

A Sausage Named Clarence

by

Corbett Redford and Dan Abbott

747 54th St. #3
Oakland, CA 94609
corbettredford@gmail.com
(510) 228-2609

Screenplay and lyrics
© 2008 Abbott/Redford
Character renderings
© 2008 Chris Murdoch

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TV sits, showing something awful and typically American. In the foreground is a 1950's suburban, monstrously FAT FAMILY, slumped on an L-shaped couch facing the TV. The males have crew-cuts, the females have bows in their hair.

CLOSE UP on TV (ANGLE looking slightly up toward TV), which has rays coming out of it as if a heavenly beacon. An image appears on the screen, of CLARENCE SAUSAGE, flanked by microwave dinner packages, with a smaller image of Clarence on the packages. It is a commercial for Mr. Sausage Brand Dinner Entrees.

Clarence is a friendly looking sausage, with no mouth, arms or eyes. He does however have legs, feet fit with Converse shoes and a red bowtie. His movements are reminiscent of the old Merry Melodies characters or early Mickey Mouse. Without a face, he relies heavily on posture and movement, as they are his only vehicles for expression.

We ENTER the commercial.

EXT. FRIENDLY FARM - DAY

Clarence wanders onto a colorful farm. The smiling sun is shining gaily and a very chipper, radio commercial style song starts up. Throughout the song, Clarence, watering can in hand, dances around the farm replete with a red barn, fences and bored looking animals. He pours water on a green field; immediately ridge-cut carrots with limbs spring out of the ground and begin to follow Clarence. He pours water on a different patch of dirt and corn on the cob, a pile of mashed potatoes, a fried chicken drumstick emerge, following Clarence in parade, on spindly black legs.

SONG: *MR. SAUSAGE BRAND MICROWAVE DINNER ENTREES THEME SONG*

SUPER HAPPY CHORUS

(sung)

Mister Sausage dinner entrees;

Guaranteed shelf life of 370 days.

CAMERA CLOSE UP ON CLARENCE. Clarence is standing in front of a cow so as we only see the cow's side, it's black and white pelt serving as a backdrop for Clarence's sales pitch.

CLARENCE

Hi, it's your ol' pal Clarence again.
Try my new Chicken ala chicken!

The cow moos and begins moving, accompanied by the sound of it's cowbell.

CLARENCE

And now every one of my microwave entrees come with a brownie square for dessert!

The cow has moved completely out of frame, revealing a fresh, steaming brownie square, also with legs. The brownie joins in as Clarence starts the parade again, this time moving towards a Mr. Sausage microwave dinner entree box. They all enter the box and the song continues. A HORSE sticks his head on camera next to the entree box and sings.

HORSE

(sung)

Good ol' Mister Sausage;

He knows just what you'll eat...

A CHICKEN, A HOUND DOG and a RACCOON all chime into the song.

CHICKEN

(sung)

It's quick!

HOUND DOG

(sung)

It won't kill you.

RACCOON

(sung, sifting through
garbage)

And best of all it's cheap!

CUT TO: - Display image of Mr. Sausage entree box. An ANNOUNCER begins a speedy sales pitch.

ANNOUNCER

Now for a limited time, with ten Mr. Sausage proofs of purchase, you can receive 50% off your next visit at participating poison control centers.

ANNOUNCER

(cont.)

Mr. Sausage Brand Microwave Dinner Entrees. They'll do.

COMMERCIAL ENDS.

A FILM COUNTDOWN, as if playing a nostalgic EDUCATIONAL FILM through a projector, begins. We see a bold image of CLARENCE SAUSAGE, standing proudly. A WARTIME REEL NARRATOR speaks.

WARTIME REEL NARRATOR

Clarence Sausage, the illustrious TV dinner tycoon. Somewhere in the world, three of his meals are eaten each second. But it wasn't always this way. Clarence came from humble, all-American beginnings, down on the old farm...

FADE TO FLASHBACK SEQUENCE as lazy, COUNTRY MUSIC begins.

CROSS FADE UP TO:

EXT. HAYSEED'S FARM - DAY

We see a old HAYSEED on a wooden porch in blue overalls playing a guitar. He is the one plucking out the country music we heard during the fade to flashback sequence.

We PAN over to a field where we see a very bored cow named GERTRUDE, chewing cud and swatting at flies with her tail. The Hayseed begins to sing.

SONG: *MESSY BIRTH*

HAYSEED

(sung)

Gertude the Cow wanders the fields all day;

She chomps on the grass;

Swats flies from her ass;

And plops down in the hay.

We PAN across the farm to SQUEAKY the pig's muddy pen. We see his hind quarters and cute, curly tail as he stands at a feeding trough, his back to us.

Squeaky messily snorts his food, then abruptly turns around looking annoyed as if we have interrupted his feast. The Hayseed continues to sing.

HAYSEED

(sung)

Squeaky the Pig rolls in the mud to
stay cool;

He slurps up his slop, he's pink on
top;

And he sleeps in a pile of stool.

The Hayseed does a big band count-off and we see Gertrude and Squeaky thrown into the back of a covered pick-up truck.

HAYSEED

(sung)

Stool, stool, 1, 2, 3, 4...

EXT. BIG CITY - DAY

The truck carrying Gertrude and Squeaky drives to a large factory in the big city. A large sign outside the factory reads, "Sausage Hills, a subsidiary of Fatso Industries, Inc.. Gertrude and Squeaky, still bored and still messy, are thrown onto different conveyer belts and led toward a giant, smoking meat grinder.

INT. SAUSAGE FACTORY

The grinder's gears, pistons and pipes click and clang loudly. Gertrude and Squeaky disappear simultaneously into the grinder. Their bodies descend into their respective funnels and their large heads give the machine a slight stutter.

During this, their eyes meet and their hearts melt. The machine's smokestack belches forth a bubble of smoke as their heads finally descend into the grinder. The bubble of smoke slowly takes the shape of a heart, then pops free from the smokestack and lifts offscreen. The Hayseed sings throughout this sequence.

HAYSEED

(sung)

Gertrude and Squeaky met one day;

In a processing plant in town;

Thrown in a meat grinder...

SAUSAGE MAKING SEQUENCE - A gloopy red substance is spat out of a tube onto conveyer belt. We see FACTORY WORKERS in yellow helmets and red jumpsuits mixing the sausage in barrels of ingredients, various powders and liquids. The substance falls of the conveyer belt into funnel that leads to a machine that squirts it into an intestine sheath.

The sausage are then sent to an area that twists their ends and heat flashes them. Viola! Sausages! A conveyer belt ushers many normal sausages in and out of our view. They are laying horizontally and motionless. Finally, we see Clarence standing, glistening triumphantly, newly born for the world to see. The Hayseed sings throughout this sequence as well.

HAYSEED

(sung)

...lips, hooves and buttoholes made sausage by the pound;

Pressed and formed, wrapped in intestine;

Fat cells a festerin';

They were the unwilling parents;

To a sausage named Clarence.

CLARENCE stands alone on the conveyor belt, which has come to a stop.

CLARENCE

Hello. My name is Clarence.

We see shots of factory workers, staring slack-jawed and amazed from various locations and vantage points. We hear CRICKET SOUNDS then, a QUALITY CONTROL WORKER loudly pulls a large level downward. Clarence stands there as a red sign blinks above him: "REJECT". SIRENS SOUND.

Many identical factory workers slowly lurch toward a trembling Clarence.

SONG: *REJECT*

FACTORY WORKERS

(sung)

Reject, Reject, Reject;

Reject, Reject, Reject.

CLARENCE

Was it something I said?

The workers lunge toward Clarence. Clarence flees and a CHASE SEQUENCE through the factory's inner workings begins. A FOREMAN, the only worker in a white helmet, is seen grabbing an emergency phone.

FOREMAN

(sung into phone)

The little sucker's alive.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM

We see a board meeting with ten or so stuffy, suited EXECUTIVE TYPES. The CEO at the head of the table is on the phone with the factory foreman.

CEO

(sung into phone)

Kill him before he fries!

A LAWYER stands up and urgently slams a large book down onto the table. The title of the book, in bold letters reads, "FOOD LAW".

LAWYER

(sung)

Can't let him in the public eye;

Mr. Sausage must die!!

INT. SAUSAGE FACTORY

We see Clarence running from the many factory workers who are all intent on killing him. He ducks under pipes and darts around various machinery eluding them in cartoon maze chase fashion.

FACTORY WORKERS

(sung)

Reject, Reject, Reject;

Reject, Reject, Reject.

CUT TO: WIDE ANGLE VIEW of 80's ladder maze video game scenario (ala Donkey Kong) strewn with various sausage factory hazards.

ZOOM BACK TO REGULAR VIEW.

Clarence climbs the ladder to the second floor of the "maze level" and grabs a hose. Somehow he does all of this with no arms. Bending and twisting himself see to get his far. Many factory workers are still fast on his heels.

He sprays the hose down the ladder and instead of water, thick sausage filling BURPS out of the hose, sweeping a few workers away. Some workers continue up the ladder as Clarence kicks a flaming barrel towards them. It strikes a few workers, lighting them on fire. They flee SCREAMING.

In the confusion, Clarence jumps into a chute marked, "EARTH FRIENDLY DISPOSAL". The words on the sign are flanked by both the traditional recycling logo and a biohazard symbol. We see CLARENCE sliding through the chute as if it were a waterslide.

FACTORY WORKERS

(sung)

Reject, Reject, Reject;

Reject, Reject, Reject.

EXT. COASTLINE

Clarence slips out of a sewer pipe into a bay.

INT. BOARD ROOM

Board members are frantically shredding papers and burning them in barrels. The CEO gets up from the table and exits the board room. He starts toward the heart of the factory where the chase has been happening. As he marches down a hallway, the lawyer and a few executive types flank him.

LAWYER

(urgently sung)

Cover up this magic meat;

If word of this hits the street;

The FDA will know we cheat and that we
once used a guy named Pete for meat!

INT. SAUSAGE FACTORY

The CEO and his men arrive at the factory floor. The CEO angrily grabs the foreman.

CEO

(sung)

Get that slimy dancin' guy;

Mr. Sausage must die!

The foreman smiles uneasily and points toward the rest of the factory floor. We see a damaged facility with injured or unconscious workers strewn about. The sound of the sirens and the red flashing lights continue as we FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

We see Clarence walking in the rain his head bowed in sadness. The sirens and lights from the factory are now replaced by flickering neon city signs and police sirens. The street is dirty, dismal and decaying. Winds throw various trash and newspaper here and there. A dump truck passes Clarence and sprays him with a wave of gutter water.

NARRATOR

Clarence wandered alone and weary, his head in his hands...

CLARENCE

(interrupting)

But, I don't have hands. I'm a sausage.

NARRATOR

Ahem... Clarence wandered the streets without a friend in the world. He couldn't help but think back to the days when he was but a simple mixture of pig intestines and cow eyes. There seemed to be no hope for young Clarence. For a little sausage, the big city can be a very unforgiving place.

Clarence continues to plod along with a lonely demeanor.

SONG: *COVERED IN GREASE*

CLARENCE

(sung)

Don't care if you don't want to touch
me;

Covered in grease;

I should lie in the gutter;

Let the rain wash away me.

DOLLY SHOT of endless circular street - Clarence walks seemingly forever in the middle of a dark, wet street. Images of the things he sings about fade in and out of the sky in the background.

CLARENCE

(sung)

Past the prostitutes, derelicts,
signage;

The buildings, the pay phones, the hy-
drants;

The pigeons, the garbage, grey skies
are consuming it all.

CUT TO SIDE ANGLE - Clarence walks along the sidewalk looking more and more decrepit.

FADE TO - Clarence sitting on a bus stop bench with a sign around his neck that reads, "ANYTHING HELPS."

CLARENCE

(sung)

Don't care if there's no one to brace;

Brace my fall.

CUT TO - Clarence walks along the street again and looks up to a street sign that reads, "BROKEN DREAMS BLVD.". He continues his tragic walk along the sidewalk. We PAN with him. PIGEONS join in chorus and a PROSTITUTE chimes in as well.

CLARENCE

(sung)

Don't care if there's no one to love me.

PIGEONS

(sung)

Love me...

PROSTITUTE

Hey, sweetie.

CLARENCE

(sung)

Don't care if there's no one above me.

PIGEONS

(sung)

Above me...

CLARENCE

(sung)

Don't care if you don't want to touch
me ;

Covered in grease; covered in grease,
covered in...

We see a BUM, sitting in a wheelchair at a bus stop under a street light. He throws an empty whiskey bottle at Clarence.

BUM

(abruptly interrupting
the song's crescendo)

Shaddup! At least you've got legs.

Clarence slumps as we FADE TO ABOVE WIDE ANGLE:

EXT. DAYTIME - CITY STREET

Clarence walks along a sidewalk. TRAFFIC is noisy and busy. There are many people about. Stoplights flash and people rush around.

CUT TO - Clarence walks by a pizza restaurant. He sees a small "HELP WANTED" sign in the window. He looks up to a larger sign in the window that, in fun cursive reads, "WOBBLY STOOL PIZZA PLAZA - "Where A Kid Can Eat A Lot!". A jubilant image of a hungry hippo with a chef's hat sits next to these words. Clarence walks into the restaurant.

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. WOBBLY STOOL INTERVIEW ROOM

We FADE UP to see the beginning of Clarence's first job interview. He sits in a chair a few sizes too large for him and his legs barely dangle over the edge. A balding, mustachioed white man with glasses named BILL sits in the chair opposite Clarence. Bill is wearing a white shirt, a red tie and a name tag that reads, "BILL - MANAGER". His attitude is stern and he seems a little distracted. We CUT BACK AND FORTH, from Clarence to Bill as one asks questions and the other answers.

BILL

Name?

CLARENCE

Clarence Sausage.

BILL

Sausage? Is that Middle Eastern?

CLARENCE

(uneasy)

I don't follow...

BILL

Good. We're looking for team leaders, Clarence. Have you ever been fired?

CLARENCE

No.

BILL

Any prior convictions?

CLARENCE

I'm a clean slate.

BILL

What position are you interested in?

CLARENCE

What jobs are there?

BILL

Busser. You clean tables and bring dishes back to the kitchen.

CLARENCE

That sounds fun, but I have no hands.

BILL

You're disabled, huh? How come you failed to mention this until now?

CLARENCE

Ummmm...

BILL

I'm just pulling your leg, Clarence.

(excited)

I see you have those!!! Hahaha... Welcome to the team, Clarence! I'll figure out a job for you. Let's get you started on some of these employee training videos.

Bill brings a large stack of videos and drops them on his desk.

BILL

I'll be back in a few. Watch them all. You'll be tested.

Bill puts a video in a VCR and turns on a TV. He turns off the lights and exits the office. Clarence sits slumped in his chair, the light of the TV flickering on his greasy self.

CUT TO: Wobbly Stool Pizza Plaza Training Video. The Wobbly Stool Logo and its hippo mascot rush to the center of the screen. Cheap 80's synthesizer music is heard in the background. We see images of headquarter buildings, CEO's and smiling employees.

TRAINING VIDEO NARRATOR

(very serious sounding)

You've just taken the first step into an exciting career with The Wobbly Stool Pizza Family!

(quickly whispered)

A subsidiary of Fatso Industries...

(now jubilant)

On behalf of the whole family... WELCOME TO THE TEAM!!!!

SONG: *WELCOME TO THE TEAM*

WOBBLY SINGERS

(sung)

Welcome to the team! Welcome to the
team!

Now you've got a job, now we've got a
slave;

It's like one big family only you get
get paid;

Welcome to the team! Welcome to the
team!

INT. WOBBLY STOOL INTERVIEW ROOM

Clarence slumped even lower in his chair, obviously bored or asleep. The annoying excited narrator blathers on in the background.

CUT TO: A clock spins as time elapses.

CUT TO: Clarence, still slumped, now has a Rip Van Winkle beard.

CUT TO: The clock keeps spinning.

We see Clarence in the dark room, covered in cobwebs, the light of the TV still flickers on his greasy hide.

Suddenly, someone enters the room. The lights come on and we see Bill with his hand on the light switch. Clarence springs to life, shaking off the cobwebs and beard.

BILL

So whatta ya think, buddy? You juiced?
So I thought we'd have you greet cus-
tomers for now, what with the "no
hands" thing ya got going. When can you
start?

CLARENCE

Now?

BILL

Ok, Clarence. But one thing we gotta
get straight before you take one step
into your career with The Wobbly Stool
Pizza Plaza is that I'm the big dog.
This is my world, Clarence.

BILL

(sung)

This is my show. Never forget that or
you will be very, very sorry.

As Bill speaks each line he seems to get taller and taller. Clarence begins to cower. Before we know it he is looming like a skyscraper above Clarence. Clarence starts to shake with fear. Bill's features begin to change as if he is a Disney villain taking various monstrous forms. Shadows and flames dance as Clarence begins to flee into a imaginary pizza-hell.

Bill chases him about and menacingly appears at every turn. Stairs and corridors all lead to an evil, singing Bill.

SONG: *CALL ME BOSS*

BILL

(sung)

I revel in my superiority and try to
show no heart;

The styles I try to emulate;

Ho Chi Minh and Bonaparte;

Tonight you'll sweep until you bleed;

Bus tables til' you weep;

You're scheduled here at sunrise tomor-
row;

So make sure and get no sleep.

Call me boss and toss the salad as you
shirk;

If there's time to lean, there's time
to clean;

Now get back to work!

Bill morphs back to his regular, non-threatening self. The menacing landscapes that Clarence has been running through are gone and he and Bill are back in Bill's office. Clarence is still shaking.

BILL

What's the matter, Sausage? Can't take a joke? Ask anyone here. I'm a jokester. You'll get used to it. Let me introduce you to Amber. She'll show you the ropes.

Bill and Clarence, exit the office and walk into the pizza making area.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

We see the pizza assembly line and a girl standing at it, half-heartedly flinging toppings onto a pie. Her name is AMBER. She sounds like a valley girl with a chewing gum addiction and looks like a this-side-of-cuter trailer park denizen. Her demeanor reminds one a bit of Jeanine, the secretary from Ghostbusters. Disgusted and exasperated, she gets the job done but is deeply unhappy to be at work. Bill puts a hand each on both Amber and Clarence's shoulders, simultaneously squeezing both. Amber and Clarence cringe uncomfortably. Amber suddenly throws her hands up in alarm as if to say, "Back off!"

BILL

Amber, this is Clarence. Amber, show him how we greet. I'll be in the office.

Bill exits.

AMBER

(under her breath)
Watching softcore...

BILL

(off screen, loudly)
What's that, Amber?

AMBER

Nothing.

(to Clarence)

So, you're a sausage?

AMBER

(cont., pause)

That's cool. Sausage makes me break out...

(pause)

So, like, if you haven't already figured it out, Bill's an idiot and this place sucks.

CLARENCE

Huh?

AMBER

(frustrated)

SIGH Whatever. C'mon. You greet people in the lobby.

Amber and Clarence leave the kitchen.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Amber and Clarence stand at the restaurant's entrance.

AMBER

So, like, you stand here.

CLARENCE

Yeah?

AMBER

If you see Bill, act like you're happy. And, like when people come in, mostly like fat kids, you say, "Welcome to The Wobbly Stool Pizza Plaza, where a kid can eat alot." OK, you try.

CLARENCE

OK.

We hear the door open and a FAT PIMPLY CHILD in a striped shirt wearing a propeller beanie enters the restaurant.

Clarence begins his greeting.

CLARENCE

Hello! Welcome to The Wobb...

Clarence is interrupted as we QUICK CUT BACK TO the door and now see a charging herd of FAT CHILDREN.

FAT CHILDREN

Pizza!!!

The children barrel over Clarence. Dust, stars and mayhem envelope the unsuspecting sausage. The dust clears and we see a bruised, bandaged Clarence. He stands and shakes off some spinning birds. Something is still buzzing around his head. He shakes again but the buzzing persists.

AMBER

I think you've got the hang of this.
I'm taking my break.

(pointing)

Oh, and that's the video game area.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

We see a bustling arcade. Some kids are blankly staring at screens playing shooter games. Others are frothing while playing racing games. In a dark corner, next to a pay phone which has a sign that reads, "OUT OF SERVICE", sits a lone machine that in shape resembles a chicken hutch.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Clarence is still being pestered by what we now know must be a FLY.

AMBER

You gotta like, wipe the food off the buttons and joysticks sometimes. It's totally gross. And if Bill asks you to clean the kiddie balls...

CUT TO:

INT. KIDDIE PLAYPEN

We see an ocean of multi-colored balls with children diving in and out of them. We hear Amber's voice while the kids frolic.

AMBER

(cont.)

...don't do it. You gotta take them all out back and spray the pizza puke off of them.

A SICK KID up to his neck in plastic balls, barfs onto a patch of them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

The fly continues to bother Clarence.

AMBER

One time I found a diaper in there.
Kids are gross.

CLARENCE

(dodging the fly)
Thanks, Amber. Boy, you really know
you're way around here. How long have
you...

Clarence is interrupted by the rumba RING of Amber's cellphone. She answers it ignoring Clarence and walks away.

AMBER

(starting onscreen,
then offscreen)
Omigod, Brandi. Today has sucked so
bad.

CLARENCE

(weary)
SIGH

The fly continues to buzz around Clarence and finally lands right in the middle of his head. We CUT TO a CLOSE-UP of the fly. We see OSBORNE, a fly with wild, Einstein hair, smiling and rubbing his hands together. He buzzes while he speaks. Whenever Osborne speaks, we CUT TO A CLOSE-UP of him.

OSBORNE

Zay, you're new herezz.

CLARENCE

Who are you?

OSBORNE

I'm Ozzzborne. I live herezz. Don't
tell Billzz.

Osborne leaves Clarence's skin and begins to float and bob next to him.

CLARENCE

You live here? Does anyone else live here?

OSBORNE

No, juzzt me and the Fun Chicken. Zzz.

(pause)

And a few ratzz...

Osborne reveals a wallet and shows Clarence a few family photos.

OSBORNE

And my family.

We see a few CLOSE-UPS of some of the photos. We PAN down the photo strand and see:

1) A photo of a disproportionate maggot wrapped in swaddling cloth nursing a large pacifier.

2) A maggot at a birthday party surrounded by other maggots and flies. The maggot is blowing out a candle stuck into a piece of soft-serve shaped poop.

3) Two flies and a few maggots are posing for a family portrait on a slice of pepperoni pizza.

CLARENCE

What a nice looking family. You must feel very lucky to have them.

OSBORNE

(contentedly)

Bzzz...

CLARENCE

Wait, what's the Fun Chicken?

OSBORNE

Zzz. You mean WHO is the Fun Chicken!

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

We see the fat pimply child with the propeller beanie from earlier walk into the arcade part of the pizza restaurant.

The child stands in front of the darkened vending machine that resembles a chicken hutch and inserts a quarter. The machine grumbles and sparks to life. Like a beat-up galopy, it shakes and clangs. Crappy CARNIVAL MUSIC starts up and behind a pane of glass, a light turns on inside the hutch to reveal a tired looking bird. The FUN CHICKEN! He is skewered on a stick that begins to spin him slowly in circles in time with the music.

The fat pimply child presses his face against the glass and gawks at the motorized display. The Fun Chicken is surrounded by plastic easter eggs, each containing cheap shwag.

He painfully clucks every few seconds and after five or so clucks stops spinning and drops an egg through a metal chute. The automated CARNIVAL MUSIC ENDS. The child opens the egg. He finds a single army figurine.

FAT PIMPLY CHILD
(disappointed, looking
a toy)
What is this? Stupid bird.

The fat pimply kid throws the toy away and the Fun Chicken slumps, disheartened. Clarence and Osborne walk up to the Fun Chicken.

OSBORNE
Never mind those kidzz. They wouldn't
know fun if it fell on their headzz and
crushed them. Zzz...

FUN CHICKEN
Thanks, Osborne. I've seen these kids
come and go. Sooner or later, this
video game craze will be a thing of the
past and they'll come runnin' back to
the ol' Fun Chicken. *cluck* I mean who
doesn't like a plastic ring or a For-
tune Telling Miracle Fish? Video games.

(insecure pause)
Ha! *cluck*

Osborne and Clarence are both silent, looking down uncomfortably. We hear CRICKETS.

FUN CHICKEN

(to Clarence)

Who are you? I haven't seen you around before. You must be new.

CLARENCE

I'm Clarence. Today is my first day.

OSBORNE

He'zz our new greeter. Zzz...

FUN CHICKEN

That's not a suit is it?

CLARENCE

No, just a bow-tie.

FUN CHICKEN

Well, Mr. Clarence. I've seen a lot of greeters come and go. You do a bit of a double duty, y'know? You're supposed to be part host, part babysitter.

CLARENCE

I think I can handle that.

We hear ITALIAN MUSIC that continues on through a panicked sequence. Suddenly, the ground starts to shake as if a dinosaur is approaching the restaurant.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

Employees start running to and fro. Bill's teeth start chattering.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

The Fun Chicken's eyes grow wide as he looks toward the front door.

FUN CHICKEN

Oh, man. *cluck* Time to look busy, Clarence! The big man's here.

CLARENCE

The big man?

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

BILL

Alright, people! Look alive!! It's
Fatso!

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

The door to the restaurant opens and two grizzled looking, crooked nosed GOONS enter. They are decked out in pinstriped suits. Behind them, a shadow of a very, fat man looms. It is DON FATSO, owner of the restaurant and everything else in the Big City.

Fatso is an obese Italian mobster. He looks like a mixture of Marlon Brando and Jabba The Hut.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

Don Fatso's shadow creeps higher and higher as it hovers above Clarence, Osborne and The Fun Chicken.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL LOBBY - FATSO'S BOOTH

The goons and Fatso walk to a lavish booth in a quiet section of the restaurant.

Whereas the rest of the restaurant looks like a Chuck E. Cheese, Fatso's corner looks like a Sicilian ballroom. Candles, velvet, fruit and bread are all around. Don Fatso squeezes with difficulty into the booth. GOON #1 and GOON #2 give him a push and Fatso settles into his place.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

Bill is pacing frantically. He runs up to Amber.

BILL

Is the fruit bowl out? Did you remember
the butter for his bread?

AMBER

Oh, no.

(pause)

'Cause I'm totally stupid.

Bill runs away to greet Don Fatso.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

CLARENCE

Who is that?

FUN CHICKEN

That's Don Fatso, Clarence. He owns everything in the Big City.

OSBORNE

He'zz fat. Zzzz...

(disappointedly)

He alwayzz cleanzz hizz plate.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL LOBBY - FATSO'S BOOTH

Bill nervously approaches Don Fatso. Fatso has already started into the table's fruit and bread.

BILL

(stuttering)

Hello, b-b-oss. How are you today?

DON FATSO

(sprays moist crumbs on Bill's face through his words)

A pizza. And noodles. Al dente. With alfredo sauce. Chop chop.

BILL

Yes, sir. Right away.

Bill runs back to the kitchen.

Don Fatso, through a full mouth, begins to emote. The two goons sit opposite Don and listen.

DON FATSO

So, I tell 'em, we gotta more sell sausage. Them factory types! I own the place and it seems like they don't even listen to me. I like the idea of them microwave meals. I ate a lot of 'em as a kid. In Italy. That's how we did it in the Old Country.

GOON #1

Yeah, boss?

DON FATSO

So I tell marketing, we have all of this sausage we ain't sellin', so why don't we sell these frozen meals.

GOON #2

Sure, boss.

DON FATSO

They came up with a few marketing ideas. There was this little smiling rat.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

A cartoon loop of a Steamboat Willie era, MICKEY MOUSE SEND-UP with teary eyes, stuffing his cheeks with endless links of sausage. He is trying to smile.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL LOBBY - FATSO'S BOOTH

DON FATSO

(concerned)

I didn't think that was appropriate for children. And then there was Dr. Microwave.

CUT TO:

INT. MAD SCIENTIST LABORATORY - NIGHT

We see a mad scientist type character, DR. MICROWAVE, in a Frankenstein-esque laboratory, cackling with glee. A HUNCHBACKED ASSISTANT delivers a frozen dinner to the scientist and scurries off into a corner. Dr. Microwave straps the dinner to an upright medical table and attaches electrodes to it. He runs to a giant, sparking lever, howls with glee and pulls it down, shocking the TV dinner until it is "read to eat". We hear a pristine bell as if to say, "You're wonderful meal is done!".

INT. WOBBLY STOOL LOBBY - FATSO'S BOOTH

DON FATSO

Nothing they came up with seemed to stick. It all stunk. I'm rackin' my brain for an idea. You boys got anything?

GOON #1

(thinking hard)

How do you get kids to eat sausage for dinner?

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

Clarence and his friends are still in the arcade, gazing towards Don Fatso. Suddenly, KID #1, approaches Clarence.

KID #1

Sausage! Sausage! Play!

Kid #1 throws a ball at Clarence's head. KID #2 approaches with a whiffle ball bat.

KID #2

(bratty)

Hey, sausage! Take off that suit!
You're not a real sausage!!

Kid #2 hits Clarence with his bat.

CLARENCE

Ow!! Hey!

Clarence now has a large knot on his head and is staggering, punch drunk. Just then MANY KIDS, run up and start pulling, pushing and pelting Clarence.

MANY KIDS

(attacking)

Play!! Play!! Play!!!

CLARENCE

(falling)

Heelp!!!!

The kids drag Clarence all around the restaurant. They throw him into the sea of kiddie balls, surrounding him in a cloud of dust and syntax, the whole while chanting, "Play! Play! Play!".

Thunderous footsteps begin to shake the kiddie enclave. The large shadow hovers again, this time above the playpen. Kids stop hitting Clarence one by one, looking up with dawning horror. Tears well. Most of them flee.

ONE KID hasn't noticed the shadow or the ground quaking and continues to pummel Clarence in the sea of plastic, colored balls. He slowly begins to notice the new calm. As he looks up, continuing to hit Clarence, his punches dwindle in speed and strength.

The one kid finally stops punching Clarence, his other hand still clutching Clarence. Looking up in terror, his lip begins to quiver and suddenly, the seat of his pants bulge quickly and horribly.

A large hand swats the one kid aside, grabs Clarence's limp body and pulls him out of the playpen. It is Don Fatso. Fatso stands Clarence up and dusts him off, bracing him as Clarence is still very bewildered, stars and birds spinning around him.

DON FATSO

You sure can take a beating. And believe me, I've seen some beatings. What's your name, kid?

CLARENCE

(weak)
Clarence.

DON FATSO

Clarence, you just got a promotion.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL ARCADE

The Fun Chicken and Osborne stare in amazement at these on-goings. They look at each other and then slowly back as we FADE TO a SUCCESS MONTAGE.

BEGIN SUCCESS MONTAGE

Bouncy piano music starts. Spinning magazines fly toward the screen, stopping long enough for us to read their headlines. The magazines begin to pile-up until they cover the screen.

Magazine #1 - FOOD WEEKLY - Shows a picture of Clarence next to the words, "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?".

Magazine #2 - BETTER HOMES AND KITCHENS - Clarence stands in front of a microwave. Below him it reads, "The End Of Ovens?"

Magazine #3 - WEALTH - Clarence is posing with a top hat and monocle ala Mr. Peanut. The cover reads, "First By-Product Billionaire".

Magazine #4 - ROCK BEAT - We see Clarence draped in a leather jacket, wearing sunglasses. BEAUTIFUL BIMBOS flank him with the words, "Clarence. Is He Too Cool?", on the cover.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO

We see and hear a FLASHBULB and are transported to the Rock Beat photo shoot. More flashbulbs go off intermittently.

Clarence and the bimbos go through a few more poses for a PHOTOGRAPHER when without warning, Clarence breaks free and storms out of the photo shoot. The bimbos follow him, downing and spraying champagne, giggling all the way.

BIMBOS

Clarence! Come play with us! We wanna go to the hot tub again!

Clarence turns back from his exit and gnashes toward the bimbos.

CLARENCE

Leave me alone! No one understands me!
Just back off!

BIMBOS

(pause then...)
giggle

Clarence leaves.

CUT TO: A SHOT of a door emblazoned with a star. On the star it reads, "Clarence Sausage".

INT. CLARENCE'S DRESSING ROOM

Clarence enters his dressing room and slams the door. He kneels down at a table surrounded by more bimbos. Clarence bends his head towards the table and we hear a large SNORT. The bimbos GASP.

BIMBOS

Clarence! More MSG?

(fondly)
You're insane.

Clarence gets up and stumbles around his dressing room, breaking glass and knocking over chairs.

CLARENCE
(sensually, disoriented)

Oooh... I can feel the flavor.

Clarence stumbles out of the dressing room.

BIMBOS
giggle

INT. PHOTO STUDIO

The Rock Beat photographer is confounded. He paces and fumes at his ASSISTANTS.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(in french accent)
What is going on? What is wrong with the sausage?

CUT TO: TELEVISION EVENING NEWS REPORT

EXT. SAUSAGE FACTORY ENTRANCE - DAY

We see a REPORTER standing in front of Don Fatso's Sausage Factory. She speaks with great, articulate urgency.

REPORTER
What indeed is wrong with the sausage? That is the question being asked by authorities this week after several unsettling reports. Protesters are gathered here at the sausage branch of Fatso Industries after an outbreak of tainted meat. With me today are some of the unsuspecting victims. Tommy, can you tell me what you found in your TV dinner?

TOMMY, a breathy young boy, steps in front of the camera and speaks into the reporter's microphone.

TOMMY

I was cooking a TV dinner. Then there was something knocking on the glass. It did a little dance and then I heard screaming. Then the screaming stopped and the microwave beeped. I'm never eating dinner again.

(starts to sob)

Bwuuh-huh-uhwaa!

REPORTER

The photograph you are about to see is not for the faint of heart. Viewer discretion is strongly advised.

CUT TO: A picture of an exploded sausage on a plate next to an open microwave. It is melted and torn apart. We see at the base of it are legs with Converse on it's feet. A bow-tie lies off to it's side. It was alive!

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM

Don Fatso is rapping his fat fingers on a desk in a dark room. A table lamp with a green cover sits in the middle of the desk. The CEO of the sausage factory sits opposite Don Fatso. The CEO shakes and sweats. Goons #1 and #2 are in the room as well, flanking the CEO.

DON FATSO

I'm very upset.

CEO

We made every effort to not only repair the situation, but to not trouble you with it, sir. I think...

DON FATSO

When I'm upset, it messes up my bowel movements. Are you trying to make me irregular? Does this make you happy?

CEO

Sir, I had no intent...

Don Fatso snaps his fingers and Goon #1 lifts the CEO from his chair and starts out the door.

DON FATSO

What a shame. I know his mother. Send her some flowers, would ya? And Vinnie...

(pause)

Find the sausage. And some prune juice.

VINNIE

Yes, boss.

Vinnie exits and Don Fatso lets out a juicy, painful sounding cough.

DON FATSO

Uggh, I need some fiber.

EXT. BIG CITY STREET - NIGHT

Clarence skulks along the sidewalk looking rather strung out. If he had a face, it would be wearing a scowl. A DOG runs up to attack Clarence and stops to growl.

DOG

Grrr!

CLARENCE

(unafraid)

GRRRR!!

The dog flees into an alley, YELPING.

Clarence continues down the street and knocks into a garbage can. It falls over loudly and spills garbage.

CLARENCE

(to garbage can)

Get outta my way! You know who I am?

(slurs)

I'm tasty!

(continues walking,
mumbles to self)

Thass one tasty shawsage...

Clarence slumps against a wall and starts to sob. Just then, it starts to rain. SAD MUSIC starts. He begins to think of all the good times back at The Wobbly Stool.

CUT TO: GOOD TIME SLOW-MOTION FLASHBACK MONTAGE

1.) Kids beat Clarence.

2.) Osborne, smiling, pops his head out of a bowl of lettuce at the salad bar.

3.) The Fun Chicken drops an egg for a kid. The kid opens the egg and we see a FURIOUS HORNET. The hornet attacks the fat kid as the kid flees. The Fun Chicken and Amber, her arm around the Fun Chicken, share a chuckle.

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - RAINING

Clarence is on a pay phone calling The Wobbly Stool.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

The phone RINGS. Amber is talking on her own phone. She hears the restaurant phone and hangs hers up. She answers the phone.

AMBER

Wobbly Stool. We don't deliver.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - RAINING

CLARENCE

Amber! Amber, it's Clarence!

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

AMBER

Hey. If it isn't Mr. TV dinner. How's the mansion? I read in the tabloids you went on a date with the president's daughter.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - RAINING

CLARENCE

(defensively)

She's not pregnant!!

(pause, under his
breath)

Anymore.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

AMBER

So why are you calling this hellhole?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - RAINING

CLARENCE

Everything is horrible. I don't know who I can trust anymore. I need to see my friends again. Please come and get me. I can buy you stuff.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

Amber puts her hand over the phone and leans towards the arcade. She calls over her shoulder to The Fun Chicken and Osborne who are in the arcade.

AMBER

It's Clarence. He needs us. He says he'll buy us stuff.

OSBORNE

Zzz... you can count on me. Zzz...

AMBER

(into phone)

Where are you?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - RAINING

CLARENCE

23rd and Foothill.

INT. WOBBLY STOOL KITCHEN

AMBER

We'll meet you at the taco truck.

(hangs up the phone)

He totally better buy me stuff.

INT. GOON'S CAR - NIGHT - RAINING

Vinnie, driving the car, and Goon #2 are rolling around town looking for Clarence. We hear the SQUEAKING of wiper blades and the LOW RUMBLE of the car's engine.

VINNIE

Where do you think this sausage is,
Max?

MAX

Shaddup. I'm hungry. Stop here.

VINNIE

(disappointed)
Tacos again?!

EXT. TACO TRUCK - NIGHT - RAINING

The goon car pulls over at the El Pichón (The Pigeon) taco truck. Clarence walks up to the truck as the goons get out of their car. MAX orders his tacos from the TACO GUY. In the middle of his order, Max notices Clarence.

MAX

(to Taco Guy)
Yeah, two tacos with...

(notices Clarence)
Sausage!

TACO GUY

No tenemos tacos de sausage, señor.

Vinnie and Max tackle Clarence in a rain puddle.

The Taco Guy SLAMS his order window and flips a sign that says, "Si-esta".

The goons give Clarence a couple of wacks and slaps and throw him in the trunk of their car. Max walks over to a pay phone near the taco truck to call Don Fatso. He inserts a quarter, dials and waits for an answer.

As he does this, we PAN over slowly to see the Bum with no legs from earlier in the story. He is sitting off to the side of the pay phone, holding his sign and cup. His ears perk up as Max speaks into the phone. He leans back into the shadows as to not be seen.

MAX

Yeah, boss. It's Max. We got that greasy lil' sucker. Right... Yeah. Got it, boss. Cement bun. With extra ketchup.

Max hangs up the phone and he and Vinnie get in the car. They drive off and as they pull away, Amber drives up in her dad's Volvo station wagon, The Fun Chicken protruding through the sunroof of the vehicle.

INT. AMBER'S DAD'S VOLVO - NIGHT - RAINING

Amber speeds along with Osborne on her shoulder.

AMBER

(looking up toward Fun Chicken, then back to the road)

Do you see him?

OSBORNE

I smell tacozz...

EXT. TACO TRUCK - NIGHT - RAINING

The Fun Chicken looks around from his mock crow's nest.

FUN CHICKEN

I don't see him! *cluck* He isn't here!

Amber gets out of the car and slams the door. Running through the rain, we see Osborne clinging to her shoulder. She looks around the taco truck, behind a garbage can, then up a telephone pole.

AMBER

Clarence!

(waits, no answer)

I don't get it. He said he'd meet us here.

We hear someone barf, then cough, from a dark corner near Amber and Osborne. Amber with Osborne slowly walks closer to the sick sound.

AMBER

Hello?! Clarence? Omigod, this is so nasty. Hello?! Who's there?

CUT TO: AMBER'S VIEW - We hear a few more faint COUGHS, then another barf as Amber approaches. Suddenly and eerily, the bum leans forward, out of the shadows and speaks. Surprise! He is friendly.

BUM

Change?

AMBER

(turning around to
leave, throwing her
hands up)

Ew. Omigod. Ew. I'm going home.

OSBORNE

Wait. Zzz...

Amber stays and Osborne flies over to ask the bum some questions.

OSBORNE

Sir, have you seen anything zztrange
going on around here this evening?
Zzz...

BUM

Change?

OSBORNE

Zzz... zztrange, sir? Anything unusual?

BUM

The cops haven't hit me tonight. That's
kind of weird.

(pause, thinking)

Hmmm, lemme think. I haven't been at-
tacked by wild dogs either. That's kind
of weird too.

AMBER

Oh. My. Gawd. I'm gonna be sick.

Amber grabs her mouth and almost vomits.

AMBER

(impatient)

Let's go, Osborne.

BUM

Oh! There was that walking sausage.

AMBER

What?!

BUM

Some thugs beat him up. Threw him in their trunk. They went towards the docks. Said something about cement.

OSBORNE

The cement factory! Zzz...

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Vinnie and Max pull up to the docks. The place looks straight out of a detective noir film. The rain has stopped and the street shines in the moonlight. Max opens the trunk of the car and lofts a passed out Clarence onto his shoulder. They enter the large, quiet cement factory.

EXT. AMBER'S DAD'S CAR - NIGHT

The Fun Chicken flaps wildly in his glass box, his plastic eggs bouncing around.

FUN CHICKEN

(to Amber inside the car)

Faster, Amber! We don't know how much time we have!

INT. AMBER'S DAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Amber grips the wheel driving maniacally while Osborne grips her shoulder.

AMBER

(looking up toward Fun Chicken)

Shut up! Eat a bag! I just got my learning permit.

INT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

Max sits at a table inside the cement factory while Vinnie opens and pours bags of cement into a trough. The factory's chutes, ladders and funnels lie dormant and Clarence, hanging from a meathook that pierces his head, starts to stir. Vinnie joins Max at the table and they start a game of cards. Clarence starts to sing.

SONG: *HANGING FROM A MEATHOOK*

CLARENCE

(sung)

Help me, what am I gonna do;

Looks like this time I bit off more
than I could chew;

Hangin' from a meat hook in a warehouse
way downtown;

Don Fatso's goons play poker while my
grease drips to the ground;

I'm in a sticky situation;

This wasn't what I'd planned;

I'm going from the fire;

Right into the frying pan.

MAX

Keep it down, sausage! You'll be quiet
if you know what's good for you.

CLARENCE

You won't let your boss eat me if you
know what's good for him.

(sung)

Can I have some water?

MAX

(sung)

You can't have a goddamn thing!

CLARENCE

(sung)

I have to go to the bathroom!

VINNIE

(sung)

You're breakin' my heart.

CLARENCE

(sung)

The meathook is piercing my brain!

Max slams his cards down on the table. The cards scatter and both men get up angered.

VINNIE AND MAX

(sung)

You're driving us freakin' insane!

VINNIE

(sung)

I'm just a hired thug;

I'm watching you tonight;

Don't think about escape;

Just hang there and sit tight...

VINNIE AND MAX

(sung)

All your whining banter;

It drives us up the wall;

No, we don't care about you at all!

The music takes a more somber, less jaunty tone and Clarence sings sadly.

CLARENCE

(sung)

It's been a crappy life so far;

Looks like I'll be a meal;

Does anyone in this whole wide world
care how a little sausage feels;

But tomorrow is another day;

Maybe I will get away;

And live to say;

I'm free.

A door creaks open and slams shut. We hear the rumble of a large man's footsteps. Out of the shadows, yet again, emerges Don Fatso. He walks up to a dangling Clarence and circles him as he speaks.

DON FATSO

Y'know, when I was child, back in The Old Country, when someone dishonored you, you'd feed them to the pigs. Here, in America, there are no pigs per se, so one must do everything themself.

(snaps, then to Vinnie)

Vinnie. My utensils.

Vinnie brings out a box and puts it on the table. Don Fatso opens the box revealing a set of finely crafted utensils encased in red velvet. The utensils sparkle as Don Fatso lifts them into his hands. He scrapes the knife and fork against each other in anticipation and continues.

DON FATSO

I'm a businessman. It's all about cutting out the middle.

On ladders, with brushes, Vinnie and Max begin to baste Clarence with sauce.

DON FATSO

Sauce him good, boys.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

OFFICERS JONESY and OFFICER KRUPKE sit in a police car. Jonesy is eating a sandwich, sitting in the passenger seat and Krupke is at the helm, reading a newspaper. Suddenly, Krupke jolts his newspaper away from his gaze and looks at his watch. Jonesy, with cheeks full of food, looks startled.

OFFICER KRUPKE

Omigod!

Officer Krupke throws his paper into the back seat of the police car, starts it up, throws it into gear and drives off like a bullet.

EXT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

The station wagon with Amber, Osborne and The Fun Chicken slowly pulls up to the cement factory. Our friends get out of the car and head towards it, Amber in front, Osborne buzzing along and Fun Chicken following on squeaky wheels. They see one of the factory windows with a broken pane and sneak up to it.

CUT TO: AMBER'S VIEW - Amber looks in and sees Clarence, moaning in pain, dripping with sauce.

Vinnie and Max lower Clarence onto a large plate on the table and Don Fatso sits to eat, tucking a napkin into the folds of his neck.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

Amber quickly ducks down, shaken from what she's seen.

AMBER

They're gonna eat him!

FUN CHICKEN

We've got do something!

AMBER

You've got to be kidding! Those guys will kill us.

Everyone is silent for a second and then sheepishly, Osborne speaks.

OSBORNE

We couldzz pray... Zzz...

The Fun Chicken and Amber are a bit stunned. They look at each other and then to Osborne.

AMBER

That. Is SO lame.

OSBORNE

What elze can we do? Zzz...

FUN CHICKEN

(defeated)

He's right. What else can we do?

(sad pause, then stout)

Reverend Osborne, lead the sermon.

SONG: OSBORNE'S PRAYER

OSBORNE

(sung)

Eagle, eagle in the zsky;

Please don't let the zausage die.

Amber looks slack jawed at Fun Chicken, who shrugs as he chimes in with Osborne.

FUN CHICKEN

(sung)

Eagle, eagle *cluck* in the sky;

Please don't let the sausage die...

AMBER

I need a new job...

(sung)

Eagle, eagle in the sky...

INT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

Don Fatso holds his forks at bay, licking his lips and drooling. He is now more appetite than man. Max does an aside. His ears perk up and he looks towards the sound of the prayer.

MAX

(to Vinnie)

Hey Vinnie, you hear something?

Vinnie's ugly mug looks toward the sound and reaches for his gun.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Officers Jonesy and Krupke speed along the street and pull over at the taco truck. They get out of their squad car.

We hear dogs barking and see the bum getting attacked by dogs. The officers run up to the dogs, the dogs scatter and they start to beat the bum.

BUM

(on ground, through the
pain)

You guys are late.

EXT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

Amber, Fun Chicken and Osborne sit in their prayer circle, holding hands with bowed heads. Osborne is looking up with pious eyes.

ALL THREE

(sung)

Eagle, eagle in the sky;

Please don't let the sausage die.

INT. CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

Vinnie, gun in hand, moves slowly towards the sound of prayer. Max creeps along behind him. Don Fatso raises his fork and knife and...

Suddenly, the thunder of Loggins-like PARTY ROCK blares!

A hole blows in the ceiling and red, white and blue confetti falls. Like hot lightning, THE EAGLE screams down and kicks Vinnie and Max in their backsides. They fly into a cement trough. Don Fatso, startled, shakes his gaze from his meal and looks up to his doom. The Eagle flies towards him.

Don Fatso's eyes grow wide with fear and his mouth drops. He squeals and wobbles to the floor, trying to squirm away. Using his silverware, he stabs the ground and pulls himself along.

The Eagle, like a cross between Rex Kwon-Do and Captain Planet, speaks.

THE EAGLE

Not very fast there are ya, buddy!

(pause)

Rock n' roll!!

The Eagle kicks Don Fatso like a dodgeball. Don Fatso rolls and bounces into the cement trough with his henchmen. The Eagle, uses just one of his many USA-rific super-powers, calling the name of it out loudly like a Kung-Fu move.

THE EAGLE

Patriotic Hot Air!

With super-powered breath, The Eagle blows a powerful gust of wind towards the cement that Fatso and his goons now sit in. The cement dries quickly with a crackling sound.

Amber, Osborne and The Fun Chicken enter into the factory and begin to tend to Clarence. They sit him up from his plate, the hole in his head from the meathook, cartoonishly missing. Sitting on the side of the table, like a dog, he shakes off the sauce.

FUN CHICKEN

Clarence! You're ok!

OSBORNE

We mizzed you, pal!

AMBER

Whatever.

The Eagle walks over to our friends.

THE EAGLE

Hell yeah!

The Eagle, as fast and as suddenly as he entered, leaps away through the roof with another piercing scream.

Osborne, Amber, Fun Chicken and Clarence sit quiet for a moment recovering from The Eagle's rockin' exit.

CLARENCE

I was almost done. Thanks, guys.

OSBORNE

Zzzo what now, buddy? Zz...

Clarence pauses, then bends proudly.

CLARENCE

(jumping down from the
table)

It's time to dance!

AMBER

I'm going home.

Clarence taps his feet and a Little Richard style rhythm and blues song starts up. EVERY character from the story arrives in choreographed dance glory. The bum, the farm animals, the bimbos, the factory workers and the fat children. Even Don Fatso and his goons, still in the cement, but now in prison stripes chime into the chorus. All of the characters continue to dance together throughout the song.

SONG: *THE SAUSAGE TWIST*

CLARENCE

(sung)

C'mon and dance;

Do the Sausage Twist;

C'mon and dance;

You won't be missed;

If you can't do The Sausage Twist.

Just shake your pork;

Just shake your beef;

Be careful none of it gets caught between your teeth;

When you're doin' the Sausage Twist.

EVERYONE

(sung)

Rock, rock, rock;

Yeah, you ain't fakin';

Rock, rock, rock;

Shake your body like you're bacon;

Sizzle, pop, fizzle, doin' the Sausage Twist;

Shake, shake, shake your tiny fist.

We see a Merry Melodies closing circle surround Clarence up to the top of his head and below his bowtie.

CLARENCE

Is anyone else hungry?

THE END