

MIRACLE WORKERS: DARK AGES

"The Big Game"

written by

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INT. SHITSHOVELLER HOME - DAY

Eddie and Al enter, beaten down from a long day at work.

AL
I hate Taco Tuesdays.

EDDIE
Well, they're better than What's
That in the Back Wednesday. You
think you've seen everything...

Al nods, then groans, clutching her stomach.

EDDIE
Still feeling backed up?

AL
Yeah, I don't know what's going on
with me.

EDDIE
Maybe some soup will help.

Eddie pats around his pockets.

EDDIE
I found this piece of paper
floating around the square the
other day and recognized some of
the shapes on it...I think it's a
recipe.

Al nods, impressed.

AL
Okay, chef.

Eddie is coming up empty.

EDDIE
I can't seem to find it.

He gives up.

EDDIE
Would you mind looking in my
things? I can at least get a pot of
water boiling.

Al smiles and heads into--

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--where she rummages through his dirty laundry.

At the bottom of the pile, Al finds an old envelope addressed to her father.

AL

Hm.

She opens it and reads.

LILLIBET (V.O.)

Dearest cousin, I know it's been so long since we last talked, but you must come to West Murkford soon. The university's support has really pushed my invention to the next level. They've even arranged for a meeting with the Board to present my findings. I'd love for you to be there. I truly believe it's going to change our world as we know it. And do bring the children. From what you've told me, that Alexandra seems sharp as a tack. With love, Lillibet.

Al, shocked, looks from the letter to the kitchen and back.

AL

The fuck?

TITLES.

INT. SHITSHOVELLER HOME - DAY

Eddie stands at the fireplace, watching the pot of water.

Al storms in.

AL

Who's Lillibet?

His eyes widen.

EDDIE

Who?

AL

Lillbet! Your super cool professor cousin that you've been keeping secret for some reason?

EDDIE
Oh, Lillibet.

He shifts the logs around in the fire.

EDDIE
She's nobody.

AL
She's an inventor!

EDDIE
She's a crackpot. Her theories and
"inventions" are utter nonsense.
She'd ruin our lives.

Al can't believe what she's hearing.

EDDIE
Plus, she used to experiment on me
when we were kids. My right leg has
never gotten its natural orangey-
bluish tint back, even after all
these years.

Al shakes her head.

AL
Dad, I don't understand. She works
at a university. Surely she knows
what she's talking about. We have
to go see her!

EDDIE
I am not going anywhere near that
nutcase. And neither are you.

AL
Dad, c'mon--!

EDDIE
No, I forbid it.

He turns his attention to the now-boiling pot.

AL
Ughhhhhh!!!

She leaves, farting a little as she does.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Chauncley twirls a shuffleboard stick in his hand, absentmindedly.

CHAUNCLEY
Here goes nothing.

He aims for the farthest space and shoots what we now see is a SKULL. It skids past the mark, joining a large pile of skulls.

Chauncley sighs, plopping to the floor. Bored.

CHAUNCLEY
Where is he?

He sits, kicking his feet together, tapping his fingers on the floor.

Then, a SERVANT runs in, panting and doused in sweat.

Chauncley shoots up!

CHAUNCLEY
Finally!

He settles in to his father's throne, resting the shuffleboard stick on his lap, clapping his hands.

CHAUNCLEY
Give it to me!

The servant gives a weak smile, then speaks.

SERVANT
Boy, oh boy, is there a lot going on around Lower Murkford and its surrounding territories! Today's top headline...He's Val-draggin his feet and she's getting restless! That's right, the prince of Valdrogia and his beloved are headed for spitsville if he doesn't commit already!

Chauncley laughs, wagging his finger.

CHAUNCLEY
That scamp!

SERVANT

Speaking of scamps...a love
triangle for the ages is heating up
down in Southern Pickford.

CHAUNCLEY

Oooh.

SERVANT

That's right, rumor has it the
queen has been taking long rides
into the Forbidden Forest with her
stable boy under the pretense of
slowly poisoning the wildlife there
to make room for a summer home.
But, Her Majesty has been sighted
coming back into the castle
trailing enough hay to fill a barn!

Chauncley giggles.

SERVANT

In entertainment news, it seems
like a new game has been taking
over the young folks over in West
Murkford.

Chauncley throws away his shuffleboard stick, sits forward.

SERVANT

Something called "catch and
capture" has become something of a
household phenomenon at the
university. It's a fast and
physical team sport that seems to
bring joy and unity to the whole
town!

Chauncley is in awe.

Then, a shout from outside the castle. Chauncley peers out
the window.

A PEASANT crashes a vegetable cart into a PALACE GUARD.

PALACE GUARD

You scuffed my royal boots!

PEASANT

I'm so sorry!

PALACE GUARD

An offense against the crown in any
fashion is punishable by
amputation!

The guard brandishes a weapon.

We hear chopping sounds and a horrifying scream.

Chauncley turns his attention back to his gossip servant. The
servant watches him with terrified eyes.

Chauncley chuckles nervously.

CHAUNCLEY

(amirite?)

Tuesdays.

EXT. LOWER MURKFORD SQUARE - DAY

Al and Maggie sit, people watching.

MAGGIE

Okay, I spy something brown.

Al rests her head in her hands.

AL

Shit.

MAGGIE

Right, too easy. Um...I spy
something...purple.

AL

Ughhhh.

MAGGIE

Okay, I'm starting to sense some
irritation with this game.

AL

I'm sorry, Maggie. I just can't
believe my dad is being so tight-
fisted about this whole cousin
thing.

A quiet but long fart.

AL

I've also been experiencing some
pretty bad constipation.

MAGGIE

Hm, physical and emotional. I'll
get the girls to send up a prayer
or two.

A loaf of whole-grain bread lands suddenly between them.

MAGGIE

Thanks dude.

Al looks around and sees Chauncley crouching between two
bushes.

CHAUNCLEY

Psst.

AL

Chauncley? What are you doing?

He crab-walks over to where the girls are sitting, ducking
behind them.

CHAUNCLEY

I have to tell you something! But,
well, you know, some of Dad's
decrees aren't going over best with
the people, so best to keep a low
profile.

At the other end of the square, a gang of PALACE OFFICIALS
carry one of their own out of the saloon.

DRUNK OFFICIAL

Let me down! I'm entitled to at
least eight more beers under the
new laws from the king. I know him!
Just talk to him, he'll remember
old Iron-gut Ichabod.

A bartender puts out a sign on the door. CLOSED FOREVER.

Back to Chauncley and the girls.

AL

I see.

CHAUNCLEY

It's been so horrid being stuck in
the palace, but I received report
of a new game taking over West
Murkford that's supposed to be a
hoot. I wanted to see if you'd like
to come with me.

AL
West Murkford?

CHAUNCLEY
Yeah, the whole university's come together to support. It's called "catch and capture."

Al smirks, gears turning.

INT. SHITSHOVELLER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Al stands over her father, who is eating soup. Mikey sits there, staring blankly into his bowl.

AL
There's supposed to be a lot of squatting and running, and Chauncley says the players wear this special type of underwear that allows them to shit without even taking their pants off! I mean, imagine the effect that kind of efficiency would have on business.

Eddie furrows his brow.

EDDIE
Sounds a little too good to be true.

AL
What? Mikey, back me up here.

Mikey lifts his head from the bowl. Eyes glossed over.

MIKEY
How the fuck do you skin a pig?

AL
Yep, felt like I lost you there.

EDDIE
You sure this isn't about you trying to see Lillibet. You said they're playing this new shitting game in West Murkford.

Al shifts her weight.

AL
Yeah, it's a big thing at the university.

(MORE)

AL (CONT'D)
But, this is not about her, Dad.
This is about us, our family, our
shit-shovelling legacy.

EDDIE
You know how much it warms my heart
to hear that.

Al smiles.

EDDIE
But, you still can't go.

Her smile deflates.

EDDIE
Now, hurry up and eat this soup and
see if we can get something going
here.

He pats her stomach. It answers with a low growl.

EXT. SHITSHOVELLER HOME - NIGHT

Al leaves the house, a modest bag slung over her shoulder.
She creeps down to the road and turns the corner to see--

Chauncley standing next to a huge royal travelling carriage,
complete with footmen and dried flowers hanging from the
wheels.

AL
(hushed)
Low profile?

Chauncley stands, confused for a bit. He makes eye contact
with one of the footmen who averts his eyes.

CHAUNCLEY
Oh, right.

He dismisses the footmen and starts dismantling the royal
carriage piece by piece until it resembles a normal horse and
buggy.

Al laughs, joining him on the cart.

AL
I didn't know you could lift planks
that big.

CHAUNCLEY
Oh yeah, nothing like spending
years of your life in isolation to
get you totally ripped.

They set off.

EXT. WEST MURKFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

The horse and buggy pulls up to a buzzing pre-game
environment.

Rows and rows of tents extend as far as the eye can see and
the beer can be carried. Students relax in varying levels of
inebriation, most of them wearing crude face paint and
carrying flags.

Chauncley hops down from the cart.

CHAUNCLEY
Have you ever seen anything so
magnificent?

Two students bump into him carrying a calf on a spit.

TAILGATER 1
Watch it!

A little bit of the calf's entrails fall out onto Al's feet.

CHAUNCLEY
Excuse me? Is that where the game
of catch and capture will be taking
place?

TAILGATER 2
Listen to this guy, Chet.

Chet laughs.

TALIGATER 2
(mocking)
Is this where the game will be
taking place, boop boop.

AL
Hey, he was just asking for
directions.

Chauncley looks at her, then back at the students.

CHAUNCLEY

No, it's alright. I'm sure these fine gentlemen have somewhere very important to be...

Gesturing to the calf.

CHAUNCLEY

I mean, they're obviously taking their mother somewhere, Al. Show some respect.

Al's mouth gapes open. The students start laughing.

TAILGATER 2

Okay, okay, you got us. I'm Victor. This is Chet. Y'all should come chill with us.

Chauncley beams.

CHAUNCLEY

Yes, I'd love to come chill.

He starts walking after them, turning with a large grin to Al.

She laughs, following them. Peering subtly around for any sign of Lillibet.

EXT. VICTOR AND CHET'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Victor and Chet have constructed lounge chairs out of tarps of leather and wood. They've even carved out a goblet holder in one of the arms.

Al is impressed.

AL

Nice chair.

CHET

Thanks! We made it in shop last semester.

Al nods her head. So cool.

Chauncley takes one of the chairs. It's small for him, uncomfortable even, compared to his seats of luxury.

CHAUNCLEY

(uncomfy)

It's comfy.

VICTOR
Want a beer?

Chauncley gladly takes a beer from Victor. Al looks around.

AL
These grounds are really
impressive. Which buildings are the
classrooms in?

CHET
Oh, nowhere around here. This is
Gander Territory.

Victor high-fives him.

VICTOR
Yeah! Ganders!

AL
I'm sorry?

CHET
The school mascot. Garry the
Gander.

CHAUNCLEY
(in awe)
Delightful.

Al chuckles.

AL
How far away are the academic
buildings?

VICTOR
Man, you really like school.

Al blinks.

CHET
Follow the path that goes along the
tree-line and then head north.

AL
Thank you.

To Chauncley.

AL
I'll meet you back here later?

CHAUNCLEY
Sure. Sure. Good luck.

Al smiles, and then heads off. Chauncley turns back to the guys.

CHAUNCLEY
So...could either of you tell me
any more about this pig skin?

EXT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - DAY

Al arrives at a dilapidated shack. A sign hanging haphazardly above the door says "ENGINEERING." She smiles.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Al enters, the building much longer than it looks on the outside. There is a directory posted to her left.

ON DIRECTORY

Your typical college building directory, except the "room numbers" are things like "back corner" and "broom closet."

All of the names have been scratched out except for Lillibet...Smartshoveller? Her room number is described as "straight back and to the left."

BACK TO SCENE

Al starts to walk down the long hallway, passing crumpled up papers and wood planks and other abandoned invention materials. Her excitement grows as she reaches the back wall.

Turning to the left, she finds a massive door-sized hole in the wall. A piece of parchment hangs in the wind, labelled "Lillibet Smartshoveller" and a arrow pointing through the hole.

Al walks through the hole and finds--

LILLIBET SMARTSHOVELLER bent over a contraption.

Al coughs. Lillibet swings around.

LILLIBET
Fuck!

AL
Sorry! Didn't mean to scare you.
It's me, your cousin!

Lillibet blinks at her.

AL
(giving it another go)
Alexandra!

Lillibet's eyes widen, and so do her arms as she scoops Al up in a hug.

LILLIBET
Oh my gosh! You've gotten so big, I
hardly recognized you!

She looks around Al, back into the building.

LILLIBET
Is your father here?

AL
Just me. I found the letter you
sent him. I'm super curious about
your invention. And congrats on
getting a meeting with the Board,
that's incredible!

Lillibet smiles weakly.

LILLIBET
Well, things can change quickly
here in academia. They've actually
cancelled our meeting. Something
about my invention not having any
immediate implications for our
current time or something.

Al, shocked.

AL
Well, they've gotta be mistaken!
You said it could change our lives
as we know it.

LILLIBET
Yes, well--

Al grabs Lillibet's hands in hers.

AL
Look, Lillibet. I know what it's
like to be the smartest person in
the room and nobody listen to you.
I mean, you've been to Lower
Murkford.

Lillibet nods.

LILLIBET
Respectfully, they are kinda dumb-
dumbs down there.

AL
Respectfully, I agree.

They laugh.

AL
But, you can't let the dumb dumb
get in the way of what you know is
right. And these college Board
people are certifiable dumb dumb
if they don't want to see your
invention.

LILLIBET
You're awfully confident in me,
Alexandra.

AL
Are you kidding? I've been trying
to do nothing but escape my stupid
town and be something more. And,
here you are, doing it!

Lillibet smiles, humbly then mischievously.

LILLIBET
You want to see it?

AL
Um, yeah!

Lillibet moves to her left and for the first time we see her
invention -- it is a toilet.

Or, at least, it highly resembles a modern toilet. A seat,
bowl, and container of water attached to the back, with pipes
flowing from it into an irrigation-type system along the
ground, that then dips underground.

Al is speechless. She steps forward, examining it.

LILLIBET
What do you think?

AL
It looks so intricate! What does it
do? Decontaminate drinking water?

LILLIBET
Better.

AL
It's a...crop nutrient synthesizer?

LILLIBET
Better!

AL
I have no idea. What is it?

Lillibet walks up to it, spreading her arms like she's presenting a prize.

LILLIBET
It's a non-shovelling shit removal system!

Al cocks her head, frowns.

AL
Um--

LILLIBET
I call it the Mechanized Shit Shovelling System or MESS for short.

AL
Hm.

She farts, loudly.

LILLIBET
Ooh, looks like someone's ready to try it out.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Chauncley, Chet, and Victor make their way to their seats. Face now painted, Chauncley takes a look around the stadium.

It is huge, reminiscent of Roman coliseums. The two teams huddle on opposite sides of the stadium, rows of cheerleaders hyping up the crowd.

CHAUNCLEY
This is better than I imagined.

Victor nods.

VICTOR
Just you wait. Garry's about to
make his grand entrance.

CHET
Prepare to be amazed!

A loud horn echoes around the stadium. The crowd starts
chanting.

CROWD
Garry! Garry! Garry!

Chet and Victor join in, becoming increasingly rowdy.

CHET
Garry! Garry!

VICTOR
Garry!!!! Stop teasing us, you sick
fuck!!!

Victor shoves Chauncley, who recovers and then joins in on
the playful shoving.

Then--the sound of a GOOSE QUACKING reverberates around the
stadium. The crowd loses their minds.

CHET
Here he comes!

CHAUNCLEY
C'mon, Garry!!!

From one corner of the stadium, a CAGE appears at the very
top. The door swings open to reveal a GANDER painted in the
school colors and wearing heavy armor.

Chauncley gasps.

CHAUNCLEY
Oh no, someone help that poor
creature!

VICTOR
Nah, man, that's Garry!

CHAUNCLEY
What?? He could get seriously
injured all the way up there.

VICTOR
Don't worry, he'll be down soon!

He laughs maniacally. Chauncley brings his worried attention back to Garry.

A crane lowers a rope onto Garry's armor, clipping him into a harness. The QUACK echoes around the stadium once more, the crowd now joining in and quacking along.

Chauncley watches in horror as Garry flies through the air, lowered down to the field on the harness.

The crowd cheers, Chet and Victor in tears.

Chauncley's mind races. He watches Garry land near the West Murkford team bench, a handler removing him from the harness and placing him in another cage on the ground.

Turning to Chet and Victor--

CHAUNCLEY

How does one get down there?

CHET

On the field? Students aren't allowed down there during gametime. Only players and coaches--

VICTOR

And Garry!

CHET

--yeah, and Garry, are allowed down there.

Chauncley nods, gears turning.

CHAUNCLEY

I'll...be right back.

He takes off running. Chet and Victor shrug.

CHET

Kind of glad he's gone. He was, like, not into Garry as much as he should've been.

VICTOR

Maybe his family is part-duck.

CHET

Bro! Got him!

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - DAY

Al stands, still in shock, while Lillibet adjusts some things on the MESS.

LILLIBET

I know. It's a lot to take in. I mean, not to toot my own horn, but it's kind of revolutionary.

She turns and looks at Al, who is trying to think of something nice to say. Lillibet frowns.

LILLIBET

You're disappointed.

AL

What? No! I just--

Lillibet plops to the ground.

LILLIBET

God, even my own family hates it.

Al joins her.

AL

No, no, I don't hate it. It is actually...pretty genius. I just...thought I'd finally outrun the industry.

Lillibet nods.

LILLIBET

Trust me. I know what you mean. I changed my name trying to get away from it! But, what I learned is that you can't outrun your destiny, your family. You can only try and make it better. Transform it into something you're proud of.

Al nods, smiling.

AL

My dad doesn't seem to need to transform anything. He's perfectly content shovelling shit for the rest of his life.

LILLIBET

He's proud of it. In ways that we might never understand. But, we keep trying.

Al looks at the toilet, then back at Lilibet.

AL

You know what. I am proud. Of you, of our family, and of this MESS.

She rises.

AL

Screw that college Board of yours! We're going straight to the people!

LILLIBET

What are you talking about?

AL

Well, the meeting was going to include a demonstration, right? And I feel like every person in West Murkford is at the game right now.

Lilibet rises to her feet.

LILLIBET

The dean of the engineering department has box seats.

AL

Well, there you go! Let's take this thing down to the game and show the world what the Shitshovellers are made of.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Chauncley arrives at the bench as a loud CRUNCH and a SCREAM rings out from the field.

A PLAYER, his leg broken and his face contorted in pain, is escorted to the bench.

The COACH arrives at his side.

COACH

C'mon Peterson, walk it off!

Peterson tries to stand up on his own but collapses on the ground in front of Chauncley.

The coach eyes him.

CHAUNCLEY
Um, may I be of assistance?

COACH
Who are you?

CHAUNCLEY
I'm Chauncley and I'd like to play
this game. This gentleman here,
what was his role?

COACH
Tight end.

CHAUNCLEY
(giving Peterson a once
over)
Yes, certainly.

The coach frowns.

COACH
Can you run, Chauncley? Fast?

Chauncley grins.

CHAUNCLEY
May I?

The coach nods. Gestures for someone to hand him a football.

COACH
Set. Hike!

CHAUNCLEY
(to himself)
I've run off!

Chauncley takes off down the length of the field behind the bench, reaching the end zone in no time. He turns around, the coach throws, and Chauncley catches it with ease.

He does a little dance. The coach laughs. Chauncley returns.

COACH
Guess we found our new tight end.
Get on out there!

The coach slaps Chauncley on the ass, pushing him towards the field.

CHAUNCLEY

Ooh!

As other players deck him out in gear, Chauncley looks around for Garry's cage. Finding it, he locks eyes with the gander.

CHAUNCLEY

I'm coming for you, Garry.

EXT. STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Al and Lillibet arrive, lugging Chauncley's cart behind them. It has a large tarp over it, concealing the MESS.

The game is in full swing, only seconds before halftime.

Al takes in the scale of the stadium. Lillibet sees her.

LILLIBET

A far cry from the engineering
building, isn't it?

Al farts in response.

Lillibet searches around, pulling up some WEEDS from the patchy field.

LILLIBET

Chew this. It might help.

Al gladly takes it.

AL

Where are these box seats you
mentioned?

LILLIBET

Right. The Dean of the engineering
department has seats at the very
top of the stadium, right behind
the bench.

They start to make their way over, when a loud HORN rings out around the stadium.

AL

What's happening??

The crowd rises to their feet and starts to dance, a dance that looks very similar to Chauncley's touchdown dance from before.

LILLIBET

What is everyone looking at?

AL

Oh my god.

Out on the field, the West Murkford players are circled up, shifting from side to side, chanting.

PLAYERS

I've—I've—I've—I've—

They pick up the pace, and then tear apart, Chauncley exploding out from the center.

CHAUNCLEY

I'VE RUN OFF!

The crowd goes wild! The players continue to hype him up! He's a star!

LILLIBET

Who is that scrawny ass kid?

AL

That's the prince of Lower Murkford.

LILLIBET

That...makes a lot of sense.

The players line up to start the play. The quarterback looks left, right.

QUARTERBACK

Down! Set...hike!

The line of scrimmage comes alive, offensive and defensive lineman straight up demolishing each other.

Chauncley runs as fast as he can, even cutting a slant route.

The quarterback chucks the ball to him, and he catches it.

Chauncley shakes off defenders, making his way to the end zone, as the crowd chants with each broken ankle.

CROWD

I've! Run! Offfff!

On this last chant, Chauncley scores a touchdown, hitting his little dance right on cue.

The horn sounds, signaling half-time.

Chauncley plops down on the bench, receiving pats on the back and high-fives with bliss.

Al runs up to him, Lillibet in tow.

AL
Chauncley, that was amazing! Since
when are you on the team?

CHAUNCLEY
Al! Isn't this all so exhilarating!
They love me here!

Seeing Lillibet.

CHAUNCLEY
I take it you found your cousin!
Look at us, winning!

AL
We're here to demonstrate
Lillibet's new invention.
Apparently all the higher-ups are
here.

CHAUNCLEY
Yes, well, this is perfect timing.
Both teams are taking a break,
stretching and what not.

Further down the bench, multiple players place dislocated
shoulders back into place like girls sitting in a line
braiding hair.

AL
Ouch.

Then— a horn and a familiar QUACK reverberate across the
stadium.

Chauncley's face falls, remembering.

CHAUNCLEY
Oh no. Garry.

The three of them follow the sound of the quack to find
Garry, suited up and painted, perched on top of a large cage
where a LION prowls, hunger in his eyes.

LILLIBET
Oh my god.

An ANNOUNCER steps out onto the field.

ANNOUNCER

Alright, West Murkford, make some noise for Garry the Fighting Ganderrr! The louder you get, the less of a chance he gets dropped into this cage where he'll go head to head with Livvie, the Livingston Roaring Lion!

The crowd starts cheering, but the announcer vamps.

ANNOUNCER

I can't hear you!

He heads towards the cage and adjusts the trap door, sliding it a little bit ajar. Garry quacks.

CHAUNCLEY

We have to do something.

Al and Lillibet share a look.

AL

Leave it to us.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Al and Lillibet squeakily enter the center of the field. The crowd starts booing.

AL

Yes, we know you want to get back to Garry versus Livvie, but we promise you will not regret seeing what you are about to see!

LILLIBET

Yes, thank you to our good friend Chauncley for arranging this time for us to share a very exciting innovation that—

She makes eyes contact with the DEAN OF ENGINEERING, half his face painted in his box seat.

LILLIBET

—solves a very important and pressing issue of our time!

Lillibet unveils the MESS with a flourish. The crowd leans forward.

LILLIBET
Introducing the Mechanized Shit-
Shovelling System, or MESS for
short.

Al brings forth a bag of DIRT.

LILLIBET
To demonstrate how it works, my
brilliant cousin Alexandra!

Al grins wide. As she plops dirt into the MESS—

AL
Instead of the current system, your
waste can go directly into this
bowl and into a very vast and cost-
effective irrigation system that
gets rid of it for good.

She flushes and the dirt disappears.

The crowd lets out ooh's and ahh's. The Dean even allows
himself a nod.

Lillibet beams.

LILLIBET
Any questions?

A CROWD MEMBER stands.

CROWD MEMBER
So it gets rid of dirt? Like if you
have extra dirt in your garden or
something?

LILLIBET
Well, no, the dirt is meant to
represent excrement.

CROWD MEMBER
Excrement? Is that like a fancy
kind of dirt or something?

ANOTHER CROWD MEMBER
It sounds like leftovers.

CROWD MEMBER
Yeah, so it's a machine to get rid
of leftovers?

ANOTHER CROWD MEMBER
Isn't that just a belly?

The crowd erupts in laughter.

Lillibet looks at the Dean again, who is now shaking their head in disapproval.

She hangs her head.

LILLIBET
C'mon Al. Let's just go.

CROWD MEMBER
Bring back Garry!

The crowd cheers. Al looks towards the cage, where Chauncley is in the middle of untying Garry from the metal bars.

They share a panicked look. She turns back to her cousin.

AL
No. We're not giving up yet.

She steps up to the MESS, drops her undergarments, and sits down.

AL
(to herself)
C'mon Al. Shit.

A beat. Then a LOUD FART. Louder than any of the other amplified sounds we've heard in the stadium today.

Slowly, but surely, Al begins to shit. The crowd reacts, impressed.

Al starts to get up to finish the demonstration, but the SHIT KEEPS COMING.

AL
Oh.

She proceeds to drop a huge dump into the MESS, the culmination of all her constipation.

Lillibet is ecstatic.

Chauncley drops the rope ties for a second, in awe.

Al finishes, the last bit dropping with a loud plop.

She stands, picks up her pants, and takes a little bow.

The crowd goes wild, standing ovation.

Lillibet goes to flush the MESS, but IT IS CLOGGED.

LILLIBET
(whisper)
Al!

Chauncley stands applauding.

Lillibet, starting to panic.

LILLIBET
(whisper)
It's clogged!

Al, taking it all in.

LILLIBET
Al!

She turns, sees her cousin having trouble.

They both try and get it to work, but suddenly the MESS
EXPLODES, sending Al's fantastic shit ALL OVER THE CROWD.

They scream in horror.

A geyser of water shoots out of the bowl, showering Al and
Lillibet.

The crowd member stands up.

CROWD MEMBER
Witches!! They're witches!!

ANOTHER CROWD MEMBER
Let's burn them at the stake!!

AL LILLIBET
Fuck. Fuck.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

A crowd on the field parts to reveal--

Al and Lillibet tied back-to-back on a wooden stake, a pile
of firewood beneath them.

LILLIBET
Being martyred for the sake of
science isn't the worst way to go.

The fire comes alive with a loud CRACK!

The crowd cheers!

Chauncley, panicked, looks from Garry to Al to the team and back. Then--eureka.

CHAUNCLEY
(to the crowd)
Hey!

The crowd, and Al and Lillibet, turn towards him, confused.

Chauncley stands a few feet from the MESS, the water continue to shoot out like a fountain.

He begins to wiggle his hips, slowly transitioning into his touchdown dance.

CROWD MEMBER
Hey, he's doing the Chauncley!

Chauncley turns it up a notch, his dance becoming erratic, mesmerizing...sensual?

Soon, he has the whole team in on a Flashdance-esque dance sequence under the falling toilet water.

The crowd is transfixed. Al and Lillibet turn to each other, then start trying to loosen their rope ties.

Chauncley starts to turn the MESS water toward the fire, while the dance continues.

The players swing jockstraps around! Twerk! Slap each other's butts!

Chauncley returns to a starring role, dancing with the MESS, inch by inch pointing the spray of water towards Al and Lillibet until--

The water douses the fire! Al and Lilibet have undone their ties! They jump down and sneak out behind the crowd.

Chauncley watches them escape, moving further into the background of the dance that has turned into a group affair as the crowd joins in.

He arrives at Garry's cage and grabs him, running off.

INT. LILLIBET'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Al and Chauncley sit at a modestly-set dinner table. Garry is nestled under Chauncley's arm.

AL
College is kinda nuts.

Chauncley nods.

Lilibet enters, sitting across from the two.

LILLIBET
Dinner's almost ready.

She lets out a deep sigh.

LILLIBET
Today was quite the adventure.

They all nod, still somewhat shell-shocked.

AL
Did you ever find out what happened
with the MESS, why it malfunctioned
like that?

She gets shy for a second.

AL
Other than the apparent quantity
control issue...

Lilibet smiles.

LILLIBET
Hey, at least you're healthy again.
It seems that the irrigation system
I had designed was so complex that
the shit kind of turned back in on
itself? I don't know...you never
get that issue with good 'ole
shovelling.

AL
That's true. What's next for you,
you think?

LILLIBET
Well, as much as I've loved it
here, the underfunding seems like
it's not going away. What with
Chauncley's little charade today
upping the chances for more of
those games.

Chauncley lovingly pets Garry.

CHAUNCLEY
It was all worth it.

AL

Yeah.

She tries to pet Garry, but he snaps at her. She recoils.

LILLIBET

I hear they're looking for people
at the Shit Institute over in
Liverford.

AL

Oh yeah, the people who put on Shit
Con each year?

LILLIBET

I might be able to be of some
assistance in their engineering
departments. They'd pay well for
sure.

AL

God, that sounds so cool.

LILLIBET

Hey, with what I've seen of you,
you're not too far behind me in the
big leagues, Alexandra. In fact...

She rises and grabs a roll of parchment from a shelf.

LILLIBET

For you.

Al rolls it out -- the blueprint for the MESS.

LILLIBET

If anyone can figure out how to get
this thing running, it's you.

Al beams.

AL

I'm so happy I could shit!

Lillibet laughs, getting up.

LILLIBET

We've had enough of that from you
to last a lifetime.

She exits, leaving Chauncley and Al alone.

CHAUNCLEY

Man, I'm gonna miss really being a part of the people. That was exhilarating.

AL

Well, you know Chauncley, there's nothing keeping you from being one of the people but the palace walls.

Chauncley sits with this. Lilibet enters with a large dish. She uncovers it to reveal -- ROASTED DUCK.

Chauncley gasps, covering Garry's eyes.

EXT. SHITSHOVELLER HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Al stands with Eddie, both of them looking at something.

AL

Well, whaddya think?

Al has re-created the MESS, with notable changes to the pipe size. They now go straight into the ground.

EDDIE

I'm still not so sure about this, Al. What do you mean the shit disappears into a vast network of pipe underneath the town that you found while walking along the river?

AL

I mean, there's a whole frickin network of pipes under the town that leads straight to the river! I can't believe no one's ever talked about this! King Cragnoor has to know about this.

EDDIE

I dunno, kiddo, sounds like the type of shit you don't mess with.

Al, frustrated.

AL

Well, whatever Dad. We don't have to do anything with it.

She takes a deep breath.

AL
Sorry. You are who you are and I
love you no matter what.

They hug.

AL
I'm gonna go hang with Chauncley in
the square, be back by nightfall.

EDDIE
Okay honey.

Al walks off, Eddie waving as she goes. He keeps waving, then
chuckles.

He grabs the MESS and tucks it away in a storage shed, next
to what looks like a HORSELESS CARRIAGE and a COMPUTER.

EDDIE
That child and her gadgets.

He shuts the storage door.

END CREDITS.