

Dr. Maestro: Master of Minds
Pilot Episode:

"The Worst Thing a Dolphin Can Do"

by
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WGA REGISTERED

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is darkly lit. A single focused bright light is cast on SGT. KIRT RAMSEY, across from him, his partner DET. JOCK FIERCE walks back and forth, agitated. They are both smoking cigarettes.

JOCK FIERCE

Is there nothing we can do?

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

I'm afraid not Jock, I'm afraid we're going to have to let him go.

JOCK FIERCE

But he killed them, he killed every single kitten in the city!

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

I feel it too, but there's nothing we can do. Dr. Maestro has outsmarted us again. With the perfect plan.

INT. A BANK - DAY

A guy named DR. MAESTRO is in line at the bank. He has long white hair that stands straight up, long thin arms, and is wearing a Doctor's outfit. His name tag says "Dr. Maestro".

He gets up to the front of the line.

DR. MAESTRO

Hello, would you like a tic tac?

Dr. Maestro holds up a box of tic tacs.

DR. MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Or would you like to eat lasers!

He opens the tic tac box and lasers melt the bank teller.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JOCK FIERCE

How was that the perfect plan again?

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

I don't know!

Sgt. Ramsey slams the table with his fist.

JOCK FIERCE
And how did that kill all the
kittens in the city?

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY
More questions, unanswered!

JOCK FIERCE
Why can't we ever bust him?

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY
Because he is so intelligent that
he was diagnosed as criminally
insane. Once you get over 200 IQ,
you are officially criminally
insane, because you are so smart
you can't help but commit crimes.

Sgt. Ramsey kicks a vending machine in the room. Candy bars
fall out of it.

JOCK FIERCE
But that doesn't explain why we
can't prosecute him.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY
When you're that smart you can't
help but be super rich, and when
you're that rich you just hire so
many lawyers you're impossible to
prosecute.

Sgt. Ramsey walks by a woman pulling out a roast from an oven
in the corner of the interrogation room. It looks burnt. Sgt.
Ramsey pulls back his fist.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

On the prosecution side there is one female lawyer.

On the defense, with Dr. Maestro sitting in front of them,
are hundreds of male lawyers.

FEMALE LAWYER
We have his finger prints on the
gun. He carved his name into the
victim with his mouth, we found
traces of her hair and skin in his
stomach that correspond to the
places where he bit his name into
her. This is an open and shut
murder case.

LAWYER 1

There are lots of people named Dr. Maestro.

LAWYER 2

She was a waitress, her hair and skin could have been in an omelette he ate at the diner she worked at.

LAWYER 3

Did you know that murder in Spanish means "helpful"?

Dr. Maestro gives them the thumbs up.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

JOCK FIERCE

Why did he have to move to our city? To fair Los Angeles? Do you realize that this is the first crime we've had in 30 years?

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

I know it. But I know why he moved here. He's an evil genius, he moved here because he did what all evil geniuses do, he found the most expensive place he could, to turn into his evil lair-

CUT TO:

EXT. RALPH'S - DOWNTOWN - DAY

It is a lovely day. Women are walking their small dogs and talking on cell phones, birds are landing on the trees outside of the downtown Ralphs.

Built on top of the Ralphs is a gigantic EVIL LAIR.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY (V.O.)

A converted loft space above the Ralphs in downtown.

Thunder rolls and nefarious laughter echoes through the beautiful day.

People look up.

The laughter and thunder cuts off.

RALPHS MANAGEMENT (O.S.)
 Sorry everyone, this is Ralphs
 management, that was the wrong
 shopping music.

John Mellencamp's **Jack and Diane** comes on, instead.

The people continue shopping.

A window in the loft above the Ralphs crashes apart and a bear-sized mouse with eight arms, one eye, and no legs, wearing a grimace of pain and belching fire lands on the ground in front of the Ralphs.

It belches up fire and screams.

Dr. Maestro leans out of his broken window.

DR. MAESTRO
 I didn't create that! I don't know
 where that came from.

FIRE MOUSE
 Maestro! Why did you create me, I
 only know hate!

The fire mouse grabs a little dog a woman is walking and eats it.

The woman screams.

DR. MAESTRO
 Ummm, my bad!

INT. DR. MAESTRO'S EVIL LOFT - DAY

Dr. Maestro is drinking a Red Bull and Clamato with a celery stick in the Clamato, sitting at his kitchen bar-counter. Dr. Maestro's evil lair is a huge converted loft space. He has nice modern furniture, sleek whirlpool appliances, a great view of downtown. His evil science equipment is in the corner. Next to a stairmaster. Several tables covered with beakers and apes and cats in cages, a gurney and an IV. Scalpels, etc. He servant BURT, with the lower half of a man and the upper half of a smiling dolphin, walks in.

DR. MAESTRO
 Hey Burt.

BURT
 Hey boss. What's got ya low?

DR. MAESTRO
Oh nothin'.

Dr. Maestro stirs his Clamato.

BURT
Come on boss, you can tell me.

DR. MAESTRO
It's that fire mouse.

BURT
Not happy with the fire mouse?

DR. MAESTRO
I wanted it's pain never to cease.

BURT
But what happened?

DR. MAESTRO
Sometimes it ceases.

BURT
Oh, Doc.

DR. MAESTRO
It's no big deal.

BURT
Yes, yes it is a big deal!

DR. MAESTRO
I guess it sort of meant a lot to me.

BURT
Then it's a big deal!

DR. MAESTRO
Yeah. Gosh, I dunno.

BURT
Who wants a tickle party?

DR. MAESTRO
Not me.

BURT
Who wants a tickle party?

DR. MAESTRO
I don't know of anyone.

BURT

Who's flame throwing mouse was supposed to live forever in eternal pain that the Doctor could regulate and observe but didn't and wants a tickle party?

DR. MAESTRO

Oh, I do!

Burt leaps on Dr. Maestro, they both roll on the ground and laugh and laugh.

But then Dr. Maestro's laughter turns to screams.

DR. MAESTRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Oh God why?!

BURT (O.S.)

It's not my fault it's all I know!

DR. MAESTRO (O.S.)

Also my mouth? Why also my mffgh!

BURT (O.S.)

Oh, I'm finishing! I'm finishing!

There's some awkward shuffling noise. They get up.

Dr. Maestro buttons his shirt and slicks his hair back up.

BURT (CONT'D)

Umm, I'm sorry-

DR. MAESTRO

I don't want to talk about it.

BURT

I didn't mean to, dolphins are the only species besides man that rape for pleasure, didn't you know that when you made me-

DR. MAESTRO

Zip it Mister!

Burt clears his throat.

Dr. Maestro fingers his Red Bull.

Burt takes a step towards Dr. Maestro again with his arms out.

DR. MAESTRO (CONT'D)

No!

INT. RALPH'S - DAY

Dr. Maestro is standing at the cashier, his grocery items are being scanned. The guy behind him is reading a US Weekly. The cashier, a well manicured African-American chick, is bored, watching the items scan slowly. Every time a new item is scanned it makes a blipping noise.

GUY READING MAGAZINE

Activa. That's my favorite yogurt too.

Dr. Maestro's eyes roll toward the guy, without looking at him. Another item, a propane tank, is scanned.

GUY READING MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

Propane, huh, gonna have a barbecue?

Dr. Maestro sighs loudly.

A laser rifle blips across the scanner.

GUY READING MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

Laser rifle huh? Didn't even know they sold laser rifles here.

DR. MAESTRO

Look! I'm really not in the mood!

One of Dr. Maestro's long strands of hair falls slowly down onto his face.

The guy with the magazine sniffs the air.

CASHIER

Do you want to use your Rewards card today sir?

GUY READING MAGAZINE

What smells like dolphin semen?

CASHIER

In my experience, that usually the Doctor here.

The guy reading the magazine looks up at Dr. Maestro.

GUY READING MAGAZNIE

Why do you smell like dolphin
semen?

DR. MAESTRO

Do you want my rewards number or
not!

INT. DR. MAESTRO'S EVIL LOFT - DAY

Dr. Maestro is at his evil science equipment. He is fiddling with a snow globe, Using a welder to weld it together. He is wearing safety goggles. Burt walks up.

DR. MAESTRO

You know Burt, I wish you wouldn't
rape me so much.

Burt puts his hand lovingly on Dr. Maestro's shoulder.

BURT

I know Dr. Maestro, so do I.

DR. MAESTRO

The people at the Ralphs are
starting to talk.

BURT

Oh Doc, I'm sorry.

DR. MAESTRO

They call me Rapemouth.

BURT

But I hardly ever rape you in the
mouth!

DR. MAESTRO

Well tell them that, not me!

BURT

I would but-

DR. MAESTRO

I know you're a horrific mutation
and they'd kill you the minute they
saw you.

BURT

It sounds like we've both got a
case of the I'm sorries today.

DR. MAESTRO

I know.

BURT

What'cha makin'?

DR. MAESTRO

My most evil creation yet!

BURT

Oh yeah? That's cool, man.

DR. MAESTRO

Yes! It's a miniature world in perfect social harmony! AhAHAHAH!

BURT

What's so evil about that?

DR. MAESTRO

Well, I'm about to destroy the harmony of their society, right now.

BURT

How?

DR. MAESTRO

By making gay marriage legal! There! Behold!

Burt looks through a microscope at the snow globe.

He sees a city on fire.

MINIATURE WORLD DENIZEN (O.S.)

Oh God death! Everyone's dead!

MINIATURE WORLD DENIZEN 2 (O.S.)

Every time another gay couple kisses someone dies!

MINIATURE WORLD DENIZEN 3 (O.S.)

The fire has fangs, oh God, why does the fire have fangs!

MINIATURE WORLD DENIZEN 4 (O.S.)

My own dogs are eating my stomach! They're eating my stomach and my baby is next! Argggghh!

MINIATURE WORLD DENIZEN 5 (O.S.)

Ooh, I love smooching. I'm a man and I love smooching men!

MINIATURE WORLD DENIZEN 6 (O.S.)
Stop kissing, you're killing us
all!

Burt stands upright.

BURT
Jeez.

DR. MAESTRO
I am so darn evil!

The doorbell rings.

DR. MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Crap, it might be the fuzz! Get the
door!

Dr. Maestro throws a large blue blanket over the lab equipment. The blanket has "DJ equipment", written poorly on it.

Burt opens the door.

JAKE, a hipster, is at the door. Jake is wearing an 'I am not amused' expression on his face. He has a goatee and a black beanie on. He is wearing a Street Fighter: The Movie T-shirt, ironically. And pre-torn pants.

BURT
Can I help you?

JAKE
And what are you supposed to be?

BURT
I'm Taiwanese.

JAKE
You look half dolphin.

BURT
What, next are you going to say we
all drive bad?

JAKE
OK, whatever, tell your friend to
stop laughing so loudly. We're
trying to ironically appreciate The
Thundercats and he's making our
appreciation seem genuine.

BURT
Will do.

JAKE
Hey, what's all that?

DR. MAESTRO
DJ equipment.

JAKE
Why do you have an ape in a cage
hooked up to an aquarium full of
knives?

DR. MAESTRO
Are you a DJ?

JAKE
As if.

DR. MAESTRO
Then you wouldn't get it.

JAKE
Just keep it down alright?

Burt gets a sizeable erection and walks toward him, as he
leaves.

DR. MAESTRO
Burt down!

Burt stops, puts his arms down, and looks sadly at his boner.

When Sgt. Ramsey and Det. Fierce walk up.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY
Dr. Maestro, we're here to search
the premises.

DR. MAESTRO
Do you have a warrant?

JOCK FIERCE
No, your goddamn lawyers tore it to
shreds.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY
Shreds!

Sgt. Ramsey punches at the air.

DR. MAESTRO
Then you can't come in.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

Dr. Maestro there are reports that a giant mouse threw up fire on a group of French foreign exchange students.

DR. MAESTRO

That's terrible.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

We have reason to suspect that you created the fire mouse.

DR. MAESTRO

Anyone could have created that fire mouse.

FIRE MOUSE (O.S.)

Dr. Maestro, why did you create me! Kill me! Kill me the way you killed all those people that you used to make me.

DR. MAESTRO

Anyone could have programmed it to say that.

FIRE MOUSE (O.S.)

Dr. Maestro, your social security number is 574-54-5721!

DR. MAESTRO

Now why would I program a creature to do that, do I want my identity stolen?

JOCK FIERCE

He's got a point Sgt. Ramsey.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

Who knows the mind of a criminal genius!

JOCK FIERCE

What's that over there?

DR. MAESTRO

DJ equipment.

JOCK FIERCE

Why do you have a bird with guns
for wings in an electrified cage
being fed computer chips
intravenously by a lizard with a
television for a head?

All of that is sitting next to the lab tables, with the
blanket only partly concealing it.

The bird squawks and flaps its gun wings, one of which fires
and kills the lizard.

DR. MAESTRO

It was a gift from the Beastie Boys
for DJ'ing so good.

SGT. KIRT RAMSEY

Damn your brilliant excuses! One of
these days we'll get you Dr.
Maestro, I swear it!

JOCK FIERCE

Why is the Taiwanese guy raping me?

Burt is hump-raping the side of Jock Fierce, his tongue is
lolling out of his smiling dolphin face.

BURT

Come on man, don't be racist.

THE END