

LITTLE WONDER

Original Feature Length Screenplay

Written by

Breeze Vincinz

© Breeze Vincinz

www.littlewondermovie.com
info@breezelovesoul.com
323.327.8816

LWONDER Writers Rev 7-6-22
Registered With the
Writers Guild of America (w)

LITTLE WONDER

FADE IN:

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

WE SEE a sparsely decorated bedroom in a dull gray and white monochrome color scheme. An alarm sounds next to a queen-sized bed where an enormous man sleeps; his feet extend past the edge of the bed.

RASHAAN PAUL (African American, '30s, handsome, muscular, gargantuan sized, around seven tall) reaches his colossal paw over to silence the alarm. He groggily lifts himself out of bed.

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan showers, and the showerhead barely reaches his throat. He awkwardly hunches over for the water to cover his body.

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

All of the furniture, appliances, and dishes in his sparse dull gray and white monochrome kitchen are dwarfed by his humungous size.

He quietly sips his coffee and eats dry toast.

INT. CHICAGO CTA TRAIN CAR - DAY

Rashaan stands in the middle of a claustrophobic and crowded train car. His head uncomfortably titled at the top of the train car. He is dressed in a pale blue polo shirt and dark gray slacks.

When the train stops, he awkwardly and methodically pushes through the crowd to get to the open doors. The crowd is hostile and verbally taunts his large size.

EXT. CHICAGO CTA TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan exits the car with the passengers still angrily cursing him. The door closes.

RASHAAN
(softly)
I'm sorry.

EXT. CHICAGO LEGAL COPIES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan walks through the front doors of a skyscraper.

WE SEE "Chicago Legal Copies - 30th Floor" on the list of companies displayed in the lobby's display case.

INT. CHICAGO LEGAL COPIES - COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan exits the elevator and walks directly onto the production floor, where dozens of industrial-sized copy machines are neatly and strategically placed throughout the floor.

Emotionless workers, all dressed in pale blue polo shirts and dark gray slacks, stand in front of each copier with banker boxes filled with documents beside them. They dispassionately take documents of different sizes and colors (e.g., business cards, receipts, books, magazines), place them on the glass of the copy machine and copy them with a blinding flash.

Rashaan walks to his copy machine and begins to copy his banker box full of documents within the dreary, dull blue and grey monochrome office floor illuminated by unflattering overhead fluorescent lights.

Across from him, ANDRÉ FLOWERS ('70s, French American, frail) struggles to lift an encyclopedic-sized book onto his machine. He wears a simple silver Star of David necklace around his neck. The book falls to the ground.

Rashaan easily grabs one of his banker boxes filled with receipts and carries them over to André. He picks the book off the floor, places it on top of André's banker box, then walks back to his workstation with it and begins copying its contents.

ANDRÉ
(grateful)
Merci.

Rashaan bashfully smiles. MR. BIGG ('50s, Caucasian, heavy set wearing an unnatural-looking oversized toupee) casually walks past the two, angrily glowers at them, then continues walking.

André sticks out his tongue at Mr. Bigg when he leaves. Rashaan quietly laughs.

EXT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Rashaan appears tired and worn out as he approaches his mailbox and removes random bills and letters.

On the door of his unit is a handwritten note, "YOUR RENT IS PAST DUE!" Frustrated, he grabs the note from the door.

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan sits at his kitchen table, opening the bills and letters while eating a bowl of soup. The note sits neatly crumpled on the table nearby.

He opens one letter, and a photograph slips onto the table. It is a picture of a SARA SAINT LAWRENCE-PEQUEÑO (30's, Caucasian, blonde, conventionally attractive); in the picture, she appears beautiful and statuesque and wears a brightly colored sparkling acrobat uniform.

Rashaan looks bemused.

SARA (V.O.)

(excited and sensual)

Hey Honey Bunny! Long time no hear!
I know I haven't reached out to you
in forever but blame my head and
not my heart. I have not forgotten
you. I hope you haven't forgotten
me. What has it been over a decade
since we bumped into each other at
that community college? We were
best friends! 'The Blonde' and 'The
Giant' they used to call us. I
wound up coming back to the
circus!"

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Intrigued, Rashaan sits in bed, looks at Sara's picture, and reads the letter.

SARA (V.O.)

(excited and sensual)

I think you were studying theatre
at the time? This is the only
address I have for you. I hope this
letter is being forwarded to your
new address in Los Angeles because
you're now a big-time stuntman or
actor!

INT. CHICAGO LEGAL COPIES - CAFETERIA - DAY

Rashaan shows Sara's picture to André, who appears pleased at her appearance.

SARA (V.O.)
 (excited and sensual)
 If that's the case, you should come
 and see us! We're on the West Coast
 now! Even if you're not, you should
 come out. Rashaan, as you know, the
 world is beautiful. There is so
 much of it, and there is so much to
 see!

ANDRÉ
 Elle est une tomate chaude!

Caption: She's one hot tomato!

RASHAAN
 Je me souviens à peine d'elle.
 C'était il y a très longtemps.

Caption: I barely remember her. That was a long time ago.

ANDRÉ
 Eh bien, le temps a certainement
 été bon pour elle. Tu devrais aller
 la voir !

Caption: Well, time has certainly been kind to her. You
 should go see her!

RASHAAN
 Depuis que mon colocataire est
 parti, j'ai beaucoup de retard sur
 mes factures. De plus, M. Bigg
 n'approuvera jamais aucun congé.

Caption: Since my roommate left, I am way behind on my bills.
 Besides, Mr. Bigg will never approve any time off.

ANDRÉ
 Eh bien, il ferait mieux
 d'approuver MA demande le mois
 prochain pour rentrer chez lui ! Je
 vois mon fils venir en enfer ou en
 crue.

Caption: Well, he better approve MY request to go back home
 next month! I'm seeing my son come hell or high water.

RASHAAN
 J'aimerais pouvoir venir avec toi.
 Je n'ai jamais été en France. J'ai
 toujours voulu y aller.

Caption: I wish I could go with you. Never been to France.
 Always wanted to go.

ANDRÉ

Elle a raison Rashaan. C'est un
beau monde là-bas.

Caption: She does have a point, Rashaan. It is a beautiful world out there.

Rashaan looks off into space, bashful and fearful.

EXT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Rashaan retrieves the mail from his mailbox. He sees another note on his door, "Rent!" Frustrated, he removes the note from the door.

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rashaan sits in bed and reads Sara's newest letter. Her latest picture shows her even more beautiful in an even more lavish and colorful outfit.

SARA (V.O.)

Honey Bunny. If you're wondering, yes, I am bugging you. I need you! You have always been the yin to my yang. These years have definitely changed me, so I know they have changed you.

WE SEE Sara's image become animated and speak directly to Rashaan within the photograph.

SARA

You have an open invention here at the circus. You will always have family here. There will always be a place for you here. I will always share my life with you here.

INT. CHICAGO LEGAL COPIES - COPY ROOM - DAY

Rashaan places a banker's box full of documents next to André's copy machine and then shows him Sara's latest picture.

André gives an excited whistle and then playfully shakes his hand as if it is on fire.

ANDRÉ

Elle est chaude! Tu dois aller demander un congé mec ! Faites pousser des boules !

Caption: She is hot! You have to go and ask for time off, man! Grow some balls!

He nods to Mr. Biggs's office, where he is sitting and diligently typing into his computer.

André gives Rashaan a fatherly look and then points at the office.

Rashaan meekly grabs the picture from André and then sheepishly walks toward the office. He stops midway to turn and gives a look of helplessness to André, who only stomps his foot and points more steadily to the office. Rashaan continues his trek.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)
(under his breathe)
Suit toujours ton coeur.

Caption: Always follow your heart.

INT. CHICAGO LEGAL COPIES - MR. BIGGS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan timidly walks into Mr. Biggs's sterile and cold office.

RASHAAN
(reticent)
Mr. Bigg?

Preoccupied, Mr. Bigg continues to stare at his computer screen and does not bother to look at Rashaan while speaking. His toupee, large and hovering overhead like a helmet.

MR. BIGG
(irritated)
What is it 352A?

RASHAAN
I would like to request some time off.

MR. BIGG
(coldly)
Absolutely not.

RASHAAN
(meekly)
I know the protocol, but I have been working here for five years now and never requested time off.

MR. BIGG

If you know the protocol, then you know that when I first gave you your schedule five years ago, I told you that it would be the same schedule two, ten, twenty years from the day you got hired. No change. No days off. That's a privilege we can not afford here.

RASHAAN

I know, sir, but I have worked through five Thanksgivings and five Christmases. I have yet to take a day off. I just need a couple of days. I was hoping maybe-

Mr. Big finally looks up from his computer screen to give his undivided attention to Rashaan.

MR. BIGG

(irritated, annoyed)

You were hoping what? You'd get special treatment? I would go against protocol? For you? I know you are especially close to the old man 352A, but do not let him fill your head with any silly ideas. I know he thinks he is going on vacation next month, but there is no way he is. No more than you are. Regardless of whether you're here for two, ten, or twenty years, you have the same schedule period.

Mr. Bigg returns his attention to his computer screen.

RASHAAN

(hesitantly)

But I just need-

MR. BIGG

(cold)

Period.

EXT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Rashaan retrieves the mail from his mailbox. There is an official "Eviction Notice" on his door.

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - FRONT DOOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan enters his darkened townhouse and flicks on a lamp. Nothing happens. He goes to a switch on his wall. Nothing happens.

RASHAAN
(exasperated)
Great.

INT. RASHAAN'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Several lit candles are strategically placed around Rashaan's bedroom. One is near his nightstand and illuminates Sara's latest letter and photograph. Sara's image again is animated as she speaks directly to Rashaan from the photograph.

SARA (V.O.)

(unsteady)

I have to be honest with you, Honey Bunny, our circus, our home, we're in trouble. It's no guarantee, but our parent company's board of directors are coming to visit and reevaluate our little shindig here. The scuttlebutt is that they just don't think circuses are profitable anymore. Not in today's world, with all of these technological advances to waste time, no one wants to waste time in 'real-life.' And if you're not spending time in 'real-life,' you're not spending money in 'real life.

INT. CHICAGO CTA TRAIN CAR - DAY

Rashaan again stands in the middle of a claustrophobic and crowded train car. His head uncomfortably titled at the top of the train car. He holds the ceiling with one hand to balance himself and Sara's letter in the other. It's thundering and raining outside of the train car.

SARA (V.O.)

So there you have it. My intentions were not completely altruistic. It's a long shot, but I have a plan to save my little family here. And it does include you; if you're up for a little adventure, a little change. I can only imagine the fast-paced and rewarding life you must be leading now, but if you can find it in your heart to JOIN us, just for a little while, maybe, JUST maybe, we can all have a little fun! That is if you're up to it.

(giggles)

Help me, Obi Wan Kenobi! You're my only hope!

A loud crash of thunder explodes as the speeding train hits a curve and knocks Rashaan off balance and onto the unsuspecting people standing behind him. They all fall to the floor. Angry curses and exasperations are heard.

RASHAAN (O.S.)
 (desperate, yelling)
 I'm sorry!

INT. CHICAGO LEGAL COPIES - COPY ROOM - DAY

Rashaan exits the elevator and hurriedly comes to the production floor with the other workers. He is wet and irritated.

He walks over to his copy machine and notices that André is not at his copy machine across from him.

Mr. Bigg walks over to Rashaan and pats him on his back.

MR. BIGG
 Well! Nice of you to join us 352A!

RASHAAN
 (distracted, annoyed)
 I know I'm late, sir, the weather and all. While you're here, I was wondering if I could maybe get an advance on my next paycheck. I find myself in a little bit of trouble-

MR. BIGG
 Well, as it turns out, I have good news and bad news for you in that area! Bad news, no, of course... I can't give you an advance. Good news, you can take on some extra shifts since 'Frenchie' over there is not coming back.

RASHAAN
 (shocked)
 André? What happened to André?

MR. BIGG
 (amused)
 Kicked the bucket. Took a dirt nap. Gone to the great Eiffel Tower in the sky.

RASHAAN
 What? He passed away? When?

MR. BIGG
 (patronizing, cruel)
 He didn't "pass away";
 (MORE)

MR. BIGG (CONT'D)
 he "died!" Last night in his sleep.
 I think he was expecting it. Old
 people tend to gauge these things
 pretty well. The coroner came by.
 Said there was an envelope with
 your name on it. Didn't know who he
 was talking about at first.

Mr. Bigg gives the envelope to Rashaan, who opens it and
 retrieves André's Star of David necklace.

MR. BIGG (CONT'D)
 (amused)
 I've called you 352A for so long
 that I didn't know your name! But
 that's right, your name is-

Mr. Bigg's windpipe is cut off as Rashaan grabs him by the
 throat with one hand and slowly lifts him off the ground.

MR. BIGG (CONT'D)
 (struggling)
 Wha-what are you doing? Ma-Ma

Other coworkers come flocking around the scene. They all seem
 delighted and intrigued as Rashaan stands with tears in his
 eyes, holding their boss by the neck above the ground with
 one hand.

COWORKER #1
 (excited)
 Don't call for your mother now, you
 snide sonofabitch!

MR. BIGG
 (struggling)
 Ma- Ma-

RASHAAN
 (sad, angry)
 352A! That's what you always call
 me! Right!

He shakes Mr. Bigg in mid-air, struggling to breathe even
 more.

COWORKER #1
 He's going to kill him!

The rest of the coworkers cheer and yell in appreciation.

Another coworker approaches Rashaan sympathetically.

COWORKER #2
 (softly)
 Enough. Enough. You've proved your
 point.

Rashaan looks down and, for a second, sees André in the coworker's space. He blinks his eyes and sees the coworker again.

MR. BIGG
(struggling, crying)
Put... me... down

RASHAAN
(eyes filled with tears)
I ought to rip that darn rug off
your head!

Rashaan grabs a fist full of Mr. Bigg's hair with his other hand.

COWORKER #1
(excited)
Yes!

COWORKER #2
(horrified)
No!

Rashaan lets go of Mr. Bigg's neck while holding onto Mr. Bigg's hair. Mr. Bigg gives a horrifying scream as he plummets to the floor. Rashaan still holds his hair in his hand.

COWORKER #2 (CONT'D)
(slowly)
It wasn't a toupee.

Rashaan stands with a clump of bloody hair in one hand as Mr. Bigg writhes in extreme pain on the floor, gasping for air, reaching for his neck and bloody scalp.

Rashaan stays in this position, emotionless as tears flow from his eyes. Coworker 2 rushes to aid Mr. Bigg while the other coworkers stand shocked and silent. Coworker #1 laughs uncontrollably.

RASHAAN
(dreamily)
Well, what do you know?

Someone whistles behind him, and he turns to look. It's Andre, dressed in a neat three-piece tuxedo standing in the elevator.

ANDRÉ
(happy, smiling)
Suit toujours ton coeur.

The elevator doors close.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - NIGHT

WE HEAR: "Rabbit Heart" by Florence + Machine

Less than half the seats inside of a darkened big top are filled with restless, impatient kids of all ages waving brightly colored light sticks into the air.

Suddenly a blast of pure white light fires through the darkness and inflames a silhouette of two men in the center circle.

One, MARK LITWILLER (Biracial, '30s, tall, handsome) wears a brightly colored and sparkly tuxedo with a short top hat.

The other, TOMÁS PEQUEÑO (Guatemalan, '50s, Little person), stands on top of a colorful cube dressed in an identical brightly colored and sparkly tuxedo and wears a tall top hat. He wears no shoes.

MARK
Ladies and gentlemen!

The crowd roars.

TOMÁS
The greatest show on earth is about
to begin! We have dancing girls...

A ray of lights beams onto a dozen or so beautiful women dressed in majorette garb in the circus ring to the left.

MARK
... we have dancing boys!

A ray of light beams onto a dozen or so stately men dressed in tuxedos in the circus ring to the right.

MARK (CONT'D)
We have men who'll breathe fire for
you!

SARGON (Bangladeshi, '60s, lanky) is flamboyantly dressed in East Indian attire. He walks in front of Mark and Tomás and spits a flame towards a squealing audience.

TOMÁS
WE HAVE THE GREATEST...

Sargon spits a flame to the left towards the dancing girls.

MARK
...SHOW...

Sargon spits a flame toward the dancing boys.

TOMÁS
... ON EARTH!!!

Sargon spits a flame directly above him and ignites a flammable globe that shoots sparks around the stage.

The crowd goes crazy as the lights come up to reveal a stage filled with exotically dressed men and women in different positions on top of walking elephants, jugglers tossing knives, bowling pins, and flaming bottles.

There are two acrobats swinging back and forth above the stage as clowns of every size and color jump out of cars of every size and color. A calliope plays gleefully in the background.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

A healthy number of people are outside enjoying the attractions and games. Rashaan walks through the different spectator tents strewn among the temporarily planted carnival area.

He is happy and cordial to the strangers walking past him. He gets a cone of cotton candy and walks towards the the big top entrance.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

He stands in the doorway and is so awestruck by the site he drops his cotton candy.

A lanky man with no shirt or body hair, SUTRAN (early '20s), has two 25-pound weights dangling from each of his nipples rings. He is walking across red-hot coals.

The crowd goes wild as Rashaan walks closer to the main circle.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sara is dressed in her marionette outfit. She is smoking marijuana while laying in the arms of MUSCLE MAN (late 20's, extremely muscular build, unattractive facial features). They both appear to be mellow and content.

TOMÁS (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen! The act you
have all been waiting for...

Sara leaps out of Muscle Man's arms.

SARA
(coughing)
SHIT! I'm up!!

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
CONTINUOUS

TOMÁS

There are seven wonders of the world. You are about to experience the eighth! My daughter Sara. Or better known to you as... LITTLE WONDER!!!

The crowd goes crazy as male and female acrobats enter the main circle with rapid back flips. They cross each other and stand in rehearsed Vogue-like positions as Sara flips furiously towards the middle of the stage.

Sargon spits a flame above his head as Sara flips above him, through the fire and lands in an equally well-rehearsed Vogue-like position as her tumbling counterparts.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, LITTLE WONDER!!

The small crowd is ecstatic, but their size only renders a small amount of noise. They throw flowers at her feet. She's enjoying every minute.

Muscle Man comes from behind the curtains. Sara notices Rashaan on the edge of the audience. She picks up a rose and rushes straight toward him.

She gives him the rose and kisses him deeply on the mouth as the crowd "oohs" and "aahs" then bursts into applause.

Muscle Man appears to be deeply hurt and defeated.

Mark shakes his head in disgust.

Tomás's rehearsed plastic grin dims.

Sara backflips into the center of the stage, does a somersault above Tomás's and Mark's heads, and lands on top of an elephant.

She beams an illuminating smile to the audience who has begun an enthusiastic chant of "LITTLE WONDER! LITTLE WONDER!"

MARK

(annoyed to himself)

Little wonder.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - LATER

SARA'S AND TOMÁS' POV FROM BACKSTAGE: They are watching Muscle Man lift various heavy objects to the delight of the zealous crowd. Barbells, clowns, and their cars, etc.

They both notice Rashaan watching the performance with childlike intensity.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE -
CONTINUOUS

Sara is squatting down so her head is level with Tomás'. She speaks in a lower octave with casual masculine overtones.

TOMÁS
(sensitive)
Is that him?

SARA
Yeah. That's Rashaan. He looks a little different from what I remember. But it has been around a decade now.

TOMÁS
He's big.

SARA
He needs to be. How else is he going to be our new Muscle Man?

TOMÁS
Our NEW Muscle Man? You never said anything about that, Little One?

SARA
We need to convince the investors to keep funding us. You've noticed. It's no surprise. Our attendance is down. It has been for a long time. Trust this plan I have Daddy. Rashaan, I have loved Rashaan since the first day I saw him. And he's only got better with age. Look at him! He's like a baby!

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
CONTINUOUS

SARA AND TOMÁS' POV: They glance at Rashaan, who has even more sparkles in his eyes. His clothes snug against his muscular frame.

SARA (O.S.)
A big sexy baby.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE -
CONTINUOUS

TOMÁS
I don't know, Little One...

SARA

Look, old man, do you want to win?
I thought you wanted to win! That's
what you told me! We can't do that
with 'Fugly' lifting elephants
every night! He's got the body but
my God! He has a face made for
radio!

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
CONTINUOUS

SARA AND TOMÁS' POV: They see Muscle Man cheeing and
preening the crowd while lifting barbells. They focus their
attention on PÖE PEQUEÑO (Guatemalan, '30s, athletic), the
female acrobat who flipped into Sara's intro. She stands in
a corner smoking a cigarette looking quite bored at the
Muscle Man's extravagant show.

TOMÁS (O.S.)

(melancholy)

Does your sister know of your plan?

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE -
CONTINUOUS

Sara stands to stretch her body. She towers over Tomás.

SARA

(sinister)

Pöe will do whatever I tell Pöe to
do. As will Rashaan. He's a big
man. He will hold this circus
together the way a big man should.

Tomás looks away from Sara with a look of desperation and
shame. Tomás glances blankly into the distance with tears
in his eyes.

TOMÁS

Yes. I know. Whatever you think is
best Little One. Whatever YOU think
is best.

She bends over to meet his face.

SARA

(seductively)

This is best... daddy.

TOMÁS

(sadly)

Wha-what, well... what about HIM?

He points out to Muscle Man, who is trying to lift an
elephant over his head. She slants a devilishly seductive
eye to Tomás and walks toward the man stage.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

TOMÁS' POV: Sara walks towards the main stage and walks beside Muscle Man. She sees Rashaan and slithers her way across the circus floor towards him.

Muscle Man is amazed by her sashay and almost loses his footing with the elephant.

MUSCLE MAN'S POV: She goes to Rashaan and hugs him. They have small talk while ALL of Muscle Man's attention goes to Sara.

Sara begins to flirt with Rashaan, lifting her outfit to expose a little extra thigh. She giggles and smiles and touches her breast.

Muscle Man's attention span is decreasing. Beads of sweat pour over his body.

TOMÁS' POV: Sara feigns to be feverish and begins to fan herself with her hand. She loosens up her top. Tomás's eyes widen.

MUSCLE MAN'S POV: Sara continues to fan herself. She turns her back on the crowd and the children in the crowd. She loosens her top as that devilish grin cracks over her lips. Muscle Man is now shaking under the weight.

TOMÁS' POV: She slowly undoes her top and exposes her two moist, voluptuous bare breasts. In one thrust, the elephant violently slams down upon Muscle Man as dust and dirt fly around them.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Various patrons, carnies, and carnival workers leisurely walk through the expansive carnival plot area in a rural part of the American Southwest.

Sara holds Rashaan's arm while walking with him through the spectator tents. She's wearing a light and airy sundress and a large straw hat. She is beaming and giddy. Her voice is girlish, light, and coquettish.

SARA

So you see, Rashaan, you would fit
in really great around here!

They leisurely walk past a bandaged and unconscious Muscle Man laying on a gurney which is being wheeled into an ambulance. Tomás is nearby, directing the ambulance workers.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

You should have called us sooner.

TOMÁS
I didn't think he was hurt that
bad.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
YOU DIDN'T THINK HE WAS HURT THAT
BAD?!

TOMÁS
(sadly)
He's our man of steel.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
Yeah. Okay.

The ambulance drives away. It passes Pöe and Mark on its path away from the circus. Pöe is dressed head to toe in army camouflage fatigues. She smokes cigarettes like a chimney. Mark wears his hair in a long shaggy contemporary mohawk.

MARK
(slight Southern
accent)
You know those things are going to
kill you one day.

PÖE
Could be worse. Could be smashed by
an elephant.

MARK
Did you see what happened?

PÖE
(blowing out smoke)
He was... distracted.

MARK
(smiling)
Can I get a drag?

PÖE
(flatly)
You don't smoke.

MARK
(still smiling)
I'm just trying to spend more time
with you.

Pöe rolls her eyes, blows out a puff of smoke then hands Mark a cigarette.

PÖE
(happily)
Sure! Here!

MARK

(shocked)

What? Ok!

PÖE

(exaggerated Southern
Belle accent)

Why, Mr. Tolliver! I do declare you
have finally won my girlish heart!
Why all yo' pursuing me all this
time well, what is a fine young
filly like myself to do but be
charmed by your advances!

MARK

(annoyed)

Well if you didn't want to talk.

PÖE

(blows out a puff of
smoke)

What the fuck dude!

MARK

(smiling)

I do think you're the sexiest filly
on the campgrounds.

Pöe throws her cigarette on the ground, stomps out it with
her Doc Martin boot, and begins to walk away.

PÖE

(blows out a puff of
smoke, flatly)

I got to use the bathroom and
change my plug.

Sara intercepts her with Rashaan in tow.

SARA

(annoyingly cheery
and hyper)

HEY, YOU TWO!! Look who I found!
This is the guy I've been telling
you about. Rashaan! He's going to
be the new muscle man!

MARK

(annoyed)

The tangled webs we weave. I'm
Mark. I'm the general manager here.
I'm the one who is SUPPOSED to be
notified of NEW hires... SARA!

SARA

Oh, stop acting like a fuddy-duddy
Mark!

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

We need a new muscle man, and I found one. You should be thanking me.

MARK

(ferociously)

There are many things that I want to do to you, Sara. THANKING you isn't one of them. And with the Board of Directors coming! You think any of this is going to help?

SARA

Oh, Fiddle Faddle! The BOD just wants to ensure they get an ROI this Y.E.A.R.! Muscle Shit Face wasn't cutting it, and I found my old friend Rashaan here! My BEAUTIFUL old friend!

Pöe lights another cigarette and takes a long drag while observing Rashaan's massive frame.

PÖE

(flatly)

Your dick must be HUGE.

SARA AND MARK

(in unison)

PÖE!

PÖE

(blows out smoke,
flatly)

Oh, so I was the only one thinking that. Fine. A Leader always stands alone.

MARK

(angry)

Seriously, Sara, we're already on thin ice as it is. If this circus closes down, it will be devastating! You expect the carnies and the freaks to file for unemployment insurance? What do you expect them to put down as prior work experience? Living Jellyfish and Bearded Lady?

RASHAAN

Living Jellyfish?

SARA

Pish Tosh! This circus isn't going anywhere but the top! Those mean old men don't scare us!

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

They don't scare anybody! We're all going to be fine!

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT -
CONTINUOUS

MADAME ZÖE (Korean, F, '60s) is wrapped in several brightly colored satin fabrics with one piece of fabric piled as a high turban on her head.

Her tent is illuminated only by candles and the streams of sunlight sneaking their way under her tent.

She nervously paces back and forth as Tomás calmly sits on several milk crates.

MADAME ZÖE

(nervously)

Those suits scare the shit out of me!

TOMÁS

(sadly)

They scare everyone.

MADAME ZÖE

We're all going to die!

TOMÁS

We're not going to die.

MADAME ZÖE

How do YOU know? I'm the soothsayer! If I say we die, we die!

TOMÁS

(calmly)

Do you predict that we're all going to die, Zöe?

MADAME ZÖE

Well...no. But still!

TOMÁS

But still what?

MADAME ZÖE

I just cannot go back out into the real world, okay! There are mean people out there! Mean vicious people! Who are looking for you because you owe them a few hundred thousand dollars! Hypothetically!

TOMÁS

(introspective)

Maybe it's best this place does close down. We have been doing this for a very long time. Maybe, maybe happiness is on the other side of the circus.

MADAME ZÖE

(panicked, speaking fast and furious)

There is nothing on the other side of the circus but pain and misery! Oh God, why! Why! Why!

GABRIÉLA PEQUEÑO (Guatemalan, F, '50s, little person) walks into the tent and sees Madame Zöe, who, while on her knees, gesticulates prayers to above. Tomás climbs down from his milk crate.

GABRIÉLA

(bothered)

Really? Must you always carry on like this, Zöe?

MADAME ZÖE

We're going to die!

GABRIÉLA

Yes, we will, but not today.

Tomás walks over to Gabriela, and they greet each other passionately.

TOMÁS

(lovingly)

My love.

GABRIÉLA

(lovingly)

My love.

MADAME ZÖE

We! Are! Going! To! Die!

GABRIÉLA

My dear. C'mon. Get up.

Gabriela and Tomás help Madame Zöe to her feet.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Sara, Rashaan, Pöe, and Mark walk through a distant part of the circus. She is pointing out the different attractions to him.

SARA

(cheerful)

It's called "The Bunny Circus" after all. My father made all of the artwork, by the way! He loves rabbits! It's family-friendly entertainment! All ages and all that! This section is for... hmmm... a more mature crowd.

RASHAAN

(bashful)

You mean like sex stuff?

PÖE

Not everything "mature" is sexually oriented... MEN!

RASHAAN

What type of stuff are you talking about?

WE SEE the BACKSIDE of JELLYFISH (race indeterminate, M, '20s) as he slithers towards the two. His skin is completely translucent and shows his blue and green veins underneath along with his vital organs.

He wears a pair of loose-fitting trousers and a tight tank top. His head is shaven to reveal the skull and veins underneath.

He approaches the two from behind. They both turn around.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

Oh my GOD!

MARK

Not sexually oriented. But... mature.

PÖE

(blows out a puff of
smoke, flatly)

Kids shouldn't be seeing this shit.

SARA

Jellyfish, meet Rashaan! Rashaan, meet Jellyfish!

Jellyfish sticks out a blue-veined limb.

JELLYFISH

Hi!

Rashaan drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes out of shock and disgust.

PÖE
 (blows out a puff of
 smoke, flatly)
 You really know how to pick Muscle
 Men, Sara.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT -
 CONTINUOUS

Gabriéla pours a cup of tea from Madame Zöe's tea kettle.
 She walks over and gives the cup to Zöe, who is sitting at
 her crystal ball table.

Gabriéla and Tomás sit on a nearby overstuffed couch.

GABRIÉLA
 You really should rethink the
 candles, Zöe. You're worried about
 the 'Suits' shutting us down, and
 you could burn us to the ground.

MADAME ZÖE
 (sipping her tea,
 calming down)
 I have yet to tip a single candle
 since being here. And I never will.
 The flames protect us.

GABRIÉLA
 I don't believe in your hoodoo
 voodoo, but if it gets you up off
 the floor, I'm all for it.

TOMÁS
 (optimistic)
 I told Zöe how it would not be such
 a bad thing if this place closed
 down. We could spend more time
 together. I could start painting
 again. Just you, me, and a couple
 of rabbits on the countryside.

GABRIÉLA
 And our family? Our extended
 family? Our family circus? These
 people depend on us. We have to be
 there for them! When they arrive,
 you must advocate for them! For us!
 For me!

TOMÁS
 (sadly)
 I will dear. I will.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Rashaan is passed out on the ground.

Circling him are Pöe, TODD (late '30s, a man completely covered in a thick layer of fur), and LUCY (early '40s, an enormous woman with pale skin and black Shirley temple curls). Lucy's shadow eclipses the sunlight on Rashaan's body. She is wearing a pastel blue baby doll dress, a dark mustache, and a long dark beard.

Todd bends down and puts smelling salts under Rashaan's nose.

LUCY
Jellyfish, huh?

PÖE
(laughing)
YEAH!

TODD
It's not funny. How would you feel if people were so repulsed by YOU that they pass out!

LUCY
Save the dramatics, Todd. He knew better than to walk around like that.

TODD
(seriously, almost crying)
We're NOT animals Lucy! We're not animals!

Lucy rolls her eyes.

TODD (CONT'D)
Come on, buddy. Wake up. You just had a little scare.

He slowly begins to open his eyes. The first thing he sees is Todd's warm, fuzzy face.

RASHAAN
Where am I?

LUCY
Oz!

TODD
Cut it out! You're in the circus, buddy. Remember? See... there's Pöe and Sara and Mark.

RASHAAN
What happened?

PÖE

You gotta glimpse of Jellyfish and passed out.

RASHAAN

Oh my God. You could see through him! You could see in him!

PÖE

You could scare the shit out of him too. You ran him off, you know.

BADUT LEROY (French, '40s, short stature) is dressed in an all-white clown costume complete with white clown makeup, a white clown hat, and smiling over exaggerated red lips.

He happily runs up to the crowd and starts speaking French rapidly.

LUCY

Slow down! Slow down! He always overexerts himself.

Badut takes a breath and begins to speak slower.

TODD

As if that's going to help. None of us speak French.

(speaking to Badu in a slow, exaggerated tone)

What. Do. You. Want. Little. Clown.

Badut continues to speak French.

RASHAAN

He says that... he is happy that I am here. And that my fresh energy is just what this circus needs.

Badut happily jumps up and down in approval.

SARA

You speak French? When did you learn to speak French?

RASHAAN

Back in college.

SARA

(surprised)

Really!

Badut continues to speak in French.

RASHAAN

He says that Sara has made a good choice, but she always makes good choices; she is the gold in sunlight, the oxygen in air, the wool on sheep, the-

PÖE

(blowing out a puff
of smoke)

-the uck in fucked up.

Badut happily presents Sara with a handful of freshly picked dandelions which Sara accepts.

SARA

(cheerily)

Why, thank you, Badut!

(joking to Rashaan)

He's in love with me! He's crazy!

MARK

He would have to be now, wouldn't he?

SARA

Remember that game we used to play back in college?

RASHAAN

Which one?

SARA

Quid Pro Quo! Truth or Truth! You get one question, and you have to tell the truth.

PÖE

Sounds kinda stupid. What if you lie?

RASHAAN

Oh, I remember. If you like the person who asks you the question, you tell the truth. If you don't like them, you tell a lie.

PÖE

(blowing out smoke)

Yup. Still sounds stupid.

SARA

I'll start!

(to Rashaan)

Do you speak French?

RASHAAN
 (happily)
 Yes!

SARA
 He loves me!

PÖE
 (to Sara)
 Are you annoying?

SARA
 (cheerily)
 No!

PÖE
 (blowing out smoke)
 I don't like you either.

MARK
 (to Pöe)
 Do you know that you are the gold
 in sunlight, the wool on sheep?

PÖE
 (blowing out smoke)
 Yes. But I'll never warm YOU.

RASHAAN
 (to Badut)
 Pourquoi aimes-tu autant Sara?

Caption: Why do you love Sara so much?

BADUT
 (excitedly)
 Parce qu'elle rend le sexe très bon
 avec nous!

Caption: Because she makes the sex good with us!

RASHAAN
 (slowly realizing,
 then appalled)
 Oh. Oh. Wait. What?!

BADUT
 Nous tous!

Caption: All of us!

Rashaan throws a look of abject terror to Mark and then Lucy. When his gaze lands on Todd, he gives a slight shiver out of shock.

TODD

(to Sara, sternly)
Is the circus going to close?
Truthfully. Just lay it out
truthfully.

SARA

(to Todd, happily)
No.
(to the rest of the
bunch, happier)
No! I'm not lying! I love you all!

Rashaan raises a suspicious eye to her.

SARA (CONT'D)

(sincerely)
I was born at this circus. This is
my life. I'm not letting it go
without a fight. The Bunny Circus
will close over my dead body.
Besides... Rashaan is here! We
Can't close if he's just starting!
We have to show him what we do
here!

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - LATER

We see excited children and their parents walking through
the brightly colored carnival fairgrounds with pastel
portraits of rabbits strategically placed throughout the
site.

SARA (V.O.)

Father does all the artwork here!
He's a very talented artist, and he
loves what he does!

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT - LATER

Tomás leaves the tent without shoes, looking sad and
depressed. He pulls a flask out of his tuxedo jacket and
takes a healthy swig.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT -
CONTINUOUS

Gabriéla is going around the tent, blowing out each of
Madame Zöe's candles one by one. Madame Zöe follows her and
relights them with a portable lighter one by one.

SARA (V.O.)

We're all very happy here!

EXT/INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS - LIFE AT THE CIRCUS

Sara speaks while WE SEE shots of the Bunny Circus at work

SARA (V.O.)

This isn't a nine to five job, but there are regulations, and we work... hard. We practice, we practice, and when we're done, we practice some more. Our job is to entertain.

(singing)

"They need their excitement!"

(continues to talk)

And so do I.

A) Carnival workers secure a new spectator tent. Sargon, nearby, stretches, swallows a liquid, puts a torched broomstick in his mouth, and spits out a sword of fire.

B) Clowns of different shapes and sizes run into the Big Top. Badut follows behind them.

B) Inside the Big Top, acrobats expertly flip on a trapeze above them.

C) A trainer teaches elephants how to walk in a straight line

D) Clowns juggle bowling ball pins to each other. Badut jumps up and down out of pure joy and excitement.

E) A knife thrower practices flinging large swords onto an empty target

F) A firewalker walks on hot coals.

MARK (V.O.)

But the crowds are slower nowadays. Times are changing. This is an old circus. We haven't really caught up to these high-tech times.

E) Outside at the game tents, only a handful of spectators play the games

F) Excited toddlers engage with the small collection of caged rabbits and chickens while their unimpressed parents and teenage siblings talk on their cell phones and take selfies.

G) The concession stands serve only a handful of people.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - LATER

Sara, Rashaan, Mark, Pöe, Lucy, and Todd stand at the entrance gazing at the carnies practicing and playing.

SARA

(excited)

And this is where you come in!

They all look at the darkened main stage.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - NIGHT

A blast of light illuminates the darkened main stage. Rashaan wears a brightly colored wrestling unitard that is bedazzled with sparkly jewels. He smiles from ear to ear and blows a kiss to the crowd, which roars in appreciation.

SARA (V.O.)

(giddy)

You are our Atlas! Our Hercules!
Our Zeus! You are our MUSCLE MAN!

SERIES OF SHOTS - RASHAAN THE MUSCLE MAN

A) Rashaan lifts oversized barbells that display 1,000 lbs on each ball - the crowd roars

B) Excited female patrons kiss him on the cheek - he is happy

C) Rashaan lifts a tiny car filled with clowns - the crowd roars

D) More excited female patrons kiss him on the cheek - he is happy

E) Rashaan stands with his arms outreached parallel to the ground, and several amused children hang from them like they were tree limbs - the crowd roars

F) Even more excited female patrons kiss him on the cheek - he is happy

G) Rashaan lifts an elephant above his head - the crowd roars

H) Sara kisses Rashaan on the lips slowly - he is contemplative

PÖE (V.O.)

And you think this little wet dream
of yours will save us?

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - DAY

Sara, Rashaan, Mark, Pöe, Lucy, and Todd stand at the entrance gazing at the darkened main stage. Pöe blows a puff of smoke into the air.

SARA

I guarantee it! I have a plan.

MARK
 (annoyed)
 Should we even ask?

A few beats pass before Pöe breaks the silence.

PÖE
 We could make a million dollars if
 he just stood there and pulled it
 out.

Sara takes a few steps in front of the group and then dramatically turns to face them. She smiles at Pöe, then shrugs Talmudically. The entire group stands shocked.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

WE HEAR: "White Rabbit" by Jefferson Airplane

Four immaculately glistening silver limousines pull up to the circus. They all park in perfect parallel to each other. The drivers, on cue, get out of their respective limos simultaneously and open the doors for their passengers.

A dozen Caucasian businessmen pile out of the limos. The men are of varying ages between 20 and 60 and wear similar conservative hairstyles and dark-colored "power suits." The single female Caucasian businesswoman wears a similar power suit with a matching skirt that goes below her knees with her hair in a tight bun. They all have the same matching leather briefcase.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BUSINESS TENT - CONTINUOUS

A soft bright light illuminates the cream satin lining inside of the tent.

There is a single long conference table within the tent with several chairs surrounding it. The table is tastefully decorated with vases filled with fresh-cut flowers and glass pitchers filled with ice water and lemon slices.

Mark and Tomás sit together, quiet and still at one end of the table. They both wear finely tailored dark suits. Mark is wearing a freshly shorn fade haircut which highlights his handsomeness. Tomás is wearing shiny black loafers. They both appear somber and morose.

TOMÁS
 (flatly)
 Nice haircut.

MARK
 (flatly)
 I want to punch myself. How are
 those shoes holding up?

TOMÁS

As well as can be expected. I hate shoes.

MARK

I know, I know. But we have to make a good show today. We have to convince these stuff shirts that we can generate an income.

TOMÁS

I still think we should show them around the grounds. Show them the work we do here. The work I do here. Show them what they are putting their money into.

MARK

We've done that a million times. They know what we do. They want to see NUMBERS. They want to see what ELSE we can do.

TOMÁS

(standing up from his chair)

I get that, but why can't we do this on our term-

Tomás slips and awkwardly falls to the ground. His shoes fly in the air.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

(embarrassed, angry)

These shoes!

As Mark gets up to try and help Tomás regain his composure, the suits pile into the tent and swiftly take their seats.

MARK

You okay? You got your other shoe?

TOMÁS

(embarrassed, sad)

No, I think it's over there.

Mark hurries to get Tomás' other shoe and helps put it on his foot. He helps Tomás tuck his shirt neatly into his pants and lightly brushes any dust off his shoulders. As he straightens his own clothes and brushes himself off, he and Tomás quietly realize that all of the seats are filled by the board of directors, who are all staring unamused at the two.

Mark and Tomás casually make their way back to their seats. Mark lifts Tomás into his, then sits down himself.

MARK

(slowly)

Hello everyone, we appreciate you taking time out of your busy schedule to come and meet-

The suits cut him off. When they speak, there is barely a breath between each line of dialogue as if they are speaking one consistent sentence.

SUIT #1

(seriously, rapidly)

Mr. Tolliver, let's just cut to the chase. The Bunny Circus has been floating on top of the bowl for the past two fiscal years.

SUIT #2

We have given you chance after chance to improve your prospects, but there comes a point we have to face the inconvenient truth.

Tomás' disposition brightens. Mark gets increasingly nervous.

MARK

(hesitantly)

What truth would that be?

SUIT #3

The truth is that circuses do not make money. YOU do not make money.

SUIT #1

WE are in the business of making money.

MARK

(defiantly)

We are in the business of making people happy!

SUIT #2

(emotionless)

WE are in the business of making money.

SUIT #3

If people are happy in the process, that's an occupational hazard.

SUIT #1

This is a new generation, gentlemen.

SUIT #2

Like it or not, technology is king,
and that is what holds the kids'
attention.

SUIT #3

Screens gentlemen.

SUIT #1

Screens.

All of the suits, in exacting synchronization, pull slender portable tablets out of their respective briefcases. Mark and Tomás quizzically look on as the suits quietly and rapidly tap their screens.

SUIT #2

Our world is digital, gentlemen.
That is our audience.

SUIT #3

That is our income.

SUIT #1

That is YOUR income.

SUIT #2

You have no social media presence
to speak of.

SUIT #3

Your website is outdated.

SUIT #1

This is a new generation,
gentlemen.

SUIT #2

The Bunny Circus has been floating
on top of the bowl for far too
long.

MARK

Didn't you just say that?

SUIT #3

It bears repeating.

TOMÁS

(alert, awake)

We are an old-fashioned carnival
experience. That is what we are
known for. It is who we are. We've
been in business for a very long
time. Maybe too long.

All of the suits turn their tablets to Mark and Tomás. The tablets illuminate the same image of a bright, fresh-faced young woman in a brightly colored and decorated acrobat uniform.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

Who is that?

SUIT #1

This is what your circus used to provide.

SUIT #2

This is the "Little Wonder" that used to pack in the audiences here.

SUIT #3

This is the "Little Wonder" that is packing in audiences on the East Coast.

SUIT #1

This is Audrey Bar-Chaim.

SUIT #2

This is the NEW "Little Wonder."

SUIT #3

This is "Acrobate Fantastique."

SUIT #1

#AF

SUIT #2

THIS is money, gentlemen.

SUIT #3

WE are in the business of making money.

Mark and Tomás look on as the images on the screens dissolve into a moving video of Acrobate Fantastique performing elaborate acrobatic moves.

MARK AND TOMÁS

(in unison, shocked)

Oh holy shit!

Sara bursts into the tent wearing an expensive looking, form-fitting gown. Her makeup and hair are done up as if she is attending the Oscars. Badut follows behind her, still wearing his clown outfit, awkwardly carrying oversized binders, and dragging along a portable projector.

SARA

(cheery)

Well, hello boys!

MARK AND TOMÁS
 (in unison, resigned)
 Oh holy shit.

The lone female suit doesn't register Sara's exclusion of her, but Sara does register a look of unease at the video of Acrobat Fantastique performing on the tablets.

Badut busies himself, handing out the binders and hooking up the projector.

SARA
 Ah! Acrobat Fantastique! #AF! Very clever!

MARK
 (annoyed)
 How do you know that?

TOMÁS
 (sad)
 Why are you here, little one? This doesn't concern you?

SARA
 (peppy)
 We have internet access, you know! No one uses it around here, but I am above that curve! And this very much concerns me! Acrobat Fantastique is Acrobat Fantastique! But there will forever and always be only one "Little Wonder"!

SUIT #1
 Greetings Sara. It is unusual to have you in these proceedings-

SUIT #2
 -but rather you hear firsthand the direction we want to take the circus in-

SUIT #3
 -to get us all back in the black.

SARA
 You read my mind!

TOMÁS
 (melancholy)
 What are you doing, little one?

MARK
 (irritated)
 Sara!

SARA
 (unbothered and
 optimistic)
 If you all will open your binders,
 you will see we have a plan to get
 us all in the "Black"!
 (she giggles)

MARK
 (bitter)
 We? Who's we?

Sara methodically and expertly walks around the boardroom table while speaking confidently and lively.

SARA
 It is true gentlemen. The Bunny Circus has a reputation for being archaic and antiquated. The nostalgia "Schtick" isn't cutting it the way it used to. We want to respect our history, culture, and past, but we need to have our finger on the pulse of what's happening in society today.

Sara is now positioned behind Tomás and Mark.

TOMÁS
 (under his breath)
 Nostalgia schtick?

MARK
 (rolling his eyes,
 exasperated)
 Yeah. Buckle up. Here we go.

SARA
 And what's going on in society today is fast-paced, exciting, and most important... sexy. As you'll see in your binders, mindless drones in India handle all our social media and web presence overseas. They don't know who we are or what we can do.

SUIT #1
 (intrigued, slower
 pace)
 What are you suggesting, Sara?

SARA
 (brightly)
 A complete and total brand makeover! We need to rebrand ourselves for this new generation!
 (MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

Times are changing!
 (singing)
 The kids are getting older. I'm
 getting older too.

MARK

(sarcastic)
 Oh. Oh. This is RICH!

Sara now stands behind the lone female suit and places her hands on top of her shoulder pads.

SARA

Sex gentlemen! We need to inject
 this circus with fun, engaging, all-
 encompassing, all-inviting sex!
 (seductively)
 Of all kinds!

Sara continues walking around the table but leaves a soft and gentle touch on the female's shoulder until her momentum carries it away. The female suit registers a look of uneasiness as she fumbles with her tie and straightens herself up.

Sara continues her stroll until she gets to an easel with a large poster on it with a sheet over it.

SARA (CONT'D)

We need to show our audiences that
 we can move with the time and
 adjust to their changing needs.
 Gentlemen, I present you... the
 rebranding... of the Bunny Circus!

She removes the sheet and unveils the image on the poster. WE do not see the image, but the expressions on the suits are approving. Mark and Tomás are horrified.

MARK

(sympathetic)
 What in the name of... what are you
 doing, Sara?

TOMÁS

(angry)
 No! No! No, Little One! No!

SUIT #2

I like it.

SUIT #3

It has legs.

SUIT #1

I like it.

TOMÁS

(incensed)

No, Little One! No! Do you hear me!
No!

SUIT #2

(looking in his
binder)

What is the "Zambini Flip"?

MARK AND TOMÁS

(shocked)

The WHAT?!

SUIT #3

It says here that Sara will perform
the famous "Zambini Flip." I am
unfamiliar with that

MARK AND TOMÁS

(livid)

SARA!

They both stand to express their rage, but Tomás again
comically trips to the floor. Mark speaks to the suits
while assisting him up.

MARK

(inflamed)

You can not be serious with this!
Are you out of your mind?!

SARA

(pleasant)

We need something fresh and new to
get people talking! This will do
it!

MARK

Fresh and new? A stunt that hasn't
been done in decades! You know what
happened the last time! Are you
insane?!

TOMÁS

(straightening
himself up)

This meeting is over, little one!
All of you! Out! Out! No more of
this foolishness!

SUIT #3

I'm intrigued.

SARA

(perky)

Badut! If you please.

TOMÁS

No!

Badut starts a slideshow of vintage images of the circus. He changes them so rapidly that the slideshow begins to look like a smooth video.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Caption: 37 years earlier

WE HEAR: "Rabbit In Your Headlights" by UNKLE, Thom Yorke

A statuesque and pregnant blond woman dressed in a brilliantly red marionette outfit with gold trimming is laying on the ground about to deliver a baby.

A young Gabriela and Tomás watch as the baby slips out from her womb.

A tall and handsome male acrobat comes running into the scene. He wears an elated smile until he sees his wife and child. The woman is lying unconscious. Tomás grabs the child as Gabriela and the acrobat try to revive the woman... to no avail.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MALE ACROBAT'S TENT - NIGHT

The male acrobat, overcome with unbelievable grief, picks up a bottle of Jack Daniels and begins to gulp.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A young Sara plays with a ball against the ground. It rolls to the back of the big top. She tries to retrieve it when she sees her father with two naked women.

One gives him head, and the other injects heroin into his tied arm intravenously.

A young Tomás comes to the backstage area and grabs the child. He looks at the young acrobat with fury.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MALE ACROBAT'S TENT - NIGHT

Tomás screams at the young acrobat, but he is balled up in a fetus position on the bed. Tomás storms out. The dreary-eyed acrobat goes over to his vanity mirror. He pulls out a mirrored box from the drawer. It is filled with white powder.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Signs posted around the circus read, "The Famous Zambini Flips For You!"

The acrobat, his eyes now bloodshot and carrying a scraggly beard and mustache, stands high above the cheering crowd on a platform. There is no net below him. Above him swings several mechanical trapezes.

He jumps on one and flips to another and another as the trapezes get faster and faster and faster.

He eventually gets dizzy and takes one last look at his daughter below. Tomás and Gabriela shield her eyes as he falls 50 feet to his death.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BUSINESS TENT - NIGHT

The slideshow slows down to single images again and lands on a newspaper headline that displays, "Tragedy Hits Acrobat Family For Second Time."

SUIT #1

You want to swing from a mechanical trapeze?

SUIT #2

Brilliant.

MARK AND TOMÁS

NO!

SUIT #3

The story tie-in alone would draw them in!

MARK

Sara, you couldn't possibly be serious about this?!

TOMÁS

I knew your father. He was a good man. But when your mother passed... he couldn't take it. He was sick Little One.

MARK

He was high as a kite! What sane man could even think about something like that, nonetheless BUILD it and attempt to use it?!

SARA

On pages 13 through 18, you will see the diagrams that the good people at Axel Industries drew up for me. As you can see, if we use the right materials, it can be quite cost-effective.

There is a silence across the room until Mark violently breaks into.

MARK

What is going on here! You're not actually considering any of this, are you!

TOMÁS

Everyone! Out! Out! Out!

None of the suits move an inch. They quietly flip through their binders.

SUIT #1

It is cost-effective.

SUIT #2

Very cost-effective.

SUIT #3

It would bring us back to black.

SUIT #1

(pointing in the
direction of the
poster board)

In more ways than one.

All of the Suits conservatively chuckle at each other.

MARK

Have you all gone mad!

TOMÁS

(resigned, quietly
sobbing)

Please. Just leave.

SUIT #2

This will definitely bring this circus to another level.

SUIT #3

Taking risks. I like the cut of your gib Sara.

SUIT #1

This could save you.

SUIT #2

This could save all of you.

SUIT #3

And of course, Sara will be in charge of this.

Mark and Tomás' eyes open wide in anger as they glare over to Sara, busy beaming with pride and joy.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BUSINESS TENT - CONTINUOUS

Mark hurriedly exits the trailer with the suits following after. He notices Rashaan a few yards away laughing with other carnies. He rushes directly over to him.

MARK

You!

RASHAAN

(confused)

What?

MARK

How could you let her do that to you?

RASHAAN

What are you talking about?

MARK

(incredulously,
pointing to the
business tent)

The poster!

RASHAAN

(annoyed)

What poster?

MARK

The poster of the... oh my God, you have no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

Rashaan shoots Mark a look of complete confusion.

MARK (CONT'D)

(restrained anger)

Sara's changing the circus. The ENTIRE circus.

RASHAAN

(cautiously)

Ok. That's a good thing though, right? The circus is going to stay open. This is good news, right?

The suits pile out of the trailer with Sara walking right in stride with them, laughing and having small gleeful conversations with them as they get into their cars.

MARK
 (sad and dreamy)
 No. This is not good news.

Mark walks over to Sara as the last limousine pulls away. He stands face to face with her. He is furious. She is giddy. All of the other carnies, including Pöe and Rashaan, gather around them.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Sara, what the-

SARA
 You want to hit me, don't you?

MARK
 (restrained anger)
 Where is Tomás? Where is he?

SARA
 (laughing)
 That's what you want to know?

MARK
 Where is your father!

SARA
 (angry, speaks in a
 lower octave)
 Dead! My father's dead! Or maybe
 you weren't paying attention in
 there!

MARK
 (fearful)
 What is wrong with you? I have
 always known that you were a little
 off, but this is beyond anything
 you have ever done!

SARA
 Thirty-seven years! That's what's
 wrong with me! An entire life on
 the trapeze with nothing to show
 for it! So I stand up and do what
 needs to be done, and I save ALL OF
 YOUR SORRY ASSES, and THIS is the
 thanks I get?

MARK
 This is family entertain-

SARA
 (cutting him off)
 Not anymore!

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

(Speaking to the
crowd of carnies in
her fake high octave
peppy voice)

Hello everyone! Good news! The
circus is saved!

The crowd hoots and hollers in appreciation.

SARA (CONT'D)

Thank you! Thank you! You're too
kind! Stop! I'm only human! There
will be some changes, however.
Some... STRIKING changes!

MARK

Tell them the changes, Sara!

SARA

But with change comes growth, and
we are moving into the new
millennium!

The crowd hoots and hollers in appreciation.

MARK

(angry)

Tell them the changes, Sara!

SARA

(laughing)

Well! I guess someone moved HIS
cheese, and he's not happy about
it!

The crowd laughs and murmurs in appreciation.

As Sara continues her speech, Mark notices Tomás in the
distance, sitting alone on a hill looking, out at the star-
filled night.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

MARKS walks over to Tomás and sees that Tomás' face is
filled with tears that will not stop erupting from his
eyes.

Mark sits beside him, and they both stare into the night
sky.

MARK

Hey Tomás. It's not that bad. I
know it feels like it is. But we
have to stay strong. This too shall
pass.

TOMÁS

They never pay attention to me.
They never have.

MARK

They don't pay attention to anyone.

TOMÁS

(shoots Mark an angry
look)

But you know why they don't pay
attention to ME.

MARK

(awkwardly)

Tomás.

TOMÁS

What is a man if he is not big in
heart? What is a man if he is
not... big.

MARK

(stands up)

Tomás, let's go.

TOMÁS

Is there NOTHING big about me...
aside from my grief?

Mark sits back down and exhales. He pulls two cigarettes from his suit jacket. He lights them both with the lighter he pulls from his pants pocket and hands one of the lit cigarettes to Tomás.

They watch the starry night in silence.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BUSINESS TENT - NIGHT

Sara continues to placate the crowd.

SARA

(earnestly)

I grew up in this circus. Could
backflip before I could walk. Took
my first steps on the top of
elephants. I had my first period on
the high wire.

PÖE

(blows out a puff of
cigarette smoke)

Quite the metaphor to what you're
doing to us now, huh. Oh, what...
maybe diarrhea would be a better
metaphor. Have you ever had
diarrhea on the high wire?

SARA

(elated)
Twiddledly dee! Badut, hand these nice people the brochures we printed up explaining everything that's going to happen!

Badut does as instructed as Sara points to Rashaan and motions for him to come to her. The crowd murmurs uncomfortably while reading the brochures, and Rashaan makes his way over to Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)

(seductively)
You, my friend, are a major part of this.

She slowly kisses him on the cheek, takes his hand, and leads him into the trailer.

PÖE

(waving the brochure
in Sara's direction)
Are you kidding me with this shit!

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BUSINESS TENT - CONTINUOUS

Sara slowly leads Rashaan into the darkened trailer with a spotlight illuminating the poster board.

SARA

(beguiling)
It's true what I told you: if you're up for a little adventure or change, we can all have a little fun.

Sara bends on one knee and dramatically bows in Rashaan's presence.

SARA (CONT'D)

(sincerely)
Help me, Obi Wan Kenobi! You're my only hope!

Rashaan walks over to the poster board and finds a professionally drawn illustration of him clad in a tight black leather harness, knee-high black leather boots, and a snug black leather jockstrap that further expands his cartoonishly large crotch area. A bevy of women surrounds him on the ground as he holds a highly flattering image of Sara in one hand and a 1,000 lbs barbell in the other. The expression on his face is completely calm and seductive.

RASHAAN

(dreamily)
Well, what do you know?

"THE DARK BUNNY CIRCUS" is displayed on top of the illustration in a prominent font.

EXT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

WE HEAR: "Rabbit Hole" by Queen Herby / "Bunny Thot" by Khantrast

The exterior of the new Dark Bunny Circus is now outfitted in neon lights all through the fairgrounds. Signs that say "XXX," "GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS," "BOYS, BOYS, BOYS," and various creatively constructed neon images of female and male genitalia.

All of the patrons walking through the fairgrounds are over 21 and dressed in different forms of provocative wear.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - GIRLS' TENT - CONTINUOUS

Pöe dances with a group of women wearing see-through harem pants and small bra-like tops. At the center of the dance, Pöe expertly maneuvers hula hoops around her body. Her performance ends with her grabbing all of the hula hoops and giving a big bow to the audience.

She notices that her fellow dancers have begun kissing and petting each other. The audience does the same. She is super uncomfortable and does not engage.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BOYS' TENT - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan, dressed in the EXACT replica of what he saw on the poster board, awkwardly but gleefully dances in an erotic manner with another figure dressed in a full-body rubber suit. The two playfully mime anally penetrating each other and often have to stop the performance to cater to their uncontrollable laughter.

RASHAAN

Qui savait que tu étais un si bon
danseur ?

Caption: Who knew you were such a good dancer?

JELLYFISH

Pas besoin de peau pour danser !
Juste le coeur !

Caption: You don't need skin to dance! Just heart!

RASHAAN

(to the crowd)
En veux-tu plus!

Caption: Do you want more!

The crowd yells excitedly.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

I can't hear you! I said do you want more!

The crowd yells with even more excitement.

Jellyfish goes to his knees and feigns fellatio on Rashaan as Rashaan is consumed with laughter.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Tomás are dressed in identical tight, brown leather, assless chaps, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, and a bandana tied around their respective necks. Neither wears a shirt, but sparkly pasties are attached to their nipples.

They are at the front of the tent taking tickets, and both look absolutely miserable.

In the center stage is Sara riding a white stallion, completely naked, long snow white wig covering most of her nudity.

Every seat is filled in the tent, and they all yell excitedly.

She approaches an elephant kneeling in her presence and expertly walks from the back of the horse's frame to the elephant's back. She whistles, and the elephant stands on all fours.

Badut comes over and throws a microphone up to Sara.

SARA

Welcome to the brand new Dark Bunny Circus!

The crowd yells in appreciation.

SARA (CONT'D)

But with all this dark, I thought I would add a little light! Do you like my outfit?

The crowd again shows its appreciation.

SARA (CONT'D)

Maybe you need a better look?

WE HEAR prominent male hoots, hollers, and "Oh yeah" from the audience.

Sara stands on top of the audience and begins a slow, methodical dance that shows peaks of her breasts and crotch through a long wig.

WE SEE hundreds of little flashbulbs go off in the audience as Sara coyly flashes the crowd.

SARA (CONT'D)
 You're too kind! You're too kind!
 #DarkBunny! #DarkBunny!

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT -
 CONTINUOUS

Madame Zöe sits behind her crystal ball. Unflattering fluorescent lights beam down on her giving her naturally clear alabaster skin a cold blue, dead tone. She wears a modified female pirate costume that greatly amplifies her large and ample cleavage. She appears miserable.

Gabriéla walks in wearing a similar outfit, just in different colors and patterns, though the overhead fluorescent lights mutes all of their colors. Her breasts are equally pushed up and on display. She appears equally as miserable.

They stare at each other in silence for a beat.

GABRIÉLA
 Aren't you going to say anything?

MADAME ZÖE
 I'm still trying to decide who
 looks more ridiculous.

GABRIÉLA
 No one wins that contest.

Gabriéla walks further into the tent and sits next to Madame Zöe.

MADAME ZÖE
 She's YOUR daughter. Can't you put
 a muzzle on that beast?

GABRIÉLA
 Hey! You just said it! She's my
 daughter! I'm not going to have you
 refer to her as a beast! Besides,
 It's only been a month, and our
 revenue has doubled. There is
 something to that.

MADAME ZÖE
 For that, I'm grateful. The extra
 attention... not so much. You do
 know everyone is miserable now.

GABRIÉLA
 I've noticed.

Madame Zöe reaches over and jokingly pokes Gabriéla in the breast and giggles.

GABRIÉLA (CONT'D)

Quit it!

MADAME ZÖE

Who knew you were hiding all of that under those dresses of yours! I bet Tomás is happy.

GABRIÉLA

That bet you would lose. I did not marry a sad man. But I am now married to a sad man. For some strange reason, I thought maybe these changes would inspire some fire in him. I think it's made things worse.

MADAME ZÖE

You think?

Madame Zöe points a box labeled "Marital Aids" piled high behind Gabriéla.

GABRIÉLA

What the!

Madame Zöe gets stands and walks over to the boxes.

MADAME ZÖE

We ran out of space, so she's been storing them here.

Madame Zöe opens one of the boxes and pulls out a long thick double-ended, sparkly purple dildo. She smacks it against her hand.

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)

Our new merch. I think this is bigger than you.

She dangles it beside Gabriéla to measure her theory.

GABRIÉLA

Why are you like this? And how are you so calm. Weren't YOU the one panicking not too long ago.

MADAME ZÖE

Yes, I was. But I have to agree with you, the money is great, and I'm still able to keep a certain level of anonymity... at least for now.

(MORE)

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)

I have been reading the cards for weeks now, and in different ways and forms, it always comes to the same conclusion. Transformation. Everything is going to change.

GABRIÉLA

Everything HAS changed.

MADAME ZÖE

And it's going to change some more. It doesn't end here. We won't be living the rest of our lives here with vibrators and brassieres. There's more change to come. I believe in the universe. I had to return to my spiritual teachings, which have given me peace.

Gabriéla stands, walks over to the opening of Madame Zöe's tent, and looks out over the fairgrounds. Madame Zöe walks over, stands beside her, and gazes at the site.

EXT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

GABRIÉLA AND MADAME ZÖE'S POV: Various groups of scantily clad twenty-something carnival patrons are drinking, taking selfies, and having a great time. Neon signs litter the fairgrounds giving it a "Las Vegas at Night" feel.

WE SEE Gabriéla and Madame Zöe stand at the tent entrance.

GABRIÉLA

I can't remember a time when I wanted faith in my life. I never relied on it.

A group of partygoers happily gallop past them, and pairs of young people give each other piggyback rides.

GABRIÉLA (CONT'D)

Is this what starts faith? Depravity? Desperation?

MADAME ZÖE

It's like gravity. It's going to happen whether you believe in it or not.

Gabriéla lets out an unimpressed snort.

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)

I'll put a protection spell over the place if it sets your mind at ease. Not a big one.

(MORE)

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)

Just enough to protect us over the next couple of weeks. Just enough to quell any more changes. Trust me; everything is going to be just fine.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT - DAY

Gabriéla and Madame Zöe are standing side by side at the tent entrance wearing sea shells for bras, tight matching, glittering aqua-colored skirts, cheap-looking, long aqua blonde wigs, and poorly done kabuki-inspired makeup. They look miserable.

GABRIÉLA

This is not fine.

GABRIÉLA AND MADAME ZÖE'S POV: The fairground has twice as many neon signs with even more provocative sayings and imagery. One by one, they flicker on in the daylight.

Patrons begin to pile in.

There are sexually explicit games throughout the fairground, i.e., pin the pastie on the breast, a Hacky Sack game in which you throw testicle-shaped sacks into open holes in a distantly placed box; the holes have illustrations of vaginas around them; a milking game in which contestants milk the udders of a cow inspired contraption, the udders are shaped like male genitalia which has to receive a certain vigorous stroke to produce a milk-like substance, the winner is the contestant who drinks the most of this milk-like substance.

GABRIÉLA (CONT'D)

Not fine at all.

Madame Zöe playfully pokes at Gabriéla's breast.

GABRIÉLA (CONT'D)

Quit it!

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MARK'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

A muscular figure is putting on a tight-fitting dress in the shadows. Pöe walks in on the figure, fighting to put on the dress.

PÖE

Hey, do you happen to know where the ropes are for the-

Pöe is stopped short as the muscular figure turns to face her, and she realizes it's Mark.

His face has a full beat of flattering makeup on it. His hair is still closely shorn. A look of sympathy and despair comes over her face.

PÖE (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
Uh, never mind.

She turns to leave the tent.

MARK
Come on back, Pöe. You already saw it. You were going to see it eventually. Help me zip up.

Pöe walks over and helps Mark zip up his dress in silence.

MARK (CONT'D)
No zinger? No smart ass comment?

PÖE
Well. You have the biggest balls of any chick I have ever seen.

MARK
I can say the same about you.

PÖE
No seriously.

She points to his crotch with its noticeable bulge.

MARK
Oh jeez... what am I supposed to do about that?

PÖE
I've only heard about it on television, but I think they call it "tucking."

MARK
(confused)
What?

Pöe walks over to Mark and speaks in surreptitious tones.

Mark's expression goes from curiosity to shock, back to curiosity, then horror, then anger.

MARK (CONT'D)
(furious)
Well, that tears it! That doesn't even sound human!

He stands angrily and paces the floor while he talks. He is barefoot.

MARK (CONT'D)

(irate)
All this time, I have been trying to go along with these changes because I've seen the increase in revenue! The increase in our audiences! And I'm a team player, you know! I am!

PÖE

(calmly)
So I see.

MARK

But enough is enough!

He puts on a pair of heels, grabs an unflattering fringe cut wig that obscures his view, and angrily places it on his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

(fixing the wig and putting on heels)
I fought in the Iraq war, you know! I wanted to help my family, my country, and my God! And after all of that death and destruction, I figured there would be a better way to do all three that did not involve shooting and maiming people! This opportunity came up, and I figured, hey, I'm helping people. I'm making them laugh. I'm providing a good time. AND I TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY! BUT I'M NOT A JOKE! DO I LOOK LIKE A JOKE TO YOU!

Mark stands awkwardly in super high heels, with the wig on his head, the dress fitting tightly against his muscular body, and a huge bulge protruding from the front.

PÖE

(calmly)
Not at all.

He awkwardly walks over to Pöe and sits beside her.

MARK

(wholeheartedly)
Have you thought about what's next?

PÖE

What?

MARK

What's next; what else is out there in the world. I know you have.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I know you. And I know you're not trying to stay here forever.

PÖE

(cracking an innocent smile)

Yoga. I've been thinking of teaching yoga.

MARK

Who would have thunk!

PÖE

(sincerely)

I kinda hate seeing you like this, Mark. I hate what she has done to you. I mean, it's a little funny, but... I don't think ANYBODY signed up for this.

MARK

(thoughtful)

No. No, we didn't.

EXT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MARK'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Pöe exits the tent, with Mark awkwardly following behind.

MARK

(yelling)

Hey everybody! All the workers! All the workers that can hear my voice! I need to talk to you!

A healthy number of carnival workers come over to hear Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

I suppose normally we would do this undercover and not so conspicuous, but we have worked together for too long! We're family! Show of hands, who here appreciates any of the changes that have been going on here at the circus?

No one raises their hand.

MARK (CONT'D)

Just what I thought! We don't have to do this people! This is not who we are!

He rips the wig off of his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is not who I am!

He kicks his high heels off.

SARA (O.S.)

(giddy)

You are who I say you are.

Sara walks up to the crowd with Rashaan and Badut in tow.

MARK

Well, well! The Queen Bee herself!

SARA

What is it about me that makes you so mad? Are you, like most men, intimidated by strong women?

PÖE

Cut the "Strong Woman" bullshit, Sara. You're a cunt. And if you were a teenage Filipino boy, you would be a teenage Filipino boy cunt.

SARA

(coy)

Ouch! Kitty has claws.

RASHAAN

Hey! Hey! What is going on here?

MARK

We have had enough!

SARA

(lower register,
serious)

Enough food in your bellies? Enough money to send home? Enough stability? What exactly have you had enough of?

MARK

(wrathful)

I'm wearing a dress!

SARA

(matching his anger)

You will wear what I tell you to wear! You all will!

PÖE

Don't try to threaten us! We're under contract!

SARA
 Contracts that stipulate that as long as we make money, my decisions stay in place!

MARK
 But at what cost?

The crowd sides with Mark and grumbles with appreciation of his words.

Sara gathers herself and then smiles at everyone.

SARA
 (whimsical, higher range)
 Fiddle dee dee!

She tries to walk away, but Pöe catches her by the shoulder.

PÖE
 Don't you dare walk away from us when we're talking to you!

SARA
 (fuming)
 Get your hands off me!

She slaps Pöe hand.

PÖE
 Don't you hit me!

Pöe slaps Sara's hand. In complete shock, Sara slaps Pöe in the face. Pöe punches Sara in the face so hard that she reels back into Rashaan's frame.

SARA
 (boiling)
 I'll kill you!

Sara pounces and, in one leap, jumps on top of Pöe. The two wrestle on the ground, with Mark and Badut trying in vain to stop/separate them.

Madame Zöe, Gabriéla and Tomás rush over. Tomás wears ballerina tights and tutu.

Rashaan walks over and grabs Pöe in his left hand and Sara in his right hand. With little effort, he separates them and lifts them off the ground from the back of their outfits.

SARA (CONT'D)
 I'll kill you!

PÖE

Let me go, you overgrown orangutan!

GABRIÉLA

(displeased)

Girls! What has gotten into you two?

SARA AND PÖE

(in unison)

She started it! She hit me!

Annoyed by what the other just said, the sisters try in vain to try and get to the other, but Rashaan's grip is strong, and they are literally at arm's length from each other.

Gabriéla rushes over to Sara and slaps her calf hard. Sara yelps in pain. She quickly rushes over to Pöe and slaps her calf hard. Pöe yelps in pain.

GABRIÉLA

I did not raise you two to be heathens! Rashaan... please.

She raises and lowers her hand.

RASHAAN

You sure?

She lifts an annoyed brow at him.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

(resigned)

Okay.

Gabriéla grabs a nearby large stick. Rashaan gently lowers Sara and Pöe to the ground. Before he has an opportunity to fully release his grasp, the two make a move at each other. In one move, Gabriéla powerfully hits Sara and Pöe in their calves with the stick. They both yelp in pain. When Rashaan fully releases his grip, they both lurch over in pain.

GABRIÉLA

Girls, will you stop this madness!

PÖE

Tell HER! She started this madness!
The sex shows! The depravity! It's
ridiculous! Look at yourself,
mother! Look at father!

Everyone's attention is on Tomás and his tutu. He wears a badly grown beard and is trying to inconspicuously drink whisky out of a flask... not so inconspicuous now that everyone is looking at him.

GABRIÉLA

(sadly)
Tomás.

PÖE

Look at Mark!

Everyone's attention turns to Mark and his now torn dress barely clinging to his body and his smeared makeup. Sara straightens up and casually begins to maneuver herself closer to Rashaan.

SARA

(catching her breath)
What are you worried about him for?
You don't even like him.

PÖE

I never said that I don't like him!
Ok, I have said that I don't like him!
But I never wanted to see him degrade himself!
Okay, I wanted to see him degrade himself a little because it is a little funny!
But you have gone too far!

SARA

(dismissive)
Tish tosh! You want to see him look silly;
you don't want to see him look silly.
Doesn't make a difference, does it really, all things considered.

Sara snuggles up to Rashaan.

PÖE

What do you mean by "all things considered"?

MARK

Yeah, what do you mean?

SARA

(regaining her coquettish demeanor)
Don't make me say it.

PÖE

(confused)
Say what?

SARA

(innocent)
Pöe. We all know you're gay. That's why you don't like Mark.

PÖE
 (confused)
 I'm not gay. I just don't like him.
 (to Mark)
 I don't.

MARK
 (to Pöe)
 Are you sure?

PÖE
 About what? The gay part or the not
 liking you part?

MARK
 Either.

PÖE
 No to being gay. No to liking you.

SARA
 (kittenish)
 She's a lesbian!

PÖE
 (getting angry)
 I am not a lesbian!

SARA
 (frolicsome)
 Really now! Those clothes, those
 shoes, that hair... okay. I have a
 very finely tuned gaydar. I know a
 gay homosexual when I see a gay
 homosexual.

PÖE
 Really now!

Pöe throws a humorously accusative silent stare at Sara.

SARA
 (gleeful)
 Please. You can't be serious.

Pöe stays silent but slowly lifts her gaze to above Sara's
 head.

Everyone follows Pöe's gaze.

SARA (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 Ok. You REALLY can't be serious.

Sara looks up to see Rashaan with a curious look of humor
 and guilt on his face.

She takes one step away from him, and he shrugs his shoulders. She loses her smile, and all the blood is drained from her face.

SARA (CONT'D)
(horrified)

No!

RASHAAN
It's not a big deal, Sara.

SARA
(mortified)
What do you mean it's not a big deal! I have been all over you since you got here! Do you have AIDS?

RASHAAN
Sara. Come on now. This isn't a Tyler Perry movie.

SARA
But back in college-

RASHAAN
(gently interrupting)
That was a long time ago, Sara.

PÖE
Why are you so upset? YOU are the one that has had him on stage wearing leather panties and shaking his shimmy with Jellyfish!

SARA
That was just for play! I didn't think that... wait. Is Jellyfish-

She is interrupted as Jellyfish walks up to the crowd, wearing only a pair of oversized pants and suspenders.

JELLYFISH
What's going on guys! Somebody say my name.

Rashaan takes one look at Jellyfish, is horrified, and passes out.

Mark rips off whatever is left of his dress and awkwardly tries to place it around Jellyfish's upper body. Mark is now just wearing tighty whities. Pöe pulls out a cigarette and begins smoking.

MARK
Jellyfish, you really have got to start wearing shirts youngin'.

JELLYFISH

(pleading)

They're very confining.

The other carnies gather around Rashaan, bring him water, and help him regain consciousness.

SARA

Are you all mad!

GABRIÉLA

(gently)

Sara, why are you so upset? YOU made these changes. YOU. None of us wanted to do ANY of this, but we followed your imagination because we trust you. And we love you.

Mark and Pöe release angry snorts.

GABRIÉLA (CONT'D)

But your imagination, my love, is far more explicit than what any of our real lives are like. Your real life isn't this explicit. HIS life couldn't possibly be.

(points to Rashaan)

So what exactly vexes you so?

SARA

(confused)

I don't know. This, this was just not what I planned.

(she looks at Rashaan)

I didn't know. If I had known, I would not have-

RASHAAN

(cuts her off, gentle tone)

-asked me to come out here? Sara, what were you expecting of me? I thought you wanted me to just be the Muscle Man. Did you want something... more.

SARA

(softly crying)

I want everything. You were a part of that everything.

MARK

(unconvinced, angry)

I'm not!

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Do your worst, Sara, but I'm not wearing another dress, buttless chap, rubber outfit, or pastie! I'm done with this Dark Bunny business! If you need me, I'll be working over at the ten percent of this place you have not corrupted. The actual bunny cages and animal tents! If that is not enough for you, then so be it!

Mark awkwardly walks away wearing only his tighty whities and one high heel shoe. Jellyfish follows him.

PÖE

The Marlboro Man has surely changed over the years, huh?

She throws her cigarette to the ground, stomps it out, then follows after Mark.

SARA

(sniffling)

Where are you going?

PÖE

(shrugs)

I like rabbits.

SARA

(straightening herself out)

You have to stay at the Dark Bunny.

PÖE

Why?

SARA

(plastic coyness returning)

The Zambini Flip.

TOMÁS

(inebriated, melancholy)

No. Little one, no. You mentioned it at that meeting to whet their appetites, but no.

SARA

I promised the Board. We have an obligation.

PÖE

YOU have an obligation. Not me.

Sara smiles brightly at Pöe. Pöe goes from confusion to realization to anger. She walks slowly to Sara. The carnies in their immediate vicinity come in closer to prevent another fisticuff, but Pöe quietly raises her hands above her head.

PÖE (CONT'D)

(slowly, restrained
rage)

You signed my name on something,
didn't you? I'm contractually
obligated to die with you.

Sara silently smiles at Pöe, and a sly grin cracks across her face to acknowledge Pöe is correct.

PÖE (CONT'D)

I did try loving you. We were never
close, but I tried. I didn't know
we weren't biological sisters until
mother told me when I was a little
girl, but it made sense. It made
sense then, and it makes sense now.
You are not my blood.

(she motions to
Gabriéla and Tomás)

You are not our blood. I'll do your
little stunt.

TOMÁS

No!

GABRIÉLA

Girls! This needs to stop.

PÖE

If I survive, that is it for you
and me. Our connection ends. One
way or another, something is going
to die on that trapeze, and at this
point, I could give a shit what it
is. You. Me. Or our sisterhood.
Rest in peace. I. Am. Done.

Pöe slowly turns and walks away from Sara.

SARA

(breezily in Pöe's
direction)

Tell Mark the trapeze is being
delivered next week, and we'll need
his assistance with some of the
assembly!

Pöe stops in her tracks but does not turn around.

SARA (CONT'D)

(happily)

We have to keep our eye on the budget, you know!

Pöe slowly continues her trek.

The carnies begin to disperse. Gabriela lovingly grabs Tomás' hand and leads him away. Only Sara and Rashaan silently remain.

RASHAAN

Sara-

SARA

Did you always know? Even back in college?

RASHAAN

You always know. You don't realize it until later, but you always know. I never meant to lead you on. You have to know that.

SARA

I will have to replay the tapes in my min, but I think you did.

RASHAAN

Well... I thought about it.

SARA

Thought about what?

RASHAAN

It.

SARA

It?

RASHAAN

With you.

SARA

And?

RASHAAN

Well... certain things you can't deny. I prefer 'outies' over 'innies'. And I do love you Sara. That part I have come to grips with. This is the most fun and excitement I have had in my life! I don't really... mesh... well with people. I mesh here.

(MORE)

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

And I will always appreciate you bringing me here. I will always appreciate you helping construct my new normal.

Sara smiles brightly.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

And in this new normal, I love you. I'm not in love with you. But I love you. I will always be Team Sara. We can still do big things together! The Muscle Man and the acrobat!

SARA

(playfully annoyed)

Little Wonder and the Muscle Man!

RASHAAN

That works too!

Sara's smile melts into a sad grin.

SARA

Not that I need any, but I think you may be my only friend.

RASHAAN

I don't think that's true. People care about you.

(grinning)

And you need them.

SARA

(thoughtful,
melancholy)

I need fans. I have fans. You are my friend.

RASHAAN

This Zambini Flip thing. You sure you want to do this?

SARA

(perking up)

Yes!

RASHAAN

I hear it's pretty dangerous.

SARA

(even perkier)

Yes!

RASHAAN
 How big is that mechanical trapeze
 thing that is coming next week?

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
 NIGHT

Workers construct a massive sterling steel trapeze-looking
 contraction within the tent.

Mark assists the workers in constructing the contraption.

Rashaan stands at the tent's opening, looking astonished as
 the workers weld various parts together as the trapeze
 creaks and gives off ominous non-welcoming steel creaking
 sounds.

RASHAAN
 (dreamily)
 Well, what do you know?

Various carnies are practicing their routines within the
 center of the tent.

Badut and Tomás are looking at all of the busyness from the
 other side of the tent. Badut appears happy and fascinated.
 Tomás, drunk and sad, is wearing shoes.

TOMÁS
 (inebriated, sad, and
 angry)
 That thing is going to be the death
 of us all. Look at that, that
 monstrosity!

The machine squeals sinister creaks and cracks.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)
 You hear that? That's the sound of
 evil!

BADUT
 Le mal!

TOMÁS
 Yes! Yes! Evil!

They notice ZULTRAN, the magician, rehearsing with the
 Siamese Twins. The twins are conjoined from their upper arm
 area, each twin sharing a single shoulder blade.

Zultran motions for Mark to assist him with placing the
 twins into a box-like contraption on the stage. Mark
 obliges.

TOMÁS (CONT'D)

(pointing in
Rashaan's Direction)

You know things have never been
right since HE has come here!

BADUT

Homme muscle?

TOMÁS

Yes, the Muscle Man! Rashaan! Maybe
if we can get rid of him, maybe if
we can get rid of this
hideousness...

(getting angry and
more sober)

Maybe things will go back to
normal.

Tomás slowly removes his shoes. A smile creeps over his
face as the trapeze continues to release hideous hollow
steel echoes and noise. He walks away from Badut and closer
to the mechanical trapeze contraption.

Madame Zöe walks into the tent and stands next to Rashaan.
The metal contraption continues to wail.

MADAME ZÖE

What the hell is going on in here!
You can hear it all the way over at
my tent! Sounds like metal fucking!

RASHAAN

(pointing to the
metal trapeze)

That.

MADAME ZÖE

(horrified)

Oh no!

RASHAAN

It just needs oil or something. Or
maybe tightening up here or these.
They're still constructing it.

MADAME ZÖE

(concerned)

No! No! I read this in the cards
last night! It was hard to
interpret, but I think it's this!
This moment!

RASHAAN

Everybody is on edge. I know Sara's decisions here have been questionable, but everything is going to be fine! She's my friend. I trust her.

The mechanical trapeze horribly squeals.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

We just have to get through a few hurdles, and everything will be fine.

MADAME ZÖE

(panicking)

No, it won't! I can't put my finger on it!

Rashaan takes a step closer to Madame Zöe and places a loving hand on her shoulder. With his other hand, he points out various carnies within the tent.

RASHAAN

Look, Madame Zöe, there's Shirley and her poodles...

WE SEE a woman with a pageboy hair cut with a bevy of immaculately groomed poodles circling her.

RASHAAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Badut and the clowns...

WE SEE Badut and other clowns climbing on each other to create a human pyramid.

RASHAAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Zultran and the twins...

WE SEE the Siamese Twins inside of a box where their heads and feet dangle out of each end.

Zultran is crouching beside the box, looking at the area beneath the box.

Mark holds a huge blade attached to the box that will slice it in two.

Zultran motions to Mark to bring the blade down.

RASHAAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Orhan and his blades...

WE SEE an older Turkish man expertly throwing knives into a distant target. Each knife aggressively slices into the fabric with a threatening pound.

A ghastly, blood-curdling scream in the distance interrupts Orhan.

WE SEE Mark struggling to lift the blade from the box, which is now ferociously spurting blood from the screaming Siamese Twins.

Everyone within the tent rushes over to help Mark lift the blade.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

MARK

(panicky)

I don't know! We went over this routine several times! Everything was fine!

The twins screech mercilessly into the tent.

MARK (CONT'D)

We just went over this whole thing! It's a trick blade! There is no way it could do THIS! This is not happening!

Rashaan struggles to lift the blade out of the contraption.

RASHAAN

(struggling with one
of the wooden ends
of the blade)

Wait! Just a little... I think...
we might...

MADAME ZÖE

(panic-stricken and
angry)

No! No! Don't take it out! Don't
take it out! Someone! Call the city
and get an ambulance! Don't take
the blade out!

RASHAAN

(one final yank)

Wait, just... a... little to the...
okay... NOW!

With one yank Rashaan and Mark lift the blade out of the box and the Twins, and in the process, the table the box it was sitting on splits in two and falls to the ground.

A fountain of blood explodes from each of the twins as their lifeless bodies separate and fall on opposite sides of each on the stage. One twin slides in front of Madame Zöe, who wearily knees down in front of her.

Sara rushes onto the stage, dressed uncharacteristically in a simple white T-shirt, blue jeans, and tennis shoes. Sara rushes onto the stage, dressed uncharacteristically in a simple white T-shirt, blue jeans and tennis shoes.

SARA
 (blood-curdling
 scream)
 No! No! What have you done! What
 have you done!

MARK
 Someone! Please call an ambulance!
 Get some towels, blankets,
 anything!

SARA
 (pointing to Mark)
 What have you done! What have YOU
 done!

RASHAAN
 It was an accident Sara!

MARK
 The mechanism malfunctioned! This
 wasn't supposed to happen!

SARA
 (enraged)
 Wasn't supposed to happen? Who was
 in charge of this? Who checked the
 safety protocols?

MARK
 I was helping Zultran, but I was
 checking the box and-

SARA
 So you were in charge! So this is
 your fault!

Madame Zöe, on her knees and covered in blood, cradles the lifeless body of the twin that slid towards her.

MADAME ZÖE
 (sobbing)
 It's no one's fault. It's no one's
 fault. I saw this coming.

SARA
 (pointing at Mark,
 screaming from the
 top of her lungs)
 Murderer!

RASHAAN
Sara! Stop it! It was not hi-

SARA
Murderer!

MADAME ZÖE
(pleading, crying)
Please Sara! Stop!

SARA
Murderer!

BADUT
Mon Amour.

SARA
Murderer!

RASHAAN
Sara!

SARA
Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

MARK
Stop it! I am not a murder-

A knife swiftly pierces Mark's left bicep with a loud wet slicing sound. It stays embedded in his arm as he looks up to find Orhan slowly walking towards him with other knives in his fingers.

ORHAN
Murderer!

MARK
Orhan! Are you crazy!

SARA
Murderer!

SARA AND ORHAN
(in unison)
Murderer!

MARK
What is going on?

The carnies begin to walk slowly toward Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
I didn't do this! It was an
accident!

Orhan readies himself to throw another knife at Mark.

MADAME ZÖE
(sobbing softly)

Run.

MARK
What?

MADAME ZÖE AND RASHAAN
(in unison)

Run!

Orhan flings another knife. Mark nervously moves his head at just the right time to avoid being penetrated by it, but it slices a small tear in his neck as it whizzes by. Blood begins to trickle down his neck. Someone throws a brick and it hits him squarely on his left eye.

All of the carnies begin to slowly converge on Mark and rhythmically repeat in a sing-song fashion, "Murderer."

BADUT
(shaking his head
affirmatively)

Fuir!

Caption: RUN!

Mark painfully sprints out of the tent with the knife still stuck in his arm and touching his bleeding eye.

All of the carnies follow after him.

EXT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
CONTINUOUS

Mark runs towards a horse near an adjacent tent and achingly pulls himself onto the horse with his good arm. Bareback, he hurriedly rides the horse away from the impending mob and into the distant forest.

WE SEE Sara at the entrance of the tent, looking at Mark's frame disappear into the night. A sly smile cracks over her face.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
CONTINUOUS

Sara turns back into the main tent and walks over to Madame Zöe, softly cradling one twin and Rahsaan, placing a blanket over the other twin.

In the background, the lights from a distance ambulance are approaching, as well as the sound of its siren.

Tomás climbs down the mechanical trapeze, and once he gets about one foot from the ground, he loses his footing and falls to the soft, dusty ground beneath.

SARA
 (emotionless)
 Father. What were you doing up
 there?

Tomás tries to stand but is so drunk that he just falls
 back down. She shakes her head in disappointment.

SARA (CONT'D)
 (to Rashaan)
 Are you still on my side?

Rashaan, whose eyes are filled with tears, adverts his sad
 gaze from the dead twin and on to Sara with a look of
 confusion and terror.

She walks over to him and grabs his hand lovingly. She
 looks up at him. The trapeze screeches horribly. Everyone
 adverts their gazes above their head to the trapeze above
 them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
 NIGHT

The trapeze is covered with brightly colored glowing tape.
 The screeching is replaced with a gentle hum, calliope
 music, and the roar of the crowd.

WE SEE that every seat is filled within the main tent of
 the Dark Bunny Circus. All of the patrons are excited two
 something groups of friends and are lively, inebriated, and
 ready for fun.

In the front of one of the stages sit all of the suits.
 Half of them are on their cell phones; the other half are
 sober and unamused by all the sounds and colors swirling
 around them.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE -
 NIGHT

Sara is putting on the finishing touches of her makeup in
 front of her vanity table. She is so dolled up that she is
 barely recognizable.

Gabriéla walks into the room. Sara turns around to face her
 with a full beaming smile.

SARA
 (happy)
 Mother!

GABRIÉLA
 (apprehensive)
 Sara-

SARA
 (good spirits)
 Oh, Mother, not tonight! There is
 too much magic going on tonight!

GABRIÉLA
 Magic? Is that what you call it?

SARA
 What else can it be? The air is
 electric! Can you feel it! We are
 going to make history tonight!

GABRIÉLA
 Which side of history?

SARA
 Oh mother!

Gabriéla walks over closer to Sara.

GABRIÉLA
 (gently)
 What can I say to convince you not
 to do this? What exactly do you
 need. I don't agree with any of
 these changes, but you have brought
 us money. You have brought fame.
 You have brought us success. What
 else do you want?

SARA
 Oh mother!

Sara slowly stands and towers over Gabriéla. She looks down
 upon her.

SARA (CONT'D)
 (happily, sincerely)
 More! I want more!

She saunters out of the dressing room, leaving Gabriéla
 alone.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE -
 CONTINUOUS

Sara walks through the backstage area of the main tent. The
 handful of carnies positioned back there avoid eye contact
 with her look at her surreptitiously.

As she continues walking, Pöe walks towards her in the
 opposite direction.

SARA

(cheery)

Pöe! I know we have a difference of
opinion but-

Pöe walks past Sara without so much as a glance or word.

She walks to a section of the curtain where she can see a
clear shot of darkened the main stage.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE -
CONTINUOUS

A blast of pure white light fires through the darkness and
inflames a silhouette of two little people in the center
circle. Gabriela and Tomás. They wear identical brightly
colored and sparkly tuxedos, complete with tall top hats.
They wear identical shiny black shoes.

TOMÁS

Ladies and gentlemen!

The crowd roars.

GABRIÉLA

The greatest show on earth is about
to begin! We have dancing girls...

A ray of lights beams onto a dozen or so beautiful women
dressed in majorette garb in the circus ring to the left.

TOMÁS

... we have dancing boys!

A ray of light beams onto a dozen or so stately men dressed
in tuxedos in the circus ring to the right.

GABRIÉLA

We have men who'll breathe fire for
you!

SARGON walks in front of Mark and Gabriela and spits a
flame towards a squealing audience.

TOMÁS

WE HAVE THE GREATEST...

Sargon spits a flame to the left towards the dancing girls.

GABRIÉLA

...SHOW...

Sargon spits a flame towards the dancing boys.

TOMÁS

... ON EARTH!!!

Sargon spits a flame directly above him and ignites a flammable globe that shoots sparks around the stage.

The crowd goes crazy as the lights come up to reveal a stage filled with exotically dressed men and women in different positions on top of walking elephants, jugglers tossing knives, bowling pins and flaming bottles.

There are two acrobats swinging back and forth above the stage as clowns of every size and color jump out of cars of every size and color. A calliope plays gleefully in the background.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rashaan, dressed extravagantly in a bedazzled unitard cut low in the front and back to reveal his massive chest and back muscles, slowly walks behind Sara and speaks to her gently.

RASHAAN

Are you ready?

SARA

Born ready.

RASHAAN

And you're sure you want to do this?

Sara turns to face Rashaan.

SARA

After all I did, after all that's been done, you're actually questioning my intentions?

RASHAAN

I'm still Team Sara; I guess I don't trust where that is going to lead.

SARA

To the top, Rashaan! To the top!

She stands they both begin to walk toward the main stage.

RASHAAN

Quid pro quo. Truth for truth. Are you scared?

SARA

No. Are you?

RASHAAN

Yes. If I married you, would you stop all of this?

SARA

Maybe. Do you want to marry me?

RASHAAN

No. But if it will stop all of this-

SARA

No.

TOMÁS (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen! The act you have all been waiting for...

Sara leaps into Rashaan's arms. He lifts her to his shoulders, where she perches.

SARA

(excited)

We're up!

RASHAAN

(panicking)

Marry me! Marry me! Marry Me! We can stop all this right now!

SARA

Quit it!

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

TOMÁS

There are seven wonders of the world. You are about to experience the eighth! My daughter... my daughter...

(overcome with emotion)

My daughter, Sara. Sara is my daughter...

Gabriéla walks over and takes the mic from Tomás.

GABRIÉLA

(confidently)

Our daughter! Little Wonder!

Rashaan dramatically walks out, carrying Sara on his shoulder. The crowd goes wild as both smile ear to ear to their applause.

Rashaan walks over to Gabriela and Tomás and gently places Sara on the ground. Gabriela hands Sara the mic.

SARA

How are you feeling out there tonight!

The crowd roars.

SARA (CONT'D)

Are you feeling good!

The crowd roars.

Tomás struggles to keep a smile on his face as tears roll down his forced grin.

Sara touches the top of his shoulder while she speaks.

SARA (CONT'D)

As you all know, tonight is a special night! Thirty-five years ago, my father assisted in creating this spectacular machine! It's actually trademarked patented in his name! Well, tonight, we crank it up and see what it can do!

The crowd roars.

SARA (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, my father succumbed to his own imagination, but tonight, tonight we carry on my father's legacy! Tonight we perform the famous Zambini flip!

Gabriela throws an annoyed look at Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)

And who knows, maybe we can start this new tradition when my own "Little Wonder" decides to walk the tight rope!

She gently pats her stomach, grabs Rashaan's arm, and looks up at him lovingly.

He throws her a confused look as the crowd "oohs" and "aahs."

SARA (CONT'D)

So without further ado!

She slowly lets go of Rashaan's arm and walks over to the ladder section of the mechanical trapeze.

Madame Zöe dramatically runs into the tent. As Sara puts her foot on the first rung, Madame Zöe runs in her direction, waving her hands wildly.

MADAME ZÖE
(panicked)
Sara! Please! Stop!

Sara takes a few more steps and then looks down at Madame Zöe.

Rashaan, Tomás and Gabriéla run over to Sara.

Exhausted, Madame Zöe takes a second or two to catch her breath, then hands Sara two tarot cards.

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Don't do this Sara. Please.

Sara looks at the two cards and then casually tosses them to the ground.

SARA
(giddy)
Fiddle dee dee!

She continues climbing the steps. When Rashaan, Tomás, and Gabriéla get to the ladder, Tomás is laser-focused on the ladder's rungs.

With each step she makes, his expression becomes increasingly anxious and distressed.

A slight crack is heard when she gets to one particular rung, and she loses her footing. Tomás gasps in excitement but Sara continues her climb. Gabriéla lovingly grabs Tomás' hand.

GABRIÉLA
It's ok, my love.

Tomás' expression turns to anger and confusion as Sara continues her ascent.

On the far adjacent platform stands Pöe, whose expression is red hot fury; her eyes are bloodshot from crying. Sara beams from ear to ear. She gives a dramatic flourish to the crowd, who responds appreciatively.

SARA
(silently mouths to
Pöe)
Are you ready?

PÖE
 (silently mouths to
 Sara)
 Fuck you.

Rashaan looks down at the two discarded Tarot cards and picks them up. The two cards, the Tower and the Devil. He flashes them to Madame Zöe with a look of confusion. She sadly shakes her head in disapproval. Everyone looks up as the mechanical trapeze begins to whirl alive.

The crowd goes wild as a beam of light illuminates Sara perched upon the high beam. The mechanical trapeze loudly cracks and slides to life. The crowd goes immediately quiet as the calliope's tin music whistles throughout the air.

Tomás embraces Gabriéla tenderly as they look above.

Madame Zöe begins to tremble as Rashaan slides behind her and gently puts his oversized hands on her shoulders.

The eyes of all of the carnies on the main floor are on Sara.

The mechanical trapeze swings a metal trapeze bar to and fro from Sara's grasp. She takes one last cleansing breath and looks out at the audience.

SARA
 Little Wonder.

Without fear or regret... she leaps for the contraption and grabs hold of the metal trapeze.

The calliope's tinny music chirps through the still night air as Pöe and Sara complete a series of complicated acrobatic flips and turns and land perfectly, flatly on the metal contraption's metal seats.

Rashaan smiles, looking at their elegance.

Gabriéla and Tomás begin to show signs of pride.

Madame Zöe stops shaking under Rashaan's gentle hands when all of a sudden, Rashaan's smile turns frightening.

Pöe, while standing safely on her platform, sees Sara, moving at an accelerated speed, miss a trapeze and go flying across the big tent.

Gabriéla's eyes follow as Sara rockets through the air and painfully, loudly funnels down into the human cannon.

Tomás's eyes follow as Sara is blown from the human cannon, through the air, across the other side of the big tent, and heads towards the elephants.

Pöe's eyes follow as Sara bounces off the side of an elephant.

Rashaan's eyes follow Sara bouncing a foot or two from the elephant onto an adjacent trampoline.

Madame Zöe's eyes follow as Sara bounces from the trampoline and lands face first on a carpet of hot coals.

Zambini, standing on the coals unharmed, walks over to help Sara, but she is screaming profusely, grabbing her torched face and limbs, her hair singed. Sara notices the figures of five dark figures standing near her.

She hits a cage of porcupines sitting next to Sargon's display. She slips and falls to the ground as the porcupines slither across her. The five figures calmly stand closer to her.

She screams and pierces her hands horribly, trying to get them off. She stands and walks blindly, trying to remove the creatures from her body.

She finally gets them dislodged from her body, her face most notably. She looks ahead and notices a young woman, gagged, her limbs spread eagle open and tied to a colorful board. There are several playful balloons attached to the board. She is trying to tell Sara something, but she is gagged.

From the distance, Pöe's, Rashaan's, Gabriéla's and Tomás voices can be heard screaming her name.

Above the woman reads, "The Great Orhan."

Sara turns her burnt, bruised, broken, and pierced body around in enough time to see the five dark figures standing directly in front of her, smiling. WE SEE that the figures are her father, mother, the Siamese Twins, and Andre.

A blindfolded Orhan releases a series of assorted machetes headed directly towards her.

The machetes make their inevitable path towards her waiting flesh. They slice through the five figures like smoke, and Sara lets out an ear-shattering, religion-finding yell.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CHILDREN'S PROGRAM - DAY

Caption: EIGHT YEARS LATER

A friendly and fluffy sock puppet, MS. WOOLLY, lets out a comically ear-shattering yell and shakes out of fear. MR. WOOLLY, her sock friend, bops along beside her.

MR. WOOLLY

Ms. Woolly, why are you screaming like that?

MS. WOOLLY

I am sad. I want to play, but it is raining outside.

MR. WOOLLY

That is no reason to cry. We can call our friend FUZZY!

MS. WOOLLY

Yes, FUZZY will make our day...

MR. AND MS. WOOLLY

SUNNY!

A stagehand signals a gigantic pink and yellow fuzzy dinosaur dressed actor to step onto the wildly colored set of the puppet show. A huge yellow letter "E" is embroidered on the back of the costume.

FUZ-E DINOSAUR

Did someone call for ME?!

MR. AND MS. WOOLLY

FUZ-EEEEEEEEEE!!

FUZ-E DINOSAUR

No nee-eed to wor-ee. Fuz-ee will make fun-ee out of rain-ee days!

MR. AND MS. WOOLLY

YEA!!!

A stagehand signals a dozen or so kids to run onto the set. They all get in their rehearsed places and sing and dance their rehearsed song.

MR. AND MR. WOOLLY AND KIDS

(singing)

When your day is rainy! Call on Mr. Fuz-E!

FUZ-E DINOSAUR

(singing)

You will be unlucky!

MR. AND MR. WOOLLY AND KIDS

(singing)

If you don't call Mr. Fuz-E! / Tell mommy and daddy! / You don't have to be so gloomy!

FUZ-E DINOSAUR

(singing)

Rain days are fun days!

MR. AND MR. WOOLLY AND KIDS

(singing)

If you call on Mr. Fuz-E!

FUZ-E DINOSAUR

THAT'S ME!

STAGEHAND (O.S.)

Okay people that's a wrap!

Stagehands direct the children off the set, and they happily disperse. Ms. Woolly pops back up from behind her cardboard horizon.

MS. WOOLLY

Hey Mr. Woolly, how about you and me...

The person who portrays Ms. Woolly puts her other unsocked hand into Ms. Woolly's mouth, feigning fellatio. Mr. Woolly pops up.

MR. WOOLLY

(in a drunken voice)

Oooh, baby, you turning me on.
Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!

Mr. Woolly sticks himself inside of Ms. Woolly and pumps in and out.

The actor who plays Mr. Fuz-E Dinosaur removes his head from his costume. It's Rashaan. His hair has grown out, and he wears a full, neatly trimmed beard. His face is sweaty but happy from the costume.

RASHAAN

Will you two cut it out, please? We still have kids on the set, for Christ's sake!

The actors who play the Woollys stand up from behind the cardboard horizon. They are both college-age kids.

MS. WOOLLY ACTRESS

Aaah... we were just having a little fun.

RASHAAN

(joking)

You'll have enough time for that after your crackhead anonymous meeting.

MR. WOOLLY ACTOR
 (speaking in the
 voice of Mr. Woolly)
 Mr. Fuz-E... will you take my hand
 in matrimony... and be my crack
 bitch?

RASHAAN
 (laughing)
 Will you shut up!?

As Rashaan tries to loosen up his costume for air, he notices a young raven-haired girl standing on the edge of the set.

He is mesmerized by her. While still in Fuz-E costume and the head under his arm... he walks over to her and bends down.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)
 Hello. Where's your mommy?

LITTLE GIRL
 I'm not supposed to talk to
 strangers.

RASHAAN
 (happily)
 I'm not a stranger; I'm Fuz-E
 dinosaur!

LITTLE GIRL
 Even more reason.

RASHAAN
 (laughing)
 You remind me so much of a young
 woman I used to know. You look so
 much like her.

PÖE (O.S.)
 Rashaan?

Pöe walks up from the shadows. Her hair is cut shoulder length, and she is pregnant.

RASHAAN
 No way!

They try their best to embrace but fail with their temporarily outsized stomachs.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)
 What? What are you doing here?

PÖE

We were in town and decided to
bring PJ here to see Fuz-E
Dinosaur!

RASHAAN

PJ!

PÖE

Pöe Jr.

RASHAAN

(dreamily)
Well, what do you know?

PÖE

And what about you? Do you work
here?

RASHAAN

I'm Fuz-E dinosaur!

PÖE

That is hilarious! Wow. I never
thought I'd see you again! I
mean... I'm happy to see you but...
I just... well...

RASHAAN

I know. I know.

PÖE

You ran off. You didn't tell
anybody anything. You just left
afterward.

RASHAAN

That was a lot Pöe. It was a lot
going on. And all the surgeries she
had to go through. I didn't sign up
for all of that.

PÖE

I want to judge you, but it's so
good to see you! Besides, I left
not too long after you.

(points to PJ)

Caught up with her father.

RASHAAN

Her father?

INT. COFFEESHOP PATIO - DAY

Rashaan, Pöe, Pöe Jr., and Mark sit at an outdoor cafe
drinking coffee and eating lunch.

Mark wears an eye patch but is otherwise handsome and in good spirits. PJ reads a large oversized children's book.

MARK

All I remember from that day was just running as fast as I could to get away. I was just so hurt. Not just this.

(he points to his eyepatch)

That was my family, you know. Just the image in my head of my family turning on me like that... that's the pain.

(getting angry)

And all because of... HER.

PÖE

We don't bring "her" up.

RASHAAN

Well, she did bring you two together.

Mark and Pöe throw Rashaan a comically blank look.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

(cautiously)

That's a good thing, right?

MARK

(resigns)

It's good that we're together.

PÖE

But we don't bring "her" up.

RASHAAN

Okay! Okay!

A few beats of silence pass as everyone sips their coffee and avoids looking at each other.

RASHAAN (CONT'D)

But the burns and the amputations and everything!

MARK

Rashaan!

PÖE

We don't talk about "her"! The first rule of 'Fight Club', we don't talk about "her"! The second rule of fight club, we don't talk about "her"!. .

RASHAAN

Come on now! You say 'don't think about something' and expect to not think about it. It's like saying whatever you do, don't think of pink elephants, and now you can't stop thinking of pink elephants!

A beat of silence passes.

MARK

I'm not thinking of pink elephants.

A large truck pulls up beside the cafe. A large illustration of a pink elephant is emblazoned on the side with the name "Pink Elephant Pastries" underneath.

RASHAAN

You can't fight fate.

Pöe and Mark glance uncomfortably at each other.

MARK

You haven't been back, have you?
You haven't seen her?

RASHAAN

No.

PÖE

I have never needed a carcinogenic more than right now! Damn kids keep slowing me down!

PJ

You said a swear mommy!

Pöe opens her purse, slides a quarter over to PJ, and speaks in an overly sweet tone with a fake smile on her face.

PÖE

You're going to hear more if these two are suggesting what I think they are!

RASHAAN

It wouldn't be the worst idea. I mean, it's been eight years. I wouldn't mind seeing everybody again.

PÖE

(giddy, fake smile,
slides another
quarter over)

Goddammit!

MARK

I made peace with Zultran years ago, and well, Sara... isn't necessarily a problem anymore.

PÖE

(ecstatic, fake smile, slides another quarter over)

Motherfucker!

RASHAAN

I'm down. We should go. We should go! Pöe, we should-

PÖE

(happily yelling, fake smile, slides a dollar over)

Son of a bitch!

PJ

Mommy! Look! Grandpa!

PJ points to a cartoon in her book of a Little Person in a Grand Marshall uniform on top of a crate next to a lion.

RASHAAN

(to Pöe)

You can't fight fate.

PÖE

(resigned, hands PJ her wallet)

Fuck.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT - DAY

Madame Zöe is reading Gabriéla's palm. Her tent is back to being decorated in scarves and mystical knick-knacks. Instead of tea candles, however, her tent is illuminated with lanterns with tea candles.

MADAME ZÖE

Your hand is always so hard to read.

GABRIÉLA

What's wrong with my hand?

MADAME ZÖE

There's nothing wrong with your hand. It's just tiny. Hold on.

Madame Zöe grabs a comically large magnifying glass from under her table, places it over Gabriéla's hand, and observes an extremely large view of her palm.

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)
 Oh! There we go! Much better! I see
 a big, big future for you! Oh wait-

She flicks a tiny piece of lent from her palm.

MADAME ZÖE (CONT'D)
 -or maybe just antibacterial soap.

GABRIÉLA
 Really! What do you see HERE!

Gabriéla positions her middle finger under the magnifying glass.

MADAME ZÖE
 You're so unprofessional, Gabriéla.

Mark, Pöe, and PJ enter the tent and interrupt their argument. They both excitedly leave their chairs and warmly greet the three.

PJ
 We have a surprise for you!

MADAME ZÖE
 What is it littlest one!

Mark happily opens the front flap of the tent and points outside.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT -
 CONTINUOUS

Everyone piles out of the tent to see Rashaan, standing tall, straight-backed, and handsome with his newly grown beard.

Gabriéla and Madame Zöe scream in joy and rush over to hug him.

GABRIÉLA
 Rashaan! It is so good to see you!
 Oh my gosh! How have you been?
 Where did you go? Are you good? Did
 you eat?

PÖE
 Calm down, mother. Does it look
 like he's skipped a meal?

MADAME ZÖE

I've been keeping my eye on you.
You've been doing good. I can tell.

RASHAAN

I am doing quite well, actually!

MADAME ZÖE

(dramatically)

Madame Zöe always knows.

GABRIÉLA

(excited)

Well, what have you been doing with
yourself all this time?

RASHAAN

I moved to Los Angeles, and I play
with children all day.

PÖE

He went into politics.

RASHAAN

Children's television.

PÖE

Same thing.

RASHAAN

Where's Tomás?

GABRIÉLA

He's right here! Tomás did you see-

Gabriéla looks around and realizes that Tomás is not in the group and rushes back into the tent. She quickly returns with Tomás leaning heavily on her. His hair and beard have grown out messy and unkempt. He wears a tank top and dress slacks held up by suspenders. His pants are tucked inside of knee-high boots laced all the way up. He is drunk and incomprehensible.

GABRIÉLA (CONT'D)

Sweetheart! Look! Rashaan has come
back to us! Look!

Tomás wearily looks up at Rashaan.

TOMÁS

(sluggishly)

Muscle man!

GABRIÉLA

Yes! Yes! Our Muscle Man!

RASHAAN

(feebly)

Hey Tomás!

Rashaan reaches out his hand, and Tomás shakes it weakly.

TOMÁS

(faintly)

Big man. You are a very, very big man. Big. Big man.

GABRIÉLA

Sweetheart, we're going to see Sara today.

TOMÁS

(brightens)

Little Wonder!

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - LATER

The Bunny Circus has returned to its family-friendly roots. Kids of all ages run around the different exhibits. Gone are all of the neon, and returned are hand-painted posters and signs with a distinct flavor that is not Tomás usual work.

Rashaan carries PJ on his shoulders with Madame Zöe beside him. Pöe and Mark walk hand in hand. A few steps behind them, Gabriéla lovingly helps Tomás walk through the campgrounds.

RASHAAN

So I see things have returned back to "normal."

MADAME ZÖE

Normal as can be around here.

RASHAAN

(inconspicuously)

What's going on with Tomás?

MADAME ZÖE

(matching his tone)

He never really recovered from Sara. He never really wanted to be here. He's trying to be a soldier and be here for his famil, but I think this place is killing him.

PÖE

Mother has been trying to get him to go for years now.

RASHAAN

Why doesn't he just go?

MARK

Stubborn. He's got his pride. This isn't where his heart is. That's for sure.

The walking slowly sobers Tomás up as they hobble down the road.

TOMÁS

(happily, drunkenly)
The greatest show on earth!

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

The group walks up to a magnificent tie-dye-colored spectator tent.

RASHAAN

Well this is new.

GABRIÉLA

The accident was a double-edged sword. The number of people mortally horrified by it and vowed never to come back was tripled by the number of people who were mortally offended and wanted to be mortally offended again and again...

MADAME ZÖE

... and again. Some of the kids, the college kids mainly, thought the mutilation was part of the show and expected to see it every night.

PÖE

They've had a steady stream of customers ever since. Sara was true to her word, she brought the customers in, and they never left.

In the front of the tent hangs a large sign that says "TENT OF WONDER."

MADAME ZÖE

(gently grabbing PJ
from Rashaan's
shoulders)

Ok, honey, let's go see the rabbits!

PJ

(excited)
Rabbits!

RASHAAN

Is she in there?

TOMÁS

(drunkenly)

Here we are!

75 Madame Zöe takes PJ away from the group while the rest walk in.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - TENT OF WONDER - CONTINUOUS

The enormous tent is darkly colored in thick fabrics. Make-shift fabric walls create loose maze patterns within the tent. Weird, obscure, and a few horrifying portraits are displayed on the walls. Free-standing oblong mirrors are placed throughout the tent.

PÖE

Sara's idea. Ingenious actually.
She created a whole universe for herself.

Rashaan looks at old portraits of circus freaks attached to the make-shift walls. She notices the words "LITTLE WONDER" painted on a curtain, an arrow pointing into a curtained room.

Tomás goes directly into the room with Gabriéla following. Mark passionately holds Pöe's hand.

MARK

(to Pöe, lovingly)

You don't have to go in if you don't want to.

PÖE

I know.

(to Rashaan, warmly)

Be prepared.

RASHAAN

I saw her after the first five surgeries and the amputation.

PÖE

(affectionately)

There were more surgeries.

MARK

(thoughtfully)

And more amputations.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

Rashaan, Mark, and Pöe walk into Sara's curtained room which is also dark and covered with thick fabrics.

Pictures of Sara as a young girl and young woman line the room. Little halogen lights shine on each of her smiling faces.

There are also several brightly colored illustrations of chickens placed among the tent, as well as caged chickens and large styrofoam eggs painted gold.

A skylight from above emits a soft beam onto the middle of the room where a pedestal sits. Something rests inside of a straw cage on the pedestal, but Tomás and Gabriela block its view.

TOMÁS

(happy)

Oh my love! My love! So good to see you, my daughter! Little one! So safe here! I love you! You bring me joy!

GABRIÉLA

(with tears in her eyes)

The children are here, Tomás. Let's give them some privacy.

TOMÁS

Little Wonder.

Gabriéla gently pulls Tomás away from the cage.

Pöe takes one look at the cage, and tears well up in her eyes.

SARA (O.S.)

(cheery)

Pöe!

Pöe puts her hands over her mouth and turns away.

SARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Pöe?

PÖE

(dismal)

Not today. Just not today.

She sadly walks out of the tent with Mark following her.

Rashaan grabs a nearby crate, walks to the cage, and sits down.

Sara's left arm is amputated at the shoulder, her right at the elbow. Both legs are amputated at the pelvis.

The burns on her face extend through her scalp, leaving a few straw-like puffs of strawberry blonde hair strutting through different parts of her discolored skull.

Skin molds her left eye closed as well as the right side of her mouth.

She wears a cartoonish, bright red and yellow chicken outfit.

RASHAAN
(smile through tears)
What's new?

SARA
Rashaan!

RASHAAN
(wiping his tears)
Sara.

SARA
How long has it been?

RASHAAN
Eight years.

SARA
Feels like eight seconds.

RASHAAN
Longest eight seconds ever.
Everything has changed! I mean, I
mean-

SARA
Everything has changed, Rashaan.
There is no offense to that.

RASHAAN
Are you in pain?

SARA
Everyday. But a little less today
than yesterday. So I look forward
to tomorrow.

Rashaan looks around the tent and all the illustrations of chickens of different variations hanging on the make-shift walls. He notices the plaque on the stand in which her cage sits.

RASHAAN
The Chicken Lady?

SARA
The Chicken Lady. Muscle Man!

The two chuckle a little.

SARA (CONT'D)

I never blamed you for leaving when you did. Same way I don't blame Pöe for leaving. Believe me, I don't need a mirror. I know what this is.

RASHAAN

Sara I am so-

SARA

Don't. Not you. I don't need that from you. I know you care. But we never operated like that.

RASHAAN

Well, what do you need from me?

SARA

Quid pro quo. Truth for truth.

RASHAAN

Ok. Chickens scare the shit out of me.

SARA

I fucked Todd. Recently.

RASHAAN

I got high for the first time when I left the circus.

SARA

Back in college, I almost gave you my virginity.

Rashaan remains quiet.

SARA (CONT'D)

(playful but eager)

Quid pro quo! Truth for truth!

RASHAAN

My name is not Rashaan.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE REAL RASHAAN

A) A gigantic Black man laughs in a college cafeteria with his friends. One of his friends, a young Sara.

B) The gigantic Black man and Sara walk down the hallway. Sara flirts and gushes at his size and appearance.

C) The gigantic Black man waves goodbye as Sara drives off in an old Chevy van filled to the brim with carnies.

D) The gigantic Black man puts a "Roommate Wanted" sign on a bulletin board.

E) "Rashaan" pulls a number from that "Roommate Wanted" sign.

F) "Rashaan" moves his belongings into the gigantic man's apartment. The gigantic man notices when a gay pornographic magazine slides onto the floor. The gigantic man shrugs, grabs the magazine, puts it back into the moving box, and smiles at "Rashaan." Rashaan smiles back.

G) The gigantic man laughs with his friends in a college cafeteria. One of his friends, "Rashaan."

H) The gigantic man leaves the college campus and, while crossing a street, is hit by a Mack truck.

I) "Rashaan" attends the gigantic man's funeral.

J) "Rashaan" at his kitchen table. On one side of the table is a bill that says "TUITION DUE," on the other, the newspaper's classified section. He circles the ad that says "Chicago Legal Copies Hiring."

K) "Rashaan" wearing a pale blue polo shirt and dark gray slacks in a brood of other workers making copies at Chicago Legal Copies. He sees Andre, who smiles at him. He smiles back.

L) "Rashaan" grabbing Mr. Bigg by the throat with a crowd of people around him egging him on. Mr. Bigg, struggling to breathe, says, "Wha-what are you doing, Ma-Ma-Ma-Maurice!"

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

RASHAAN

My name is Maurice.

SARA

All this time.

MAURICE

All this time.

SARA

And you didn't say anything.

MAURICE

It's like jumping rope; you're trying to find the right way to get in. I could never find the right way or the right time. And I didn't really think it made a difference. You needed a Muscle Man. I am a Muscle Man. Well I needed much more.

SARA
And you are much more.

Sara laughs until she coughs.

SARA (CONT'D)
I got one.

MAURICE
Okay.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Pöe executes a dangerous stunt on the mechanical trapeze and lands it perfectly. She stands safe on her platform. The crowd goes wild.

While on her trapeze, Sara notices the crowd's affection for her. She also notices the look of worry on the carnies' faces and her friends and family.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

SARA
People tend to think that beauty is a commodity. What it really is, is a means to an end. The goal isn't to be famous. The goal is to be infamous.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

While on her trapeze, Sara notices the look of concern even on Pöe's face. She sees the five figures of her parents, the twins, and Andre standing on Pöe's platform. Sara swings on her trapeze.

SARA (V.O.)
I never thought people accepted me. Not even my family. And I worked my whole life to be beautiful, to be accepted. And then I looked at the faces of concern of everyone around me, and I suddenly realized, I suddenly realized...

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

MAURICE
(impatient)
Realized what?

SARA
You should understand this. The idea of identity.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

About holding on so tightly to who you think you are. To who people think you are. You know this. That's why you came. Not to run away, but to run to who you are. Who you really are.

MAURICE

(confused)

What are you saying?

SARA

(dramatically)

You let go of who you are.

MAURICE

Yes.

SARA

So did I.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Sara lets go of her trapeze and falls. The crowd screeches in horror.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

MAURICE

(horrified)

You let go on purpose?

SARA

I let go on purpose.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Sara violently slams inside the human canon. WE HEAR her bones cracking as she drops inside.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

SARA

No one ever saw me. Not "Me." They saw what they wanted to see. They saw what they could get out of me. They saw a comfortable place to put their hate. But not "Me." I realized... I needed to break her.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Sara painfully slides onto red hot coals. Her flesh singes off the bone.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

SARA

Beauty is youth. Beauty is money.
Hell, beauty is beauty sometimes.
But there has to be something...
more.

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Porcupines slitter across Sara's fresh burns and scars.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

SARA

There has to be more to life than
acquire, sex, repeat. Acquire, sex,
repeat.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BUSINESS TENT - NIGHT

An elegantly dressed Sara helps the suits get into their cars

SARA (V.O.)

Acquire...

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - TODD'S TENT - NIGHT

Todd, the "Wolf Man," lies flat on his back while a naked Sara sensually rides his crotch.

SARA (V.O.)

...Sex...

INT. DARK BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

A blindfolded Rolto releases a series of assorted machetes headed directly towards Sara's waiting flesh. They pierce her limbs with a heavy thud.

SARA (V.O.)

...Repeat.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

MAURICE

(sad)
You let go.

SARA

(confident)
I. Let. Go.

Maurice stands and paces uneasily as he talks.

MAURICE

And this is what you wanted?

SARA

This is what I already had.
Everybody is just on the same page
now.

MAURICE

(shocked)

You act as if you're happy.

SARA

How can I not?

MAURICE

(angry)

Because you're a chicken!

SARA

(calmly)

I'm a spiritual being having a
human experience.

MAURICE

You're a spiritual being having the
experience of a chicken! What is
wrong with you!

SARA

Why are you so upset?

Maurice struggles to catch his breath while pointing
emphatically at Sara.

MAURICE

(stuttering, rage-
filled)

Uh, chicken! Chic! Ken!

He walks closer to Sara, bows beside her, and speaks in
soft tones.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Couldn't you have found some other
way to find... enlightenment...
than... THIS?

SARA

Maybe. I think that's irrelevant. I
think the most important part is
that I found it. I'm here.

Maurice hangs his head out of exhaustion and stares at the
ground.

SARA (CONT'D)

We're not that different, you and I. We both wanted adventure; we sought it, we found it, we came to terms with it, and we wound up in a good place.

MAURICE

(sorrowful, crying)

Out of all this time, this is the first time where I feel like... we TRULY do not know each other.

SARA

(content)

We know each other! Not like I thought we did, but you know me, the REAL me. And I know you. The REAL you. Maurice.

Maurice smiles through his tears at Sara as Badut fumbles into the tent, older but still in his clown attire. He carries a platter of bite-sized food.

BADUT

Mon amour, il est temps de te nourrir.

Caption: My love, time for your feeding.

SARA

Merci petit, je suis affamé

Caption: Thank you little one, I am famished

MAURICE

Vous avez appris à parler français

Caption: You learned to speak French

SARA

Qu'y a-t-il d'autre à faire pour un poulet?

Caption: What else is there for a chicken to do?

Badut places the platter in front of Sara's cage. Maurice smiles and then lovingly kisses Sara on the forehead.

MAURICE

Au revoir.

SARA

Au revoir.

As Maurice walks to the door of the tent and begins his exit, he accidentally bumps into a young woman with similar physical attributes as "Human" Sara, tall, blonde, leggy, red fire engine lipstick, beautiful. Maurice recognizes her.

MAURICE

(shocked)

You're the New Little Wonder.

The woman coyly smiles, acknowledges Maurice, and quietly walks past him.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

(dreamily)

Well, what do you know?

Maurice exits the tent.

The New Little Wonder walks closer into the tent and stops when she sees Sara in her cage. With Badut somewhere in the shadows, the two silently stare at each other; Sara engulfed in light from the skylight above her, the New Little Wonder harshly backlit from the light behind her.

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - LITTLE WONDER TENT - DAY

WE HEAR: "The Chicken" by Bo Burnham

Maurice exits the Tent Of Wonder and walks through the spectator tents. He appears happy and introspective as he observes the crowd, the families, and the children.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Dear Sara. I hope this letter finds you well. I can not shake the memory of our last time together. I remember walking through the circus and admiring the crowds and the people. I remember that philosophy class we took. We talked about Kafka and how he was filled with endless astonishment at simply seeing a group of people cheerfully assembled together.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - NEW LITTLE WONDER TENT - NIGHT

The New Little Wonder sits in her darkened tent, looking at her cell phone, swiping past glamorous pictures of herself. She looks at her number of followers, 750K, and smiles gleefully.

She swipes the screen and views Sara's Instagram account, titled "SARA SAINT LAWRENCE-PEQUEÑO THE ORIGINAL LITTLE WONDER," with before and after pictures of Sara's face. Her follower count, 8.1M.

The New Little Wonder frowns in disgust and lets out an irritated snort.

MAURICE (V.O.)

I think that concept is at the heart of all artists. Trying to get people cheerfully assembled together. Is that why you did what you did? Not to make art but to BE art so that people can gather around you?

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - BIG TOP - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Tomás, looking haggard and miserable, sits in his brightly colored and sparkly tuxedo. He painfully puts on boots that extend past his knee. He silently cries out of agony, trying to lace them up. He eventually gives up, pulls out a box from his breast pocket, shakes a wide powdery substance on a nearby table, and snorts it. He pulls a flask out of his pocket and takes a big swig. He sits back down, exhausted, humiliated, defeated and weeps alone.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Look at me, calling myself an artist! But I guess I am. I am following my passion. I guess we are alike in certain ways. What makes us happy is following our instinct. I'm grateful you helped me find my passion. I'm not sure what type of person I would be if I didn't have that or, God forbid, lost it.

INT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - MADAME ZÖE'S TENT - NIGHT

Madame Zöe warmly welcomes Gabriéla into her tent. Madame Zöe pulls out a large shipping box in the middle of the tent addressed to "GABRIÉLA PEQUEÑO." Gabriéla happily opens the box and hands the items to Madame Zöe one by one: tubes of brightly colored paint, paint brushes, a small easel, sandals, and a small golden crucifix on a gold chain.

MAURICE (V.O.)

And I thank you for that. I thank you for bringing your family to me.

(MORE)

MAURICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For making me a part of your family, because you need them to remind you who you are, bring your art back to you when you lose your way, remind you that, as you said, we're spiritual creatures having a human experience...

INT. PÖE'S YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Pöe is no longer pregnant and happily performing yoga beside PJ. They are teaching a large class filled with parents and children basic techniques. Everyone is focused and happy.

Mark sits crossed-legged on the floor in the rear of the studio, caressing their newborn and looking at his wife and daughter lovingly.

MAURICE (V.O.)

... and to watch you grow and do things you never thought you would do. And support you as you go through all those changes that happen in life. And it's a good life!

EXT. BUNNY TRAVELING CIRCUS - FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Maurice continues to walk through the fairgrounds, happy and content, looking at all the crowds.

MAURICE (V.O.)

If you're up for a little adventure. Which, the record has shown, I am.

An extremely tall and extremely handsome man approaches Maurice and gently taps him on the shoulder.

TALL GUY

Rashaan right?

MAURICE

Do I know you?

Maurice and the tall guy shake hands and begin to talk.

MAURICE (V.O.)

I am also quite the proponent of extensive UV light therapy. WHO KNEW that on top of Jellyfish's veins and organs was a damn good looking guy? We're doing good, by the way.

They walk close together into the sunset of the circus skyline.

EXT. PONT DES ARTS (FRANCE) - DAY

Maurice and Jellyfish leisurely walk hand in hand down the Passerelle des Arts pedestrian bridge. They admire the other couples walking and the scenery.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Did you know that all the locks on the Pont Des Arts bridge used to weigh 45 tons? You know the bridge I'm talking about, right? The one in France where lovers would attach padlocks or "love locks" with their names on them to commemorate their relationship? 45 tons! Yeah, they cut them all down. Never mind, we got the memories.

Maurice and Jellyfish look off onto the Eiffel Tower in the distance, and they share a kiss.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Makes you think though... the things we do to be... remembered.

They notice the beautiful stylized graffiti that has replaced the locks. They notice one particular image of a grotesque chicken lady with the caption, "Petite Merveille Pour Toujours"

Caption: Little Wonder Forever

They uncomfortably glance at one another and continue walking down the bridge.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Can I say I miss you? Well I do. Despite it all. We did have a connection. I call you friend. I hope you do the same for me. The Ying to my Yang. How about during the off-season, you come up and see us sometime. Sara, the world is beautiful. And there is so much to see!

LA FIN