

TROUPE

Written by
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A half-hour comedy all about the entanglements, frustrations, scandals, adventures, triumphs, and defeats of a traveling troupe of mimes.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM-DAY

We open on a run-of-the-mill school auditorium (chipped paint, scuffed floor, collapsed lunch tables shoved to the side) at the front of which is a humble stage. There, performing with genuine vigor and zeal, are two MIMES: JAMES and LUC (mid-20s, both of them handsome and fit). Together they pull, back and forth, at an invisible rope. Everything in their movements and expressions lets us know that they are very good at their jobs. They perform for a mixed group of elementary school children, all of whom are in UNIFORM.

Suddenly, James's attention is broken, if only a little. Some sixth-grader named BRANDON (12), a real little shit, is miming what are obviously JERK-OFF MOTIONS in the front row.

James gives a subtle signal and he and Luc wrap up their bit. PIERROT (54, an air of melancholy about him, the oldest member of the troupe) takes the stage.

INT. AUDITORIUM BACKSTAGE-DAY

James and Luc change costumes. MAGGIE (32, the enthusiastic and bubbly troupe leader) has been backstage watching the performance. She peers through the curtain.

MAGGIE

What happened?

JAMES

That little shit in the front row did the thing.

MAGGIE

Ugh. I hate the thing.

LUC

You'd think it wouldn't happen at Catholic schools.

JAMES

It's like a thousand times worse at Catholic schools.

LUC

Really? With all the Jesus everywhere?

JAMES

Dude. You'd be surprised.

MAGGIE

Maybe a teacher will notice.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM-DAY

A teacher does notice. Her name is AMANDA JONES (28). She's young and trying her best, but is obviously pretty defeated, if only recently. She sighs and shakes her head and signals to the little shit: you, outside, now.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY-DAY

Amanda stands with Brandon in the hallway. She's baffled and livid.

AMANDA

What planet do you live on where that is even remotely okay?

BRANDON

The planet where mimes suck.

AMANDA

Brandon, those are people in there. They've been invited here as our guests—

Brandon starts to make the jerk-off motion again, right as PRINCIPAL WALKER (48) rounds the corner. Walker is a man who is never not-stressed.

PRINCIPAL WALKER

What's going on?

Amanda looks at Brandon: *Care to explain?*

BRANDON

There's a bunch of mimes in the auditorium and I just was exercising my First Amendment right to—

Walker cuts him off. He's heard this crap from Brandon before.

PRINCIPAL WALKER

All right, Brandon. Go to my office please.

Walker turns to Amanda as Brandon trudges down the hall. *Care to explain?*

AMANDA

Thank you, sir. You see, we have these guests as part of cultural enrichment week, and Brandon was making, um, very inappropriate gestures, sir. Hand motions and whatnot—

PRINCIPAL WALKER

Guests?

AMANDA

Yes, sir. As part of cultural enrichment week.

Principal Walker peers over her shoulder through the open door, where Pierrot is onstage palming his way along an invisible wall.

PRINCIPAL WALKER

This is your idea of cultural enrichment?

Amanda looks sincerely confused.

AMANDA

Miming is an ancient art form, sir. Its rich history spans cultures and time, and influences much of the art that we experience today.

PRINCIPAL WALKER

Where did you read that?

Now she looks embarrassed.

AMANDA

On their website.

Walker makes a face. He's tired, just generally fatigued.

PRINCIPAL WALKER

Look, Miss Jones, I know the past six months have been hard on you..

Amanda winces. Whatever he's referring to, it's not something she wants to discuss with her boss.

PRINCIPAL WALKER (CONT'D)

...and I want to be sympathetic to that, I really do. But I also have a school to run here.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL WALKER (CONT'D)

When I asked you to take charge of cultural enrichment week, I was thinking something more along the lines of rap dancing, something to that effect.

AMANDA

Rap dancing...?

PRINCIPAL WALKER

Yes. And perhaps it's my fault. Maybe I should have been more explicit. I suppose I'll have to keep that in mind moving forward.

He glances towards the door at the sound of scattered OOH's and AAH's.

PRINCIPAL WALKER (CONT'D)

What time is the show done?

AMANDA

Twenty minutes, sir.

PRINCIPAL WALKER

(with zero enthusiasm)

Fantastic.

(pause)

Hopefully tomorrow's programming will be more culturally relevant.

Amanda makes an oops face.

PRINCIPAL WALKER (CONT'D)

What is it?

AMANDA

It's a two-day workshop, sir.

Walker lets out an exasperated sigh, a signal Amanda takes to leave. She ducks back into the auditorium while Walker stands in the doorway, popping TUMS. He watches as Pierrot plucks petals off an invisible flower. Without thinking, his own hands start to do the same—one petal, two petals—but then he catches himself, shoves his hands in his pockets, leaves down the hall.

INT. AMANDA AND DEREK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

That night, Amanda's at home, eating dinner in her less-than-glamorous apartment, across from DEREK (33), her less-than-glamorous boyfriend.

AMANDA

...obviously I was horrified. Like how am I supposed to explain that to anyone, let alone my boss? It's so gross.

Derek is only half-listening. He shovels food into his mouth and guzzles his beer.

DEREK

Which one's Brandon again?

AMANDA

What?

DEREK

Is he the kid with leg cancer?

AMANDA

That was my co-worker, Dwayne, and Dwayne died. Last year. You were literally at his funeral with me.

DEREK

Woah. Babe. What's with the tone?

AMANDA

I'm just...I talk about Brandon all the time. He's like *the* trouble child. The demon kid.

(like *hello!*)

He's like the constant thorn in my side.

DEREK

Look, I'm sorry I forgot the kid's name. You know I'm no good with names. Why would you hold me accountable to something I'm no good at?

Amanda is silent, frustrated, stabbing at her steak.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What's going on?

(off her continued
silence)

You know, Mand, you're not the only one with a stressful job.

AMANDA

You don't have a job.

DEREK
 Looking for a job is actually,
 like, a full-time job. We talked
 about this.

Amanda glances towards the living room, which is a wasteland
 of EMPTY TO-GO CUPS and TANGLED VIDEO GAME CORDS.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 Babe.
 (again)
 Babe.

AMANDA
 Just...I would just appreciate it if
 you tried a little harder to
 remember their names.

DEREK
 Okay. I'll try.

It's obvious that he won't, in fact, try.

DEREK CON'T
 (mouth full)
 But also, I kind of agree with him.

AMANDA
 Agree with who?

DEREK
 The kid.
 (off her look)
 Mimes are fucking weird.

INT. AMANDA AND DEREK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

It's late now and Derek is asleep, loudly snoring...while
 Amanda lies next to him, awake, staring into the dark.

ONSCREEN-VIDEO

A short video plays that was clearly shot and edited on an
 iPhone. We open CLOSE on James's face, done up in white
 grease paint, with delicate black markings around his eyes.
 He "laughs" uproariously, throwing his head back and wiping
 "tears" from his cheeks.

MAGGIE V.O
 Have you ever felt really happy?

CLOSE now on Luc's face as he struggles to "open a jar."

MAGGIE V.O (CONT'D)
Or very frustrated perhaps?

CLOSE on James's face again.

MAGGIE V.O (CONT'D)
Intimidated?

James does intimidated.

MAGGIE V.O (CONT'D)
Skeptical?

James does skeptical.

MAGGIE V.O (CONT'D)
Shy?

James does shy.

MAGGIE V.O (CONT'D)
Or maybe you've felt that you don't
quite have the words to say what
you want to say.

Now on Pierrot, who is carefully feeling his way around the
contours of an invisible box.

MAGGIE V.O (CONT'D)
Mime Over Matter Mime Troupe...for
when words are simply not enough.

The video cuts to black.

INT. MIME TROUPE TOUR BUS-DAY

We see the troupe gathered around a SMALL TELEVISION in a
cramped-but-clean TOUR BUS. Maggie's commercial ends and she
looks at her colleagues nervously. There's a brief and
pregnant pause...and then the others burst into clapping and
cheers—except for Pierrot, who mimes his applause.

MAGGIE
Really? You like it?

JAMES
Oh Mags, it's so good!

LUC
The voiceover is incredible! You
wrote all that yourself?

Maggie nods sheepishly.

JAMES

It really is so wonderful. And the crescendo at the end?

James does a chef's kiss and Pierrot "claps" more. He stands and awards Maggie an invisible gold medal.

MAGGIE

Thank you so much, guys. I didn't know how it was gonna turn out...

JAMES

It turned out stunning. You should be very proud.

(to Luc)

I think it might be time to start that Instagram you were talking about.

LUC

Okay! Yeah!

MAGGIE

An Instagram is a great idea! Social media is such a fantastic way to connect with influencers and fans. I'm also thinking we should get some business cards. That could really elevate our image.

JAMES

That's awesome. I'll get right on that.

LUC

I also had another idea that I wanted to mention.

(off their looks)

You know how people say "dank memes"? What if we said, like... "dank mimes"?

JAMES

Oh my god, "dank mimes"!

Everyone breaks out into excited and giddy chatter. Their first commercial! Instagram! Dank mimes! Pierrot participates by happily miming "Instagram": pouty-lipped photos with an invisible selfie stick.

But then James stops, his face stricken.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Wait, you guys...

The others don't hear him; the chatter goes on.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 You guys.
 (again)
 Guys.

LUC
 (off James's expression)
 What is it?

JAMES
 What about all the talking?
 (off their confusion)
 In the commercial?

Everyone falls silent. Grave. He's right: mimes don't talk. What kind of message would they be sending to have a commercial with talking in it? A commercial about *mimes*?

LUC
 Oh my god. You're right.
 (pause)
 I mean, we know we talk...but they don't know that.

Maggie looks like she might cry.

MAGGIE
 I didn't even think of that.

LUC
 It's okay, Mags. It's not your fault. Anyone could have made the mistake.

Could they? The bus is silent with the severity of the matter. Time ticks by for a moment as they slowly realize that they are doomed.

But suddenly, Pierrot stands and starts to mime.

JAMES
 Pierrot! That's such a good idea!

LUC
 What's he saying? Or not saying, but...

JAMES
 (off Pierrot)
 We can edit out the dialogue and do a music montage.
 (to Maggie)
 (MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

And we can do our name on a title
card at the end.

(to Luc)

With our Instagram!

Maggie is genuinely relieved.

MAGGIE

That's wonderful. I love that idea.

Pierrot "claps" and then his hands form a rainbow then turn
into butterflies. Everyone is happy again. Crisis diverted.

JAMES

Let's get some breakfast before the
show!

INT. DINER-DAY

A **music montage** begins, except it's not the commercial, but
the breakfast the mimes are having moments later. "Jitterbug"
plays, Zoolander-style, as they mess around in SLOW-MO:
squirting whipped cream into each other's mouths, pouring
copious amounts of syrup on their food, shaking sugar packets
with wild abandon.

A sudden LOUD KNOCKING on the window interrupts their
reverie. It's shithead Brandon and a couple of his shithead
friends.

BRANDON

(shouting through the
glass)

You guys like apples?

JAMES

I mean, yeah, we like apples,
right? I like apples. Apples are
delicious.

(off Pierrot's gestures)

I guess they give Pierrot gas but-

Brandon slams a SCRAP OF PAPER up against the glass.

BRANDON

How do you like them apples?

On the scrap, in crude scrawl: Mimes are layme.

LUC

"Mimes are lay me"? What does that
mean?

MAGGIE

Lay me...lay me... mimes are...I don't know.

LUC

Oh lame! He means *lame*!

MAGGIE

Lame! That makes so much more sense than lay me!

They both laugh. Brandon hocks a loogie on the sidewalk and he and his friends leave. The mimes go back to eating, unfazed.

LUC

What a shithead.

JAMES

Oh my god. I just realized he was doing Good Will Hunting.

LUC

Ha! He was totally doing Good Will Hunting. I didn't even catch that.

MAGGIE

That's actually pretty impressive. I would not expect that kid to know Good Will Hunting.

JAMES

Problem Child, maybe.

LUC

Or what's the one with the demon? The one where she's possessed?

JAMES

Rosemary's Baby?

LUC

Yeah, totally. Rosemary's Baby.

Pierrot mimes demon possession. Everyone laughs. They're good friends and these are good times!

INT. AMANDA'S CLASSROOM-DAY

The next morning. The bell rings and fourth graders pour into Amanda's class.

AMANDA

All right everyone, come on in!
 Take your seats!
 (waits as students settle)
 Journals out please. Today's prompt
 is on the board.

This is all rather routine. On the board: "What is one thing you would change about your life if you could?"

The students begin to write and Amanda sits at her desk, staring out the window. Brandon and his friends start to pass on the sidewalk outside. A car pulls up beside him. We watch Amanda watching.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT-DAY

Brandon's mom KRISTEN (37, loving, frazzled) parks along the curb and his friends scatter. She yells through the open passenger window.

KRISTEN

Honey! You forgot your lunch,
 sweetie.

Brandon makes a face and she exits the car, LUNCH BAG in hand.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Honey!

BRANDON

I'm not hungry, mom!

KRISTEN

Well you're not hungry now but you
 will be later.

BRANDON

I'll never be hungry. Food sucks.

KRISTEN

Brandon. Honey.

She kneels and wipes at some MUSTARD on his lapel. Brandon tries to slap her hand away, and she in turn slaps his hand away, and he slaps her hand away, and she slaps his hand..and so on.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Is this about the divorce?

BRANDON
Fuck the divorce.

KRISTEN
Yes, well. I feel the same way.

Both are silent. The MIME VAN pulls up.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Oh fun! What's that?

BRANDON
Buncha mimes.

Kristen makes a face, mildly disgusted.

KRISTEN
Mimes?
(to Brandon)
Well listen, there's an apple in
there if you want it. You love
apples.

She tries to hug him but he squirms. Behind them, the mimes pull their gear from the van. Amanda watches from the window of her class.

INT. AUDITORIUM-DAY

An hour later, Amanda is at the front of the auditorium waiting for the STUDENTS to file in. They're noisy, rambunctious. It is cultural enrichment week, after all.

AMANDA
All right! Come on in and find a
seat!

The students slowly settle. OTHER TEACHERS stand around the edges of the room. They seem a little scornful and disenchanted.

We see Brandon in the crowd, and there's an obvious and dignified effort on Amanda's part to ignore him. Through a window, we glimpse the mimes outside, warming up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Wonderful. Thank you.
(pause)
As you know, it's cultural
enrichment week and yesterday-

A hand shoots up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Yes?

STUDENT

Is today rap dancing?!

AMANDA

No, today is not rap dancing. Also,
nobody calls it rap dancing.

A DISAPPOINTED MURMUR ripples through the room, including
among the teachers.

RANDOM TEACHER

I call it rap dancing.

AMANDA

Today we're going to continue our
exploration of the wonderful world
of mime.

A COLLECTIVE GROAN. Amanda ignores it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

However! Before we join our
visitors for some movement
exercises, I'd like to review the
ground rules for when we have
guests. Who would like to raise
their hand and remind us of how we
behave?

RANDOM STUDENT

Be respectful!

AMANDA

Yes! Be respectful. What else?

ANOTHER STUDENT

No talking when they're talking.

AMANDA

Fantastic.

RANDOM TEACHER

(to a co-worker)

Little chance of that.

(off her look)

Get it? Cause they're mimes?

The two teachers start snickering. Amanda shoots them a look
and they do exaggerated but insincere "Sorry" faces.

AMANDA

What else? Let's try to think of one more.

A very young student raises his hand. Let's call him TURD.

TURD

If you has to go to the bafroom, you better tell a teacher, because sometimes if you don't tell a teacher then you will go to the bafroom but it will happen in your pants and then you might have poop coming out da sides.

AMANDA

Yes, that's...definitely true.

(pause)

I bring all of this to your attention because yesterday we had an incident with a student.

(dramatic pause)

A *very disrespectful* student.

Brandon makes a zombie face, lolling his tongue and twitching his eyes. Amanda keeps going.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

But as some of you have reminded us, the most important thing is to treat everyone with respect. Especially guests.

(pauses)

Okay. Any questions?

A few hands shoot up, including Brandon's and some random teachers'. Amanda ignores them.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Let's have fun today, yeah?!

A CHEER goes up from the younger kids. Everyone stands and starts to make their way outside.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY-DAY

Utter chaos as students make their way from the auditorium to the playground. Amanda shouts, fruitlessly trying to direct them.

AMANDA

No shoving, please! Did you guys forget how to walk down a hallway?

Principal Walker emerges from his office and gestures to Amanda. She tries to ignore him, to no avail.

PRINCIPAL WALKER
Ms. Jones! A word?

Amanda reluctantly moves towards his office door.

PRINCIPAL WALKER (CONT'D)
Ms. Jones, I've just received a call from a very angry parent.

AMANDA
An angry parent? What did they say?

PRINCIPAL WALKER
It was hard to hear everything, there was a lot of background noise. But they were very upset. They were expecting rap dancing, not mimes.

AMANDA
Sir, I-

Just then she looks down the hallway and sees Brandon, fiddling with his PHONE. She puts two and two together.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Just out of curiosity, was this a woman who made the call?

PRINCIPAL WALKER
Well, I obviously didn't ask her gender, but yes, it sounded like a woman. Sort of. Now that I think about it...

Amanda directs his attention down the hall. Brandon puts the phone to his ear, and we can hear the PHONE RINGING in Walker's office.

PRINCIPAL WALKER (CONT'D)
That little shit.
(shouting above the crowd)
Brandon! My office! Now!

Brandon smirks and pockets his phone. He's long past the point of caring about being in trouble. He pushes his way through the crowd and goes past Amanda and Principal Walker through the office door.

BRANDON
 (to Amanda)
 Have fun at mime day.

AMANDA
 Thank you, Brandon. I will have fun
 at mime day. You have fun—

He's already gone. Walker takes a deep breath, closes his eyes. A beat.

PRINCIPAL WALKER
 Go now, please.

Amanda nods and makes her way outside.

EXT. PLAYGROUND-DAY

Outside, the teachers corral students, breaking them up into various groups. Maggie, James, and Luc excitedly and mimedly welcome their students, while Pierrot sets up CONES to separate the groups. High energy, lots of excitement. It's mime day!

Amanda stands at the periphery of the action, a CLIPBOARD nervously clutched to her chest. She really needs this to go well.

INT-PRINCIPAL WALKER'S OFFICE-DAY

Brandon sits in a chair across from Principal Walker, who's at his desk. Walker looks exhausted and displeased. Brandon's phone is between them on the desk.

WALKER
 And what about any of this seemed
 like a good idea?

BRANDON
 All of it seemed like a good idea.

WALKER
 Brandon.

Nothin'. The kid's a stone wall.

WALKER (CONT'D)
 (echoing his earlier words
 to Amanda)
 (MORE)

WALKER (CONT'D)

Look, Brandon, I know the past six months have been hard on you, and I want to be sympathetic to that, I really do. But here at Saint Joseph's we strive to create a culture of dignity and respect.

Walker has said this a million times and Brandon's heard it a million times. A tired refrain.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Would you call your behavior dignified and respectful?

Brandon points out the window, where James is twirling an invisible baton.

BRANDON

Would you call *that* dignified and respectful?

Walker looks out.

WALKER

No. I suppose not.

They both watch for a moment.

WALKER (CONT'D)

How much do you think they get paid?

Outside, James "tosses" the baton to a teacher, who "catches" it with unexpected delight.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(back to Brandon)

You know I have to call your mother?

(off Brandon's look)

And I have to tell her to pick you up? And you'll be suspended for three days? And you'll miss the rest of cultural enrichment week?

BRANDON

Boo hoo.

WALKER

Yes, Brandon. Boo hoo. Boo hoo indeed.

Walker picks up his desk phone and starts to dial. Brandon picks at a scab. A beat. Walker waits while the other end of the line rings.

A NOTIFICATION DINGS on Brandon's phone.

WALKER (CONT'D)
 (peering down)
 It says here you've got a Twitter
 message from Colin Hanks?
 (pause)
 Tom Hanks' son?

Brandon's face registers no change.

WALKER (CONT'D)
 You're on Twitter? How many
 followers do you have?

Brandon shrugs.

WALKER (CONT'D)
 Hello, Mrs. Peters? Yes, it's me
 again...Yes, to pick him up...Yes, an
 hour is fine. I can keep him in my
 office.

Brandon reaches for his phone and Walker slaps his hand away.

EXT. PLAYGROUND-DAY

A little while later, and things are in full swing. Amanda wanders among the groups, clearly pleased. The activities are varied: walking like an elephant, walking over ice and through mud, passing an invisible suitcase around.

Amanda rounds a corner of the building and stops short when she sees Pierrot. He's standing in front of an INVISIBLE MIRROR, carefully and meticulously buttoning an INVISIBLE COAT in the style of Marcel Marceau. He is alone and there's something transcendent about his movements, something poetic almost.

Amanda stands watching, awed, transfixed. A meaningful beat. "Turd" rounds the corner.

TURD
 Ms. Jones...

Amanda snaps out of her trance and looks over.

AMANDA
 Yes?

Amanda glances down and sees not one and not two but several, multiple, LITTLE BROWN TURDS tumbling out the side of his pants.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Ahh, what are you doing? You're supposed to tell an adult!

TURD
I am tewing an adult. Yoor my adult.

AMANDA
Before it happens! You're supposed to tell an adult before it happens!

Amanda hurries over to help, to usher him to the nurse, to contain the, uh, situation. MORE TURDS roll out and she steps in one.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Ahh!

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE-DAY

Amanda rushes Turd into the nurse's office. She's got him by the shoulder with one hand, and in the other hand is her TURD SHOE. She's totally panicked and grossed out. The NURSE (65, seen it all, bored) sets down a ROMANCE NOVEL.

NURSE
This again?

TURD
Sowwy.

AMANDA
Again? How often does this happen?

NURSE
You'd be surprised.
(to Turd)
C'mon, hon. Let's get you changed.

Amanda waves around her shoe.

AMANDA
What do I do with this?

The nurse shrugs.

NURSE
That's outside my pay grade, hon.

The nurse and Turd go into the other room. Amanda is left alone clutching her shoe. She looks around for something to clean it with, sees ALCOHOL and COTTON SWABS by the sink.

CLOSE ON Amanda swiping at her shit shoe. She grunts, furious and disgusted. We can see feces mashed into the treads. This is *not* how mime day was supposed to go.

Her PHONE rings in her pocket and she fumbles to take it out. "Honey Bunny" on the screen. She puts it on speaker.

AMANDA

Derek, now is really not a good time.

DEREK O.S.

Mand, I need your help!

His tone worries her; she pauses her shit-swipe.

AMANDA

What's the matter? Is everything okay?

DEREK O.S.

No, everything is not okay! That's why I'm calling. I need your credit card number.

AMANDA

What? Why?

DEREK O.S.

There was a problem with the payment and the Internet got cut off.

AMANDA

You mean your card got declined.

DEREK O.S.

Yes, my card got declined! That's not the point.

AMANDA

That's literally the only bill you have to pay.

DEREK O.S.

Mand!

AMANDA

I'm kind of in the middle of something, Derek.

DEREK O.S.

I know, that's what I'm saying! I'm in the middle of something too! Jordan and I are facing down the Nords in Moonbase Battle Royale and the whole fucking thing cut out and now he's trapped behind enemy lines!

AMANDA

(sighs)
God dammit, Derek.
(pause)
Let me call you in like five minutes.

DEREK O.S.

Okay, but please hurry! I know you're at work but this is a really important campaign!

AMANDA

Yeah, Derek. I got it.

INT. AMANDA'S CLASSROOM-DAY

Amanda stands at her desk, her PURSE open on a pile of student papers, reading Derek her credit card number over the phone.

AMANDA

...three nine five eight.
(pause)
No, I said three nine five eight.
Three. Nine. Five. Eight.
(pause)
Yes. You're welcome.
(pause)
Sure. Ribs for dinner is fine.
(pause)
Yes, I can pick up ribs.
(pause)
Yes, and corn. Derek, I have to go.

Amanda hangs up the phone. She sits and puts her head in her hands. A beat. She is visibly, very obviously, completely over it.

Turd comes into the classroom, in loaner clothes. He approaches the desk with a HAND-DRAWN CARD.

TURD

Hewe Ms. Jones. I made dis for yoo.

CLOSE ON the card: A stick figure kid next to a small mound of turds. "Thank you for helping me with my poop."

TURD (CONT'D)

Da nurse helped me wif my spewwing.

Six months ago, this card would have meant something. Now, it just seems a symbol of Amanda's defeat.

AMANDA

Come on. Let's go outside.

EXT. PLAYGROUND-DAY

Amanda and Turd return outside, where mime day is wrapping up. Teachers direct students into lines and lead them back into the building. Walker "helps." Ordered chaos.

AMANDA

(to Turd)

Go find your group.

Turd runs off as if he didn't just shit his pants, and Amanda surveys the crowd.

Two kids run by, one chasing the other.

KID ONE

Fuck you, Daniel! Give me back my hat!

KID TWO

Tell your hat to go fuck itself!

AMANDA

(flatly)

Language, please.

She glances down at her phone and sees that she's got THREE MISSED CALLS from Derek and a string of UNREAD TEXTS.

TEXT FROM DEREK 1

Babe! You gotta call me back! The card didn't work!

TEXT FROM DEREK 2

The numbers were all scrambled! Call me back!

TEXT FROM DEREK 3

Babe!! Hurry!!

TEXT FROM DEREK 4
 JORDAN JUST TOOK A BULLET TO THE
 NECK!!

TEXT FROM DEREK 5
 Oh fuck he's bleeding out.

TEXT FROM DEREK 6
 Babe?

Amanda shakes her head and looks up from her phone. The kids are mostly inside and the mimes are packing up. She sees Pierrot standing nearby, like three feet away, "blowing bubbles." How long has he been there?

She watches as he blows a bubble, then catches it on his wand and uses it to blow another. She steps closer.

AMANDA
 Pardon me? I'm sorry to bother
 you...I'm just wondering, do you guys
 teach other classes? Like classes
 for adults, or workshops or
 anything like that? Do you offer
 stuff like that, or do you only do
 stuff for kids?

Pierrot doesn't seem to hear—he's entirely caught up in his own world. James sees what's happening and jogs over.

JAMES
 Hi, hey! Can I help you?

AMANDA
 Yeah, I was just asking your
 friend, um...your colleague...some
 questions about what you guys do.

JAMES
 Oh, you know, Pierrot actually
 doesn't talk.

Pierrot doesn't even look up at his own name.

AMANDA
 Oh, that makes sense. He's just
 like, super in character? I get
 that.

JAMES
 No, he never talks. It's not an
 acting thing.

He waves a hand: Never mind, too complicated.

JAMES (CONT'D)
How can I help you?

AMANDA
(shy, self-conscious)
I was just wondering if you guys do like, uh, classes or workshops for adults? Like if somebody wanted to know more about, like, what you do, could they take a class or something, or like a workshop..

James leans in, winks.

JAMES
You mean are we hiring?

AMANDA
No! Uh, no, I just meant—

JAMES
It's okay. Happens all the time. I tell you what. Why don't you take a card and think about it. You can check out our Instagram and see if we're right for you.

He hands her a BUSINESS CARD...never mind how he got it printed so fast. We get a quick glimpse of Brandon, watching (perhaps wistfully) from the window of the principal's office.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(to Pierrot)
Come on, buddy. Let's get this show on the road.

James and Pierrot head towards the mime van and Amanda glances at the card in her hand. CLOSE ON the card: "Mime Over Matter ~ Southern California's Premier Dank Mimes ~ IG @mimeovermatter"

And then she looks down. There, lying on the ground, half a foot away, bright against the black asphalt: A SINGLE WHITE GLOVE. She stoops to pick it up.

AMANDA
(calling out)
Wait! Come back! You dropped this!

But it's too late. The mimes are gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

END PILOT