

WESTMORE WOMBATS
PILOT

Written by

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Westmore Wombats Pilot
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ACT ONE

INT. WESTMORE COLLEGE, BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE (BAM)
WORKROOM. DAY. PROMINENTLY ON THE WALL IS A POSTER THAT READS
"WESTMORE WOMBATS" WITH THE SCHOOL COLORS AND A PICTURE OF A
LARGE AND GOOFY LOOKING WOMBAT.

The room is buzzing with activity, but we are focused on BUZZ
MARSHELL (55, gruff, impatient, always holding back his own
dreams because stuff needs to get done) who is looking at his
clipboard, while two young people, CODY SKJEI (24, hockey-
player type), and KYLIE DANIELS (25, pretty, intense, but
naive, with something odd stuck in her hair) stand in front
of him. Buzz is addressing Cody.

BUZZ

Looks like you've got some
background in working with metals,
Skajay.

CODY

It's actually pronounced "Shay."

Buzz wrinkles his face and stares at the paper in front of
him.

BUZZ

Says S K J E I. I get "Skajay."

CODY

It's a Scandinavian name.
Pronounced like "Shay."

BUZZ

Where you from Skajay?

Cody stares at him, mouth open.

Buzz looks up from his paper, waiting for an answer. Behind
him, Buzz's second in command, RACHEL DELUCA (black woman,
50ish, mom-like to the "kids" in the department, very
possibly a bit psychic, which gets her into trouble), is
helpfully writing the applicant's name on a whiteboard. She
writes "Skajay."

Cody sees this and shakes his head. Buzz decides to turn to
KYLIE, the second applicant.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Kylie Daniels. I'm not seeing any history of working in buildings or maintenance.

KYLIE

Actually there's been some crazy mistake. I just graduated with a degree in psychology, and I thought I was applying for an internship in a behavioral science unit. I think the paperwork...

Her voice drifts off as she makes a motion with her hands of papers flipping from one side to the other. Buzz's left eyelid lowers, and the part of his eye we can see looks accusatory.

BUZZ

You think we switched the paperwork?

KYLIE

(shaken)

No. No, not that. Just that somehow my application for the lab to study aberrant behaviors must have ended up in ...

Again her voice drifts off as she looks around the room and for the first time sees the activity around her. Squinting to be sure she is seeing what she thinks she sees, from her POV there is DINKY THOMPSON (30ish, proudly and outlandishly quirky) sitting on an overturned waste can, sorting through a pile of odd cut-offs of wood pieces. He's wearing a replica Viking warrior helmet, with an exaggerated pointed nose guard and giant openings for his eyes.

She turns and looks in the corner where MATEO GARCIA (25, latino, sometimes misunderstands English euphemisms) is using a hedge clipper to cut through duct tape that has been strung in a basketweave across the top of a laundry basket. When his clipping finally creates an opening, he reaches through and pulls out a guinea pig and holds it up in triumph.

On the other side of the room, Kylie spots GRANT HOLMES (26, raised in a wealthy family but defies them by being a struggling artist who works in maintenance for his day job) eagerly rearranging the pinned notices on a cork board into an artistic display, folding the notices into shapes that will complement the picture.

Kylie gapes open mouthed at her surroundings and the odd characters she sees, and finally turns her attention back to Buzz.

KYLIE (CONT'D)
Wait. No. This is great. This is
... interesting. I'm staying.

In the background, Cody Skjei is walking out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

Buzz is officially introducing Kylie to her new co-workers. Dinky still wears the Viking helmet with face shield, Mateo has the guinea pig on his shoulder, and Grant is listening, but still kind of fiddling with his folded paper art project.

Rachel stands next to Buzz in her role as second-in-command.

BUZZ
I'm happy to announce our fourth
new-hire, Kylie Daniels. She comes
to us from ... the psychology
department ...

He can't believe he just said that.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
... and has honed her repair skills
from years of helping her dad in
his shop.

He smiles at the group, but his smile registers a slight tic. He turns to Kylie.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
Welcome Kylie. You've already met
Rachel, and these three will be the
primary team you'll be working
with. Dinky Thompson ...

Dinky raises his hand.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
... has been here the longest of
this group. Almost a month.

Buzz's heart is breaking just a little as he speaks.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
Grant and Mateo ...

They both raise their hands and waive at Kylie.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
... just got here last Tuesday.

KYLIE
Wow, everyone is new?

BUZZ
We've had some retirements recently. We'll train you all in, but I expect you to do some work by yourself, even if it means turning to YouTube to find out how to fix things. Rachel and I run a well-oiled ship here...

RACHEL
Used to.

BUZZ
... so we expect a lot from all of you. Building and Maintenance is an exciting place to work ...

The newbies all look a bit skeptical. Mateo points at Kylie.

MATEO
You've got something stuck in your hair.

BUZZ
... and I think you'll find the work very rewarding.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGE OF SCENES. LATER THAT WEEK.

The soundtrack of Dolly Parton's "9 to 5" overlays the scenes in which Buzz is working with the young crew of Dinky, Grant, Mateo, and Kylie, showing them the ropes but continually having to jump in to stave off disasters:

He is hit in the side of the face by a blast of water from a pipe that Dinky has a wrench around.

He dodges chunks of a drop ceiling that Kylie is rooting around in while standing on a ladder. Kylie has something different wedged into her hair.

He watches with an unbelieving eye and just dying to intercede as Dinky creates an entire row of bent nails in a board before the hammer finally brings one home.

He seems pleased with Grant, who is deftly carrying a stack of four six-foot 2 by 4's along the outside of a building, but his face changes when Grant turns to watch the antics of a squirrel and sends the back-end of his stack of wood through a window.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAM WORKROOM. JUST AFTER THE LAST SCENE FROM THE MONTAGE.

Buzz walks into the workroom, worn-out, angry, splattered with all kinds of things. He's using a rag to wipe off his hands. The four newbies file in behind him and sullenly go off to their corners. Rachel watches the group walk in.

BUZZ
(Quietly. To Rachel)
We gotta get those retirees back.

Rachel snorts.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
What? Maybe if we can get some kind of a re-signing bonus for them.

Rachel points to a spot on Buzz's cheek where something wet and goopy has landed.

RACHEL
You've got a little...

She points to the same spot on her own cheek. He frowns, confused. The goopy spot stays.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Look, none of them are coming back. Remember they all retired en masse, and walked out the door singing! They and their significant others are all on a Mediterranean cruise right now.

Buzz is startled.

BUZZ

Together? What, did they all, like hang-out together outside of work? With the husbands and wives and everything?

Rachel looks a little uncomfortable.

RACHEL

Yeah, they all got along, you know, outside of work.

Buzz looks down at his shoes, then reluctantly back at Rachel.

BUZZ

Did you, you know...

RACHEL

(feeling a little guilty)

Yeah, Johnny and I went out with them sometimes too. But they were all older, the same age as each other, had the same interests. It makes sense that they got along so well.

Buzz looks around the room. Mateo and Grant are pretend-boxing each other and faking big hits to the gut and face. Kylie and Dinky are sitting in chairs with their feet up on a desk, picking dirt and lint off their clothes and flinging it at each other.

BUZZ

So I guess we're stuck. With these completely, 100% unqualified idiots.

Rachel looks around the room and smiles.

RACHEL

Think of them as blank globs of clay. You can start molding them into anything you want. Teach them!

BUZZ

Besides insulting blank globs of clay, I hope you'll come up with some pretty good ideas. I'm going to need a lot of help.

The two of them look back at the four newbies and sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAGE IN THE CAMPUS THEATER. THE NEXT WEEK.

In the middle of a dress rehearsal for "Mary Poppins" the fly wire rigging failed during the descent of MARY POPPINS (A STUDENT ACTRESS), and the actress has been left hanging upside down, eight feet above the stage. Pantaloons are exposed and the old-time waist coat she wears has flopped down, covering her head and shoulders. She's still holding the open umbrella, dangling down toward the stage. Buzz, Kylie, Mateo and Grant are nearby, assessing the situation.

Mateo stares up at the hapless actress. Kylie is repositioning today's hair adornment.

MATEO

She should have just come in on a segueway or a hovercraft.

ACTRESS

(desperate)

Hello? My facial capillaries are exploding here. Any day now people.

Kylie's interest in the actress suddenly deepens. Mateo moves to help Grant wrestle with the ladder.

KYLIE

Are you pre-med? I've got a psychology degree myself.

There is silence for a moment from the angry Mary Poppins. She suddenly starts furiously fighting with the layers of costume that are enveloping her head and shoulders and tries to get a peek at Kylie.

ACTRESS

Wait. You've got a degree in psychology but you're working in the maintenance department at a liberal arts college? This recession is worse than I thought.

Kylie and the actress catch a snippet of a conversation between Buzz and a STUDENT STAGEHAND as they walk past them on the stage.

BUZZ

Do you keep a trampoline in your props department? Maybe kind of a back-up soft landing in case...

ACTRESS

I'm gonna die, aren't I? They're going to cut the wire, and I'm going to fall to my death.

KYLIE

(with false bravado)

No, of course not. We've got it all under control. We do this all the time.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAMPUS GROUNDS

Buzz, Kylie, Grant, and Mateo are walking back over to two parked golf-style carts. Grant and Mateo are gripping both ends of the ladder to carry it, and Kylie has a heavy tool bag slung over her shoulder. When they reach the carts Grant and Mateo begin to strap the ladder to the top of one, and Kylie slings the tool bag into the back of the other.

MATEO

Do you think she'll be okay?

BUZZ

She'll be fine. It was only eight feet.

KYLIE

It really was a perfectly executed drop and roll.

Buzz hears his phone beep and he pulls it from his pocket and puts it to his ear.

BUZZ

Whatta ya got Rachel?

He listens to the other end of the conversation.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Why? What does she want?

Buzz listens some more and then grunts and hangs up the phone.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

A black cloud just moved in.

Matteo looks up at the sky, confused.

MATEO

It's a picture-perfect day. No rain expected.

GRANT

He's talking about the Dean. "Black cloud" is code for Dean Quacko.

KYLIE

It's Gracko. Dean Gracko. Cara Gracko.

Grant just shrugs, figuring he got it right.

MATEO

Why is she a black cloud? She usually wears more blues and greens?

BUZZ

You know when you're having a perfect day, with maybe plans for swimming, or a picnic, and then the whole thing is ruined when a black cloud moves in?

MATEO

Probably some kind of high pressure system coming from the west.

GRANT

He means that Dean Quacko...

He looks at Kylie to see if she'll object. She just shakes her head.

GRANT (CONT'D)

... is LIKE a black cloud. She could ruin the best of days. And this has really been - except for Mary Poppins having to execute a drop and roll in that ridiculous costume - a pretty good day.

Mateo cocks his head, getting it.

BUZZ

(lost in his own thoughts,
oblivious to their
chatter)

Make sure the ladder's strapped on tight Smooth. Let's head back to the shop.

His face registers irritation.

Mateo whispers to Grant.

MATEO

I keep forgetting which one of us
he calls "Smooth."

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAM WORKROOM. SAME TIME.

Rachel is standing over Dinky, who is intent on moving files
around in a file drawer.

RACHEL

What are you working on, Dinky?

DINKY

I'm rearranging the files. You have
a very odd system and I'm making it
easier.

Rachel sets down the rail and stile she has clamped together,
and peers more closely at what he is doing.

RACHEL

What do you mean? It's alphabetical
by the location of the work order.
People have been using the alphabet
for, I don't know, a crapload of
years.

Dinky looks up at her, adjusting his metal Viking facemask so
the holes line up with his eyes again.

DINKY

There is no excitement here. No
honor or legacy. It's so mundane.

RACHEL

So what's your grand plan to make
this file cabinet full of
excitement and larceny?

DINKY

Legacy. I'm rearranging them so
that the first letters spell out
the name HARALD FAIRHAIR, the first
king of Norway and, I might add, a
man of steel.

RACHEL

If I give you some of my fresh
baked chocolate chip cookies will
you stop and put them all back the
way they were?

Dinky considers for a minute, but then shakes his head.

DINKY

Since the beginning of time, women
have tried to intoxicate men with
food. I won't succumb.

RACHEL

Well you're going to run into
trouble pretty soon with a lot of
leftover files that start with
letters that Mr. Fairhair didn't
have in his name.

DINKY

I have a plan, and you'll thank me
later.

RACHEL

You DO know I'm your boss, right
Dinky?

Dinky nods, intent on what he's doing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got more boards to glue
up.

The door opens and Buzz and his three trainees come into the
shop.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I didn't even hear you drive up.

BUZZ

(snorting)

That's what I love about the
electric carts. Stealth mode.

RACHEL

How is Mary Poppins? Did you save
her?

BUZZ

She's alive. Said something about
stuff exploding on her face.

Kylie, Grant and Mateo have become curious about what Dinky is doing. Buzz turns to the break room.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM. SECONDS LATER.

Buzz heads to the coffee maker and stops, perplexed at the small Hindu statuette with 18 arms, sitting on the counter. Each of the statue's hands holds a packet of artificial sweetener. With eyes still staring at the odd statuette, he reaches into the cupboard for a coffee cup.

BUZZ
(yelling)
Rachel!

Rachel bounds into the room, fearful there had been some accident.

RACHEL
What?

Buzz points to the statuette.

BUZZ
What is this? And why is she
holding my sugar packets?

RACHEL
(shrugging)
I'm not sure. It was here when I
came in this morning? Didn't you
see it when you first got here?

BUZZ
I sent Smooth in to get my coffee
this morning. I was carrying that
box of five-gauge wire, remember?

RACHEL
Not really. I forgot to take notes.
And which new one is Smooth again?

Buzz is already on to another subject. Takes a sip of his coffee.

BUZZ
Now what are we going to do about
that call from the Dean?
(MORE)

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Is there a chance we can invent a time machine and trip her on the day she interviewed for the job?

RACHEL

Don't go bringing that bad karma into my place of work. I'm going to have to get the cards out and see what kind of damage you brought in.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LATER THAT SAME DAY

The door to the workroom opens and DEAN CARA GRACKO (mid 40s, dressed to the nines, but lips curled up like an angry raccoon) has graced BAM with her presence. She stops to adjust her clothes and spots the poster of the wombat.

CARA
(under her breath)
Hate that thing.

She makes a show of how hard she has to work to push a wheeled cart with a very large box on it and rolls it right up to Buzz, busy at a workbench where a bent piece of metal is held steady in a vice. Buzz, looks at his watch. The others at various places in the shop watch Cara's entrance with curiosity.

BUZZ
(surprised)
I thought we were meeting in your office, in an hour.

CARA
Change of plans. This monstrosity arrived for you. From something called the Zillow Manufacturing Corporation.

Buzz takes a look at the label and smiles.

BUZZ
Wonderful. I've been waiting for this.

CARA
May we meet in your office Mr. Marschall? This isn't for just anyone's ears.

She looks around at the curious BAM crew, who immediately pretend to be working hard on something.

Buzz nods, and points to a closed door at the back of the workroom.

He pushes the cart with the box on it and parks it outside of his office door. When he opens the door, Cara walks in.

FROM THE INTERIOR OF BUZZ'S OFFICE:

Gracko has a shocked look on her face. Unlike the dirty, busy, hectic workroom, Buzz's office is pristine, and finely decorated. A sign on the wall reads:

WE BUILD IT

WE CLEAN IT

CUSTODIANS UNITED

Cara looks around at a wall of awards and certificates, framed and nicely displayed. One has a blue ribbon next to a miniature mop under the heading of "BEST IN SHOW: MAINTENANCE AND CUSTODIAL CONFERENCE 2018.

Buzz's desk is clear of everything except a framed picture in one corner, and a mini toilet in another corner which is being used as a pen holder. Cara is staring at the wall.

CARA

Wow, I didn't expect...

BUZZ

I take my job very seriously, Dean Gracko. I've been attending these conferences for years and have been nominated for a leadership position for next year.

CARA

Well, I ... They have conferences? Are there that many new mops and hammers to showcase every year? What exactly does someone in a leadership position do?

BUZZ

(his left eyelid starting to lower, sarcasm heavy)
Show everyone how to use the new mops and hammers.

She doesn't understand sarcasm, and returns to the reason for her visit.

CARA

That box, out there, which weighs about five hundred pounds... how is it that you came to order something that big without going through the purchase authorization process? You know I've been talking about how bloated the maintenance budget has become.

BUZZ

It wasn't a purchase order. I watched a demonstration from the Zillow Company at the last conference and offered Westmore to be a test center. It's a new product and they wanted some beta testing on it so they can have testimonials in their new marketing campaign. I think this could cut the time it takes us to clean the floors around the campus by half ... or more.

Cara isn't going to let that explanation stop her main message.

CARA

The bottom line is that YOUR department's bottom line is getting worrisome. You've got to figure out a way to rein-in expenses, or we're going to have to do some major cutting.

BUZZ

We just had four twenty-plus-year workers retire and have replaced them with much cheaper idiots. How is that for reining in the budget? And registering our department for this kind of beta testing could save us thousands of dollars over time.

CARA

First of all, employees are in an entirely different budget, managed by our CFO. I'm talking about the overall budget you use to equip and supply this ...

She looks around at the workshop she can see from his doorway.

CARA (CONT'D)

... enormous workroom, full of all kinds of ... things.

BUZZ

Like tools, and replacement parts, and cleaning equipment? You seem to think this workshop is some kind of lap of luxury, when it's actually a little bit more like a gallbladder of bile.

CARA

That doesn't make any sense.

BUZZ

Either does expecting my department to work at the same level of efficiency after four of my best people just retired. It's going to take a while to get back to that same level of productivity.

CARA

You're hired to fix things, Mr. Marschall. Fix your department.

She turns and smacks into the Zillow box. Everyone in the room pretends not to notice, but they do a poor job of the pretense.

When she leaves and the workroom door shuts behind Cara Gracko, Buzz is looking at a text on his phone and addresses his idle crew.

BUZZ

We just got a text that some kid vomited on the first floor of Laird Hall. You four get this thing out of the box and take it over there to clean it up. The beta testing begins!

The faces of the crew show their lack of enthusiasm for the assigned vomit duty, but they begin to open the box.

CUT TO:

INT. A HALF HOUR LATER. LAIRD HALL.

Grant, Mateo, Kylie and Dinky have found the spot where a kid had vomited. The looks on their faces reflect the smell that greets them. Someone had placed chairs around the mess to keep people from stepping in it.

The crew has brought the large cleaning machine, now out of the box, on the same wheeled cart, and they work together to lift it down. It looks like an industrial-sized Roomba. Kylie moves the chairs out of the way, while Mateo gives one last look at the instructions.

MATEO

Seems pretty simple. Once on the floor, turn it on and it will begin by going straight forward. Let's just aim it right at that pile of chunks and grossness.

DINKY

Aren't we supposed to sprinkle that sawdust stuff on it, to sop up most of the wetness?

GRANT

(shrugging)

I don't know. Is this thing designed more for dry cleaning or wet?

He looks over Mateo's shoulder to try to read the instructions.

KYLIE

Let's sprinkle it on. It'll make it more like it's vacuuming up a pile of wet leaves.

MATEO

Really? Wet leaves? More like wet dung.

Everyone's faces cringe at the remark.

GRANT

Smells worse than dung if you ask me. What did this kid eat?

KYLIE

Don't talk about eating. Yack!

Dinky has grabbed the box of sawdust and sprinkles a generous portion over the entire mess. Pleased with his work, he looks at his co-workers for their praise, but doesn't notice that he has just stepped in a corner of the splatter of vomit.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Oh geez, Dinky. You stepped ... Oh god, go the other way, don't come over here.

Dinky lifts his foot and examines the bottom of his shoe. He walks to the other side of the mess, and by now a handful of STUDENTS have started to gather, eager to watch the "show."

Mateo tucks the instructions into his pocket and steps up to the machine.

MATEO

All right, Godzillow. Here you go.

His co-workers chuckle at "Godzillow."

Mateo pushes start, and as a light comes on at the top of the machine, he riffs on a line from "Nessun Dorma" from Puccini's Turandot.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(in his amateur tenor voice)
Vanish, oh night! Set stars! At dawn, I will win! I will win! I will win!

KYLIE

Opera, Mateo? I had no idea.

MATEO

Just a hobby. I also play guitar.

DINKY

I call a concert in the workroom when we get back!

A quiet whirring sound begins, and the machine slowly rolls toward the mess.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAM WORKROOM. SAME TIME.

Buzz and Rachel are lifting a large picture, with a broken picture frame, onto a work table where Rachel is setting up to do some repairs.

RACHEL

I wonder how that machine is doing.
It could end up making our lives a
whole lot easier.

Buzz looks over his shoulder, as if he can see across campus at what they are doing.

BUZZ

I probably should have gone to
supervise.

CUT TO:

INT. LAIRD HALL. SAME TIME.

The machine has reached the pile of vomit with the hefty layer of sawdust on it. Watching the action are the BAM crew and a growing crowd of curious students. As soon as the machine begins its action, it lifts up at the front a bit, like an animal opening its mouth wide for the big kill. As it sets down and continues working on the mess, the quiet hum has gotten louder, and pretty soon reaches a loud moaning sound.

Everyone looking on is well-pleased by how this is going.

Pretty soon, however, bits and pieces of the vomit are starting to come out from the bottom of the machine. The crew starts to look a little worried.

All of a sudden, without warning, massive gobs of the vomit/sawdust mixture start to fly out from the gobbling machine, and it's hitting the spectators and the walls. Reactions are swift and obvious. Everyone puts up their hands to try to block the barrage. The student spectators, now already sporting gobs of vomit all over them, have scattered, screaming down the hallway. The BAM crew does the best they can to cover their faces while they all make a move to get to the machine to turn it off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAM WORKROOM. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

The doors open and Grant, Mateo, Kylie and Dinky enter, pushing the cart with the Godzillow on top. They're all covered with vomit, as is the machine. Kylie is gingerly holding that day's hair adornment, which is probably doomed to be tossed in the garbage. Grant offers a quick summary and assessment to the gape-mouthed Buzz and Rachel.

GRANT

It isn't made for things with chunks in it, and we're going to have to take the whole thing apart to clean it.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAM BUILDING. TEN MINUTES LATER.

Buzz is manning a hose with the water on full blast, and one by one hosing off the crew and the machine. The hose is powerful, and they all need to kind of lean in to take the blasts. At one point Dinky is blown right off his feet. When they're finally soaking wet and free of vomit, Buzz shuts off the hose and leads them all back inside.

They leave the Godzillow outside on the grass.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. A SCIENCE LAB ON CAMPUS. ANOTHER DAY.

Buzz, Kylie and Mateo are in the lab, talking to DR. BASIL WITHERS (60 years old, Professor of Anatomy and looks exactly like a Professor of Anatomy). Buzz is holding the hand of a skeleton, not attached to anything, and there is a piece of paper stuck between the skeleton's fingers. In the background, Mateo leans on a counter and accidentally bumps a glass container containing some kind of mass of tissue. Maybe a liver. He catches it before it tips over, but a little of the liquid sloshes over the edge. He deftly pulls a discarded rubber glove from the counter and uses it to cover his mess. No one else has noticed.

BUZZ

So you're saying that someone stole a cadaver? Some kind of hijinks?

MATEO

What's a hijink?

No one answers him.

WITHERS

Not a cadaver. A skeleton. A life-sized, fully-articulated, synthetic human skeleton, now missing a hand. And I don't know if someone stole it, but it's missing.

BUZZ

What's this paper?

He points to the paper stuck between the skeleton's fingers.

WITHERS

I think it's our first clue. And I suspect I know the culprits.

He pulls the note from the fingers while he talks.

WITHERS (CONT'D)

Two practical jokers are taking this class just to get some science credits, and they spend most of the time drawing crude pictures in their notebooks and conspiring.

BUZZ

Conspiring?

WITHERS

Well, it always seems that way. I have no doubt that they're the ones who took the skeleton and left the note. I already read it before I called you. It says ...

He reopens the note.

WITHERS (CONT'D)

(reading)

"I've left for a dance party, but left something behind in case you needed a hand with your next class."

Withers looks up at Buzz. Stone faced.

WITHERS (CONT'D)

Exactly their sense of humor.

Buzz sighs and turns to Mateo and Kylie.

BUZZ

Find out where these two are living and call their dorm. Let's see if we can track them down.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK IN THE WORKROOM. SAME TIME.

Grant and Dinky are moving a bunch of tools onto a new set of steel shelves, completing a task that was clearly ordered by Buzz before he left.

Rachel has set up a painting surface, and applying blue paint to a blank 20" x 20" piece of paneled wood, starting the work to make a sign. Distracted by watching Grant and Dinky's progress, she tips over a small can of red paint that splashes onto the wood.

RACHEL

Oh fer ... You're kidding me.
Shi...

She looks up at Grant and Dinky, her mom mode kicking in, and makes a quick substitution on the fly.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Shi... ver me timbers. What a mess.

CUT TO:

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM DOORS IN THE MUSIC CENTER.
TEN MINUTES LATER.

Buzz and Mateo and Kylie are just outside the closed doors, standing in front of a sign that announces that Dean Cara Gracko is speaking to the parents of prospective students.

MATEO

The floor RA said that these guys talked about coming to this presentation, although she thought it was weird because they're sophomores, not prospective students.

KYLIE

She said they're always tinkering with different gizmos, trying to build a robot. She added that they're good guys, but just can't help themselves with pranks.

BUZZ

And now one of their pranks is forcing us to listen to Gracko babble on.

He shakes his head and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM. SAME TIME

Rachel has grabbed a rag and is trying to rub the spilled paint from the sign, but only succeeds in smearing it all over and making a mess. Grant and Dinky come over to see if they can help.

DINKY

That suck... that's a shame. I did something like that last night, but it was Dr. Pepper on a rug. Which I put in the wash.

Grant can sense that Dinky's comment isn't helpful.

GRANT

Here, let me see what I can do.

He moves in and picks up the brush from the table where Rachel had set it down.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Dinky, put on some music. It's party time.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT THE AUDITORIUM. SAME TIME.

BUZZ

Time to go in and see if she's come to the part about how important she is to the school.

The three quietly slip into the back of the auditorium where indeed Dean Gracko is telling a roomful of parents how important she is to the school.

CARA

(from the stage)

And I will personally watch over your students, the joys of your lives, and keep them on track to study hard, and be good students. Here, at Westmore, we pride ourselves on our serious focus on academics, always keeping our eye on the development of those young people that you have entrusted in our care.

At that moment the microphone cuts out and bouncy music starts up, startling Cara because this is not part of her presentation. Taco's cover of "Puttin' on the Ritz" overlays the scene.

As the music plays, the back curtain parts slightly, and the missing skeleton, affixed to a rolling cart propelled by a motor, comes rolling out. The skeleton's head, arms and legs are attached to cables, which are attached to the motor, and make the body parts move and "dance" to the continuing music.

Murmurs start in the audience. Cara taps on the microphone, which is dead, trying to regain control.

In the back of the room, Buzz can't suppress a smile, and Kylie and Mateo are dancing to the music.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK IN THE WORKROOM. SAME TIME.

Oddly, the music that Dinky put on in the workroom is also Taco's "Puttin' on the Ritz" and Rachel and Dinky stand aside while Grant goes into painter mode, and uses the brush to energetically apply paint to the board.

GRANT
(to Rachel)
Do you have any white?

She nods her head and heads to a shelf, grabbing a small can of white paint, shaking it as she heads back.

DINKY
I bet he's painting an American flag.

RACHEL
(all caught up in the mystery)
I don't want to see it until it's done.

Grant is all tuned in to his painting. Rachel starts to dance to Taco, and Dinky awkwardly tries to join in.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SIDEWALK ON THE CAMPUS.

Mateo has a hold on the rolling cart that holds the Skeleton, and he, Buzz and Kylie are walking back to the anatomy lab.

BUZZ
I'm praying that someone in the audience took a picture, or a video. The look on her face...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAM WORKROOM. LATER.

Buzz, Kylie and Mateo come into the workroom and are surprised to hear raucous laughter.

On the workbench is Grant's finished painting on wood - a scene of a snow-covered garden, a beautiful blue sky, and a cardinal perched on a bare tree that is blue tinted because of the way the late winter sun bounces off the snow.

This painting will turn up in the breakroom for the next episode and remain there.

The laughter we hear is coming from Rachel, Dinky and Grant. With the "Grant Original" painting done, Dinky has struck a deadman's pose on the concrete floor, his arms and legs all akimbo, and Grant is drawing the outline around him with red paint. He has added a long, bushy tail where Dinky's rear end is.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WORKROOM. END OF THE DAY.

The BAM crew is leaving for the day, and Rachel has stayed behind to talk to Buzz. She finds him in his office, looking at the picture on his desk. She smiles and comes up behind him.

RACHEL
I miss Sarah too.

Buzz turns to her with a smile. He looks back at the picture which is of his late wife and kids when the boys were teens.

BUZZ
She was everything to me. She's what held everything together in the household.

RACHEL
You did pretty good yourself. Got them through high school and college on your own. How are they doing?

BUZZ
Doing great. Matt has settled in to Seattle as if he owns the joint, and Joey looks like he's found everything he wants in Duluth. Gives me two great places to visit when I take a vacation.

Rachel snorts.

RACHEL

Vacation? You sure you know what
that word means?

Buzz shrugs.

BUZZ

Next year's Maintenance and
Custodial Conference will be in
Duluth. Maybe I'll meet the new
girlfriend. Do a little fishing.

RACHEL

What did you finally do with
Godzillow, by the way? It's not out
on the grass in back anymore.

Buzz sets the photo back on the shelf, making sure it's
facing exactly the right way.

BUZZ

A thousand years from now, when
someone is doing an archeological
dig of this place, they're going to
make up all kinds of stories about
what kind of culture buries its
cleaning machines.

As they walk out of the workroom, careful to walk around the
outline of Dinky on the floor, Buzz turns off the lights and
opens the door for Rachel.

END OF ACT III

WESTMORE WOMBATS PILOT, CREATED BY LYNN GARTHWAITE