

The Contrivance of Dr. Bromegrass
by
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INT. DR. BROMEGRASS' LABORATORY - NIGHT

DR. BROMEGRASS sleeps on the lab table, his face pressed up against its metallic surface. He is dressed in a white lab coat and has large goggles perched below a head of frazzled white hair. Test tubes and beakers surround him. Behind him complex machines click and whirl.

Steam rises suddenly from a spout beside Bromegrass and an alarm rings. He groggily opens his eyes then rises quickly when he sees what's happening. He turns a knob and the alarm stops.

BROMEGRASS

Oh what's the point? Why should I
even bother?
I'll never get a breakthrough, not
this day or another.
Not now that I got my medical
license revoked...

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The murmuring JURY quiets down as a stern JUDGE hammers his gavel. A distressed WITNESS with a missing arm is at the stand.

JUDGE

Order in the court.
Order in the court.
Come now, be quiet,
let's make this one short.

WITNESS

He tried to replace my arm
with an elephant's trunk!

BROMEGRASS

You said you liked the idea,
though you might have been drunk.

A SHORT AUDIENCE MEMBER stands up.

SHORT AUDIENCE MEMBER

He promised that fertilizer
would make me grow taller!

BROMEGRASS

And I reckon it worked,
you're certainly no smaller.

A ONE-EYED AUDIENCE MEMBER stands up.

ONE-EYED AUDIENCE MEMBER
He tried to replace my eye
with a telescope!

BROMEGRASS
Think of the sights you'd see,
you silly dope.

JUDGE
Silence, silence, I have heard
enough.
It's terribly gruesome, this
experiment stuff.

BROMEGRASS
Please sir, understand, I meant no
harm.
I'll fix that man's eye, I'll sew
up her arm.

JUDGE
I said silence now, the court has
spoke.
Your medical license I must revoke.

BROMEGRASS
Revoked revoked?

JUDGE
Revoked revoked!

BROMEGRASS
Oh woe is me, I got my license
revoked.

AUDIENCE
Revoked revoked. Revoked revoked.

BROMEGRASS
Please sir tell me this is simply a
joke.

AUDIENCE
Revoked revoked. Revoked revoked.
Revoked revoked. Revoked revoked.

BROMEGRASS
Re-re-re-re-re-re-

AUDIENCE
REVOKED!

Bromegrass falls to his knees. The judge slams his gavel
down.

INT. DR. BROMEGRASS' LABORATORY - NIGHT

Bromegrass slowly gets to his feet and staggers over to a framed picture of Thomas Edison. He picks it up and pulls it close to his face.

BROMEGRASS

Tom I give up, I don't know what to do.

I wanted to awe the world, I dreamed of being like you.

THOMAS EDISON appears behind Bromegrass.

THOMAS EDISON

Why my good man, you've got to impress, your brilliance knows no bounds.

They join hands and dance in a circle.

THOMAS EDISON (CONT'D)

They won't just accept your genius, give them something that astounds.

BROMEGRASS

Will they return my license back to me?

THOMAS EDISON

If you dazzle them enough, of course! You'll see.

BROMEGRASS

But what can I do, I've lost their respect.

THOMAS EDISON

You'll get that back, your career's not wrecked.

BROMEGRASS

But I can no longer use people. What shall I make?

THOMAS EDISON

Use your imagination, that's all it'll take.

BROMEGRASS

Of course, you're right. I know just what to do!

THOMAS EDISON
Then farewell my friend, your
fame's overdue.

Thomas disappears. Bromegrass is left standing in front of a diagram of a mule on the wall. He looks over at a figurine of a werewolf. His gaze turns to a movie poster of *Frankenstein*. He gives a nod of comprehension.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Bromegrass is standing in the spotlight on a stage. In front of him is a large table covered in a black cloth. An AUDIENCE of scientists watches him intently.

BROMEGRASS
I present to you my latest
creation. It'll provoke awe and
wonder. It's quite the sensation.

AUDIENCE
What is it? What is it? Do show us
now.

BROMEGRASS
It took every ounce of my effort,
my time and dedication.

AUDIENCE
What is it? What is it? Make us say
"wow."

BROMEGRASS
It's a scientific revelation,
Inspiring a new generation.
It will hold your fascination.
And it needs no explanation.
I now show to you,
For your careful review,
My ultimate scientific creation!

Bromegrass sweeps back the cloth revealing a spork. The audience gasps.

AUDIENCE
It's hideous! It's horrible!
Such blasphemy, so deplorable.

SCIENTIST 1
How could you make this, you awful
man?

SCIENTIST 2
Get it out of here, as fast as you
can.

SCIENTIST 3
This is the kind of thing that we
surely must ban!

AUDIENCE
Ban ban ban. Ban ban ban.

BROMEGRASS
But you misunderstand!
You misunderstand!

Bromegrass pulls down a chart with a detailed diagram of the
spork.

BROMEGRASS (CONT'D)
This marvelous contraption is
neither spoon nor fork.
And with it you can eat both soup
and pork.

SCIENTIST 1
I take back what I said,
this could be of use.

SCIENTIST 2
It is rather ingenious,
this utensil reuse.

SCIENTIST 3
What do you call your invention,
you silly dork?

BROMEGRASS
Fellow scientists, my colleagues, I
call it... a foon!

The audience stares blankly at Bromegrass.

AUDIENCE
Ban ban ban. Ban ban ban.

Bromegrass cowers, clutching the spork closely to his chest.

INT. DR. BROMEGRASS' LABORATORY - NIGHT

Bromegrass is sitting dejectedly at a table eating ravioli
with the spork. The picture of Thomas Edison sits in front of
him.

BROMEGRASS

I tried to change the world, but it
wasn't prepared.
They weren't excited or thrilled.
No they were scared.
But one day they'll see,
The genius that's me.
And my creation will live on.
Of its brilliance all will agree.

FADE OUT.