HOMME
I feel like a new man!

The pair run out into the snowy night.

Brownie makes it to the backstage just in time to hear the door slam. He screams in frustration and takes a pistol from one of the police officers.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
I can't believe I missed him again!

Brownie screams louder this time and unloads an entire box of ammo into the dead body of the stage hand!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
I'll get you for this Bonne Homme!

25 INT. DA VINCI DINNER/SUPPER ROOM - DAY

Melissa Da Vinci is sitting at the table painting a picture of Murray, her late ex-husband. Around her are thousands of similar paintings.

PHONE
Ring Ring Ring Ring!

MELISSA DA VINCI
Hello? This is the city art
gallery? You say you want to buy
all of my art of the Bonne Homme no
matter the price? Okay. How much
are they? Well, how about I give it
to you for half price if we can
seal the deal right here on the
phone?
Sounds like we just sealed the
deal! You won't live to regret this
decision!

Melissa hangs up the phone and begins speaking into her voice memo recorder.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Memo - it's been almost a full day since my ex-husband, Murray Snowman, was killed by suicide in a trucker accident.

Somehow his death has awakened my artistic flavour - he always wanted me to quit my job and paint pictures of him and I guess I've finally realized he was right.

Memo done.

She hangs up the voice memo recorder and gets back to painting Murray's sensuous lips.

The door bell rings.

MELISSA DA VINCI

The doorbell? Who could be ringing that?

She cautiously approaches the door.

MELISSA DA VINCI

Hello?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Mom! It's me! Open the door!
Please!

MELISSA DA VINCI

Lyndsay? You know you're not allowed in the house anymore, your space is above the garage! If Dr. Tom Acula finds out you've been using his porch and his doorbell he's going to be furious!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Please mom! It's an emergency!

MELISSA DA VINCI

No way! I'm not falling for that again! Last time you just had to use the bathroom!

BONNE HOMME

Melissa, do you recognize this voice?

MELISSA DA VINCI

Wha!?

Melissa opens the door, nervously, to reveal her garage daughter and a mysterious but handsome stranger.

MELISSA DA VINCI

I'm sorry, but I don't think we've ever met, sir.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Squint harder mom!

Melissa does a top to bottom assessment of this person standing on her stoop. There's something familiar in the way he carries himself, confident but not drunk, dominant but not drunk.

MELISSA DA VINCI

...Murray?

BONNE HOMME

B-10 - Bingo! Surprise! Now let me into the house I paid for!

Bonne Homme and Lyndsay scuttle inside the house and slam the door.

MELISSA DA VINCI

But, I don't understand, you're dead! The police told us the truck smushed you up!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

No, mom! It was all a set up by his manager, Brownie Tartlington in order to frame dad for his own death then turn him into a monster made of snow so that he could make him immortal and control dad as the Bonne Homme forever and make him play shows to make him money! Brownie also killed vice principal

Mouse, an ice cream man and four dock workers.

BONNE HOMME

It's true! Brownie came in tonight during my performance as the Bonne Homme and shot up the place, he would have killed me if it wasn't for Lyndsay's quick thinking and quicker driving!

MELISSA DA VINCI

So now I'm just supposed to accept that you're in my life and act like nothing's happened? It's been too long, Murray! I've moved on! I'm a painter now!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Mom, what are you saying, this is a second chance for us to be a family again! We can be together, just like an old time family!

Bonne Homme gets down on one knee in front of Melissa and opens his arms.

BONNE HOMME

Please, Melissa, I know that in the past I've put being a famous Bonne Homme first, but now I want to put being a husband and father and a famous Bonne Homme all first.

Melissa begins to cry, she reaches down and shakes Bonne Homme's hands.

MELISSA DA VINCI

I love you Bonne Homme!

BONNE HOMME

That's great!

They close the distance between their heads and kiss passionately.

When they pull apart Melissa's tongue is stuck on Bonne

Homme's face. Lyndsay laughs.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
Looks like I've got my Bonne Homme
and my Bonne Mom!

Everyone laughs except for Bonne Homme, who has already said that his sense of humour has been taken from him, forever.

26 INT. SECRET LABORATORY - DAY

Brownie is pacing furiously in front of empty ice monster tanks. He's so mad that he spits on the floor and slaps his thick thighs with the palm of his hand. He's trying to calm himself down by pretending to be on a tropical island, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and drinking out of a coconut with a straw.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
I'm so sick of that Bonne Homme!
First he escapes from my clutches
and then he forces me to destroy my
own precious mall!
I'm so sick of him! What did I ever
do to deserve this!? I'm just a
simple business man with normal
desires! I'm sick!

DR. CHALK
Brownie, please, you need to calm
down, you know that my ears don't
pick up your screams.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON
I'm sorry, babe, but I'm just so
angry.

DR. CHALK
It's okay, babe, you need to eat
something! You've only managed to
grub down six coconuts and two
pineapples tonight, babe.

Brownie slumps down against the main wall, defeated.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

(slumpingly)

It's no use, there's no way I can catch him now, he could be at any one of his ex-wives' houses at this point, we'd never be able to check them all. It would take a Bonne Homme to do something like that...

DR. CHALK

Wait a minute! What if I turned you into a Bonne Homme also? Then you'd be able to catch that first Bonne Homme as only another Bonne Homme could.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

What? You have the technology to do that?

DR. CHALK

I already used up all my science to turn someone into snow, but we have all these coconuts laying around, I could turn you into coconut flakes.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

And those look almost exactly like snow!

DR. CHALK

Exactly!

Brownie stands up and hugs Dr. Chalk, his head comes up to her navel.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Well then what are we waiting for? Let's turn me into a coconut Bonne Homme and then I can hunt down that original Bonne Homme and carry out my plan which I stated earlier and don't feel is necessary to go over again.

The two lover embrace as man and woman for the last time. The next time they see one another they'll be coconut Bonne

Homme and coconut Bonne Homme creatress.

This is their last night of passion and we're witness to it. An extensive sex scene takes place set to the tune of "Love Story" by Taylor Swift, or if that's not available "Whatta Man" by Salt 'N' Pepa.

27 INT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lyndsay, Melissa, Bonne Homme, Tent and Lint are all sipping some deep liquid brew from their cups. Lyndsay has a white mug, Melissa is holding a classic coffee travel mug, Bonne Homme holds a huge coffee jug, Tent has a tiny espresso cup and Lint has a to-go cup. All of these cups represent something about these characters' personalities (except for Lint, who isn't able to stay for very long as he has another appointment).

BONNE HOMME

It's great to be able to relax with all of my closest friends here at my favourite coffee shop. In fact, it's my favourite so much that I'm going to buy it with some of my Bonne Homme money!

Waiter! Come here!

One of the coffee shop waiters comes over to the booth they're sitting at. He's very kitted out with all the latest trends. He has his ear lobes stretched giant and floppy, his lip lobes extended with a plate, his neck is stretched out with golden rings, he has subdermal horn implants, a face tattoo that's matched on the other side of his face by scarification in the same shape, his penis has been forked (unseen) and his mouth has been sown shut, so he's only able to mime his reaction.

BONNE HOMME

Hello, I'm Murray "Bonne Homme" Snowmen, are you the owner of this establishment?

The waiter shakes his head.

BONNE HOMME

Well, where is the owner?

The waiter puts his arms out at his side like a plane and zooms around

BONNE HOMME

He's a bird?

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

He's on a plane?

MELISSA DA VINCI

He flew somewhere on a plane?

The waiter points at Melissa and nods his head, happily.

BONNE HOMME

Okay, well when is he going to be back?

The waiter shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

BONNE HOMME

You don't know when he'll be back?
Well who's in charge until he's gone?

The waiter points his thumbs at himself and smiles as much as the tight thread through his lips will allow.

BONNE HOMME

You're in charge? Okay, I'm interested in buying this coffeeshop!

The waiter puts his hands to his cheeks and mimes being very surprised.

BONNE HOMME

How much will you take? \$5,000?

The waiter shakes his head.

BONNE HOMME

You're saying that's too high?

MELISSA DA VINCI

I think he's saying that he won't accept money from a famous Bonne Homme and it would be an honour to just give you the coffee shop.

BONNE HOMME

Wow, that's amazing! I feel blessed by god himself!

The waiter is trying to explain that the business is actually owned by the local municipal government as a kind of co-op to give work experience and shelter to the less fortunate but he's unable to express that through mime and it just looks like he's trying to be a plane again.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Yes, you can finally take that trip you've always wanted!

Bonne Homme stands up and takes a spoon and slams it against his glass.

BONNE HOMME

Speech! Speech!

Everyone performing onstage and the audience turns to look at Bonne Homme.

BONNE HOMME

I'm pleased to announce that I've taken control of this shop, effective immediatley. My first order of business is to end all coffee sales, from now on we'll be selling spheghetti, green beans and fries!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

It's the perfect thin diet for the obese and those worried about becoming obsese.

MELISSA DA VINCI

And I'll be opening my office out of this space too! So I can be closer to my family and offer the

services of a resturant and a vet
in the same convenient place.

Everyone in the audience claps enthusiastically.

TENT O' DOULES
Okay, Lint and I need to take off.
Thanks for the coffee Mr. Homme.

LINT O' DOULES
Bye.

Lint and Tent leave. Tent has stolen the espresso cup.

BONNE HOMME
This calls for a celebration!

Bonne Homme jumps up on stage takes the microphone. The crowd is chanting "Bonne Homme" "Bonne Homme"

BONNE HOMME
I'm right here!

The crowd cheers, they've done it. Positive thinking and chanting has brought the Bonne Homme to them. It took all night, but it worked.

BONNE HOMME
I'd like to sing something off my new album! And I'd like to bring up my daughter - Lyndsay - to perform with me! I've become an amazing father and husband!

The crowd cheers again, they all wish they had the Bonne Homme as a father, especially the many orphans who have been living here.

BONNE HOMME
(sung)
When you were born I knew you would be
Only slightly less talented than me

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
When I was born I knew that too
But no one can be as talented as you!

DUET

We're two of a kind, a pa and a pup
Now we're back together and we'll
never break up

BONNE HOMME

Being a father feels like you're
locked up for a crime

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I'm a difficult daughter and I
ruined your prime

BONNE HOMME

But now I'm back home for a solid
part-time

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

And I'll get out of the way of your
miraculous climb!

DUET

We're two of a kind, a pup and a pa
And now we're back together till
the spring-time thaw

CROWD MOM

Why the springtime thaw?

BONNE HOMME

Well, I'll tell you all
I was turned into a snowman now I
have ice claws

CROWD MOM

But it's against the law to have
big ice claws!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

You better shut your jaw, becasue
we've all got flaws

BONNE HOMME

Your little chihuahua, I'm gonna
eat it raw.

CROWD MOM

My chihuahua? But it's from Ottawa!

BONNE HOMME

I'll gnaw my maw like it was a
chainsaw!

DUET

We're two of a kind, a dad and a
dot

OFFICER

Everyone stay calm and no one will
get shot!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Oh no we've been caught, it's a
team of SWAT!

BONNE HOMME

Wait a minute caught for what? I'm
feeling quite distraught!

OFFICER

It's time you were taught that the
law can be bought!

MELISSA DA VINCI

We aught to not be caught we need
to jot from this onslaught!

DUET

We're two of a kind, a dot and a
dad!

DR. TOM ACULA

And now it's time to reveal that
you all have been had!
You thought I was your comrade but
I was secretly bad!

MELISSA DA VINCI

Secretly bad? Well that makes me
mad!
I thought that you were only
secretly rad!

DR. TOM ACULA
No, I'm secretly bad! Like I said,
you've been had!
It was all part of my plan to
become Lyndsay's Stepdad!

OFFICER
I've still got a gun, by the way,
my name's Brad!

BONNE HOMME
Well you've never kill us all if
you took the time to add!

DUET
We're two of a kind, a father and
fawn!

OFFICER
You'll never escape there's police
on the lawn

MELISSA DA VINCI
I see out on the lawn, they've all
got their guns drawn!

DR. TOM ACULA
I made sure they brought guns to
kill a Bonne Homme!

BONNE HOMME
For all of my brawn, I feel like a
pawn!
I finally have time to see my spawn
and now it looks like I am gone!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
I looked forward to travelling with
you to maybe Iran
Or just stay home to watch the
classic film Tron.

BONNE HOMME
Well I don't Tron and I've been to
Iran.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

So how about we sit around and eat
some pecans?

BONNE HOMME

Don't make me yawn, is this some
kind of con?
I'm illergic to nuts and also
seafood like prawns.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Well how would I know, you've been
gone so long!

BONNE HOMME

Didn't you read my book or are you
just a moron!

DUET

We're two of a kind and it's our
new start
We both eat boogers and we love to
FART!

On the word "fart" another round of noxious gas is released
into the former coffee shop.

BONNE HOMME

Now! Use running!

While the police and everyone else in the store are
struggling to breath and see, Bonne Homme and Lyndsay and
also Melissa use their abilities to run to get to the back
exit, faster than just walking would have accomplished.

DR. TOM ACULA

They're getting away — that way!

28

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The Bonne Homme family rest to catch their breath in the
alley.

BONNE HOMME

That was a close one, luckily this
alley was here. We went through the
back of the building that they

forgot was here.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
That was lucky!

MELISSA DA VINCI
Luck had nothing to do with it, I'm
a scientist and I don't believe in
luck!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
But mom, you're face to face with
luck right now - dad got turned
into a real ol' jolly fellow of a
Bonne Homme, if that's not evidence
of luck in the world I don't know
what is.

MELISSA DA VINCI
Humph! It'll take more than just
that to convince me!

Sirens wail in the background - Wee oooo, Wee oooo!

BONNE HOMME
That sounds like emergency
services! We need to escape! Quick,
jump on my back, I'm going to
transform into an ice dragon!

Lyndsay looks shocked.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON
But daddy, that's an advanced
technique, are you sure you're
ready for it?

Bonne Homme peels off his human skin, folds it neatly and
hands it to Melissa.

BONNE HOMME
Here, honey bug, hold onto my skin
while I transform into an ice
dragon!

Murray roars as his snowy body slowly morphs into a huge
snow beast (ice dragon) as his family watches on in

happiness.

When it's complete Murray is now almost fifty feet tall from wingtip to claw, he could easily kill anyone if he wanted to.

BONNE HOMME

See, that only took me 20 minutes to transform this time, I'm getting better at this - I don't miss being a human at all, it probably would have taken me twice as long if I was still human!

Lyndsay and Melissa hop onto their father/ex-husband's back as his magnificent ice wings swoop into the sky.

As the spectacular family take flight the terrible policemen (no women) shoot their blasters up at the dragon, they hate everything that they can't understand.

BONNE HOMME

I pay your salary with my taxes!
Maybe it's time for you civil
servants to take a pay *FREEZE*!

With that final emphasis on the word "freeze" Bonne Homme unleashes a torrent of icy cold freezing foam, freezing all 30-40 police officers solid.

Then Bonne Homme picks up one of their police cruisers and drops it from 50 feet above. When the car drops it explodes in every direction, throwing debris into the cop-sicles, breaking them into thousands of pieces.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Those police officers are going to be feeling that when they wake up tomorrow!

Bonne Homme and Lyndsay and Melissa laugh as they fly away.

MELISSA DA VINCI

I still don't believe in luck, and I never will!

BONNE HOMME

Hold on! I think I see some teens
littering! I'm going to go in for a
closer look!

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

Wheeeeel!

29

EXT. PARK - DAY

Some teens are throwing their old bubblegum wrappers at turtles in the park. The turtles are terrified and don't know how to react. They know that if they run away the teens will laugh at them, but if they try to fight back the teens will also make fun of them. There's no winning here for the turtles, so they're just taking hard shots of hubba bubba to the face and shell. Bystanders, too cowardly to say anything, walk by pretending to not see the destructive display, lest they too become the target of these out of control teens.

LEAD GANG MEMBER

I've been chewing this gum for a
while, it's three entire packs! I'm
going to really wing it onto this
stupid turtle's smug face!

His friends cheer him on, using peer pressure to make sure that his promise for boy on reptile violence is guaranteed to take place.

Who can say where these children's parents are? Perhaps they don't know what their kids are up to, or maybe they put them up to it.

It's hard to find sympathy for the evil teens, unless their families were all killed by huge turtles in the past. But, even then, these aren't the turtles that did that terrible deed many years ago and shouldn't be held accountable.

Just as the head boy is packing his thick wad into a dense ball in anticipation of coating the turtle's head in goo, Bonne Homme swoops down from the cloudy sky inbetween the boys and the turtles.

The turtles, seeing this opportunity, scuttle away into their pond.

BONNE HOMME

Who dares disturb these snow
turtles! All of winter's creatures
are under my domain and my
protection!

The boys, in typical coward fashion, tremble with fear when
confronted by an enormous ice dragon.

BONNE HOMME

Whose idea was it to bully these
defenseless wild turtles!?

Bonne Homme's black dead eyes pass, glistening, from one
scrawny teen to the next, the teens are too ashamed to face
him.

LEAD GANG MEMBER

Gee, Mister, we weren't really
gonna hurt them little turtles,
honest.

BONNE HOMME

LIARS!

His wings flare up, blasting the children to their butts in
the moss. Bonne Homme's eyes, mouth, nose and ears steam in
anger.

BONNE HOMME

You must leave this community
league park and never return!

The teens (formally cool) cringe and wince in fear. Girls
their age standing nearby shake their heads in disgust,
while they once found the turtle bullying teens cool and
"hot" they're now only filled with pity and they'll never
agree to dates with them, instead accepting the advances of
older, more experienced men who, while they may lack stylish
clothes and good young looks, make up for that with
experience and talent as an award considered screenwriter.

MAN

Hey! What the fuck you talking to
my kids fer!?

A pathetic, balding man waddles from his minivan, the open

door spilling empty bottles of mountain dew code red.

He hikes up his sweatpants over his soft and slug-like body, huffing and out of breath by the time he makes his way over from the parking lot.

MAN

(wheezing)

You think you can tell me how to raise my own step son? You think I take it for granite that boy's learnin'? I ain't lettin' no snow creature tell me how ta do no rearing! You got anudder thing coming!

BONNE HOMME

Sir, please calm down.

This sets the man off again, he raises his arms and flails them about like streamers on the handlebars of a girl's bike (or on a boy's bike that's been ruined).

MAN

You can't tell me to calm down! I'm a freeman and I don't recognize this country's constitution or charter of rights and freedoms! I've taken possession of this park by right of the possession laws embedded in our laws and that entitles me and all my kind to full rights to all turtles there within!

CROWD MOM

You tell em, Gary!

MAN

Get back in the van, Karen! I'm handling this!

CROWD MOM

Okay!

Bonne Homme's had enough of this nonsense. A simple stop to protect some unendangered turtles has turned into a lesson in politics that he'll never forget.

BONNE HOMME

Listen to me well, human, I am the
feared Bonne Homme!

MAN

W-w-what?! *The B-b-bonne H-h-homme!*

BONNE HOMME

That's right, I bet you feel pretty
dumb now, huh?
Listen, I hate the government just
as much as you, but I didn't let it
turn me into a disgusting slob. I
started a small business performing
and starring as a local Bonne
Homme.

MAN

But I don't have no fancy degree!

BONNE HOMME

Who needs one? Those liberal
infested ivory towers are breeding
grounds for intolerance and small
minds.

MAN

Well, I did have this one idea for
an invention...

BONNE HOMME

Let's hear it!

MAN

No, you'll think it's dumb...

BONNE HOMME

No, I promise I won't laugh no
matter what.

MAN

Okay, well, I don't understand why
car dealership are still able to
gouge consumers with inflated
prices. Why do we still have to go
to through the process of haggling
with a salesman on a lot like some

kind of animal? Why can't we just buy direct from the manufacturer?

BONNE HOMME

Wow! What a fantastic idea! Come by my den sometime because this dragon's interested!

Bonne Homme lifts off into the sky, winking and nodding in acknowledgment.

MAN

Goodbye, Bonne Homme, thanks for everything!

LEAD GANG MEMBER

Thanks Bonne Homme! I hardly feel like hurting turtles ever again!

Bonne Homme does a flip and then a loop before soaring away.

30 EXT. SKY - DAY

Lyndsay and Melissa hang on, tightly to the Bonne Homme saddle they're sitting in.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

I didn't want to say anything in that last situation as it seemed like you had everything in complete control.

MELISSA DA VINCI

We need to get back to our house soon! They won't think to look for us there!

BONNE HOMME

Smart thinking, lover, I think it's the--UGH!

Bonne Homme is struck by a huge fire ball on his wing, causing him to spiral down to the earth, below.

31 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bonne Homme's dragon form smashes down into the busy afternoon freeway, sending cars careening off the sides of

the bridge, while others are crushed by his immense snowy body.

Melissa and Lyndsay are thrown to their deaths off of Bonne Homme's back and onto the hood of a couple of SUVs. They moan in discomfort, but they're okay - for now.

Wounded, Bonne Homme contracts back to his humanoid form.

BONNE HOMME

Ugh!

Bonne Homme looks around in frustrated anger and surprised discomfort.

BONNE HOMME

Fuck! My fucking back!

A special black ops navy seal SWAT team helicopter hovers nearby, it has holes for more missles and a smoking missle hole where they had previously fired a missle.

OFFICER

(on loud speaker)

Okay, Bonne Homme, we know it's you! Come out with your hands up and then put your hands down again and get ready to be arrested.

BONNE HOMME

On what charge? Do you have a warrant? Am I being detained? Am I being detained?!

But, before Bonne Homme's very legitimate questions can be answered, a huge white hand swings from under the bridge, batting the hover plane away as if it were made of paper instead of the metal it's actually made of.

BONNE HOMME

What? A white hand?

The helichopper smashes down into a bunch of city buses - Ka-BLAM!

Bonne Homme can't believe his snow eyes, another bonne homme begins to climb over the edge of the viaduct.

It looks similar to him, except different in several ways.

As a note to the special effects team, the evil bonne homme should be created using either CGI, pre-death Jim Henson quality suits and animatronics or a mixture of the two, but absolutely not claymation. Claymation looks terrible in all instances and it shouldn't be used.

This applies retroactively to the rest of the script. If you've already started creating claymation models I'm sorry but you'll have to scrap them and start over again. You shouldn't have started working on the visual effects for the film before reading the entire script. That's on you.

BONNE HOMME

Another Bonne Homme, but that's impossible!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Impossible, Murray!? Don't you recognize me!?

Bonne Homme sniffs the air.

BONNE HOMME

Brownie? Is that you?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Yes, it is me! I've come to take you home to where you belong! The Bonne Homme mall! Forever!

BONNE HOMME

No! I've retired for the winter season from being the Bonne Homme and I'm taking my negotiated two week vacation before returning to work!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I'm sorry, Murray, but no court in the world will uphold our contract for vacation time. It clearly says right here that it's only valid if all parties remain human beings and, if one should transform into some kind of creature, all

agreements are null and void.

Bonne Homme takes the contract and reads it over.

BONNE HOMME

A-ha! But it says both parties need to stay as human beings, when you became a coconut bonn homme you gave up all enforceable rights in the eyes of the law! All of our contracts are all unenforceable!

Brownie takes back the contract and reviews the sections that Bonne Homme has highlighted and underlined.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Damn! You're right! Well I can still take away everything you care about!

BONNE HOMME

What's that, Brownie? The Bonne Hommettes?

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

No! Your family!

Brownie's coconut tentacles snake over the street and pick up Melissa and Lyndsay by the waist - holding them up in the air, suspended by his coconut claws.

BONNE HOMME

It's me you want, leave the girl out of this!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

You don't have any idea what it's been like all these months in your shadow! I wanted to be the Bonne Homme! I should have been chosen! I love to sing, I like to dance, why wasn't it me!?

BONNE HOMME

Being a bonne homme's about more than just dancing, Brownie! It's also about caring for those you

love, something you'd never
understand! And singing as well!

Brownie screams like a coconut and grows to an immense size by absorbing nearby coconuts into his body.

BONNE HOMME

I'm not scared of you, Brownie!
There's nothing you can do to hurt
me in this form! Coconut in ice
just becomes a delicious
confectionery, but my ice powers
could freeze your dessicated body
solid!

Brownie laughs like a coconut and shakes Bonne Homme's captive family.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I don't care what happens to me,
but before I find out I'll make
sure your family doesn't live to
see it!

Bonne Homme sees Lyndsay and Melissa have allergic reactions to the sweet coconut grip of their captors (let's add in something earlier in the script about them being allergic to coconut if possible in post-production).

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

What's your choice, Murray? Will
you be my slave for all time,
singing to my original songs or
will you let your family die?!

Bonne Homme looks as his loving family's gasping faces. He can see what he knows are the words "let us die, don't compromise your beliefs for anything" on their lips.

BONNE HOMME

No deal, Brownie - you win! I'll go
back to work - just let my people
free!

Brownie smiles like a coconut and smirks as well.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

I've changed my mind! I think you
need to know just how serious this
is!

Brownie takes out a gun from his pocket and aims it at both
Bonne Homme's daughter and wife.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

You've got to choose who lives and
who dies, Murray! Tick! Tock! Tum!
Tong!

Bonne Homme looks frantically from one woman to the next
trying to decide who will live. His sweat pours down his
head and shoulders.

BONNE HOMME

Okay! You win! Kill me instead but
leave the women alone, it's me you
want!

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

No deal, Murray! I need to ensure
you stay obedient and rememebr
who's in charge!

Bonne Homme tries to move but he's too slow to stop the
bullet from ripping through the body of one of the women he
loves. Which woman was it? It will be revealed below!

BONNE HOMME

No!!!

Brownie points the gun at Bonne Homme.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Stay back, Murray! Or I pump you
full of hot steel!

Bonne Homme, enraged, grows enourmous and spreads across the
bridge. The sky clouds over and frozen rain begins to fall.
The water in the lake flash freezes and men and women stuck
on the freeway have their feet frozen in the growing ice.

BROWNIE TARTLINGTON

Now, calm down, Murray! We can talk
about this! Please!

But it's too late! Bonne Homme is beyond reason, beyond chit-chat, he's an elemental force like a tornado or mud, and he won't be stopped!

Brownie, seeing the problem, tries to flee, turning to run but Bonne Homme swallows him whole, freezing him in his signature ice.

Bonne Homme screams into the frozen sky, lightning and thunder cracking down around his furious form.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

(coughing)

Dad...please...stop...

Bonne Homme, some humanity left inside of his raging snowheart, looks down from the storming heavens to see the small crumpled body of his daughter, covered in blood.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

(coughing)

Please...don't let your hate
consume you, father...

Bonne Homme crouches down near his daughter's body.

LYNDSAY SNOWSON

(coughing)

I have a cold.

Mom's dead, dad, she couldn't
survive a bullet to the head.

Bonne Homme screams again and the icy storm begins to push further and further outward. Pastures for goats and other herding animals are destroyed. Non-frost resistant crops are ruined. Uninsulated pipes burst and freeze. The cold spreads and spreads - Freezing the seas and lands beyond, forevermore.

is frolicking in this terrible tundra except perhaps a walrus.

Several walruses frolic nearby, loving the cold and snow, their population exploding over the previous decade to cover much of the earth.

From the distance we see a non-walrus based lifeform scramble up the side of a frigid cliff.

We zoom in and it's a small boy, he's covered from head to toe in furs (walrus) climbing slowly by hand, high above the rocks and waves below. A fall from this height would kill a boy twice his size just as dead if not more so, but he's surefooted and methodical, as if he's planned for many years to make this climb. Planned by climbing similar cliffs in the past, perhaps starting with smaller ones and working his way up to ones just as large. It's unclear exactly how he prepared.

Soon he's over top of the cliff, breath huffing and steaming from beneath his hood. But, before he can rest, land walruses bellow at him and lunge with their newly evolved hands, barely missing!

The boy sprints forward away from the evil fish into the storm.

He looks up and sees lights in the distance, obscured by snow.

He trudges forward for perhaps hours until he reaches the slick blue wall, stretching high above the storm and for what seems like kilometers in either direction. Dim dancing lights haunt the ice, illuminating it from within.

The boy desperately fondles the wall with his mittens, pounding away for something that he can't seem to find.

After a few minutes of this he gives up, collapsing to the ground, sobbing.

"I'll just die here then," the boy thinks. "I'll just let the land walruses eat my supple flesh."

But then, just as he gives up hope which we can see on screen, the ice wall beside him melts a door sized hole.

The boy jumps up and runs into the tunnel, which instantly freezes solid behind him.

Just as he thinks he can't go any further, he's through, running straight into the body of a man dressed like an elk (or maybe it's an elk dressed like a man, it's not evident).

The elk man grunts and points a bazooka at the little boy, who hold up his hands in fear, pulling a small scroll from his ice tunic.

The elk solider lowers his deadly weapon and snatches the note from the boy. He turns his head to read the note as elk have eyes on the sides of their heads, not the front, which might be a disadvantage at some point.

Without a word the elkman points a mysterious hoof off in the direction of the ice.

The boy nods in appreciation of not having a bazooka exploded on him and hurries off into the cavern.

We pan up as he disappears in the darkness and an engraving in ice is seen over top the door.

It reads: "Welcome to Castle Bonne Homme - Ruler of the Entire Earth for the Last 10 Years"!

END PROLOGUE