

# DeLIRIA

~~MINNESOTA~~

POP 3,001

*One Nation Under Bob*

a half hour pilot  
by  
russ woody

# DeLIRIA

(One Nation Under Bob)

Russ Woody

FADE IN:

## EXT. DELIRIA - DAY

CAMERA sweeps bird-like along the beautiful Pigeon River and its winding contours, amidst pines and brilliant blue sky, before cresting up and over the greenery of a mountain ridge that overlooks and cradles a PERFECT SMALL TOWN. As we move down and into this idyllic setting, a sign along the roadside with a picture of a man waving, says: "**Welcome to DeLIRIA, MINNESOTA! Population 9,041.**"

BOB (V.O.)

DeLiria, Minnesota. My hometown. I hate this fucking place.

## EXT. DELIRIA MAIN STREET - DAY

BOB BUTTERFIELD, 35, attractive, confetti in his hair, is sitting in the back seat of a VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE, passively waving to the THROGS OF PARADE GOERS.

BOB (V.O.)

The day I finished high school I thought I'd seen the last of this goddamn place.

Next to him is his beautiful wife SANDY, waving with glee.

BOB (CONT'D)

That's my wife, Sandy. She's not from here. She doesn't know.

Ahead of them, A BANNER SPANS the main street that says, "**WELCOME BACK, BOB!**" More CONFETTI RAINS down. Mayor AL SCHMALEN, 60, stocky, avuncular, sits on the other side of Bob, smiling and waving to all who've come out to catch a glimpse of Bob.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, that's me sitting there next  
 to the mayor, waving to all the  
 shitheads who came out to see me.  
 The truth is I'm not who they think  
 I am. This is all a colossal fuck  
 up. But then, that's the sort of  
 thing DeLira excels at. Fuck ups.

The CAR SUDDENLY BUMPS VIOLENTLY and then STOPS.

MAYOR SCHMALEN  
 What inna hell was that?

ONLOOKERS approach the car, OTHERS RUSH to the back bumper.

ONLOOKER  
 Hey, Mayor! You ran over one a them  
 little fire engines! And a Shriner!

MAYOR SCHMALEN  
 Damn it, I told those guys to stop  
 foolin' around in front of the car!

Schmalen stands to get out, while the onlooker crouches down  
 to have a look underneath the car.

ONLOOKER  
 His little fire engine is squished  
 up pretty good. Oooo, that Shriner  
 don't look too good neither.

MAYOR SCHMALEN  
 (getting out)  
 Okay, lemme have a look...  
 (he squats down to  
 look)  
 Oh, hey, Howard.

SHRINER (O.C.)  
 Hey, Al. Is my ear over there?

Bob smirks at the CAMERA.

BOB (V.O.)  
 See what I'm sayin'?

**MAINTITLES**

FADE OUT.

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**INT. NY APARTMENT - FLASHBACK**

Nice, high tech apartment in Manhattan. Sandy Butterfield enters, sorting through mail, talking on her cell phone.

Font: "**ONE WEEK AGO**"

She kicks the door closed with her foot.

SANDY

(into phone)

Nope, just got home. Dunno. I'm making dinner tonight, so whatever you want.

**INT. BOB'S CAR - SAME TIME**

Bob is sitting in traffic.

BOB

How 'bout chicken?

**INTERCUT:**

SANDY

There's no chicken.

BOB

There's chicken in the fridge.

SANDY

I'm sick of chicken.

BOB

You love chicken.

SANDY

We're having pork chops.

BOB

We have pork chops?

SANDY

Under the chicken. Where are you?

Another driver cuts Bob off.

BOB

(yells to other driver)

Fuck you, asshole!

SANDY

Oh, Jersey Turnpike.  
(looking at mail)  
You got something here from "De-Liria,  
Minnesota." Isn't that where you're  
from?

BOB

Yeah, throw it away.

SANDY

Says they want you to attend their  
Founders Day celebration.

BOB

Throw it out.

SANDY

(reading)  
"Dear Mr. Butterfield, please accept  
our invitation to stay at the  
luxurious DeLiria Hotel for this  
year's festivities."

BOB

Throw it away.

SANDY

It's a long weekend, maybe we should  
go? Might be fun.

BOB

It'd be a nightmare, throw it out.

SANDY

Some time away from work would be  
good for you. You've been awfully  
grumpy lately.

BOB

Not grumpy.  
(to another motorist)  
Eat shit, you fuck!

SANDY

Maybe we should take a week.

BOB

Absolutely not.

SANDY

(off card)  
It's so cute. Let's go.

BOB

It's not cute, it's a black hole of stygian darkness.

SANDY

We could fly into Duluth and drive up from there.

BOB

You know why I hate my job, Sandy?

SANDY

Because they don't listen to a word you say.

BOB

Because they don't listen to a word I say.

SANDY

(reading)

Oooo, look at this -- you get a warm cookie when you check into the hotel. Adorable.

BOB

Sandy, I made a promise to myself that I'd never go back there.

SANDY

Bob, we all make silly promises to ourselves. I was going to be a virgin 'til I was 15.

BOB

Listen to me, there's something wrong with that place. The people. They're not like us. Maybe it's the water or the air or the paint or the dirt. But it's something.

SANDY

See, now I'm curious.

BOB

Well, get uncurious.

SANDY

And look at this -- there's a view of the river from the ladder on top of the hotel.

Bob stares at the traffic -- he's talking to fence post.

**INT. CAR - FLASHBACK**

Bob is driving again, staring ahead, same face, while Sandy is looking around, thrilled.

SANDY

It's beautiful, Bob. A little park in the middle of town. Children out playing... it's practically idyllic.

**EXT. DELIRIA TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS**

Indeed we see it is an idyllic town. As they pass the downtown park, Sandy notices something odd in the park.

SANDY

What is that?

BOB

(looks, then)

Statue. Tribute to the founder of DeLiria. Colonel Alger Tubb.

SANDY

But...

(watching it pass)

He has antlers?

BOB

Yes.

SANDY

Hmmm... quirky.

We see the STATUE now.

BOB (V.O.)

1893, the city commissioned Osgood Roote to sculpt a statue honoring its founder. The year before that, Osgood was the unfortunate recipient of a steel spike through the head...

Now they drive past storefronts. While Bob continues to explain the sculpture, we notice a NATIVE AMERICAN MAN leaning against a building, watching them pass. He is Chief Dying Tall Grass; 70, a long overcoat, a bowler over long hair, takes a cigar from his mouth with fingerless gloves, as he watches them pass.

Bob pulls over in front of an OLD HOTEL.

BOB (CONT'D)

Here we are, the DeLiria Hotel.

SANDY

So cute.

**INT. DELIRIA HOTEL LOBBY - NEARLY CONTINUOUS**

They approach a YOUNG CLERK at the front desk.

BOB

(putting down bag)

Hi. Bob and Sandy Butterfield. We have a reservation.

SANDY

(with a smile)

And we want our warm cookies.

CLERK

Really? Bob Butterfield?

Suddenly the Clerk POUNDS THE DESK BELL like it's a fire alarm.

CLERK (CONT'D)

(yelling)

He's here! He's here!

The Clerk tugs on a cord and a SIGN UNFURLS that says "Welcome Back Bob!" And then drops to the floor, while FOUR OR FIVE MEMBERS of a HIGH SCHOOL BAND march out from the back, playing *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* (VERY BADLY), as Mayor Schmalen steps out to welcome Bob and Sandy. But, as the band continues playing BADLY, they continue marching toward the entrance and OUT the front of the hotel.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

(shouting to band)

No, no! Don't go out there! Stop!  
Come back! Hey! Get back here!

They continue marching OUT THE ENTRANCE. We'll hear them playing more and more faintly.

MAYOR SCHMALEN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

(one last yell)

Hey! Come back!

(then)

Well, shit.

SANDY

Where are they going?

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Who the hell knows.

(MORE)



MAYOR SCHMALEN (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

Superintendent of Schools says to me, he says, "Al, use the deaf kids, give 'em a chance, good for their self-esteem," he says. "Beethoven was deaf," He says.

(looks after them)

Anyhow... let me be the first to welcome you back to DeLiria, Bob.

He pumps Bob's hand, turns to Sandy.

MAYOR SCHMALEN (CONT'D)

And you must be the wife Sandy.

SANDY

(shakes his hand)

Hi.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Al Schmalen, mayor of our fair city.

BOB

Mayor? I don't understand.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Well, Bob, a mayor is essentially the sitting head of the local --

BOB

No, I know what a mayor is, I don't understand why you're here.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Come on, it's not every day one of DeLiria's own becomes an international hero.

BOB

And... I'm an international hero, why?

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Bob, folks 'round here been talkin' about it for years. After you rescued those old people from the nursing home.

SANDY

Wow, Bob. I'm impressed.

BOB

(to Mayor)

What nursing home?

MAYOR SCHMALEN

In New Orleans. Hurricane Katrina.  
So, when I heard you were going to  
be here for Founders Day, I arranged  
a special tribute to you, Bob.

BOB

I didn't rescue any old people.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Sure you did. In New Orleans.

BOB

Nope.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

The old people in the nursing home.

BOB

Not me.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

After Katrina... maybe you don't  
remember.

BOB

(shakes his head)

Different Bob Butterfield.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

But there was a picture. A guy in a  
boat with a beard. He was your age.  
He lived near Canada.

BOB

Sorry.

The mayor looks at Bob, then Sandy, then back to Bob, as the  
color drains from his face.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Aw, man...

SANDY

Mayor? Are you okay?

MAYOR SCHMALEN

City's allocated \$3,000. There's a  
parade. A ceremony...

(sitting)

This isn't good. This is bad.

BOB

A ceremony?

MAYOR SCHMALEN

You're being sworn in -- honorary mayor. It's a big deal, Bob.

(then)

City Counsel is gonna have my ass for this. Especially that Eddie Thorne. Bastard's gonna put my testicles in a wringer.

(to Sandy)

Sorry, ma'am.

BOB

Eddie Thorne? I went to school with Eddie Thorne.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Well, you can get reacquainted while he's wringing my testicles.

(to Sandy)

Sorry, ma'am.

He puts his head in his hands, sobs.

SANDY

Bob, we have to do something.

BOB

We haven't checked in yet, we could leave.

SANDY

Mayor... what if Bob "pretends" he's Bob Butterfield?

BOB

I am Bob Butterfield.

SANDY

The heroic one.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

(looks up)

You'd do that for me, Bob?

SANDY

Of course he would.

BOB

No, I wouldn't.

SANDY

Come on, Bob, it's just for the ceremony.

BOB  
Absolutely not.

MAYOR SCHMALEN  
How 'bout if I told you I was gonna  
commit suicide?

BOB  
That's ridiculous.

MAYOR SCHMALEN  
Is it, Bob? I've got a hammer at  
home.

BOB  
A hammer?

SANDY  
Bob, you can't let this man die.

BOB  
Actually, Sandy... I'm kinda curious  
about the hammer.

MAYOR SCHMALEN  
Bob, if you knew anything about the  
biochemical aspects of clinical  
depression, you'd understand the  
gravity of this situation.

Bob looks at this pitiful man, then his pouting wife. Then...

BOB  
Okay, but I'm not making a speech.

SANDY  
(kisses him)  
See there. I think maybe you're a  
hero after all.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****EXT. DELIRIA HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NEXT DAY**

DeLiria has turned out for the event. A large banner over a STAGE in the middle of the field says, "DeLIRIA FOUNDERS DAY." In front of the banner, Mayor Schmalen finishes draping a SILK RIBBON with a LARGE BRONZE METAL around Bob's neck. Bob forces a smile, as Mayor Schmalen shakes his hand and steps to the microphone.

MAYOR SCHMALEN

Bob Butterfield, DeLiria couldn't be more proud! Our own hometown hero! Congratulations, "Honorary MAYOR" Butterfield!

The crowd APPLAUDS WILDLY. Pastor Welton Gaddy, 50, steps up to the microphone.

PASTOR GADDY

Thank you, Mayor Schmalen. And thank you, "MAYOR Butterfield"!

LAUGHTER, MORE APPLAUSE.

PASTOR GADDY

This has been an amazing Founders Day. So much good old-fashioned family fun, without racially charged music or homosexual innuendo.

APPLAUSE. He takes out a PIECE OF PAPER to look over.

PASTOR GADDY (CONT'D)

Now then: Everyone will be happy to hear that Shriner Howard Trout -- who was run over by the mayor -- is expected to recover from his broken hip, and says he's looking forward to suing the city in early August.

(then)

And on a sad note -- Milton Hobbs passed away yesterday at a brisk 93 years of age, after driving his car into the beautiful sunset mural on the side of the Pigeon River Market. So let us bow our heads, as God-fearing Christians, and say a prayer for Milton, who was --

HECKLER (O.C.)

I'm not a Christian!

PASTOR GADDY  
That's all right, brother. We are  
all children of the same god. Now,  
if you'll all just bow your --

HECKLER (O.C.)  
Not me! I'm not a child of any god!

PASTOR GADDY  
(smiles, irritated)  
Still, you are most welcome to join  
us in prayer, because --

HECKLER (O.C.)  
No way, I'm not praying!

Pastor Gaddy turns to a nearby AIDE.

PASTOR GADDY  
(whispers)  
Have someone visit that individual,  
would you?

The aide pulls out a WALKIE-TALKIE and moves off.

PASTOR GADDY (CONT'D)  
Now then, where was I?

HECKLER (O.C.)  
You were gonna pray! And it's  
bullshit! This stadium is a public  
forum, paid for and maintained by  
taxpayers of all denomina-- *Ohhmf!*

A beat.

PASTOR GADDY  
(a small smile)  
Okay then, let's bow our heads...

**EXT. DELIRIA HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM - LATER**

As Bob and Sandy make their way off the stage (behind Mayor Schmalen), a THRONG OF DeLIRIANS are there to shake his hand, pat him on the back, say how proud they are of him.

TEENAGER  
Someday, Bob, I'm gonna save a buncha  
old people from drowning and ride in  
a convertible that runs over Shriners,  
just like you.

BOB  
Well, persevere...

Bob keeps moving, but notices people stepping aside to clear a path for A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR. It's EDDIE THORNE, 35. He rolls slowly up to the Butterfields and Mayor Schmalen.

EDDIE THORNE

Well, well, well... Bob Butterfield,  
as I live and struggle up ramps.

BOB

(surprised by the  
wheelchair)  
Eddie? Uh, hi...

EDDIE THORNE

What's the matter, Bob? You shocked  
by the wheelchair?

BOB

Wheelchair?

EDDIE THORNE

You saw the wheelchair, right? Cause  
I'm sitting in it.

BOB

(recovering)  
Okay, Eddie, yeah, I saw the  
wheelchair. So what?

EDDIE THORNE

Wow, that's cold. Is this how you  
are around disabled people?

BOB

Actually, I'm very generous with  
organizations that help the blind.

EDDIE THORNE

Big whoop, the blind. What I wouldn't  
give to walk into a door.

BOB

Really great to catch up, Eddie...

Bob starts to move past, but Eddie rolls in his way.

EDDIE THORNE

So... Bob Butterfield! DeLiria's  
very own "hero." Funny, you didn't  
seem like much of a hero when I used  
to beat the crap out of you every  
Monday morning before school.

BOB

You know, as much fun as this has been, my wife and I have got to get back to --

EDDIE THORNE

Oh, your "wife" and you? Throw THAT in my face! The big man, he's got a wife, two legs and a dick that works, so fucking what? You think that makes you better than me?

BOB

Your dick doesn't work?

EDDIE THORNE

It works just fine. Ask your mother.

BOB

Ah, still funny.

EDDIE THORNE

Did you know I'm on the city council, Bob? Did the esteemed Mayor mention that?

MAYOR SCHMALEN

(jumping in)

Oh, I sure did, Eddie! I told him. And we're all so proud to have a... disabled city council person working as a... city council person who's disabled... on the city council...

EDDIE THORNE

You know, Bob, I'll probably be mayor one day. And not an honorary "pretend" mayor either.

BOB

Well, that's great. I can't think of a city more deserving.

Eddie eyes Bob suspiciously, then,

EDDIE THORNE

Is that that incredible Butterfield sarcasm that you used to get your ass kicked for?

BOB

Yeah, Eddie, it is. But then, things have changed...

(pointed)

...haven't they?



A smirk from Bob.

**EXT. DELIRIA HOTEL - THAT NIGHT**

There is something eerie about the weather, something's not right. As we ZOOM TO the lit window of a room, we hear,

BOB (V.O.)  
 Whooo-hooo, right in that  
 sonofabitch's face! That felt good,  
 Sandy. "But then things have changed,  
 Eddie!" Yeah!

**INT. BOB AND SANDY'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Bob is dancing in his underwear, toothbrush in hand, while Sandy's reading a brochure in bed.

BOB  
 Come on, Sandy. Who the man?

SANDY  
 (re: brochure)  
 Did you know DeLiria has an amusement  
 park?

BOB  
 HAD an amusement park.

He goes back to brushing his teeth.

SANDY  
 Says here they're reopening it.

BOB  
 Does it say why they closed it?

SANDY  
 (looking)  
 No.

BOB  
 Opening day, Rocketship-to-Mars.  
 There was a power surge and it blasted  
 up and out of the park, along with  
 the winner of the DeLiria Spelling  
 Bee. Interestingly, it crashed into  
 Mars Dry Cleaning.

SANDY  
 Oh dear...  
 (then)  
 Well, I still think this town is  
 charming.

BOB  
 (toothbrush in mouth)  
 I don't even know you.

SUDDENLY there's a LOUD BOOM OUTSIDE! The WALLS VIBRATE VIOLENTLY... GETTING WORSE AND WORSE until... *SBLITCH SCREEEEEECH!* And then it's gone. Bob and Sandy look at each other.

SANDY  
 What was that?

Bob shakes his head.

**EXT. DELIRIA HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER**

A few CARS ARE STREWN willy-nilly. Lights are coming on, PEOPLE ARE GATHERING in the street. Bob and Sandy exit the hotel along with some OTHER GUESTS, people in pajamas, etc. MUCH HUBBUB.

SANDY  
 Oh my...

She's looking at a CAR upside down in the street, as we hear a COP'S SIREN BLURT ONCE OR TWICE. From around a corner, a SHERIFF'S CAR rolls to the front of the hotel, stops. SHERIFF LUNGREN NORTE, 45, gets out.

SHERIFF NORTE  
 You folks okay? Anyone hurt?

Everyone AD-LIBS they're okay.

BOB  
 What happened? What was that?

SHERIFF NORTE  
 Well, as far as I can tell...  
 (noticing)  
 Oh, Pastor Gaddy?

Everyone turns and sees Pastor Gaddy, who has just come out of the hotel in a robe.

PASTOR GADDY  
 Sheriff...

A YOUNG WOMAN comes out, robed as well, stands beside him. Everyone looks at her, then at Pastor Gaddy. Pastor Gaddy subtly heel-n-toes himself away from her and then smiles. Everyone quickly looks away.

SHERIFF NORTE

Anyhoo... apparently we had a twister come right smack through the middle of town. Right down the middle of Main Street. And I understand the trailer park west of town was decimated.

PASTOR GADDY

Well then, God has clearly spoken as homosexuals were living in that den of inequity. That odious confluence of impropriety!

SHERIFF NORTE

Uh, Pastor...

PASTOR GADDY

Just a second, Lungren. You know, the Bible tells us --

SHERIFF NORTE

Pastor?

PASTOR GADDY

Hold on, Sheriff. The Bible tells us, "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with woman!" It is an abomination of God's --

SHERIFF NORTE

Pastor, your church was completely wiped out.

A beat. Pastor Gaddy, shocked, thinks, thinks. Then,

PASTOR GADDY

THIS is the work of Satan! Satan has attacked the house of God!

The CAR RADIO SQUAWKS for Sheriff Norte. He slips back into the cruiser to answer it. Ernest, the "car attendant" from earlier, approaches as though nothing is out of the ordinary.

ERNEST

(announcing)

Hey, folks, you'll be happy to know that the DeLiria Hotel is now offering cash-only curbside checkout!

The Sheriff gets back out of the patrol car.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

(sees Sheriff)

Oop... gotta go.

Ernest hightails out of there. Sheriff Norte has received troubling news, rubs his chin and approaches Bob.

SHERIFF NORTE

Listen, Bob, since you're the acting mayor...

BOB

Actually, I'm the "honorary" mayor.

SHERIFF NORTE

Right. Anyway, I just got a report that Mayor Schmalen was out walking his dog, Boyle, when the twister hit...

BOB

I'm sorry, what's a dog boil?

SHERIFF NORTE

His dog's name is Boyle. Anyway, he's disappeared. So, what'd you want to do?

SANDY

Oh, that poor sweet man.

SHERIFF NORTE

Yeah. So... what'd you wanna do, Bob? I mean, as acting mayor.

BOB

Honorary mayor. Look, don't you have a vice mayor? A deputy mayor?

SHERIFF NORTE

(winces)

Actually... Deputy Mayor Ula Watts never returned from a spelunking trip back in April.

SANDY

Spelunking?

SHERIFF NORTE

(nods)

She went spelunking with Councilman Thorne.

SANDY

Isn't that where you climb around in caves?

SHERIFF NORTE

Is it?

BOB  
You investigated her disappearance,  
right?

SHERIFF NORTE  
You bet, no stone unturned.

BOB  
So, how does a guy in a wheelchair  
go spelunking?

SHERIFF NORTE  
(stumped)  
Well, hummph...  
(then)  
So what do you want to do, as acting  
mayor?

BOB  
Honorary mayor.  
(then)  
Sandy? Help me out here. Tell him  
I'm not really a mayor, and we're  
leaving in the morning.

SANDY  
(smiles sympathetically)  
Gee, Bob, it seems pretty clear...  
your city needs you.

Off Bob's Thanks-for-nothing look,

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****FADE IN:****EXT. DELIRIA CITY HALL - NEXT MORNING**

Establish. Still debris in the streets.

BOB (V.O.)

So, here I am... honorary "acting"  
 mayor of a town I loath.

**INT. CITY HALL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

Bob is walking down the corridor with BENNY SAVAGE, 25, small, impatient, judgmental. Benny is handing paperwork to Bob as they walk.

BOB (V.O.)

That guy there, the one who looks  
 kind of like a nervous rodent, he's  
 Benny Savage. The mayor's assistant.

BENNY

(re paperwork)

...high school cafeteria, badly  
 damaged, their pool's high dive  
 missing. Suspicious, they asked for  
 a new one last week...

BOB

Right, and Mayor Schmalen? Any word?

BENNY

(checks his iPhone)

Sheriff Norte is having his people  
 check the neighboring counties. The  
 trees, the shrubbery... nothing so  
 far.

Bob's PHONE RINGS. He stops to answer, Benny waits.

BOB

(to phone)

Morning, Sand...

SANDY'S VOICE

Why didn't you wake me?

BOB

You looked so peaceful, I thought  
 I'd let you sleep.

Benny SIGHS LOUDLY, irritated. Bob turns the other way.

BOB (CONT'D)

Besides, you really haven't been that much help.

SANDY'S VOICE

Ha, ha.

Benny clears his throat.

BOB

I'd better go. I'm being summoned.

He hangs up.

BENNY

Where were we?

BOB

We were walking and you were handing me meaningless pieces of paper.

BENNY

Right.

They start walking

BENNY (CONT'D)

(more paperwork)

The Baptist church on First Avenue, uh, Lesko Feed & Grain over on the other First Avenue, the Diamond Hole Trailer Park out on Highway 16... all tragically destroyed...

As they continue down the corridor,

**EXT. DELIRIA PARK - SAME TIME**

Sandy sits on a park bench with a TO-GO COFFEE and a MUFFIN, enjoying the park's relative tranquility... as, behind her, CITY WORKERS pick up debris. TWO KIDS run past her, playing Frisbee, one throws it to the other. A BUTTERFLY lands on the bench near her. She smiles and enjoys her muffin while, unseen by her, the kid racing for the Frisbee smacks into a tree and falls over, unconscious.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Benny shows Bob into the mayor's office. Wood, a cowboy painting, wagon wheel, a steer's skull. A professional looking woman, LOZELLA INSKEEP, 45, sitting in front of the desk, STANDS when they enter and extends her hand to Bob.

LOZELLA

Bob Butterfield, Lozella Inskeep. A pleasure to finally meet you.

BOB

(shaking her hand)  
Uh, hi...

BENNY

(announcing)  
City Councilwoman Victoria Plefka!

BOB

(confused)  
Benny, I have no idea what that means.

Then an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN ENTERS, 35, large breasts, wet lips. Bob recognizes her, as she extends her hand.

BOB (CONT'D)

Vicky?

BENNY

You know each other?

They shake hands.

VICTORIA

Bob and I "dated" back in high school.

BOB

Vicky. You're different. Now.

VICTORIA

Well, Bob, I married a wealthy man who enjoys large breasts, small noses and punishment.

BOB

(uncomfortable)  
Uh-huh. And... you're a city councilman. Woman.

VICTORIA

(with a smile)  
It gets me out of the house. Myron's ventilator is like the drone of death.

BOB

Sounds like you've got it all.  
(to Benny)  
And Eddie Thorne? Isn't he supposed to be here?



BENNY

Oh. Uh, he's outside somewhere.

BOB

Outside?

BENNY SAVAGE

The building's wheelchair ramp was torn out last night. By the twister.

BOB

Really? That's, uh...  
 (asking)  
 ...terrible?

The others "pretend" that, yes, it is terrible. Then,

LOZELLA

So, Bob, what do you wanna do about the destruction of our wonderful and spirited city, and the important government work that we must do for the hard working and good and honest people of DeLiria?

BENNY

Lozella, the recorder's off.  
 (to Bob)  
 So? What do you want to do?

BOB

Oh. Well, I don't know, has anyone contacted FEMA? See if you can get Federal assistance?

LOZELLA

Uh-huh, uh-huh, and which particular aspect of Federal assistance do you think would help us the most, Bob?

BOB

(studies her a moment)  
 Financial?

LOZELLA

(writes it down)  
 Ah, good, good.

VICTORIA

Actually, Bob...  
 (a challenge)  
 ...we tried that two summers ago when it got super hot out, and all the lawns were dying. FEMA wasn't receptive.

BOB  
 (steady)  
 Well, I think maybe you should try  
 again.

A tense moment, Victoria studies him. She likes his...  
 firmness.

VICTORIA  
 (a slow smile)  
 Maybe we should try again.

BOB  
 (nods)  
 Yes... with FEMA.

Bob knows what she's getting at, has no intention of "trying  
 again" with Victoria, but he is starting to like his newfound  
 authority.

**EXT. DELIRIA CITY HALL ENTRY STEPS - SAME TIME**

PEOPLE are coming and going, trying hard to ignore Eddie  
 Thorne, in his wheelchair, halfway up the steps, clinging to  
 the hand-railing, gritted teeth, straining to pull himself  
 up another step. He stops to breath and notices a SMALL  
 HEAVYSET KID nearby, watching him.

EDDIE THORNE  
 That's right, kid, stand there with  
 your fat thumb up your ass! How 'bout  
 a little help here, huh!

The kid is apparently sensitive and starts tearing up. Eddie  
 shakes his head and turns back to soldier on.

**EXT. TUNLAW STREET - SAME TIME**

Sandy strolls along the shops. Many were untouched by the  
 twister, others weren't so lucky. Here and there, STORE OWNERS  
 OR EMPLOYEES are out sweeping up BROKEN GLASS, BROKEN STOCK,  
 etc. On the sidewalk, we see a BROKEN VASE WITH FLOWERS. A  
 STORE OWNER sweeps all of it into a DUST PAN, and stands  
 just as Sandy is passing by. He plucks out a FLOWER and hands  
 it to her.

SANDY  
 Oh. Thank you. It's beautiful.

She smiles and continues on. What a wonderful town.

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Establish.

FONT: "Washington, D.C."

BUREAUCRAT #1 (V.O.)  
Hey, Lloyd, take a look at this.

**INT. FEMA OFFICE - SAME TIME**

A stuffy little office in the bowels of a Federal labyrinth, a BUREAUCRAT is staring at his computer screen. His ASSOCIATE appears at the door, looks almost like the same guy, leans against the doorway, eating some cake.

BUREAUCRAT #2  
What'd ya got?

BUREAUCRAT #1  
(re: computer)  
It's that podunk town up in Minnesota.  
Now they want assistance for a  
"twister"...

BUREAUCRAT #2  
Unbelievable. These people act like  
the federal government is here to  
help them.

BUREAUCRAT #1  
Yeah, well fat chance of that.  
(laughs)  
Look what I found...

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Lozella is looking over a PRINT-OUT, as the others wait.

LOZELLA  
According to this... when Colonel  
Tubb applied for a city charter in  
1877... the Pigeon River made a loop  
"south" of DeLiria...

BOB  
(takes paperwork)  
So, we're... Canadian? They're saying  
DeLiria isn't part of the United  
States? It's Canadian?

LOZELLA  
My God, that's un-American.

VICTORIA  
So, what do we do now, Bob?

BOB  
Well... why don't we contact the  
Canadian capital, see if we can get  
some help from them.

LOZELLA  
Great. And just so we're on the same  
page, the particular Canadian capital  
you're thinking of is...

BOB  
Ottawa.

LOZELLA  
Excellent.

She nods and moves off,

**EXT. DELIRIA CITY HALL - SAME TIME**

Eddie has nearly made it to the top of the stairs. Still  
clinging to the handrail, sweating profusely, angry. As he  
starts up the last step, a BLIND MAN blithely taps his way  
up the steps and past him. Eddie stops, seething about this.

EDDIE THORNE  
(yells)  
Hey, look out!

\*

BLIND MAN (O.C.)  
Whaaaah?

As we HEAR the blind man stumble and fall over,

**EXT. OTTAWA, CANADA - LATER**

Establish.

FONT: "Ottawa, Canada"

BUREAUCRAT #3 (V.O.)  
Hey, Pam, look at this!

**INT. OTTAWA FEDERAL BUILDING - SAME TIME**

A similar set up. BUREAUCRAT who looks much like his U.S.  
counterparts, eating ICE CREAM at his computer. A WOMAN  
appears at the opened door, eating LICORICE.

BUREAUCRAT #4  
Yeah?

BUREAUCRAT #3  
Take a look.

BUREAUCRAT #4  
 (reading)  
 De-liria, Minnesota...

BUREAUCRAT #3  
 (chuckles)  
 Assholes in D.C. think we don't know  
 what they're up to...

BUREAUCRAT #4  
 (starts typing)  
 Fuuuuuck them...

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Lozella, again with another PRINT-OUT. More people including Bob, Benny and Vicky are there now.

LOZELLA  
 (reading)  
 "...we find no such geographical or  
 topographical matches, historical or  
 otherwise, for the above referenced  
 shift in River Pigeon's path..."

VICTORIA  
 (reads over her  
 shoulder)  
 "...we are therefore denying your  
 claim."

She looks up, stunned, Bob takes the paperwork, looks at it.

BOB  
 Wow.

VICTORIA  
 So we, we...

BENNY  
 ...we don't have a, a...

LOZELLA  
 ...a country.

BENNY  
 Which means DeLiria...

BOB  
 DeLiria is a country.

Eddie appears at the doorway, sweating, exhausted, oblivious.

EDDIE THORNE

Well, there they are, my caring fellow councilpersons.

Everyone fakes surprise, ad-lib, "Hey, Eddie!" "Hi, Eddie!" "Gosh, look who's here!" He rolls ominously to them.

EDDIE THORNE (CONT'D)

Sorry if I'm a little late, but I ran into a colossal lack of human compassion.

The others start to AD-LIB how terrible they think that is.

EDDIE THORNE (CONT'D)

Save it. So, Bob, I thought you were headed back to the big city?

BOB

Well, I figured I'd stay until they find Mayor Schmalen.

EDDIE THORNE

(laughs)

Schmalen? They're not gonna find Schmalen. So you can go now, 'cause I got this.

Bob studies Eddie for a moment, looks at the terrified faces of the others. Then back.

BOB

Actually, Eddie, I don't mind waiting to see if they find Mayor Schmalen.

EDDIE THORNE

(firmly)

They're not gonna find him.

BOB

Well, they might.

EDDIE THORNE

They won't.

BOB

Could be they will.

EDDIE THORNE

No. They won't.

It's a stand-off. Vicky, Lozella and Benny are staring at Bob. If Bob leaves, they know that Eddie will take over -- Bob knows it too. And Bob knows he can't let that happen.

BOB  
 No, Eddie, as acting honorary mayor...  
 I'm staying.

The others quietly breathe again. Eddie eye-balls Bob contemptuously.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 (down to business)  
 Now then, Benny -- schedule a cabinet meeting for later today. We'll need to deal with damage assessment and begin to establish national policies. We're also gonna need somebody to let the police and fire departments know --

EDDIE THORNE  
 Wait a minute. Establish national what?

BOB  
 Oh, you didn't hear?

EDDIE THORNE  
 Hear what?

BOB  
 (with a smile)  
 I'm glad you're sitting down for this, Eddie...

**EXT. CITY HALL - LATER**

Bob emerges from the building, tired. He looks around "his" city/country, runs a hand through his hair and sits on the top step.

SANDY (O.C.)  
 Hey!

She's standing at the bottom of the steps, holding a paper bag.

BOB  
 (smiles)  
 Hi.

She bounces up the steps, gives him a kiss.

SANDY  
 Oh, Bob, I met so many nice people, and I found the cutest little pastry shop... I love this town. It's great.

BOB

Well, you're sadly mistaken, Sandy.

SANDY

No, I'm not. I had a nice time.

BOB

No, it's not a town.

SANDY

I got a free flower from a shop owner.

BOB

DeLiria is not a town.

SANDY

And the people at he pastry shop...

BOB

It's a country.

SANDY

They gave me... It's a what?

She sits beside him and, as Bob starts to explain, CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS AWAY to a LONG SHOT of them sitting on the steps of City Hal -- uh, the nation's Capitol Building.

BOB (V.O.)

So there you have it. But here's some things you'll need to think about: Where is Mayor Schmalen? Is he dead or just missing? And what's gonna happen when Eddie Thorne gets wind that I'm not the Bob Butterfield I'm pretending to be? And why is this town so fucking strange? All interesting questions, don'tcha think?

CAMERA NOW ZIPS UP, UP... to SWEEP BIRD-LIKE back through the STREETS of DeLiria -- hesitating momentarily to FOCUS ON CHIEF DYING TALL GRASS, drinking tea at a SIDEWALK CAFE,

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And who the hell is that guy?

CAMERA ZIPS away and OUT OF TOWN, past the ROADSIDE WELCOME SIGN (now with a WORKER painting a BLACK LINE through "~~MINNESOTA~~." Then UP, UP, UP until we look down on NORTH AMERICA with the red boundary between the U.S. and Canada, where now a SMALL RED CIRCLE APPEARS between them... the nation of DeLIERIA.

**END OF ACT THREE**



**TAG**

FADE IN:

**EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - A MOMENT LATER**

Sandy and Bob are still sitting on the top of the steps.

SANDY  
(opens the bag)  
So I got us some chocolate chip  
cupcakes with gobs of white frosting.  
They look amazing.

She takes A CUPCAKE out and proffers it to him.

BOB  
Busy Betty's Bakery?

Sandy nods, Bob looks it over.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Sandy, there's enough pot in there  
to red-shirt a professional football  
team.

She takes it back, looks at it.

SANDY  
God, I love this town.

He takes it from her and bites into it. As she giggles with  
mischievous delight and leans into him...

THE END