

David Boles  
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UNCLE WIGGLY

WE ARE IN WALTER'S OFFICE IN TELEVISION CITY. HE SITS BEHIND A MAHOGANY DESK AND RIFFLES THROUGH A STACK OF ARBITRON RATING BOOKS. ONE UNCOMFORTABLE CHAIR IS OPPOSITE OF WALTER'S DESK. WALTER CONSTANTLY CHECKS HIS WATCH. ENTER UNCLE WIGGLY. HIS FACE IS PAINTED WHITE AND A PERPETUAL SNEER OF A SMILE IS PAINTED IN GLOWING RED OVER HIS LIPS. A FUNNY RED NOSE IS ATTACHED TO HIS OWN NOSE. A FLOWER POT WITH PLASTIC, WAVING, BEGONIAS IS STRAPPED TO HIS HEAD AND OVER HIS ORANGE WIG BY A BAND OF ELASTIC. HIS CLOWN SHOES ARE BRIGHTLY DECORATED AND CURVED UP AT THE TOE.

WALTER: Finally! I've been waiting most of two minutes! I have news for you, old pal. Let's take it like the man we know you are.

WALTER SHAKES HIS HAND. A JOY BUZZER GOES OFF AND WALTER SHAKES HIS HEAD. UNCLE WIGGLY AND MIMES LAUGHING. UNCLE WIGGLY SECRETLY PLACES A WHOOPIE CUSHION ON WALTER'S CHAIR.

WALTER: When there's a serious moment...no one can make a studio audience titter like old Uncle Wiggly, eh boy?

UNCLE WIGGLY MOVES IN FRONT OF THE DESK BY THE UNCOMFORTABLE CHAIR. HE CROUCHES HALF-WAY DOWN IN AN ALMOST-SITTING-POSITION ON THE CHAIR. WALTER GETS THE CUE.

WALTER: Good idea. You should sit down for this. How thoughtless of me. I was raised better'n that.

WALTER BEGINS TO SIT, UNCLE WIGGLY STANDS UP. WALTER STANDS UP. UNCLE WIGGLY BEGINS TO SIT AND SO DOES WALTER. UNCLE WIGGLY STANDS UP AND WALTER FOLLOWS. THIS GAME CONTINUES IN SPURTS. THEN, QUICKLY, UNCLE WIGGLY SITS AND WALTER SITS HARD AND THE WHOOPIE CUSHION FARTS UNDER HIM. UNCLE WIGGLY STANDS AND CLAPS HIS HANDS AND DOES "THE UNCLE WIGGLY JIG."

WALTER: Pop! I'm canceling "The Uncle Wiggly Hour!"

Boles -- Wiggly 2.

UNCLE WIGGLY STOPS DANCING. HE DRAMATICALLY GRABS HIS HEART AS IF SHOT BY A BULLET AND STAGGERS AROUND THE ROOM, BUMPING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT AS HE "DIES." WALTER FOLLOWS HIM... PLEADING...

WALTER: No joke! The network needs higher ratings... 12-15 year-old males... 6 to 8 Saturdays. I've created a new Claymation/live action/cartoon Super-Hero. "The Swamp Gorilla:" He Swings! He Swims! He Sinks! He rides a Jet-Ski! His Secret Weapon? The Well-Placed... Banana Peel!

UNCLE WIGGLY GOES STIFF AS A BOARD, TURNS 360 DEGREES ON HIS HEELS, AND FALLS TO THE GROUND IN A "DEAD FAINT."

WALTER: Pop? I'm sorry. You gotta turn in the big shoes.

WALTER TAKES THE SHOES OFF UNCLE WIGGLY.

WALTER: We'll need them for "The Swamp Gorilla/Partridge Family Circus Reunion." My idea. Prime time special... guaranteed to kill: Crime-fighting/adventure teamed with bubble-gum-music nostalgia. Very Next-Wavish stuff. Your joy buzzer goes back to props.

AS WALTER TAKES THE JOY BUZZER, IT STINGS HIM AGAIN.

WALTER: Always did keep your sense of humor in the worst of times, Pop. I talked the Big Brass into letting you keep the begonia pot headdress as... a memento. You don't have to thank me. Your smile's enough.

WALTER CAREFULLY TAKES OFF THE WIG, PLACES IT ON THE DESK WITH THE OTHER THINGS.

WALTER: But the orange wig, I need. Bozo's signed a three picture deal.

WALTER SITS ON THE EDGE OF HIS DESK, SATISFIED AND THRILLED.

Boles -- Wiggly 3.

WALTER: You'll get your final check in Friday's mail. I fought to keep you on the schedule, I did. But prop humor's gone the way of the buggy whip and the virgin sacrifice. No bellys're bein' split with laughter over a saucer of plastic upchuck anymore. Pop? It's over.

SLOWLY UNCLE WIGGLY GETS UP FROM THE FLOOR. HE TAKES THE FLOWER POT FROM HIS HEAD AND PUTS IT SOLEMNLY ON THE DESK. HE WALKS TO THE DOOR. SLUMP-SHOULDERED AND SULLEN. HE STOPS AT THE DOOR, REMEMBERS HIS FUNNY RED NOSE, AND DELICATELY PULLS IT OFF AND EXTENDS IT TO WALTER.

WALTER SHAKES HIS HEAD AND MANAGES A SMILE.

UNCLE WIGGLY SMILES SOFTLY BACK AND CAREFULLY PUTS THE FUNNY NOSE IN HIS POCKET AND EXITS.

BLACKOUT.