

Shimmering Nincompoops  
SNP-001

Too Hot To Trot  
Pilot Episode

by  
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**EXT. FLUMMOX FALLS - DAY**

It's a blistering hot summer day in the city of Flummox Falls. A man buys a magazine from a vendor just to fan himself. Thirteen people hide in the shade of a very small tree. A cactus begs a lemonade vendor for a drink.

**EXT. FLUMMOX TOWER - CONTINUOUS**

Red thermometer-like mark runs up the length of the tower. Truck in on the top of the tower.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. FLUMMOX TOWER BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ms. Flummox is beside herself as she suffers through the heat. She rants to six yes men, her board of directors, who sit at a very long conference table.

MS. FLUMMOX

Gentlemen! As you have all no doubt noticed, it is hot. It is hot outside, it is hot inside and so am I. Someone get over here and blow on me.

All the executives scramble over to be the first to blow on her. As they surround her she continues.

MS. FLUMMOX (CONT'D)

It's not enough. And you! Stop blowing. Seriously - what did you eat for lunch?

BOARD MEMBER #1

I apologize Ms. Flummox. There was this lunch special at Dominico's that had...

MS. FLUMMOX

Never mind! Just wave this legal pad. Gentlemen, we are going to need help. Something must be done about this heat.

As Ms. Flummox talks, we pan down the long conference table. At the far end of sits Mr. Finbar cool and calm, talking on his cell phone.

MR. FINBAR (LOW WHISPER into phone)

Yeah, Jerry. I shut down the air conditioner in the basement just like you said, and Flummox is sweating like my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. FINBAR (LOW WHISPER into phone)  
Aunt Minnie at a all-you-can-eat Mexican buffet. All I have to do is throw that monkey wrench into the gears of the unit on the roof then they'll have to put in your cheap cooling system. Then we can take Flummox's check book on a wild ride. (BEAT) Yeah, sixty, forty! (Beat) That's right and I get the sixty.

MS. FLUMMOX (O.S.)  
MISTER FINBAR!

Mr. Finbar fumbles his phone.

MR. FINBAR  
I'll call you back!

Mr. Finbar sits up and composes himself.

MR. FINBAR (CONT'D)  
Yes, Ms. Flummox, er boss, eh ma'am?

MS. FLUMMOX  
What are you doing down there?

MR. FINBAR  
I was just talking to my brother-in-la...er... I mean, an air conditioner expert about our problem and he assures me that...

MS. FLUMMOX  
Never mind that! This situation calls for some real experts. Where are those three Nincompoops? They'll know what to do!

Suddenly, a side door to the conference room bursts open. A blizzard sweeps into the room instantly covering everything and everyone with snow and ice. The Nincompoops enter the room wearing parkas. Squab and Heywood pull Salisbury on a dog sled. Two dogs sit next to Salisbury.

SALISBURY  
Mush, you huskies!

SQUAB  
Husky? I prefer to think of myself as big boned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEYWOOD

Yes, and bones don't get much bigger than that, my friend. Seriously, look at the size of his cranium.

SALISBURY

I can't see it from here. Maybe we should get a closer look. Meet me at the summit.

Heywood and Salisbury climb up his arms and looks closely at his head.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

It isn't as big as I thought it would be.

HEYWOOD

I don't get it. All the other bones are huge.

SALISBURY

Hey, Squab. You're not sucking in are you?

Mr. Finbar steps forward and points at the Nincompoops with his pen.

MR. FINBAR

What is the meaning of this?

SALISBURY

I'm no expert, but I think it's for writing.

HEYWOOD

I'm going to go with a catheter.

SQUAB

It's a pen!

SALISBURY

That's very good Squab. Take a raise out of petty cash.

MS. FLUMMOX

Gentlemen of the board, I'd like you all to meet the Shimmering Nincompoops. Salisbury, Heywood and Squab. They are here to fix our cooling system.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALISBURY

Is that why were here? I thought you were having a hansom contest.

BOARD MEMBER #1

This is an outrage!

BOARD MEMBER #2

How could *they* possibly help, these three...

#1 waves his hand at them searching for the perfect insult.

SALISBURY

I'll help you, the word you're looking for has three syllables and can be found in any household.

SQUAB

Nincompoops?

HEYWOOD

Squab, if you keep this up and you'll make vice president in no time.

SALISBURY

Ms. Flummox, with your permission I'd like to address your board of directors personally. Gentlemen, I know you all know how to stink up a room, now let's see if you remember how to leave one.

HEYWOOD

I second that.

SQUAB

Carried!

Squab pounds on the desk with a huge mallet. As if insulted all at once, the board of directors (with noses arched into the air) file out of the room.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Common lowlifes!

BOARD MEMBER #2

Itinerant nare-do-wells!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOARD MEMBER #3

Socialists!

SALISBURY

Good for you, boys. With those noses up in the air like that you won't have to look at those cheap suits your mothers made you wear.

HEYWOOD

I'll be right back, I just had a sudden urge to pry open the elevator doors.

Heywood starts to leave, but is stopped by Mr. Finbar.

MR. FINBAR

Just a minute, you!

Turning to Ms. Flummox.

MR. FINBAR (CONT'D)

Ms. Flummox, these three buffoons couldn't fix a one horse, horse race! Besides I've already made arrangements for my brother-in-la... er... I mean...an air conditioning expert to come in and do the job.

MR. FLUMMOX

Mister Finbar, these Nincompoops have my utmost confidence.

HEYWOOD

Are you sure, lady? This, "brother-in-la..er...I mean" guy sounds pretty qualified.

MS. FLUMMOX

Nonsense! You three will do whatever you think is best to get my building cooled off. If you do not succeed, then I may consider Mister Finbar's expert. Now if you will excuse me, I must retire to my office.

SALISBURY

You're excused. But I still think you're too young to retire. Oh, maybe just that wig. Say, why don't I come with you? I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

could show you where all the hot air comes from.

Suddenly enamored of Salisbury, Ms. Flummox begins to flirt.

MS. FLUMMOX

Oh, Mister Salisbury.

SALISBURY

Please call me Eugene.

MS. FLUMMOX

And you can call me Louise.

SALISBURY

I hope that's your name. Because if it isn't I predict we are on the verge of a very awkward conversation.

Both exit, leaving Mr. Finbar with Heywood and Squab.

HEYWOOD

Well, isn't this cozy? Just the three of us. Here's an idea, let's tell ghost stories.

MR. FINBAR

You three will fail. I'm going to make sure of it!

SQUAB

Oh, I don't know about that, he knows some pretty good ghost stories.

MR. FINBAR

Nincompoops!

Mr. Finbar stomps out of the room.

SQUAB

Wow, definitely an anti-social type.

HEYWOOD

You know, experts believe both hereditary factors and environmental circumstances influence development of that condition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SQUAB

Or maybe his underpants are on wrong.

HEYWOOD

Yes, you have a point there. But wear a hat and maybe no one will notice.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOF OF FLUMMOX TOWER - DAY**

Ms. FlummoX stands by the roof air intake looking curiously at the vent. Salisbury lounges in a lawn chair behind her.

SALISBURY

You know Louise, it's really very nice up here. We should do this more often.

MS. FLUMMOX

This is very strange. Usually this machine is making a very loud rumbling sound.

SALISBURY

It was probably just hungry. By the way, speaking of food, would you want to hear something corny?

MS. FLUMMOX

Shouldn't you get started?

SALISBURY

Good idea! See, there's this farmer and he has a prize-winning pig...

MS. FLUMMOX

No, I meant on the cooling system.

SALISBURY

Don't be ridiculous, the cooling system's already heard this one.

As Ms. FlummoX talks she removes the cover from the vent and peers inside.

MS. FLUMMOX

Look, this cover came right off. There were no screws holding it in place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALISBURY

You're really missing out, it's a nice view from here. Why don't you come over here and we can order some sandwiches?

Ms. Flummox peers into the vent and accidently falls in leaving only her butt and legs showing.

MS. FLUMMOX

Oh, Eugene. HELP!

Salisbury casually stands and walk over to Ms. Flummox.

SALISBURY

Well, so much for sandwiches. Well, would you look at that, you've got a nice little view of your own going over here.

MS. FLUMMOX

Help me! I'm stuck!

Salisbury looks up at the camera.

SALISBURY

Well, there's something you don't see everyday. Unless you're the guy who sweeps out under the bleachers.

Ms. Flummox slips into the vent and disappears.

MS. FLUMMOX

Aaaaaaaaaaaa!

SALISBURY

There's a new development.

Salisbury sticks his head into the vent and calls after her.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

Oh, Louise? Now that you're unstuck should we proceed with those sandwiches?

CUT TO:

**INT - JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Finbar sits in a cramped closet with his brother-in-law, Jerry.

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

I thought you told me it was in the bag!

MR. FINBAR

It is, it was. But there's a new complication. Look, just stick to the original plan and everything will be fine. Okay?

JERRY

Sure thing Mister Finbar.

MR. FINBAR

I'm going to go down and *fix* the system. When I'm through with that, you move in with the new one and we'll both be rich. Right?

JERRY

Right, ninety eighty.

MR. FINBAR

Any questions?

SQUAB

Yeah, I got a question.

CUT WIDE We see that Mister Finbar is sitting on Squab. As Squab stands up, Mr. Finbar slides into Jerry's lap.

SQUAB (CONT'D)

If this guy's your brother-in-law why does he call you Mister Finbar?

Jerry

Hey, how did you get in here?

SQUAB

Duh, no way. You answer my question first.

MR. FINBAR

How much did you hear?

SQUAB

I heard you say something about fixing the system, but the rest was inaudible because my head was inside a bucket down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. FINBAR

Wait a second Jerry, I've got a plan.  
Excuse us, will you.

SQUAB

Sure thing. If you need me I'll be in  
this bucket.

Squab puts a bucket on his head as Finbar whispers in  
Jerry's ear.

MR. FINBAR

This is perfect. I can fool this rube  
into sabotaging the system for us!

JERRY

Great plan!

MR. FINBAR

While I do this you get back to the truck  
and await my word. Then we strike!

JERRY

Yeah, ninety-ninety split!

SQUAB

I may have a bucket on my head but even I  
know you can't split something ninety-  
ninety.

MR. FINBAR

(To Jerry) Beat it!

Finbar knocks on the bucket.

MR. FINBAR (CONT'D)

Uh, hello? Anybody home?

SQUAB

I can't hear you I'm upstairs ironing.  
You're going to have to ring the  
doorbell.

Mr. Finbar looks up and down at Squab then hesitantly  
pushes Squab's belly button.

MR. FINBAR

Uh...ding dong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SQUAB

Just a minute!

Squab makes the sounds of someone walking down a stairway and opening a door.

SQUAB (CONT'D)

Dunt, dunt, dunt, dunt, dunt, dunt, dunt  
dunt. Clickity click. Errrrt!

Squab peeks out from under the bucket.

SQUAB (CONT'D)

Yes, may I help you?

MR. FINBAR

Come on, you Nincompoop. Let's get  
started fixing the system.

SQUAB

Duh, okay. Just a second I have to go  
back upstairs and turn off the iron.

Squab puts the bucket back down and makes the noise of someone closing a door and walking back upstairs. As he does this Mr. Finbar rolls his eyes and leaves him alone in the closet.

SQUAB (CONT'D)

Eeeeert, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum,  
dum... Click! Dunt, dunt, dunt, dunt,  
dunt, dunt, dunt dunt. Clickity click.  
Errrrt.

Squab peeks out and finds he's alone.

SQUAB (CONT'D)

Okay Mister Finbar I'm...

Then he looks at the camera.

SQUAB (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What do you know, ding dong ditch!

CUT TO:

**INT. EXECUTIVE BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Board of Directors all sit in the break room complaining about conditions.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Ms. Flummox sure has a lot of faith in those three Nincompoops. Who do you think they are?

BOARD MEMBER #2

Are they anybody?

BOARD MEMBER #1

Are you anybody?

BOARD MEMBER #2

I'm next in line for the vice presidency. Ms. Flummox said so.

BOARD MEMBER #4

did not.

BOARD MEMBER #1

She said I was next.

BOARD MEMBER #4

She did not!

BOARD MEMBER #1

She did too. Right after I cooled her off the best by blowing on her.

BOARD MEMBER #4

Did not, infinity!

BOARD MEMBER #3

She's a really big sweater.

Suddenly the door slams opens and Heywood comes in with yarn and knitting needles for everyone.

HEYWOOD

Did someone order a big sweater?

BOARD MEMBER #3

Oh, yeah. That's something we need!

All laugh at Heywood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOARD MEMBER #1, 2, 3, 4

Ha ha ha ha!

BOARD MEMBER #3

Look around! Do we executives look like the type of people who would enjoy knitting?

HEYWOOD

Oh, it's like that, is it? Well, you're the executives. I'll just tell the knitting teacher to go home. Oh, Miss French-Surname?

Miss French-Surname (a crazy hot, French babe) steps into the room with a knitting basket of her own.

MISS FRENCH-SURNAME

Oui... boss?

HEYWOOD

I'm sorry but, these guys aren't interested in knitting. Are you fellas?

Heywood turns to find that the other board members have tied up #3 with yarn and stuffed a yarn ball in his mouth.

BOARD MEMBER #1

It seems that he was outvoted.

CUT TO:

**INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM - CONTINUOUS**

Salisbury and Ms. Flummox are walking inside the ventilation system with a flash light.

MS. FLUMMOX

How are we going to get out of here?

SALISBURY

Don't worry, I know the way.

MS. FLUMMOX

Oh, Eugene, how do you know the way?

SALISBURY

"How do I know the way", she says.  
Louise, if we're going to get anywhere

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CONTINUED:

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

you're going to have to suspend your disbelief and just have a little faith in me.

MS. FLUMMOX

I'm sorry Eugene.

SALISBURY

That's better.

Salisbury looks at the camera.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

Let's just hope she doesn't ask me where this flashlight came from.

MS. FLUMMOX

I don't like this metal tunnel.

SALISBURY

Duct.

MS. FLUMMOX

What?

SALISBURY

I said, duct.

Flummox bashes her head on an overhanging duct.

MS. FLUMMOX

Oh!

SALISBURY

I tried to warn you!

CUT TO:

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Finbar and Squab look at the pipes in the basement.

MR. FINBAR

Okay just so we're clear, this steam pipe is clogged...with...all the cold...stuff. I'm going to run for my lif... I mean, I'm going to go get some supplies while I'm gone, you turn this dial. If this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. FINBAR (CONT'D)  
pressure gauge doesn't go up to 2000,  
you're not doing it right.

SQUAB  
Sure thing Mister F!

Mr. Finbar runs out in the hall and plugs his ears. Seconds later Squab comes out holding the dial and a section of pipe.

SQUAB (CONT'D)  
Look Mister Finbar, the dial came off.

Finbar turns and looks at the dial. He takes the section of pipe and looks in the end hot steam blows into his face.

MR. FINBAR  
Aaaaaah!

SQUAB  
See, there's no cold in there. It's just  
hot.

Mr. Finbar looks up. His face is red and puffy and his hair is super curly. He basically looks like that guy Marion was drinking with in Raiders Of The Lost Arc.

MR. FINBAR  
Yeah, I see.

SQUAB  
And if you put the other end up to your  
ear it sounds like the ocean.

Mr. Finbar puts the pipe up and it burns his head.

MR. FINBAR  
Aaaaaaaaaa!

SQUAB  
A hot, hot ocean.

CUT TO:

**INT. EXECUTIVE BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Miss French-Surname is teaching the board members how to knit. They are completely preoccupied with her and are each vacantly making a very long and colorful sock. There are

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

many colors of yarn balls around the room. Board Member #3 is still tied up with a ball of yarn in his mouth but still knitting.

MISS FRENCH-SURNAME

Sink of ze purl stitch as a the shady side of a small hill and ze knit stitch as ze bright, flat meadow opposite ze hill. Do you see?

All the executives nod in agreement and knit feverishly, never taking their eyes off Miss French-Surname.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Oh, yes!

BOARD MEMBER #2

Very nice.

BOARD MEMBER #3

Mmmmmmmmm!

HEYWOOD

Say, you boys are doing great. Wait till Ms. Flummox gets a load of this... whatever it is.

Cut TO:

**INT. AIR CONDITIONING ROOM - ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Finbar is holding a huge monkey wrench in his hand. Squab is hanging on his every word.

MR. FINBAR

Okay, Nincompoop. Do you know what this is?

SQUAB

Oh, sure. Everyone knows what that is. Why you'd have to go for miles to find someone dumb enough who doesn't know what that is.

MR. FINBAR

You have no idea, do you?

SQUAB

Bingo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. FINBAR

This is a monkey wrench. I want you to throw this into the gears of that air conditioning machine.

SQUAB

Which monkey?

MR. FINBAR

What?

SQUAB

It's just that...I know this monkey and his wrench looks nothing like that one.

MR. FINBAR

Oh, really? What does his wrench look like?

SQUAB

Well, his looks like a monkey wrench. I don't know what that is.

MR. FINBAR

Okay, look. Let's just forget I called it a monkey wrench. Let's just call it a... a camel wrench.

SQUAB

I don't think that's a good name either.

MR. FINBAR

You know a camel, don't you?

SQUAB

I'm very popular with the animals.

MR. FINBAR

Just throw it into those gears like this.

Mr. Finbar throws the wrench into the machine. And it grinds and sparks.

SQUAB

Duh, gee, Mister F. I don't think it should be doing that.

The machine sparks and shoots the wrench out just as Ms. Flummox and Salisbury step out of a vent.

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CONTINUED:

SALISBURY

There, you see? I told you I'd find a way out.

The wrench flies out and hits Ms. Flummox on the head knocking her over the edge of the building.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

A simple thank you would have been nice.

CUT TO:

**EXT. IN FRONT OF THE FLUMMOX BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Heywood and the board members walk out holding a huge sweater with four sleeves. With it they have formed a huge trampoline and sitting in the middle is Miss Baxter.

HEYWOOD

I don't remember how many arms Ms. Flummox has but I'm pretty sure you got the size right.

At that instant Ms. Flummox hits the sweater sending Miss Baxter into the air like a trampoline.

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)

Ms. Flummox we were just talking about you.

CUT TO:

**INT. TOP OF THE FLUMMOX BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Squab, Mr. Finbar and Salisbury stand by the edge.

SALISBURY

Finbar, you fool. You've thrown a perfectly good woman over the edge of a very tall building.

Miss French-Surname files up and hovers in the air.

MISS FRENCH-SURNAME

Hello!

SALISBURY

Hello yourself. I say, could you do me a favor and send Louise back up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miss French-Surname falls back down. Salisbury looks at the camera.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know she was hot. But the other one has money.

Ms. Flummox flies up.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

Oh, hello there Louise. We were just talking about your money.

Ms. Flummox

Finbar!

Ms. Flummox falls back down.

SALISBURY

Finbar, if I were you I'd consider retirement. Excuse me for a second.

Salisbury leans on the edge of the building casually just as Miss French-Surname flies up.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

So, tell me dear, where are you from?

MISS FRENCH-SURNAME

I'm from France.

SALISBURY

Really? I hear they've got...

Miss French-Surname falls back down before Salisbury can finish.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

Oh, that's too bad. I didn't get to finish my joke. So much for timing.

Salisbury turns to Mr. Finbar.

SALISBURY (CONT'D)

Finbar, history tells me that you are about to get a talking to.

Ms. Flummox flies up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. FLUMMOX  
Mister Finbar, you're fired!

Ms. Flummox falls down.

SALISBURY  
There you go, straight from the horse's  
mouth. And you're lucky you got the  
mouth after what you've done.

Squab steps forward and leans out.

SQUAB  
Excuse me Salisbury, there's something I  
gotta know.

When Miss French-Surname flies up Squab grabs her.

MISS FRENCH-SURNAME  
Thank you. My, you're strong.

SQUAB  
Duh, hey babe. Wanna see my stamp  
collection?

MISS FRENCH-SURNAME  
Not really.

SQUAB  
Great. Let's go.

Squab jump over the side of the building with Miss French-Surname. Then Mr. Finbar stomps off.

MR. FINBAR  
Nincompoops!

Suddenly Ms. Flummox zips up past the building. And Salisbury looks up.

SALISBURY  
Either they just launched another shuttle  
or I'm single again.

End