

'Allo

A Short Comedic Screenplay

By Richard Medugno

© Richard Medugno 2021

richardmedugno@gmail.com

FADE IN

EXT. BIG CITY POLICE STATION — DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. FRONT DESK

A disheveled FOREIGN MAN shuffles to the front desk where a POLICE SUPERVISOR stands organizing reports and files, while on the phone.

POLICE SUPERVISOR
(Into the phone)
Okay, let's put her in there. Thanks..
(Hangs up and faces man)
Hello, sir, what can I do for you?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence.

POLICE SUPERVISOR
I'm sorry?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence again.

POLICE SUPERVISOR
You're gonna have to speak louder, sir,
'cause I can't hear a thing you're
saying.

Foreign Man mimes the same short sentence again, but with more passion.

POLICE SUPERVISOR
Sir, you're not speaking loud enough.

Foreign Man mimes the same short sentence again, but with even more passion and some frustration.

POLICE SUPERVISOR
Look, you're not making any sounds.

Foreign Man points to Police Supervisor and then to his own ear and then thumbs down.

POLICE SUPERVISOR

No, I'm not deaf. I was just talking
with somebody on the phone.

FOREIGN MAN

(nods with understanding)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

POLICE SUPERVISOR

Sir, what can I do for you?

FOREIGN MAN

(starts scratching his stomach)
'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

POLICE SUPERVISOR

What did you say?

FOREIGN MAN

(still scratching his stomach)
'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-tchee.

POLICE SUPERVISOR

Get the hell out of here before I throw
your ass in jail.

Foreign Man mimes a long diatribe filled with outrage.

POLICE SUPERVISOR

(points to the exit)
Get lost!

The Foreign Man turns and shuffles out, mime-speaking to himself
about the disappointing treatment he's just received.

EXT. BIG CITY 7/11 CONVENIENCE STORE — DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. STORE

The Foreign Man is in line to the cash register. A frumpy
middle-aged woman is the 7/11 EMPLOYEE working the till.

7/11 EMPLOYEE
(hands change and a bag to customer)
Here ya go, hon'. Have a good day..
(faces Foreign Man)
Hi, there, what can I do ya?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence again.

7/11 EMPLOYEE
Sorry, hon', I didn't hear you...

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence again.

7/11 EMPLOYEE
What?...

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence again.

7/11 EMPLOYEE
Sorry, I gotta bad ear. Can you speak
up?

CUSTOMER BEHIND
He's not saying anything out loud. I
think he's mute or—

FOREIGN MAN
(turns to the CUSTOMER BEHIND)
Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

CUSTOMER BEHIND
Well, then tell her what you want—out
loud.

FOREIGN MAN
(nods and turns back to employee)
Aaaaaaaaah. 'Allo, my tummy, she bery
EEE-chee.

7/11 EMPLOYEE
What?

FOREIGN MAN
(starts scratching his stomach)
'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

CUSTOMER BEHIND

I think he wants a Berry Slurpee?

7/11 EMPLOYEE

(pointing off)

Slurpee machine is right over there, hon'.
Help yourself.

FOREIGN MAN

Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

The Foreign Man turns and shuffles out, mime-speaking to himself about the disappointing treatment he's just received.

EXT. BIG CITY PARK BASEBALL FIELD — DAY

Establishing shot.

EXT. PITCHER'S MOUND

A PITCHER is warming up, throwing to a catcher (off camera).
When the Foreign Man shuffles up to him.

PITCHER

Hey, man, whacha doin' out here?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence.

PITCHER

What?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence again.

PITCHER

Dude, I don't know what you're sayin'?

FOREIGN MAN

(starts scratching his stomach)

'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

PITCHER

What? You're stomach very itchy?

FOREIGN MAN

(starts scratching Pitcher's stomach)
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah. Tummy, she bery
EEE-chee.

PITCHER

Dude!

FOREIGN MAN

(Scratching Pitcher's stomach and
his own at the same time)
She bery EEE-chee!

PITCHER

Hey, dat feels pretty good.

CATCHER

(walks on to the mound)
Boomer! What's goin' on?!

FOREIGN MAN

(still scratching his and Pitcher's
stomachs)
'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

PITCHER

(starts to get into it)
Dude, it feels great.

CATCHER

(after a beat, pushes Foreign Man away)
Knock that crap off! We need a pitcher, not
a belly-itcher.

EXT. BIG CITY HOSPITAL — NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

A DOCTOR is standing and the Foreign Man is sitting on a gurney
in an examination room.

DOCTOR

Hello, sir, I'm Doctor Shields. What seems to be the problem?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence.

DOCTOR

I didn't hear that. Would you repeat that a bit louder?

Foreign Man mimes speaking a short sentence again.

DOCTOR

Still not hearing you. Here talk into this...

The Doctor puts on his stethoscope and gives the end to the Foreign Man.

FOREIGN MAN

(speaks loudly into the stethoscope)

'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

DOCTOR

Ow!

The Doctor rips the stethoscope off his head and away from the Foreign Man.

DOCTOR

All right, let's have a look at your stomach. Can you take off your shirt please?

FOREIGN MAN

Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

DOCTOR

Okay, then just pull it up so I can see...

The Foreign Man cautiously pulls up his multi-layers of shirts to reveal his stomach. After a moment or two of looking around, the Doctor nods.

DOCTOR

Okay you can put your shirts down...So, sir, your stomach looks perfectly normal.

FOREIGN MAN

(starts scratching his stomach)
My tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

DOCTOR

Yeah, that happens sometimes...Maybe it's dry skin or you know, just itchy.

FOREIGN MAN

(still scratching his stomach)
My tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

DOCTOR

Yeah, I get that. You're just going to have to scratch it...Or not. I recommend using some skin lotion or different soap.

The Nurse pops in.

NURSE

Dr. Shields, I'm sorry to interrupt but that weird guy is back again. The tickler.

DOCTOR

The tickler?

NURSE

Yes. What should I do?

FOREIGN MAN

(still scratching his stomach)
My tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

DOCTOR

I have an idea. Bring him in here, Louise.

The Nurse disappears.

FOREIGN MAN
(still scratching his stomach)
My tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

NURSE(O.S.)
Go right in, Dr. Shields wants to see
you.

Coming through the door, TICKLE MONSTER is just a normal guy
except with crazy eyes and outstretched hands and constantly
wiggling fingers.

TICKLE MONSTER
Hello!

DOCTOR
Come in. So you still have the
compulsion to touch people?

TICKLE MONSTER
Tickle. Yeah, I can't stop. I don't
want to get arrested again. Can you do
something for me?

DOCTOR
I think I can give you an outlet for
this socially inappropriate tic of
yours.

FOREIGN MAN
'Allo, my tummy, she bery EEE-chee.

DOCTOR
Tickle Monster meet Itchy Tummy Guy.

Tickle Monster makes like he is going to shake Foreign Man's
hand but then starts tickling his stomach instead.

FOREIGN MAN
Yaaaaaaaah. Yaaah! Yeah, baby! Likeee.

EXT. BIG CITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Doctor and Nurse stand outside the doorway into the ER and watch
Tickle Monster and Foreign Man as they walk down the street.

Foreign Man laughs happily as his stomach continues to be tickled by Tickle Monster. They disappear into the night.

DOCTOR

Louise, I think we're witnessing the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

FADE OUT.