

Midget Mime Murder

By

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The Stage
and Beyond
HPEN6024
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"Midget Mime Murder"

FADE IN:

CREDITS ROLL

INT. A TRAIN CARRIAGE — DAY

FRANK MCKENZIE, 30, a tall, lanky man with thinning sandy hair, wearing thick-lensed glasses, walks down the aisle, looking for a seat. He wears a green plaid shirt, buttoned up to the neck and beige corduroys. He carries a small suitcase and holds up a tan leather bag, trying to avoid hitting people. But he still manages to bash people on the head, as he is clumsy. He apologizes multiple times.

Frank arrives at the last row of seats in the train, closest to the toilet. He is sweating. He looks hopefully at a YOUNG LADY sitting by the window, who has white blonde hair and wears ripped jeans and large headphones.

FRANK

(to the lady)

Sorry. Is this seat taken?

YOUNG LADY

(looks annoyed)

No.

Frank lifts his small suitcase to the overhead rack and settles down on the seat. He opens his bag and takes out a spiral notepad and a brochure.

CLOSE ON: Frank's hand holding the brochure. There is a picture of MASTER JOSEFSSON on it, who is the mime retreat leader. He looks like a Swedish beatnik. He is 60, and has white hair in a ponytail. His smile is smarmy.

MASTER JOSEFSSON (V.O.)

"Mastering the Mime Basics with Master Josefsson." Congratulations on winning your coveted spot at the prestigious Master Josefsson's Master Class! Master These 7 steps and you are guaranteed a spot at the Swedish Academy of Mime and Drama. Step 1. Pretend to be in a box. Step 2. Grab a rope. Step 3. Climb a ladder. Step 4. Do the lean. Step 5.

(MORE)

MASTER JOSEFSSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Struggle against the wind. Step 6.
Mime eating. Step 7. Make up a story.
And remember...for the next ten days,
"Mime's the word!"

CLOSE ON: Picture of Master Joseffson making a "shush" gesture.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank smiles. He glances at the Young Lady, who has been reading over his shoulder. She looks at him like he's a weirdo. He lays his head back against his seat and closes his eyes.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM — DAY — 2000 — FLASHBACK

Frank, as a ten-year-old wearing a black and white striped T-shirt, does a mime performance at school. He's doing Step 2. Grab a rope.

While smiling at the audience, Frank gets closer and closer to a cardboard tree. His trousers get hooked onto a wayward nail. He goes to do Step 5. Struggle against the wind, and the nail tears his trousers off.

Frank's naked bum is exposed to the AUDIENCE. The Audience screams with laughter.

Frank runs off the stage, bawling.

Frank's DAD looks at him judgmentally from the wings.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE — NIGHT

Frank moans loudly and awakens with a jolt. The Young Lady is still staring at him, with the same look of judgement.

END CREDITS

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE MIME RETREAT — NIGHT

Frank stands looking at the retreat site. There are a series of log cabins and a fire pit in the centre. A small stage is

next to the fire pit. Two MEN wearing striped T-shirts walk by, making gestures to each other and looking animated. A male-MIDGET walks past wearing a suit and carrying a large suitcase. He eyes Frank suspiciously. LIV, a stocky woman in her early 20s, wearing white face paint, red lips, and a black beret, smiles exaggeratedly at Frank. She makes a gesture of signing a piece of paper. Frank hands her his registration form. Liv eyes it and then points him in the direction of his cabin.

INT. LOG CABIN – NIGHT

Frank walks into his cabin. The cabin is sparsely decorated and has two single beds with a side table in the middle. Laying on one of the beds is STIG, an over-weight man in his mid-twenties. He is wearing a striped Mexican poncho. His brown hair is straggly and he has an unruly beard. He has a lit joint in his hand and is exhaling smoke.

STIG

Hej!

FRANK

Oh. Hello. Sorry. I must be in the wrong cabin. This isn't the Premi Lyxvara suite?

STIG

(confused)

Bunker Number 9?

FRANK

Umm, they said it's the luxury suite.

Stig gestures around the room, dramatically.

STIG

Welcome to Bunker Number 9. I'm Stig. Toke?

Stig holds the joint out for Frank. Frank shakes his head.

STIG

So. Have you done much miming?

CUT TO:

Frank standing on stage with his bum exposed and everyone laughing.

BACK TO SCENE

FRANK

Just a few classes.

STIG

Well, Master Josefsson is an experience.
Better hang onto your beret.

Frank looks worried. He looks down at the scrunched beret in his hand.

EXT. FIRE PIT AT RETREAT — DAY

Master Joseffson is standing near the stage, making dramatic mime gestures to indicate everyone should take a seat and watch him. Once the other TEN STUDENTS are assembled, he goes into an elaborate routine, causing people to laugh and clap. He ends the scene by gesturing a zip over his lips.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Students. You may not realize it, but I have just demonstrated all seven steps you will be mastering on this retreat. You are very lucky to have been chosen to be here. And I have every confidence you will succeed. However, you must obey the seven rules while you are here. 1. Silence is mandatory throughout the entire ten days. No exceptions. Breaking this rule means automatic dismissal. 2. All homework must be completed before class the next day. 3. Drugs and alcohol are prohibited.

Stig smiles at Frank.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

4. The Besatt Liten forest is strictly out of bounds. 5. No mingling with anyone outside of this retreat. That includes leprechauns.

The Ten Students laugh.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

6. We stick with a strictly vegetarian diet here. Yes, that means a lot of tofu. Maybe some lentils. Although, technically, that's still some kind of bean. And, finally, 7. Lights out at ten o'clock PM. Questions?

Frank puts up his hand. Master Josefsson points at him.

FRANK

Yes, um, with the...

MASTER JOSEFSSON

What is rule number one?

Frank looks panicked and puts his hand over his mouth.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

I will let that one go. Now, you must ask through mime.

Frank looks panicked again. He stands up and tries to gesture about going to the toilet. Master Josefsson stifles a smirk. He dramatically mimes walking to the outhouses at the edge of the forest. Frank obediently nods.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Stig lights up a joint.

STIG

Way to go. Day one, and you've already Pissed off Monsieur Josef.

FRANK

Aren't we supposed to remain silent at all times?

Stig scoffs, and takes a deep toke on the joint. He offers it to Frank. Frank waves his hand away. Stig scoffs again.

STIG

Come on. I think you need to loosen up.

Frank considers for a moment, then shrugs his shoulders. He takes the joint and has a toke, then coughs heavily. Stig laughs at him.

STIG

Is there any way in which you aren't anal?

Frank looks guilty.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Frank jolts awake in bed. Stig is snoring. Frank goes to the cabin door and peers outside. In the distance is a red glowing light.

EXT. OUTSIDE BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Frank tentatively walks out the door and goes towards the edge of the forest. He has a pee against a tree. Then he hears chanting. He gets closer to a big open fire. He reacts with horror when he sees a group of men in business suits lift a leprechaun onto a stone slab, and a DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN, mid 50s, bald and fat, slits his throat. Frank stifles a scream. He runs back to the campsite.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Frank shakes Stig awake. Stig awakens with a smile.

STIG

Helga! Stop. We're not allowed to do that on this retreat.

FRANK

Stig, it's me, Frank. Wake up. Oh my God, I think I just saw someone murder a leprechaun!

STIG

A what? OK. Maybe I should have warned you. That's probably the strongest strain of weed you can get in Sweden.

FRANK

What? No. It's not the weed. I know what I saw.

STIG

You saw a leprechaun being murdered in the woods? OK. Remember what Mr. Joseph said? Step 4: Beware the Besatt Liten forest. Maybe there's a reason for that. It could be haunted.

Frank looks thoughtful for a moment.

FRANK

OK, maybe you're right. Maybe it was the weed.

Stig plumps up his pillow and lays down. Within moments he's snoring. Frank looks confused, and lays down on his bed again.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT— DAY

The Ten Students are assembled around the fire pit, practicing. Frank is trying hard to practice Step 1. Pretend to be in a box. Master Josefsson is watching him, looking stern. Frank's moves get more and more awkward and comical. He looks agitated. Finally, he starts frantically gesturing with his hands around his throat, miming gagging, and pointing into the forest. He repeats this gesture. Master Josefsson stifles a laugh. Frank looks increasingly angry. He finally gives a look of desperation.

FRANK

I saw some guys murder a leprechaun in the forest last night!

The Ten Students freeze in the middle of their practice and stare at him. Master Josefsson looks at Frank coldly.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Mr. McKenzie. You disappoint me. Yesterday, you slipped up and I let you off the hook because it was your first day. But now you openly flaunt my rules. And you are making a mockery of mime. Pack your bags. You leave tonight.

FRANK

What? No! I'm not making a mockery. I really did see...

Master Josefsson mimes zipping his lips. He walks away. The Ten Students stare in silence. Frank stares after him, then slinks away towards bunker number nine.

EXT. THE BESATT LITEN FOREST – NIGHT

Frank is wandering around, clearly lost. He sets his suitcase and bag down by a tree. He undoes his suitcase and takes out a pillow and a raincoat. He lays down and closes his eyes. An owl hoots. He opens his eyes. He starts crying, looking defeated with his head in his hands. Cheering and laughter comes from the distance. Frank jolts upright. He walks toward the noise and comes to an open fire, where ULF, a tall, bearded man with red hair in his mid 30s, BJORN, a dark-haired stocky man in his 40s, wearing a wooly hat, and ANDERS, a body-builder type in his mid 30s, with sandy hair, sit. Each of them is holding a bottle of beer.

FRANK

Excuse me. Sorry. Um, do you know where the town is?

Ulf looks up startled, then intrigued.

ULF

Hej! Oh no, are you lost? You should join us! Have a beer!

FRANK

Oh no, I couldn't possibly. I just need to get to a police station.

ANDERS

There are no police stations around here, dude.

BJORN

Come and party with us! We're celebrating. We just opened our second sauna! The biggest in Sweden. The Herden-Herden Sauna Group. You must have heard of us?

Frank goes over to them. Ulf hands him a beer. They lock eyes for a moment.

FRANK

Thank you. No, I haven't.

ULF

Where did you come from?

Frank sits down on a log.

FRANK

I was at Master Josefsson's mime
retreat. I'm visiting from Ireland.

Ulf, Bjorn, and Anders roar with laughter.

ANDERS

A mime retreat? So that's why you
look so scared. You must have had a
visit from the ghost of Marcel Marceau!

FRANK

No. I saw a fat man in a suit murder
a leprechaun. And when I tried to tell
Master Josefsson, I broke the code of
silence and he kicked me out.

Ulf looks stricken. Bjorn and Anders laugh hysterically.

Tree branches crack, and everyone goes silent. The Dressing
Gown Salesman appears out of the trees. Ulf gasps. Frank
freezes.

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN

Gentlemen! Someone told me this is where
the real party is at!

ULF

You! What are you doing here? How did
you find...

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN

Oh, come on, it's a small forest. I'm
just looking to have a good time. My
sales team are such a bunch of squares.
Besides, isn't it summer solstice? I've
seen so many people in the forest tonight,
celebrating.

Anders hands the Dressing Gown Salesman a beer, and they clink
bottles.

ANDERS

Here's to summer solstice!

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN
And the beginning of a whole new friendship!

Ulf and the Dressing Gown Salesman exchange intense looks.

FRANK
(whispers)
I saw you in the forest last night.
You and a tribe of men. You're a
murderer. You murdered a...a leprechaun.

The Dressing Gown Salesman laughs hysterically. Then he gives Frank a deadly stare.

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN
You must be new here. Haven't you heard
about our magical forest? Plays tricks
on your eyes. People see things.

FRANK
I know what I saw.

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN
Judging from your T-shirt, I'm guessing
you're one of those mime kids. They
come here every year. Always a bit kooky
in the head. The pressure gets to them.
I've seen it before.

FRANK
(yelling)
You're a murderer!

Ulf puts his arm around Frank's shoulders and tries to soothe him.

ULF
(to the salesman)
OK, sir, I think you'd better be on
your way. We're just here to have a
good time tonight.

The Dressing Gown Salesman gets up and starts to walk away.

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN
You boys enjoy your night. Try not to
get yourself into trouble. Good luck
with that new sauna branch.

BJORN

How'd he know about our new branch opening?

Ulf looks very uncomfortable.

ULF

(to Frank)

Did you bring a tent with you?

FRANK

Um, no.

ULF

I've got a spare sleeping bag...

Bjorn and Anders look at each other and snicker.

FRANK

Oh. OK. Umm...

ULF

No trouble at all.

Ulf and Frank look intensely at each other.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT AT THE MIME RETREAT — DAY

Frank is hiding behind a tree, watching the students practice Step 2. Grab a rope. Stig is doing an outstanding job, and Master Josefsson is gesturing approval. Frank catches Stig's eye. Stig gestures through mime to Master Josefsson that he is going to the outhouse. Stig walks over to Frank.

STIG

What are you doing here? Are you trying to get me kicked out aswell?

FRANK

No. Look. I have to try and get let back in. This is so stupid. How am I going to make it into the Mime Academy without this certificate?

STIG

You should have thought of that before you made up your stupid leprechaun story.

FRANK

It wasn't a story! I'm sure it was
real. And if I can just convince
Master Josefsson...

Master Josefsson comes up behind Stig.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

(to Stig)

You. Back to the camp. And Mr.
McKenzie. I thought I sent you home.
Did you miss the ferry?

FRANK

No! I...look...

Frank tries to do a mime routine that demonstrates the murder
again, but he just embarrasses himself because he is comically
bad. Master Josefsson looks irritated.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Look, kid. I'm afraid you just don't
have the talent. Never mind breaking
the rules. I mean, how did you even get
in here?

FRANK

I passed the audition! Look, if you just
give me a second chance, I'm sure I can
prove to you I've got what it takes—

MASTER JOSEFSSON

It's never going to happen, son. I'm sorry.

Master Josefsson turns and walks away.

FRANK

(calling after him)

But what about the leprechaun?

INT. POLICE STATION — DAY

FRANK

And then I saw them lift him onto the
slab and slit his throat!

DETECTIVE WOLFGANG, a clean-cut dark-haired man in his 50s, shakes his head. His partner, DETECTIVE WESLEY MAY, a tall, skinny redhead, nods, taking notes.

DETECTIVE WOLFGANG

So, let me get this straight. You hail from Ireland. You were on a mime retreat, where you'd taken a vow of silence. One night, you wandered out into the "Besatt Liten forest" where you witnessed a "dressing gown salesman" murder a leprechaun. You were kicked out of the mime retreat for speaking instead of miming. Then you got lost in the forest and were taken in by a trio of Vikings who were on a team-building get-away, celebrating the opening of their second branch of the Herden-Herden Sauna. Then the dressing gown salesman gate-crashed the party, you accused him of murdering a leprechaun, and everyone laughed.

FRANK

Except Ulf.

DETECTIVE WOLFGANG

Right. Except Ulf. Important detail there. One question remains. How did you know he was a dressing gown salesman?

FRANK

How is that relevant?

DETECTIVE WOLFGANG

Oh, it's highly relevant. Because if you'd said he was, say, a balloon salesman, we'd have an entirely different story on our hands.

Detective Wolfgang slams the folder shut and stands up, smirking.

DETECTIVE WOLFGANG

We'll get back to you if we have any promising leads.

Detective Wolfgang walks away, laughing. Detective Wesley May looks at Frank apologetically. FRANK looks at Detective Wesley May desperately

FRANK

There were a bunch of suitcases laying around, I swear. With dressing gowns, and...and...there was a whole sales team... I-I know the forest is supposed to be haunted, but—

Detective Wesley May sighs.

DETECTIVE WESLEY MAY

It's OK, kid. Wolfgang's engine just runs a little hot. I'll check into it. So, what are you going to do now?

FRANK

I don't know. I mean, I can't just go home. I've worked way too hard to get here. And now this. How am I going to prove I can do it? Master Josefsson won't even give me a second chance. And now there's a leprechaun murderer on the loose...and no-one believes me.

DETECTIVE WESLEY MAY

Isn't there any opportunity for you to perform for Mr. Josef?

FRANK

I don't know. The final party is at the Sauna. But they'll all have mastered the seven steps by then.

DETECTIVE WESLEY MAY

Then you have to be there. Is there anyone who can help you?

EXT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Frank crouches down, and throws stones at the window near Stig's bed. There is no answer. He does it again. Then he walks up to the cabin and opens the unlocked door.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Stig is snoring. Frank goes over to him and shakes him awake.

STIG

Inga, stop. That's naughty. Stop! Is that a bridle?

FRANK

Stig! It's me! Frank!

Stig opens one eye.

STIG

Why are you always interrupting my dreams when they get to the good part?

FRANK

I'm sorry. You must have a lot of good parts in your dreams, though. But, there's no time for that. Look, I need your help.

Stig lights up a joint. He offers it to Frank. Frank waves his hand away.

FRANK

I have to find a way to prove to Master Josefsson I have talent. Otherwise I'm never going to get into the Swedish Academy of Mime and Drama.

STIG

How the hell are you going to do that? You suck.

FRANK

Thanks. That's really helpful. But I was hoping you could help me.

STIG

You must be joking.

FRANK

Look. There's only five days left. I need you to teach me the seven steps. I need to be even better than the others if I'm going to get accepted. And you're the only one who can do that.

STIG

Impossible. Besides. I'm not risking
getting kicked out. No way in hell.
Seriously, dude. What's in it for me?

Frank pulls out a big bag of weed from his back pocket and
waves it in front of Stig. Stig leaps out of bed.

STIG

Right. It's all in the hips.

EXT. THE FIRE PIT — DAY

Frank is hiding behind one of the cabins, close to the Ten
Students, who are going through Step 4. Stig is outstanding
again. He's near the back, so Frank can see him better.
Frank is copying the moves, looking really clumsy.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Frank practices Step 5. Struggle against the wind. He
slams into the wall. Stig shakes his head.
B) Stig does Step 1. Pretend to be in a box, then pretends to
climb out and kiss and dry hump an imaginary woman. Frank
rolls his eyes.
C) Frank does his "Dressing Gown Salesman Murders a
Leprechaun" routine. Stig looks scared.
D) Frank and Stig light up a joint, smoke, and laugh.
E) Frank and Stig do silly and outrageous improv. mimes.
Completely over the top.
F) Liv knocks on the door, points at her watch, and shakes her
head. Stig shrugs his shoulders. Frank mimes pretending to
hide behind a box. Then mimes relief when she leaves. Stig
gives a nod of approval.

INT. BUNKER NUMBER NINE — NIGHT

Stig and Frank are on their beds. Frank is reading the latest
issue of Mimeazine. Stig is smoking a joint and reading
Swedish playboy. There is a knock on the door. Stig stubs
out his joint and opens the door.

Ulf is at the door. Frank leaps up.

FRANK

What are you doing here? How did you find me?

Stig yanks Ulf inside, then dramatically mimes looking outside to see if anyone saw him.

STIG

(to Ulf)

Look, I'm already harbouring Frank Frank here, the last thing I need is the mime gestapo hunting me down for harbouring Vikings aswell. Make it snappy.

ULF

(to Frank)

Hej. I've been looking all over for you since you ran off the other morning. There's something I need to tell you.

Ulf sits on the bed beside Frank and takes his hand. Stig wanders over to the corner and mimes plugging his ears, and flipping through a magazine, while sitting on an imaginary stool.

ULF

Before you arrived that night, I had my own encounter with the Dressing Gown Salesman. I was there when he murdered the leprechaun aswell. Only it wasn't a leprechaun. It was a midget. Or "small person," as they like to be referred to these days. So, no, you didn't hallucinate.

FRANK

What? Why didn't you say something?

ULF

He threatened to "out" me after he saw me have olydig hångla with one of his sales team.

FRANK

Oh. OK. But he's a murderer. Isn't that more of a priority?

ULF

I know. It was wrong. And I can understand if you don't want to talk to
(MORE)

ULF (CONT'D)

me again. But ever since that night I haven't been able to get you out of my head. I could have sworn you felt the same way. In any case, I'm going to go to the police now and tell them what I saw. I guess I'll deal with the consequences. But I just wanted to back you up.

Frank gets up to leave. There is a knock on the door. Stig mimes for everyone to hide. Stig opens the door. Master Josefsson is standing there. He walks in.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Good evening, Lärjunge Stig. May I come in?

Stig starts miming a response.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

It's OK, I give you permission to speak.

STIG

OK. What can I do for you, Mr., uh, Master Josefsson.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

I'll cut to the chase. You've got talent, kid. Real talent. I could see you making it to the top.

STIG

The top? As in...is there a 'top' in mime? I didn't know that. How do you...

Master Josefsson chuckles. He walks over to the bed and motions for Stig to sit beside him. Stig sits beside him. Master Josefsson pats Stig's leg. Stig looks uncomfortable.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

You know, I studied with the great one himself. That's right. Marceau. He was a genius. I was also his star pupil. And you know what he used to say to me about his faded popularity? He said, "I'm still big. It's the boxes that got small."

STIG

Ha-ha. Just like Norma Desmond in—

Master Josefsson leaps up and struts around the room. He grabs the Mimeazine magazine, rolls it up, and starts swatting the air.

MASTER JOSEFSSON
As I said, kid, you've got talent. And with a little grit and determination, you could really go places.

Master Josefsson whips around and points the rolled-up magazine at Stig.

MASTER JOSEFSSON
But there's one thing I won't tolerate in my troupe. And that's dissent!

STIG
How do you mean? I would never...

MASTER JOSEFSSON
Oh, I know you wouldn't, kid. I know you wouldn't. But there's some folks out there who just want to grab onto your coattails for a free ride. Just make sure you don't get mixed up with any no talent-hicks, they'll bleed you dry!

There's a rattling from the closet area.

MASTER JOSEFSSON
What's that?

STIG
Oh, it's the rat. Norman. He's been here since the first night. I took to feeding him, and now he won't go away.

MASTER JOSEFSSON
Well, that was your first mistake.

Master Josefsson walks over to the closet and whips it open. It's mostly empty, with just a few blankets. Stig walks over to him and leads him by the arm towards the door.

STIG
I really appreciate you stopping by Master Josefsson. And I'll keep that speech in mind. It was a good one.

Master Josefsson gets to the door.

MASTER JOSEFSSON
Just remember what I said, kid. I could
see your name in lights one day.

Stig gently nudges him out the door.

STIG
OK. I'll really think about that. Goodnight.

Stig closes the door. Frank and Ulf emerge from under the
beds, their hair covered in cobwebs.

FRANK
(to Ulf)
OK. You gotta get outta here. Can you
make it to the border?

ULF
Don't worry. Remember, there's Viking
blood in my veins.

Ulf tenderly kisses Frank on the forehead. Norman, the rat,
runs past his feet. Ulf screams like a girl. He races out the
door and runs into the forest.

Stig looks at Frank in horror. Frank looks love sick.

EXT. THE HERDEN-HERDEN SAUNA — DAY

The Herden-Herden sauna is a giant log cabin-looking
structure, with a wood fire in the middle and long benches
surrounding it. Outside of the cabin is a series of hot
springs.

All the SAUNA CUSTOMERS, as well as Anders, Bjorn, Ulf, Stig,
Detective Wesley May, Detective Wolfgang, The Dressing Gown
Salesman, the Ten Students, and Liv, are naked. Master
Josefsson stands in front of the crowd. He wears a beret, as
do all the Ten Students, a la, graduation caps. Master
Josefsson also wears a black and white striped speedo.

MASTER JOSEFSSON
And finally, I just want to say how proud
I am of all of you. We really struggled
with step seven, didn't we! Ha-ha. Not
(MORE)

MASTER JOSEFSSON (CONT'D)
 everyone likes improv. That's OK. You'll
 have plenty of practice at the academy.
 Well, I'm truly proud of all of you. I
 think you've been the best group of...

Frank appears in front of Master Josefsson. He motions for him to shush. Master Josefsson looks shocked. He motions for Frank to leave the podium. Master Josefsson stands with his mouth agape, as Frank launches into a mime routine.

Frank begins telling the story of his experiences. He incorporates all the steps into his routine. Starting with Step 1. Pretend to be in a box. He mimes being trapped in the box, looking sad, representing his life before the retreat. Then he does Step 3. Climb a ladder, representing his emergence into the new world of the mime retreat, excitement and new beginnings. Then he does Step 2. Grab a rope. He motions the rope as representing murder, demonstrating the murder of the midget, with himself playing a midget being captured with men on either side of him. Then he does Step 5. Struggle against the wind, and this is represented through his struggle to get people to believe him, including the police and Master Josefsson. Then he does Step 6. Do the lean, which is shown by him leaning on Stig to help him with his process of learning the steps, and Ulf helping him by believing in him. Then STEP 6. Mime eating, shown by him being at a feast, enjoying his success and his new future. Step 7. Make up a story, he is showing he has used all these steps and his experiences to tell a story.

Frank finishes his routine. There is silence. Then there is a slow clap coming from the back of the sauna. MARCEL MARCEAU himself slowly walks forward, dressed in a black and white striped thong, and wearing red lips, white face paint, which is slightly running with sweat, and a tilted beret. He mimes "Bravo." Everyone looks at him in shock.

The Dressing Gown Salesman tries to slink out of the sauna, but he is grabbed by Detective Wesley May and Detective Wolfgang.

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN
 Let go of me, you idiots! Surely you
 can't believe that amateur performance!
 It's a fantasy! All of it! There's no
 such thing as leprechauns!

ULF

No, but here is such a thing as competing dressing gown salesmen, who just so happen to have Dwarfism. And you and your team were just trying to oust the competition! You're a murderer!

DRESSING GOWN SALESMAN

This man has spent far too much time in the sauna! His brain is boiled!

ULF

(to Detective Wesley May)

He tried to blackmail me into signing a contract to make him the exclusive dressing gown provider for the Herden-Herden Saunas. I pretended to agree, so I could lure him here. But I knew Frank could pull the story off and finally do a convincing mime act!

Ulf kisses Frank on the cheek

ULF

That was an outstanding performance, baby! You are the star of the troupe!

Master Josefsson comes over to them.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Well I wouldn't go that far. I think it's obvious who our real star is.

Master Josefsson looks at Stig, who has his arm around a tall blonde. Stig backs away from Master Josefsson.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

(to Frank)

Nice effort, son, but I still don't think you have what it takes. It's going to take a lot more...

MARCEL MARCEAU

(to Master Josefsson)

Who is this clown?

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Mr. Marceau! I'm so honoured you could make It to our graduation ceremony. With all due respect though, sir—

STIG

(to Master Josefsson)

Wait. I though you said you were Mr.
Marceau's star pupil.

Marcel Marceau looks incredulously at Master Josefsson.

MARCEL MARCEAU

I've never met this man in my life.

MASTER JOSEFSSON

Ha-ha. Very funny, sir. Surely you must
remember, you were the retreat leader in
1989. I invented the angry-monkey-in-a-
parachute maneuver.

MARCEL MARCEAU

I was there in 1989. But all I remember
is a clumsy clown who set Bunker number
eight on fire and smoked too much weed.

Master Josefsson coughs, and looks around, embarrassed.

MARCEL MARCEAU

(to Frank)

Now this man. He has something. A
quality. Something raw. Something unique.

Marcel Marceau puts his arm around Frank. Frank looks star-
struck.

MARCEL MARCEAU

He has an air of Fosse about him. In his
younger days. When no one understood him.
Much like Basquiat. No one understood him
either, at first. Just like all geniuses.

Marcel Marceau motions for Ulf to come over. He puts his arm
around both of them and they start walk away.

MARCEL MARCEAU

I want to talk to you about a unique
business opportunity.

CREDITS ROLL

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Frank and Ulf stand at the head of a boardroom table, showing a TEAM OF EXECUTIVES, including Anders and Bjorn, a series of model buildings of future Herden-Herden Sauna franchises.
- B) Marcel Marceau leaps out from under the table and starts entertaining everyone with a mime routine. The Team of Executives look confused. Anders and Bjorn laugh.
- C) The grand opening of the third branch of the Herden-Herden Sauna. Frank and Ulf cut the ribbon. Marcel Marceau leaps out from behind them and entertains the SAUNA CUSTOMERS. The Sauna Customers laugh and clap.
- D) Frank and Ulf kiss, after just getting married.
- E) Frank and Ulf have their first dance. Marcel Marceau appears on the floor, doing a mime routine. Everyone claps and cheers.
- F) Frank and Ulf in bed together on their wedding night. The door opens. Marcel Marceau appears. Ulf leaps up, and pushes him out. Marcel Marceau mimes disappointment.
- G) THREE MIDGETS in business suits show a line of dressing gowns to Frank and Ulf. Ulf nods his head and shakes hands with the Three Midgets.
- H) Marcel Marceau opens the door and appears, wearing a black and white striped dressing gown. Frank and Ulf shake their heads and push him out the door.

END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END