

Suspicion of Disbelief

By

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FADE IN

INT. SUIT 1'S OFFICE - DAY

SUIT 1 is Senior Executive Vice President of a production company on the lot. He hits the intercom.

SUIT 1  
Barbie, hold all my calls.

Suit 1 shuts off the monitor he was watching, leans back in his chair and stares up at the ceiling. He stares at it and stares at it as if he's looking for something. After a moment his eyes start to flutter - as if he's inadvertently hypnotizing himself. A few seconds later and he's out cold.

FADE OUT

ROLL CREDITS

END CREDITS

FADE IN

INT. BAR - NIGHT

DIANE (30) sits at the bar sipping a drink.

DIANE (V.O.)  
Men. They're like dogs. Always pissing on trees, marking their territory. "I fucked her, and I fucked her, and I even fucked her." It's pathetic - isn't it? How could they be so superficial? Just once, just once I want a man to fall into my arms weeping and say, "love me, just love me" or "please, I need some real affection." Show some fucking vulnerability. Just once. Instead all I get is that macho bullshit, "hey baby, let me stick my thing in you!" What the fuck is that about?

I mean, I've had your thing in me - I've had all your things in me - and look where it got me: sitting alone sipping a

cosmopolitan at the local bar.

Enter Ryan (30).

RYAN

Hey baby, let me stick my thing in you.

DIANE

Excuse me?

RYAN

I said, "Is anyone sitting there?"

DIANE

I thought you said... Forget it. Have you had your eyes checked lately?

RYAN

No, why?

DIANE

Because unless you're blind you can see that nobody is sitting there.

RYAN

You take some kinda course on how to make friends and influence people or are you naturally amiable?

DIANE

It's Pavlovian.

RYAN

Well, it's a dog-eat-dog world.

Ryan sits and signals the bartender.

RYAN

(continuing)

What are you drinking?

DIANE

Cosmopolitan.

RYAN

How cosmopolitan.

(to bartender)

One Cosmo and one Makers Mark on the rocks, minimum rocks.

(to Diane)

So what do you do?

DIANE

As little as possible. I'm an overachiever. You?

RYAN

I'm self unemployed. I have authority issues.

DIANE

Take a number.

Ryan and Diane continue to chat but we can only hear Diane's running commentary.

DIANE (V.O.)

About five years ago I got fed up with all the bullshit of dating so I decided to make a game out of it. Y'see, between someone setting eyes on you and actual fornication there's room for a wide profit margin. That's not to mean that I'm a prostitute, I just think it's fun to calculate how much a man is willing to spend in order to sleep with a woman. So far I've had guys spend \$4,325, \$386, \$1,284, \$58 - he was gorgeous - and \$265. Some of them became boyfriends and some of them didn't. My point is is that love, romantic love, is a fiction. We've been betrayed by the romance of the movies to believe in a type of love that only leads to trouble. I mean, when was the last time you saw Meg Ryan comb the vomit out of Tom Hanks' hair while she sits on the toilet having diarrhea? Never. Because they're not real people. They're this fairy tale version of romance and passion.

I'm telling you, if you've got a 9 to 5 which in most major cities is really a 9 to 9, then you don't have much time for romance or passion. But because of what we've been taught, we're ruled by our passions, our desires. Thus, frustration.

(beat)

I mean, we do alot of really stupid things looking for "love" or what we think is love - and it's really not more than lust. I'm not being negative; I'm being

realistic. Just look at how many couples meet in a bar, go back to his cave, fuck like dogs, then he calls his mom and his pack hounds and tells them that he met the girl of his dreams, then three months later the girl gets her three pairs of panties sent back to her in a Federal Express package with a note saying "I don't think this is going to work out." I mean, isn't that what happens ninety-nine percent of the time?

Diane scribbles her number on a napkin and gives it to Ryan.

RYAN

OK, I'll call you.

DIANE (V.O.)

Forty eight hours, that's when he'll call.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Super:

47 1/2 hours later

Ryan has the phone to his ear.

RYAN

Diane? Ryan. We met at the bar a few days ago...

How have you been? Great. Hardly working. No, I'm like most movie characters, I have no discernible means of income. I was thinking... what are you doing later?

Ryan punches the keypad of the cell phone that he's holding in his free hand. The "incoming call" beep interrupts his conversation with Diane.

RYAN

(continuing)

Could you hold on a minute, please?

Ryan clicks over, counts to 10 on his fingers and then clicks back.

RYAN

(continuing)

Diane, I'm sorry. I have to take this. Two minutes, I promise. I'll call you back in two minutes. Or you can hold? OK, I'll call you right back.

Ryan hangs up and runs out of the room. We stay on the empty living room. Ryan runs back in and goes through a stack of mail. He finds a Victoria's Secret catalogue, takes it, and runs out of the room.

OFF we hear a belt being undone, a zipper being undone, the bop bop bop bop bop of a hand on flesh and voila... a muffled grunt. Ryan has successfully masturbated.

He runs back into the living room, picks up the phone and hits re-dial. He zips up his fly as he sits down and catches his breath.

RYAN

(continuing)

Diane, sorry about that. So what were we saying?

Ryan listens to Diane while we listen to him.

RYAN (V.O.)

So that's my trick, my little test, in order to figure out whether I really want to spend time with a girl or whether I just want to fuck her. As soon as we make a tentative, I crank myself before we make it a definite. When I call back, if I still want to see her then I know there's the possibility of a real relationship and it's not just Mister Head trying to ruin my life again. I mean, there's nothing worse than waking up with some beautiful woman who doesn't have one single living brain cell in her head. You can only fuck for so long. And then you have to talk. It's good to know that they know how to fuck; but it's also good to know that they know how to talk.

We go back to his phone conversation. He's apparently laughing at a joke she made.

RYAN

Sure, 8:00. I'll see you there.

He hangs up.

JIMMY (33) enters Ryan's apartment without knocking and there's canned laughter which dies out when the door shuts. Jimmy is Ryan's Kramer. Jimmy looks queerly at Ryan.

JIMMY

Did you hear that?

RYAN

What?

Jimmy reopens the door and reenters. This time there's silence.

JIMMY

Nothing, forget it. How are you?

RYAN

Fantastic. I've got a date with a beautiful woman.

JIMMY

What's that?

RYAN

It's like a girl, but older.

JIMMY

No, I mean a "date".

RYAN

That's when she eats for free and then tells you about her issues, why she can't be with you right now, why she's not "emotionally available" right now.

JIMMY

Sounds great. Did you do the jerk-off test?

Ryan shrugs his shoulders.

JIMMY

(continuing)

You know, when you tell her you'll call her back in a moment and then you go and...

(he makes the universal hand motion)

That way you know if you really want to spend time with her or if you just want to blow your wad.

RYAN

No, I'm the one percent. The one

percent who doesn't...

He makes the hand motion.

JIMMY

Yeah. Aren't we all.

RYAN

How about you, any dates recently?

JIMMY

I think I'm dating a schoolteacher.

RYAN

You think?

JIMMY

Well, I fucked her. Is that like dating?

RYAN

I'd say the jury's still out. Did you fuck her twice?

JIMMY

You mean like twice in the same night or twice like on separate days?

RYAN

Do you always answer a question with a question?

JIMMY

What do you mean?

RYAN

Forget it. Separate days.

JIMMY

Then no.

RYAN

I'm not sure you're dating, technically speaking.

JIMMY

Too bad. Anyway, listen: I came here to talk to you about something serious. I know this is going to sound crazy but...

Jimmy stops himself.

RYAN

Go ahead, what is it?



JIMMY

I know you're going to think this is crazy but... can you read my thoughts?

RYAN

Even if I could I wouldn't want to. Why?

JIMMY

I think that I'm unintentionally projecting my thoughts, doing this thing like a voice-over in a movie when the writer can't think of another way to get information to the audience. Are you sure that you can't read my thoughts?

RYAN

I don't know. Let me try.

Ryan concentrates for a moment.

RYAN

(continuing)

I think that you truly believe that people can read your mind and that you're afraid they're going to find out that you're a paranoid dysfunctional asshole, not to mention a mentally afflicted delusional schizophrenic with serious issues regarding your awkward and inherently malevolent sexuality.

JIMMY

C'mon, be serious.

RYAN

Then no, I can't read your thoughts any more than you can read mine.

Ryan just stands there looking at Jimmy.

RYAN (V.O.)

... you fucking asshole. Now get out of my apartment. You're such a killjoy. I told you, I got a date with this hottie that I gotta get ready for.

JIMMY

OK, I'll go in a minute but I've had like ten people today tell me what I was thinking. But really

precise. Not just guessing. They knew. They really knew exactly what I was thinking.

(beat)

Like I was sitting in a meeting today and my boss said, "OK, let's take a break. Jimmy has to go pee." And I had been holding it in for about an hour. Pretty freaky - eh?

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A COUPLE starts talking about the movie. They're the 90s version of Edith and Archie Bunker. Burly BUTCH sits in the row behind them.

EDITH

I knew it. I always told you that that was possible, reading minds.

ARCHIE

OK, go ahead: so what am I thinking?

Butch pipes in.

BUTCH

You think you married a dumb bitch who won't shut her pie-hole for ten seconds so that you can enjoy the goddamn movie.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

A screenwriting PROFESSOR lectures his jam-packed class.

Super:

SCREENWRITING 5064

PROFESSOR

The first thing to realize is that films are not like real life. Most people avoid confrontation. But in film, people seek it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Archie turns around.

ARCHIE  
What did you say, fudgepacker?

BUTCH  
You heard me, asshole.

Archie jumps over the seat and attacks Butch.

The theme MUSIC from Batman plays and on the screen huge animated cartoons flash with each punch.

KABAM! WOW! HOLY MOLY! POW! OUCH!

CUT TO:

INT. SUIT 1'S OFFICE - DAY

Suit 1 is out cold when SUIT 2 enters.

SUIT 2  
Chop chop, staff meeting.

Suit 1 wakes.

SUIT 1  
Mister Green's going to be there?

SUIT 2  
No, he's on set for the day. It's just us.

SUIT 1  
Outstanding.

They start to exit.

SUIT 1  
(continuing)  
Get lucky last night?

SUIT 2  
Last night I was extremely lucky:  
last night I used a paper towel so  
I didn't get another stain on my  
couch when I rubbed one off.

SUIT 1  
That's not luck, that's just  
planning ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

Another thing to mention right off the bat - in order to remedy any delusions you may be suffering from - is the following: Feet and Farts.

(beat)

Screenplays are like feet and farts. Everybody likes their own but thinks that everyone else's stinks.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 enter joining Suit 3 and a few other JUNIOR CREATIVE EXECUTIVES and READERS.

SUIT 1

I was just watching dailies and this is ridiculous. Nobody will believe a fight breaking out in a theater and the characters on the screen talking to the audience.

Suit 2 looks dead into the camera.

SUIT 2

I think that's called "breaking the fourth wall" or something.

SUIT 3

Punched him upside the head.

SUIT 2

It worked in "Radio Days".

SUIT 3

What's that?

SUIT 2

It's a film by Woody Allen that you study in film school, but that's not important now.

SUIT 1

Well, nobody's gonna buy it. And what happened to the goddamn love story? We're on like page 20 and it doesn't even look like he's gonna fuck her.

SUIT 3

Yeah, there's no "Suspicion of Disbelief."

Subtitle:

Suspension of Disbelief

Suit 1 looks at Suit 2 in disbelief.

SUIT 1

Call Rodney and tell him and we're gonna have to make some essential changes.

Suit 2 picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

RODNEY (60), the director, picks up the phone.

RODNEY (to Engineer)

Must be the suits.

(disingenuously, into phone)

Boys, how's it going? Uh-huh. Uh-huh. I'll get right on it.

(he hangs up)

Fuckers.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The PROFESSOR continues.

PROFESSOR

The second thing to realize about film is that it follows certain conventions - formulas - that for better or for worse have been ingrained in our subconsciouses. And it's the same for the suits: they're looking for screenplays that are "Uniquely Familiar" and the characters have to "leap off the page." By page 10 we pretty much have to know who the protagonists and antagonists are. And if it's a love story we know that at some point in time our protagonists are going to fuck. Usually at the end. If it's a thriller than we know that our protagonist is going to fuck the antagonist - like Fatal Attraction or Basic Instinct. Usually at the beginning. If it's a comedy then we know that our protagonists are

going to fuck but it's going to be a disaster. Usually in the middle. If it's Film Noir then the detective gets to bone the femme fatale. Usually sometime after the movie ends. If it's a tragedy then right after they finally fuck one of them dies. Usually violently. And if it's a foreign film then most likely some incredibly sexy young woman is going to get fucked. Usually in the butt.

STUDENT

What about war movies?

PROFESSOR

Did I say it was time for questions yet?

STUDENT

Why is it that you always answer our questions with questions?

PROFESSOR

What do you mean?

CUT TO:

INT. SET OF THE NEWLYWED GAME - DAY

BOB BARKER questions the newlyweds.

BOB BARKER

OK Sam, what did your wife say was the craziest place you two have ever made whoopie?

SAM

In the butt, Bob. Debinilly in the butt.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ryan sits at the bar. Diane enters and sits down next to Ryan.

RYAN

Here alone?

DIANE

You mean aside from my invisible friend, loopy?

RYAN

Oh, I didn't see her.

DIANE

How could you? She's invisible.

RODNEY (V.O.)

Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait  
a minute! Let's try another take.

The film then goes into reverse until it stops dead on the first image of the scene, but this time it's Diane at the bar, Ryan entering.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Rodney directs MIKE and CASS who play Ryan and Diane and are currently looping their respective voice offs. They watch themselves on the screen.

A.D. (V.O.)

Take 53.

The red phone rings again and the Engineer picks it up then hands it to Rodney who pushes it away.

RODNEY

Tell them I'm busy. Working.  
(to the actors)  
How do two people meet anyways?  
We have to make it more "organic."  
(to the first AD)  
What do you think we should do?

A.D.

Are you married to the idea of her  
V.O.?

RODNEY

Why do you always answer a  
question with a question?

A.D.

Are you sure that I do that?

Rodney can't believe that the AD just answered that question with a question.

RODNEY

You're fired.

The AD takes off his headgear walkie-talkie and exits the booth with one of the reels of film. Rodney follows him and pounces on him. They roll around on the ground fighting for a moment and then Rodney gets the upper hand.

INSERT NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC FOOTAGE OF TWO GORILLA'S SQUARING OFF AND FIGHTING.

MARLON PERKINS (V.O.)

The Alpha Male tries to protect his territory from the onslaught of one of the beta males.

Back in the studio, the AD gives up.

RODNEY

Listen, we all know how you feel, we've all worked hard on this goddamn picture. I can let you break something, but I can't let you leave with this reel. So I want you to take a deep breath and be civilized. We're not animals, we're not beasts.

We're human beings. If you need to display some antisocial behavior then I beg you: please break something, but whatever you do, don't try to walk off with my picture.

The AD thinks for a beat then nods OK. We PAN AROUND to see MIKE and CASS, the actors playing Ryan and Diane, standing on a looping platform. They curiously watch Rodney and AD.

MIKE

Your agent get you scale plus ten for this?

CASS

Well, Rodney and I go way back, so I'm just doing this as a favor.

MIKE

Oh.

Rodney lets him up and they start looking around for something to break. Rodney picks up a music stand.

A.D.

I was looking for something a little bigger.

The AD finds a lamp.

A.D.

(continuing)

Looks expensive.

RODNEY



Go for it. You deserve it.

INSERT NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SCENE OF THE ALPHA GORILLA WINNING THE SCUFFLE AND THE BETA GORILLA SCURRYING OFF.

The AD picks up a huge glass lamp and smashes it to the ground. He smiles and then an alarm goes off and he runs out. Two SECURITY GUARDS runs after him.

Mike and Cass look on.

RODNEY

(continuing)

Roll those improv takes we did after lunch.

ON SCREEN

Diane sits at the bar as Ryan enters and approaches her. He acts drunk.

RYAN

Listen, let's just get one thing outta the way: I'm fucking great looking - right? I mean, besides being smart, charming, ecetera, I'm fucking great looking.

Diane looks at him in disbelief.

RYAN

(continuing)

But you're so far out of my league that I wouldn't even dream of hitting on you. Y'know why? Because I would be embarrassed for you if I saw you walking down the street with someone who looked like me. That's how beautiful you are.

(beat)

And I'm fucking great looking.

DIANE

Why don't you send me a postcard from your parallel universe letting me know when you're due back in town? I've never heard anything so nonsensical in my whole life.

RYAN

But it's romantic and I daresay somewhat "organic" even.

RODNEY (V.O.)

Cut!

A.D. (V.O.)

Take 54.

Diane sits at the bar as Ryan enters stone cold sober and approaches her.

RYAN

All revved up and no place to go?

DIANE

Why don't you suck the shit out of my ass, loser-scumbag? Can't you come up with a better line than that?

RYAN

Is that a nice thing to say? Do nice people talk like that, you dumb bitch?

She turns to smack him.

RODNEY (V.O.)

Cut. You two work out your motherfucking pent-up motherfucking frustrations off my set, please.

INSERT OF CASS AND MIKE ON LOOPING STAGE EMBARRASSED

A.D. (V.O.)

Take 55.

The scene starts fresh and Ryan enters and approaches Diane. He looks like he's about to say something but then he just looks to Rodney just left of the camera and speaks.

RYAN

Rodney, listen, I'm sorry, I'm burnt, I just have no idea what to say...

RODNEY (V.O.)

Tell her you love her, tell her she's the woman of your dreams, tell her you've been waiting all your life to meet her. Tell her anything you want, but do it now: Time is Money!

Ryan takes a deep breath and exits. Rodney comes out from behind the camera and runs over to Diane and whispers something. Rodney ducks back behind the camera.

Ryan enters disheveled, playing a whole new character. He slowly looks up and doubletakes when he sees Diane at the

bar. OFF we hear the magic of bells signalling that he's laying eyes on his soulmate for the first time. The violins rise. He takes a picture out of his pocket and holds it up to compare with Diane.

RYAN

Oh my god, it's you. I went to a psychic yesterday and she told me that I'd meet my wife today at the bar at Joe's. And she even gave me this picture of you.

Diane hauls off and smacks him as hard as she can. Ryan falls down.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor reiterates.

PROFESSOR

The basis for all contemporary film is conflict. Conflict. When people get along too easily it's boring. And the other thing is that you need some good sex or violence within the first ten pages or your Attention Deficit Disorder MTV generation core audience is going to start bouncing through the multiplex like ping-pong balls on crack cocaine.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The AD helps Ryan up.

RYAN

What did you do that for?

DIANE

Rodney told me to. He said he wanted to put the fear of God in you.

RYAN

Rodney? God?

RODNEY (V.O.)

OK everybody, that's a wrap.

The actors don't know how to respond.

RYAN (aside)  
Jesus, I'm not getting paid enough  
for this.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Suits watch the dailies of Diane and Ryan.

SUIT 1  
I can't watch this shit.

Suit 3 picks-up a headshot.

SUIT 3  
Hey, I think she would look good  
as Diane.

SUIT 2  
I think she would look good in my  
jacuzzi.

SUIT 1  
Personally I think she would look  
good duct-taped over the corner of  
my sofa with my cock in her ass.

Suit 2 and Suit 3 can't believe the level of vulgarity Suit  
1 has sunken to.

SUIT 3  
Has anyone ever told you that you  
may have issues?

SUIT 1  
Has anyone ever told you to shut  
the fuck up?

SUIT 2  
C'mon guys, let's get back to work.

He picks up another headshot.

SUIT 2  
(continuing)  
Y'see her? Her tits are so big  
she needs a crane just to get out  
of bed in the morning.

Suit 3 points to her cleavage.

SUIT 3  
You fall in there and you end up  
on a carton of milk. They're  
absolute monsters. But she's a  
little fuzzy.

SUIT 1

Fuzzy?

SUIT 3

Yeah, fuzzy. She's got a lotta  
fuzz, peach fuzz.

SUIT 1

Where?

SUIT 3

On her face - where else?

SUIT 1

You don't know what you're talking  
about.

SUIT 3

I was like this close to her at a  
party in hills last week. She's  
like Wolfman Jack. She's got a  
fucking beard, for godssakes.

SUIT 1

Well, before she got that pilot,  
she'll fellated me in my office,  
and I didn't feel no fucking beard.

SUIT 3

She filleted you? Didn't it hurt?

SUIT 1

No, you illiterate igit, she  
"fellated me". Blew me.

SUIT 2

Get out.

SUIT 1

I swear.

SUPER:

YES, MEN REALLY TALK LIKE THIS

AT WORK

90% OF THE TIME

Really

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The Couple watches the Suits fight. Archie pats his bloody

lip with a napkin.

WOMAN

I don't get it. What happened to  
the guy and the girl?

Butch pipes in again.

BUTCH

Hey, tell the bleeding cuntfart to  
shut the fuck up. I'm trying to  
watch the movie.

ARCHIE

You want some more?

BUTCH

I want some more of your mother's  
sweet ass, that's what I want.

Archie leaps over the seat again and starts to pummel Butch.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

And always remember, film is a  
visual medium. Scenes must be  
visually stimulating. It's not  
just about witty dialogue.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Diane and Ryan try it again.

A.D.

Take 79.

Ryan gets into character and reenters the bar.

DIANE

I can tell you're the type of guy  
who's upfront, wears his heart on  
his sleeve.

INSERT SHOT OF A BLOODY BEATING HEART ON RYAN'S SLEEVE

DIANE

(continuing)

Isn't afraid to put his cards on  
the table.

Diane plucks some cards from Ryan's coat pocket and lays the top five out: Royal Flush. She fans through the cards.

DIANE

(continuing)

However, it's also clear that you're not playing with a full deck. And sometimes you're a little rash.

INSERT OF RYAN'S FACE COVERED WITH A GRUESOME RED RASH

Ryan takes a little plastic GI Joe shovel out of his pocket and places it on the table.

RYAN

Listen, let's just call a spade a shovel: I think you're talking out of your ass.

Both of them look at the camera for a beat.

DIANE

I wouldn't go there if I were you.

RYAN

Well, I heard your voice-overs before and you do not think like a real person.

DIANE

I think a character like you is bent on raising the bar on insipid dialogue.

Jimmy staggers into the bar clutching his bloody stomach.

JIMMY

I've been shot.

He falls into Ryan's lap.

DIANE

Omigod, do you know him?

RYAN

Tonto.

JIMMY

The blood is warm, but my body is cold. I've seen so many people get shot in the movies but I never thought that it would feel this way. I can't stop the blood and it feels like there's a red hot poker in my stomach.

He takes his hand off his stomach for a second and blood spurts high in the air.

He looks again and sees a RED HOT POKER in Jimmy's stomach. He removes it and throws it to the side.

JIMMY

(continuing)

Y'see? It's crazy. I'm gonna die in the middle of this bar. On a weeknight. On page 27. I'm not even a fully developed character yet. No arc. And none of the other customers even notice. How come I can't hear the sirens in the distance? Don't any of the fucking Extras have cell phones? This is pathetic...

DIANE

Jimmy, don't go yet. Who shot you?

Jimmy expires.

RYAN

Is he completely dead yet?

DIANE

Uh-huh. And we're going to have to figure out who killed him. I know it's a change in genre but it should distract us from the fact that we have little in common and not much to say to each other.

RYAN

That's a good idea. Where do ordinary people start when solving their best friend's murder?

DIANE

Did he have a girlfriend?

RYAN

He fucked a schoolteacher twice last week - do you consider that a girlfriend?

DIANE

Do you mean twice in one night or twice on separate occasions?

RYAN

Separate occasions.

DIANE

I dunno, that's still a little



dicey. I fucked alot of guys  
twice who I didn't want anything  
to do with.

RYAN

Is that not more information than  
I needed to know? I mean, we just  
met, for godssakes.

DIANE

I mean before I went into the  
convent where I've been locked up  
for fifteen years.

RYAN

Oh.

DIANE

Let's go to the usual least likely  
suspects: his family.

RYAN

Good idea. His mom works in a  
strip bar down the street. We'll  
start there.

DIANE

Good idea.

Sirens in the distance. They start to exit the bar.

BARTENDER

Hey, the drinks?

RYAN

Put it on our tab.

BARTENDER

You don't have a tab, asshole.

But Ryan and Diane are out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

You have to recognize the distance  
between art and life. In real  
life, nobody would speak so  
stupidly and overtly as they do in  
the movies.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Another JUNIOR EXEC enters.

EXEC

So what are you guys working on?

SUIT 2

Nothing.

SUIT 3

Nothing.

SUIT 1

Nothing.

EXEC

Well, I just got a set of pilfered  
gallies from Random House - the  
agent said he wouldn't release it  
until next month. Mister Green  
told me to talk to you guys about  
it. Does anyone have time to read  
it?

Suit 1 takes it from the Exec and thumbs through it.

SUIT 1

It's like 400 pages. Have  
coverage done on it.

EXEC

OK, good idea.

SUIT 3

You saw Green again?

SUIT 2

What - did you have breakfast  
again with him, you kiss-ass?

EXEC

Is that a nice thing to say? Do  
nice people talk like that?

SUIT 2

Fuck nice. I just don't want to  
drive onto the lot one day and see  
your name on my parking spot.

EXEC

Then you'd better make Rodney's  
film work. The word around town  
is that it's a flop.

SUIT 1

Stop telling us how to do our jobs  
and get the fuck outta here.

Exec exits.

SUIT 2

Jesus, what are we going to do  
about that film?

In the corner is a PA, GOTTFRIED, (22) sweeping up papers  
from some tattered screenplays.

SUIT 1

Hey you, over there.

Gottfried looks up.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

What's in the trunk of your car?

GOTTFRIED

Sorry, what did you say, sir?

SUIT 1

Cut the sir shit: the only people  
who call me sir are the IRS and  
bums. I asked you what's in the  
trunk of your car.

GOTTFRIED

You mean like a spare tire?

SUIT 1 (to Suits)

Why does everyone always answer my  
questions with a question?

SUIT 3

Do you think it's because he's  
unsure of himself?

Suit 1 looks at Suit 3 lividly - he can't believe that he  
answered his question with a question.

SUIT 1 (to PA)

No, I mean, like a screenplay or  
a reel. Which one do you have?

GOTTFRIED

Both. The short was my senior  
project at film school and the  
screenplay was my thesis for  
graduate school.

SUIT 1

Good. Go get me the reel.

Gottfried runs out.

SUIT 2

How did you know he had it in his

car?

SUIT 1

Why else would he be sweeping  
floors if he didn't want to make  
a movie?

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues to lecture.

PROFESSOR

And just as another aside, I'll  
mention that the whole industry  
today is run by Suits who don't  
have creative bones in their  
bodies. A bunch of tight-assed  
Wharton School of Business  
graduates who wouldn't know a  
first-rate screenplay if it came  
up and bit them on the ass. The  
last script I consulted on was for  
a world class director whose name  
I won't drop and I think that I  
contributed one of the greatest  
and most organic meetings of  
soulmates in the history of cinema.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ryan paces on the set talking to himself.

RYAN

Organic. Organic. Have to make  
it organic...

RODNEY (V.O.)

OK, let's try it again.

Ryan goes out the set door and the First AD comes on to slate  
the scene.

A.D.

Scene 1, take 137.

SOUNDMAN (V.O.)

Sound.

CINEMATOGRAPHER (V.O.)

Speed.

RODNEY (V.O.)

Roll 'em.

Ryan enters and looks around. He sees Diane and goes over to her.

RYAN

Do you mind if I sit here?

DIANE

At your own risk.

He sits.

RYAN

Why's that?

DIANE

I'm damaged goods.

RYAN

Take a number, sister.

DIANE

Listen, you patronizing bastard, my father raped me when I was 11, my brother raped me when I was 3, my cousin raped me when I was 8, my grandfather raped me when I was 25, then my father raped me again, my mother emotionally raped me I forget when, I tried to kill myself 4 times, once with a gun but it jammed, I was in a car accident and my husband and baby were sliced to pieces in front of my eyes, my dog got run over yesterday, I just got fired from my job today, I've got syphilis, herpes, AIDS, gonorrhea, and chlamydia and I'm pregnant with a full litter of mentally retarded crack addict babies. So I'm not in the mood for your trite pick-up lines. I'm not "emotionally available" right now.

BEAT

RYAN

A birthday present.

DIANE

What?

RYAN

Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Your life is a birthday present compared to mine. My mother is a

travel agent for Guilt Trips. I'm  
loaded for bear with issues.

DIANE

I think you're either stone deaf  
or you have an adverse  
relationship with reality.

RYAN

Well at least I'm not a walking  
freak show.

RODNEY (V.O.)

Cut.

JUMP CUT to Ryan re-entering and the First AD comes on to  
slate the scene.

A.D.

Scene 1, take 138.

SOUNDMAN (V.O.)

Sound.

CINEMATOGRAPHER (V.O.)

Speed.

RODNEY (V.O.)

Roll 'em.

Ryan enters and looks around. He sees Diane and goes over to  
her.

RYAN

You remind me of a girl I date  
raped once.

Ryan waits for a response but Diane is certainly deaf or  
playing deaf. Suddenly her head drops onto the bar (into her  
soup?)

RODNEY (V.O.)

Cut.

Ryan breaks character and shakes his head in disbelief.

INSERT ANIMATION

A one minute animated short film. A stick figure walks  
through a forest. He stops and watches a large dead tree  
waver. He stands and watches it crash to the ground.

BABOOM!!!!

He walks some more and there's another large dead tree  
wavering.

This time, before it falls the stick figure runs to the edge of the frame (off camera). The tree crashes to the ground.

SILENCE.

The stick figure peeks his head around the frame and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Suits finish watching the short while Gottfried stands and waits for their comments.

SUIT 2

This is what they teach you in film school?

GOTTFRIED

Well, it's like a big philosophical question. Quantum physics and shit. If nobody is there to observe whatever happens like a tree falling, does it still make a noise?

SUIT 2

Fascinating.

GOTTFRIED

It's about the nature of reality.

SUIT 3

What's the nature of reality got to do with anything, smartypants?

SUIT 1

I get it. You can finish sweeping up now.

GOTTFRIED

Wait, that was just for animation class, I shouldn't have even put it on the reel. The live action stuff is coming up.

INSERT GOTTFRIED'S STUDENT SHORT FILM

On the screen Gottfried is violently riding a twelve year old girl from behind. She's in her underwear, gagged, and her hands are handcuffed behind her. Gottfried is pulling so hard on her backwards arms that it looks like he's going to snap them off.

GOTTFRIED (on screen)

Do you like that? Do you like that, bitch?

The camera movement and cutting is really hi-tech - it's grainy and gritty, extremely erotic.

The SUITS can't believe their eyes. It's like Basic Instinct times a million.

SUIT 1

Jesus.

SUIT 2

Amazing.

SUIT 3

Fucking amazing, kid. Who's the girl?

GOTTFRIED

Oh, that's my sister. She's really 15 but has the body of a nine year old. She wants to be an actress.

The Suits nod their heads in agreement.

SUIT 1

Listen, we have this project that has gone slightly off course that we'd like to talk to you about. You're going to need to tone down the incestuous pedophile rape stuff but I think that you're just the guy we've been looking for to spice up this picture.

Gottfried tries to control his happiness and enthusiasm.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

I mean, why do we go to the flickers anyway?

I think that it's because we constantly seek to validate our own mundane existences and make sure that we have no right to complain because there are actually people out there worse off than us. It's the same reason that there's always a war or two on TV. We're voyeurs. We like to peer into other people's lives to



make sure that there are other  
people out there who are actually  
more fucked up than we are.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy lies on the couch talking to his SHRINK.

JIMMY

... And I slept with a  
schoolteacher a few times last  
week.

SHRINK

What do you mean by a few?

JIMMY

Twice.

SHRINK

Well, a few is three or more.  
Twice is just a couple.

JIMMY

OK, I slept with a schoolteacher  
twice last week.

SHRINK

Twice as in twice in one night or  
on two separate occasions?

JIMMY

Separate occasions.

SHRINK

And how did that make you feel?

JIMMY

Lemme finish the motherfucking  
story and then you can ask me how  
it makes me feel, doc.

SHRINK

Continue.

JIMMY

And the second time I nailed her  
I couldn't come so I started  
fantasizing.

SHRINK

Uh-huh.

JIMMY

Mostly about women I had seen in

the movies.

SHRINK

Uh-huh.

JIMMY

And then - you know my mom was an actress - and...

SHRINK

Uh-huh?

JIMMY

I had to imagine fucking my mom in order to come. Do you think that's fucked up?

SHRINK

I think that's fairly "fucked up", Jimmy. Maybe if you didn't go around sticking your little spaghettini in every ugly skank who spread her legs you could have a healthy sexual life.

JIMMY

Is that a nice thing to say, is that something someone nice would say?

SHRINK

I don't have to be nice. I'm not three dimensional.

The Shrink stands up and turns sideways and we can't see him (CGI). Then he turns back and sits down.

JIMMY

Oh, but anyway, that's not the worst part. Fucking my mother didn't work either, it didn't make me come.

SHRINK

Uh-huh...

JIMMY

So I had to imagine fucking your mother. Then I came. And I've fucked alot of chicks and it was probably the best orgasm of my whole fucking life.

(beat)

Now you can ask me how that makes me feel.

The Shrink jumps up off the couch and pummels Jimmy.

SHRINK

I don't give a shit how it makes  
you feel, asshole!

INSERT SHOT OF WWF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING

VINCE MCMANN (V.O.)

Omigod, the Exterminator has just  
headbutted Giant Baby Eater!

Jimmy headbutts the Shrink then stands on the couch and  
raises his arms to the imaginary crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues.

PROFESSOR

OK, enough about voyeurism and  
conflict. Let's use a  
hypothetical situation to examine  
the distance between art and life.  
Let's say - purely  
hypothetically - that a woman's  
purse fell out of my pocket.

He pulls a purse out of his pocket and lets it drop to the  
floor.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

And I tell you that I found it in  
the men's room just outside and  
that I was going to turn it into  
lost and found. You immediately  
notice that there's blood on it.

He holds it up and there's blood on it.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

You also notice that Anne, the  
hottest babe in the class who I  
flirt with continuously, is  
conspicuously absent.

The Students look around the room and all focus on an empty  
seat in the first row.

Eyrie music rises.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

So you question me: "Wait a minute

Professor Wallace, you said Men's Room. How could you find a woman's purse in the Men's Room?" And I stammer and say, "Ah... beats me. It was just there." So one of you gets up and goes to check the Men's Room.

JASON in the back stands up.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

And I say, "Sit yo ass down, homey, you is not excused."

The Professor brandishes a huge Rambo hunting knife. He holds the knife by the tip and in a flash flings it past Jason's head and it sticks in the door. Jason takes his seat.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

But would that ever happen in real life?

CUT TO:

INT. CATERING - DAY

Mike and Cass take a break at the catering table while the lights are being reset.

MIKE

What did you think of the last take?

CASS

It's getting better. I haven't been dating recently so I don't really know how people meet anymore.

MIKE

Seeing somebody?

CASS

No, just tired, bored.

MIKE

It's funny, because if you go to college in the States the only two things you really learn are how to drink and fuck. And normally you only learn about the latter thanks to the former. And then you get out in the real world and think you know everything and the only thing you know is how to drink and

fuck. And sometimes that helps you get a job and sometimes it doesn't. Then you have a bunch of relationships in your twenties and all of them go awry and you wonder, "How could all my relationships end so badly. I mean, I know how to drink, I know how to fuck. Is there something more to relationships that I'm missing?" And then you wake up and you're thirty five, sitting in front of your television depressed because all of your friends are married.

(beat)

But then you talk to your buddies privately and they say, "What I wouldn't do to have your life, to be able to sit in front of the television set without the wife or the kid yapping. Or go out and drink and fuck like we use to do in the old days. What a supreme pleasure that would be." So you think to yourself for a moment, "Maybe life isn't so bad after all." And your buddy, when his wife is serving him dinner one night says to himself, "Maybe this isn't so bad after all." And then both of you shake your head and say, "No, it sucks. I thought my life was going to turn out differently, I thought I was going to win the American dream, be a rock star, have everything, do everything. And now I'm just Joe Six-pack sitting in front of a box eating dinner."

Cass plays the tiniest violin in the world.

MIKE

(continuing)

You're very compassionate. You'll make a really great mother.

CASS

No, y'know what it is, y'know whose fault it is? It's the movies, that's why we can't have normal relationships, that's why we can't be happy. Because life doesn't fit into this neat little formulaic package where you have

a soulmate drop from the sky and return the wallet you lost last week and you ride into the sunset and live happily ever after.

What happens in real life is that the guy finds your wallet, takes your money, then notices on your driver's licence that you're kinda pretty so he stalks you for a few weeks before jamming a 12-gauge shotgun into your pussy and pulling the trigger.

Mike is repulsed by the image.

MIKE

You must lead a very active imaginary life.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

A documentary film CREW - DIRECTOR, DP, AND SOUND, interview an American Indian.

DIRECTOR

What kinda name is "Egregious" anyway?

INDIAN

It means, "He who runs with scissors."

The Director thinks for a beat.

DIRECTOR

You ain't no fucking Injun.

INDIAN

And you ain't no fucking director, Cowboy.

The Director pounces on the Indian and they roll around on the ground. The Indian pulls a bowie knife out of a sheath strapped to his leg and is about to plunge the knife into the Director's back.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Suit 1 enters the conference room with the Professor.

SUIT 1

Lads, this is Professor Wallace,

the fix-it man. I'm certain that  
he can make this scene work.

They sit. Suit 2 and Suit 3 exchange looks.

PROFESSOR

Good to meet you.

SUIT 1

He's the one that taught me that  
the basis for all contemporary  
film is conflict.

PROFESSOR

Yes, conflict. So let's see the  
dailies.

SUIT 1 (to projectionist)

Roll dailies.

The lights dim and Ryan and Diane's scene comes up.

ON SCREEN

Diane sits at the bar and Ryan enters.

RYAN

Do you mind if I join you?

DIANE

Why is it that whenever a woman  
sits alone at a bar men think that  
they automatically have the right  
to approach her?

RYAN

Well, I wouldn't make a  
generalization like that: if you  
were an ugly skank then I wouldn't  
even give you the time of day.

DIANE

Thank you. That's very comforting.

RYAN

Why don't you just wear a sign  
that says "Rugmuncher" if you  
don't want to talk to men?

Back in the conference room the Professor speaks up. The  
sound lowers on Ryan and Diane's scene.

PROFESSOR

Right off the bat I think that she  
should enter and he should be  
sitting there. She shouldn't be  
the helpless victim, the bird with

the wounded wing waiting to be saved. That's old school. Let's let him be the wounded bird and she enters and can save him.

SUIT 3

Irregardless of what the Professor says, I think that there was something interesting in that last take.

SUIT 1

It's not a word.

SUIT 3

What's not a word?

SUIT 1

Irregardless.

SUIT 3

Of course it is.

Suit 1 turns to the Professor.

PROFESSOR

Listen, I'm a full professor and I know alot of words. And that's not one of them.

SUIT 1

Irrespective is a word.  
Regardless is a word.  
Irregardless is not a word. Oh,  
and by the way, you're fired.  
Insubordination.

Suit 1 hits the intercom.

SUIT 1 (into box)

Karen, have security escort Suit 3 from the lot immediately and bring his contract to me turned to the page "irregarding" termination.

Suit 1 smiles at Suit 3.

The Professor searches through his briefcase for nothing in order to avoid making eye contact with Suit 3.

SUIT 2 (to Suit 3)

God, it must suck to be you right now.

Suit 3 thinks for a second pulls out his cell phone.

SUIT 3



Jimbo, how ya' doing? OK, I'm in.  
I can start Monday. I'll see you  
then.

(to Suit 2)

Not really.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Rodney is leaning back in his chair throwing pencils up into the styrofoam ceiling. The camera pans up to see hundreds of pencils stuck into the ceiling - he's obviously very talented.

The Engineer looks on, bemused.

RODNEY

What the fuck is this film about  
anyways?

SECOND A.D. (to Engineer)

It's about a director who jerks  
off.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

A TOM CRUISE look-alike sits on the toilet reading from the phone book. He read the names as if he were reading from Hamlet.

CRUISE

Johnson, Robert 865-3987.  
Johnson, Roberta, 349-0982.  
Johnson, Samuel. 450-0990.  
Johnson, Stephen - PH - 354-0909.  
Johnson, Steven - V - 989-0923...

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues.

PROFESSOR

Most executives today would rather make a film of Tom Cruise reading from the phone book while taking a dump than an organic intricate real-life narrative. So before you begin writing your screenplay you have to ask yourself one question and it's not "Do you believe in God, punk?" It's "Why do people go to the movies, what are they looking for, what do they

expect, how are their expectations going to shape their viewing of your work?"

STUDENT (aside)  
Is that one question or four?

CUT TO:

INT. CATERING - DAY

Mike and Cass continue while picking at the bad food.

MIKE  
How they ever got the money for this is beyond me.

CASS  
Well, Rodney's last film opened at 22 for the first weekend, so now he's got carte blanche.

After a beat.

MIKE  
So you want to work on our scene?

CASS  
Why don't we just try to be human beings? Is that a remote possibility?

I'm so sick of "acting." Every time I leave my house I'm "acting." I go to the dry cleaners and my part is blah blah blah; I go to the grocery store and my part is blah blah blah; I go to my shrink and my part is blah blah blah.

MIKE  
Have you tried meditation?

CASS  
Fuck you.

MIKE  
OK, how about this, just as an exercise let's try to be real human beings. Honest. I mean, really honest. Let's break through all the bullshit.

CASS  
Right here at the catering table?

MIKE

Right here at the catering table.

CASS

OK, I'll go first: how many condoms are you carrying right now?

MIKE

Is there some kinda law against...

CASS

Just answer the fucking question.

Mike hesitates. He's embarrassed.

MIKE

There are two in the inside pocket of my coat and one in my wallet. What kinda of panties are you wearing today - a string?

She shakes her head.

MIKE

(continuing)

Oh, I see. Au natural. Was that for Rodney's benefit or for the grips or... for me?

CASS

Well, why else would I be here if Rodney didn't want to fuck me?

MIKE

You mean he hasn't already?

CASS

He's fucked me as much as he's fucked you. You do play for both teams - don't you?

MIKE

Once my roommate and I jerked-off together watching cable.

CASS

Cellmate?

MIKE

Roommate. And you?

CASS

I've probably eaten as much pussy as you have, cowboy.

MIKE

Congratulations. I said, let's be

"honest", not "vulgar".

CASS

If you can't take the heat, get  
out of the frying pan.

MIKE

Next level: when was the last time  
you were in love?

CASS

How do you know I'm not now?

MIKE

Call it "human's intuition."

CASS

What is love anyway? You read my  
part: it's just a fiction  
perpetuated to sell dimestore  
novels and movie theater popcorn.  
It's a fiction: in the real world  
you're born alone and you die  
alone.

MIKE

That's very profound, even  
romantic. I hope you're not jaded.

CASS

No, jaded is for junkies and  
prostitutes and kids who come home  
to find their old man dangling  
from a rope in the garage. Me,  
I'm not jaded, I'm realistic.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues.

PROFESSOR

So we start with the famous  
question that some of you will  
know from the Passover dinner of  
"Why is this night different from  
any other night?" And for our  
protagonists, today is different  
because they decided to become  
proactive, they decided to change  
their fate of complacency and  
inefficiency. Today they decided  
to break a universal law, one of  
the ten commandments: Thou shalt  
not steal.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 throw pencils up into the ceiling.

SUIT 1

You know what we should do?

SUIT 2

How should I know what we should do? You're the Alpha-Male.

SUIT 1

Have you been smelling my anus again?

SUIT 2

No, I haven't been smelling your anus again. Everyone knows that you're the Alpha-Male.

SUIT 1

Good. So from now on I'm just gonna tell you what to do, Tonto.

SUIT 2

I'm all fucking ears.

SUIT 1

Mister Green is out at his attorneys trying to sort out that pedophilia charge. I say, we break into his office and steal the stash in his safe.

SUIT 2

What about the combination?

SUIT 1

Well, I found this number in his diary when we went to his house for that party last month and if not, we'll just try his birthday 10-24-54.

SUIT 2

I'm in. Let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Sheila mans the reception desk. Suit 1 and Suit 2 blow by her.

SHEILA

Hey you can't go in there. Mister  
Green's in a meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. MISTER GREEN'S OFFICE

Suit 1 and Suit 2 enter. They shut the door on Sheila.

Suit 1 goes right to the safe and dials a number.

Suit 2 stands there casually. He lights a cigarette and  
begins to coolly smoke it.

Suit 1 gets the safe open.

SUIT 1

Bingo.

Enter SECURITY GUARD JERRY (55).

GUARD

Hey guys, I got a message that the  
silent alarm in Mister Green's  
personal safe went off. What's  
the deal?

Both of them shrug their shoulders.

JERRY

Guys, I'm going to have to ask you  
to move away from Mister Green's  
safe.

INSERT SHOT OF THE GLOCK IN THE SAFE ON TOP OF THE MONEY

SUIT 1

I'm afraid we can't do that, Jerry.

Jerry draws his weapon and aims it at Suit 1.

JERRY

Listen, you're not past the point  
of no return yet. You can concoct  
some excuse or have your shrink  
say that you entered a psychotic  
jag because your Zoloft  
prescription was too high.  
They'll probably let you keep your  
cushy suit jobs. Everyone on the  
lot knows that you bill about  
\$35,000 a month to your expense  
accounts. I even heard that you  
turn in receipts for the bagels  
and coffee you buy at the  
commissary.

SUIT 2

I've never heard anything so  
ridiculous in all my life. I pay  
for those bagels out of my own  
pocket!

Suit 1 pulls the Glock out of the safe, fires a round at  
Jerry, and dives behind Green's desk. Suit 2 dives down  
there also.

Jerry ducks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Sheila is talking on the phone.

JERRY

Sheila, call the police.

SHEILA

What for?

JERRY

Didn't you hear the shots?

SHEILA

What shots?

JERRY

Do you always answer a question  
with a question?

SHEILA

What do you mean?

JERRY

Forget it.

Jerry reloads and checks his ammo.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Edith Bunker yells at the screen.

EDITH

Don't do it, don't go back in  
there! Wait for the police.  
You're just a character actor with  
end credits. They'll kill you off  
in a heartbeat!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MISTER GREEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry flies into the room in SLOW MOTION guns blazing.

Suit 1 stands and shoots him with one shot in the heart.

Jerry's body crashes to the floor.

Sheila enters, sees the body, and starts to scream.

Suit 2 starts to scream.

Suit 1 levels his gun at Sheila who runs out.

Jerry starts to move and Suit 1 goes over to him.

JERRY

Y'know, it didn't have to be like  
this. Things could've been  
different.

SUIT 1

Shoulda-woulda-coulda-didn't.

He pumps another round into Jerry's chest and Jerry's dead.

Suit 2 can't stop screaming. Suit 1 goes over and smacks him.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

Get a grip on yourself.

SUIT 2

Jerry was right: we've passed the  
point of no return.

SUIT 1

Don't worry, I've got it all  
worked out. I've been planning  
this day for years.

SUIT 2

You don't need to agent me.  
You're the Alpha Male. I'm right  
behind you.

SUIT 1

We're halfway through the  
picture - what did you expect?  
Now get a grip on yourself and  
let's get outta here.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 flee with the money.



An alarm goes off and an entire army of Security Guards chases them through the parking lot firing at them.

A tour GUIDE explains to her tour of mentally challenged children.

GUIDE

That's just one of those police shows rehearsing.

The Suits commandeer a car and head toward the exit.

At the lot gate is Rodney the director trying to get on the lot. His permit has been revoked. He crashes through the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues.

PROFESSOR

You see, sometimes art imitates life and sometimes life imitates art. And if you read USA Today or the New York Post then life imitates bad TV.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - DAY

A documentary film CREW - DIRECTOR, DP, and SOUND - interview an effeminate MAN.

MAN

I believe in Jesus Christ the lord our savior. And I'm gay.

(beat)

And if Jesus Christ ever comes back I'm gonna suck his cock, that's what I'm gonna do. So put that in your provocative Sundance documentary and smoke it.

Suit 1 and Suit 2 run by behind the MAN. They're carrying bags of money.

SUIT 1

C'mon, let's duck in here.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM/STRIP CLUB - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 enter the back door of a nondescript dressing room. They peek their heads around the corner and see a three naked DANCERS preparing to go on stage.

SUIT 2

Wow. What dumb luck.

Two of the DANCERS are snorting lines. After they're done, they notice that they're not alone.

SUIT 1

No no, don't let us interrupt.

BROADWAY (20) pipes up.

BROADWAY

Hey, you guys have to come in the front door.

The Suits flash their guns.

SUIT 1

Don't think so.

Suit 2 goes over and snorts their last line.

CELINE (20) is freaking out in the corner. She's done way too much blow and can't stop shaking. Plus the guns aren't making her too comfortable.

Suit 1 speaks to her.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

What's your name, little girl?

CELINE

Ce... Ce... Ce... Ce...

SUIT 1

C'mon, you can do it.

CELINE

Ce... Ce... Celine.

SUIT 1

Outstanding.

He turns to the other two Dancers.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

We're going to be sitting out front with Celine who seems to be a little too agitated to dance right now. OK? You two are going to put on the best show of your

fuckin' lives or we're going to blow Celine's head off. And if you make us blow Celine's head off then we're probably going to be fairly upset. Upset enough to hunt you down and rape and kill your families. Are we clear?

BROADWAY

Crystal.

SUIT 1

Outstanding. Go dance.

They all exit.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

The Dancers enter from the side of the stage followed by the Suits.

From the front door on the other side of the club enter Diane and Ryan.

Suit 1 and Suit 2 sit with Celine between them and Broadway and Nikki get up on stage.

Diane and Ryan hit the bar where the BARTENDER greets them.

BARTENDER

Whatta y'have?

RYAN

A friend of ours was just murdered and we're trying to track down his killer.

DIANE

Is there a woman named Missy who works here who has a son named Jimmy?

BARTENDER

Yeah, but she's out to lunch. You'll have to wait a few minutes.

RYAN

How inconvenient.

DIANE

It's OK, we'll just sit over there and wait.

They sit down facing Suit 1, Celine, and Suit 2 who are watching Broadway and Nikki dance. Broadway and Nikki are so

high on blow that they look more like they're having epileptic seizures than dancing.

DIANE

(continuing)

Does something seem fishy to you about this place?

RYAN

Aside from the two naked girls on blow having what appear to be epileptic seizures?

Diane eyes Suit 2 jamming his gun into Celine's ribs.

DIANE

Omigod: it's them. They're the ones who killed your friend Jimmy.

RYAN

How can you be sure?

INSERT FLASHBACK OF SUITS MURDERING JIMMY

DIANE

That's how.

RYAN

Oh. Pretty cool. How did you do that?

DIANE

I don't have time to tell you now. We have to keep on their tail.

RYAN

Right. Good idea.

On the other side of the room Suit 1 turns to Suit 2.

SUIT 2

Have you had enough?

SUIT 1

We're not going to wait for Missy? She's my favorite.

SUIT 2

Too much time in a strip club is distracting.

SUIT 1

I think we should at least kill someone here before we go.

Suit 2 gets up.

SUIT 2

Do whatever you want to do. I'll  
be outside.

SUIT 1

"Do you like movies about  
gladiators, Joey?"

SUIT 2

Fuck you.

They exit.

Diane turns to Ryan.

DIANE

C'mon, let's keep on their tail.

They exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 exit. Suit 1 stops abruptly.

SUIT 1

Listen, is there something you  
want to tell me?

SUIT 2

Like what?

SUIT 1

Listen, I'm the one who answers  
questions with questions. You're  
the one who answers questions with  
answers! Come clean with me now  
or so help me god I'll blow you  
away right here! Why don't you  
like watching naked women on blow  
dance? Is this our achilles heal?  
Am I going to find out in Act III  
that you're really a fudgepacker  
or a woman or a I don't know what?

Suit 2 breaks into tears under the pressure. He falls into  
Suit 1's arms. Suit 1 pushes him away.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

Offa me. Come clean now.

SUIT 2

Nothing. It's nothing.

Suit 1 pulls his gun out and points it into Suit 2's weeping

eye.

SUIT 1

Either you're trying to create some kinda contrived tension to make the audience think that at some point you're going to sneak up behind me and blow a hole in my chest the size of Florida or you're genuinely fucked-up. Now spill 'em. If you have serious issues that could come back to haunt us later I need to know about them now. I can't be the last to know!

SUIT 2

Nothing. It's just that Celine, the dancer in there, reminded me of my sister who I never really got to know because I accidentally blew her head off when I was cleaning my father's gun.

(crying  
uncontrollably)

And she was naked when I killed her so whenever I see naked women it makes me feel - you know - kinda strange.

SUIT 1

Listen, I promise you that we won't kill any naked women, OK?

SUIT 2

Promise.

SUIT 1

I promise. OK? Everything is OK, now?

SUIT 2

Uh-huh.

SUIT 1

Good let's go.

They take off.

Ryan and Diane stand in the slightly open doorway. They have overheard everything.

RYAN

I dunno, are you sure they killed Jimmy?

DIANE

So sure that I can taste it.

RYAN

But usually we don't get sympathetic insights into the antagonist's psyche like that.

DIANE

You were moved by that cockamamie story about his sister?

RYAN

I guess so.

DIANE

Well, listen: I've seen their backstories and they are ruthless sadistic killers. That stuff about his sister was complete bullshit. He never had a sister. It'll come out later in Act III. You just have to trust me. C'mon, we're losing valuable time; they're getting away.

RYAN

OK, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Suit 3 enters and Suit 4 gives him a bear hug in front of all the other executives.

SUIT 4

Lads, this is our most recent and hottest snatch from our competition, Mike McKay. Mike and I went to film school together and after all this time I was able to make him an offer that he couldn't refuse. Mike, the floor is yours.

SUIT 3

It's a pleasure to meet you all and I'd like to jump right in by presenting what I think is going to be your summer blockbuster for next year. Are you ready for this?

The Suits nod as Suit 3 launches into his pitch.

SUIT 3

(continuing)

The writer's a golfing buddy of

mine who did an uncredited rewrite on "Exterminator 4". The working title is "Spooge Patrol" and it's a subversive mockumentary about a right wing sect that breaks into people's houses like a swat team and searches for their pornographic literature.

SUIT 6

Yeah, y'know, I've always wanted to make a film about religious assholes.

SUIT 7

Yeah, religious assholes.

SUIT 6

It'll be like Bunuel times ten.

SUIT 7

Times a hundred.

The Suits raise their eyebrows happily.

SUIT 3 (aside)

Who's Bunuel?

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues.

PROFESSOR

And the film industry is the only industry in the world where someone can fail upward.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike the actor plays Ryan in his living room just like in the earlier seen. He takes Diane's number out of his pocket and calls her.

RYAN (V.O.)

Y'know, I have this great way of knowing if I want to go on a date with a woman or not.

Just then, the SPOOGE PATROL that Suit 3 pitched crashes through the door like Robert DeNiro in Brazil. It's 5 renegade right-wing COMMANDOES in Army 'n Navy store Swat gear.



RYAN

Hey, what's going on?

Two COMMANDOES pin him to his sofa while the others frantically search through his possessions.

They go through his desk, filing cabinets, everything. Ryan struggles to break free but to no avail.

RYAN

(continuing)

Stop! What do you want???

After they get through destroying his apartment. One COMMANDO sorts through the mail on Ryan's coffee table.

COMMANDO

Here it is. I got it.

He holds up the Victoria's Secret Catalogue.

COMMANDO 2

I knew it.

(to Ryan)

We're the Spooge Patrol and we're confiscating your pornographic literature.

RYAN

It's just pictures, there's no literature, asshole!

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Suit 3 joyously watches his creation along with his new associates. The Professor is sitting next to him.

SUIT 3 (to professor)

Here comes the conflict.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Commando continues to torment Ryan.

COMMANDO

We'll go easier on you if you just come clean. Where the rest of it? Playboy? Penthouse? Videos?

RYAN

I'll never tell.

COMMANDO 2

OK, let's castrate this bastard!

RYAN

Wait!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ANOTHER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Suits wait to here the Professor's professional opinion.

PROFESSOR

Excellent. I'm so glad to have  
been able to polish the dialogue.  
I think it really works now.

CUT TO:

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Little ANDREW REINHART (13) stands on the bemah getting ready to read the torah portion of his bar mitzvah. Unfortunately, he must have hit the bar to calm his nerves because he's toasted - he can barely stand.

RABBI

I call again to the bemah Andrew  
Isaac Moshe Reinhart on the day of  
his bar mitzvah to read the half-  
torah. Today's portion is Ezekial  
25:17.

Andrew staggers to the podium, burping and hiccuping.

ANDREW

"The path of the righteous man is  
beset on all sides by the  
inequities of the selfish and the  
tyranny of evil men. Blessed is  
he who, in the name of charity and  
good will, shepherds the weak  
through the valley of the  
darkness. For he is truly his  
brother's keeper and the finder of  
lost children..."

Suit 1 and Suit 2 stand in the back of the synagogue.  
They're loaded for bear. They look at each other and then  
unload their uzis into the crowd.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

Little Andrew is the only one left standing - staggering.  
He's swaying in the breeze, dead drunk, looking at the  
carnage. He touches his body to make sure that he's not  
bleeding.

ANDREW  
(continuing)  
It's a miracle.

Suit 2 nonchalantly walks over and pumps a bullet into his brain.

BOOM!

SUIT 2  
Yes, a miracle.

SUIT 1  
Jeez, such aggression. You must have issues.

SUIT 2  
Yeah, I got issues. Big deal.

SUIT 1  
C'mon, let's get outta here.

They exit.

From the other side of the Synagogue enters Diane and Ryan. They see the carnage.

DIANE  
Darnit, we're too late.

RYAN  
Y'think that we mighta gotta in over our heads? They seems kinda ruthless.

DIANE  
Listen, if you want to get the girl in the end you're going to have to stop acting like such a wimp. We're not even at the second plot point yet when things are really going to look bad.

RYAN  
You mean it's gonna get worse?

DIANE  
You betcha. C'mon, be proactive. Let's go.

They exit following Suit 1 and Suit 2.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gottfried directs Ryan and Diane through the scene.

GOTTFRIED

I know why this scene isn't working: there's too much tension between you guys. Why don't you go out and fuck? I think it will help you get into character.

DIANE

Why don't you go out and fuck yourself?

RYAN

What are you like 13 years old? You kiss your mother with that mouth?

GOTTFRIED

No, but I kiss your mother with this mouth?

Ryan and Diane beat the shit out of Gottfried.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jimmy is on both knees praying. Fugue organ music plays lightly in the background.

JIMMY (V.O.)

God, I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm 35 years old and all I meet are people with issues. I haven't worked in 6 years and sometimes I...

GOD (V.O.)

Stop being such a whiner.

Jimmy looks around suspiciously.

JIMMY

Excuse me?

GOD (V.O.)

You heard me. Stop whining. Nobody likes a cry baby.

JIMMY

I don't understand. OK, well tell me why I feel doomed to be alone? How come I can't have a normal relationship?

GOD (V.O.)

What about the schoolteacher I

sent you?

JIMMY

Yeah, thank you. We did it twice.

GOD (V.O.)

Twice in the same night or twice  
as in separate occasions?

JIMMY

Separate occasions.

GOD (V.O.)

And then what?

JIMMY

She hasn't returned my calls.

GOD (V.O.)

Maybe she's busy.

JIMMY

No, I think she has issues.

GOD (V.O.)

Try dating 3rd graders if you  
don't want people with issues.

JIMMY

Yeah, but it's illegal here. I'd  
have to move to France and I don't  
speak the language.

GOD (V.O.)

Then I guess all I can tell you is  
to do the best you can.

Hey listen, you fucked up: you  
should've married your high school  
sweetheart, what's-her-name?

JIMMY

Melissa Cartwright?

GOD (V.O.)

Yeah.

JIMMY

But she cheated on me with that  
loser Robby Zimbawee. Gave me a  
dose.

GOD (V.O.)

You know what your problem is?  
You don't know a good thing when  
you've got it. Nothing's perfect  
in real life. It's only perfect

for Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan. And in real life I heard that he's a real son-of-a-bitch. You should hear what his ex-assistants say about him.

JIMMY

Really?

GOD (V.O.)

A real sadist.

The Spooge Patrol enters on the other side and knees to pray. Jimmy is no longer alone and doesn't talk to God out loud.

JIMMY (whispering)

OK, thanks God. I'll try harder from now on.

COMMANDO 1

Hey, shut up over there. We're trying to pray.

Jimmy nods.

COMMANDO 2

Dear God, thank you for giving us superhuman power to combat the forces of pernicious evil today...

Spooge 2 is interrupted by a cough from in back of him. It's Suit 1 and he has his gun leveled at the Spooges.

SUIT 1

No, please. Continue.

The Spooges are antsy, they could erupt any second. Jimmy tries to exit but finds Suit 2 blocking his row.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

I guess I don't have to ask if you believe in God. I'm just here to tell you that you're about to meet him.

And with that the Suits open fire on the Spooges. The Spooges return.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

All the Spooges and Suits run for cover while they continue spraying the church with gunfire. However, the first one to get hit is Jimmy.

After a few moments both the Suits wipe out the Spooges.

The Suits make sure that all of the Spooges are dead. Then they see Jimmy.

SUIT 2

Look: collateral damage.

SUIT 1

Outstanding. Let's go.

Jimmy is a bloody mess. Jimmy looks more like a freshly ground hamburger than a human being. After a beat he nonchalantly gets up.

JIMMY

Cut!

GOD (V.O.)

You can't yell "Cut". Only I can yell "Cut".

JIMMY

This is ridiculous. This is exactly what I was talking about before. I got shot earlier - didn't I? Can't I make it through a scene without someone doing some kinda violence to me?

GOD (V.O.)

Maybe it's your karma.

JIMMY

What are you talking about, karma is a Buddhist notion? And they don't have a God. You can't be God and talk about karma!

GOD (V.O.)

I can talk about anything I damn well please, you insolent ungrateful bastard: I'm God. You're the one with issues. Not me.

Jimmy doesn't know what to say. He exits left.

From the right Ryan and Diane enter and look around at the destroyed church.

Diane and Ryan enter.

RYAN

It looks like we're too late.

DIANE

But I think we're developing some camaraderie that may come in handy

later when we fuck.

RYAN

Excellent.

They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

So you put your protagonist up a tree and throw rocks at him. And just when he thinks he has found a solution, a way to get down the tree, he looks down and finds his mother with a chainsaw cutting the tree down.

CUT TO:

INT. AA MEETING - NIGHT

A full fledged Hollywood AA meeting is in progress.

CURTIS

My name is Curtis and I'm an alcoholic.

AA GROUP

Hi Curtis!

CURTIS

I have five years, three months, eighteen days, thirteen hours, forty-nine minutes, twenty-eight seconds...

AA GROUP

Congratulations!

Applause.

CURTIS

And today I completed the eleventh step which as you know is to fully forgive all the people who set you on fire when you were a little kid...

Suit 1 and Suit 2 are standing in the back. Suit 1 interrupts.

SUIT 1





THEATER IN THE CANOGA PARK MALL

SUIT 2

Curtis, it sounds like you have some aggressivity issues to work out.

CURTIS

Well, at least I wasn't so stupid to destroy an easy no-brain suit job. Did you see the trades today?

SUIT 1

No, I'm in a news blackout.

He holds up a newspaper. It reads SUITS DESTROY NO-BRAINER

CURTIS

You guys are all over the news. Mister Green even called you idiots who didn't have creative bones in your bodies. He said he was about to fire you anyway.

SUIT 1

That hurts. That really hurts.

Suit 1 nonchalantly blows some holes in Curtis who goes down like a ton of bricks. Suit 2 then walks over to Curtis and unloads his uzi into Curtis' dead body.

SUIT 1

(continuing)

That was just to show you how mean we could be.

SUIT 2

Really mean.

The Suits look at each other.

SUIT 2

(continuing)

Now what?

SUIT 1

Let's just get outta here. This is a bad scene, man.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

With the movie about Ryan and Diane playing in the background, the Couple sit in their seats throwing pencils into the ceiling.

EDITH

Oh, that was a good one, dear.

BUTCH

Not bad, "dear".

Archie turns around and looks at Butch. It's time for another beating.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Suit 1 walks around the forest peeing on trees while Suit 2 whittles a dagger like Stallone in Rambo.

SUIT 1

What got into you back there? Did I greenlight you to make Curtis into swiss cheese in front of all those drunks?

SUIT 2

I dunno, it just seemed like a good idea at the time.

SUIT 1

I'm the Alpha male here. I didn't want to say anything in front of all those people but you shouldn't really act out on your own like that. Next time, wait till I greenlight you.

(beat)

You know what we should do?

SUIT 2

How should I possibly know what we should do? You're the Alpha male.

SUIT 1

Well, I'll tell you. We're gonna have to sneak back onto the lot, probably disguised, and kill good old Mister Green.

SUIT 2

What for?

SUIT 1

Because that's the only way we're ever going to get out of this mess.

SUIT 2

So you've got it all worked out.

SUIT 1

It's fool proof.

They start to walk off.

SUIT 2  
What about idiot proof?

SUIT 1  
Probably.

SUIT 2  
Because idiocy could be considered  
a fatal flaw. We could over-reach  
and then where would we be?

SUIT 1  
Up a tree without a paddle.

SUIT 2  
With rocks thrown at us.

SUIT 1  
Not cool. On the other hand, we  
could be idiot savants...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. AA MEETING - NIGHT

The AA Members convene with the paramedics around Curtis'  
lifeless body.

Ryan and Diane enter.

RYAN  
Darn. It looks like we're too  
late again!

DIANE  
C'mon, let's go. This is a bad  
scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

The Suits crash through the gate back onto the lot. Except  
the booth is empty because Jerry hasn't been replaced yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Enter Ryan and Diane. She sees the piss marks on the trees.

DIANE  
Damn, we're too late again.

Ryan touches the tree with his pinky then touches it to his tongue.

RYAN

Yep, it's definitely them. We're right on their tail.

(beat)

Should we stop to fuck now? I like doing it in exotic public places where the potential of getting caught is quite high.

DIANE

Then why didn't we do it in the church or temple back there?

RYAN

That would be sacrilegious - wouldn't it?

DIANE

Listen, you're going to have to get over these issues and look into your soul and find some inner truth if you're gonna put an end to world violence and get the girl.

RYAN

OK, I guess you're right.

(beat)

So... should we...

DIANE

It may slow down the rhythm of the chase and reduce the tension for the audience if we stop to fuck now. Maybe we should fuck in the car on the way over to Mister Green's office.

RYAN

You're probably right. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Sheila mans the reception area.

GREEN (V.O.)

Could you come in here a moment?

Sheila gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. MISTER GREEN'S OFFICE - DAY

MISTER GREEN is Don Simpson times ten.

Sheila enters.

GREEN

Could you take off my boots,  
please, darling?

SHEILA

Certainly, sir.

Sheila gets down on her hands and knees. Green looks down  
her blouse at her cleavage.

Enter Suit 1 and Suit 2.

GREEN

I heard that you killed Jerry: do  
you think that's a good enough  
plot twist? Did you really pass  
the point of no return? I mean,  
look at OJ: he got away with it.

SUIT 1

We're just really misguided  
youth - fishes out of water. We  
dress up in suits but we really  
can't help acting immaturely.

(to Suit 2)

Did you rape Sheila the last time  
we were in here?

SUIT 2

Nope. I don't think so.

SUIT 1

Good. Why don't you take care of  
that now?

SUIT 2

Ah, I'm kinda getting a little  
burnt out on this ultra-violence.

SUIT 1

Listen, I'd like a moment alone  
with Mister Green who gave me my  
start as a suit. So indulge me -  
OK?

Suit 2 pushes the nozzle of his gun into Sheila's head. They  
exit.

Mister Green kicks his feet up on the desk, takes off his  
sock, and starts picking at the corns on his feet with a  
really sharp ornate letter opener.

GREEN

Do you have any idea how much I'm worth?

SUIT 1

Two hundred fifty, three hundred million?

GREEN

Oh, at least. I can eat much better than anyone I know and I can buy all the things that I don't already have but you know, I still can't get rid of these damn corns. They've got pills for AIDS, they got pills for herpes, they got pills for headaches, for colds, for everything. One of my ex-wives even told me that now they got pills for diaper rash.

SUIT 1

I know you like them young, but your ex-wife has diaper rash?

GREEN

Our kid, what's-his-name. Our kid has diaper rash.

(beat)

But there's no cure for these fucking corns.

SUIT 1

Here, lemme take a look.

Suit 1 takes out his gun and blows Mister Green's foot off.

BOOM!

GREEN

That was unnecessary. I've always been kind to you. Didn't I give you Executive Producer credit just for bringing in that last awful picture, what's-its-name?

SUIT 1

Stop. You're making me all teary eyed.

BOOM!

He blows Green's head off. Suit 1 goes over and tries to shove the smoking gun into Green's lifeless hand but it won't really stay. Then he looks down and notices the bloody stump where Green's foot was.

SUIT 1  
(continuing)

Shit.

He takes the gun back.

SUIT 1 (calling out)  
Hey, are you done yet?

OFF we hear Sheila's muffled screams, then a gunshot.

SUIT 2  
Yeah, I'm done.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

Ryan and Diane approach the lot gate in a new car. Both of them are zipping up their pants and lighting cigarettes.

CUT TO:

INT. EDITING SUITE - DAY

Gottfried and the EDITOR watch Ryan and Diane drive onto the lot.

GOTTFRIED  
Yo, it's totally anti-climatic if the audience doesn't see them fuck. Rewind that.

The scene rewinds quickly from the point where they reach the gate to Ryan and Diane dressing, to them climaxing while he drives, to undressing, to foreplay, to kissing.

(Obvious body doubles are used for all nudity. In fact, one of the dancers from the strip club doubles for Diane.)

The scene resembles the fast forward sex scene from "A Clockwork Orange" except this one happens in reverse.

GOTTFRIED  
(continuing)  
Fucking amazing. I wish we could put it in like that. That would really fuck people up.

EDITOR  
Listen, this is your first picture so don't go nuts on me.

GOTTFRIED  
You're right, let's play it straight.



Gottfried reflects for a beat.

GOTTFRIED

(continuing)

But really I think we're gonna  
have to do a reshoot: I'd like  
them to fuck in the church.

EDITOR

Who do you think you are - Abel  
Ferrara?

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Professor continues. He's standing next to an overhead  
project and behind him the word CONFLICT shines brightly  
above him.

PROFESSOR

And since most filmmakers are men  
and most men are misogynistic  
scumbags, you'll notice a subtle  
but unmistakable misogyny running  
through most films today. OK,  
before we take a break, who wants  
to present their treatment next  
class?

Six students raise their hands. The Professor points to each  
of them, asks who they are, and then writes down their name.  
He points to a girl.

JENNY

Jenny Armstrong.

The Professor writes down BIG TITS. He points to another  
girl.

BETSY

Betsy Cohen.

The Professor writes down SMALL TITS. He points to a guy.

JAMES

James Lew.

The Professor writes down GOOK. By this time the class can't  
believe their eyes. He obviously doesn't realize that he's  
writing on the overhead projector. He thinks he's writing on  
a normal notepad. He points to another student.

ERIN

Erin Johnson.

The Professor writes down FAGGET. Then he crosses it out and respells it FAGGOT. Then he crosses it out and respells it FAGET. Then he crosses it out and just writes FAG. The class starts to rumble.

PROFESSOR

Is there a problem?

ERIN

Yeah, there's a problem, you homophobic motherfucker! Where do you get off being so fucking sexist and condescending?

Another student points to the overhead and the Prof turns around.

PROFESSOR

Oh. I see what you mean.

(beat)

Did you ever think for a moment that I was trying to exemplify how language causes conflict?

He writes CONFLICT on the overhead.

BETSY

Sir, why do you always answer our questions with a question?

PROFESSOR

Why not?

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 jump into another car. Suit 1 looks in the visor for the keys. Bingo, they're miraculously there. He winks at Suit 2 and they take off.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Rodney the director consults the Shrink.

SHRINK

Uh-huh, uh-huh...

RODNEY

And I kept on feeling that no matter how hard I wiped that some shit still was sticking to the surrounding hairs.

SHRINK

Uh-huh.

RODNEY

So last night, in the middle of the night, I just went nuts and shaved the whole area.

(beat)

And the balls too.

The Shrink raises his eyebrows.

RODNEY

(continuing)

Do you think that's fucked-up, Doc? Do you think I'm a freak show? Cause I ain't no homosexualist or anything like that? I just want to be clean.

SHRINK

It's a simple case of what's known as "Excessive Hygiene." It's perfectly normal, not anything to worry about.

The Shrink rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 drive down Hollywood Boulevard. On the back of their car is bumper stick that reads

PRACTICE RANDOM ACTS OF KINDNESS

They hear sirens and beyond them is a POLICE CAR.

SUIT 1

What should we do?

SUIT 2

How should I know? You're the Alpha Male.

They pull over. They look behind them and on the back seat are assorted high-powered weapons. There's no time to turn around and cover them up.

Suit 2 draws his 9mm and gets ready to blow away the Cop.

SUIT 1

That's a capital offense and I think it would be really bad karma. Let's just listen to what he has to say before we kill him.

SUIT 2  
Whatever you say.

The Cop approaches them.

COP  
License and registration, please.

The Cop notices the guns.

COP  
(continuing)  
Are those yours?

SUIT 1  
Yeah, they're for my kid. They're  
from a movie set. Props.

COP  
They look really real.

SUIT 2  
Well, that's why it's so fun to go  
to the movies, because they  
imitate real life.

COP  
I don't go to the movies much.  
They always portray us as donut  
eating boneheads, stupid uncaring  
S.O.B.s.

Suit 2 looks over at Suit 1 for the greenlight to blow the  
cop away.

COP  
(continuing)  
Anyway, you rolled through a stop  
sign back there and I'm supposed  
to give you this \$185 ticket. But  
I caught my wife in bed with my  
best friend this morning and she  
told me that I brought it upon  
myself. Because I wasn't a nice  
person. And right after I put the  
siren on and ran your plates, I  
noticed your bumper sticker:  
"Practice Random Acts of Violence  
and..."

SUIT 1  
I think it's Random Acts of  
Kindness.

COP  
Right, sorry. "Practice Random  
Acts of Kindness." And normally

I get these kiss-asses with bumper stickers that say "Back the Badge!" Or NRA. Or Police Benevolence Society. And I really hate those because they're so disingenuous. But I noticed your bumper sticker and you look like decent upstanding human beings and because of what's going on between me and my wife and everything, I'm gonna practice a random act of kindness and not write you up. And I'm hoping that that will have some kinda effect on society at large - me being nice and everything. Anyway, I'm gonna give it a shot.

Suit 1 and Suit 2 breath sighs of relief.

COP

(continuing)

So you two fellows have a nice day. And drive carefully.

They wave to the Cop as he walks back to his car.

SUIT 2

What the hell was that all about?

SUIT 1

Who knows? This town is a freak show.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Rodney exits and the Shrink sits at his desk. He opens the draw and takes something out. It's a screenplay.

INTO CAMERA

SHRINK

Shit. How am I ever going to give this screenplay to Rodney? He'll think I'm a joke.

The Shrink leans back in his chair and throws a pencil up into the styrofoam ceiling.

SHRINK

(continuing)

But Elizabeth said "No, more nookie" unless I help her attach a director. Shit. What am I going to do?

He throws another pencil into the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

At this point your protagonist has to look into his soul and find god or a universal law and rise up and overcome villainy in the universe.

That's what the movies are about today.

CUT TO:

INT. VALLEY DINER - DAY

In a diner reminiscent of the first and last scene of Pulp Fiction, the two suits have coffee. At the counter is a JEHOVAH'S WITNESS.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

When I changed my pants after church this morning I must've left my wallet in the other pair. Do you mind if I go and get it? I'll be right back.

WAITRESS

I do it all the time, sure, no problem.

The Jehovah's Witness smiles kindly, turns, and leaves.

The Suits take it in.

SUIT 1

What a sucker.

SUIT 2

She'll never see him again. People are so gullible. They'll believe anything.

SUIT 1

Hey, you know what we should do?

SUIT 2

What?

SUIT 1

Well, we've just run out of the

money that we took from the safe,  
so I think we're going to have to  
commit another crime.

Both of them look around the diner.

SUIT 2

But what if there's some kinda  
vigilante sitting in here.

SUIT 1

Did you see a sign outside that  
said "This is a Samuel L. Jackson  
movie?" Just answer the question.  
I'll tell you why you didn't see  
a sign outside that said this is  
a Samuel L. Jackson movie, because  
this is not a Samuel L. Jackson  
movie.

SUIT 2

I love you honey-bunny.

SUIT 1

Cut the shit. Let's go.  
(to everyone)  
OK, this is a robbery!

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

So, we come to the culmination of  
another film...

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 are amidst robbing the diner. They  
approach the last table - where Cass is sitting.

SUIT 1

What's in the bag, sweetpea?

CASS

Dirty undies. Now fuck off.

He aims his gun right between her eyes.

SUIT 1

You know, I know who are and I  
know that you know that we killed  
Jimmy. And we know that you've

been ruthlessly hunting us down throughout the second act and it's just ironic that we stumbled upon you in this dumpy valley diner.

(beat)

How did the love story work out?

CASS

We're still working on it. You can't rush these things. Things don't work out as neatly as they do in the movies.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

The Tom Cruise look-alike looks up from his phone book at the graffiti on the stall wall. It reads,

Dear Patron,

Although we fully support your first amendment rights and would never want to stifle you expressive creativity, there are those member of the non-tagging community who may find your graffiti intrusive. Thus we ask you to refrain from attempting to mark your territory in this public place. If you just think of dogs pissing on trees in order to delineate their space, you'll understand that tagging lavatory walls is redundant.

The management.

Cruise looks to the opposite wall. It reads,

HOW'S MY TAGGING? Call 1-800-TAG-MSTR

He shakes his head and returns to the phone book.

CRUISE

Walter, Walter, 985-0943...

Mike exits the adjacent stall, fixes himself in the mirror and exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - DAY

The Prof continues.

PROFESSOR

The other thing that you have to be aware of is logic gaps. For instance, two guys rob a diner with pistols, but when they leave they're carrying submachine guns.



Where did they get them - from the waiters?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Mike comes out of the bathroom guns blazing and unloads his uzis towards Suit 1 and Suit 2 who still have their guns drawn on Cass.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

After the firestorm is over, Suit 1 and Suit 2 stand there untouched.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

They look at each other, astonished, then unload their weapons into Mike. Cass screams.

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Prof sits back in his chair throwing pencils into the styrofoam ceiling just like the director did earlier.

PROFESSOR

Why the fuck do people go to the movies anyway? Isn't there enough conflict and violence in the local newspaper? Isn't there enough fake tension and idealistic passion on the Soap Operas? I mean, all I gotta do is go down to the local highway at 5:00 and watch people drive into the sunset.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Suit 1 and Suit 2 drive into the sunset. On the back of their car is a bumper sticker that reads

MASTURBATE WITH PRIDE!

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

I dunno, I can't tell which is more depressing or uplifting anymore. Sometimes I don't even know what's real. It all just seems like one big illusion. One big moving picture show.

SUIT 1

I'm telling you, what we saw back there was a miracle.

SUIT 2

Shut up.

SUIT 1

Jeez, sounds like you have issues.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ISLAND - DAY

The camera is framed on a lone tree. In the corner of the frame enters Gottfried, the PA turned Director.

He exits the frame.

He appears to be doing the same philosophical test that his animated doppelganger was doing in his short film.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

WAYNE RUGBY (45) leads the focus group. In the audience are the Bunkers and Butch, plus other Canoga Park residents.

WAYNE

And on a scale of one to five, five being the highest and one being the lowest, how would you score the narrative of the film?

BUTCH

What's a narrative? Does that have to do with the colors?

CUT TO:

INT. SUIT 1'S OFFICE - DAY

Suit 1 is out cold when SUIT 2 enters.

SUIT 2

Chop chop, staff meeting.

Suit 1 wakes.

SUIT 1

Mister Green's going to be there?

SUIT 2

What - did you forget?

SUIT 1

No, not at all.

Suit 1 forgot.

He straightens his tie and follows Suit 2 out.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Suit 2 holds the door open for Suit who enters. Before him are Mister Green, Suit 3, Rodney the Director, the actors Mike, Cass, and Jim. In the corner Gottfried is sweeping up dust. Gottfried comes over and pours a glass of water for Suit 1 as he sits down.

SUIT 1

I just want to tell everyone that  
"There's no place like home.  
There's no place like home."

Suit 1 gets up and hugs Gottfried.

GREEN

Well, that what we're here to talk  
to you about, Danny.

SUIT 1 (softly, to Gottfried)

He spoke my name!

Suit 1 then notices his Shrink in the corner.

SUIT 1

Hey, Doctor Albright, what are you  
doing here? The medication's  
working fine.

SUIT 2

That's what we're here to talk to  
you about, Danny.

GREEN

This is an intervention.

SUIT 2

You're no longer the Alpha Male.

SUIT 1

Outstanding. Please proceed. And  
let me just thank you all for  
coming, it really means alot to  
me. And I'd like to thank my  
parents, and my sisters, and God,  
and all the people who stood by me  
when nobody thought we'd ever get  
this picture off the ground...

SHRINK  
We're losing him.

The Shrink signals to the Actors who come up behind Suit 1 and try to muscle him into a straight jacket. He resists.

SUIT 1  
"There's no place like home.  
There's no place like fucking  
home!"

SHRINK  
Listen, you've had anti-social  
thoughts. You need to be cured.  
You have to trust me. I can help  
you. I can make your life a  
linear narrative and cure you of  
your Alpha Male delusion...

CUT TO:

ANIMATION

The Warner Bros' music rises as the Cartoon of Daffy Duck appears.

DAFFY DUCK  
Ah... that's all folks!

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT/ENGLAND - DAY

JOHN CLEESE eats lunch at a snooty upscale dining establishment somewhere in England.

JOHN CLEESE  
Listen, there's absolutely no way  
that you're going to get me to  
endorse your film. It's in no way  
like anything ever attempted by  
The Python and you should be  
embarrassed even trying to mention  
our good name in the same sentence  
with yours. You see, the problem  
with all those bad films that you  
make in America is that your films  
resemble real life, which in  
America is violent, full of  
conflict. You're essentially  
barbarians living in the  
neanderthal period with the only  
possible difference being now you  
walk upright - sometimes - and  
carry cellular phones. You're  
totally unsophisticated,  
unrefined. And that is why your

films are so absurd to the point  
of unreal.

(beat)

Tacking on that "Wizard of Oz"  
ending: I mean, have you no shame,  
no dignity? Furthermore I really  
can't quite comprehend this  
throwing pencils into styrofoam  
ceiling phenomenon that is  
obviously very popular in your  
country.

A KNIGHT on a HORSE ride by quickly behind Cleese - yes, in  
the restaurant - and chops of his head (like the Knight  
chopping off the Professor's head in MP and the Holy Grail).

CUT TO:

INT. ELAINE'S RESTAURANT/NEW YORK - NIGHT

CAMILLE PAGLIA eats dinner with some friends. She addresses  
the camera and speaks unbelievably quickly.

CAMILLE PAGLIA

I'll endorse your film and let me  
tell you why: a woman who invites  
a man back to her place after a  
few drinks cannot claim date rape  
for the simple reason that it must  
be acknowledged that men are like  
dogs, pissing on trees to mark  
their territory. They are slaves  
to their desires, which is why I'm  
omnisexual. Because sometimes I  
need love, sensuality, and  
intimacy. Other times I still  
just need to get laid. But for  
the most part I need affection.  
So I endorse your film  
unequivocally. I interpret it as  
a droll spoof of contemporary  
mores and I particularly liked the  
introspective scenes where  
characters threw pencils into the  
ceiling which is something I often  
wish to do but don't since it  
would constitute blatant anti-  
social behavior. Unless of course  
you get up there and pull out all  
the pencils before somebody sees  
them. OK, that's it: are you guys  
gonna sacrifice me now like you  
did to John Cleese?

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE/SANTA MONICA - DAY

JEFFREY GILMORE takes time out from his coffee to comment on the film.

JEFFREY GILMORE

At first I thought it was just patently offensive, then I found it glib and derivative. But then it became provocative - like Goddard or Renais, Fassbinder. However, Vincent Gallo made another film, an epic sequel to Buffalo 66, so we don't have any more room in our schedule for your film. If you could cut it down maybe I could squeeze it into the the shorts section.

Or maybe you could do some kinda VO and turn it into a documentary. I heard that Fox Searchlight was looking for some kinda anti-film. Why don't you send it over there?

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID LETTERMAN SHOW - DAY

DAVID LETTERMAN talks into the camera as if he were doing his show.

DAVID LETTERMAN

You know about five years ago I did a show called "I'm too tired to do a show" where I sat in my office and threw pencils into the ceiling. So listen, I'm not going to sue you guys - mostly because I feel sorry for you that you can't come up with an original idea but also because I don't need the money or the aggravation. Instead I'm just going to countdown the top ten reasons why this movie never should have been made in the first place! Paul, drum roll please. Number ten...

CUT TO:

INT. SUIT 1'S OFFICE - DAY

Suit 1 is out cold.

SUIT 1 (dreaming)

The number ten reason why this film should've never been made

is...

Suit 2 enters.

SUIT 2

Chop chop, staff meeting.

Suit 1 wakes.

SUIT 1

What?

Suit 2 looks up at the ceiling: there are pencils sticking into it.

SUIT 2

Hey, how did they get up there?

Eyrie music rises. Suit 1 turns around towards the camera and is now wearing the same devil contact lenses that Michael Jackson wears at the end of the "Thriller" video.

SUIT 1

Beats me.

Music rises as we...

FADE OUT

