

Unreality

By

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INT. RESTROOM-DAY

The door FLINGS open! A flustered, handsome man, DUNCAN, (30) rushes in with an ENORMOUS, strange looking CAKE constructed entirely of LITTLE PASTRY DOUGHNUTS.

He wears a baseball cap with LONG DOG EARS hanging from each side. Attached to his pants, A BOBBING, CLIP ON DOG TAIL.

He places the cake on the tile floor beneath the urinal. SWEATING, PANICKED, he realizes the door is ajar. He kicks it closed, locks it. From beyond the door, a muffled, cursing, Russian voice.

RUSSIAN (OS)

Blyad!

He stares at the CAKE, then to his REFLECTION in the mirror.

DUNCAN

Fuck it!

Duncan rapidly UNBUCKLES his pants. From outside, more muffled RUMBLINGS. His pants and tail drop to the floor. He plops, chest first onto the cake, ass moving up and down.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY TRANSIT BUS-DAY

SUPER: 48 HOURS EARLIER

A LARGE BILLBOARD on the side of a DIRTY COMMUTER BUS highlights L.A. LEAPERS, a new basketball sneaker. The doors HISS open as the feet of several passengers casually shuffle down the steps; the shoes of business men, housewives, students and tourists.

Rapidly, two mismatched feet, one encased in a black Chuck Taylor high top, the other, a brown Skecher's loafer, rush from the transport to the concrete below.

Duncan's long, thin, denim covered legs sprint towards the exit to the street. With frantic purpose, he JUKES and WEAVES between clusters of slow paced commuters.

Handsome, in need of a haircut, his dark, shaggy hair blows in the wind along with his untucked gray dress shirt.

In the distance the street beckons through the glass exit. His vision, cut off by a YOUNG MAN on crutches trying in vain to open the door. Duncan looks over his shoulder, the travelers far behind in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN
Here, let me get that.

Duncan opens the door, the man pauses inside the frame.

YOUNG MAN
Thanks! I thought everyone in New
York were a bunch of assholes.

Nervously, Duncan notices the approaching throng.

DUNCAN
Yeah, well, I'm not from here.

YOUNG MAN
No? Where you from?

The crowd gets closer.

DUNCAN
Uh, New Jersey, well actually
Pittsburgh, I just live in...it's
not important.

YOUNG MAN
The 'Burg? I'm from Carnegie!

The approaching mob now dangerously close, Duncan moves from his position as doorman, attempts to shoo the man outside.

DUNCAN
Cool, Ok...

Too late. The human herd moves through the bottle neck, separating Duncan from the exit. He shifts anxiously waiting for the bottleneck to clear.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET-DAY

Finally, Duncan merges with the end of the group, exiting into the bright NYC day. He darts past the crowd only to be stopped like a car at a toll booth by a SWINGING CRUTCH.

YOUNG MAN
Steelers fan, right? Still bleed
black and gold?

DUNCAN
I'm late, I don't watch football--

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MAN
What'd you just say?

DUNCAN
I'm late--

YOUNG MAN
No, the other part, not liking
football. You queer or somethin'?

DUNCAN
What? No! What if I was, though?

The Pittsburgher cocks his head, looks Duncan up and down, notices his mismatched shoes.

YOUNG MAN
Hey, I'm sorry buddy...didn't know
you were retarded.

Duncan, backpedals, turns, runs at break neck speed.

YOUNG MAN (CONT.)
Shit! Special Needs! I always screw
that up!

Across the avenue, Duncan sees THE RED HAND of a DON'T WALK sign counting down 5...4... Balls out he races to cross.

3...2...He reaches the curb. A whistle BLARES! A CROSSING GUARD points at Duncan, his mismatched shoes come to a screeching halt.

DUNCAN
Shit!

He paces at the corner, anxiously waiting for the sign to change. A BLACK TEEN GIRL hands him a flier.

TEEN GIRL
City Girls Club's planning a trip.

DUNCAN
Alright, well good luck.

Duncan shifts his weight again, watching the sign.

TEEN GIRL
You're not even going to read it?

She points to the pink handout in his hand.

DUNCAN

OK, trip to the capital...build our future...can't do it without you...

TEEN GIRL

Well?

The streetlight turns from yellow to red.

DUNCAN

Can't you get a job or something?

TEEN GIRL

A job? I'm fourteen, dickhead.

Duncan turns his full attention to the teen.

DUNCAN

That's no way to ask for donations. I delivered newspapers when I was ten. I cut grass to get money for trips and stuff--

TEEN GIRL

Newspapers? Mother fucker ain't nobody reads newspapers!

Her middle finger extended, she places it over eyes, surveys the vicinity like a miniature explorer.

TEEN GIRL (CONT.)

Where's all the grass at?

Pedestrians cross the street. He looks up to see the RED HAND again counting down. He pulls out his wallet, reveals a ten and a twenty. Begrudgingly, he retrieves the ten spot. She looks down at his shoes.

TEEN GIRL

You homeless, ain'tcha?

He snatches the ten from her hand. She looks up at him, big puppy eyes. With zero effort, a tear rolls down her cheek. Duncan hands her the twenty, puts the ten in his pocket.

TEEN GIRL (CONT.)

You may have just saved me from a life of drugs and prostitution.

He steps to cross the avenue. THE SHRIEK OF A WHISTLE. The crossing guard points to the sign; RED HAND...2..1

INT. OFFICE LOBBY-DAY

Through the ground level glass doors, Duncan bolts across the street. From the inside a MAN AND WOMAN approach giddily hugging each other.

WOMAN

You nailed it!

MAN

Not as hard as I'm going to nail you!

Canoodling, they open the door, SLAMMING the running Duncan in the face.

INT. LONG HALLWAY-DAY

DING! An elevator opens. Duncan exits, bleeding from his nose like a stuck pig. His lower face, a crimson mask, blood covers his gray shirt.

Head back, he pinches the bridge of his nose. A full hallway of ARABIC WOMEN and AMERICAN MEN stand in single file staring in disbelief.

MISA, (20's), a pretty middle eastern girl dressed in a WHITE SUMMER DRESS studies a SCRIPT, turns to see Duncan.

MISA

Duncan! What the hell!

He approaches. An ancient female RECEPTIONIST works a crossword puzzle from her desk at the front of the hall.

MISA (CONT.)

I thought you weren't coming!

DUNCAN

I texted you I was running late.

MISA (CONT.)

Dad took my phone away. Don't ask. What the fuck is all this?

DUNCAN

It's nothing.

MISA

Nothing? You look like you just ate out an elephant on her period!

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Wow, that is just really gross,
cringe-worthy in fact.

MISA

Where's your script?

He takes his hand from his nose, points to his head.

DUNCAN

Woody helped. I got this.

The phone at reception RINGS. The hallway of hopefuls become silent, en masse eagerly eavesdropping, hoping they are next. The old woman answers.

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah...OK...hey, Larry, I need a
six letter word for never going to
happen...starts with an f.
Futile...OK, Meeka Singh and Duncan
Connor, you're up.

Misa guides Duncan past reception to the door.

MISA

It's Misa, not Meeka. Fix that!

INT. CASTING ROOM-DAY

A PRODUCER and his female HIPSTER ASSISTANT sit at a table comparing notes, ignore the entering couple. Misa sets Duncan down in a chair, takes a seat beside him, digs through her purse.

MISA

Do not fuck this up!

She opens a tampon, wipes blood from around his nose, upper lip and chin, making very little improvement.

He snatches the bloody tampon from her hand, continues to blot his nostrils.

PRODUCER

OK...Duncan and Meeka...

The Producer lifts his eyes from his paperwork, repulsed.

MISA

It's Misa. Can you fix that?

The Assistant, nonchalantly nods, makes a note.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

You should see the other guy!

PRODUCER

Right. OK, let's hear it.

DUNCAN

Uh...I was entering the building,
and this guy...he was with a girl--

PRODUCER

The scene.

DUNCAN

Oh, right, OK.

Misa stands, turns her back. Duncan places the tampon on the empty seat, gets into character.

DUNCAN (cont'd)

Manjula, sit down. You don't have
to go. You can't go! I need you
more than the cause.

Misa swivels around. Large, brown eyes stare at her partner.

MISA

What is it you know about what they
need? This is the life of my
family!

DUNCAN

I'm your family. Please, come, sit.

MISA

Due to you I must make this choice!

Duncan stands, takes Misa by the shoulders, looks lovingly into her eyes.

DUNCAN

Three minutes. That's all I need.

He guides her to the chair, she sits. Duncan has completely hit his scene.

PRODUCER

Wow! That was great, really. You
absolutely reached the exact nuance
of the character...the bloody face
is a nice visual--

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Thanks!

PRODUCER

But we're really looking for unknowns here.

DUNCAN

Sorry?

PRODUCER

You were in that commercial...what am I thinking of Ellen?

HIPSTER ASSISTANT

Pep Boys.

PRODUCER

That's it! That Pep Boys ad!

DUNCAN

That was five years ago--

PRODUCER

People recognize you.

DUNCAN

No, they don't! Look, sir, I know this role, I was born to play Max.

MISA

Me too! I mean...

Misa looks at her script.

MISA (CONT.)

Manjula. I am so Manjula.

The Producer contemplates, chin in his hand.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET-DAY

Duncan and Misa walk down the sidewalk.

MISA

It only paid scale.

DUNCAN

Scale's great! Where you getting all these paying gigs anyway? I haven't seen one yet.

She breaks eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

MISA

They're like...big overseas...you wouldn't have seen them. Coming to work tonight?

DUNCAN

Your dad let me off for my birthday.

MISA

Happy birthday! Britney driving in to help you celebrate? B.J. or anal?

They stand at a bus stop.

DUNCAN

That is the last thing I need.

MISA

Going right to the clam, huh?

The bus pulls up.

DUNCAN

Never mind.

MISA

Dude, stop whining like a little bitch! Just tell her the truth, acting is more important than her. Man up! And look at your feet for fuck's sake!

Dried blood on his face and shirt, he looks down confused at the mismatched footwear.

DUNCAN

I was half asleep when I left...that and Beater with his shit bitch bastard m-fing *rent*, racial slur, asshole dick face, *rent*...God, I must look like a sociopath...

The bus door opens. Misa backs towards the opening. A HOMELESS MAN sits watching the conversation.

MISA

Maybe if you got laid more you wouldn't be such a hot mess! Get it together man, be aware of your surroundings, be alert! Like me.

(CONTINUED)

She turns, enters the bus as Duncan notices the BLOODY TAMPON stuck to the outside of her white summer dress. The doors close, through the windows he watches her take a seat.

DUNCAN

Misa! The tampon! It's on the outside of...

She watches his desperate pantomime from the window as the bus lurches into motion. She shakes her head ignoring him.

HOMELESS MAN

Cool! She some sort of magician?

INT. MESSY OFFICE-DAY

BARRY, (60'S), wispy thin, immaculately dressed, leans over his cluttered desk studying RONNIE, a decade younger clone of Duncan. Ronnie sits nervously, reads from a script.

RONNIE

Oh, it's definitely your turn fuck face! You cut up my dog and when I'm done with you you're gonna wish you were never born with balls for me to shove down your throat!

BARRY

Man, I just don't get it. Why does everything have to be so crass? Try it minus the filth.

RONNIE

You mean the fuck face part?

BARRY

Yeah, and the testicle comment. Just pretend it's like for an ABC Family movie, or Hallmark. Improvise.

RONNIE

OK, got it...Oh, it's definitely your turn...butt head. You made my puppy cry...and I'm gonna tell your mom what you did...so think how you would feel if I...put your privates in my mouth.

A KNOCK on the door.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

See what you can do to clean up the rest of the that.

He rises from his desk. Opens the door to reveal Duncan holding a box.

BARRY (CONT.)

What the golly happened to you?

His eyes move from the bloodstained shirt to the box in Duncan's hands.

BARRY (CONT.)

You bring me something good?

DUNCAN

It was sitting in the hallway.

Barry snatches the box from Duncan, hurries to his desk. Duncan enters.

BARRY

Say hello to Ronnie!

Ronnie jumps up from his seat, extends his hand.

RONNIE

Man, you were in that Pep Boys commercial!

Barry meticulously slices the packing tape on the box with a letter opener.

BARRY

You remember that? See, Duncan!

RONNIE

Yeah! It's what made me come all the way to New York to become an actor!

The box open, Barry pulls out a pair of high top sneakers.

RONNIE (CONT.)

L.A. Leapers? How did you get those?

BARRY

For your edification, I know some people who can make things happen, yes sir!

(CONTINUED)

Barry holds them up in the light with all the reverence of a priest presenting a chalice.

DUNCAN

You know, I'd like to meet some of these people, just once.

The agent turns his attention from the shoes to his client.

BARRY

Didn't go so well?

DUNCAN

Ronnie, can you excuse us?

RONNIE

Sure. Uh, where should I go?

DUNCAN

I'm sorry, where did you say you were from?

RONNIE

Minnesota. Just outside Duluth.

DUNCAN

That would be my advice, but how about just out in the hall for now?

Duncan holds the door open as the rube exits. He turns to his agent, holds his palms out, stares.

BARRY

Relax, I'm on it! I got some new leads today.

Barry shuffles through several disorganized files. He chooses one, turns his back to Duncan, blows dust off the cover. He turns and reads aloud.

BARRY (CONT.)

Seeking a male, late twenties, to play the love interest of a slightly older woman in a menage a fifty. Must be fine with frequent nudity in the presence of others.

DUNCAN

Still with the Grandma Gangbang?

BARRY

Cheese and crackers! Is that what that is?

He throws the script in the trash.

BARRY (CONT.)

OK, here! This one's a foreign movie, gonna be big overseas! Male lead, age open, for the central role in...boo...ka..kay...

DUNCAN

Bukake. It's Japanese.

BARRY

You know this one? Is it a sequel? Maybe it's a reboot, you know that's all they do anymore, just make the same movie again, call it a reboot. Nothing's original.

Barry continues to read, silently mouths the words.

BARRY (CONT.)

Are you kidding me? That's what they're calling entertainment?

Suddenly, a very bad impression of Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry echos across the room. Duncan digs his cell phone from his pocket.

RING TONE

I know what you're thinking, is this phone going to ring ten times or only once, well you have to ask yourself...am I going to answer it? Well are you punk?

Duncan studies the phone. An image of a chubby redhead girl: "Britney".

DUNCAN

Shit!

BARRY

Hey, you're better than that,Duncan!

DUNCAN

Sorry.

Duncan accepts the call.

DUNCAN (CONT.)

Can I call you right back?

CUT TO:

INT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP-DAY

Polished clunkers rest in the showroom. The glimmering prized jewel, an older model KIA, a large tag reads "Only One Owner! Less Than 70,000 Miles!" BRITNEY, (late 20's) at her showroom desk, phone to her ear.

BRITNEY

Your thirty now, know what that means?

DUNCAN (OS)

I can't talk now.

BRITNEY

You promised! I waited and you promised.

A SLICK SALESMAN, early forties, comb over, beer bellied with an obvious clip on tie, appears, traces his wedding ring encased finger across the top of Britney's desk. Moving his hand to his nose, he sniffs his fingers in a horrible attempt to be seductive.

DUNCAN (OS)

Listen, I'll call you tonight, OK?

Britney spins her chair in the opposite direction ignoring the salesman.

BRITNEY

Better be calling from the bus station!

She slams the phone into it's cradle. MARV, a young grease monkey, appears in front of her desk wiping a beverage can with a sullied rag.

MARV

I was, uh, getting a Red Bull out of the back and I thought...

She signals with her hand, "get on with it".

MARV (CONT.)

Uh, there's a pretty cool event happening downtown this weekend.

Britney scowls, impatiently waiting for him to spit it out.

MARV (CONT.)

The Pennsylvania Comic Book Blast. It only happens once a year, it's really neat---

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

One. I have a boyfriend. Two. I don't date... employees...

The Slick Salesman looks up from his desk.

BRITNEY (CONT.)

...and I hate comic books.

She snatches the Red Bull and walks away.

MARV

The guy that played Boba Fett's gonna be there...and maybe Mr. T!

INT. MESSY OFFICE-DAY

Duncan opens the office door to reveal the eavesdropping Ronnie.

DUNCAN

Come on, Barry! I won't go running back to Pittsburgh with my tail between my legs.

BARRY

Son, I'm just a facilitator. There comes a time in every man's life when he has to master his own ship, take the bull by the horns, grab the wheel---

DUNCAN

Just please, find me something.

Duncan brushes past Ronnie as he exist down the hallway.

RONNIE

I, uh, know a bit of Japanese! Domo arigato...Mr. Roboto...

EXT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

A NJ Transit bus lurches to a halt in front of Groucho's, the neighborhood gin mill. The door opens, Duncan exits. Reaching the sidewalk, he turns to GENE, the ancient driver.

DUNCAN

Thanks for letting me slide Gene.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

Go on, enjoy your birthday.

DUNCAN

Hey, when you're done, you want to stop in for a couple beers?

GENE

Can't, gotta get her back before my glaucoma kicks in. Besides, I shit myself a little crossing the bridge.

The doors HISS close as the bus departs.

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

BEATER, (50's) a muscle bound Italian, holds court with two BUSINESS WOMEN from the service side of the bar.

BEATER

Sos I says to her husband, hey, you're married to a beautiful lady here. She cooks your dinner, washes your dirty skid marked drawers, raises your little trolls, you treat this queen with respect!

BUSINESS WOMEN #1

Beater, you didn't! What did he do?

BEATER

What could he do, doll? He knew I wuz right.

BUSINESS WOMEN #2

What did she say, anything?

BEATER

Ladies, it ain't so much what she said, more like what she did, you know what I'm sayin'?

BUSINESS WOMEN #1

Well...what did she do?

BEATER

I ain't one to fuck and tell, you know. Let's just say she liked to lick the beater.

The CLANG of a cowbell hanging from the door announces Duncan's entrance.

(CONTINUED)

BEATER (CONT.)

Excuse me, angels. Hold that image
in your brains for a minute or two.

Beater throws a slop rag over his shoulder, rounds the bar cutting Duncan off before he can make it to the end.

BEATER (CONT.)

Nope, not 'tils you pay the rent!

DUNCAN

I told you Friday's pay day.

BEATER

Fuck that! What's up wit all the
blood? You havin' your period?

Beater steps in front of Duncan, his massive chest blocking the path. Duncan fishes into his pocket, retrieves the ten spot from earlier. The beefy Italian snatches the bill.

BEATER (cont'd)

Good, now get outta here. And don't
you fuckin' mess up the apartment.
I spent four hours cleanin' your
shit up! Hand to God the Blessed
Virgin could eat off the floor and
it better stay that way, capiche?

DUNCAN

I'm not going home. It's my
birthday. Now, can you please move?

BEATER

Fuck 'dat! Yous ain't drinkin' here
for free. You holdin' out on me?

WOODY (OS)

It's OK, Buddy, I got him!

From the end of the bar, WOODY, (40's), receding hairline, wearing a Con Edison uniform holds up a shot. Beater steps aside allows Duncan to pass. Duncan takes a seat.

DUNCAN

You were supposed to make sure I
was up before you left this
morning?

WOODY

I tried Buddy, but you were
snoring, reciting them lines in
your sleep even. How'd it go?

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

I think I may have broken my nose.

WOODY

Is that right? I think I can help with that.

Duncan slams a waiting shot of whiskey.

DUNCAN

I'll play, let's hear it.

WOODY

Well, I'm thinking if it's a proven fact my sperm can cure cancer, it might be able to help heal your nose.

DUNCAN

No, never proven.

Beater arrives with a bottle, refills the shot glasses.

BEATER

I musta' misheard that. Come again.

DUNCAN

(nonchalantly)

He thinks his jizz can cure cancer.

BEATER

Yous twos a couple fruity manichinos!

DUNCAN

Go on, tell him.

WOODY

Well, about a year ago, Rosalia found a lump on her boobie.

BEATER

Rosalia?

DUNCAN

The Guatemalan girl with the hairy forearms? Always wore purple?

BEATER

Yeah! The Grimace! I remember!

(CONTINUED)

WOODY
Hey, Buddy, she was a nice girl.

BEATER
Sos...

WOODY
So she gave me a sympathy hummer.

BEATER
She had a lump on her knocker and she sucked your tool?

DUNCAN
Yeah, in our room.

WOODY
I was pretty upset, I liked her boobs, the right one especially, the damaged one.

BEATER
I gotta hear the rest of this.

DUNCAN
You really don't.

WOODY
She accidentally swallowed my stuff.

DUNCAN
Accidentally?

WOODY
Anyway, a few days later, she goes to the doctor for a mammygram.

Beater thinks about correcting him, Duncan holds up a hand.

WOODY (CONT.)
Clean bill of health, lump gone.

BEATER
Think your pecker snot cured her?

WOODY
I wasn't so sure at first. I thought maybe it was a coincidence, but later on I got this horrible sore throat, lasting for weeks, so--

DUNCAN
Can we drink these now, please?

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Immaculate. Pristine. Everything in it's place as if it was prepared for a magazine shoot. Woody & Duncan, stumble in.

Duncan plops down on a futon put together wrong as it folds over on him.

WOODY
Hold on, buddy, got something for you!

Woody ambles down the hall. Duncan wrestles with the attacking sofa. Drunk and exhausted he closes his eyes. Woody reappears holding a pair of L.A. Leapers in his left hand, a birthday cake in his right.

DUNCAN
Woods! How did you get those?

WOODY
Friends in low places, buddy!

Duncan grasps the sneakers from his hand, lost in lust.

DUNCAN
Jesus, I almost don't want to wear them! I think I should get like a trophy case.

WOODY
That's not all.

With a devilish smile, Woody produces a bag of weed.

MONTAGE

Duncan and Woody load a glass bong and get totally shitfaced.

They light candles on the birthday cake, a bottle of Bacardi spills, catching the kitchenette table on fire.

Duncan tries on his sneakers, a perfect fit.

Another bong gets packed.

Woody takes a swig of the rum, holds a lighter to his mouth and breathes fire, terrifying the totally wasted Duncan.

(CONTINUED)

A pick up game of Nerf basketball. Woody roughly fouls Duncan, robs him of his left L.A. Leaper, proceeds to simulate sex with the shoe.

Not to be outdone, Duncan snatches what is left of the cake, drops trou, puts his dick through it, laughing hysterically.

WOODY (cont'd)
(sincerely)
We should save Beater a piece!

Duncan's cell RINGS.

RING TONE
I know what you're thinking, is
this phone going to ring ten
times...

In his weed induced haze, Woody turns on the television.

WOODY
Henpecked and pussy whipped is no
way to go through life, buddy.

Begrudgingly, Duncan answers.

DUNCAN
Hey, I was just going to call you.

BRITNEY (OS)
Really?

INT. BRITNEY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

She lays in bed, the sheets pulled up to her neck.

DUNCAN (OS)
I'm sorry, look--

BRITNEY
One simple question. Are you an
adult who keeps their promises? You
remember your promise, Duncan?

The sheets, slowly pull down to reveal her flabby naked breasts. Two male hands reach up massaging them, a wedding ring on the left hand.

DUNCAN (OS)
I can't tonight. Let's talk
tomorrow. I promise--

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Woody begins to nod off, television BLARING.

BRITNEY (OS)

Your promises mean dick, you gave me your word! Oh...By the time I'm thirty, if I haven't made it, I'll come.....come....

INT. BRITNEY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Britney throws the phone to the floor as she experiences a mind blowing oral orgasm courtesy of the old slick salesman.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Duncan, oblivious, has also passed out, phone to his ear, cake on his crotch.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY-NIGHT

Beater, WHISTLING a show tune, places his key in the lock.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Entering, he sees his roommates sprawled on the futon, the room totally destroyed. The television BLASTING a reality show: "Strange Addictions".

BEATER

Disrespectful rat bastards!

He kicks the futon. Neither roommate flinches. Beater, stands in the center of the mess, takes the remote from Woody's hand. The clock on the cable box, reading 12:38, changes to display the volume being decreased.

Beater finds himself drawn to the programming.

On screen, a middle-aged, bespectacled man sits with his wife, a troubled look on her face. A MILK JUG filled with yellow liquid rests on the table in front of them.

WIFE

He's always been so hard to buy for, I thought this was a good idea. I never imagined unlimited ...streaming they call it, would lead Ned to this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NED'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Ned sits in his living room transfixed on his television. A timer appears in the bottom right corner. Through time lapse, he sits through thirteen hours of movies as his dog gets up and off the couch, day turns to night, he urinates in an old milk jug and his wife brings him his meals.

It's revealed the footage is being shown through a video monitor. ALLISON, (30), takes diligent notes on a clipboard as HOFFMAN, (60's), frowns studying the footage.

ALLISON

Not bad...we've done worse--

HOFFMAN

Francis doesn't pay us for not bad!
You want to be an assistant
producer all your life?

ALLISON

Well what if we bring it home with
a heartfelt moment by the wife.

HOFFMAN

What do you have in mind? Wait!
Watch this.

She huddles closer. Ned and his wife also inch in to view the monitor. On the screen, Hoffman eloquently gestures towards the jug of pee.

HOFFMAN

Ned, don't you find this just a bit
odd, funny even?

NED

What do you mean funny?

MICHAEL HOFFMAN

Not funny comical, funny strange,
as in "Strange Addictions".

NETFLIX NED

Funny how? What's so funny about
me? What movie? Huh? Come on! Joe
Pesci, Goodfellas!

Kathy reaches over and pats her husband's hand. The image is paused. Hoffman looks to Allison, Ned and Kathy

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

We can work with this part.

NED

But I told you, my name is Stanley,
not Ned.

ALLISON

Stanley, it's television. We
believe the name Ned will catch on
and people will think of you as
Netflix Ned...like a character.

NED

Like Jim Carrey in The Truman Show?

HOFFMAN

Yes, exactly like that.

Allison turns to see ZOYA, (40's), a large-boned, masculine Russian woman unpacking video equipment. The young producer immediately repulsed by the Russian's exposed ass crack and red rash peeking from her cargo pants.

ZOYA

I would prefer we shoot outside
scene now. I am not equipped for
filming exterior night.

ALLISON

Zoya...I don't mean to be rude,
but...maybe you should wear a belt?

ZOYA

Belts induce ovary discomfort.

ALLISON

Well, maybe some cocoa butter for--

ZOYA

This? How you say, swamp ass?

ALLISON

Don't know if that's a proper
term--

ZOYA

Yes. A bad byproduct of crotch rot
and labial crustaceans. We must
shoot exterior now.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

OK. Set up the Goodbye Scene!

HOFFMAN

You wrote something solid for this?

She turns to the hovering Ned.

ALLISON

Stanley, can we talk for a minute?

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Beater laughs, shakes his head at the screen.

BEATER

Madonna Mia!

On the t.v., Kathy is in the bedroom packing a suitcase.

HOFFMAN (OS)

Ned agreed, at least we think he agreed, to accept an offer to attend a rehabilitation clinic in Florida.

Hoffman returns on screen, serious and somber.

HOFFMAN

As Ned Hanratty was escorted to the vehicle, which would drive him to the airport, we thought perhaps that he finally understood the need for help with his addiction.

EXT. NED'S DRIVEWAY-DAY

Ned shares a personal, quiet moment with Kathy before he enters the car. Whatever he said produces a sincere smile from both. The car pulls away, but stops at the end of the driveway, the rear window opens.

Ned signals for his wife. Still smiling, she walks to the car. From a distance, Ned says something inaudible. The car pulls away, leaving Kathy to sob hysterically as the host and crew wait for her return.

HOFFMAN

Mrs. Hanratty?

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

He...told me...he would be back.

HOFFMAN

He will, accepting help is just the first in a long series of steps.

KATHY

Then, he called me back...he said...

HOFFMAN

It's OK, take your time.

KATHY

Arnold...Terminator One...

CUT TO:

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-DAY

The clock on the cable box now reads 8:59. The credits from the "Strange Addictions" marathon begin to roll.

Beater chuckles, points the remote at the t.v. prepared to turn it off until a scroll appears: "IF YOU OR SOMEONE YOU KNOW NEEDS HELP WITH A STRANGE ADDICTION, PLEASE EMAIL allison@strangeaddictions.com OR CALL 323-555-8888".

A smile forms on his face. He looks over to the futon to see Woody is gone, but Duncan still remains, his exposed groin covered in frosting, snoring mouth wide open.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-DAY

A pair of female flip-flops shake nervously under a conference table, revealed to belong to Allison. Along with Hoffman, she stares at an ominous speakerphone.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Shit has to improve if you both want to keep this show on the air!

HOFFMAN

Francis, I don't have to remind you that I have a contract and--

MALE VOICE (OS)

And I don't have to remind you your days of breakthrough journalism ended when Maury Povich started finding everyone's baby daddy!

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

I...we have some really good leads to shake out. It's just so hard to find anything shocking lately.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Honey, look, you're track record isn't doing you any favors. In case you weren't aware cancellations are not a good thing. Where would you be without me?

ALLISON

Only the last two shows were canceled, the first was a pilot that just wasn't picked up, and that was a problem with the--

HOFFMAN

We understand. Goodbye Francis.

Hoffman leans over and disconnects the call.

HOFFMAN (cont'd)

Self righteous prick!

Without knocking, Zoya enters the room.

ZOYA

The audio boy has quit. You have call on first line.

HOFFMAN

Rats from a sinking ship.

ALLISON

Can you please just take a message?

ZOYA

He refuses to provide coordinates.

Allison looks to Hoffman. He shrugs, hits the speaker.

ALLISON

Allison Hudson.

INTER CUT: CONFERENCE / DUNCAN APARTMENT

BEATER

This that show with the goofy fucks?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Sir, I'm really not in the mood for a prank call, OK, so please--

BEATER

Nah, doll, hear me out. My best friend, he gots some issues.

ALLISON

(exasperated)

What type of issues?

BEATER

Well, he jerks off all over everything, all the time, like an animal in the zoo, don't care who's watchin' or nothing.

ALLISON

Just send an email and tomorrow--

HOFFMAN

Michael Hoffman here, sir, please continue.

BEATER

Hey, how you doin'? Well...

Beater looks at Duncan's exposed frosting covered groin.

BEATER (CONT.)

He got like this really, really fucked up thing he does...

ALLISON

Listen--

Hoffman holds his hand up to shush her.

BEATER

On my mother's life, he gets all worked up when he's around cakes.

HOFFMAN

You mean pastries?

BEATER

Yeah, 'dem too. He puts his tool in 'em, sexes 'em up, knowwhatimean?

ALLISON

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

No, I've heard about this.

BEATER

Honey, you want me to take a picture? I'm looking at him right now, the sick bastard!

HOFFMAN

Yes! Text a photo. My number is 310...

He takes Duncan's cell from his sleeping hand, continues talking as he snaps a picture.

BEATER

So, I come home from work and he's fucked this cake to sleep! He's all passed out with butter cream and marble all over his cock and balls! It's creepy man, hand to God.

Duncan awakes, staggers to the bathroom.

Hoffman's cell phone CHRIPS.

ALLISON

That is strange. Can we talk to him?

BEATER

Sure, hang on there! Phone!

DUNCAN (OS)

Take a message! I got junk all over my junk!

Confused, Allison looks to a giddy Hoffman holding up his phone featuring a totally wrecked Duncan passed out with frosting all over his groin.

ALLISON

What's your name, sir?

BEATER

Bea..., uh, Tommy Betsori.

ALLISON

Address?

BEATER

78 Teaneck Road, Apartment D, Teaneck...that's Jersey baby.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Right. Your friend's name, number?

BEATER

Duncan Connor, I dunno, google his number. Hey, listen, that ain't all.

HOFFMAN

There's more?

Beater looks around, spies the newly acquired sneakers.

BEATER

Now this here's somethin' new. He just started fucking L.A. Leapers.

ALLISON

The basketball shoes?

BEATER

Yeah, all the time, blowing loads all over em, pardon my directness there. I'm really worried about him, he's my friend and all but he's turning into one sick whack job. He's gonna hurt himself, or somebody else, God forbid he nuts on like a grandma or somethin'...

ALLISON

Let us run this past the executive producer. We may be able to help your friend.

BEATER

You're doing God's work over there!

Hoffman disconnects the call.

HOFFMAN

We're on the first flight to Newark!

EXT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-DAY

A NJ Transit bus pulls up in front of Dognut Doughnuts. The bus door opens, Duncan descends wearing a white polo and black pants, carrying a dog ear visor and a tail.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Don't worry, Gene, I really don't think anyone will be able to smell it if you keep the windows down.

INT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-DAY

He enters the bustling doughnut shop. All the employees are of Arabic descent, with Duncan being the token American.

He works his way through the crowd, places his visor on rounds the counter to the time clock. KIRTI, very dark skinned, late fifties, fills orders and barks direction.

KIRTI

Late again, Mr. Duncan! Busy busy!

DUNCAN

Kirti, I'm sorry, it was my birthday last night and--

KIRTI

I do not care about birthday, we need more Pit Bull nuts! They sell like dance of lap at boys camp! And put tail on, man, respect, huh?

Duncan sighs as he attempts to clip the ridiculous tail on the back of his belt, spinning in slow circles. Misa approaches dressed in her poodle uniform, with a bucket of Dognuts, doughnut holes looking exactly like their namesake.

She rests the bucket on the ground, clips the tail to Duncan's belt.

KIRTI (cont'd)

No! Dognuts never touch the ground!

MISA

Relax, dad.

At the counter, a TEENAGE BOY stares with wonder at Misa. Picking up the bucket, she looks up meeting his stare. Embarrassed, he stumbles through the crowd to the exit.

INT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-LATER

The rush expired, Duncan exits the kitchen. Kirti pulls fistfuls of cash from the register.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Hey, I just wanted to say I'm sorry
I was late. It was crazy last night
and I had this stuff all over--

KIRTI

Nothing to think of it, Duncan,
hey, was your birthday, right? You
make it up, stay later today, yes?
Ok!

A SOCCER MOM approaches the counter, prim and proper.

SOCCER MOM

Hi, could I get an iced Chihuahua
and two dozen of the Doberman nuts?

KIRTI

The nuts, neutered or not, huh?

SOCCER MOM

Oh, neutered please, little Tyler
doesn't need all that sugar.

KIRTI

Hey, fill the Mrs. order, I come
right back.

Duncan turns, bends to retrieve her dognuts, his attached
tail wagging, producing a coy smile from the customer. Misa
approaches, breaking Soccer Mom's lustful observation.

MISA

He's hot, huh?

SOCCER MOM

Excuse me?

MISA

I don't think he's into our type?

SOCCER MOM

Our type?

MISA

Women. He's never hit on me.

The customer, totally confused by this conversation.

MISA (CONT.)

I know, right?

Oblivious, Duncan rests the order on the counter. Kirti
reappears carrying a birthday cake made entirely of dognuts.

(CONTINUED)

KIRTI
For you, my Duncan friend!

DUNCAN
Is that a birthday cake?

KIRTI
It something new I try, you like?

Soccer Mom interjects, fascinated by the cake.

SOCCKER MOM
That is the sweetest thing! What a great idea!

KIRTI
Oh, Mrs., you like, yes?

SOCCKER MOM
I love it! Do you sell those?

KIRTI
Something new, I make one for you?

SOCCKER MOM
Tyler's big day is this week! He would love that! How much?

KIRTI
Oh, Mrs., these are very hard to make...take time to do, yes? I make you a special one, special price...ah...I say...

Kirti and Soccer Mom lock eyes, cocking their heads, squinting.

KIRTI (CONT.)
Thir...ty...

She nods, prodding him on.

KIRTI (CONT.) (cont'd)
..ty...forty...

She shakes her head, guiding this mental negotiaton.

KIRTI (CONT.) (cont'd)
Nine...nine...thirty-nine ninety nine!

He slams his hand down on the counter.

SOCCKER MOM

Sold!

KIRTI

Plus tax of course!

SOCCKER MOM

Can I pick it up tomorrow? Will it
keep in the fridge?

KIRTI

Yes, yes, fresh for days!

DUNCAN

That's really neat of you to make
for me, thanks Kirti!

The Eastwood ring tone begins it's SPEECH. Kirti's smile rapidly vanishes.

KIRTI

No phone at work!

DUNCAN

I have to answer this, it could be
from the audition, OK?

KIRTI

Five seconds since you stay late.

Duncan answers the phone, cutting Clint off. Misa stands intently eavesdropping.

DUNCAN

Hello?

ALLISON (OS)

Is this Duncan Connor?

DUNCAN

Speaking, yes, who's this?

A brown hand snatches the phone from Duncan.

KIRTI

Ok, word kept, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR RENTAL KIOSK-DAY

Allison stares at her phone as Hoffman impatiently paces.
Zoya approaches.

ALLISON
He hung up...

ZOYA
Question. Why do I not have same
dental benefit as the Hoffman?

ALLISON
What?

ZOYA
The man who speak like girl at
airport offered him cavity search
but none for me. Why?

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY -DAY

Woody enters the apartment lobby as Duncan exits the bus.

WOODY
Hey, Buddy. Still got your tail on.

DUNCAN
Shit. Think you could unhook that
without trying to hump me?

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY-NIGHT

Duncan approaches the apartment pulling keys from his
pocket, Woody a few paces behind.

WOODY
...so the mayor was really nervous
that I was going to tell the news
or somebody about his wearing
panties. I didn't care, I just
thought I was going to slam this
hot broad, I didn't know it was his
wife and he liked that stuff!

The key in the lock, Duncan, looks back at him.

DUNCAN
Jesus, Woody, do you really think I
believe all your craziness? Things
like that just don't....

Duncan opens the door.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

DUNCAN
happen.....

A bright light from Zoya's camera shines in Duncan's face. Hoffman stands behind her with Allison at his side.

DUNCAN (CONT)
 Whoa! What the hell?

Hoffman's attention focuses on Woody.

HOFFMAN
 Mr. Connor?

Woody shoots a finger towards Duncan.

DUNCAN
 Yeah?

WOODY
 I think you won the Publisher's Clearing House, Buddy! My mom won that once, they were outside the house though.

HOFFMAN
 No, sir, not quite. I'm Michael Hoffman, we're here to help.

DUNCAN
 Help? Me? How did you get in here?

Appearing from behind the ambush, a very somber Beater steps up. Zoya pivots her camera to catch all the action.

BEATER
 I had to do somethin' man.

DUNCAN
 Still with the rent? Fuck, Friday!

ALLISON
 Mr. Connor, we can censor that in post, and I know it's difficult, but could you please try to refrain from the use of inappropriate language.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Post?

Allison turns to Beater.

ALLISON

You didn't tell him we were coming?

BEATER

I tried, he was probably busy with his thing.

DUNCAN

My thing?

Beater makes a masturbating gesture.

WOODY

I think he means burping your baby.

Duncan grabs Beater's shoulder, forcefully turns him towards the bedroom, pushes him down the hallway.

BEATER

Hey! Nobody pushes the Beater!

DUNCAN

Shut your mouth and start talking!

HOFFMAN

Christ in the crippler cross face,
Allison! He didn't know we were
coming! Screwed. He's never going
to sign the release! It's just like
that guy that could only gamble
dressed as a nun! Disaster!

Woody turns to Hoffman as Zoya puts down her camera. She retrieves a roll of squashed Mentos from her jeans.

WOODY

You know my Uncle Pete?

HOFFMAN

Who the hell is this?

WOODY

The gambling guy that dresses up
with the habit, that's Pete
Polohocki, my mom's brother.

Zoya throws a handful of the candies into her mouth.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Beater sits on Woody's lower bunk, Duncan paces back and forth in front of a large, life-size poster of CLINT EASTWOOD as JOSEY WALES.

BEATER

It's like I always tell ya, nobody fucks with the Beater.

DUNCAN

Cut the shit! And stop referring to yourself in the third person, you sound like a tool!

BEATER

Hey! I warned you, man, you better watch the ice you're treading.

DUNCAN

You tread water, not ice!

BEATER

Water is ice, douche!

DUNCAN

They think all I do is jerk off?

BEATER

You look like a jerk off. Oh, yeah, they also know you fuck cake.

Duncan's pacing stops, fists clenched.

BEATER (CONT.)

That's what I saw last night, bro. You know, in the three years you lived here, I ain't never seen you bang a girl, but you fuck cake?

DUNCAN

You're not supposed to see your roommate bang a girl!

BEATER

Whatever. Oh, yeah, this was funny, too! I told 'em you get off on nailing L.A Leapers.

INT. DUNCAN AND BEATER'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Woody busts Zoya looking at him. He smiles as she throws more Mentos down the hatch.

ALLISON
He looks so normal...

HOFFMAN
He's a Freak. Handsome, though.

Zoya opens the fridge and begins to look around.

WOODY
Help yourself there, Beautiful.

She sneers, causing Woody to look away. She takes a can of Diet Coke from door. The soda cracks open with a loud HISS, drawing Woody's attention. In a flash, he charges to the kitchen, KNOCKS the can from her hand.

ZOYA
I have killed kittens for less!

WOODY
Is that your way of saying thanks
for saving your life?

Allison turns to see what the commotion is.

ZOYA
How you think that?

WOODY
You just ate a bunch of mints.

ZOYA
The point?

WOODY
That's how I lost my first
wife....she ate some of those,
drank a bottle of Diet Coke....

Woody looks off in the distance. Zoya follows his gaze.

WOODY (CONT.)
...she exploded.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

DUNCAN
You're a middle-age loser
bartender!

BEATER
What about you, doughnut maker? You
think you're some Bobby Duvall? You
really think yous gotta chance at
hitting it big? I's got news for
ya! You would have been famous by
now if you had the chops! Got no
balls either man!

Beater stands, grabs his own nuts.

BEATER (CONT.)
Guys with balls, real balls, they
make things happen.

He spits on the ground, as angry Italians often do.

DUNCAN
You're treading on thin ice!

BEATER
I'll tell ya somehtin' else, I'm a
better actor than you'll ever be!

DUNCAN
And how's that?

BEATER
Well, fer starters, I act
everyday...tending bar, I
mean. And, I convinced that hot
piece of ass out there, over the
phone sos you know, that you were a
sick fuck.

Duncan pauses for a moment, an idea forming. He pushes past
Beater, opens the door.

DUNCAN (OS)
Woody!

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Beater exits the bedroom as Woody enters.

ALLISON
Well?

BEATER
Uh, he's a little ashamed, you know.

HOFFMAN
Will he do it?

BEATER
I dunno...it's hard to understand him when he starts beatin' off.

ALLISON
He did it right in front of you?

BEATER
In front of me? There's been times he's tried to do it on me, finocchio!

HOFFMAN
Allison, give him the release.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Duncan, speaks quickly as Woody, sitting on his bed, attempts to follow.

DUNCAN
This show is televised nationally?

WOODY
I've seen it. I liked the one with the guy who thought he was a reincarnated Freddie Mercury.

DUNCAN
If I can convince them I'm a sick perverted mess, which I'm not--

WOODY
Well...

DUNCAN
--it would be like an audition going nationwide....maybe even out to other countries...

(CONTINUED)

WOODY
I'm not following, buddy.

DUNCAN
Barry said take the bull by the
horns, prove I have what it takes.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Allison pulls the release form and a pen from her folder,
hands it to Beater. He knocks on the bedroom door.

BEATER
Duncan?

DUNCAN (OS)
OH.....just give me another
minute....OOOOHHH....

Allison turns her back towards the door.

BEATER
Hey, you gonna sign this paper so
these people can help ya?

DUNCAN (OS)
OH, YEAH!!!

Beater slides the release form and pen under the door.

DUNCAN (OS) (cont'd)
OH GOD!! OH GOD, MAN! YES!

WOODY (OS)
You OK with me leaving?

DUNCAN (OS)
Wait! Just a few more seconds...

Woody opens the door with the form and the pen. He wipes the
pen on his uniform, leaving a trail of apparent cum. He
looks to Allison and Hoffman, who wants it?

Allison opens the folder, places it below the waving paper.
Woody drops it into the folder. He offers the pen.

ALLISON
Keep it. Call it a day? We can
start tomorrow morning?

(CONTINUED)

WOODY

That's a good idea, he gets tired
after one of these episodes.

Beater shakes his head, walks towards his room.
Woody extends his hand toward Allison, who pretends not to
see it, then to Hoffman, who gives it a quick, hesitant
shake. Zoya gives Woody a goodbye smile, her new hero.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Duncan, satisfied, squirts a bottle of hand lotion across
the room, just like a load, landing on JOSEY WALE'S gun.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY-NIGHT

Zoya exits with her gear followed by Hoffman and Allison.

HOFFMAN

Jesus, maybe we could win an Emmy!

Allison holds the folder at arms length between her fingers.

ALLISON

If we don't get an STD first.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Duncan sits on the floor in the Thinker's position. Woody
appears in the doorway.

WOODY

OK, Buddy, they're coming back in
the morning. So now what?

Duncan lifts his head.

DUNCAN

Research. What would Brando do? Or
De Niro? Would he hump a cake?

WOODY

I've seen Brando eating cake at
that diner on Forty-Six. He's dead
now.

INT. NJ TRANSIT BUS-DAY

Through Zoya's camera, a somber Duncan, sits on the bus.

HOFFMAN (OS)
How often does this happen?

DUNCAN
Oh, man, daily.

HOFFMAN (OS)
In public even?

DUNCAN
What? God no!

HOFFMAN (OS)
Cut!

Gene shakes his head in the mirror. Zoya places the camera down. Allison sits next to Duncan.

ALLISON
It's better if you say it does occasionally happen out in the open.

DUNCAN
But I'm not just gonna...

He pantomimes beating off, realizing their disappointment.

DUNCAN (CONT)
It's just...I don't know about like, you know, showing my thing on t.v.

HOFFMAN
There's no shame in a small dick, son. Every man's different, like snowflakes. Is it that small?

DUNCAN
No...it's average, above average, it's like...my mom, for instance.

ZOYA
Your penis resembles your mother?

DUNCAN
No! I just don't want her to see it?

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

Your mother has never seen your--

DUNCAN

Not erect! I don't think so...

The bus SCREECHES to a stop.

ALLISON

OK, look, let's just tell the audience that yes, you do masturbate in public every once in awhile. That's titillating. They keep watching thinking that maybe they'll get to see--

HOFFMAN

And we would have to pixelate it anyway. Unless we include it in the Too Hot For TV Blu Ray...

GENE (OS)

Duncan, you get off here!

Duncan stands, hangs his head, walks to the front.

HOFFMAN

(eagerly)

You do it on demand for strangers?

INT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-DAY

Allison back peddles through the door, holding it open for Zoya, filming Duncan and Hoffman as they enter. Kirti races from behind the counter.

KIRTI

NO CAMERAS! NO CAMERAS! YOU LEAVE!

DUNCAN

Kirti, relax. This is the owner. Can I talk to you for a minute?

Duncan escorts Kirti to the kitchen as Misa, clearing tables, steps in front of the camera.

MISA

Is this for a movie?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

We're actually a television show,
Strange Addictions.

Zoya puts the camera down, Misa raises it again.

MISA

He didn't mention that one.

The teenage boy from yesterday nervously approaches Misa.

TEENAGE BOY

I really love your work.

Misa turns from Allison, smiling. She escorts him away.

TEENAGE BOY (CONT.)

Can you sign this?

From his back pack he pulls out a Sharpie and a DVD entitled "101 Arabian Knockers". Checking to ensure her father is not around, she takes the marker, scribbles her name.

INT. DOGNUTS KITCHEN-DAY

Duncan pleads with Kirti.

DUNCAN

I'm doing you a solid here. This
is a nationally televised news
show.

KIRTI

No, no, American news not
trustworthy! Only Al Jazerra tells
the truth!

DUNCAN

Not news, exactly, they follow
around struggling actors, like me,
and your daughter! The shop will
get exposure, like a commercial.

KIRTI

For charge of nothing?

Duncan nods emphatically.

KIRTI (cont'd)

OK, OK...they not to bring camera
into kitchen, though. It all secret
knowledge back here, and no

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIRTI (cont'd)
interrupt business! You are to
work!

DUNCAN
Yeah, of course, God bless you,
man!

KIRTI
I not want the blessing of your
infidel god! Go clock in!

INT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-LATER

Duncan, mops the floor, watching through the window as Allison paces the sidewalk, cell phone pressed to ear. Zoya sits with a trough of doughnuts drinking coffee.

DUNCAN
She, uh, talking to her boyfriend?

ZOYA
Nyet. She speaks to the Executive,
or as he calls himself, God.

OFFICER MCNULTY, (50's), enters the doughnut shop.

OFFICER MCNULTY
Hey, George Duncan Clooney, what's
the beat from the street?

Duncan checks if Zoya caught the reference, she didn't.

DUNCAN
Hi, all good today, good
customer...officer..

McNulty gives a bewildered stare, Duncan continues to mop.

EXT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-DAY

Allison ends the call. Hoffman, licking his fingers, exits the shop holding the door for the entering Soccer Mom.

HOFFMAN
Those Pug Nuts are to die for! So,
what did he say?

ALLISON
He seems intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

He can't be by what we have so far.

ALLISON

Well, Michael, what do you suggest?

HOFFMAN

Unless this moron shows us
something really freaky, really
soon--

BANG! BANG! BANG! Zoya frantically pounds on the window.

INT. DOGNUTS DOUGHNUTS-DAY

Kirti presents Soccer Mom the birthday cake, a true confectionery work of art. Zoya films as Allison's and Hoffman's eyes move from the cake to Duncan obliviously mopping the floor.

SOCCER MOM

It's beautiful!

KIRTI

You like, yes? I tell you!

The fuss catches Duncan's attention. He remains unaffected until he feels all eyes upon him. He notices Hoffman and Allison, waiting with anticipation...the iris of Zoya's filming camera.

He looks to Officer McNulty, who is also beaming over Kirti's creation. Sweat forms on Duncan's brow. He takes a deep breath, throws the mop to the ground.

SOCCER MOM

I have to post this to Pinterest!

Duncan lunges to the counter, grabs the tray.

KIRTI

Hey, man, what you do?

SOCCER MOM

Excuse me?

Spinning towards the sign that reads "Restroom", Duncan sprints down the hallway with the cake, Zoya follows.

INT. RESTROOM-DAY

The door flings open, Duncan rushes in with the masterpiece. Places it on the tile floor, the door left ajar, the camera lens peeks through the crack. He kicks the door closed, locks it. She curses in Russian

ZOYA (OS)

Blyad!

Pacing, sweating, now definitely committed to this ruse.

INT. DOGNUTS HALLWAY-DAY

Everyone gathers behind the still filming Zoya.

SOCCER MOM

(to Officer McNulty)

He took my Tyler's cake....

KIRTI

No worries, miss, no worries...he uh, wrapping it for you, yes?

OFFICER MCNULTY

In the shitter?

DUNCAN (OS)

OH GOD! OH YEAH! YOU A SWEET CAKE!

HOFFMAN

(whispering to Allison)

Useless! We can't see the act! We need footage of him fucking the shit out of that cake.

Duncan let's out one final MOAN, fake orgasm achieved. Silence. The sound of THE LOCK TURNING. The door opens, Duncan stands, pants down, dognuts, cream, frosting all over his face and groin. He picks up the well fucked cake, hands it to Kirti.

DUNCAN

Sorry.

OFFICER MCNULTY

Mary, Joseph and Baby Jesus..

SOCCER MOM

Disgusting! I demand you arrest this deviant! Officer? Did you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER MCNULTY
He said he's sorry.

KIRTI
You fired! You sick with your dick
in the Tyler boy cake!

INT.HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Hoffman speaks on the room phone as Zoya and her new friend Woody, sprawl on the bed feeding each other Dog Nuts. An episode of Strange Addictions plays on the television.

WOODY
(pointing to the screen)
So she eats her scabs, huh?

ZOYA
This woman was odd, yes. Shall I
change station?

WOODY
(his mouthful)
Nope, I'm good.

Zoya grabs the remote.

WOODY (cont'd)
Hold on there a second, Buddy. You
better go wash your hands!

ZOYA
Why is that?

WOODY
Well, you get Spank-O-Vision in
these fancy hotels. You know how
many dudes pulled their pud, turned
off that there remote then rolled
over to catch some z's?

She flings the remote, barely missing Hoffman on the phone. At the desk Allison sits, watches footage on her iPad of Duncan from the incident. She smiles, pauses on his face.

HOFFMAN
I know, I told her the same thing.

Allison, shocked back to reality with this comment.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN (CONT.)

It's not a threat--you drafted the contract--I'm not telling you how to produce! Fine. I'll tell her.

He hangs up as Zoya crosses to the bathroom.

HOFFMAN (CONT.)

He wants you to upload what we have.

ALLISON

Is he firing me?

HOFFMAN

He's got something up his sleeve. He actually sounded intrigued. I haven't heard him so excited since his wife adopted that Korean girl.

ALLISON

He's married? With a kid?

Sudden realization crosses Allison's face, then concern.

ALLISON (CONT.)

Michael....do you think maybe I...us...we shouldn't be doing this?

HOFFMAN

Here's some free advice. Cover your own ass. You want to start worrying about these freaks, you'll never make it in investigative journalism.

ALLISON

This isn't journalism.

She exits the room as Zoya comes out of the bathroom drying her hands on a towel.

ZOYA

Enough of the courtship, Mr. Woody. I am ready.

WOODY

(to Hoffman)

You staying, Buddy? Don't know about her, but I don't mind if you watch.

INT. POLICE CRUISER-NIGHT

Officer McNulty pulls up to Duncan's apartment. Duncan wears a change of clothes: a McGruff The Crime Dog t-shirt and a pair of NJPD sweat pants. His soiled clothes sit on his lap.

OFFICER MCNULTY
This isn't like me.

DUNCAN
This isn't like me either, sir.

OFFICER MCNULTY
Just keep a low profile for awhile,
stay away from the shop.

DUNCAN
Yeah...

OFFICER MCNULTY
I have no idea what that was all
about, and honestly, I don't want
to know, but I can't turn a blind
eye to perversion. I've got grand
kids.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Duncan enters. Beater engrossed in a video game.

BEATER
Fire Bush is in your shit hole.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Britney throws clothes into various garbage bags and boxes.

BRITNEY
Surprised?

DUNCAN
Nope.

BRITNEY
You don't need any of this shit.

DUNCAN
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

Fuck you! We're going home first
thing tomorrow.

He watches as she throws his acting textbooks, video tapes,
scripts, etc. into a pile along with empty fast food bags.

DUNCAN

Britney, hold on, stop--

BRITNEY

You want me to stop? I've stopped
for ten years! I can't stop
anymore! You're moving back so we
can start.

DUNCAN

I know, I know, but, I just need a
little more time. Please, I'm this
close to something big, I swear.

BRITNEY

Did you not hear me when I said
fuck you? I'm not doing this
anymore. It was cute when you were
twenty, now it's fucking
embarrassing! A year from now
you're gonna thank me!

DUNCAN

I can't go.

She rips a clock from the nightstand throws it at him.

DUNCAN (CONT)

That's not mine.

She takes a large SCRAPBOOK labeled "Duncan" and hurls it at
him, he ducks, it passes through the open bedroom door.

DUNCAN

That was.

BRITNEY

Get out of here!

She shoves him through the door, locks it.

DUNCAN (OS)

Please, you've got to understand..

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

No! You're a selfish cum stain! I'm leaving tomorrow, with or without your retarded ass.

BEATER (OS)

Ya better pay me that fuckin' rent before mommy takes you back to Dicksburgh! And no check, cash.

DUNCAN (OS)

I got fired today.

BRITNEY

YOU SELL FUCKING DOUGHNUTS!

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Duncan lays face up on the futon. Eyes open, the room DEATHLY QUIET. A small TAPPING from the front door.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY-NIGHT

Duncan opens the door, sees Allison. Quietly, he steps into the hallway, closes the door.

DUNCAN

(whispering)

Hey.

ALLISON

They didn't have any record of you being booked, what happened?

DUNCAN

(still whispering)

Uh...I can't really talk here?

ALLISON

Want to get a drink?

DUNCAN

I..uh, really don't drink..the addiction and all...

ALLISON

Me neither.

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

Duncan and Allison at the bar, surrounded by empty shots.

ALLISON
A get out of jail free card? Those
are real?

DUNCAN
I've known him for like eight
years. I'm more embarrassed than
anything.

ALLISON
Well, you shouldn't be.

DUNCAN
Really?

ALLISON
Yeah. So, you get aroused by cake,
big deal. It's not like you're out
stealing, or raping...or cheating
on your wife while she's home with
your adopted Korean child.

The entrance cowbell CLANGS as more customers enter the pub.

DUNCAN
What's your secret?

ALLISON
Oh, God, which one?

DUNCAN
I don't know. You pick.

ALLISON
Let's see. I have myself convinced
I'm a journalist.

DUNCAN
You're not?

ALLISON
Nope.

DUNCAN
You're more than a journalist,
you're a pretty, smart, successful,
television producer.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON
You said pretty first.

DUNCAN
Did I?

ALLISON
And you think I'm successful?

DUNCAN
I don't even know what successful means anymore. I think it's just a word meant to crush your soul.

ALLISON
God, how did I get myself into this business! I always dreamed of being a reporter, you know, tell really good, intriguing stories. I wanted to inspire...now...I want to quit.

Again the Cowbell CLANGS as a group of COLLEGE KIDS enter.

DUNCAN
You can't quit, can you?

ALLISON
Oh, I can quit, I just don't want to give up. It's different. Your turn, another secret.

DUNCAN
How many do you think I have?

ALLISON
More than one.

DUNCAN
Let's see...everyone hated me in high school.

ALLISON
A handsome guy like you?

She smiles. Flustered, he has difficulty making eye contact.

DUNCAN
Everyone called me drama fag. Girls didn't want to date the fruity actor, right? There were only forty seven students in my entire class.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

No...

DUNCAN

Yep. Our town had one stop light.

ALLISON

Ok, so after graduation, how did you end up here?

DUNCAN

Ah, another secret...no one out here knows this, not even Woody.

ALLISON

Sounds juicy!

DUNCAN

Consider not graduating juicy?

ALLISON

You're kidding! Why?

DUNCAN

Like you said, chasing a dream. I earned my GED, so you know, same thing.

ALLISON

Uh, yeah, right, of course...

She slams another shot.

DUNCAN

That town was just so freaking horrible! I only had one friend...she hasn't been overly supportive...Your turn, quick!

ALLISON

When I was ten, I made this documentary about my neighbor, Mrs. Svangalli. Her cat went missing. It was so much fun, all professional, almost looked like you could run it on Dateline.

He smiles, slamming his own shot.

ALLISON (CONT.)

I thought I would be doing that for a career. But this....this is nothing like that.

She slams another shot. They smile at each other.

EXT. APARTMENT LOBBY-DAY

Wearing only his boxer shorts and flip flops, Beater unlocks his mailbox, shifting through his junk mail while adjusting his "junk".

Hoffman enters as Woody helps Zoya and a hungover Allison with their gear. Their rental car parked directly behind a KIA with a tag that reads "ONLY ONE OWNER! LESS THAN 70,000 MILES"

BEATER

Hey...mornin'.

HOFFMAN

(grinning)

More like morning wood.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-DAY

Beater and Woody laugh as Zoya runs raw footage from the previous day's shoot. The sound of a STREAMING SHOWER.

Allison, sits on the futon, notices the SCRAPBOOK on the end table. She flips through it. The futon closes on her. Without looking, Woody pushes it back in place.

ZOYA

This is favorite piece.

On the t.v., the restroom door opens, Duncan appears with the mess all over his groin. Allison reaches the last page, a teen Duncan in a play, an Oscar cut out glued beside it.

Britney enters, wearing only a Dognuts T-shirt, chubby pale legs exposed, rubs her eyes, The SHOWER STREAM ceases. Duncan exits the bathroom wearing only a towel, stunned, looks at the crowded room.

BRITNEY

What is this?

DUNCAN

What are you guys doing?

Allison turns to see Duncan, blushes, turns away.

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY

Who the fuck are these people?

Britney, gawks at the screen, still frozen on a disheveled, Duncan with crumbs all over his cock and balls area.

BRITNEY (CONT.)

This? This is your something big?
Fetish porn? Like Two Girls One
Cup?

ZOYA

You know of it? I did lighting for
them. Nice girls. One is now dead
from the ecoli. The blonde.

Britney storms to the bedroom, SLAMS the door.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Britney, dressed, flings open the KIA's driver door. Duncan races outside putting on his sweatpants, shirtless, only to see the car SCREECH into gear.

She speeds down the street, side swiping a parked car, knocking the mirrors off both vehicles. She accelerates even faster, leaving Duncan in her rear view.

EXT. GROCERY STORE-DAY

Hoffman shakes hands with the MANAGER at the entrance, a crowd of onlookers gather to see the celebrity.

INT. GROCERY STORE-DAY

Duncan slowly pushes a cart, Allison walks beside him. Ahead of them, Zoya stops, bends over retrieves a camera battery, ass crack exposed. Oddly, no ass rash is apparent.

Allison notices the gross, but unblemished crack.

ALLISON

Britney, she seemed nice.

DUNCAN

Yeah, like a benign tumor is nice.

He grins, trying to soften his insult.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON
Then why are you with her?

DUNCAN
Apparently I'm not. I don't
know....comfort, I guess.

ALLISON
I get that.

DUNCAN
What about you? Got a guy back
West?

ALLISON
Not exactly. Married to the job.

He gestures his thumb towards the front of the store.

DUNCAN
You mean you and Hoffman aren't--

ALLISON
Oh, God no!

A sincere grin forms on Duncan's face.

ALLISON (CONT.)
You still act?

Immediately, Duncan becomes concerned.

ALLISON (CONT.)
I kind of looked through your
scrapbook. It was cute.

DUNCAN
Oh, that. That's just something my
mom made for me, it's really--

Zoya approaches holding a gallon of bottled water.

ZOYA
I do not understand. Water. In jug.
To buy. Is stupid, no?

INT. GROCERY STORE BAKERY- DAY

Soccer Mom speaks with the BAKER.

(CONTINUED)

SOCCKER MOM

It was disgusting, I mean really repulsive. His...tally whacker... right there in the middle of Tyler's cake! I should have maced him! But it happened so fast!

The uninterested baker hands her a generic birthday cake reading "Happy 5th Tyler!". Duncan and Allison round the corner. Zoya, seeing an opportunity, turns on the camera.

Duncan turns his attention from Allison to the camera, notices it's not pointed at him. His eyes follow the lens pointed at...LITTLE TYLER'S CAKE!

ALLISON

Are you OK?

DUNCAN

Yeah, no, it's fine.

ZOYA

But it is cake.

Allison gives her a disapproving glare. Zoya nods her head, ready to capture whatever goes down.

Letting out a huge sigh, knowing what needs done, Duncan pushes his cart aside, trots towards Soccer Mom, overacting as if he is fighting the impulse of his horrible addiction.

DUNCAN

Hi, hey, excuse me!

SOCCKER MOM

You! You should be in jail!

DUNCAN

I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

He wrestles the cake from her.

SOCCKER MOM

Stop him! Help! Stranger danger!

Frantically, she digs through her purse, pulls out an enormous key chain littered with reward cards, all attached to a can of mace and a rape whistle.

A crowd gathers. Duncan races through the store. The commotion forces Hoffman and the Manager to charge towards the direction of the ruckus.

(CONTINUED)

Duncan sprints towards the restroom. It's locked! CUSTOMERS give chase, Soccer Mom SHRIEKS air through her whistle.

Duncan spots a set of double doors, a sign reading "Employees Only". He barrels through with the cake, barricades the doors with a loaded meat rack.

As if the sign has magical powers, the mob of customers STOP DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS.

ELDERLY ORIENTAL WOMAN

Fuck that! I'm on parole!

FRUMPY MALE

I'm not going in there! Did you see his eyes? He's on PCP!

BLACK PRIEST

He got the damn Devil in him!

The manager fights his way through the throng.

MANAGER

OK, coming through! Excuse me!
Store Manager here! Let me in there!

INT. GROCERY MEAT CUTTING AREA-DAY

Duncan hears Barry's voice in his head.

BARRY (OS)

...comes a time in every man's life when he has to master his own ship, take the bull by the horns...

Then Beater's taunts.

BEATER (OS)

...You would have been famous by now if you had the chops! Got no balls either man...

He hears the HOCKING of Beater spitting on the floor.

Duncan, no time to waste, drops his pants, throws the cake to the floor rapidly performs push ups, groin to cake.

Two MEXICAN MEAT CUTTERS watch this insane scene.

The doors burst open, the Manager storms in, knocking the meat tray to the ground with a CRASH. Zoya films the scene, the money shot she has been waiting for.

(CONTINUED)

From Duncan's viewpoint, he looks up, sees the Manager is wearing L.A. Leapers.

DUNCAN
(whispering to himself)
You've gotta be kidding me...

Dismounting what is left of the cake, he turns his attention to the shoes, mounts the manager's leg.

MANAGER
Hey! Hey! Down! Down! Bad!

Soccer Mom charges in, sprays Duncan with mace.

SOCCER MOM
You sick sicko! This is for Tyler!

Duncan thrashes in agony like a wounded bear. Allison rushes to his aid.

The meat cutters watch as the melee leaves their domain. They speak to each other in Spanish.

MEXICAN MEAT CUTTER #1
He put his tiny dick in that cake!

MEXICAN MEAT CUTTER #2
Then he fucked the boss man's leg.

MEXICAN MEAT CUTTER #1
His ass was very pale...

INT. RENTAL CAR-DAY

Allison drives, cell phone pressed to her ear, from the passenger seat Zoya films the police car in front of her, Hoffman, oblivious, texting and smiling in the back.

ALLISON
We're filming right now! I don't think we can shoot at the jail.

Zoya sticks her head out the window with the camera, zooms in on the back seat of the squad car.

ALLISON (CONT.)
We've never done that before--All due respect, that's a really tall order--can we move that quickly?

Allison looks in her rear view at Hoffman, who is scanning the street names, ignoring her conversation.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (CONT.) (cont'd)
I'm sorry, you're right--no, I
would never doubt you--and
Hoffman's on board with this?

HOFFMAN
Wait! Stop! Let me out here!

ALLISON
What?

HOFFMAN
Pull over, woman! You passed it!

Allison pulls the vehicle to the side, the squad car
proceeds through a traffic light.

ALLISON
(into the phone)
Francis?

Dead air on the other end. Like a passenger bailing on cab
fare, Hoffman dashes from the vehicle.

ALLISON (CONT.)
Douche!

He jogs up the street. Zoya, turns to Allison, who peers
blankly ahead, hands on the wheel of the motionless car.

ZOYA
Drive!

ALLISON
Francis is flying in...we're doing
a live intervention.

ZOYA
Da! Finally idea that is good!
When?

Allison faces her passenger.

ALLISON
Tomorrow night...prime time...did I
mention live? I did....

ZOYA
For first time holding this camera
I feel the blood coursing through
lips of labia, the major and minor.

ALLISON

A one day media blitz is in the works....this is big...

ZOYA

Bigger than cock of dragon!

INT. BERGEN COUNTY JAIL HOLDING- DAY

Dressed in an orange jumpsuit, eyes nearly swollen shut, a frazzled Duncan pleads into the pay phone.

DUNCAN

Listen, please, OK? I really, really need you right now, can we leave the ball busting for later?

INTER CUT GROUCHO'S/COUNTY JAIL

BEATER

You don't got no rent you can sit in that cell and smoke pole you cheapskate chode.

The bar's cowbell CLANGS, an entering customer.

DUNCAN

You really don't understand, this is some serious shit here, OK? I swear to God I will pay you in full and give you back the bail money once I get paid from the show!

Beater notices the UNSEEN CUSTOMER.

BEATER

Call your snoodling buddy Woodfuck.

DUNCAN

I tried! He won't answer unknown calls! You know that---

CLICK.

INT. BERGEN COUNTY JAIL CELL-LATER

Duncan pontificates in the middle of the cell.

DUNCAN

So now, do I not only have no job, which sucked anyway, my girlfriend

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN (cont'd)
 of over ten years has walked out on me, which in and of itself isn't a huge problem, she really sucked, too, but, you know, there was a history, and then I wasted my one phone call, that one precious call, on a queef cutlet, my life goal of being a working actor, evaporated, and I really don't think I have a shred of dignity left. You guys understand, right?

His front row audience, a TRANSVESTITE and a TATTOOED WHITE SUPREMACIST, oblivious to his monologue.

A third offender, a DRUNKEN BUSINESSMAN, hanging on every word, nods in agreement, slowly lifts his head, vomits all over himself.

Officer McNulty appears on the other side of the bars.

OFFICER MCNULTY
 Duncan! You're out.

DUNCAN
 Oh, thank God! I can't believe you're helping me again.

McNulty unlocks the cage.

OFFICER MCNULTY
 Wasn't me.

DUNCAN
 Oh, right, sorry, I get it.

Duncan exits the door as McNulty SLAMS it shut.

OFFICER MCNULTY
 Really, it wasn't me.

INT. BERGEN COUNTY JAIL PROCESSING-NIGHT

A FEMALE OFFICER sits behind the window, pushes Duncan's belongings through the slot. He retrieves his keys, wallet and cell, waiting for more instructions.

DUNCAN
 Is that it? I don't have to sign...

She gives him a disgusted stare, holds up a folder, silently rips it into quarters.

(CONTINUED)

WOODY (OS)
Balloon knot still tied, buddy?

DUNCAN
How did you even know I was here?

WOODY
It doesn't matter, does it?

DUNCAN
But Saving Grace over here ripped
up my intake papers.

WOODY
She did, huh? I told you, friends
in low places, brother.

DUNCAN
All that bullshit about the
mayor...wasn't bullshit?

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

Duncan and Woody sit at the bar, drinking heavily. A female
BARTENDER pours them another round.

WOODY
So, where's Beater?

BARTENDER
Left sick this afternoon, said he
didn't want to infect the
customers.

WOODY
Sounds like he needed some of my
special medicine.

BARTENDER
Sounds like he's full of shit! I
had to get a sitter and everything,
so you two better start tipping.

Allison and Zoya approach behind the two.

ZOYA
Hey buddy!

WOODY
Hey, you learned it perfectly!
How's the rash?

(CONTINUED)

ZOYA

How your Leonard Skinyard say? Gone
like the wind on Tuesday.

ALLISON

Duncan...can we talk?

Duncan, glassy eyed, gestures to the empty chair beside him. She gently takes his hand, gives a reassuring smile, escorts him to a quiet corner booth.

ALLISON (CONT.)

Are you OK?

DUNCAN

I can't do this anymore.

ALLISON

Then maybe you shouldn't.

DUNCAN

You don't understand...I'm a phony,
a hack...I absolutely suck.

She begins to fuss in her seat.

ALLISON

Don't say that.

DUNCAN

You're a sweet girl. I can't do
this to you....

Allison's lowers her head.

ALLISON

Not as sweet as you think.

DUNCAN

No, you don't understand. The whole
reason you're here...it's..

They stare into each other's eyes. Allison leans across the table, kisses him passionately. She stops, pulls away.

ALLISON

Oh my God, I am so sorry, that--

Duncan leans over the table, kisses her even more passionately.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Allison and Duncan both struggle to make out on the futon without falling off, speaking only between kisses.

ALLISON
Can't...we..just..go...

DUNCAN
It's been...quiet..in...there...

They CRASH to the floor.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

In bed Allison cuddles against Duncan's bear chest, content, yet her eyes are conflicted. She whispers softly.

ALLISON
I have to tell you something.

Duncan's eyes also show concern.

DUNCAN
Me too.

ALLISON
Ok...you first.

DUNCAN
Really?

ALLISON
Yeah, of course...

DUNCAN
I'm just not used to that...This show...the whole thing...

ALLISON
Yeah?

DUNCAN
It's not that I don't want to do it, I mean, I met you.

A broad smile forms on her face.

DUNCAN (CONT)
...and the money will help get Beater off my back--

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON
What money?

DUNCAN
From the show.

ZOYA (OS)
Do we now pay participants?

Duncan looks quizzically at Allison.

WOODY (OS)
Hey, Buddy, this is a private
moment between these two.

ZOYA (OS)
They never tell me of changes, I
just do camera, and now sound as
well. My plan for teeth protection
is also not same as others.

Duncan swings his head over the edge of the top bunk. Woody
is laying on Zoya's chest identically to the way Allison was
laying on Duncan's.

DUNCAN
You don't pay participants?

Zoya shrugs. Duncan lifts his head back up to Allison.

ALLISON
We never have...

DUNCAN
Please tell me you're kidding.

ALLISON
We provide access to help, and--

DUNCAN
Help? I live with an insane Italian
looking for two month's worth of
rent! I lost my job, Britney--

Immediately, she stares holes into Duncan's soul.

DUNCAN (CONT)
No big deal, the Britney thing, but
my job...and my balls. Allison, he
threatened to cut off my nuts with
garden shears and serve them to
Woody in a martini, like olives!

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Wait a minute, you signed the
release form.

DUNCAN

Well, yeah, under duress, ambushed!

Allison sits up from the bed, hits her head on the ceiling.

ALLISON

Shit!

DUNCAN

Are you ok?

ALLISON

Zoya, get dressed!

She climbs off the top bunk, gathers her clothes.

DUNCAN

Wait, Allison, it's just...I'm
surprised. I assumed that--

ALLISON

I thought you were different.

DUNCAN

I am!

WOODY (OS)

He is.

Zoya walks to the bedroom door wearing only bloomers.
Allison, thrown together, directly behind her grabs a fifth
of whiskey from Woody's dresser as she leaves.

DUNCAN

What the hell just happened?

WOODY (OS)

Buddy, if you don't mind me saying,
it sounded like you came too fast.
You're gonna wanna work on that.

INT. POSH HOTEL ROOM-DAY

The t.v. tuned to UP AND AT 'EM NEW YORK. A couple under
plush sheets having sex. On screen, the polished, male HOST
interviews a very sophisticated, slickly dressed, gray
haired BLACK MAN.

(CONTINUED)

HOST

With us today is the Godfather of reality television, Francis Freeman. Good morning, sir.

FRANCIS

Man, it's been awhile, hasn't it? Thank you for having me again, Matt.

HOST

Always a pleasure, but let's talk about why you're back today. This really was a last minute booking.

INT. DUNCAN'S DAD'S KITCHEN-DAY

A photo from a Homecoming Formal of Duncan and a much thinner Britney. An autographed head shot as well as a still from the famous Pep Boys commercial.

DAD, a blue collar type, wearing a mechanic's uniform, stands in the kitchen drinking coffee. In the family room MOM, the proper housewife, watches the MORNING SHOW.

FRANCIS

I thought you'd never ask! You know I've always tried to help others, OK, so tonight we are trying to help a very troubled young man, with a very disturbing problem.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP-DAY

Britney at her desk, looks at the same Homecoming picture hanging on Duncan's mother's wall. The ancient showroom console t.v. tuned to the interview.

HOST

First off, what makes his problem so unique, and then second, if you would, why the sense of urgency with your special episode of "Strange Addictions" airing tonight?

Britney looks to the screen, which has changed to a video piece of Duncan being interviewed in his apartment.

From the window, Marv can be seen wielding a power saw like a Jedi, cutting the hanging side mirror from the KIA.

INT. DOGNETS DOUGHNUTS RESTROOM-DAY

Kirti takes a dump as he flips through an Arabic newspaper.

FRANCIS (VO)

Well, we believe that the problem
the subject has is more common than
people realize.

HOST (VO)

And what exactly is this problem.

Turning the page, his eyes bulge, an ad for a "Very Special
Episode of Strange Addictions", featuring Duncan.

FRANCIS (VO)

Well, in layman's terms, Matt, he
is a chronic masturbator, but
there's a twist, rather than a
pull, if you're picking up what I'm
laying down.

Kirti grunts, a loud PLOP hits the water.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET-DAY

Barry, Duncan's agent, walks past an electronics store, an
eighty-five inch television in the display window tuned to
the Show.

He stops in front of the window staring at an ad for that
evening's episode in The New York Post, oblivious to the
BANTER of the interview emanating from the showroom window.

FRANCIS

Also, he has a sexual affinity for
baked products, cake, doughnuts,
what have you.

HOST

Not to make light of the subject,
as I'm sure this is a very serious
issue, but baked products? You mean
to say that he...

FRANCIS

Yes, sir, and in public, which
makes it a societal concern. Not to
tease, but we have the footage of
this.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

Allison, hungover, throws up in the bathroom with the door open. A USA Today slides under the door of her room, she wipes her mouth with her sleeve, picks up the paper.

HOST (VO)

Amazing, you know, I've been a reporter, in one capacity or another for more decades than I would like to admit, and I've seen quite a bit, but are you serious?

FRANCIS (VO)

Oh, yes sir, but we're here to help him, not exploit him. Our goal is to get the message out to others that there is help available.

On the front page, yet another ad for that night's episode, with Duncan's face looking rabid from the macing. The ad reads "Will this man accept help?"

HOST (VO)

Make sure you're tuned in, America, tonight at nine. Next, is Bigfoot real? One man in rural Ohio seems to think so, actually petitioning the court and his church to marry the female Sasquatch he claims he has kept in his basement for the last three years.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP-DAY

Britney's eyes leave the screen, fixating on an OBESE MIDDLE AGED WOMAN carrying a fast food bag.

Her gaze follows as the woman makes a beeline for the Slick Salesman's desk, giving him a passionate good morning kiss. She looks outside to see Marv putting a new sign on the KIA.

INT. DUNCAN'S DAD'S KITCHEN-DAY

Mom rises from her chair, concern etched across her face. She turns to Dad in the kitchen. He takes a swig of coffee, shrugs his shoulders, exits to another day at the garage.

INT. POSH HOTEL ROOM-DAY

A naked Beater, lays in bed, covered by a sheet from the waist down, staring at the television.

BEATER

Man, I fucked him over hard!

The sheet rustles as a disheveled Hoffman pops his head out.

HOFFMAN

I'm right here.

BEATER

Nah, I mean Duncan, look. Let's see him act his way outta this one.

HOFFMAN

What do you mean?

BEATER

You knows, he's a pain in my sack and all, never payin' his rent on time, but he ain't no degenerate like yous paintin' him to be.

Hoffman bolts upright and naked.

HOFFMAN

He's faking?

BEATER

Duh! Thinks he's an actor.

HOFFMAN

He's lived with you for how long?

BEATER

Shit, baby, I dunno...three years?

HOFFMAN

Tommy, in all that time, did you ever see him masturbating or fucking things?

BEATER

Well...no...

Hoffman scrambles to put his clothes on.

BEATER (CONT.)

But I would've watched...tried a few times here and there.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM-DAY

Alone, Duncan lies with a pillow over his face.
Woody's dented alarm clock reads 5:24 PM.

RING TONE

I know what you're thinking, is
this phone

He grabs the phone from his bed, throws it against the JOSEY
WALES poster, shattering it into several pieces.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY-NIGHT

Duncan carries multiple duffel bags, back packs and
suitcases down the stairs. He stops at the landing where
Allison is waiting for him.

ALLISON

Getting out of Dodge, huh?

DUNCAN

Sorry I was such a douche last
night, I--

ALLISON

Stop. I don't care. Everything you
said was real. Painful, but real.

Duncan places his items down.

DUNCAN

No. It's not real. I'm a grown damn
man, I have to stop blaming
everybody and everything. That
whole thing about Britney not being
a big deal, that was real.

ALLISON

And the testicles, cut off with
garden shears in the drink?

DUNCAN

Way real, but it was rusty scissors
if I recall correctly.

A long understood silence between the two. She pulls an
envelope from her purse.

ALLISON

Oh, I stopped by the doughnut shop,
I know they have a restraining
order. Here's your last check.

(CONTINUED)

Duncan takes it, places it in his back pocket.

DUNCAN

Thanks.

ALLISON

We're catching a flight back tonight, too. I'd love to have one more drink with a fellow dreamer.

He mulls it over.

ALLISON (CONT.)

Come on, I'll give you a ride. You didn't plan on leaving without saying goodbye to Woody?

DUNCAN

OK, but can we take the bus?

EXT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

Allison helps Duncan exit the bus with his belongings. On the bus step, he extends his hand to Gene.

GENE

I hope it all works out for you.

They shake hands.

DUNCAN

Take care of that glaucoma..and the whole bowel thing. If you're ever in western Pennsylvania--

GENE

Go on now, do what you have to do.

Gene winks at him. Duncan steps to the street, confused by the final words and the wink as the bus pulls off.

She places the bags on the sidewalk.

DUNCAN

Allison, look, I feel responsible for whatever happens to you now...I...admire you, really--I guess admire is the right word. Look, please, don't let my failed life affect your career, OK? I couldn't live with that.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Duncan, I'm a grown ass woman, I--

DUNCAN

I'm an actor!

ALLISON

I know you are. Don't ever give up on that.

DUNCAN

No, just let me explain. I don't really have a problem whacking off, and raping cakes. It was all a joke.

ALLISON

A joke? You've been lying this entire time?

DUNCAN

I'm sorry, I just went along with it, I was having such a hard time getting gigs, I just thought I could get some airtime on your show and maybe someone would notice, and I'd get paid, but I'm not getting paid--

ALLISON

But you got laid! This is fucking insane! You took advantage of the show? You took advantage of me? My career could be over because you thought it would be funny?

DUNCAN

No, not funny. I just--

Allison sits on the curb.

ALLISON

How did I not see this?

DUNCAN

I'm sorry...

ALLISON

Well, you had me fooled! I actually was concerned about you. Looks like you're a great actor after all. Son of a bitch....

She chuckles to herself. Duncan sits down beside her.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Why are you laughing at me? I'm
sorry, seriously, no bullshit.

ALLISON

This is so fucking ironic.

DUNCAN

It is?

ALLISON

Without a doubt. What if I were to
tell you that I'm acting, too? What
if I said that I got you here, to
the bar, because right behind those
doors, there's a crew, and a
satellite, and my boss, who has
been trying to get me to sleep with
him, and I've been considering it
to advance my shitty career, oh and
that he's married with an adopted
Korean girl that I knew nothing
about--

DUNCAN

No way...

ALLISON

Oh yeah, they're all in
there. You're intervention, your
big break, live in twenty minutes!

DUNCAN

This was a set up? Getting me here
for a goodbye drink?

She looks him in the eye, nods, puts her head down.

DUNCAN (CONT)

I got a bus to catch.

Duncan attempts to gather his belongings off the sidewalk.

ALLISON

Of course you do, yep, go right
ahead! Why not? Run back home,
marry that round pale ginger, hey,
I know, why not quit acting and get
a real, corporate, white collar
gig? It's not like any embarrassing
pictures of you would surface or
anything!

(CONTINUED)

He stands, with all of his worldly goods strapped to his back and held in his arms. He turns and walks away. Allison, still sitting, hugs her knees. He stops without turning.

DUNCAN

Did you ever find Mrs. Svangalli's cat?

She wipes tears from her eyes, a tiny smile appears.

ALLISON

Yeah...a Chinese family snatched her, they were fattening her up for some New Year ritual or something.

Back still to Allison, he walks away.

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

The bar has been taken over by the t.v. crew. Tables rearranged to make up one large, horseshoe booth. Bright lights with gels hang from the ceiling.

Duncan's friends are all present, their wireless mics being clipped on by gofers: Beater, Woody, Misa, Kirti, Gene.

EXT. GROUCHO'S BACK ALLEY-NIGHT

A yellow cab pulls into the alley directly behind a NJ Transit bus. Fog and smoke surround the dusky night.

In shadow, a TALL MAN wearing a hat and trench coat exits the cab carrying a briefcase. He stares up the steps at the rear entrance, contemplates what lies inside.

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

Francis sits at the bar, admiring the creation he has assembled. Hoffman takes a seat beside him.

FRANCIS

All set to draw some ratings?

HOFFMAN

About that...I come to you as a colleague with some disturbing information.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS

You still negotiating with ABC?
What they do this time, Mikey,
offer you Nightline?

HOFFMAN

No, well, they have, but that's not
what I need to talk with you about.

FRANCIS

Spit it out then, son, clock's
ticking and all.

HOFFMAN

I think we're being played. This
character tonight, he's playing a
character.

Francis cocks his head in a 70's "say what" manner.

HOFFMAN (CONT.)

I have it on good authority that
he's an actor, he's been acting.

FRANCIS

God damn...

HOFFMAN

Now, I'm prepared to confront him
with this on air, with your
blessing of course. We can--

FRANCIS

That kid's good! Damn good! Had me
fooled and you know I don't fool
easy, no sir.

HOFFMAN

So, I was thinking we could zing
him about ten minutes in, you know,
have Zoya get the close up and I go
in for the kill, then--

FRANCIS

Oh, no, that's not gonna happen.

HOFFMAN

You're right, let's get him on the
hot seat right away! I like you're
style, then I'll--

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS

You're not gonna do a damn thing.
This here, tonight, goes just the
way it is. Tracking through the
roof!

HOFFMAN

But it's not genuine. Francis, it's
not journalism, it's not reality.

FRANCIS

Bitch, what is? If reality was
really aired, no one would watch.
He won't be the first actor on our
show and sure as shit won't be the
last.

Hoffman confused, unable to process.

FRANCIS (CONT.)

Listen, do you really think that
piece on the guy obsessed with
funerals and corpses was on the
level? I found that guy at a dinner
theater in Oregon.

Hoffman stares off in the distance, pieces of the past
falling into place.

FRANCIS (CONT.)

Boy, I used to be in charge of
creative for CNN! The greatest gift
I ever gave t.v. was being able to
pass bullshit off as reality.

A MALE INTERN approaches Francis.

MALE INTERN

Sir, talent's here.

Francis and Michael turn in their seats.

FRANCIS

Nothing's really real. Not even
him.

He pats Michael on the back, rises from his chair.

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

THE INTERVENTIONIST, now in the light, bearing an uncanny resemblance to Max Von Sydow, stands before the assembled cast. He takes off his hat and trench coat, rests his briefcase on the ground.

INTERVENTIONIST
(thick German accent)
Friends, I will be moderating
tonight's proceeding.

Gene mumbles to himself.

GENE
I know that voice...

Francis approaches, slaps his hand on the German's back.

FRANCIS
Hey all, best in the business,
right here. Been doing it for
decades, haven't you Rudy, yessir!

He winks at The Interventionist.

FRANCIS (CONT.)
He's helped Keith Richards, Betty
Ford, Robert Mitchum...you know, he
actually got Elvis Presley off all
those pills before they killed him,
amazing man!

MISA
I thought the pills did kill Elvis,
on the toilet?

WOODY
You didn't listen closely there
buddy, THEY killed him, everybody
knows that.

Woody looks at Francis, each sliding a finger across their respective noses, a secret code.

FRANCIS
You are well informed, yes you are,
I like you, son! And you...

Francis takes Misa's hand and gives it a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

KIRTI
Who this El Vez?

FRANCIS
I love your work, yes I do.

MISA
Oh...thank you...

KIRTI
Misa! This sumar seen you make the
dog nut?

FRANCIS
Now that one, I have not
seen...yet!

In the background, Zoya directs younger cameramen with set
ups. Hoffman looks to Beater on stage, slices his hand
across his neck, the plan is off.

Beater confused, mouths "why?" Hoffman mouths back in return
"off, off". Beater holds up a crumpled piece of paper.

BEATER
WHAT ABOUT DIS HERE THING WE WROTE?

Hoffman races over to Beater, they converse in hushed tones.

HOFFMAN
Francis said not to expose him.

BEATER
Then what the fuck am I doing here?

HOFFMAN
You're going to go along with it,
act concerned for your friend.

BEATER
He ain't my friend!

HOFFMAN
Your roommate! Don't fuck this up!

BEATER
Nah, Beater don't get told what to
do by no boothead!

HOFFMAN
You will do as you're told or I
will step in front of that camera
and announce to the world that you
have no gag reflex, capiche?

(CONTINUED)

BEATER

Really? Then everyone's gonna know
you like salami, too, smart guy.

MICHAEL HOFFMAN

I've been out for years, idiot.

INT. DUNCAN'S DAD'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Mom and Dad sit in front of the television watching the
episode on Duncan.

In the lower corner of the screen a countdown clock: "Live
Intervention Starts in 2:02...2:01....2:00..."

Mom anxious, horrified. Dad sits calmly.

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

Francis smoothly, suavely, embraces Allison.

FRANCIS

Well, baby, you ready for your
future to unfold?

She pushes herself away.

ALLISON

This is over!

The cowbell CLANGS again.

FRANCIS

Oh, you talking nonsense girl, you
got butterflies, that's OK, this is
a big night. See, I told you I
could make things happen for you
babygirl. Reap your spoils...then I
reap mine.

DUNCAN (OS)

Who's this?

FRANCIS

There he is! I'd recognize that
face even without all that
frosting! My man! You ready?

ALLISON

This is Francis....my boss.

(CONTINUED)

ZOYA (OS)
ONE MINUTE KOMANDA! PODGOTOVIT!

DUNCAN
He seems nice.

ALLISON
Yeah, like a malignant tumor's
nice.

FRANCIS
You kids are so funny, I dig it
man!

DUNCAN
Yeah, you dig it?

FRANCIS
Yes sir, I do!

DUNCAN
Dig this.

Duncan turns from Francis, looks Allison in the eyes, grabs her by the back of the head, gives her a strong, slow, passionate kiss. Francis' smile fades.

DUNCAN (cont'd)
Ready?

Allison, stunned, nods.

INT. MARV'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

A Chewabacca head violently shakes forwards and backwards. Britney furiously rocks Marv's world, riding him hard on top of an enormous WOOKIE SKIN RUG surrounded by Star Trek memorabilia and Lord of The Rings action figures.

She stares holes in the television: "Live Intervention starts in 0:03...0:02..."

BRITNEY
(to the television)
YOU FUCK! YOU FUCK!

MARV
I FUCK! I FUCK!

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

The intervention begins. Duncan sits in the middle of the booth surrounded by the assembled group.

The Interventionist slowly paces in front of the gathering.

INTERVENTIONIST

Friends, we have assembled tonight to help Duncan with an issue that has created several problems in his young, troubled existence. I would like to start by asking each of you individually to express how his addiction has affected your life.

He stops his pacing next to Woody.

INTERVENTIONIST

Mr. Woodrow.

WOODY

Right here, buddy.

INTERVENTIONIST

And you are his best, closest, dearest friend?

WOODY

Sleeps above me every night.

A GASP escapes from the crew.

DUNCAN

We have bunk beds, alright? Jesus!

The same GASP escapes from the crew.

INTERVENTIONIST

Adorable. How do you feel about this odd behavior your bunk mate is currently exhibiting?

WOODY

To tell you truthly, whatever gets you through the day is OK with me.

INTERVENTIONIST

I beg your pardon?

WOODY

Except for the stuff in public, keep that behind closed doors buddy!

INT. DUNCAN'S DAD'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Dad watches, drinking a highball of whiskey, silently studies the screen.

MOM

Gary? Should we drive up there?

His only response is a shake of his head.

MOM (CONT.)

You think he's acting? He's not,
Gary I know my own son! He hasn't
made that mongoloid face.

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

The intervention continues.

INTERVENTIONIST

And you are...

KIRTI

I'm Kirti, man. I'm his boss.

DUNCAN

Were my boss.

KIRTI

Hey, man, I love you, huh? You get
all good and straightened, you come
back to Dognuts Doughnuts! You know
where it is, three forty-eight
Bergen Avenue, health inspected, no
funny stuff! We make these new
items for breakfast.

Everyone stares at Kirti, except Gene, who squints, staring at the Interventionist.

KIRTI (CONT.)

Ah, you know, when you better. Open
extra early day of the week.

INT. BARRY'S CONDO-NIGHT

Barry, wearing pajamas and slippers, reclines in his easy chair drinking milk, fixated on the television.

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

Off camera, Francis beams. Allison fidgets, bites her nails.

INTERVENTIONIST
Ms. Misa, you are Duncan's
girlfriend?

GENE
(to Beater)
I know I know that voice!

BEATER
Settle down Gramps, I'm thinkin'.

INT. MARV'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Britney kneeling in front of the television, wrapped in the Chewbacca rug watches in anger.

BRITNEY
I knew it....acting partner! SLUT!

MARV (OS)
Lieutenant Uhura, Scotty is down, I
need your help to beam this up!

She turns to see Marv now donning a blue original Star Trek uniform, pants down, ass out, a tattoo of Mr. T on his right ass cheek.

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

MISA
We're just co workers. I had no
idea he was into any of this stuff.

INTERVENTIONIST
And how has his secret addiction
affected you?

MISA
Honestly, it hasn't. He's a sweet
guy, always looking out for me. So
he has a fetish, big deal, who
doesn't have a secret or two?

KIRTI
You have nothing of secret. Crazy
talk, no point made!

(CONTINUED)

MISA

Yeah dad, except for me.

INTERVENTIONIST

Tommy. I was told you were more comfortable reading from a letter you wrote. Would you please share?

Beater looks nervously at his wrinkled paper, then to Hoffman. He opens it, the only line, scrawled in block letters reads "HE'S AN ACTOR!".

BEATER

Uh, yeah, I gots this letter here, been workin' on it for months, you know, even before all dis here...sos I read it now?

INTERVENTIONIST

Please.

Beater takes out a pair of reading glasses, placing them on the edge of his nose, pretending to read.

BEATER

OK. Uh... Dear Num Nuts. I, uh... don't like livin' with someone who beats off all the time.

He looks up for approval. The Interventionist signals with his hand to proceed.

BEATER (CONT.)

I can't eat nothin' dessert like in the lair because your spooge may be all over it. Yeah!

He looks down to his flip flops, improvising.

BEATER (CONT.) (cont'd)

I thru all my sneakers out and now I only own these here flip flops. Not for nothin', they're Armani flip flops, but they don't goes with everything. The end.

INTERVENTIONIST

Well done, Tommy. And your response to this is...

Duncan breathes in, looks off screen at a nodding, skeptical Allison. He turns to Beater, tears form in eyes.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

Jesus, man, I'm sorry...I just didn't know you felt that way, I mean, with the sneakers...and I swear I only did that to your Pop Tarts one time, honest, everything else I threw away.

Beater does a slow burn.

INTERVENTIONIST

Duncan, can you tell us how losing your job, jew to your addiction has affected...

GENE

You Nazi bastard, I remember you!

INTERVENTIONIST

Sorry?

GENE

You should be more than damn sorry!

INTERVENTIONIST

Sir, you will get your turn!

GENE

Like hell, it's my turn right now, you dirty kraut! I was there when you cut up that woman's face in Poland! How did you get away?

Allison, concerned, leans in to Francis. Before she can speak he holds his hand up, allowing the scene to continue.

WOODY

Operation Paperclip, Buddy, they hired all the Nazi's to come work over here.

DUNCAN

Hey! Over here, over here please.

Everyone's attention is brought back to Duncan. He looks to Allison for direction, who has now taken over from Francis. She points him to Zoya's camera.

DUNCAN (CONT.)

Here's the thing....I'm just like everyone else at this table, even everyone watching out there right now. I have problems. Guilty. But

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN (CONT.) (cont'd)
 the great thing is, I have friends,
 and family, and they care about me.
 I know I need help, I know it's
 there, and yes, you have all shown
 me here tonight, that you love
 me. I'm blessed, sincerely
 blessed.

INT. DUNCAN'S DAD'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Dad, relaxed, sips his drink. Mom perches on her seat.

MOM
 Come on...mongoloid face....

INT. BEAUTIFUL FAMILY ROOM-NIGHT

Soccer Mom gently rocks, TYLER, an overweight, fussy,
 uncooperative five year old.

SOCCER MOM
 OK, let's turn on Handy Manny. You
 like him, he reminds you of the
 dirty men outside of Home Depot.

She turns on the television seeing the intervention.
 Recognizing the face, she stops, awestruck.

SOCCER MOM (CONT.)
 Derrick! Derrick get in here!

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

Duncan's speech continues.

DUNCAN
 The thing is, everyone, I don't
 care if you're black, white,...

Saying these lines, he looks to Francis and Allison.

DUNCAN (cont'd)
 Muslim, German, Jewish...

To Kirti, Misa, Gene and the interventionist. He turns to
 Beater, gives him a slight wink.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN (CONT)
 gay, bi, straight...yeah, I know...

Beater's face turns as red as a baboon's ass.

INT. MARV'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Britney stands in front of the t.v. naked, Marv plays on the WOOKIE SKIN rug with his action figures.

DUNCAN (OS)
 ...or just an average person,
 trying to get through this mystery
 we call life. The thing we all have
 to remember is, embrace who you
 are, warts and all...

Her eyes pops out of her head, she looks down at her cooter.

INT. GROUCHO'S STAGE AREA-NIGHT

DUNCAN
 Why cover up what makes each and
 every one of us unique? Your true
 friends, if they're really your
 friends, yes, they will accept you
 for who you are!

ZOYA(OS)
 Amen!

INT. BEAUTIFUL FAMILY ROOM-NIGHT

Soccer Mom whips out her boob for Tyler to nurse on, still entranced with the television. DERRICK, her handsome, "normal looking" husband, sits to watch the speech.

SOCCER MOM
 That's him Derrick, that's the sick
 pervo who put his pee pee in both
 of Tyler's cakes!

DERRICK
 It's scary, some of the crazies out
 there....and he looks so
 normal...let me get a hit off that.

She pulls out her other boob, Derrick begins to nurse.

INT. DAD'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Dad and Mom continue to watch.

MOM

Oh, for the love of God, please,
Duncan, make the face!

INT. GROUCHO'S PUB-NIGHT

INTERVENTIONIST

So, it's safe to say that you will
accept our offer for help?

Tears in his eyes, Duncan snaps out of character.

DUNCAN

Sorry, what?

INTERVENTIONIST

We are prepared to send you to a
sixty day inpatient rehabilitation
facility to help you focus on
healing yourself.

DUNCAN

Sixty days?

Allison gives Duncan a pleading nod. His tears flow.

DUNCAN (cont'd)

They don't have cakes or anything
like that there?

INTERVENTIONIST

It is a very professional
institution, you will be working
with the best in the field.

DUNCAN

It's now or never, right.

INTERVENTIONIST

You are making the right choice,
Duncan. Your flight leaves tonight.

DUNCAN

Whoa, what?

The Interventionist puts an arm around Duncan.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVENTIONIST

Is there anything else you would like to say to your family, or to our viewers watching at home?

DUNCAN

Yeah, actually, I'd like to apologize to someone, someone who may be watching out there.

INT. MARV'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Still standing nude in front of the t.v., Britney holds her hands up to her mouth, waiting for her ex to acknowledge the years she waited for him to fail.

INT. BEAUTIFUL FAMILY ROOM-NIGHT

Soccer Mom, nursing both of her "boys", still transfixed on the screen.

DUNCAN

(on the television screen)

You know who you are. I'm just really, really sorry for the pain I've caused you recently.

Duncan begins to weep even harder.

DUNCAN (CONT.)

(still on the television)

No one deserves to be dissapointed like that. If I could take it all back, all of it, I would. I really, really regret...I messed up your cakes...Happy Fifth Birthday, Tyler.

Tyler and Derrick pull their mouths off of Soccer Mom's teats with a LOUD POP and stare at the screen.

INT. DAD'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

On the screen, Duncan begins to cry hysterically, then finally, making the....

MOM

MONGOLOID FACE! I KNEW IT! THAT'S MY BOY! YEAH!

She leaps from the sofa, hugs Dad, his only response is to turn the channel.

INT. GROUP COUNSELING ROOM-DAY

Duncan, sits with five other PATIENTS, chairs in a circle.

DUNCAN

That was three months ago. True and real, every single word of it.

He gives his fellow patients a nervous smile, looks to the prim counsellor, MS. WATSON, for approval.

NETFLIX NED

God Damn! I said God Damn!

Netflix Ned grins, looks at the rest of the circle.

NETFLIX NED (CONT.)

What movie? Anyone? Uma Thurman, Pulp Fiction!

MS. WATSON

Ned, we've talked about this...

Duncan chuckles, makes eye contact with a heavysset BLACK WOMAN, picking a scab from her arm. She looks up to ensure Ms. Watson isn't watching, places the prize in her mouth.

Her eyes narrow, she chomps the air in his direction. A warm, reassuring hand of sausage fingers pats his knee.

ROXANNE (OS)

We're proud of you, baby.

Duncan peers into the horribly disfigured face of ROXANNE, a product of too much plastic surgery. She looks identical to Rocky Balboa after twelve rounds with Apollo Creed.

INT. GROUP TREATMENT CENTER HALLWAY-DAY

Duncan walks towards the exit with his duffel bag. He opens the door into the bright sunshine.

EXT. GROUP TREATMENT CENTER SIDEWALK- DAY

There stands a smiling Barry, with a large stack of papers.

BARRY
Hey, kid! Look at you!

DUNCAN
Barry? Where's Woody? He was supposed to pick me up.

BARRY
He had a honeymoon to attend.

DUNCAN
You're kidding!

BARRY
Hey, forget that, look at these.

DUNCAN
What am I looking at?

BARRY
Scripts, kid, scripts! I've been getting calls for the past three months! Everyone wants to work with you!

DUNCAN
Really? Let's see!

Barry hands Duncan a stack as they take a seat on the curb.

BARRY
This one is a buddy comedy with Daniel Craig, James Freaking Bond! This one has Jonah Hill attached as a pedophile with a heart of gold!

Duncan's attention stops on one script.

DUNCAN
This one.

Barry looks it over dismissively.

BARRY
Nah, there's no money in this.

DUNCAN
That's the one.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

You sure? Rumor has it it's being
financed by winnings from The
Publisher's Clearing House...

Duncan nods, smiling even wider. ALARMS sound, the front
door behind them bursts open. They turn to see Netflix Ned
sprinting towards the parking lot.

NETFLIX NED

FREEDOM!

TWO ORDERLIES burst through the door giving chase.

DUNCAN

MEL GIBSON! BRAVEHEART!

INT. DAD'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Mom sits with anticipation Dad rushes in from the kitchen.

MOM

Gary, you're going to miss it!

INT. LARGE THEATER- NIGHT

A PAIR OF IMMACULATE BLACK SHOES. Next to them, A PAIR OF
LADIES OPEN TOE SHOES.

On the silver screen a close up of Misa.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (VO)

"Acting Extreme" Allison Hudson
Executive Producer, Zoya and Dan
Woodrow Producers.

The image on screen comes to life, quick clips of interviews
with Misa, Duncan and Ronnie, Barry's young hayseed client.

MISA

Sure, I've done some things for my
craft that I wouldn't normally do.
Wait, who's going to see this
again?

RONNIE

My first role was actually in a
Japanese art house movie....weird.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

To tell the truth,I was ready to
give it all up. Fate has a strange
way of taking over.

The lights rise to reveal the inside of The Kodak Theater. A
bearded, tuxedo clad Duncan clutches Allison's hand.

Woody, in a suit and tie sits with his arm around the now
made over, beautiful, Zoya, wearing an all too revealing
dress, no sign of any sort of skin rash.

MORGAN SPURLOCK stands at the microphone, envelope in hand.

MORGAN SPURLOCK

And the winner for Best Feature
Length Documentary goes to...this
is going to be a big night for
someone...

FADE TO BLACK