

FISH PEOPLE INSERT SCRIPTS

INSERT #1 – PAGE 35 – EXPANSION OF THE MAYOR SCENE.

MAYOR:

Ladies and Gentleman. Myself and other high ranking officials in your city have just concluded a meeting in which we were given information from a highly reliable source that we believe that there are people living among us in the city, that are not as they seem. They make look like average people, but we believe that they are perhaps some kind of hybrid of human and half fish. That is all we have for now.

BILL GETS THE ACTORS TO ACT LIKE REPORTERS ASKING FOLLOW UP QUESTIONS. THEN IN A VOICE ABOVE THE FRAY OF REPORTERS ...

HARRIET:

Mr. Mayor where did these fish people come from?

ACTOR PLAYING MAYOR IS BEFUDDLED, LOOKING AT HIS SCRIPT. LOOKS AT BILL. BILL JUST INDICATES TO KEEP TALKING.

MAYOR:

Well I would imagine some kind of water thing. Like a lake or a stream or maybe a puddle of some sort...

HARRIET:

What do you want the citizens to do?

ACTOR PLAYING MAYOR IS BEFUDDLED, LOOKING AT HIS SCRIPT. LOOKS AT BILL. BILL JUST INDICATES TO KEEP TALKING.

MAYOR:

Well...Stay on high alert I suppose. Probably don't go swimming. If you have goldfish in a bowl, I would let them go before they turn on you.

HARRIET:

I have another question Mr. Mayor...

KATHERYN:

No she doesn't. *Tries to bump her from the microphone.*

HARRIET:

Yes actually I do.

KATHERYN:

Don't listen to her Mr. Mayor she's a terrible reporter.

HARRIET STOMPS ON HER FOOT. KATHERYN YELPS AND HOBBLER AWAY FROM THE MICROPHONE.

HARRIET:

As I was saying Mr. Mayor, this seems all so incredible, what do you say to people who may not believe this is true?

MAYOR:

OH it's TRUE! Yep! 100 percent. So true. The top scientists on my staff have confirmed it. I asked them 'is this true?' and they said 'Yes it's the most truthful thing ever in the history of truth'. And I said 'Well that's a lot of truth'.

HARRIET:

And what steps are being taken to find these Fishpeople?

MAYOR:

So many steps. We are looking everywhere. No stone unturned. Every nook and cranny. Don't you worry. I've got my top people out there searching high and low. In fact, right now we have a guy over at the YMCA searching the pool. We're hoping to hear back from him soon. And then we're also going to search... the schools...because they like to travel in schools...

CREEPER:

Off mic – HAHAAHAHAHA!!

BILL PUSHES ERNIE ON TO THE STAGE TO INTERRUPT HIM

INSERT #2 – ADDING THE MAYOR LINE TO THE GOVERNMENT AGENT SCENE.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

We talked to the Mayor, and he said he made no official announcement on the radio about fish people yesterday.

MAYOR:

I don't remember talking to you.

MOLLY:

Jumps in Oh yeah, that's all about plausible deniability. You know. Politicians. Am I right?

INSERT #3 – PAGE 61 – REPLACES THE CURRENT BRITT REID NEWSPAPER REPORTER SCENE.

LIGHTS FADE AND THE DARK HOUR DOOR SQUEEK AND DOOR SHUT AND ORGAN MUSIC IS HEARD AS THE LIGHTS FADE. LIGHTS COME UP AND THERE IS A DOOR THAT SAYS "BRITT REID; REPORTER CITY CHRONICLE LEDGER POST" ON THE DOOR. BRITT IS IN HIS OFFICE LOOKING INTO A MIRROR. HE IS HOLDING A FISH MASK. HE PUTS IT ON AND STARTS DOING "FISH THINGS". HE BEGINS SWIMMING AROUND HIS OFFICE.

BOB AND AGNES WALK TO SL. THEY KNOCK ON DOOR.

BRITT:

Startled WHAT? WHO IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

AGNES:

We want to talk to Britt Reid.

BRITT:

Who are you?

BOB:

I'm Bob.

BRITT:

I don't know any Bob. Bob who?

BOB:

Bob Bailey.

BRITT:

That sounds completely made up. Prove it.

AGNES:

Look we work at WBRR Radio and we have something important we have to tell you.

BRITT:

And who are you?

AGNES:

I'm Agnes.

BRITT:

Agnes Moore? *That* Agnes?

AGNES:

Yes.

BRITT:

Ok. I'll let you in, but you gotta promise you're not a fish person. And if you are, you gotta promise you won't eat me.

AGNES:

I promise. *She looks at Bob*

BOB:

Oh! Yeah! I will not eat you.

BRITT:

Ok. I'm going to trust you. *He says to himself* I better put this on just to be safe.
He puts on his fish mask. slowly opens the door.

THEY ENTER. BRITT IS WEARING A FISH MASK.

BOB:

Screams FISHPERSON!

BRITT:

WHERE? *Looks around and then hides*

BOB:

Right there! *Points at Britt.*

BRITT:

What? Who me? What makes you think...*Feels the mask on his face* Oh right.
Wait...Are you a fish person?

AGNES:

No! We are not fish people. Bob stop it. There are no fish people.

BOB:

But...look at him.

BRITT:

Ok wait....hang on. *Pulls off mask.*

BOB:

Oh thank goodness.

BRITT:

Look I think we just need to check each other for gills. Then we can all be sure.
Agreed?

AGNES:

Fine.

BRITT GOES UP TO THEM SLOWLY AND LOOK AT THEIR NECKS. BOB CHECKS AGNES' NECK. SHE GIVES HIM A LOOK.

BRITT:

OK. No gills. We're good. Why don't you sit down?

THEY SIT

Can I get you anything? Some tea?

BOB:

Blows air into his hand and smells it checking his breath. Oh no thank you. I'm good.

BRITT:

So what's the important thing you have to tell me?

AGNES:

Well, you see Mr. Reid, like I said we work at WBRR Radio.

BRITT:

Yes yes. You're Evie Barrs niece. And you must be *That* Bob. The one you are secretly dating?

AGNES:

Wait how do you...?

BRITT:

I was listening to Miss Etta Toppers Gossip show yesterday. Speaking of, I should really sue your station. That woman is spreading false rumors about me. That "Person" that was in the car with me was my mom.

BOB:

You were out with your mom in the middle of the night?

BRITT:

I had a terrible headache and had to go to the drug store and get some aspirin.

BOB:

With your mom?

BRITT:

She's my driver.

BOB:

Your mom is your driver?

BRITT:

Yes. But she quit yesterday. So I'm looking for a driver. What do you do?

BOB:

I, uh, stamp paperwork with a stamp that says "File".

BRITT:

Close enough. You're hired.

BOB:

What? I don't...

AGNES:

As I was saying Mr. Reid, I'm here to talk to you about that news broadcast on our station last night.

BRITT:

Ah yes....Fine work. The reporters that broke that story should win a Pulitzer.

AGNES:

Well probably not. You see Mr. Reid, the whole story, all of it. It was made up. There are no fish people. It was made up to gain publicity for the station, and to save it. We were going broke.

BRITT:

Ahhhh! Of course. What idiot would have believed that? *Throws fishmask behind him.* Do you have proof it was made up?

BOB:

Yes sir. Right here. All paperwork in the office goes through us. And we saved the script. Here it is. You can see where I stamped file on it.

BRITT:

Yes nice stamping work. *Looking at script.* Hmm...Yes I see. Yes. You realize, this is going to bring your whole station down. This is the end of WBRR.

AGNES:

We know. We're prepared for that. We just can't live with the lie anymore.

BRITT:

Well then. You can expect it on the front page of the evening edition. *Gets out a pen and notepad* Now, start from the beginning.