

SAILORMAN EPISODE 1: "SHE, OF PLUNDER ISLAND"

Cartoon: Adventure/Comedy

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(Not For Small Children)

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(Subject Line: POOPDECK)

1. INT. CABIN OF THE GOOD SHIP "TUG THE DINGHY" - DAY

Plain pine-plank table. Through an open, porthole (starboard) of the rolling sea.

SFX throughout: the "pocketa-pocketa-pocketa" of a "hit and miss" engine and —as in all scenes aboard this boat— an empty bottle rolling around somewhere on deck, as the boat moves with the waves.

A hammy hand on a stout forearm reaches LEFT to RIGHT across the table. Its anchor tattoo is blurred, blued, old and faded by the suns of many climes.

Fumbling with cans on a low shelf, the hand comes back with a can of spinach. The can is pierced with a jackknife, opened crudely, jagged edges.

Canned spinach glops onto a dirty plate. A bent fork is produced between cracked fingers —it is stuck into the mess.

WIMPY (OFF)
How can you eat that slop, day in —
day out? It's revolting!

2. INT. CONT.

Camera "crosses the line" —the man at the table, now RIGHT, empty spinach can still inverted, shows us his profile: a pronounced chin, in silhouette.

WIMPY stands in the hatch, LEFT, sunlight behind him: Everything about the man slopes downward and outward, as if buckets of mashed potatoes had been dumped into a pile of dirty laundry.

He clutches a greasy, bulging paper bag to his chest, tucked protectively into his right arm. With his free hand, he feeds himself a flattened cheeseburger in two large, full-mouthed bites.

CUT TO:

3. INT. CONT.

MEDIUM SHOT

As he bites, a squirt of yellow mustard spots his limp tie and shirt, this stain will remain for the rest of the episode. He reaches for another burger, still chewing.

PAPPY
(Off)

Gets that stuff outa here!
(Sotto.)
Got the stink amisdhip-

CUT TO:

4. INT. CONT.

We see PAPPY, a grizzled, one-eye'd sailorman. He squints and slowly lays down his fork. It clinks against his plate

5. INT. CONT.

TWO SHOT

PAPPY
Ya knows Iyam a vegemetaryink!
(He scowls, an habitual expression)
While yous is stuffin yas face with cheeseseboigas I'm busy building muscle!

6. INT. CONT.

MEDIUM SHOT

PAPPY flexes a bicep. We hardly notice, compared to the monster forearm.

Suddenly with a crazy flapping of wings, a shabby seagull lands on the lip of the porthole, looking about the cabin.

THREE SHOT (Centered on gull)

PAPPY and WIMPY both sort of freeze, they stare at the bird speculatively. The bird regards them similarly. WIMPY Subtly clutches his bag of burgers a little closer to his chest (SFX: Crinkled paper bag). He swallows, still holding a half-eaten sandwich.

The moment passes.

PAPPY
Anyways, where'dja gets the scratch?
(MORE)

PAPPY (CONT'D)
 (Sarcastically)
 Just WHO is ya payin Tuesday for
 yas hamboigas today?

WIMPY
 I'll have you know I got a jo-

The gull flies off noisily, croaking. They both start, a little.

PAPPY
 (Sotto.)
 Fluddin boids gimmes da creeps -yar

WIMPY
 (Pretending nonchalance)
 I'll have you know, Pappy, that I
 have acquired remunerative
 employment.

PAPPY
 (Starts, His eye literally
 pops.)
 YOUSE? YOUSE has landed a yasel a
 JOB?

He bursts in to his signature wheezy laugh, almost just a single emphysemic "Haaa!" He slaps the table -plate and fork jump. He is overcome with mirth but can hardly breathe.

PAPPY
 (Wiping a tear from his
 dead, right, eye)
 Tells us anotha!

The CAMERA zooms past WIMPY, between his opening mouth and the rest of his cold burger. Bursts through the open hatch in which he stands -to a swelling of "nautical adventure theme" music- into the sunlight and out over the rolling sea. We come upon the gull, who swerves to miss us and calls out, his shadow flitting also across the waves -we overtake and pass him.

We overtake title cards, also in flight: "She, of Plunder Island"

A sea serpent arches through a gathering mist. We rush on, darkness outlines an island, low on the horizon. Music goes ominous.

SMASH CUT TO:

7. OPENING TITLES

PAPPY
 (Singing)
*I oined everyes gray hairs on mine chinny-chin-chin
 I am Scrong! When I wrestled a shark, tossed him
 out on his finny-fin-fin!
 Iyam intelligink, almosk always coityus
 -yas might say slap-happy!
 Who's yas favorite sailorman -Haaa!
 That's right kids!*
Poopdeck Pappy
Sings it mit me now:
Poop Poop Poop - Poopdeck Pappy!
Pooop! Poop! Poop! Poopdeck Pappy!
*Iyam intelligink, almosk always coityus
 -yas might say slap-happy!*
Who's yas favorite sailorman -Haaa!
That's right kids!
Poopdeck Pappy

DISSOLVE ON:

8. EXT. A QUAY IN A SALTY SEAPORT - DAY

The good ship TUG THE DINGHY pulls up to the quay (LEFT to RIGHT) and "puts on the brakes", everything slanting to the RIGHT before springing back into shape. PAPPY leaps from the deck carrying his captain's coat. He makes the ship fast, bending a leaning lamp post into a hook with his bare hands (having hung his coat from it as he flew past it) he hooks it to the "bit" -singing a little nonsense tune under his breath.

PAPPY
 (Dusting his palms -
 Sotto.)
 That's'll maker fast, reals fast -
 yar.

WIMPY appears on deck, crumpling up his now empty paper bag and fitting the last, large burger bite into his mouth-hole.

PAPPY
 (Shouting up to WIMPY)
 Keeps everything shipshape,
 Wimpies, I gotsta runs an erink.

WIMPY
 (Sarcastic, mock saluting,
 squinting one eye, then
 the other)
 Oh, eye EYE, my capitán. Eye EYE!
 (He throws his paper bag
 digustedly into the
 drink.)

PAPPY glares at the bag -it slowly darkens and sinks,
 unfolding a little, a dead sea creature. He glares at WIMPY.

WIMPY
 (A little defensively)
 It's biodegradable, Pappy!

PAPPY
 Sos is yours, ya greasy lump.
 (Sotto.)
 Remembers that when I tosses YOUS
 overbords.
 (Putting on his coat he
 shouts again)
 Stays with the ship!

And, pushing his hat down lower over his eye, he marches off, RIGHT. WIMPY disappears below decks. The tug bobs in the water. Daylight begins to fade. WIMPY reappears, looking about carefully. He produces a stained bowler hat, perches it atop his head and -with rather surprising nimbleness- leaps to the quay and, with studied nonchalance, strolls away in the opposite direction. The light dies. The ship is dark. We hear a PORT WHORE laughing.

PORT WHORE
 (Off)
 Is it true then, Pappy, that you
 know the whole woild?

PAPPY
 (Off)
 Well... Only the wets parts.

PORT WHORE
 You hear that, Klara?

SMASH CUT TO:

9. INT. A SALTY SALOON - EVENING

PAPPY sits at a table, before the stage of an incredibly seedy nightclub, with two thin "flappers" - the PORT WHORE and the mysterious KLARA.

Behind them, the band is returning lazily to the stage for yet another set. They listlessly tune up, putter around throughout.

PORT WHORE
(Continuous)
He only knows the WET parts!

She laughs, throatily. KLARA looks amused, toking from her cigarette holder. PAPPY smirks, as if he'd made a joke, and gestures for service.

PAPPY
(Sotto.) Howds a feller
get any coivinx arounds
here?
(Aloud:)
Barkeep! Drinks for everyones...

A bunch of seedy looking cartoon characters perk up from their stupors-

PAPPY
.. at this tables! Haaa!

The background characters return to stupor with soft groans and various looks askance. One particular RATFACE glares horridly, before glancing away. Cartoon waiter approaches the table with a tray of drinks.

CUT TO:

10. INT. CONT.

THREE SHOT - THE TABLE

The waiter serves. The ladies get expensive looking drinks with ridiculous umbrellas, etc. PAPPY has a bottle that is clearly labeled with three Xs. This is his signature poison - and the bottle that is always audible, rolling around the deck of his boat. We can just see that the band is preparing to play behind them.

PAPPY
(Holding up his beer,
label visible. Sotto, but
in a slightly fruity way,
as if he thinks it's
French, or a toast:)
Ah, Trace Sexies!
(The PORT WHORE titters.)

KLARA

(Her voice husky, dark,
possibly masculine? Though
she is by far the more
attractive)

Ah, you haf told us off your past,
no? Vat denn off ze fuchure, mizter
zailorman? Vot off dat?

PORT WHORE

Ok, Klara, yes! Do him! Do HIM!

PAPPY

(Droll)

Wells now - If anybuggy's gonna be
DOIN anybuggy arounds here-

PORT WHORE

Oh, Pappy, Let her do you. Do him
Klara! Read his tea leaves!

PAPPY

Teas leaves! That's just
stupidstition!

He pounds the table with one great fist, the lit candle and
the table jump. Behind them the band begins to play: Bull
fiddle, then brushed drums, then tinkled ivories. They play,
depressingly, underneath, throughout.

CUT TO:

11. INT. A SALTY SALOON - CONT.

TWO SHOT

KLARA

Noh, mine zailorman. Eet iss zo
zimple. Not zuperztichon but
INToichun.

PAPPY

Yas into WITCHIN, hus?
(Sotto.)
But is yas a goods witch, or a bads
witch" -yar.

But she has gently uncurled his fingers -he lets her- and
traces his enormous palm with her small, pointed finger.

MEDIUM SHOT

KLARA

Ah! Zo you HAF been aROUND!

PAPPY

(Off.)

Haaa! Tha tickles!

KLARA

(Peering closely, through
her monocle - as if to the
WHORE:)

Zee, Portia? Ze patt off Mercury!

Neptune rizess! Observe ze mount
off Fenus!

(Sharply glancing at
PAPPY, oracular:)

You vill nefer marry!

REVERSE SHOT

PAPPY starts. Glances at his palm for the first time. KLARA returns to poring over it - squeezes his hand with surprising strength. In the band, a melancholy guitar begins plucking out the melody.

TWO SHOT

KLARA

But you are much dezired! A woman
zeeks you. She zeeks you...
efferyvar. Her shade passess ofer
you, flies bevor...

(Breaking off suddenly.)

You haf ... chilrunz?

PAPPY

(Recovering.)

Nonse thaths I KNOWS of! Haaa!

KLARA

(Peering closest of all.)

It zeze here...

(Looking sahrply up at
him:)

You DO!

Her monocle falls into the palm of his had, which snaps around it, into a fist.

MEDIUM SHOT

PAPPY
 (Very slowly withdrawing
 his fist and standing up.)
 Hey, what gives here?

KLARA
 (Off. In quite a different
 voice:)
 My monocle!

OS SHOT

PAPPY tosses the monocle to the table, it bounces on its rim.
 Is instantly caught from the air by a thin hand, reaching
 from behind KLARA. The hand is followed by RATFACE.

From the stage, a singer begins to wail, wordlessly. The
 guitar flourishes in the Spanish manner.

RATFACE steps in front of KLARA and drops the monocle behind
 him, without looking. KLARA catches it and clutches it to her
 thin chest. They both stare at PAPPY.

RATFACE
 (Lazily)
 Hey wiseguy! Scram, see?

FULL - THREE SHOT

PAPPY
 (Pushing up the sleeve of
 his coat)
 Yeah, I gets the pitchur. Yas can
 keeps yas "long con!"
 (Sotto.)
 Cause you'lls be longs gone when I
 ges throughs witcha -yar

A meaty hand comes down on on PAPPY's shoulder. From the
 stage, the tempo has picked up, sound of Spanish dancing, the
 rapid clicking of heels or castanets, The CAMERA backs up to
 take in RUFFHAUS, wearing a greasy chef's toque, clutching a
 dirty spatula in his other fist.

RUFFHAUS
 Better ship out, Sailorboy. Izza
 High Tide.

PAPPY turns to face him.

PAPPY
 (Pushing up his other
 sleeve)
 Oh, well let's me leave ya a little
 somthin tas tides yas over-

A meatier hand comes down on PAPPY's shoulder. Hair on its knuckles.

SMASH CUT TO:

12. EXT. A SALTY SEAPORT STREET, OUTSIDE THE SALOON - NIGHT

PAPPY flies out through the open, warmly lit door. The band plays a final flourish, the singer utters a final "Yip! " The audience applauds, tho this may be more for the action.

Standing in the doorway is what appears to be an actual GORilla -with side whiskers and a ceegar- stuffed into a pinstripe suit. He is dusting his simian hands.

GOR
 And stays out!

He turns and reenters the saloon, the door swinging.

PAPPY dusts himself off, his sleeves having fallen down over his hands, frantically glancing around at the ground. He makes a fist -the sleeve popping back around his wrist- shouts:

PAPPY
 Hey! Gives me backs my pipe!

Laugher from within. PAPPY wiggles around to address his own ass. The pipe sticks out from from his (clothed) ass, exactly as it normally hovers over his cleft jaw.

Pulling it, corkwise, he mutters, sotto voce:

PAPPY
 (Sotto.)
 Wells by my chitty-chin-chin...

He pops it back in his mouth -we definitely see the resemblance of jaw and ass. He stalks into the night, disgutipated.

FADE TO:

13. EXT. A QUAY IN A SALTY SEA TOWN - NIGHT

The good ship TUG THE DINGHY rests. A light burns in the galley.

PAPPY stalks up (RIGHT to LEFT) glances in at the lit porthole.

PAPPY

Goods. Ol Wimpy's stayed with the sips -fer once.

(Sotto.)

Not a bad feller - just a bad smeller -yar.

He hoists himself aboard, one handed.

CUT TO:

14. INT. CABIN OF THE GOOD SHIP "TUG THE DINGHY" - NIGHT

By the light of the lantern, which now swings from a hook in the low ceiling, WIMPY is frying up burgers, a one-man assembly line: With his bare left hand he takes a glob of raw, pink meat and tosses it in the sizzling skillet (half of a large red onion lies by the tiny hotplate) this he mashes down with his palm. With his right hand he delicately cuts the cheese, and this is what takes up his attention as he sings, under his breath:

WIMPY

Oh it's neverever next tuesday

Oh it's always, only today!

With a future so uncertain

Only a fool would pay would pay - would pay!

He stands more upright, in full, rather saccharine tenor, with a flourish:

WIMPY

Only a foo-oo-ool would pa-

PAPPY

(Entering, almost cheery.)

Hey what's cookin?

(Sotto.)

Hideous lookin -yar.

Suddenly with a crazy flapping of wings, a shabby SEAGULL lands on the lip of the porthole. They both spin to face it. Forming an identical THREE SHOT but with protagonists reversed. The bird stares at first one of them, then the other, settling on PAPPY.

PAPPY and WIMPY step fractionally closer to each other and the bird -PAPPY in the lead.

WIMPY
The bird! It's ba-

PAPPY
(With an almost protective gesture, he throws a stiff arm to keep WIMPY back.)
Uk-uk!

The SEAGULL hops down onto the table -eyes rolling back, it opens its beak wide... wider... It begins to gag, a bit of slime, and out slides the head of a dead fish, eyes dull, a bit of bone showing.

The fish purses its cold lips and something like a white slug, a bubble, forms there -it slides out and bounces off the table with a light click, like a tic-tac.

PAPPY
(Hushed, hissing)
Tha Whisperin Fish!

WIMPY
The SAME one? But we KILLED it last
ti-

PAPPY
(With the same protective gesture.)
Uk-uk!
(Very low, grim.)
He's speakin...

WHISPERING FISH
(In a low, unvocalized, all but inaudible, but formal monotone. Consider the discovery of his exact words something of an "easter egg")
She, of Plunder Island, sends you this token of her high regard.

PAPPY edges closer, leaning an ear toward the cold lips of the fish as if to hear, but his hands are poised to throttle.

WHISPERING FISH
She advises that her island holds all the booty of the seas and more, for pleasant visitors, well dispos-

PAPPY make a grab for the bird. It launches into the air of the cabin, choking down the fish head. It wheels, eyes rolling, seeking the porthole. With a high pitched cry, WIMPY swings the skillet -onions and half cooked hamburger fly everywhere. He connects as with a badminton racket. A satisfying "pong" -with just a hint of red-hot "sizzle"- and the birdie is launched out the open, rectangular porthole.

We hear its cry, has it survived?

WIMPY

I wonder what it brought this ti-
 (Finding it, on the floor,
 he picks up the little
 white bauble.)
 As I live and breathe, a PEARL.
 (Out of nowhere, a
 jeweler's loupe appears in
 his eye. Under his breath)
 A pearl of great price...

He turns to PAPPY, who appears slightly stunned, blinking.

WIMPY

What should I do with it, Pappy?

Getting no reaction he carefully places the pearl in a small tin, labeled Snuffy's Goddenuf. There, among some crumbs of snuff, he also fingers a small jewel and a little gold coin, the size of a dime but of great antiquity.

WIMPY

Tell me pappy, what did he say, the
 whispering fish?
 (But PAPPY is gone)

CUT TO:

15. EXT. DECK OF THE GOOD SHIP "TUG THE DINGHY" - FALSE DAWN

PAPPY shoves out onto deck, he propels himself up the ladder to the bridge, using mostly his arms. In the bridge, he begins powering up the mighty engines of the tug.

PAPPY

(In command.)

Battons de hatchets! Maker ship-
 shape! Hoists anchor!

WIMPY emerges and begins very nimbly up the ladder.

WIMPY
Pappy! What? Where are we head-

When PAPPY turns to address him, WIMPY's foot slips, he becomes heavy, clumsy.

PAPPY
Stows it, Wimpys! I's had alls I
can stands!
(Turning his back on
WIMPY, revving the
throttle. Bells sound.)
I aims to beard the lady in her
den! Our headin is Plunder
Eyesland!
(Sotto.)
Headin heads-first -yar.

He revs the engines. WIMPY starts to salute, left handed (the skillet still in his right) sees he's unwatched, turns and - nimble again- slides down the ladder to the deck, dashes into the cabin.

16. CUT TO:

17. EXT. A QUAY IN A SALTY SEA TOWN - PREDAWN

PAPPY toots the whistle, bells clang, the tug strains against its cast iron lamp mooring. WIMPY Dashes back out on deck, wearing a long rubber coat with a life jacket straining across it, He rushes to the lamp post but it tears away with the boat. The good ship TUG THE DINGHY slants out to sea. He turns and races below deck. "Nautical adventure theme" plays.

CUT TO:

18. INT./EXT. BRIDGE OF THE GOOD SHIP "TUG THE DINGHY" - DAWN

PAPPY uses both hands, then one foot to fire up and steer the craft. With his freed-up hand he plasters a nautical chart to the wall of the fo'castle, spits his pipe at it, which sticks -the stem like an arrow through the chart and into the wood, pinning it. He smooths it out one handed against the wall. It shows some gnarly coast, a distant island, garnished with a stylized drawing of the same sea serpent we saw as we segued into the titles sequence.

In fancy script the chart reads Plunder Island, to which PAPPY has sometime previously added in his illiterate scrawl:

"Homes o' the SEAS HAG"

Music swells and turns sinister, the whistle screams.

19. FADE TO BLACK