

## Scene I

(Lights up on CLINT and RON's living room. There is a door and two doorwells; one leads to the kitchen and one leads to the corridor. The door, which leads outside, should have a peephole. There is a chair and a television in the room. A stack of magazines is sitting on top of the television. The room is unkempt. RON is seated in the chair, watching television. The volume is loud. RON is drinking beer and has a box of beer next to his chair. There is a banging at the door. RON grabs remote, mutes the television. Listens. After a moment, he unmutes and continues drinking. There is another, louder, banging. This time, the door swings open, revealing CLINT in the doorway. He is carrying a cooler and is dressed all in black with a ski mask drawn over his face.)

CLINT  
Hey, Ron!

(RON mutes the television and listens briefly. He shrugs it off and unmutes once more.)

CLINT  
Ron!

(RON mutes the television one final time, looks back and sees CLINT. RON lets out a cry of fright, grabs his box of beer, and leaps to his feet.)

RON  
Who are you? What are you doing here?

CLINT  
Ron...

RON  
...Get out!

(RON grabs a beer from his box and throws it at CLINT. It should miss.)

CLINT  
Jesus Christ! The hell's wrong with you!?!

(RON grabs another beer and prepares to throw it.)

RON  
I ain't gonna warn you again. I used to pitch for the Angels. I can throw this pretty hard!

CLINT  
Don't you dare, Ron...

(RON throws the can. It hits CLINT. CLINT drops the cooler and nurses his injury.)

CLINT  
Ah! For fuck's sake! Stop! It's me!

RON  
I don't believe you!

(RON is about to throw one last can.)

CLINT  
Damn it, Ron! If you throw that at me, so help me God, I'm gonna punch you in the throat!

RON  
Oh, it's you.

CLINT  
Yeah! It is, isn't it?

RON  
Sorry, Clint. Why didn't you say something?

(CLINT motions to RON's box.)

CLINT  
Can I have one?

(RON hands CLINT a can. CLINT opens it and dumps the contents over RON's head. When the can is empty, he crunches it and flings it at RON's chest.)

CLINT  
Well! I feel better now. You got another?

(RON looks into his box.)

RON  
That was the last one.

CLINT  
Hmph.

(CLINT picks up the cooler, looks inside, closes it.)

RON  
What'd you got there?

CLINT  
What'd I have where?

RON  
In the cooler.

CLINT  
Don't get too excited, Ron...

RON  
...and why are you dressed like that?

CLINT

I don't think I'm gonna tell you.

RON

Jesus, I said I was sorry, Clint! What else do you want from me? And what'd you *expect* me to do? You come into the house like—like that? You may've been a ninja as far I knew!

CLINT

A ninja?

RON

Yeah.

CLINT

You're absolutely right, Ron. We do live in a shitty community, don't we? Those goddamn ninjas all over the place. And the *Angels*? What the hell was that all about?

RON

I had to say something...

CLINT

...You spent little league on the bench. With a finger up your nose. You couldn't throw a strike to save your life. Pitch for the Angels? You couldn't even get it over the plate.

RON

Hit *you*, didn't I?

CLINT

You sonuvabitch. I'm sure as hell not gonna show you now.

RON

Ah, come on!

CLINT

No.

RON  
Please?

CLINT  
All right, all right. If it'll stop your bellyaching. But just a quick look, okay? I should probably get it in the freezer before it thaws.

(CLINT sets the cooler down and gestures for RON to have a look. RON goes over to it, looks inside. He screams and stumbles as he backs away. CLINT laughs.)

RON  
Holy...What the Christ? There's a...that's a...is that a head? Oh my God! There's a head in there! There's a head...Wha—what's so funny?

CLINT  
Ah, I wish I had a camera. Your face was priceless.

RON  
W—Wait a sec. Is that...?

(RON looks in the cooler again.)

RON  
...Is that Hitler?

CLINT  
Huh? Is that Hit—does that *look* like Hitler?

RON  
Yeah! He's got a mustache and everything!

(CLINT hits RON)

CLINT

That's Walt Disney, you mongoloid. Hitler! You think everyone with a mustache looks like Hitler. Hell, if *I* had a mustache, you'd think *I'd* look like Adolf fucking Hitler.

RON

You *do* look like Hitler when you grow a mustache. Especially when you're angry.

CLINT

Where would I have...

RON

...And you didn't have to hit me, Clint.

CLINT

Where the hell would I have gotten Hitler's head, huh?

RON

Well, where did you get *Walt Disney's* head?

CLINT

Disneyland.

RON

Disneyland?

CLINT

Yeah. You know where?

RON

Anaheim.

(CLINT hits RON again)

CLINT

Stop being stupid.

RON  
But you just...

CLINT  
...*The Haunted Mansion*, Ron. He was in the Haunted Mansion.

RON  
The Haunted Mansion?

CLINT  
Yeah.

RON  
Isn't that a little, you know...

CLINT  
What?

RON  
Predictable?

(CLINT hits RON again)

CLINT  
Will you stop being an asshole? He was in the Haunted Mansion, all right? Whether you think it's predictable or not, he was there. That's where I found him.

RON  
Okay, okay. Are you sure it's even real?

CLINT  
Of course it's real!

RON  
Are you *sure*? It might be fake.

(CLINT points to the cooler)

CLINT  
Does he *look* fake?

RON  
Well, he might be one of those—those robots, you know? A lot of them look very real, you know? Like that Abraham Lincoln ride?

CLINT  
That's not a ride, Ron.

RON  
You know what I mean. That thing they have...

CLINT  
...Why the hell would they even *make* an Abraham Lincoln ride? What would they call it? Honest Abe's Wild Ride?

RON  
That's not my point. My point is they have those robots all over the place.

CLINT  
For fucksake... *Anamatronics*. They're not robots, they're *anamatronics*.

RON  
Okay, well, how do you know he's not an anama—how do you know he's not one of those things?

(CLINT points to the cooler)

CLINT  
Do you wanna touch him? Will that prove anything to you? Then go ahead. Be my guest! Touch him. You have my permission.

RON  
Uh...



(CLINT grabs RON's arm and pulls him toward the open cooler. RON struggles.)

CLINT  
Don't be shy now. Touch him!

RON  
I don't wanna!

(CLINT releases RON.)

CLINT  
That's what I thought. Now will you shut your trap and listen?

(RON nods.)

CLINT  
Good. Okay, now I think I should start from the beginning, all right? So a few nights ago, I was at the bar for a drink or two. This old guy sitting next to me starts talking. Turns out he used to work at Disneyland. As a janitor back in the 60s and 70s. He got sacked for, I guess, drinking on the job? Guy looked like he'd been kissing the business end of the bottle for the last forty years, so I can believe it. Anyway, he started talking to me about all the goings-on behind the scenes at the park. Didn't think much of it. Lots of stuff you probably heard rumors about and stuff you'd just figure would happen behind the scenes at a theme park like Disneyland. And then he starts talking about something that happened in, I think he said, sometime in '72. He was sneaking a drink inside the Haunted Mansion when he heard something. The ride was closed for the night and he went to check it out. He saw a couple of guys in lab coats carrying something between them...

RON  
...And it was the head?

(CLINT smacks RON)

CLINT  
Goddamn it, Ron! Will you let me finish?

RON  
Okay! Sorry!

CLINT

Yeah, I bet you are.

(Pause as CLINT regains his train of thought)

CLINT

So the guy said he didn't get a great look at it, but he said it looked like a head in a jar or something. At first, he thought maybe it was, you know, a new part of the ride? But he said the head looked a little *too* real. And the head looked a lot like Walt Disney—he saw him around the park a few times, in the '60s, before he died, so he knew what he looked like. He said he almost shit his pants and never went near the Mansion again. Said he got fired shortly after that. What he saw made him hit the bottle harder, I guess.

RON

Wait, I'm confused.

CLINT

Huh? What do you mean you're confused? I'm not telling a complicated story here, Ron.

RON

I mean, this old drunk guy tells you a story and you believe him?

CLINT

Well, obviously he was telling the truth, wasn't he? We're having this conversation.

RON

Well, if an old drunk guy started rambling on about seeing Walt Disney's head in the Haunted Mansion, I'd be a little skeptical.

(CLINT pauses. Smacks RON)

CLINT

Okay, maybe I was a little skeptical at first. But he just seemed so damn sure about it. Days later, I couldn't stop thinking about it. What if the head of Walt Disney was still in the Haunted Mansion? So, I took my employee pass—luckily it still worked—and I decided I would spend the day at the park, hide out someplace until after dark, and have a look around. If the head was there, I'd take it. If it wasn't? I dunno, maybe I'd just trash the place or something? Anyway, you remember the Haunted Mansion, right? You know the part with the mirrors and the ghosts appearing with you?

RON

Oh, that part's so freaky.

CLINT

Yeah, well right after that, there's a door with a skull on it. There was a sign hanging from its teeth with "do not enter" written in red big red letters.

RON

And he was in there?

CLINT

No, *that* was a broom closet. But, right next to that door was a coffin with a very small Mickey head carved on it. I saw that it had hinges on the side. It was actually a door. Pretty clever disguise, yeah? I opened it up and fog rolled out. You know? Like in the movies? Well, lo and behold, there he was.

RON

You'd think they'd lock it.

CLINT

Yeah, you would, wouldn't you? Anyway, the room was kinda like a meat locker. His head was in some sorta box in the middle of the room—it looked like a microwave from the future. Lots of green flashing lights and wires and tubes and stuff like that. There were all these TVs across from him. His door was frozen over, but a few jerks and it swung open nice and easy. I pulled the head out, stuck it in the cooler, and here we are.

RON

Wow. So *that's* where you've been all night.

CLINT

Yeah.

RON

So what're you gonna do now?

CLINT

What do you think?

RON

Ask for your old job back?

CLINT

Screw that! I'm gonna make Disney pay through the nose! I'm sure they'll pay millions to get their beloved Uncle Walt back, don't you think? I'll take some pictures, send a note, tell 'em to leave—what do you think is a good amount? Ah, forget it. Leave it to me. You don't know jack about these kinda things. Let's ask for, um, two million? No! *Seven* million. One for each dwarf. They can afford it. Hell, that's probably pocket change next to the money they made off that *Beauty and the Beast* movie. Oh, yeah. They can afford it.

RON

So, uh, are you gonna keep Walt Disney's head in a cooler until they pay you?

CLINT

Of course not, dumbass. What do you think I am?

RON

Well, where are you going to put him then?

CLINT

Where else would I put him? The freezer.

RON

The freezer?

CLINT

Yeah.

RON

You mean *our* freezer?

CLINT

Yes, *our* freezer. Where else would I put a frozen head?

RON

But...

CLINT  
...What?

RON  
My Fudgesicles are in there.

CLINT  
Your Fudgesicles?

RON  
I don't want somebody's head touching my Fudgesicles!

CLINT  
Ron...

RON  
...I *don't want*...

CLINT  
...Shut up. We have Walt Disney's head in our house and you're worried about two dollars worth of popsicles?

RON  
Fudgsicles.

CLINT  
Shut up. Do you know how many Fudgsicles we can buy with seven million dollars?

RON  
I...

CLINT

...A lot. A whole fucking lot. More than you could possibly ever want to stuff your stupid face with. We can buy so many goddamn Fudgsicles, you'd be sick to death of them! Now, doesn't that sound good to you?

RON  
I guess so.

CLINT  
Good. Great. Now if you're done, I'm going to make some room for our guest.

(CLINT starts to exit to kitchen.)

CLINT  
If you wanna make yourself useful, start cutting up some magazines for the ransom note. Have it say—I don't know. Something like, "I have Walt's head. Leave seven million dollars—*unmarked*—at the, uh, Monte Vista Street bus stop. No cops." Oh. And make sure to say that Monte Vista Street's in Pasadena. I don't know how many Monte Vista Streets there are in this state, so we better be clear about it.

RON  
Monte Vista Street?

CLINT  
Yeah.

RON  
Why Monte Vista Street?

CLINT  
What's wrong with Monte Vista Street?

RON  
That's kinda far, isn't it?

CLINT  
Jesus God! Why do you have be such a pain in the ass about this?

RON  
I'm not being...

CLINT  
...What would you suggest, huh? Across the street? Yeah, that'd be absolutely brilliant, wouldn't it?

RON  
I was just *saying*...

CLINT  
...Just—just put down Monte Vista Street, okay?

RON  
Okay, okay!

CLINT  
In Pasadena.

RON  
All right! Monte Vista Street in Pasadena. Okay.

CLINT  
And, uh, spell Pasadena wrong. Make it look like we're not from the area. No wait. No. Spell Pasadena *right*. We want them to take us seriously. Like we know what we're doing. This isn't a two-bit operation, you know. So yeah. Don't misspell Pasadena.

(Beat.)

RON  
How many S's are in "Pasadena?"

CLINT  
Fuck it.

(CLINT storms into kitchen. RON goes to the pile of magazines and grabs a few. RON exits into the kitchen and re-enters with a pair of scissors. He crosses over to the cooler and pulls it over to the chair. He sets the magazines and scissors on top of the cooler and sits down. He begins to flip through a magazine. Eventually, RON stops on a page and begins to cut out something.)

WALT  
Ron.