

BEAR BONES SHOW

"Will Smith!"

Written by
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INT. WARNER BROS. STUDIOS FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A grieving FAMILY gathers around the casket of Carson Johnnie. All except a PILL POPPING KID, who laughs at DRUG PUPPETS only he can see.

DRUG PUPPETS

(singing)

*That's why we say
It's A okay
To play all day
With matches!*

The casket pops open and BEAR BONES (bear mask, cheap suit and tie) sits up, waves.

CARSON'S WIDOW clutches her heart, drops like a sack of taters. *Mmm-hmm*. Her SON and DAUGHTER rally around her.

SON

Mom? Mom!

DAUGHTER

What is this? Where's Dad?!

BEAR

Check the fridge at the nearest Home Depot. Home Depot: Great place to hide the dead. Right, Javier?

JAVIER (17, wearing a bloody orange apron) texts on his phone, shrugs, walks away.

Bear climbs out of the casket, skips around the bewildered family, dances. The family looks on, disturbed.

IRON INTERN (miserable, wearing an Iron Man mask and a Batman logo t-shirt) enters after Bear, filming the potentially incriminating debacle with his phone.

The Pill Popping Kid O'D's in the background, lit match in hand. SIR SHAKES (Shakespearian actor) closes the Pill Popping Kid's eyes, faces the camera.

SIR SHAKES

Nevermore shall this young drug fiend speak or itch or tweak. For now the world weeps as his tiny flame is unjustly and unceremoniously extinguished.

(a sad beat, then)

I need urine. Any takers? Real or synthetic will do.

The Son and Daughter look on in disgust and disbelief.

SIR SHAKES (CONT'D)

Got a drug test coming up and as usual, my piss dirty as hell. I set one foot in Missouri, it's all over. I'm talking the gallows, baby. Lights out. The final curtain. You dig?

BEAR

Like a dinosaur! Sir Shakes, everybody! Good luck cheating to pass your court mandated drug test and possibly injuring yourself and coworkers, not to mention the customers and their families and --

A LAWYER appears out of thin air.

LAWYER

JUST SHUT UP!

BEAR

Whoa. Somebody's hearing voices.

CUT TO Iron Intern.

IRON INTERN

Uh, who are you talking to?

CUT BACK TO Bear, talking to himself. No sign of Sir Shakes, the Lawyer, or Yolo the Good Time/Bad Time Clown Call Girl.

BEAR

(to himself)

Hide John's body where? You silly, murderous cat! Where would we even buy that much corn?

IRON INTERN

(to the family)

I'm sorry about all this.

(MORE)

IRON INTERN (CONT'D)

I'm not even sure how he's alive or what timeline we're in. Do we even follow canon?

(freaking out)

Is this real life? Are we all just some hack writer's playthings?!

WHERE MY PEE PEE GO?! WHERE?!

WHERE?! WHERE?! AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Bear looks into the camera as Iron Intern has an existential breakdown in the background. *Ugh. Mondays, am I right?*

BEAR

Let's start the show!

CUT TO:

BEAR BONES SHOW, written in black sharpie on a white poster, taped to the casket. Below that the episode title in crayon: **Episode 102: Will Smith!**

INT. FUNERAL HOME (REALLY? YOU SICK SON OF A) - DAY

Son tries to wake Mom, while Daughter calls the police.

SON

Mom, can you hear me?!

DAUGHTER

(into phone)

No, the one in the bear mask!

Hello? Hello? Hey!

(to Son)

They hung up. Man, f**k the police.

Son gasps.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

It just slipped out...

Bear glides past them in a rolling chair, uses the casket as a desk. Drums on it with unsharpened pencils.

BEAR

Iron Intern, note cards!

Iron Intern utters the longest sigh in history, pulls a rope.

Note cards rain down around Bear. He picks one up, confused.

BEAR (CONT'D)
 What the f**k? You see this? It's
 like a business card, but larger
 with notebook paper lines on it!

IRON INTERN
 That'd be a note card...

BEAR
 Oh. Right...

Bear tosses the note card over his shoulder.

BEAR (CONT'D)
 Welcome, ladies and gentlemen,
 extraterrestrial beings with two
 hearts, to the show!

DAUGHTER
Show? This is our life, you psycho!

BEAR
 Ew! I'm having one!

IRON INTERN
 Need a mop?

BEAR
 Oh you!

Bear looks at Carson's Widow as if seeing her for the first time. He stands on his desk.

BEAR (CONT'D)
 We have an emergency! Got a paper
 cut. Is the Doctor in the house?

The CRACKHEAD DOCTOR (inbetween the War Doctor and the Christopher Eccleston version) staggers out of a blue cardboard box with a broken flathead screwdriver.

CRACKHEAD DOCTOR
 (slurring/stammering)
 Trust me. I'm a d-d-doctor.

The Daughter screams. The Crackhead Doctor runs back into the blue cardboard box (legs visible) and spins out the door.

Iron Intern tapes Bear's barely noticeable cut with duct tape. He gives him a lollipop. Bear licks it.

BEAR
Yummy, cyanide!
(to the Johnnies)
Good call there. He's a wanted man.

SON
Wanted for what?

BEAR
You don't want to know. You do not
want to know.
(Yoda voice)
Know you do not wish to.

An uncomfortable beat...

BEAR (CONT'D)
We'll be right back!

Son and Daughter look at him.

DAUGHTER
Who are you talking to?

Bear sits frozen.

SON
Is he dead?

DAUGHTER
What about that kid? Wasn't he
doing ecstasy?

SON
How do you know what ecstasy looks
like?

DAUGHTER
Don't start.

IRON INTERN
I hate my life.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY (COMMERCIAL)

PAUL (tie, your typical office worker) sits next to his
COWORKERS, laughs.

PAUL (V.O.)
 We've all been there. One second
 you're yakking it up at the office,
 the next you say something someone
 finds offensive and --

Paul says something we don't hear and the laughter instantly stops.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Not so much.

The Coworkers exit, leaving Paul alone. He looks into the camera.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Some of my best friends are dag--
 Green sleeves! Fa-- Fuzz callers!
 Nig-- Knickknacks, and wom--
 bipedal citizens!

Paul's nose bleeds. He wipes it, forces a smile.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The last thing I want to do is
 offend them. That's why I use
 Triggerol.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Paul painfully swallows a brick sized pill, chugs a jug of water. He forces a bloody smile afterwards.

PAUL (V.O.)
 Its powerful, anti-offensive,
 non-government regulated blockers
 disrupt the harmful thoughts in my
 brain, forcing me to replace no-no
 bad-bad naughty-naughty words with
 ones that no one
 (suddenly shouting)
 COULD POSSIBLY FIND OFFENSIVE!

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

SHAQU'LEK'AN'NEYH-NEYH-NI'A-CROOKED LETTER-BACKWARDS 6-
 INVERTED PEACE SIGN (black female coworker) makes a joke.

PAUL
 That's right, my home--

Paul seizes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Friend!

She looks concerned.

SHAQU'LEK'AN'NEYH-NEYH-NI'A-CROOKED
LETTER-BACKWARDS 6-INVERTED PEACE SIGN

Paul, you okay?

PAUL

Fine, Shaqu'lek'an'neyh-neyh-ni'a-
crooked letter-backwards 6-inverted
peace sign! Got my mind on my --

(seizing)

Tasks and my tasks on point!

Paul coughs up blood, passes out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Triggerol. Lawsuits pending!

INT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS WE'RE GOING TO JAIL AIN'T WE? - DAY

Bear's talking to the Pill Popping Kid, who's rocking the one-thousand yard stare, absentmindedly making a smiley face using crack cocaine.

BEAR

So what was the afterlife like?

PILL POPPING KID

Lots of fire and screaming. I might
need a therapist.

BEAR

Just one?

Bear laughs uncomfortably long, looks into the camera.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Welcome back!

SON

You're sick!

BEAR

Iron Intern, cut his mic!

IRON INTERN

He ain't wearing one.

BEAR
Scandalous! Whatever. I don't have
time for this. I have a yeast
infection at three.

IRON INTERN
Seriously, dude?

Ew! DAUGHTER What?! SON

BEAR
Myyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy next
guest loves to crash the stage and
slap the taste out of comedian's
mouths. Also does movies as a side
gig. Please welcome, Will Smith!

Bear stands and claps. A COP enters, confused.

DAUGHTER
We need a ambulance for our mom.

SON
That's him, officer!

BEAR
And that's Big Willie! Mr. Slappy!
Keep his wife's loose change out
your muffin mouth! Doesn't make
sense to me, but I'm not trying to
get slapped. Have a seat. Or don't.
We're not politically affiliated
with Sgt. Frog if you know what I
mean.

COP
Uh... Hands behind your back.

IRON INTERN
No no no no no!! I can't go back to
jail! I have kids!

Iron Intern holds up his phone, revealing a picture of KIDS
WEARING LOKI HELMETS.

BEAR
You might want to look into that,
old chum.

COP
I said hands behind your back.

BEAR
 Is this a bit? You filming *Bad Boys*
 15? Is this live?! Hi, Mom! Sorry
 about your head, but we'll find it!

Cop draws a taser.

COP
 Hands behind your back! Now!

Bear reads a blank note card.

BEAR
 It says in my notes here that
 Martin Short did all of his own
 stunts. True or false?

Bear eats the note card. The frustrated Cop fires at Bear,
 but Carson's Widow sits up, takes the hit. Flops around like
 a dying fish or perhaps a three-legged dog. Sad really. :(

SON
 Mom!

BEAR
 Great special effects! I can almost
 smell the skin smoking! Oh? Oh...
 OH! Iron Intern, we should --

Bear looks out the door. Iron Intern drives past.

BEAR (CONT'D)
 Exit stage left!

Bear races for the door on all fours.

COP
 Stop!

The Cop draws his gun, shoots Bear.

BEAR
 See you next time, friends.

Bear groans, passes out.

SON
 Mom!

COP
 I'm so sorry! I'm calling the
 ambulance. What the --

The Cop and Son look up, see the Daughter and the Pill
Popping Kid dancing, doing ecstasy.

They see Drug Puppets that nobody else can.

DRUG PUPPETS

(singing)

And that's why

You need to try

To always get high!

Daughter and the Pill Popping Kid giggle, play with matches.

CUE a funeral march over CREDITS.

SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

