

MAYOR MOMMA

written by

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EXT. CITY HALL - MORNING

SONNY steps out of his crookedly parked vehicle.

SONNY

Showtime!

He walks down the side of the building. SHERIFF MARSHAL is on the top of the stairs waiting for him.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Well, well, well!

Sheriff Marshal **spits**. They have a brief stare-down. Clearly neither one is particularly fond of the other.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Nice of you to finally show up,
Hollywood.

Sonny makes his way up the steps.

SONNY

Sheriff Marshal. If you're here to purchase tickets to my one man show you better act fast. Tickets are selling out.

Sonny hands Sheriff Marshal a flyer for "BOB-CAT!".

SHERIFF MARSHAL

I'm lookin' for the Mayor. Not here to watch a grown man play dress-up.

Sheriff Marshal eyes Sonny's briefcase.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)

What's in the briefcase, boy?

Sonny **gulps** and tightens his grip on it.

SONNY

Uh, just some headshots of a few new characters I'm working on. I'd be delighted to show you.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Psh. Hard pass. Is the Mayor in yet? I knocked earlier, but no one answered.

SONNY

The Mayor's a very busy woman, but as the Mayor's assistant I'd be more than happy to schedule a time for you to-

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Oh, wash that hog! I need to speak with her now, Sonny. It's an emergency!

Sheriff Marshal reaches for his gun.

SONNY

Alright! Jesus! Hang on a moment! I'll get the Mayor.

Sheriff Marshal unhands his holster. Sonny unlocks the door and closes it behind him.

Moments later, Sheriff Marshal is still waiting outside. He's picking something out of his teeth when he hears the **door open and close**. He turns around and likes what he sees.

It's MAYOR MOMMA! (Who is clearly one of Sonny's characters) It's just Sonny dressed as an older woman with a green cream exfoliating mask that hardly conceals the mustache.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Mayor Momma... When are you gonna let me take you out for a night on the town?

MAYOR MOMMA

Is that what you had my boy wake me up outta my morning beauty nap for?

Sheriff Marshal removes his hat.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Don't make me beg now, Momma.

MAYOR MOMMA

I'm sorry, Sheriff, but Mayor Momma's got too much on her plate keepin' this here town a-runnin'. And you should be focusin' on solvin' them crimes.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Ain't no crime in Mayor Momma's Town!

Behind Sheriff Marshal, a ROBBER has a MAN held at knife-point.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Well, other than you not letting me take you on a date.

MAYOR MOMMA
I'm sorry, Marshal, but I'm just not looking for anything like that right now.

He puts his hat back on.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Please, Momma! Did that night at the annual crawdad boil mean nothin' to ya?

Mayor Momma suddenly recalls the night mentioned.

MAYOR MOMMA
Uh... Mayor Momma had a lotta moonshine that night. She don't really remember what happened.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Well, you wasn't just playin' with my nippy-nips that night. You was playin' with my heart.

Mayor Momma **exhales**.

MAYOR MOMMA
It's just not a good time right now. 'Sides, I've been gettin' all sorts a calls 'bout some two-bit conman causin' all kinds a ruckus 'round town.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
I got my best man on the job. Me. But in the meantime, what say the two of us grab one of them fan-dangled iced creams?

MAYOR MOMMA
I don't know. I'm used to it being only me and Sonny these days.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Yes, Sonny... I see... I actually need to speak with the boy about something urgent.

Sheriff Marshal takes a few steps up the ramp, but he's stopped by Mayor Momma.

MAYOR MOMMA

No! He's, uh, got a belly ache! You don't wanna go in there. I'll go get him. He'll be right out.

Mayor Momma backs up and goes inside. She locks the door.

A few moments later, Sonny comes back outside.

SONNY

You wanted to-

Sheriff Marshal gets in Sonny's face.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Look here, momma's boy. I've had just about enough of you dragging that poor woman down with ya. I know the only reason she won't date me is because she's afraid of upsetting her spoiled, little bundle of crap.

SONNY

Better watch yourself, Marshal. If Mayor Momma hears you talking to her bundle of crap like this she'll tan your hide.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Heh. Don't tempt me with a good time. Now send your Momma back out.

SONNY

No. She left.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Nuh-aw.

SONNY

Yeah-huh.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

I would have seen't it. Nothing gets past me.

SONNY

Oh, I'm sure. Fine! Hang on.

A moment or two later, Mayor Momma comes back out.

MAYOR MOMMA
What's it now, Marshal?

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Actually, I need to speak to Sonny.

Mayor Momma looks visibly annoyed.

MAYOR MOMMA
Okay.

Mayor Momma steps back inside.

A moment later, Sonny steps back out.

SONNY
What?

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Crap, I forgot what I had to ask you. Can I speak to Momma again?

SONNY
We have a busy day. How about I take a message?

Sheriff Marshal reaches for his gun. Sonny **groans**.

INT. CITY HALL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny is dressed as Mayor Momma, putting the face cream on in the mirror. He looks anxious.

SONNY
He knows, doesn't he? It's over.
It's all over!

Mayor Momma appears to him in the bathroom's mirror.

MAYOR MOMMA
Sonny, you knucklehead! You didn't really think you could keep this lie up forever now, did'ja?!

SONNY
I just wanted power and respect! I didn't know it would come to this!

MAYOR MOMMA
I raised you better!

SONNY
You didn't raise me at all! You're not my real mom!

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)
 You're just a character I made to
 win the mayoral election!

MAYOR MOMMA
 DON'T TALK BACK TO ME, BOY, OR
 MAYOR MOMMA'S GONNA WHOOP YO' BUTT!

Sonny **screams**.

EXT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Marshal hears the **scream**.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
 That's one helluva belly ache.

Moments later, Mayor Momma comes back out. She's anxious.

MAYOR MOMMA
 Please... just tell me whatchu
 need, Sheriff.

He removes his hat.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
 Please go out with me tonight?!

MAYOR MOMMA
 Okay! Fine!

Sheriff Marshal clenches his fist.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
 Yes!

MONTAGE - THE DATE

A) A **knock** on the door. Mayor Momma opens it to find Sheriff Marshal with flowers and a box of chocolate which she reluctantly takes. She's still covering her mustache, but Sheriff Marshal doesn't seem to notice.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (V.O.)
Horseback ridin' and skippin'
stones. Being on the background of
each other's phones.

B) The two of them are taking a stroll in the park, with Sheriff Marshal doing most of the talking. Mayor Momma scratches her crotch. A PASSERBY turns around to check out Mayor Momma. Sheriff Marshal notices and gets in his face. Mayor Momma tries to defuse the situation, but Sheriff Marshal ultimately pulls a gun out on the Passerby to everyone's horror.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*A love so good, a love so pure. If
 this is a sickness I don't need no
 cure.*

C) Jump-cut to Mayor Momma and Sheriff Marshal eating ice cream on a bench. Sheriff Marshal tries to flirt by lightly pushing Mayor Momma's cone in her face. She's not amused and shoves his ice cream in his face, making a big mess. Mayor Momma adjusts her smeared cream.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Double the fun, double the money.
 Yeah, you won't have to live with
 Sonny.*

D) Slow-motion shots of Sheriff Marshal giving Mayor Momma a piggyback ride. He pretends to gallop like a wild stallion. Mayor Momma is visibly confused by the whole situation. She hops off to adjust her balls, but Sheriff Marshal pays no mind to it.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Kick him on out and invite me in.
 You'll never have to be alone
 again.*

EXT. CITY HALL BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The montage and song transitions them having a picnic with Sheriff Marshal singing and playing guitar.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
*Unless I die first and you gotta
 bury me. All you need to do now
 is...*

He sets the guitar down and pulls a ring out of his pocket.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Marry me?

MAYOR MOMMA
 Oh. Uh...

SHERIFF MARSHAL
 Please marry me, Mayor Momma.

MAYOR MOMMA
 I don't know what to say, Marshal.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
 Say yes. Please say yes!

MAYOR MOMMA

I'm flattered, but-

SHERIFF MARSHAL

What's that mean? I don't know what that word is! Does it mean yes?!

MAYOR MOMMA

No.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

What?! But you said yes to the date?! I don't understand!

MAYOR MOMMA

Mayor Momma's just not looking for that there kinda relationship. You're a... okay man, Sheriff. I just don't have them feelin's fo' ya I'm afraid.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

You're afraid?! I'm the one that's gonna die miserable and alone! I wish I was never born!

Sheriff Marshal gets up and runs away.

MAYOR MOMMA

C'mon, don't be like that now!

Sheriff Marshal comes back and tries to rip the picnic blanket out from under her. He's trying not to cry.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

This is my comforter! I need it!
For comfort!

MAYOR MOMMA

Okay, okay! Damn!

Mayor Momma rolls off of the blanket. Sheriff Marshal angrily balls the blanket up and stomps off.

MAYOR MOMMA (CONT'D)

What about 'cho basket and guitar?

SHERIFF MARSHAL (O.S.)

I don't care no more! Give 'em to your dumbass son! He's a talentless hack!

MAYOR MOMMA
 (to themselves as Sonny)
 Okay, that... that wasn't needed.

Mayor Momma **sighs**.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Momma seems distracted in her meeting. THE CONMAN sits across from her.

THE CONMAN
 I must admit Mayor Momma, I met with you on this fine day to discuss some business proposals, but your beauty has me thinkin' about some other type of proposal if you don't mind me saying.

MAYOR MOMMA
 Ugh. Mayor Momma ain't some ball of meat for you men to sink yo' toothpick in all willy-nilly, Mister, uh?

THE CONMAN
 Right, Mister, uhm, Ahmed. Pierre Ahmed.

MAYOR MOMMA
 Noted, Mister Ahmed. What kind of business do you have in mind for this here town?

THE CONMAN
 I have several in mind. I'm sure we have one that can quench your insatiable needs.

The Conman pulls out an overstuffed portfolio and files through the folders.

The folders are indexed with labels such as CRYPTOCURRENCY, CULTS/RELIGION, ESSENTIAL OILS, HEALING CRYSTALS, MIRACLE CREAMS, NATURAL MALE ENHANCEMENT, and POLITICS/PROPAGANDA.

He reaches into HEALING CRYSTALS and pulls out a gemstone ring. He presents it to Mayor Momma.

MAYOR MOMMA
 Jewelry?

THE CONMAN

Not just any jewelry. My gems
posses divine healing properties.
This one in particular wards off
insomnia, evil spirits, and most
forms of hepatitis. Consider it a
free sample. May I?

Mayor Momma shrugs her shoulders and presents her hand.

Sheriff Marshal stumbles into city hall. He passes by the
Mayor's office just in time to see The Conman putting a ring
on Mayor Momma's finger.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Ah, a gentleman suitor. I thought
you wasn't lookin' for that sort of
thing?!

MAYOR MOMMA

Marshal! It ain't what it looks
like!

The Conman turns around to see Sheriff Marshal. Marshal seems
to recognize him.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Wait a minute! You look awfully
familiar!

Sheriff Marshal looks at the wanted board hanging on the wall
next to the office door. There are several police sketches of
The Conman, but with different hats and mustaches.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Hmm. Nope. Just one of them faces,
I guess. Well, I won't intrude any
longer. When you see Sonny, tell
him I want my basket and guitar
back.

Sheriff Marshal leaves. The Conman turns back to Mayor Momma.

THE CONMAN

He seems rather unwell.

MAYOR MOMMA

Nah, he's a good man... kinda. He's
just confused and infatuated.

THE CONMAN

Can't say I blame him. You're a
delicate flower in a field of...

(MORE)

THE CONMAN (CONT'D)
swampy bog trees, covered in spooky
snakes and spiders.

MAYOR MOMMA
Alright? Thanks? It's a fine ring,
Mister Ahmed. But I don't think
there are too many folk gettin'
married in Mayor Momma's Town.

THE CONMAN
Well, we'll have to do something
about that then, won't we? Until
then, how about this?

The Conman reaches back into his portfolio and grabs
something out of MIRACLE CREAMS. It's a small jar of Pierre
Ahmed's Cream.

THE CONMAN (CONT'D)
Oh, you'll get a kick out of this
one. You look like a lady who
enjoys their cream.

Mayor Momma reapplies some of her green cream to conceal her
mustache.

MAYOR MOMMA
Maybe.

THE CONMAN
This here's my own proprietary
brand. Sell it in bulk, home-to-
home. Everyone gets to be their own
boss, make their own schedule, so
long as they meet the quotas I set.

MAYOR MOMMA
Sounds too good to be true.

THE CONMAN
Heh, yeah, yeahhh.

MAYOR MOMMA
What sets this cream apart from the
crop?

THE CONMAN
Oh it can moisturize the Sahara,
this one. Clears up acne. Can even
conceal that pesky, but charming
peach fuzz. Care to try it?

MAYOR MOMMA
Hmm. Alright.

The Conman hands her the jar. She pops it open.

MAYOR MOMMA (CONT'D)
Ooh, that's gotta kick to it.

She applies the cream under her nose.

THE CONMAN
One-hundred percent all natural
ingredients. Tested on several
large gorillas and only one died.

Mayor Momma is getting drowsy. She's struggling to stay awake.

MAYOR MOMMA
Oh... just one gorilla... that's
pretty... good...

The Conman snickers as Mayor Momma passes out.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

Mayor Momma awakens later tied up outside of a campsite. Her hands and feet are bound together by duct tape. She looks around the campsite. There's a frying pan sitting over a fireplace and a tent set up just a few yards away from it.

The Conman walks out of the tent.

THE CONMAN
Ah, you're awake, darlin'. Let's
get started then, shall we?

MAYOR MOMMA
(with Sonny's voice)
Look, I don't know what the hell
you're planning on doing to me. But
just so you know before you get all
handsy, I'm actually-

THE CONMAN
Woah! What kinda man do you take me
for, Mayor Momma? There'll be
plenty of time for hand-stuff after
the wedding.

MAYOR MOMMA
(back as Mayor Momma)
The what-now?

The Conman reaches into his tent and grabs his portfolio. He grabs a sheet of paper from the CULT/RELIGION folder.

THE CONMAN

Does anyone object to the holy union of this here conniving gentleman and his Mayor Momma bride-to-be?

The Conman looks around the campsite.

THE CONMAN (CONT'D)

Nope, didn't think so.

MAYOR MOMMA

I do!

THE CONMAN

Heh, calm down now darlin'. That part's coming up soon. Then by the binding of that there wedding ring and the power vested to me through ChildBrideNow.net, I hereby declare us-

SHERIFF MARSHAL (O.S.)

I object!

Mayor Momma and The Conman turn around to see Sheriff Marshal standing across from them.

THE CONMAN

Well, I'm afraid you already missed that part, Sheriff.

Sheriff Marshal reaches for his gun.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Sheriff Marshal don't miss!

Sheriff Marshal whips his revolver out, but drops it and all of the bullets scatter on the ground.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Dang piece of crap!

As he begins to reach down for them, The Conman tackles him to the ground. The two roll around and tussle.

MAYOR MOMMA

Marshal!

Mayor Momma sets her sight on the frying pan. She puts her taped wrists on it and motions to cut through.

The Conman gains the upper-hand in their pathetic brawl. He gets on top of him and starts to choke him out.

MAYOR MOMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MAYOR MOMMA'S GONNA WHOOP YO' BUTT!

The Conman turns around just in time for a freed Mayor Momma to knock him out with the frying pan. He falls down next to Sheriff Marshal who catches his breath and stands up.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
I think I had 'em there... but
thank you, Mayor Momma.

MAYOR MOMMA
Thank you for gettin' here when ya
did, Marshal. He's the conman we've
been lookin' fo'.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
I knew it!

Sheriff Marshal cuffs the unconscious Conman and kicks him.

MAYOR MOMMA
Uh... I don't think you're supposed
to be doing that?

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Huh? No, it's fine. I do it all the
time!

MAYOR MOMMA
Ah.

They sit down.

SHERIFF MARSHAL
Yeah, I'm sorry for the way I've
been actin' lately, Momma. I've
been so bored and lonely that I
guess I let my little crush get out
of hand. I'm usually so calm and
collected.

Sheriff Marshal **screams** and repeatedly slaps a mosquito that
landed on his cheek.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)
It's just that we get along so well
and Goddess knows that boy of yours
could do with some positive male
influence in his life. Wants to be
an actor? Psh. He needs a proper
father-figure to beat that dream
out of him.

MAYOR MOMMA

Noted. But Sonny didn't need no daddy when he was growin' up, and I don't think he needs one now either. He's a man.

Sheriff Marshal **cackles**.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Yeah, okay... say, where is that boy of yours anyhow? I was gonna bring him with, but couldn't find him. You'd think he'd give a hoot about his momma gone missin'.

MAYOR MOMMA

Oh, he probably stayed over night at some girl's house.

Sheriff Marshal **laughs**. Mayor Momma stares daggers at him and nearly breaks character.

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Help me carry our fugitive?

As they get up and grab a hold of the Conman, Mayor Momma's wig falls off. Neither knows how to react.

SHERIFF MARSHAL (CONT'D)

How could I have been so blind? This whole time... you was dressed up as Mayor Momma?!

SONNY

Marshal, I can explain-

SHERIFF MARSHAL

Oh, save it for your Momma! She's gonna be mighty angry when she finds out you took her clothes, cream, and identity for the day!

SONNY

... Yes. Just today! Uhm...

Sonny runs away. Sheriff Marshal drops the Conman and chases after Sonny.

The Conman stumbles up, slips out of the handcuffs, and runs in the opposite direction.

THE END