

RICHIE PEPIO

SKETCH WRITING - PORTFOLIO

Richie Pepio  
Rpepio1@gmail.com

HOLIDAY CHEER

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A DAD sits in an easy chair, while his SON paces, upset. Two legs, in red pants and black boots, stick out of a doorway.

SON

Why'd you do it, Dad? Why?!

DAD

I thought he was a burglar.

SON

I didn't even know we had a gun.

DAD

I gifted myself an early Christmas present. How was I supposed to know I'd use it on St.-friggin'-Nick?

SON

I thought you hated violence.

DAD

Come on, Danny, you watch the news. You know people haven't been the same since The Joker came out.

The son still isn't over the dead body.

SON

I wish mom was here.

(then)

He was so jolly. Just so jolly.

DAD

It was self-defense! The guy broke in through the window.

SON

That's because we don't have a chimney.

DAD

You know I couldn't afford to pay for the house anymore, much less the chimney. But hey, now we have a ton of venison to eat.

SON

Venison?

DAD

Deer meat. Come on, this was all just a misunderstanding. And hey... Now, you have proof to show that Mahoney kid there really is a Santa Claus.

SON

(still dazed)

When you shot him the first time, wasn't that enough? You didn't have to fire as he tried to fly away.

DAD

I had to make sure that *-what I thought was-* the burglar would pay.

SON

He fell three stories. And we laid out leftover Bang-Bang shrimp for him to eat. That's a horrible last meal. I didn't like it when we ate it fresh.

DAD

Danny, would you have rather I let the stranger into our home, and sang some schmoopy-boopy song about my skanky Christmas wish list?! Would you have preferred if I put on a tight dress that showed off my oh-so-perky bosom?!

SON

What? What does that even mean?

DAD

You know what I mean. I'm talking about THAT WOMAN.

SON

Look, Dad, at least THAT WOMAN didn't commit a MURDER!

DAD

She murdered my HEART! Oh, Danny, if you only knew the truth--

SON

I know the truth. Mom left cause you're mean and stupid!

DAD

Danny, don't you dare--

SON

Mom said--

DAD

I've told you over and over to never mention her name around me.

SON

Mom! Mom! Mom! Mom! MOM!

DAD

Quiet! You don't know the real story. You'd better sit down.

SON

I don't want--

DAD

Sit down! You wanna know why mom's gone? She left because last year, I saw mommy kissing Santa Clause.

SON

What?

DAD

She didn't leave to find artistic fulfillment. She left for *arctic* fulfillment. That woman's a North Pole Lolita!

SON

You're lying! I don't believe you!

DAD

Why else would *she* be the one to sit on his lap at the mall?

SON

Mommy had a lot of Christmas spirit.

DAD

MOMMY WAS JEWISH.

Beat.

SON

I'm sorry, Dad. I guess it all makes sense now. That's why she'd make me bake those blood pressure pills into his cookies.

DAD

Yep. "Blood pressure." And she'd always have a special twinkle in her eye whenever she sang "Ding Dong Merrily On High."

SON

I'm sorry, Dad. I had no idea.  
(then)  
You know, you could date someone.

DAD

Danny, I've tried. Between us, I even reached out to Mrs. Kringle, but the spark just wasn't there.

SON

She is pretty old.

DAD

It's not her age. Let's just say her favorite day of Christmas is the "eight maids a-milking."

SON

Oh, good for her.

DAD

Yeah.  
(then)  
Now, about this Mr. Kringle problem, you know what we have to do, right?

SON

Put on his suit and finish delivering presents to every good boy and girl around the world?

DAD

No. We bag him and throw him in the river. Now, let's move it.

BLACKOUT.

FASHION EXORCISM

In DARKNESS--

The host, DENNY TAMBLYN, addresses audience in voiceover.

DENNY (V.O.)

Hi, I'm Denny Tamblyn and today we'll meet Phyllis. She's 37, has drab flats, a threadbare sweater, and she's possessed by a level 5 slime demon... On FASHION EXORCISM.

Bumping techno theme song plays.

INT. PHYLLIS' HOUSE - DAY

SPOTLIGHT on Denny.

DENNY

(to audience)

At St. Draconius's School For Sinful Boys, I learned: thou shalt not say the Lord's name in vein and thou shalt not wear white after labor day. Once I finished seminary, I combined my passion for fashion with my love of the Holy Word. It's these beliefs that will give Stink Eye to this Demon Guy.

LIGHTS UP to REVEAL PHYLLIS, with a raspy voice, demon-face and tattered nightgown. She's strapped to a bed.

PHYLLIS

I've been waiting for you, Father.

DENNY

I'm sure you have, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

Phyllis doesn't live here anymore.  
I am Bezuzu.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRE-RECORDED

Denny addresses audience from inside an actual confessional.

DENNY

I wasn't expecting Bezuzu. This demon wouldn't know how to clean the blood off a horned chalice. Let's turn this VATICAN'T into a VATICAN!

INT. PHYLLIS' BEDROOM - LATER

Denny circles Phyllis' bed, flinging liquid at her.

PHYLLIS

Do you think this holy water will  
cleanse my soul?

DENNY

Oh, honey, this ain't water. This  
is Chanel #6, and I got it for a  
steal at L&T. The power of price  
compels you, the power of price  
compels you!

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRE-RECORDED

DENNY

(to camera)

When I'm done with this unholy  
bitch, she will stop the blasphemy  
and stop wearing horizontal  
stripes.

INT. PHYLLIS' BEDROOM - LATER

Denny pulls various items out of her closet.

DENNY

It's time for a heavenly cleanse.  
This dress is so 1988, and this  
toga is so 500 B.C. But let's keep  
the cat o' nine tails because...  
kinky! What do you think, Phyl?

Phyllis transforms into an old woman.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Phyllis, don't you be testing me  
with visions now!

OLD WOMAN (PHYLLIS)

You're still a fat little altar  
boy, Denny!

DENNY

You can't hurt me, Mom! I'm the  
mother-fucking style editor for the  
Christian Science-fucking-Monitor!

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRE-RECORDED

DENNY  
(smoking cigarette)  
After shapeshifting into my dear  
mother, a Euro-trash Pope Francis,  
and an unkempt hobo-Jesus, she  
really started getting in my head.

INT. PHYLLIS' BEDROOM - LATER

Like that infamous scene from The Exorcist, Phyllis tries to  
violate herself with a metal "GG" Gucci-ornament.

PHYLLIS  
Fuck me, Gucci!

DENNY  
(looking upward)  
Forgive her for she knows not how  
she looks!

Denny grabs it from her hands. She slaps him with a handbag.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRE-RECORDED

Phyllis addresses the camera - her eyes roll into the back of  
her head and she speaks in tongues.

INT. PHYLLIS' BEDROOM - LATER

Denny stands next to Phyllis - her back turned to a mirror.

DENNY  
Alright, Phyllis. It's time for you  
to see your "FASHION EXORCISM."

Her head spins 180 degrees to see herself in the mirror.

PHYLLIS  
Wow. This is crazy.

DENNY  
Uh-huh. Now turn all the way  
around.

Her hair is done-up, her face is caked in makeup, and she's  
wearing a straightjacket. She cries. He hugs her.

PHYLLIS  
I've been a demon for over 5000  
years. I never thought I'd be hot  
in any realm.



DENNY

Girl, you're the bell of hell, and  
the world is yours for the taking.

PHYLLIS

Oh, I'm so happy, I can't even  
contain myself.

She vomits green bile all over Denny. They laugh.

DENNY

Now, go sashay the devil away.

The techno theme plays. Phyllis struts away, contorted  
backwards and on her hands.

DENNY (CONT'D)

(to audience)

Yep, that's right. We don't always  
banish the demons. But we *do* always  
exorcise the bad taste. Next up:  
Sister Mary Franciscus gives you  
the hottest sex advice on her show:  
TALK ABSTINENCE! Only on the  
Catholic Channel. Holy See... ya  
later!

Blackout.

NEW SCHOOLMARM IN TOWN

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - SEVENTH GRADE CLASSROOM - MODERN DAY

Rowdy STUDENTS (BOBBY, RICKY, SARAH & BERNARD) sit unattended. The PRINCIPAL enters with a stern SCHOOLMARM.

PRINCIPAL

(disinterested)

Listen up, kids. Your old teacher jumped off the gymnasium. She's fine but she's not happy. Your new schoolmarm is Ms. Slack. She fell out of a portal from the 1800's and landed on my desk. She works for porridge, and won't take your shit.

PRINCIPAL leaves her with students.

STUDENTS

(snarky)

Good morning, Ms. Slack.

SCHOOLMARM

Good morning, children. I'm Isadora Slack, I was born in 1838, Martin Van Buren was president and the only way to a better life was to marry a Rockefeller... or DIE. Who has their homework?

BOBBY

Nobody has their homework.

BERNARD

Yeah, homework's for dumb-o's.

SCHOOLMARM

No homework? Shameful! Everyone, pull out your slates and write: "I'm a bad child who rots in hell with the whores and Irish people."

RICKY

We don't have any slates.

SCHOOLMARM

How will you learn without slates?

BERNARD

We ain't learning nothing, Schoolmarm.

SCHOOLMARM

Oh, you rapsCALLIONS think you're tough? Well, have you ever warded off a bobcat who smelt your moon-blood? No? Good. Procure your abacuses and answer the following:

(writing on board)

"If a haystack is 10 feet long and 3 feet wide, how many Union soldiers can it hide?"

BOBBY

What's an Atticus?

BERNARD

Is it like Jadakiss?

SCHOOLMARM

Were you kicked in the heads by a mule?! Pull your eyes out of your gramophones! In my time, *scrolling through your newsfeed* meant unfurling a scroll to see what new feed we had for the pigs. And we only swiped at a Twitter when we needed to fix our chastity belts. And if we *DIDN'T* have a chastity belt, we tied a bear trap to our cumberbatch and called it a day!

BERNARD

(fake cough)

LOSER.

Schoolmarm jumps away from Bernard.

SCHOOLMARM

The Devil take this boy! He has consumption!!

BERNARD

Na lady, I just called you "loser."

She pulls a ruler out of her bag and hits Bernard.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

OW, schoolmarm, you a monster.

BOBBY

Yeah, hitting kids is illegal.

SCHOOLMARM

Then why go into teaching?

BOBBY

Because you want to change  
children's lives for the better--

SCHOOLMARM

Nonsense. Children are just adults  
who haven't got Tetnis yet.

RICKY

There's a vaccine for that now.

SCHOOLMARM

Then how does the good Lord weed  
out the weak from the strong?

RICKY

Uh... he doesn't.

SCHOOLMARM

No wonder you're all dunces.  
(to the sky)  
Lord, why must you test me? First,  
my womb is barren. Then, my cow  
leaves me for another woman. Then a  
hurlyburly light transports me to  
your multi-ethnic world where  
everybody wears pants.

SARAH

(finally speaking up)

This isn't fun for us either. You  
think you could come in here and  
tell us what to do? You don't know  
us! You don't know what it's like  
to be Ricky, whose brother died in  
a gang shootout. You don't know  
Bobby, whose single mom works the  
day shift at the railroad, the  
night shift at the stockyards, and  
lunch breaks at Hooters. You don't  
know Bernard, who failed 7th grade  
10 times and is 23 years old. And  
you don't know me. You don't know  
what it's like to be pregnant!

Students gasp.

SCHOOLMARM

Goodness! Is your husband proud?

SARAH

I'm not married.

SCHOOLMARM

Poor widow! How did he die,  
carriage accident?

SARAH

Sure...

SCHOOLMARM

Blessed be your fertile parts!

SARAH

You're happy for me?

SCHOOLMARM

Yes, child! *My* womanhood is dryer  
than a tumbleweed on the Trail of  
Tears. In my day, if you couldn't  
get pregnant, you'd be sent to the  
sanitarium on Hag Island!

Beat. Students murmur about Hag Island - "wow," "sounds like  
Survivor," "I know," etc.

BERNARD

Yo, Schoolmarm, you kind of cool.

SCHOOLMARM

Thank you, Bernard. Cool. That must  
be a type of compliment. What else  
do you find "cool?"

BOBBY

X-Box is cool.

RICKY

Instagram is cool.

BERNARD

Cocaine is cool.

SCHOOLMARM

My goodness? Cocaine? That's how  
they treat my hysteria - on Hag  
Island! Why didn't you say so?

She pulls two bottles out of her bag.

SCHOOLMARM (CONT'D)

Everyone take a quick swig of my  
"Easy Time Solution, made with real  
cocaine" and wash it down with a  
thimble of brandy. We'll study yet.

The kids drink/beatbox while Schoolmarm leads an educational rap: "My name is Schoolmarm and I'm hear to say, you're gonna learn the old-fashioned way..." Principal enters.

PRINCIPAL

What the hell is going on?!

SCHOOLMARM

The kids are calm, cool, and wracked with cocaine.

She heads out, giving one last wistful look at the children.

PRINCIPAL

Cocaine!? Where are you going?

SCHOOLMARM

I came here to teach them, but they taught me. Now I'm seeing all of the amazing new things that your time has to offer. First stop: AMISH COUNTRY!

She leaves.

PRINCIPAL

Great. Now that "The Crucible" is gone, it's time for Phys Ed. After your old teacher jumped off the roof and landed on your gym coach, your new P.E. Teacher conveniently fell out another portal and landed in the middle of my ham sandwich. He's a gladiator, he works for olives, and if you don't participate, he'll feed you to a lion.

BLACKOUT.

BLACKOUT - TAKEOUT

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

PATRON waits impatiently as a SERVER approaches with a box of takeout.

PATRON  
I didn't think the service would  
take forever.

SERVER  
Sorry, sir. Here's your prime rib.

PATRON  
Thank you.

The server gives him another box.

SERVER  
And after you complain that it's  
overcooked, here's the other prime  
rib that you'll demand we give you  
for free.

PATRON  
Finally.

The server hands the patron a small container.

SERVER  
And here's my spit.

PATRON  
Of course.

Blackout.