

Mr. Bun - Episode 7 "Untitled"

An Original Script by:

PHIL FRANCIS & STEPHEN GIDEON

"A continuation of the Mr. Bun comic strip"

First Draft: 1999
Copyright 2004, Phil Francis & Stephen Gideon

E-Mail: [Stephen.Gideon@mrbun.com](mailto:Stephen.Gideon@ mrbun.com)
[Phil.Francis@mrbun.com](mailto:Phil.Francis@ mrbun.com)

Website: www.mrbun.com

[The scene is the outside of Worms'n'Apple Bookstore. The shot switches to an interior shot of the cafe area. Several very nerdy figures sit around a table. In the background a female figure approaches, accompanied by Mr. Bun.]

RICKY: Hi Marge!

ABBIE: Hi, Marge! Looks like you've brought someone new to the club meeting!

MARGE: Hello, Ricky..Abbie..Bob. And yes, I have brought someone new to our little gathering. This is Mr. Bun. He's one of our own - a sci-fi fan - and a budding actor. I thought he'd make a fine guest for our convention next year!

ROB: Great! He wouldn't want to help finance it, too, would he?

MR BUN: I'm in TV. There's no money in that.

MARGE: Hey, we're just lucky to have a media guest, folks. Count your blessings!

ABBIE: You wouldn't happen to know...

ROB: [Interrupting] No, he doesn't.

[In the background, two male figures approach.]

MARGE: Hi, Esteban! Hi, Bill!

BILL: Yello!

ESTEBAN: Hola.

ABBIE: Hi, guys! Guess what?

ESTEBAN: I bet you've done something fannish having to do with that old show, "Forev-O.R."

BILL: The show about the night-shift vampire doctors, right?

ABBIE: Um.. Yeah!

ESTEBAN: You gotta wonder about a guy who drinks blood to survive, but works in a hospital. I mean sure, female fans love the guy, considering he's a handsome, gentle, well-groomed man. But he's the frickin' OB-GYN...And a vampire. The temptation...

BILL: Yeek.

ABBIE: Well, you know he's not my personal favorite character, guys.

BILL: We know. You like that guy, Skreech...the grubby hospital intern who eats the discarded animal bodies from the next-door vet hospital. He was killed by something he ate, right?

ABBIE: That's right! In fact, that's what I've got to announce!

ESTEBAN: [muttering under his breath] Here we go again...

RICKY: Oh?

ABBIE: Yeah! I bought something really cool in the auction at Drag-in Con!

Abbie reaches into a white bag and pulls out a mangled prop animal.]

ABBIE: I bought the prop rabid gopher that killed Skreech! It's even still minus the leg he gnawed off!

RICKY: Oh my god! That's the cat's ass!

[Looks of horror are visible from nearby store patrons in the coffee shop]

ROB: Uh...

BILL: That...is pretty sick.

ABBIE: Yeah! Isn't it great?! I even got the original McDonald's bag he carried it away in. It even has the dried fake blood that gushed from the bite marks!

[A store clerk walks up.]

CLERK: Ma'am, can you please put that away. You're freaking out the other customers.

ABBIE: Oh, sorry! [Puts it away sheepishly]

RICKY: [Turning to Mr. Bun] WELL... As a sci-fi fan, do you have your own collection of tech toys?

MR BUN: I have a PC, the usual audio-video stuff, and a cellphone. Nothing too special.

RICKY: Well, I'm something of a geek when it comes to the stuff, and I just acquired a new toy! This thing is vintage 1980s hardware - got it out of the antiquated computer section on u-Buy Internet auction...

[Pulls out a PDA the size of a keyboard]

RICKY: It's a demo for a Gamiga personal assistant computer that was never produced en masse. Of course, modern PDAs have several times more storage, but this has CHARACTER!

MR BUN: Indeed.

[Shot of the screen. It has several cryptic devices along the frame of the display.]

MR BUN: What exactly is all this stuff around the screen?

RICKY: I don't really know, honestly. It looks cool, though! The Bizney Company did quite a bit of unique development for this thing! It even has games!

MARGE: Bizney? Really? Ol' Walt did tend to develop new technology so he could improve the art of his cartoon features.

BILL: He was pretty cool. Even cooler now that he's cryogenic...

RICKY: Hang on, lemme see if I can find the help icon....

<<<ZZZZAAAPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!>>>

[A beam from a lens on the PDA suddenly zaps Mr. Bun, and causes him to dematerialize. After he's gone, a shot of the group showing them sitting in stunned silence.]

ROB: You think he'll still come to PokayCon?

ESTEBAN: I still have issues with that name. Just because it's the hottest trend, doesn't mean we have to name the convention for it!

MARGE: It's all about registrations, Esteban. We've got to draw people in to keep the convention going.

BILL: ...So long as Ricky doesn't zap THEM out of existence.

RICKY: Hey!

[Cut scene to a swirl of colors, transitioning to a giant circuitboard-looking cityscape. The shot switches then to an environment shaped with lots of blocky, squarish shapes. Mr. Bun is lying on his back. Two figures stand over him, one male, and one female. They are dressed in clothing reminiscent of the "Tron" glowing bodysuits. Mr. Bun is now wearing a matching wardrobe.]

DORANNA: [to Mr. Bun] Are you OK?

MR BUN: Um... I think so. Wh-where am I?

DORANNA: That will require quite few moments to explain...

CHAN: Hello, there! I'm Chan!

DORANNA: And I'm Doranna.

MR BUN: Hi. I'm Mr. Bun.

CHAN: Pleased to make your acquaintance! Welcome to the innerworld!

MR BUN: Innerworld?

CHAN: I assume you're a new creation of the MGD, freshly added to the Gamiga environment?

MR BUN: Gamiga? You mean, that guy's archaic palmtop?

CHAN: It's *MY* personal computer, Bun! Unfortunately, I'm trapped inside of it. The Bizney Corporation made some real advancement in the technology. The color display wasn't quite up to par with the cutting-edge EGA video technology, but they made up for it with the digiconfabulation process that transported my body's molecules into the memory of the machine!

MR BUN: Begging your pardon, but I don't see how that's possible. The technology might be feasible with a great amount of power and a few more decades of particle science, but this palmtop can't have more than, oh, 32K of memory of storage!

CHAN: Humans aren't all that complex.

MR BUN: I see...

[Panel of the characters standing still saying nothing]

CHAN: Hi! I'm Chan! Who are you?

MR BUN: I'm Mr... Wait, we just met!

CHAN: We did?

DORANNA: You'll have to forgive him, Mr. Bun - the memory RAM board has a flaw in one of the chips which stores his pattern. Thus, he has about 2 minutes of short-term memory.

CHAN: And what about you?

DORANNA: I'm a program created by Chan, but I'm stored in a different region of memory. I have to keep reminding him that he's trying to defeat the MGD and try to escape via reversing the digiconfabulation.

CHAN: Oh yeah! I forgot all about that!

MR BUN: What is the MGD?

CHAN: Microprocessor Guidance Director. It's the "brain" that controls the Gamiga and it's programs. It also controls the tanks. What was your name again?

MR BUN: Tanks? Oh dear! So, where is this MGD located?

DORANNA: At the central facility. We're not far from it, but we'll have to get inside. And that means defeating the tanks. Unfortunately, Chan hasn't been very successful in that department.

CHAN: I haven't been blown up, ever!

DORANNA: Yes, you have.

CHAN: I have? When?

DORANNA: By my estimate, 2.12 hours previous.

CHAN: Really?

MR BUN: Blown up! And...He's still...

DORANNA: Watch.

[Doranna pulls out a triangle-shaped Frisbee-like object. She hurls it and nails Chan; disembowels him, more precisely. He explodes in a burst of light. For a moment, Mr. Bun and Doranna stand alone. Moments later, there is a flash of light. Chan appears, intact.]

CHAN: Ahem. Oh, hello! My name is Chan! Have we met?

MR BUN: Yes, we have.

CHAN: Oh.

MR BUN: So, how do we fight the tanks?

DORANNA: With Chan's tank.

MR BUN: *HE* has a tank?

[Doranna points to a tank. Well, it vaguely looks like a tank. Think an Atari "Combat" tank blown up to a full-scale, blocky, "computerized" version. It is pinkish-red in color and has only the main turret gun as a weapon.]

MR BUN: How exactly did he get a tank?

DORANNA: He's a real person. Thus, he gets a tank.

MR BUN: Well, I'm not a program. Would I also get a tank?

DORANNA: What about that one? [Points behind him]

[A tank, identical in appearance to Chan, stands behind him. It is a light orange color.]

MR BUN: Well... I guess that means we take on the MGD, then.

CHAN: Take on the MGD? Yeah, I forgot all about it! Let's kick the MGD's ass!

DORANNA: And we'd better do it, quick!

MR BUN: Why's that?

DORANNA: The MGD - perhaps even the current Gamiga owner - is storing up massive amounts of data (relatively), which threatens to wipe out the resources that store our patterns. Thus, if the MGD can fill up all the space, he might be able to "over-write" us with new information, and we'll all simply cease to exist.

CHAN: It'll be just like "Logan's Run"; one second you're there, the next minute POOF!!

MR BUN: Now THAT'S a blast from the past.

CHAN: Hey, so it's a seventies sci-fi flick! It's not that old.

MR BUN: You're going to be surprised to know what year it is if we escape.

CHAN: Oh, yeah?

DORANNA: No time to waste guys. Let's go!

[They quickly enter the tanks, Doranna boarding Mr. Bun's. Insert several scenes of the tanks moving across a Tron-like "circuit-board" environment. Finally, they're on a "road" over a giant, valley-like "battlefield" (think of "Combat" with the starting point barricades and blocky obstacles in the middle). The two tanks start down a ramp leading into the valley.]

[Cut to view inside Bun's tank. He and Doranna sit at side-by-side controls.]

DORANNA: Chan, I'm manning the gun for Mr. Bun while he does the driving. We'll veer to the right; you sweep to the left. Remember that the central facility entrance is behind the opponents' home base.

CHAN: [In a text box indicative of CB communication] Right! Good luck, you two!

DORANNA: [muttering] You'll need it more...

MR BUN: Beg pardon?

DORANNA: Nothing! Now, your controls are simple. Just use the flightstick for left, right, forward, and reverse motion. I'll take care of the turret aiming and firing. You can use any of these features. I'll explain what they do if you need to know.

MR BUN: Right!

[Cut to an external view. Down at the opposite end of the valley, a group of blue and green tanks roll into view. Two tanks go after both Mr. Bun's and Chan's tanks.]

[External of Mr. Bun's tank]

MR BUN: Two-to-one? And a half-dozen reserves? The MGD doesn't fight too particularly fair!

DORANNA: Nope.

[The tanks fire shots. Chan maneuvers to avoid being hit; Mr. Bun uses the terrain as cover; a shot from Mr. Bun's static tank fires out, ricochets off of another obstacle, and nails one of the opposing tanks.]

[Interior of Mr. Bun's tank; Mr. Bun is looking over at Doranna.]

DORANNA: Rebounding shots. We only have four left, now. It won't be as easy to nail the others. They'll learn to avoid that.

[Back to the exterior view. The tanks are advancing on Chan. His tank suddenly disappears from view. The two tanks fire their guns, but nothing happens. One suddenly explodes. Chan's tank is now flanking the opponent's position.]

[Exterior of Chan's tank]

CHAN: Take that, moron! The ol' invisible tank move fools 'em again!

[The other tank's turret comes to bear. Chan responds in kind.]

CHAN: Uh oh.

[Both tanks fire simultaneously. Both are hit and explode. Across the battlefield, Mr. Bun's tank and his opponent both maneuver. Mr. Bun feints coming out from behind an obstacle; his opponent fires, narrowly missing the front of the tank. He then pulls forward and the shot from his tank is dead on the mark. The opposing tank blows up.]

[Exterior of the tank.]

DORANNA: Nice move, Mr. Bun!

MR BUN: Er, thanks, but uh...What about Chan?

DORANNA: Oh, he'll respawn in about five minutes back at the head of the valley.

MR BUN: Hmmm. OK. What's our next move.

DORANNA: Them.

[Across the valley, six more green and blue tanks fan out to either side of their HQ in groups of three. They fire a volley of shots, hitting barricades and nearly Mr. Bun's tank. He quickly maneuvers. Doranna fires a couple of ricochet rounds that fail to hit any opponents as they take evasive maneuvers.]

[Interior of the tank.]

MR BUN: Where's the invisibility thing!

DORANNA: Right here. [Points to a dashboard of buttons] We can't fire when we're invisible, just so you know.

MR BUN: I'm not worried about that just yet!

[External view the battlefield. Mr. Bun's tank vanishes. Several shots zing through where it was moments before. The tanks begin to circle through the barricades in a pattern designed to ring them in. After a couple of frames of the tanks stalking about, Mr. Bun's tank reappears and blasts one of the tanks. The others take aim. Mr. Bun's tank goes invisible again as they fire. The shots don't strike home, but they continue to fire. In the ensuing crossfire, two of the tanks manage to blow each other up. The tanks finally quit shooting, and the remaining three tanks form up in a line. They begin from one side of the field and begin shooting ahead of their path. The shots explode around the field, hitting the barriers and the wall of the valley. They reach one wall, and begin to swing around for another pass. Mr. Bun's tank becomes visible, hiding behind an obstacle right along the wall where they're turning. A single shot from the tank blasts; it goes straight through two of the tanks, destroying them, but hits an obstacle before getting the last one. Two more ricochet rounds from their tank fire off and ping around but don't hit. The enemy tank turns invisible and vanishes.]

[Interior of Mr. Bun's tank]

DORANNA: That's the last rebounder. We only get one piercer, and that one's gone, too. Now we're going to have to snipe him with straight shots. Keep your eyes open - he might come at us from any angle.

MR BUN: Nuts!

DORANNA: We've got to avoid being destroyed, or we'll have to replay the whole scenario!

MR BUN: What kind of--?

DORANNA: Wait! I think I know how we can draw him out...

[External view; Mr. Bun steers through the obstacles headed toward the opponent starting base. As the tank rolls forward, the opponent appears far to one side. A rebound shot narrowly misses as Mr. Bun negotiates the obstacles. Doranna returns fire in the general direction of the opponent, but misses. Their opponent turns invisible again. They maneuver behind the opponents' barricade. On the wall behind it is a black "crack" in the face.]

[Interior of the tank]

MR BUN: That must be the entrance!

DORANNA: But we've got to defeat the last tank!

MR BUN: Could we just get out and make a run for it?

DORANNA: Have you ever been run over by a tank before?

MR BUN: Nevermind.

[External view. The enemy tank appears on the opposite side of the barrier. He fires a rebound shot that hits the far wall and passes just to the side of the tank. The enemy tank then begins headed toward the wall it fired into.]

[Internal view]

DORANNA: Oh no! He's got us pinned down! If he gets close enough to the wall, he'll have the angle he needs! And I don't think we can run fast enough, even invisibly, to go the opposite way in time. He can just fill the air with shots until he hits! What do we do?

MR BUN: You're asking me?!

[External view of the enemy tank; with time lapse-like images it advances on the camera position until the black of the barrel fills the screen. A flash; the shot flies, rebounds, and...Hits the enemy tank!]

CHAN: Somebody forget about me?

[Chan's tank rolls in from fairly far down the field and circles around the enemy startpoint barricade. External of the tanks; Mr. Bun and Doranna exit their tank. Chan looks out from a panel on his own tank.]

MR BUN: GOOD shooting, Chan!

CHAN: Oh! Who's that? Have we met?

MR BUN: *Sigh*

DORANNA: Quickly! This way!

[Mr. Bun and Doranna run to the "crack." Inside, it is swollen with what looks like a giant bubble full of Times New Roman text. It isn't wide enough to allow passage.]

MR BUN: Now, what do we do?

DORANNA: Hmmmm.... [Serious look.]

[She looks up at Chan, who is still in his tank. A smile crosses her face.]

DORANNA: Chan, do you have your piercer round?

CHAN: Yeah!

DORANNA: Fire it into the chamber! The data overload is blocking the entrance!

CHAN: Right!

[The tank wheels into position. Doranna and Mr. Bun dash away. Chan fires, and the view is filled with an explosion of light and words.]

[Cut back to the real world. Ricky and Abbie are looking at the Gamiga. Ricky suddenly screams.]

RICKY: AAAHHHHHH!!!! I JUST LOST HALF OF MY NEW "SOLSTICE: WHITE CHRISTMAS" SCRIPT!!

ESTEBAN: That's what you get for using sub-standard hardware to compose literature on...

RICKY: Oh, hush up, 'Steban!

[Cut back to the battlefield. The trio walk into the crack. They pass along a dark hallway. The shot comes to pick up a stunned reaction look. The view is then of a giant techno-loaded room. In the center is a giant device (think of something like the core of the death star in "Return of the Jedi") with a spinning globe of energy centered between two machines, one the floor, one in the ceiling.]

MR BUN: Well that's mighty impressive.

CHAN: Indeed. The controls for the digiconfabulation device must be somewhere in this room. Spread out and...

[The spinning energy field slows down until there stands a giant "G" shape with a small flying panel suspended in the field (think the "Commodore Key" symbol). The energy field around the "G" suddenly glows in such a way that two "eyes" (think "Have a Nice Day" sort of smiley face) and the horizontal bar of the "G" form a giant frown. A reaction shot of the trio shows fear. The face begins to spin, but the panel remains steady. A bright blob of energy suddenly streaks out and blasts Chan, destroying him. The shot rebounds several times and flies back toward the spinning "G" It's panel swings around and deflects the shot, sending it back at the remaining two. Mr. Bun leaps aside; Doranna pulls out her triangular device and deflects the shot, sending it bouncing around. The panel moves to deflect again; the shot ricochets off a control panel as Mr. Bun takes cover behind it. It rebounds a couple of times before the panel deflects it again. The shot is redirected at Doranna, who springs away with agility. Chan reappears, the shot narrowly missing him. After a couple of ricochets the shot is rebounded by the panel. A reaction shot of Chan standing dumbfounded; then a view of the energy blast headed at him. Doranna's triangle flies into the path of the shot, deflecting it, and sails on past. The shot rebounds several times. Reactions shot of; Mr. Bun with eyes wide and eyebrows raised in fear, one of Chan cringing, one of Doranna doing an "intense Lara Croft" combat stance, one of the triangle spinning in flight. The shot rebounds twice, hits the panel, and heads straight for Doranna. The triangle completes its boomerang flight at the last moment and she deflects the shot straight into the "G", causing an explosion. The panel careens off into the wall, and the glow of energy changes. Smoke begins to pour from the machinery.]

DORANNA: Quick, Chan, find the projector control!

CHAN: I'm on it! [He dashes off]

DORANNA: Mr. Bun, are you OK?

MR BUN: [Straightening his clothes as he emerges from behind the panel] I think so. I believe I've had enough of an adventure for today.

DORANNA: [Laughing] At least you still have your wits about you! You're very brave, I'll credit you for that.

MR BUN: Thank you. I...

CHAN: Over here!!!

[Chan stands next a booth-like machine with a control panel operated from a separate podium.]

CHAN: The booth is the projection point! Get in and I'll set the controls!

[Mr. Bun quickly hops inside. Doranna comes over and stands at the controls.]

CHAN: Okay...External write device...Set! And...charging!

[He turns to Doranna.]

CHAN: Doranna, press this button when the energy meter reads 100%. After 10 seconds, it will activate and transmit. Do you understand?

DORANNA: Got it.

[The two look at each other for several moments.]

CHAN: I...I don't know what to say. You've been my constant companion for I don't know how long now. I don't really know how to say goodbye...

DORANNA: Don't worry about it. Just try to save the memory board and find another unit. I don't think that this one is going to be repairable after this.

CHAN: [Laughing] Probably not. You really did a number on it.

DORANNA: Yeah.... Now, go! Get out while you can! It's at 100% now.

[Chan walks to the booth while looking back at Doranna. She presses the button to start]

CHAN: You know, I'll probably never be able to create another program like you. Besides, where else can I spend a few quality hours gazing at a beautiful woman who can hurl a projectile device like a boomerang?

MR BUN: On TV.

[Chan stops short of the booth.]

CHAN: Oh! I didn't see you there! Hi! My name's Chan, and you are?...

DORANNA: CHAN! The transporter! Get in the transporter!

CHAN: [Looking back at her] The what?

[Doranna dives for Chan to shove him in. An explosion throws her forward with extra velocity. She ends up in the booth with both Chan and Mr. Bun]

<<<ZZZZAAAPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!>>>

[Back at the bookstore...]

RICKY: DAMNIT!! WHAT NO--

[There's a bright flash of light and Mr. Bun and Chan pick themselves up off of the floor next to Ricky. Mr. Bun is normal (relatively speaking) and Chan is now wearing bluejeans and a Van Halen "1984" tour tee-shirt.]

CHAN: Whoah! That rocked!

MR BUN: We're out! Thank goodness!

RICKY: You guys! What have you done to my....

[From a backed away view to get the shocked expressions of everyone at the table and in the background of the cafe, we see the naked back of someone standing behind Mr. Bun and Chan.]

MR BUN: Oh my...

CHAN: I guess that since you and I returned to the "real world" dressed in what we were wearing before, it only makes sense that since Doranna was never here,...

MR BUN: I follow you.

DORANNA: [facial view only] Guys, what...?

BILL: Er, miss, would you mind putting on this jacket? [Bows his head as he hands her a black overcoat]

DORANNA: Um. OK. [Takes it and puts it on.]

ESTEBAN: WELL, then... Perhaps we ought to call it a night then!

MARGE: Yup.

BILL: Guess so...

ABBIE: Uh huh.

CHAN: What year is it, by the way.

MR BUN: 1999.

CHAN: No way! Hey, you're a sci-fi fan, am I wrong? I bet that up-and-coming director-guy, James Cameron, has done the all-time biggest blockbuster of badass sci-fi film while I've been away, right?

MR BUN: Well, half of that statement.

CHAN: The sci-fi?

MR BUN: No, the blockbuster.

CHAN: Oh man!

[Everyone starts to wander out of the cafe followed by the stares of the patrons.]

CHAN: Hey, there was some band coming out of LA called "Guns 'n' Roses" that I was starting to like. They ruled! I bet they're HUGE today!

BILL: Actually, they broke up like six years ago. By fax. On MTV.

CHAN: CRAP! Well, at least John Travolta's career ended!

ESTEBAN: Get ready for another disappointment..

CHAN: Oh, man!.....

[END]