

TRAGIC MIKE

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EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

MICHAEL, (35), tall and unkempt, closes the door of his truck. Birthday balloons and decorations are everywhere. He dons a magician costume, and talks on the phone. He walks up to the porch and rings the bell.

MICHAEL

(on phone)

Yeah, man, this is my first day on the job. Yup, *magician*. Look, I gotta go. I gotta- I gotta go. I'll be fine. It's just a bunch of overgrown sperm cells, how bad could it be?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Michael stands on a makeshift stage, next to a blanket which sits on a chair. A group of children stand on the grass. Among them LEON (6), emo, HECTOR (7), preppy toddler, PATTY (6), granola child, and FENG (6), short.

Buster tugs at Michael's foot. He tries to kick him away gently, to no avail. Owen grabs him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(to audience)

Hi guys! My name is, uh, Michael, and I'm gonna be doing some magic for you all today!

The kids cheer. Buster barks jarringly.

HECTOR

Magic Mike! Magic Mike!

MICHAEL

(horrified)

No, no Magic Mike! Just Michael!

KIDS

Magic Mike! Magic Mike!

MICHAEL

No--if you guys want to see magic, you're going to have to be quiet so the, uh, magic juice can kick in!

PATTY

(to MICHAEL)

My mom has magic juice. At night, she drinks it and becomes magical and starts saying weird things.

MICHAEL
(suddenly concerned)
What?

PATTY
Last time, she said she likes
Hector's dad better than *my* dad
because it's more fun to "live life
on the edge." I don't know where
that is, though.

Michael looks at her, not knowing how to respond.

PATTY (CONT'D)
(giggling)
And something about his "meat",
which is weird, because she's a
vegetarian!

MICHAEL
Wow, um. Okay.

He shakes his head and redirects his attention to the crowd.
He picks up the blanket on the chair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So, for my first trick, I'm going
to make one of you...disappear!

HECTOR
Me! Me! Me!

Michael waves Hector up. Hector walks onstage.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What's your name?

HECTOR
Hector.

MICHAEL
(looking at PATTY)
Hector, right. So, Hector, I'm
going to use this blanket to cover
you, and by the time I take it
down--poof!--you'll be gone.

HECTOR
(giggling with excitement)
Okay.

Michael blocks the kids' view of Hector with the blanket.

MICHAEL
I'm gonna need a nice loud
countdown for this to work though.
Ten!

KIDS
Nine! Eight!

MICHAEL
(whispering to Hector,
motioning to behind the
stage)
Go down there.

KIDS
Seven!

HECTOR
What?

KIDS
Six!

MICHAEL
Down there!

KIDS
Five!

HECTOR
What?

KIDS
Four!

MICHAEL
(whispering)
You have to hide behind the stage!

KIDS
Threeeee...

HECTOR
But then I'm not disappearing!

Michael nods his head for Hector to hide behind the stage.

KIDS
Twooooo...

MICHAEL
(to self)
For fuck's sake.
(to HECTOR)
Just go!

HECTOR
(mouthing)
You suck! I bet you

Hector crawls and hides behind the stage, laying face down.
He removes his sweater.

KIDS

One!

Michael drops the blanket and it appears Hector is gone. The crowd screams excitedly. Buster jumps and barks.

MICHAEL

Oh no! Where did he go! Can't have him disappearing forever!

LEON

(grimly)

He will.

Beat. Michael awkwardly laughs and puts the blanket up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alright, so in order to bring him back, I'm gonna need another count-

MARTY

Magic Mike! Magic Mike!

MICHAEL

(through the din)

No, I need a *countdown*, with *numbers*, not a-

KIDS

Magic Mike! Magic Mike!

Michael spots KRISTEN, 35, average suburban HGTV fan, opening the backyard door.

MICHAEL

No--Fuck.

KRISTEN

Kids, it's cake time! Everyone come inside!

The kids cheer and run inside. Marty rips his shirt in half and enters a Hulk-like craze. He punches air. Buster barks and jumps alongside him. Feng stands a distance behind them both. He sips a juice box.

MARTY

CAAAAAAAAAAAKE!!!!

Marty continues to punch nothing as Michael goes behind the stage. Hector lays there, face down.

MICHAEL

You can get up now.

Marty beats up a balloon, screaming wildly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(poking HECTOR)

Hey.

Marty takes the balloon and stomps it violently, trying to pop it. Buster barks. Hector remains motionless.

MARTY
Die! Die! Die!

Michael shakes Hector. He doesn't respond. He flips him around. Hector is unconscious and his face is covered in red. Michael's face goes pale with horror, as--

POP! Marty finally stomps out the balloon. Michael's head darts up at Marty. Marty grins at him with pride.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(pointing to balloon pieces)
See? He's dead now!

He skips away joyfully with BUSTER and joins the cake crowd. Michael looks back down at Hector's body, stressed.

MICHAEL
Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

He looks around. The coast seems clear. He awkwardly picks up Hector's limp body and looks up again. His gaze missed Feng, sipping a juice box. The two make eye contact. Feng stops sipping. His eyes widen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Um...uh...

FENG
(in Mandarin)
He's dead!

MICHAEL
I, um...

Feng looks like he's about to cry. He turns and runs from Michael and into the kitchen.

FENG
(screaming, in Mandarin)
He's dead, he's dead!

MICHAEL
No no no no--Fuck!

Michael runs with Hector's body to the side of the house. He pauses and looks around. He puts the body behind a bush.

He inspects his work. He kicks the bush.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
That'll have to do for now...

He turns around, ready to join everyone else in the kitchen.
Leon stares up at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
AAAAAAA!

Leon does not react.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! Why aren't you
inside? There's cake!

LEON
It's ice cream cake.

Beat.

LEON (CONT'D)
I'm lactose intolerant.

MICHAEL
Well, I'm sure we could get you
something else.

LEON
I don't want anything else.

MICHAEL
What?

LEON
God has made me lactose intolerant
because He wants me to understand
pain and suffering. Whether it be
watching my peers eat delicious ice
cream cake at every birthday party
I go to, or suffering for hours on
the toilet from a single string of
cheese, it is my God-given duty to
experience agony and misery through
my lactose intolerance.

Michael stares at him. A bird chirps.

LEON (CONT'D)
Also Owen's mom said to come inside
so we can sing happy birthday.

Leon walks inside. Michael follows.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kristen and the kids surround an ice cream cake. Feng cries and tugs at Kristen's leg as she holds a phone to his face. Michael walks up next to Kristen.

FENG
(in tears, to Kristen, in
Mandarin)
He killed him! He killed him and
now he's dead!

GOOGLE TRANSLATE
He killed banana dead koala banana
banana magician multiculturalism.

Feng looks up, sees Michael, screams bloody murder, runs.

GOOGLE TRANSLATE
A. A. A. Fish. A. A.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
(putting phone away)
Okay, great.
(Turning to MICHAEL)
Where have you been?

MICHAEL
Sorry.

KRISTEN
And, "Magic Mike"? Really?

MICHAEL
That wasn't *my* thing-

KRISTEN
Whatever, it's *your* Yelp review,
not mine. They wanted to play hide
and seek after this in the
backyard, so you might end up
having a short day.

MICHAEL
Great!

KRISTEN
(to crowd)
All right, who wants to start / us
off?

MICHAEL
Wait, backyard?

KIDS
(singing)
Happy birthday to you.
(MORE)

KIDS (CONT'D)
 Happy birthday to you. Happy
 birthday dear Owen-

Buster barks loudly through the singing. Michael taps his foot. He bursts into a speed-walk to the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Michael looks at Hector's body in the bush. He sighs.

He fishes Hector's body out from the branches, picks him up and looks around. His eye catches a window.

He opens the window, tosses the body through. He climbs in.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He opens the bathroom door. Kristen awaits him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kristen grabs a giant empty plastic box and gives it to Michael. It has colors splattered all on the inside.

KRISTEN
 Can you take this to the attic?
 I'll give you a big tip or
 something.

Michael takes it. She hands him a hammer which leans on the wall next to him.

KRISTEN
 This too. Thanks.

She runs off. Beat as Michael holds the box in his hands.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He opens the bathroom door. He puts Hector's body in the box and inspects his work. He gets a towel and puts it over Hector's body. He puts the hammer above Hector, picks up the box and turns around...to reveal Leon staring at him.

MICHAEL
 AAAAAAAA! FUCK, KID. HOW ARE YOU
EVERYWHERE?!

LEON
 I had to go to the bathroom. What's
 in the box?

MICHAEL
Nothing.

LEON
Doesn't seem like nothing.

MICHAEL
What do you think it is?

LEON
Hard drugs.

MICHAEL
What?

LEON
Hard drugs. To distract from the
banality of the world. In a world
of such misery, sometimes the only
things we can turn to are drugs.
(pushing MICHAEL aside)
Excuse me, I have to go.

Michael walks out the bathroom door, holding the box.

LEON (CONT'D)
(closing door, in pain)
Lactose...intolerance...

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Michael walks up the attic stairs, holding the box with Hector's body in it. He looks around. Boxes are everywhere, except one spot. He taps the spot with his shoe. It creaks as if it's about to break.

Ring! The doorbell rings from downstairs.

He sets the box down carefully. He takes the hammer out of the box, puts it on the ground.

The doorbell rings again and again. Buster runs to it. He sets the box down and runs downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Michael walks downstairs. Kristen talks to Jim, 42, a buff man in a police officer uniform. Michael's eyes widen.

KRISTEN
...This is our very *talented*
magician, Michael. Michael, this is
Jim, Hector's dad.

MICHAEL
(terrified)
Hector's...dad?

JIM
I know, the getup is misleading.
You're not under arrest. Unless
you've murdered someone! Or
something.

MICHAEL
Okay, wait. I have to come clean
about something.

JIM
I'm kidding, buddy. You're fine.
Between you and me, we *all* commit
tax evasion once in a while. No
need to confess.

MICHAEL
No, I-

JIM
I'm just here to give Hector his
narcolepsy medication, which he
forgot at home *again*. Shame I had
to drive here mid-shift, but it was
a boring day anyways. I only
managed to capture one criminal.

MICHAEL
Narcolepsy?

KRISTEN
I'll, uh, go get him--actually, now
that I think about it, I haven't
seen him since the water balloon
fight.

MICHAEL
Water...balloon...fight?

KRISTEN
...Which you didn't show up for. He
was on the red team, and he wore a
white shirt so it looked like he
was *bleeding* everywhere.

MICHAEL
Oh--oh my God.

JIM
(chuckling)
Little idiot. Where is he?

MICHAEL
He's...he's...

JIM
He's...?

CRASH! Hector's body crashes onto the ground from the attic, in between Michael and Kristen.

SPLAT! The hammer accompanies the body from the hole in the ceiling, turning Hector's head to slush. Buster barks happily from the attic, tail wagging.