

DECAPLEO

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In a long-shot bet to win big in an online celebrity death betting pool, two perennial losers write a rigged script in a misguided attempt to lure actor Leonardo DiCaprio to an untimely demise. Yet when the impossible occurs and it seems they actually have a hit on their hands, the two misanthropes stick to their principles, and risk all of their newfound fame and fortune in order to sabotage their own movie in a series of ever-more desperate and ridiculous attempts to kill off their star.

But fate is a fickle beast, for as hard as they may try, our heroes' efforts are stymied by a changing Hollywood culture hard at work to ensure Leo doesn't get the chance to star in his own vanity project.

## A NOTE ON CASTING

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Much of the humor in this script comes from well-timed celebrity cameos. We are fully aware that not everyone named in this script will be able to participate in the same movie. Consider this our fantasy casting. With a few exceptions, most of the actors named here can be substituted if necessary. We are well-willing to work with you on rewrites if you decide to pick up this script.

Also, we are sad to report that actor Jan Michel Vincent died while this script was being written. We know we will have to replace him, but kept him in this first version as a tribute.

# DECAPLEO – QUICK INFO

**What:** Full-length feature film

**Genre:** Absurdist satirical black comedy

**Themes:** Hollywood, fame, identity politics, celebrity culture, and death

## YOUR TEAM

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For more information, visit us at:  
<http://www.epidemicbooks.com>

## PRINCIPAL CAST

Greg Van Nuffle.....	Loser #1 .....	Paul Dano
Jeff Pizorney.....	Loser #2 .....	Will Forte
Michael Keaton.....	Actor .....	Himself
Leonardo DiCaprio.....	Actor/Secret Agent.....	Himself
James Caan .....	Actor .....	Himself
Paul Dano.....	Actor .....	Himself
Will Forte .....	Actor .....	Himself

## SUPPORTING CAST

(order of apperance)

Newman.....	Aging Nerd.....	Open
Nicolas Cage .....	Actor .....	Himself
Herb Autumn.....	Leo's Agent .....	Open
Tommy Chong.....	Hot Dog Vendor .....	Himself
Jerry Bruckheimer .....	Film Producer .....	Himself
June.....	Production Assistant .....	Open
Izzy.....	Set Gopher.....	Open
Dan Skezac.....	Cameraman.....	Open
Emma Watson .....	Actor/Dungeon Owner.....	Herself
Rosario Dawson .....	Actor .....	Herself
Pierce Brosnan .....	Actor .....	Himself
Joel Schumaker.....	Film Director.....	Himself
Neil Patrick Harris .....	Actor .....	Himself
Kevin Bacon .....	Actor .....	Himself
Beto Hunney.....	Detective .....	Anthony Michael Hall
Mao Untz.....	Detective .....	Philip Michael Thomas
O. Howard Hertz .....	Dentist.....	Gary Busey
Stevie Nicks.....	Car Wash Attendant .....	Herself
Maurice Pimpstein.....	Retired Secret Agent.....	Elliot Gould
Jan Michael Vincent.....	Actor/Pilot.....	Himself
Phil Collins .....	Musician.....	Himself
Bruce Campbell.....	Actor/Psychopath .....	Himself
Billy Joel .....	Musician.....	Himself
Bit Celebrity Cameos .....	Various .....	Themselves
Bit Parts/Extras.....	Various .....	Open

# DECAPLEO

## Scene 1 (Intro, Greg)

The scene opens on a beautiful spring day in Seattle. Birds are singing, the sun is shining, kids are playing and laughing. We focus in on a church that has a happy Easter sign out front, and well-dressed families are arriving and greeting each other, carrying flowers. Nice music plays (like an upbeat old timey jazz number or something).

OPENING CREDITS START HERE

After a moment, "Loser 1" (GREG) comes shambling slowly into the scene along the sidewalk from the right. He is pale, disheveled, and is fully clothed in long-sleeve, black clothes. His hair is a rat's nest, and he has on black jeans, a very worn-out, black "Van De Graaf Generator" tee shirt, black doc martens, and a black jacket (definitely not anything arguably cool like a leather jacket). He is carrying a beat-up old book bag (also black). As he walks, he holds his hand over his eyes as if to shade them from the sunlight. GREG is somewhere in his mid thirties, but looks like he still lives in his mom's basement. He is white, male, cis, average everything, free from anything remotely fashionable like tattoos, and while obviously a misanthrope of some kind, still manages to look relatively harmless.

[Casting suggestion: Paul Dano]

GREG is wearing a yellow Sony walkman cassette player (like from the 80s), with small, 80s headphones (not earbuds), and we can hear his music as he walks, which bleeds into and clashes with the happy jazzy number that is the main theme of the scene. His music is old school and dissonant (the VDGG 1 minute instrumental break starting at about 3:25 from "Darkness 11/11" should fit the scene nicely). GREG walks past the church and keeps going down the block, and the neighborhood gets noticeably dodgier as he goes.

## Scene 2 (Intro, Jeff)

A man in a ratty bathrobe, barefoot and disheveled like he just got out of bed (or never went to bed in the first place), slams shut the door of his mailbox. There is a single letter in his hand, which he stares at for a second or two, then peers up and down the sidewalk, before shuffling up a short walkway to the small house.

The man, JEFF, passes through the cluttered house, climbing upstairs to a small, even more cluttered office. There is a desk covered in paper and an old manual typewriter and a mug of old coffee; there's stacks of books on the floor, a window is cracked and looks out on the bright spring day. JEFF sits behind the desk and sighs, staring at the letter in his hands. There is maybe the sound of a clock ticking, maybe birds outside chirping. He is a defeated man in every way; the misery of his life is blatant on his face. The faintest glim-

mer of hope sparks as he turns the letter over and over, just as equally snuffed out by his own sense of shame at feeling hope.

[Casting suggestion: Will Forte]

JEFF takes a deep breath, tears open the letter, unfolds it. He reads it to himself, silently, lips moving, no sound. His eye twitches. Calmly, he reaches down and opens a drawer, we see it is filled with rejection slips, to which he now adds another, slowly closing the drawer and looking about the room.

Just then, from the pocket of his bathrobe, comes the chirp of a text. He fishes it out, having been startled, knocking over a bunch of papers. As he tries to tidy up and answer the text at the same time, he knocks the coffee cup over and spills coffee all over the keys of the typewriter. He says nothing, just stares. He looks at the phone screen. We see the name "Greg" at the top, but the message is unclear. He taps a reply.

JEFF sits back down. Outside, we hear a car drive by, playing ELO's "Mr. Blue Sky". He looks toward the window.

JEFF: Fuck.

### **Scene 3 (Super Deli Mart, Exterior)**

Soon enough GREG arrives at the "Super Deli Mart". (Writer's note: this is a real place - we could probably just film here). This is a shabby corner mini mart market/convenience store, with a dirty parking lot out front. There are beggars out front and trash scattered about. Sketchy cars can be seen in the lot, some of which are playing other music (hip hop of some kind) that also bleeds into the soundtrack and conflicts with the already dissonant sound. Hand-markered signs out front advertise things like "Giant Cigar Sale", "Car Parts", and "Big Beefy British".

As he hears the store, in the background a white man dressed as a panhandler (Michael KEATON) can be seen handing an old black panhandler a wad of cash, taking his crusty old knit cap, and then waving him away, taking his place. The black man seems confused as he walks away looking at his money. The white panhandler (KEATON) tries to light a giant cigar, before instead deciding to hassle GREG as he nears the door.

KEATON: Need your shoes shined, boss? I'll eat anything for a dollar!

Greg ignores him and shambles inside.

### **Scene 4 (Super Deli Mart, Interior)**

The inside of the super deli mart is dingy, dirty, and cluttered. About half the store is wine bottles, and the other half is a strange and shabby mix of car parts, energy drinks, and junk food. Scattered around the store are a number of worn-looking tables and beer

counters, where numerous shabby people are drinking. A collection of mismatched TV sets are mounted in the ceiling at various points, mostly showing sports, like bowling tournaments, car racing, c-span, or other randomness. At the center of all this is a beat up cash register counter with cigarettes behind it, a sandwich making area, and a number of draft beer taps.

GREG shuffles over to a beer rail at the center of the right part of the store, underneath an old, beat-up tv that is showing a rerun of the old film "Mr. Mom". GREG finds "Loser 2" (JEFF) seated at the beat-up wooden counter sipping a dark beer.

JEFF is cleaned up a bit, although the hair is still disheveled and he hasn't shaved in a couple days. He's probably wearing an ironic band t-shirt and Chuck Taylor high-tops.

The two losers greet as GREG stashes his filthy black knapsack on the counter next to JEFF.

GREG: Well... look who's still not dead yet.

JEFF: Unnhhgh (a noncommittal shrug off sound comes out of his mouth)

GREG Heads over to the tarnished deli counter, which surprisingly has a very extensive and rather high-brow craft beer on tap list, and ponders the beer menu. Eventually he orders a strong beer from one of the two Korean cashiers.

GREG: I guess I'll try the Deacon Brown.

The cashier pushes GREG a beer as he counts out some change from his pocket that appears to have been recently extracted from a couch cushion. GREG returns to the beer rail and takes a seat across from JEFF.

GREG (glancing at the screen as he sips): God, I remember this movie. Not that I ever actually saw it. They sure don't make 'em like this anymore.

JEFF: Well, they will. There's supposed to be a gender-flipped version coming out this fall.

GREG: What? You mean like Mrs. Mom? Isn't that basically like every other movie?

JEFF: No, I think they are calling it Mrs. Dad. Like the dad goes to jail or something and the mom has to be the new dad and play catch and grill and stuff. I think they cast Kristin Wiig or somebody.

GREG: Jesus, way to ruin my childhood. (He takes a deep swig of his beer)

JEFF glances out the window, where we can see Michael KEATON stalking up and down the parking lot, gesticulating (finger pistols, moonwalk) at various people as they enter. JEFF gets a strange look on his face, then shakes his head as if to clear it as GREG sets his glass down.

JEFF: What is that? Don't tell me you got the Deacon Brown.

GREG (shrugging): Yeah. It's not bad. What did you get?

JEFF (holding up his glass): It's a Belzoni. Italian or something, I dunno. Y'know the last time I had a Deacon Brown I got sick as hell. I woke up in the middle of the night with the worst cramps of my life, which is saying something. I had to go out to the 24-hour clinic. (Takes a long drink) Thank god for Doctor Wu.

GREG: Doctor Wu?

JEFF: Yeah. He's a miracle worker.

GREG: Doctor Wu, the vet from the late-night TV commercials?

JEFF (looking down): Well I didn't recognize him at the time. Besides, there could be other Doctor Wus. Doctors Wu? Doctor Wus.

GREG: No need for breadishness. Did you bring the list?

JEFF puts down his beer and begins going through a shabby stack of papers that he obviously printed out at home. GREG peers over and stares at the papers.

GREG: Are those the latest numbers?

JEFF: Yeah, Meatloaf is at 10 to one now. Seems like a safe bet.

GREG: Nah, that's for suckers, that's nothing. What do they have on Shatner?

JEFF: 30 to one... not bad for an 80 year old dude. I'm still kicking myself for not picking Bowie in 2016. Some dude out in Yakima got a hundred thousand on that. Now he's set for life. But this year is supposed to be the biggest yet.

GREG: A shitty life maybe... 100 thousand would barely last you a year these days, even with the bare minimum of one 80s Porsche and 2 girlfriends.

JEFF: Oh yeah? Did you read that in the Economist?

GREG: No, I read it at the pube lick library the other day.

JEFF: Public.

GREG: What?

JEFF: It's called the public library. It's pronounced "public"

GREG (shrugging): Well, whatever, it's spelled "pube lick".

GREG returns to his beer and JEFF looks over the papers more.

JEFF: Well, here's something....

GREG: Yeah?

JEFF: OK, look at these guys on the first page... they are all like 90 years old and drunks and stuff, payout is like 2 to 1.

GREG: Yeah, so.

JEFF: Well, for 1000 bucks you can make a chain bet of 10 people, and for each one



in the chain your odds multiplier goes up by 1. So we can just pick like nine guys from the top, like Larry Storch or John Astin here, and then for the last one, we pick the guy at the bottom and then we get his payout times ten!

GREG: Oh, that's genius. Wait, isn't the guy at the bottom kind of a long shot?

JEFF: Hmm. Cromulent point. Well, we may have to (lowers his voice and looks around) cheat a bit. (He makes a little throat slitting motion with his finger)

GREG: Aaa-haa. Hmm. (He thinks about it for a moment, then appears to accept it.) So, who's at the bottom?

JEFF (flipping to the last page and squinting): Leonardo DiCaprio, at 1000 to 1. That's 10,000 to one. For a thousand bucks that's ten million dollars!

GREG: (Whistles) Wow... free money.

JEFF: Yeah a total no brainer, only problem is he's in perfect health, rich, happy, in the prime of his life, and everybody likes him.

GREG: Well, not everyone.

JEFF: You don't count. You hate everyone.

GREG: Actually, he's not so bad. I'd kill him for 10 million though.

JEFF: Five.

GREG: Whatever. Ok, sure it's not racing zappys with Billy Joel on our own mega yacht in the Mediterranean, each with our own personal urologist rich, but it's easily enough for a late-model Ferrari, a pool on a cliff, and five girlfriends for the rest of my life. Maybe even one of those new-fangled ladyboys.

JEFF: What?

GREG: Did I stutter?

JEFF: OK, whatever. So how are we going to kill Leo? Guys like us can't exactly just walk right up to him. I'm sure he has like shark bodyguards and shit. Plus, you can't just kill him and then walk away with the money--they have rules for this shit.

GREG: Well, he could have a workplace accident or something.

JEFF: He's an actor, is he gonna break a leg to death or something?

GREG: Blood clots? Anyway, if we can get onto the movie set, we could rig an accident. Like a heavy light falls on him from high above. I think I saw that on a Father Brown.

JEFF: (Googling on his phone) Umm... this says he is taking the year off to enjoy life and spend time with his family.

GREG: Oh damn, that's not good. (Thinks a bit.) But maybe we can use his ego

against him.

JEFF: What?

GREG: All celebrities have massive egos. Here's what we do... you write an amazing script that's all about him, one that he can't pass up. Like maybe we say that in his spare time he's some kind of secret agent saving the world or something. Not just like a Bond knockoff where he gets to play a Bond clone, but where he is actually playing himself, Leonardo DiCaprio, who is secretly a secret agent. We have all kinds of scenes in which he does crazy dangerous stunts, like dangling from a helicopter or leaping from a boat crash, or short sheeting Sean Penn, or so on.

JEFF: You know they have stuntmen for that stuff, right?

GREG: No, we'd have to get the real Sean Penn.

JEFF: What?

GREG: Well, never mind, I mean it's all about him, Leonardo DiCaprio, how awesome he is, and how wicked cool his skills are. He won't be able to resist wanting to do some of his own stunts. Besides, as writers, we will have access to the film set, and will probably get to have lunch with him and stuff. We could rig some falling lights for sure.

JEFF: Wait, why exactly do they let us onto the film set?

GREG: Well, the writers are the big shots on these film things.

JEFF: I don't think that's how it works? I think they just keep us locked in a sweaty office somewhere with a steady supply of tab and 5 hour energy shots and push a sheet of paper under the door with instructions any time they need revisions.

GREG: Hunh.

JEFF: And they always need revisions because these stupid directors think it's actually their movie, and these fucking actors think they are so clever and are always ad libbing stupid stuff into the script we have to find a way to fix the continuity of.

GREG: Ok, ok, well then here's what we do then.... We write ourselves into the script. Instead of just writing it about Leo being a secret agent, we write a script about two losers who come up with the idea for a script to send to Leo DiCaprio where he's secretly a secret agent, and then miraculously they get him the script and he likes it and they make the movie, and the losers consult on all the film scenes and meet Leo and hang out with him and help him save the world. And then we base the losers on us, so they need us on the film set so the real actors playing us can get our characters down. And then we kill him.

JEFF: (Pausing for a moment, stunned) Yeah but... hmm.... Damn, you know, that could work actually. Wait, but how do we get him the script?

GREG: What do you mean? We just mail it to him.

JEFF: Oh yeah. Duh. Shit, this is genius.

GREG: Totally. It's a sure thing. Place the bet. (He slides a crumpled piece of paper over the counter that appears to be a tax return check for five hundred dollars.)

JEFF: Is that your mom's tax return?

GREG: It's signed.

JEFF: Hang on... I gotta ebay some stuff. (He fiddles with his phone).

NEWMAN: Well, hello looozers!

NEWMAN saunters into the screen, holding a deacon brown. NEWMAN is the archetypical fat, snobby, über dork. He is wearing some kind of obscure know-it-all ironic insider joke tee shirt (possibly it says "Willow Hood for money", or possibly "I eat and know things"), knee-length jean shorts, a Hawaiian shirt, argyll socks, and worn out overstuffed sneakers with no laces. He is balding with a ponytail. He has a ratty backpack over one shoulder and some dot-matrix paper tucked under his arm. He speaks with a fake affect to his voice, like the Simpsons comic book guy perhaps. His name is not actually Newman... or maybe it is, who knows, but Jeff and Greg call him Newman after the annoying Seinfeld nemesis.

JEFF & GREG: NEUWWWMAN!

JEFF (under his breath): Fucking Newman.

JEFF turns slightly away, fiddling with his phone, trying to keep NEWMAN from seeing what he's doing. NEWMAN tries to peer around GREG and over his shoulder, then gives up and looks up at the menu.

NEWMAN: Big Beefy British, eh?

JEFF (distractedly): Yeah, the Timothy Spall.

GREG: Timothy's what?

NEWMAN and JEFF ignore GREG's comment; JEFF is still tapping at his phone, NEWMAN bellies up to the bar and orders a BBB. After he places his order, he turns to GREG.

NEWMAN: Are you still selling workout supplements out of your trunk? I'm thinking about getting in shape. (He pats his ample gut.)

GREG: No. I gave that up. It didn't taste enough like ranch for me. Besides, we have a new get-rich-quick scheme.

JEFF's eyes bulge and he tries to motion to GREG to shut the fuck up.

NEWMAN (peering at GREG, then at JEFF): You two?

GREG (oblivious to JEFF's concerns): Have you seen these odds? (He shows NEW-

MAN the dead pool sheets). Just look at that. Larry Storch, 2 to 1. Gene Hackman, 3 to 1! Grace Slick 5 to 1! And for the kicker we-

NEWMAN snorts; GREG flinches as something lands on his shirt. They both look at each other, then at GREG's shirt, then back at each other.

GREG: Umm... are you gonna-

NEWMAN: He who smelt it dealt it, smeg head! (He grabs the sheet from GREG and studies it intently.) Ha ha, look at you dipshit pantywaists; you literally did circle Gene Hackman! Pathetic! (He slaps the papers back in GREG's chest to accentuate this word.) I've got NPH, JMV, RDC, AMH, PMT. All the Triples are going down this year. I can feel it in my socks. And the final Corey (he makes the sign of the cross over his chest).

JEFF (looking up and putting his phone away): AMH?

GREG: PMT?

NEWMAN (staring in disbelief): Uh, hello?? Earth to nerf herders! AMH, Anthony Michael Hall. PMT, Phillip Michael Thomas?

GREG: Ah yes, the formidable Mid-Michaels.

NEWMAN (scoffs again, glances nervously at GREG's shirt): Gene Hackman! Next you'll be telling me you fell for the lifetime fixed Keith Richards 500 to 1 bet. You know that's how they kickstarted their company. They sucked up all the money from all the dumbest losers in America. (He looks the two of them over judgmentally). I'm surprised you tardigrades have anything left to bet.

GREG: Oh yeah, well I bet you don't have- (JEFF kicks him under the beer rail) OW!!

NEWMAN: I don't have a losing spread, that's for sure. Or a sex doll that looks like my mom (he looks at GREG as he says the last part. GREG turns a little flush).

JEFF (groaning): I don't want to hear about your spread again.

NEWMAN: Oh yeah? Well, baba ganoush, sleestaks! (He flips them the bird and storms off).

GREG and JEFF return to their barstools.

JEFF (pensively): JMV? (His phone bings.) Oh shit, someone bought my ET sleep set. We are in the money!

GREG (doing a spit take on his beer): Really? It's a sign! Do it now.

JEFF (fussing with his phone a bit): It's done!

GREG and JEFF: Skål! (They clink their beers together).

Both sit back in their chairs, obviously satisfied and elated. They watch Mr. Mom a bit.

JEFF: So what are you going to do with your half?

GREG: I don't know. I guess I always wanted to open a french dip restaurant?

JEFF: A what? Isn't that just a sandwich?

GREG: Oh no, it's the act of dipping a sandwich. I've had this idea for a while, like why the hell would you invent this amazing food technology and then just stop after one go. I mean, sure, we can sell regular french dips, but like it's kinda boring to just dip your sandwich in the same thing every time. So you could pick your sandwich, and then pick your dip, like you could get a monte cristo with clam chowder as the dip. Or maybe like an avocado chicken with nacho cheese. I mean the possibilities are endless.

JEFF: Oh, I see, like you could have a peanut butter sandwich with jelly for a dip.

GREG: What? Nooo, are you retarded? (He stares at JEFF for a moment as if stunned, then finally finishes his beer.) You get 5 million too you know, you gonna buy a proper typing machine?.

JEFF: Actually, I've had this idea kicking around in my head for a few months. Remember last summer when I was really depressed and I cleaned all the tile work in my house with a toothbrush to avoid thoughts of killing myself? Well, I had Phil Collins' Greatest Hits album playing in the background, cuz, y'know, I don't wanna stray too far from misery. But I realized: Holy shit, I really like Phil Collins' music. I just hate Phil Collins' fucking voice. (Pauses to drink) So I got to thinking, what if there was a way to combine Phil Collins' greatest songs, and I'm talking the primo shit here, the "Sussudio", the "In the Air Tonight", fuck why not even "Land of Confusion". None of this Tarzan Oscar bullshit. Anyway, what if you could combine his best songs, remove the soul-crushing burden of his voice, and have someone really badass sing them. My idea, Greg, is a Phil Collins cover band. Like, I could be the manager or the booking agent or some shit, they could tour the world and make a crapload of money, because you know they'd sell out, because be honest with yourself, for just once goddammit. Who the fuck likes Phil Collins' voice? Noooo Buddy. (Finishes his beer, then reaches into his back pocket for his wallet, opens it, quickly shuts it with a look of confusion on his face). Anyways. I'm thinking like, who has the best, baddest ass, and ultimately most affordable, voice in rock? Like I don't want to waste a crapload of gelt on a Robert Plant or Handsome Dick Manitoba, do I? Fuck I do not. I'm thinking like... Lou Gramm or somebody. I thought about Sting but... I bet he's pricey. And anyway you will probably book him to be the greeter at your fancy Arby's.

GREG: Oh damn, look at the time. (He glances at his wrist, even though he is not wearing a watch). I need to get to the range, they must be drowning in balls by now. (Jeff spits his beer). OK, here's the deal (he scribbles some things down on a napkin), take these notes, and write the script. Make it as breadish as possible. We meet

back here in three weeks and go over the edits.

JEFF: Three weeks?

GREG: You can take three and a half, but only if you swear you can pay to fedex him the script.

JEFF (Staring at the napkin): But....

GREG: Gotta go! Those balls aren't gonna clean themselves!

GREG leaves the super deli mart. On the way out, Michael KEATON accosts him, begging strangely for money.

KEATON: Hey hoss, punch me for 10 dollars!

GREG ignores him, and KEATON follows after him a bit, badgering him.

KEATON: I can tell you never really punched anyone before.

GREG flinches and turns, lifting up one arm as if contemplating a fist, without even realizing what the guy is saying to him.

KEATON: Whoa, whoa, man... I don't give away freebies.

GREG (pausing and looking suspiciously at KEATON): Don't I know you from somewhere?

KEATON looks a bit nervous and pulls down his hat, backing away.

KEATON: Umm... no. I don't think so.

GREG (Grunting, unable to quite place the face): Hrumph.

GREG leaves.

## Scene 5 (Driving Range)

GREG is driving the range cart, picking up balls as his phone rings (he should have some totally breadish ringtone, like Red Barchetta or something, or possibly someone beatboxing and saying "Jeff" a lot).

GREG (answering): Yello!

He holds the phone to his ear a bit as the cart is continually pelted with golf balls, making a terrible racket.

GREG: What?

More balls ping.

GREG: Corey Feldman? Really? ... Did we bet on him? ... Shit. I dunno, can we use Kevin Bacon maybe? I mean, that guy can actually dance. ... What!? Two more weeks!? Oh come o-

As he is on the phone, he misses the fact that he is coming up on a small sand hazard, and the plow of the cart catches in the sand and the cart flips.

GREG: SHIT!

He unbuckles his belt and climbs out of the cage, golf balls raining down on him.

GREG: Ow! HEY, FUCK! STOP IT!

The scene fades on him trying to flip the cart back over while dodging balls continuously.

## Scene 6 (Super Deli Mart - interior)

A few weeks later, the losers are back at the SDM going over the script JEFF has written. This time they are seated at a narrow wooden counter over by the window, looking out onto the parking lot. JEFF is seated and holding the script. GREG returns from the counter with a fresh beer.

JEFF: You didn't get the Black Cow, did you?

GREG: Umm, yeah... why?

JEFF: Well, I just hope you aren't too attached to the sparkle of your china.

KEATON can be occasionally glimpsed lurching about outside through the dirty glass window. In the background we can occasionally hear him shouting random things.

KEATON (victoriously): Bathroom tissue!

GREG sips the beer and grimaces a bit, setting it aside. He picks up the script and leafs through it.

GREG: I mean... this isn't bad really. I'd probably steal this off a torrent site or something after it came out. But what's with the Hawaii thing? I thought that was Keanu's deal.

JEFF: Well, I figured Hawaii is out in its own time zone, so if we film out there, technically it gives us an extra three hours to kill Leo and still make the bet.

GREG: Oh wow, that's genius.

JEFF: Thank you. That may be the nicest thing you have ever sa-

GREG: Don't let it go to your head.

KEATON: Hey buddy, I got this one weird trick that will get rid of your belly fat!

GREG and JEFF glance out towards KEATON. JEFF looks down at his gut, then at GREG's. JEFF opens his mouth, about to say something about KEATON.

GREG: So, who's gonna play us in the movie?

JEFF: I've been thinking about that.

GREG: Me too. I think Paul Dano would be a good me.

JEFF: Who the fuck is Paul Dano?

GREG: He was in that movie where Harry Potter's dead body farts them to safety.

JEFF stares uncomprehendingly, shaking his head.

GREG: It was a great movie, completely breadish in every respect. Anyway, who's playing you?

JEFF: Well, people are always telling me I look like that Will Forte guy. So him, I guess.

GREG: Who the fuck is Will Forte?

JEFF: I think he was on Mad TV for a season or something?

GREG shrugs, takes a swig of his Black Cow, shudders, and sets it down.

KEATON: Hit jobs? 500 bucks, anyone, anywhere, no questions asked!

GREG: Hmm. Sure, why the fuck not?

GREG looks through the script, flipping pages and chuckling occasionally, finally getting a concerned look on his face.

JEFF: So you think this will work?

GREG: I don't know man. I mean for 1994 it's probably fine, but it's the twenty-first century here. This thing feels kinda racist.

JEFF: What? What do you mean racist? Where is there racism in here? (He gesticulates with the script).

GREG: Oh, I didn't say there was racism, just that it's racist. Like, where are all the black characters?

JEFF: What? What black characters?

GREG: Exactly. You didn't even think of black people once when you wrote this script, or Asian people, or even like Jews even. You have created a world that excludes them, and yet you expect them to pay their hard earned money to see your movie?

JEFF: I didn't write this for Asian people, I wrote it for Leonardo DiCaprio. He's a fucking cis male straight, middle-aged white dude.

GREG: Hey, you don't know what's in his pants.

JEFF: What?

GREG: You have a responsibility here to use your privilege in a way that empowers others, not that excludes them. Leo knows that. He won't do this script without a black character.



JEFF: Ok, fine, we can throw Chris Rock in as like the camera man or something.

GREG: Oh great, a token.

JEFF: What? Oh come on, you have this all wrong. Look, I do know a thing or two about this, and it would be racist for me to put black people into my script, because I'm not a black person and I can't pretend to know what their lives are like. I mean, that would be cultural appropriation! White people aren't supposed to speak for black people, that's tokenizing right there!

GREG: Well, you can't just pretend they don't exist.

KEATON: Chicken bits! Who wants chicken bits!

JEFF (glancing towards KEATON): What the hell is a chicken bit? (Digs into the bowl of bar nuts on the table and pops a handful in his mouth, before turning back to GREG) So, what? There's no black people so it's racist, but we can't add a black person cuz that's tokenism? I don't get it.

GREG: It's not just black people. It's all non-whites. This whole script is white people! White dudes, even! There's hardly a woman in this entire thing! (Slaps the pages with the back of his hand)

JEFF: So I'm gay now??

GREG (shrugging): It's possible. Anyway, what I'm saying is this: it's the twenty-first mothersucking century, man, and the old ways are gone. Dead. Metooed out. You gotta keep up with the tide of history or you're gonna get washed away. This script (slaps it again) needs more blacks, women, trans people, Muslims. All that stuff. You gotta appeal to the wokest amongst us nowadays.

JEFF (muttering): I dunno. I don't know anything about those kinds of people. All I know about trans folk is they love the Lindy Hop. Everything is easier when it's white and straight. That's what I know.

GREG (growing exasperation): You're not getting it! This is never going to get made, we are never going to get rich. You are never going to have a state-fair-circuit Buster band and I'm never going to dip my meatball sub in a little tub of cottage cheese unless we rainbow-coalition this baby up.

JEFF fidgets with some nuts, rolls his shoulders and takes a deep breath.

JEFF: Ok. Ok you're right. Time's change. The arc of history bends towards... uh... getting more Asian chicks in vampire movies. Something. Ok! So, how do we do this? You say I can't just throw some random minority characters in there. How about if we farm it out?

GREG: Farm it out, eh?

JEFF (nodding): Yeah, like. We get an African American person, maybe even a fe-

male, to look at the script and y'know. I dunno. Critique it from a black perspective. Make suggestions. Black it up, y'know.

GREG: "Black it up" is exactly why you should not be doing this yourself. But the idea is a good one. There's only one problem.

JEFF: Only one?

GREG: Do you know any black people?

JEFF wrinkles his brow, is silent for an uncomfortable amount of time. KEATON can be seen through the windows, doing cartwheels and striking poses. He offers to take selfies with passing customers.

JEFF: Hm. Uh. Remember when I met Urkel at GenCon?

GREG (incredulous): That does not count! And besides, that was Malcolm Jamal Warner.

JEFF: Shit. (Looking around Super Deli Mart, obviously looking for an African American person) Where are we going to find a black person?

GREG: Well, we could ask Tim.

JEFF: Who?

GREG: You know, that guy (gesturing at the man making sandwiches behind the counter).

JEFF: His name is Tim?

GREG: I don't know. He just looks like a Tim. Maybe I heard his mom in here yelling at him at some point. Or I think maybe I just call him that in my inner narrative.

JEFF (taking the script up to the counter): Hey Tim....

TIM: God dammit you crazy honkeys, stop bothering me with your problems. Can't you see I have sandwiches to make here!? You gonna buy beer, or shut up!

JEFF returns to the beer rail with another fancy ass brew.

JEFF: Damn, everyone's a critic these days.

KEATON: Stash tea brings you Rollie Fingers vs. Mike Ditka!!

GREG: You know, we could have talked to Clarence if this crazy guy out there hadn't bought him out.

JEFF: The old beggar dude? Was his name really Clarence or are you just being racist?

GREG: (Shrugging) I'm really not sure about anything anymore. Wait, how is that racist?

KEATON: Tell that lady she can have my can of beans now!

JEFF: You know, isn't crazy like a protected status nowadays, like some kind of mental disability.

GREG: I think that's debatable. Like nazis are crazy, and nobody thinks we need to stand up for their rights.

JEFF: Oh, I don't even know if that is true anymore. Anyway, certainly homelessness is a form of oppression. Why don't we give that guy a chance (pointing to KEATON). I mean, he says he will literally do anything for a dollar. We could pay him a dollar to read the script.

GREG (Searching through his pockets): I got 83 cents.

JEFF (grudgingly): All I got is my emergency fiver. (Digs into the tiny square pocket-in-a-pocket on his jeans) God fuck, who invented this stupid teeny pocket? And why did I fold up my \$5 and stick it in there?

JEFF struggles for a moment to extract the bill, which is folded almost to the size of a postage stamp.

JEFF: Got it. (Wipes his forehead) I need a fuckin' drink. (Heads toward the bar, avoiding TIM's gaze)

GREG (calling out to him): Hey, dummy, we need that for that guy! (Gestures to KEATON, who is doing mime.)

JEFF: Fuck white privilege! (Turns on his heel and walks toward the door.)

## Scene 7 (Super Deli Mart - Exterior)

JEFF and GREG exit the Mart, KEATON watches them approach, shifting from one foot to another, anticipating them. You can almost see the wheels turning in his head, perfecting his pitch. As they approach, JEFF and GREG slow and stop before him, JEFF fidgeting with the script. There is a "The Good the Bad and the Ugly" style standoff in the parking lot as the three stare at each other without talking for a few seconds, maybe close-ups of each man's eyes a la Sergio Leone. Finally, KEATON snaps.

KEATON (in a burst of words): Hey now, hey now gents, what a fine fine day we're having, wouldn't you say? (Without pausing) And if you don't mind me saying so, you two gentlemen look like the sorts of guy who could really use some help in the bedroom. Well, today is your lucky day. (He starts reaching into his grubby overcoat pocket, pulling out a blister pack of blue gummy vitamins.) Now these puppies-

GREG (interrupting): How much? (Shakes his head quickly) I mean, no. I mean, listen. We're wondering if you could do us a solid.

KEATON (quizzical): A solid? Brother I haven't done one of those in years. High fructose corn-

JEFF (interrupting): Not that kind! Listen. (Holding up the script) We were, uh. (Glances at GREG) How do I...? Uh so. You're... homeless or. Something. Yeah?

KEATON (trying to hide how pleased he is): I am? (Smiles proudly) Well, yes I am. Thank you for noticing.

GREG: Ok so, as a, uh... member of a marginalized community, we're hoping you could look at this (gestures to the script) and uh, give us some feedback, from your perspective. As a, y'know... social outcast?

KEATON (puzzled): A what? Social what?

JEFF: You're part of a y'know... outside the mainstream.

KEATON: (getting more confused): My stream is just fine, man. I don't know what you've been hearing.

GREG (growing exasperated): No. Shut up and listen. This script (holding it up), it needs your, um, expertise. Your viewpoint.

JEFF (interrupting) Your coign of vantage.

KEATON and GREG look at him, utterly lost.

JEFF (shrugging): It's Shakespeare, you peasants. Anyway, we're hoping you can look it over and give us the lowdown from a less-well-off person's view.

KEATON (scrunching up his face): Uhhhhhh, why?

GREG: The problem is, this jackass (gesturing to JEFF) has written a whole movie without a single minority, or even a female character. (At the word "movie" KEATON's face lights up, but he quickly squelches it) And that shit doesn't fly nowadays. Haven't you heard about all these gender-flip remakes? Ghostbusters? Mr. Mom?

KEATON (like he just got slapped): Ghostbusters?

GREG and JEFF nod, as though hearing about the death of a former friend.

GREG: Anyway, you can't get a movie made nowadays without a multi-ethnic cast and a PC, kumbaya script. You have to appeal to the wokest generation, who also apparently happen to have a lot of disposable income to buy movie tickets.

JEFF (to GREG): I thought millennials were poor as hell?

GREG (waving him off): I'm talking about the white ones. (JEFF nods, placated, if not totally understanding.) Anyways, you're a guy with a unique perspective outside the usual framework of, y'know, the same old Hollywood garbage.

KEATON (peering at them): You guys can see me, right? (GREG and JEFF look at each other, then at KEATON). Like, you're not my imagination?

GREG: We can see you.

KEATON (sighing, relieved): Praise god. So, you can see that I'm a white guy, right? A white male? Part of the problem you're talking about?

JEFF (waving his hands, flustered): That's beside the point! We need you because... (trails off)... (muttering, gesturing back at the deli mart) that Korean guy in there....

GREG (taking over): We need you, precisely because you're a white male. (Pauses, obviously trying not to confuse himself.) Y'see, the only way to be part of the solution is to recognize that you (pointing at KEATON) are part of the problem. (GREG nods to himself, pleased. JEFF cocks his head and squints.)

KEATON (shaking his head): I'm the problem? (louder) I'm the problem? Who the fuck do you think you are, Joel Schumacher? I- (stops and collects himself, laughs awkwardly) Ah ha, uh. He was my old. Uh. Landlord. Always giving me trouble.

GREG (placating): I didn't mean it like that. I'm just-

JEFF (blurts): Joel Schumacher!?

KEATON (increasingly nervous): Ok sure, guys, sure. A dollar and I'll read your play.

JEFF (getting up close to KEATON, who steps back): Oh my god.

KEATON looks around as if to call for help. GREG looks on, not getting it.

GREG: What?

KEATON: Yeah, what?

JEFF starts jumping up and down like a little fangirl.

JEFF (almost squealing): Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod.

GREG is mortified, KEATON is ready to bolt.

GREG (to JEFF, harsh): What the hell is wrong with you?

JEFF (grabbing GREG by the arm, trying to keep his voice calm and quiet): Do you know who that is?? (making an awkward head-point at KEATON)

GREG looks at KEATON, shaking his head. KEATON starts babbling.

KEATON: Guys. Guys, let's not. Just gimme the dollar and I'll, y'know, point out whatever racist crap you want. Just c'mon-

JEFF (cannot contain himself another second): You're Michael Keaton!

GREG chokes, KEATON looks like he just shat himself. KEATON looks around, but there's no one around who heard; he crumples and sits in the middle of the parking lot, despondent. A car drives in, honks loudly. KEATON looks up, grins and yells "Gung Ho, dickbag!" and gets up. JEFF and GREG lead him to the sidewalk.

KEATON (letting out a deep breath): Ok you got me. (In his Batman voice) I'm Michael Keaton. (Raises his eyebrows, smiling) Not bad huh? Still got it, Mikey.

GREG (finally seeing it): Ho. Lee. Shit.

JEFF (squealing again) I know!!

GREG (still can't believe it): Michael Keaton? What the hell are you...?

KEATON (shrugging): I'm doing... whaddaya call it? Field research. Yeah. I'm researching a role.

GREG: As a homeless guy?

KEATON: Yeah, well. Y'know. A guy who's down on his luck and can't get a callback from the time-and-temperature lady much less from his goddamn agent who he's had for fifteen goddamn years (stops himself). So. Tell me about your, uh. Whatever. Racism musical.

JEFF: Hey now! It's. Not. A. Musical!

GREG: Just forget the racist part. It's actually pretty genius, really.

JEFF: If we say so ourselves.

GREG: Shut up. (to KEATON) Hear us out. What do you think of when I say the name Leonardo DiCaprio?

KEATON (scoffs): Easy. I think "nose job".

JEFF and GREG: What?!?

KEATON (shaking his head quickly): I meant, healthy, young, vigorous, prime of his life and career.

GREG (ecstatic): Exactly! And how would you feel if he suddenly... (lowers his voice, ominously) died?

KEATON: Well... (hawks and spits) couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Everyone gets to climb a notch up that ladder.

JEFF: Ladder?

KEATON: Take it from me. Hollywood is a hierarchy, fellas. You can get pretty high on the ladder, but one word from a Schumacher and you're scrounging for crumbs in a dinner theatre in Tallahassee. Which reminds me, if you're ever in the Panhandle, you really gotta see "Grease Slick", it's a great show about.... Anyway, you get knocked down that ladder by some up and comer, you do anything to get up another rung. Guys like Lou Diamond Phillips? They're still tying their damn shoes at the bottom rung. Now, I'm no LDP but I'm not Leo anymore either. (Suddenly furious) For fuck's sake man, I was in Multiplicity!

JEFF and GREG look at each other, puzzled.

JEFF (to GREG): Is that the one where Bill Pullman was in the coma?

GREG shrugs.

GREG (to KEATON): So, it's just an act? You're not really willing to kill a guy for \$500?

KEATON (jittery): Now, I didn't say that, pal. Who you got in mind? The Diamond man?

JEFF and GREG stare at him. JEFF rolls his eyes.

JEFF (harshly, but quiet): Leo!

KEATON nods absently.

KEATON: DiCaprio?

JEFF: Yes, DiCaprio!

KEATON: Why would anyone want to kill him? Don't you guys care about the planet?

JEFF: I heard they want him for the next Batman.

KEATON reels back like he's been punched.

KEATON: Fuck that guy. I'll do it for \$200.

JEFF slaps GREG's shoulder, GREG gets out his wallet then pauses.

GREG: Wait. You're really willing to kill a guy for \$200?

KEATON (scoffs): Yeah, I'm also willing to eat something I didn't find in the back seat of a Chevy Nova parked behind that Dairy Queen (gesturing behind them) for dinner tonight. (He extends his hand, palm up.)

GREG opens his wallet and starts rifling around in a bunch of old receipts and business cards. Finally, he pulls out a couple of bills.

JEFF: Wait, you actually have two hundred dollars?

GREG: Well, 184, to be precise. My mom's been on my case for a while to go to church, so I went this Sunday and you wouldn't believe it! They passed around a big plate full of money for the poor.

JEFF: What? That wasn't for you! You have to give that back!

GREG: What do you mean? I'm poor. Why did they give it to me then?

KEATON: Deal! (He grabs the money before the guys have a chance to reconsider.)

JEFF (throwing the script on the ground): Well damn, I guess we don't need this racist pile of garbage anymore then. Let's go get some spanakopita.

JEFF and GREG walk away. Keaton counts the money for a while, unfolding the bills and straightening them out. He turns to go and then notices the script lying at his feet. Out of curiosity, he picks it up and leafs through it. He chuckles a bit, and then turns the page. Here he laughs again. The scene fades on him walking away reading the script and laugh-

ing out loud not infrequently. It is somewhat unclear whether he is laughing with the script or at it.

## Scene 8 (Yard Sale)

We start out with an LA montage. A car drives through all the glamorous spots in LA (Rodeo Drive, Sunset, Hollywood Blvd, Laurel Canyon, Griffith park, etc.) while some hip music plays--specifically our theme song: "Show Biz Kids" by Steely Dan. At some point the car drives by a shoddy hand-drawn sign somewhere in suburban LA that says "Yard Sale". The car screeches on the brakes, does a very illegal u-turn to get to the yard sale, knocks over some garbage cans, and then pulls up in front of a house. The sun is shining, and the yard is green and lush and filled with junk. Nicolas CAGE steps out of the car and begins browsing the junk.

(NOTE: Basically the main part of this scene is just a collection of comic celebrity cameos. The following script is just a suggestion, it really depends on who we can get to do this scene. Obviously it would be unlikely to get everyone here)

The camera pans around the yard sale. Pat Sajak is considering buying an autographed photo of Sarah Vowell. Jay Leno is leafing through a Chinese phone book. We see the Smothers Brothers trying to wrestle some ugly old lamp out of each other's hands.

Tom SMOTHERS: I don't care if mom did like you better, I saw it first!

Dick SMOTHERS: (Wrenching away the lamp and smashing it over his brother's head): See! This is why we can't have nice things!

At some point, we notice that LEO DiCaprio is sitting in a lawn chair over by the garage, wearing sunglasses, zinc on his nose, and a Hawaiian shirt. He is helping out with his parent's yard sale. There is a little card table next to him with an old cash box and a pitcher of lemonade and some brownies. At this point the camera wanders away from Nic Cage and focuses on Leo. He looks bored and a little irritated at having to sit here.

Lyle LOVETT walks up to the table and sets down a stack of used Lyle Lovett CDs.

LOVETT: Hey is that real lemonade?

LEO: Yeah, it's a quarter, but if you are gonna buy something, help yourself.

LOVETT: (Taking a glass of lemonade) How much for the set?

LEO: Umm, well, seven CDs, that's a dollar each... so umm, seven dollars I guess.

LOVETT: Hmmm.... (he opens one of the CDs and examines the disk). This copy of Joshua Judges Ruth is scratched. How bout I give you six fifty?

LEO sighs, takes the money, and then grabs the lemonade out of LOVETT's hand and pours it out on the ground. He puts the money in the cashbox as Bill COSBY comes up, kinda shaking around a bit on his feet.



COSBY: Hey hey hey, where's your can, buddy?

LEO starts to say something, but his cell phone rings, so he just rolls his eyes and points at the house. He answers the phone. His AGENT (this does not need to be a famous person. We pictured Adam West for this role, but he is sadly dead) is on the phone.

AGENT: Hey, Leo, you magnificent bastard, you busy? You gotta hear this.

LEO: Oh, Herb, tell me you got me that voiceover on the ice cap documentary?

Al GORE walks up to the table holding an old gas-powered leaf blower.

GORE (monotone): Did you say "ice cap"?

LEO shushes GORE, puts his hand to his ear to indicate a phone, then points to the leaf blower. Leo holds up his fingers to signal ten bucks. Al hands over the money and walks off, happy; he accidentally steps on some flowers as he goes.

AGENT: What? No, this is way better. I just finished a round of golf with Michael Keaton's agent.

LEO: Oh god, how many times do I have to tell you--I'm not doing "Murder Hobos"!

AGENT: No, no, it's something new. He gave me this insane script that has your name written all over it. And by that I mean, it literally has your name written all over it. You gotta have a look at this. It's basically....

IGGY Pop appears (shirtless) at the table with an armload of men's dress shirts. In the background we hear the leaf blower start up.

LEO: (to the phone) Hang on a minute. (to IGGY) How many is that there.

IGGY: Nine. But some of these have ring around the collar. (He shows LEO the dirty collars.)

LEO: Ok, fifteen bucks. (to the phone again) Yeah, you were saying?

Iggy pays and leaves. Nic CAGE finally comes over with a birdcage and a souvenir copy of the declaration of independence.

AGENT: It's basically that Bond role you always wanted, but even better!

CAGE: Hey, whadda you want for these bad boys.

LEO (putting his hand over the phone): Umm, twelve bucks?

CAGE: Twelve bucks? You gotta be kidding me, for this garbage?

LEO: Hey, my mom had a pet parakeet named Judy that she kept for twenty years in that cage. That parakeet was her closest companion though some really hard times. There's a lot of memories wrapped up in that cage. Twelve bucks, firm.

CAGE: GOD DAMMIT (he slams the cage down hard on the concrete driveway, smashing it, then he kicks it away). Hey, you know what?! (He starts ripping up the

declaration of independence) Fuck you, Leo! You don't give a fuck about anybody else! Why do you always have to be such a fucking hardass all the time!? (He throws the paper bits up in the air.) You can suck your twelve bucks out of my ass, cocksucker!

CAGE storms off, muttering something about how LEO "can't be reasonable about price". He walks over to kick the cage again for good measure, but his foot gets stuck in it and he falls down, probably hurting himself.

CAGE: OWW!! GOD DAMMIT!! (He stands partly up and rolls out of scene)

LEO (holding the phone): You were saying? Bond role, huh?

AGENT: I'm telling you, this thing is gold. I mean, you're already the biggest star in the world. Ok, top three, but Leo, I'm tellin' you, this is gonna put you in the top one!

LEO: Top three? Who are the other two?

AGENT (making static sounds with his mouth): Ah, you're breakin' up, Chief.

LEO: Herb!

AGENT: Leo, this is the script you've been waiting your whole life for!

Julia ROBERTS saunters into the yard sale, looking like the full-blown movie star she is; in the background we see CAGE hobble to the car, gun it and peel out, taking a chunk of LEO's parents' yard with him. ROBERTS starts perusing the CDs.

LEO (covering the phone and flashing his biggest movie-star smile): Hi Julia. Feel free to look around. No reasonable offer will be refused!

ROBERTS smiles back and starts rifling through the CDs. In the background, we see David Letterman saunter past down the sidewalk, wearing sweats and drinking a latte.

LEO (uncovering the phone): Well, shit, Herb. This sounds like my ship has come in.

AGENT: It's more than a ship, my friend, it's a damn... uh... helicopter! It's got a fuckin helicopter, Leo! You're in Hawaii, there's a volcano, surrounded by beautiful women, you got a gun, you got a motorcycle. You get to do all these amazing stunts! Leo, you're gonna be a top-tier action hero, I'd bet my remaining nut on it!

LEO: Volcano? That's-

ROBERTS interrupts, holding a stack of CDs, fumbling with a Gucci purse. LEO holds up a finger and sets the phone face down on the card table. Over her shoulder, Letterman can be seen running over to Jay Leno and kicking Leno in the balls. Leno doubles over and Letterman runs off.

LEO: Whatcha got there, Jules?

ROBERTS: Oh, there wasn't much I liked. (LEO scowls briefly) I found a couple Van de Graaf Generator, though. (LEO scowls again) I used to love those dudes.

ROBERTS sets the pile on the table and snaps open her pocketbook.

ROBERTS: I actually was hoping for some old Lyle Lovett albums. I figured this might be the kind of place where'd I'd find some. (Shrugs, but looks at LEO hopefully.)

LEO (lets out a long breath): Ah jeez, Jules. You just missed 'em. Some weird lookin' dude with all this wild hair just walked outta here with all I had. I think it was David Lynch. (Mutters to himself) Not that I'd know, prick never returns my calls. (To ROBERTS) Anyway, apparently, "Joshua Judges Ruth" was scratched so, you wouldn't have wanted it.

We hear the AGENT's muffled voice coming from the overturned phone. LEO starts, shrugs to ROBERTS and picks it up again, half-turning from her. As he does, she slips the CDs in her handbag and walks off, waving, muttering "asshole".

LEO: Herb, send it to me. FedEx it. Send a kid over with it. I don't care.

AGENT's voice is muffled, we only hear LEO's side.

LEO: Nah, nah, not the beach house. I'm at my parent's place. Yeah. Yeah, the yard sale. Yes, it's today. You'd better drop by, you shyster. You said... yeah, yeah, ok. Send that kid over. Yeah I'll be here (looks at his expensive watch) all fucking day.

Bill COSBY emerges from the house looking shifty. His pockets are bulging out and he is hastily stuffing a bottle of pills from LEO's medicine cabinet into his waistband.

LEO: Hey buddy, you gonna buy something?

COSBY looks as if the gig is up and makes a run for it, vaulting over a picket fence and into the neighbor's yard and away.

LEO ends the call, sits back in the folding chair and pours himself a lemonade, smiling happily, whistling the "Hawaii Five-O" theme song. He tips the chair back and rests his feet on the table; there is a worrying creak as the chair goes back. The scene cuts with a blur of motion.

## Scene 9 (Agent's Office)

LEO DiCaprio is sitting on a white leather couch in a waiting room, obviously looking a bit annoyed. He is leafing through an issue of "Hot Rod - Zappy" and glancing up at a large clock on the wall (for the record, it is 1:37). A couple other random magazines are scattered around as if he is done with them. After a moment, the door opens, and Leo's agent HERB comes out, looking slightly chagrined. LEO stands up, holding a beat-up and gravy-stained script (obviously the one we last saw in Michael KEATON's grubby hands).

HERB: Leo, you goddamn hunk, good to see you again. You are looking great! That ranch powder is working wonders I see.

LEO: Cut the crap, Herb. You've had me waiting out here for an entire seven freak-

ing minutes. You better have the Dalai Lama in there! (He cranes his neck to look around the agent and see into his office. HERB pushes the door shut instinctively. LEO shoves the script up against the agent's chest.) You are supposed to be talking to me about DiCaprio!

HERB: Hey, hey, easy, big fella. What do you think I've been doing all day. In fact... I just got off the phone with the producer.

LEO: (Excited) We have a producer already? Who is it? Tarantino? Spielberg?

HERB: Oh, that doesn't matter, the good news is I got you a part in the movie!

LEO (looking confused): What do you mean, got me a part? I am the movie.

HERB: Yeah, yeah, come on inside.

He leads LEO into his office (which is super fancy and has a giant glass window wall overlooking LA) and shuts the door.

HERB: You want some Snapple? (He hands LEO a bottle).

LEO (slapping the Snapple away): Fuck the Snapple, Herb. What do you mean, "You got me a part"?

HERB: Ok, yeah, so if you turn to page 78, there's the scene where James CAAN releases the kraken and Leonardo DiCaprio's rescue submarine gets attacked. We got you (pause dramatically) the submarine boatswain who sacrifices himself to save Leo!

LEO (stunned, staggering back): You... wait.... Leo... What?! (He looks at the script in his hands confused, and then waves it around) For God's sake, Herb, this movie is called DiCaprio! Who is playing me?

HERB: Well, we got... wait for it!... Neil. Patrick. (dramatic pause) Harris.

LEO: WHAT??!

HERB hems and haws a bit, as if he is trying to figure out how to explain this to LEO. Finally, he pulls out a big fancy white leather chair and motions to it.

HERB: Take a seat, Leo. You really should have that Snapple now.

HERB walks over and picks up the Snapple bottle from the carpet and sets it in front of LEO, who seems unsteady, and is shaking. He then goes over to a cabinet and opens it up to reveal a small bar. He uses some tongs to put some ice in a glass and then brings it over to LEO. LEO opens the Snapple with shaky hands and tries to pour it out, but spills much of it. He drinks, and seems to calm down a little.

HERB: Look, I don't quite know how to say this, so I'll just say it... I know you used to be king of the world and Hollywood's golden boy, and all that, but things change. This is the 21st century for god's sake, after Weinstein, Hollywood is really looking to clean up its image, right the wrongs that have oppressed so many peoples for so

long. I mean look at you, you are straight, white, cis I'm assuming, christianish, and male. None of that earns a studio any points with its audience anymore. I mean, sure you can get bit parts no problem, people don't really count those too much, but starring roles, they are all getting flipped. Gender flipped, color flipped, immigration status flipped, age flipped, gender identity flipped-

LEO: Whoa, whoa... points?? That's a figure of speech, right?

HERB: Well, I mean....

LEO: How many points does Neil Patrick Harris have over me?

HERB: Well, your current status gives you 0 points, but NPH has 1, as he has come out as gay.

LEO: Wait, what?! You mean there's really literal points here? Jesus, that is so patently offensive.

HERB: Well, there you go with the whole Jesus thing again. Now if you were to convert to Judaism, like me....

LEO: Where the fuck did these points come from?! Who the hell came up with literal points!?

HERB: Well, there's this app....

LEO: What!?

HERB: Yeah, you can just download it on your phone. Just go to the app store. (He leans over and points at LEO's phone screen). Yeah, now search for "minority points".

LEO loads the app and clicks through it a bit.

LEO: Where did this thing come from? (Grumbling) This is breadish as hell.

HERB: Well, one of the studios got in a bit of trouble a while back, because they cast Zoe Saldana as Nina Simone in a movie, and people got upset because they felt she wasn't "black enough" for the role, plus she had to wear a fake nose.

LEO: What, really? Am I going to get in trouble for that Zoe Saldana statue I have out in my yard now?

HERB: You... umm... yes. Yes, definitely. I'll send a guy over. Anyway, the studios created this as kind of an insurance policy, to ensure they never offended anyone again. You just put in the identity stats for the role, and the identity stats for the actor, and if the actor has equal or more points to the role, it's safe to cast them. But then lately some of the studios started making a rule that all starring roles had to have at least one point. That's where you come in. Breadish or not, it's the future of the film industry, Leo. If you want to stay in the top three (LEO shoots HERB a nasty look), you've gotta get on board.

LEO is tapping at his phone screen, incredulous. He shakes his head, occasionally blurting out names and numbers (“Clooney 0. Affleck 0. Penn 3?!?”)

LEO (absently): Why the hell did Keaton pass on this? I know for a fact he’s a 2.

HERB: Right now, my WASPy friend, you’re a big fat goose egg. A zero, (emphatic) a non-entity, if you will. And studios don’t take chances on straight guys with white asses.

LEO (looking up, pointing at the screen of his phone): What is this shit? Why do trans women have so many goddamn points? They’re off the charts!

HERB (shrugs): Well, they get the lesbian points too if they are straight. (LEO stares at him confounded.) But I mean, a lot of them used to be straight, white, often rich men. They’re used to having their voices heard.

LEO (standing, pacing the office, sipping the Snapple): So... I gotta get a point. At least one. (Scratches his head) Should I do one of those DNA tests? Maybe I’m like, I dunno, a sixteenth Cherokee or something?

HERB (rolling his eyes and opening a humidor hidden behind a portrait of Orson Welles): Do you know how fucking horny and evil Custer and the conquistadors were? Everyone in this goddamn country is a sixteenth Cherokee! And besides, it’s all about how you look. And you look about as Cherokee as Taylor Swift.

LEO (flustered): How I look? Isn’t that the whole basis of the liberal world order, that you don’t treat people differently based on how they look?

HERB (lighting up the cigar): Look, Leo. The days of the straight white man are kaput. You want this role? You gotta get a point. It’s all about the points, kid! (Takes a deep drag and descends into an extended coughing fit. At the end, he throws the cigar out the open window.) Lucky for you, old Herbie has a plan. (Waggles his eyebrows)

LEO (whirling to look at HERB): Plan? I like the sound of that. (Sees the expression on HERB’s face) Or do I?

HERB (coming next to LEO and clapping him on the shoulder): Leo, me boy. Are you familiar with the hustle known as “the Turkey in the Straw”?

LEO: What the fuck are you talking about??

HERB: The Turkey! In the Straw!

LEO (screaming): What does that even mean, Herb?

HERB: It’s a classic Hollywood con. James Dean did it, Marlon Brando. All those dead ones. Of course in the old days they used Super 8 and the Lavender Mob was in on it too, but today any cocksucker with a webcam can run a Turkey through the Straw. Literally!

LEO (downing his Snapple and pouring another, neat no ice): Lavender Mob? What-

HERB: Leo, there's only one option here. You need to fake a gay sex tape and leak it.

LEO (gets to show off his prime spit-take skills): Excuse you? A gay what what?

HERB (palms out, placating): I know, I know! Just hear me out! I know a few guys, this is what they do. Rent a cheap room in Van Nuys, someplace by the airport, shit lighting, continental breakfast, the works. They do all the camera work, make it look nice and amateur (he pronounces each syllable). A couple grainy close-ups of your beautiful mug, maybe an ass shot or two. They've got a professional, he really looks like he's pounding your ass, brother, lemme tell ya. You'd never know he wasn't reaming that kid from American Idol's ass up. Unless, of course, you prefer the verisimilitude of the real deal? (Eyes LEO lasciviously; LEO's jaw is on the floor) Ha! That's the money shot right there, kid, that face! Anyway, they do it all. You just show up, roll around on the bed, act your can off for fifteen minutes, and you leave with a jump drive with your greatest gay hits on it. Oh, I can hear the rumors now! "Hey, Jack, what's the difference between Leo DiCaprio and a refrigerator? A fridge doesn't-"

LEO (interrupting): Fuck me!

HERB: That's the spirit!

LEO (talking over HERB): This is insane. Fucking insane! But I need that fucking point! (Screams wordlessly) Fuck Zoe Saldana! Fuck Nina Simone!

LEO storms out of the office, kicking over furniture and throwing the script violently. HERB shrugs, and after a moment goes to the window, unzips his fly and starts to piss out, while tapping on his cellphone.

## Scene 10 (L.A. Street)

Scene opens on Tommy CHONG pushing a food cart along the sidewalk next to HERB's office building. He stops, sweating and out of breath, looks around, shrugs and starts setting up the stall. He picks a lit cigar up off the sidewalk and clamps it in his mouth. A HOMELESS MAN shuffles by, belligerently asking CHONG if he "burnt the toast?". CHONG pops open the umbrella. Some suspicious liquid drums down on the umbrella from above. He stoically sets up the cart without losing his cool.

LEO stomps past CHONG, sidestepping the cart to avoid splashback from the umbrella, and bumps into a passing tourist on a Segway wearing a Hawaiian shirt and holding a "Star Maps" brochure, startling the guy off the Segway into the street. The Segway keeps on going, crashing into CHONG's stall. LEO stops and looks around him, visibly confused at the pandemonium.

LEO (shouting): Jesus Christ, what the hell is going on in this world?

CHONG (also furious and shouting): Watch it, you gringo prick!

LEO (goggle-eyed): What? What? What did you just-

LEO is interrupted by the screech of tires behind them from the street. We hear CAGE screaming "You wanna see a star, huh, you dumb fuck? I'll give you a tour of my fudgy star!" There is a loud series of honks. LEO and CHONG just stare. We hear CAGE peel away.

CHONG (wiping his brow with a towel, looking at the Segway and then back toward the street): This is some Buster Keaton shit.

LEO (like he just got slapped): Keaton? Did you just say Keaton? Are you in on this, too??

CHONG (throwing up his hands): Fuck it, whitey. You want a taco or what?

LEO (stares blankly for a second, then): Actually, yeah. That sounds pretty good. (Sighs heavily) Sorry about all that. I'm just... stressed right now. Y'know?

CHONG (nods, rolling his eyes at the problems of rich white dudes): Yeah, man. Stress. I hear ya. (Starts making a taco.)

LEO (runs his hands through his hair, leaning against the stall): I'm just under a lot of pressure, career pressure. All these... I dunno... disgusting coincidences are gettin' me paranoid (laughs sheepishly). I mean, of course you don't know Keaton. (Gestures vaguely at CHONG)

CHONG (glancing up, making the taco deftly without looking): Well, hermano, disgusting coincidences are what make the world go round. Like how Thomas Crapper invented the toilet. Or Otto Titchling invented the bra. And Dick Hamm, the foot-long. If it weren't for those dudes, this world would be a less colorful place!

LEO (staring at the sheer stupidity): You do know none of that is true, right?

CHONG (shrugs, wrapping the taco in foil): Who gives a fuck if it's true? It feels good to believe it. Ain't that what the world is all about? Feeling good about the crap you believe in? Besides, where do you think the word "crap" comes from anyway?

LEO grabs the taco and stalks off without paying. CHONG rolls his eyes again, wipes his bald head, goes around to the front of the stall, rights the Segway and then pushes it behind the stall and starts hanging corn husks on it.

## Scene 11 (Seattle)

JEFF is woken up by the phone ringing. Aluminum foil is taped over the windows in his bedroom; a model of the Death Star hangs from the ceiling. For some reason, he still has a cordless landline and can't find it under the piles of kitschy crap in his shitty apartment. Finally he finds it underneath a stack of various HMS Pinafore playbills, notes scribbled on



napkins, piles of obscure CDs (a copy of "Joshua Judges Ruth" still in its wrapper), a copy of "The New Man" and "1001 Baby Names", a couple Russian dictionaries, a Japanese porn manga, and assorted other lonely nerd crap, but only after he has fallen off the bed and probably hurt himself.

JEFF (answering): Ow! Fuck! Hello?

Jerry BRUCKHEIMER: Hello, am I speaking with a Mr. Jeffrey Carl Pizorney?

JEFF (rubbing his head): Huh? Umm, what? I mean... yeah. I think so. What time is it?

BRUCKHEIMER: How are you doing today, Mr. Pizorney? This is Jerry Bruckheimer here at Bruckheimer studios, Hollywood California.

JEFF: Sorry, I don't know anyone named "Hollywood". (yawns)

BRUCKHEIMER: We would like to formally announce our intentions to produce your script for "DiCaprio", and might I just add what a fine script this is, sir.

JEFF: Umm... what? (He is fidgeting around in the piles, looking for a clock).

BRUCKHEIMER: I'll be sending a courier over to you this afternoon with a contract. Is 2 million enough for you?

JEFF (Finally finding the clock, which shows that it is actually 3 in the afternoon): What the... two million what? Jesus fuck, go to hell, Greg, you dead-eyed dick, I'm trying to fucking sleep here!

JEFF hangs up the phone, and then takes off the battery cover and rips out the battery. He throws both the phone and the battery across the room, then crawls back into bed. He gets back up, rummages around until he finds the clock again, and throws it across the room as well, then gets back into bed again.

## Scene 12 (Seattle)

The scene opens on GREG in his apartment sitting on the toilet, listening to cb radio chatter, eating a bowl of grape nuts, reading a worn copy of Karl Marx, and whittling a bar of soap with the sharpened back end of a toothbrush.

Through the bathroom window, we can see that it is starting to become dusk, and in the fading light, what looks to be a SWAT team runs past on his mom's lawn. Some of them appear to have large, heavy objects that could be mistaken for rifles (but are actually movie cameras). This is actually a SCAT team (special camera and tactics team).

SCAT TEAM MEMBER 1: Move, move! Get in position. Red 5, go around back!

GREG is oblivious to the activity.

After a moment, there is a loud knock on the door, and GREG cranes his neck towards the door and yells without getting off the toilet.

GREG: Mom!! You put too much in the washer again!!

The knocking gets louder, and we move into the living room, focusing on the front door where we can still hear GREG yelling.

GREG: MOM!!!

Finally the door is kicked open and at least a dozen Hollywood people dash in, quickly clearing the rooms, cameras pointed forward like rifles.

SCAT TEAM MEMBER 2: Kitchen CLEAR!!!

SCAT TEAM MEMBER 3: Bedroom CLEAR!!! (We hear an older woman shrieking.)

After a moment, the people condense around the bathroom door, and SCAT 1 points at the door and holds up his hand as if to silence everyone. Soon, a sharp-dressed african-american woman (JUNE) steps into the apartment with a clipboard and an earpiece (this is actually just a normal role and doesn't need to be played by some famous person). She surveys the scene, and mumbles into the mouthpiece a bit as if conferring with someone back in LA. She has her own personal cameraman (Daniel Skezac, aka, Skeezy DAN) with her, who is kind of a grungy old rocker type, with long balding hair, a ponytail, and a fu manchu (again, a normal role) He is somewhat drug damaged and only speaks in strange cryptic ramblings.

JUNE: Yeah, we got him cornered. Yeah. Yeah, I'm going in now.

JUNE surveys the situation. She snaps her fingers and some kind of foppish gender-neutral young gopher (IZZY) runs up and hands her a latte.

JUNE (addressing SCAT1): Sergeant, are your men ready?

SCAT1: All clear, ma'am.

JUNE: Dan, you rolling?

Skeezy DAN (nodding): Watching the sun go brown!

JUNE (dropping her finger like she is chopping with an axe): Go!

The SCAT Team bursts into action, kicking in the door to the bathroom and dragging GREG off the toilet. They drag him into the middle of the living room, knocking over a lamp or two, then throw him down on the floor, face down. One SCAT team member is on each limb, with SCAT 1 pushing his face down into the rug. His pants are down around his ankles, though we can only see his butt cheeks. GREG looks thoroughly surprised and confused.

JUNE: Don't move, chump, you are under a contract!

GREG (slightly muffled against the floor): You guys got the wrong apartment.

DAN (sniffing the air and waving his hand in front of his nose): Whoo-ee, I detect the El Supremo from the room at the top of the stairs!

JUNE (putting the back of her hand to her nose): You're Gregory Van Nuffle?

GREG (muffled): What the fuck is this? Is this "Cheaters" again?

JUNE (authoritative): Mr. Van Nuffle, on behalf of Bruckheimer Productions, Hollywood, California, I am empowered to inform you that you are now held under contract by the aforesaid party. Pending your signature (she motions to SCAT 1, who pulls a folded paper from a zippered pouch in his suit, snaps it open, snaps to IZZY who turns their back and SCAT 1 uses it as a flat surface, spreading the paper on it, jamming a pen in GREG's flailing hand) Bruckheimer Productions will green light your script, hereafter referred to as "DiCaprio", and under the terms of the contract you will be employed as a script consultant, at a standard fee of \$2 million, US.

GREG lets out a fart of shock. Everyone makes awkward eye contact with everyone but GREG. GREG moves to sign the document, and then hesitates.

GREG: Does this compensate our lodging in Hawaii?

JUNE snaps her fingers, and SCAT1 crumples up the contract, throws it away, and then pulls a second contract out of his suit, setting it up to be signed.

JUNE: Yes, pursuant to Clause 17.

Again GREG hesitates.

GREG: What about our own personal masseuses during the filming?

JUNE sighs heavily, then snaps her fingers again. SCAT1 crumples up the contract and pulls a new one out.

GREG: And we each get our own working lightsaber.

SCAT1: Ummm... I don't think I have that one ma'am.

JUNE (making a little slicing movement with her finger): Hurt him.

DAN (impatient, under his breath): C'mon buddy, make tonight a wonderful thing.

SCAT2 bends GREG's other arm.

GREG (screams in pain): Owwwwww!!! Shit! Ok, ok! I'm signing.

GREG signs the paper, JUNE snaps her fingers, and they whisk him away. The little gopher IZZY wipes his ass for him, puts his pants on, picks up the lamps, and then goes over to the bathroom and flushes as they drag him out. IZZY quickly sprays some room deodorizer, cracks the window, and is about to leave when they look behind them at the gurgling toilet; their shoulders slump, their head hangs low. They reach for the plunger.

End Scene.

## Scene 13 (Hawaii - Airport)

Scene opens on a crowded airport in Hawaii. JEFF and GREG are walking down the jetway, jostled by Japanese tourists and fat American families in tropical shirts with maniacal kids. They are dressed exactly the same as usual. GREG is already sweating profusely, JEFF is decidedly giddy, both are carrying overstuffed carry-ons.

JEFF: I can't believe we're in fucking Hawaii. I can't believe they're making this movie. What the hell is going on?

GREG (grunts and wipes his brow): We're on our way to becoming retardedly rich, is what the hell is going on.

They emerge from the jetway into the airport proper and see a man holding a cardboard sign with their names badly misspelled on it (like "Pzorni and Fnuffle" or something).

JEFF (gesturing): Damn, what are the odds of that? Two other guys here with practically the same name!

GREG (slaps JEFF across the chest): You fuckin' idiot, those are us!

JEFF (winded): I dunno. Are you sure? What if Pzorni and Fnuffle show up and their ride is gone?

GREG: Fuck Pzorni! Fuck Fnuffle!

GREG leads them to the dude holding the sign. He stands up straight and straightens his plane-rumpled jacket.

GREG (to DRIVER): Yes, my good man. We're Pizorney and Van Nuffle.

DRIVER looks them both over, gums his lips a few times and shrugs, motioning with his head for them to follow. They follow the DRIVER out of frame. The camera pans right to another driver some distance off, holding a sign with the names spelled correctly. Two men in finely tailored Italian suits and sunglasses (the real Pzorni and Fnuffle) approach him, gesture to themselves, and they all go off in another direction.

Cut to two limos parked side by side on a busy Hawaii highway, cars honking all around them. JEFF and GREG sheepishly get out of one and cross over to the other, while Pzorni and Fnuffle get out and cross over to theirs. All four men exchange glares and P & F curse in Italian or something as they pass GREG and JEFF. P & F's limo peels off. A passing driver throws a milkshake at JEFF and GREG's limo.

Inside the limo.

JEFF: Oh cool! I've never been in a limo before. (He starts pushing buttons and rooting around in various cubbies. He finds a scone and starts eating it, getting crumbs everywhere. He pokes more buttons and the windows go up and down, the sunroof pops open and a seagull swoops in, pecks at them and takes the scone, then jets out again. GREG ducks and covers his face.)

GREG (slapping JEFF's hand): Stop touching things!

JEFF: They got some hostile-ass birds here. I thought this was supposed to be paradise. Sheesh. (Settles back into his seat adjusting his non-existent tie and brushing crumbs; he glances at his cheap digital Casio watch) How long 'til we get there?

GREG looks out the window then shrugs.

GREG: I'm not really sure where we're going.

We hear a cell phone ringing, muffled. They both pat their pockets, digging through jackets, pants, quickly unzipping their bags and pawing through, increasingly frantic.

JEFF (panicked): My mailbox is full! What if it's important? Goddamn it, where is it?

GREG (equally panicked): Are we roaming? This call is going to cost a fortune!

Neither can find their phone, but it keeps ringing and ringing. They fumble over each other, trying to locate the sound of the call. Finally, GREG backhands a panel in the partition and a little door swings open, revealing an old-school '80s era brick-sized car phone.

JEFF (in awe): Holy shit.

GREG grabs the phone, almost drops it because it's so heavy and unwieldy, then gets it to his ear.

GREG: Aloha?

A loud voice crackles unintelligibly through the phone. GREG flinches.

GREG (nervous): Yeah! We're almost there! Just had a little, uh... car trouble. But we'll be there soon, don't worry Mr. Bruckheimer!

More gruff crackling. GREG nods, says "understood, sir" and fumbles the phone back into its cubby. He sits back with a sigh, then pounds on the glass partition.

GREG (raising his voice): Get a move on!

JEFF futzes around with the car phone panel, popping it open and closed.

JEFF: Jerry huh?

GREG: Mr. Bruckheimer to you. Apparently we're twenty minutes late already!

JEFF: Dude! We're on island time! Who cares?

GREG throws a pair of socks at him and settles back and closes his eyes. Just as he does, the limo lurches, throwing them both sideways, as the driver guns it around a corner and picks up speed.

The camera shows the limo pulling to a stop in front of a lush, tropical lawn where a bunch of white tents and assorted movie crap has been set up. A large crew is bustling about, building sets, rigging lights, etc. JUNE strides toward the limo, smiling with thin lips, extending her hand as JEFF and GREG emerge, stiff and rumped and crumb-covered

from the limo. IZZY follows her around constantly, never more than a step or two away. In the background we see DAN directing a crew of cameramen where to set up. Two men (BRUCKHEIMER and Joel SCHUMACHER) stand apart from the rest, deep in a conversation, gesturing and laughing occasionally.

JUNE (crisp and professional): Gentlemen! Welcome to Hawaii! (She shakes their hands vigorously, practically pushing them toward the set).

JEFF and GREG are gobsmacked, staring, looking around like children at Disneyland or something.

JEFF (smacking GREG on the arm, in a hushed voice): Look at this! Oh my god, we're actually doing it. We're actually on the set of our own fucking movie!

JUNE leads GREG and JEFF toward one of the tents.

JUNE: Wait here and Mr. Bruckheimer and Mr. Schumacher will be right with you. (She eyes them both) Please don't touch anything, gentlemen.

JUNE makes to go but GREG stops her.

GREG: Is Leo here? Can we meet Leo? I mean, Mr. DiCaprio?

JUNE (sighing): None of the film's leads are on set at the moment.

IZZY (correcting her): Ahem!

JUNE: Yes, that's right IZZY... with the exception of Mr. Caan, who arrived early to freeload. However, everyone will be attending the dinner at the Diamond Head Club later this evening. You'll find your names are on the guest list. You'll have the chance to speak with all the stars there, after dinner.

GREG and JEFF high-five each other as JUNE rolls her eyes and leaves them, IZZY following close behind, shooting them a nasty look as well. They roam from tent to tent, greeting crew people as they go. JEFF trips over an extension cord and brings down a light fixture but continues on oblivious. There's a lot of bustle going on around them. Two other men (Paul DANO and Will FORTE) emerge from a trailer and, noticing GREG and JEFF, DANO waves to them.

JEFF (elbowing GREG): Who the hell is that? Why is he waving at us? Should I wave back? (JEFF begins to wave back, then quickly pulls his arm back, embarrassed) Shit, he saw me!

GREG: Crap, that's Paul Dano.

JEFF: Who? Oh yea! That's Paul Dano? I pictured him differently. (Looks at GREG, then at DANO, approaching with FORTE, then back at GREG.)

DANO and FORTE stop before JEFF and GREG. All four sort of just look each other up and down and don't say anything for awhile. (Note: the joke here is that both duos are played by the same two actors.) Finally, DANO extends his hand.

DANO: You guys must be the writers. I'm Paul, I'll be playing... (looks awkwardly at them both) one of you. "Greg", I think?

For some reason, JEFF shakes DANO's hand, who then shakes GREG's.

FORTE: I'm Will. (To GREG) I guess you're Jeff then?

GREG (choking slightly): Uh... no. I'm Greg. (Shakes DANO's hand again)

An awkward series of handshakes and reshakes commences.

DANO (slightly awkward): This script. It's... well, it's something else, man. I never thought I'd be in an action movie, that's for sure.

FORTE: Me neither, it's definitely a new experience. It's one of the most original... uhh... concepts I've come across in awhile.

GREG and JEFF are basically blushing and hemming and hawing like schoolgirls, which starts to creep out DANO and FORTE.

FORTE (nudging DANO): Well, we'd better go... uh. Work on our lines! Yeah.

DANO (catching on quick): Yeah. Yes! Definitely. Well, great meeting you two. I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot of each other in the next few weeks.

DANO and FORTE hurry off, leaving GREG and JEFF alone.

JEFF: They seemed nice.

GREG (slapping JEFF's chest): Why did you shake Paul's hand first? After he said my name?

JEFF (rubbing his chest): I was star-struck! I dunno!

GREG: Star-struck? You didn't even know who Paul was!

JEFF: Oh, so it's "Paul" now, huh? That was quick.

GREG: Well, I'm not going to call him Mr. Dano.

GREG is ready to argue more, but JEFF looks past GREG's shoulder and his eyes widen. GREG turns to see the craft services table. They move toward it.

JEFF: Funny... y'know in person those guys don't look anything like us.

GREG: Seriously.

JEFF: Like, what were they thinking casting that guy as me? He looks like Michael Stipe.

GREG: I was thinking Fran Healey.

JEFF: And that Dano guy. Jesus, he looks like Tilda Swinton and that dude from Radiohead had a kid.

They ramble on about how the casting is terrible as they approach the food. The table is

fifty feet long, and along the center of it is a single giant hoagie that runs the length of the table. Towards the outside of the table, running down the length of both edges, are little platters holding a variety of various snacks and condiments. Everything from olives to doughnuts, to boiled lobsters. GREG and JEFF are completely awestruck. GREG picks up a carrot and pokes at some sort of pale purplish dip.

JEFF: Oh god, is that what I think it is?

GREG (Putting the dip in his mouth): What? Purple hummus?

JEFF: Newman's spread!

GREG gags and spits the baba ganoush out, spraying an older gentleman (James CAAN) who happens to just then be reaching for some pickles. His white suit ends up covered in ganoush.

CAAN: Gaaaaaaa!!!! (He grabs GREG by the throat and lifts him off the ground):  
You eternal bastard. From hell's heart, I stab at thee. For hate's sake, I spit my last breath at thee.

GREG gurgles and kicks about like a rag doll. JEFF squeals and wets his pants. CAAN keeps the act up for another brief moment before breaking into a big grin, dropping GREG, laughing and slapping his knee.

CAAN: Oh my god, look at you two! You should have seen the look on your faces! What... you guys never been on a film set before?

GREG: Umm... no, actually.

CAAN: Well take it in boys! But damn... you should know, this place is nothing! Jesus, the times ain't like they used to be. You should have seen the size of hoagies we had back in the golden age. I remember one that started in Kentucky and ended up in Arkansas. It wasn't even legal to eat from the eastern end on Sundays or from the western end on Tuesdays unless you were wearing a hat. Why, when we were filming *Funny Lady*, me and Omar Sharif had a contest going to see who could be the first to eat a mile. I never did get the stain out of those pants (shaking his head as if pondering a pleasant memory).

There is an awkward pause, where the losers just stand and stare at CAAN, awestruck.

GREG (starstruck): Wow... I know you. My god. You were in *Elf*.

CAAN: Yeah... (breaking the ice) Christ, guys, this is Hollywood, the food isn't gonna eat itself. Plus half these yahoos nowadays all have eating disorders or calorie contracts and shit, so this is all for show anyway. First rule of Hollywood, eat as much as you want. And soon too, before the falconer goes on break and they let all the seagulls back in.

GREG (Nervous and starstruck): Umm... you aren't mad about the hummus?



JEFF (murmuring under his breath): Baba ganoush.

CAAN: What, I should care about a couple of misplaced garbanzo beans? Do you take me for a vindictive man? Or do you guys call them chickpeas? Anyway, that reminds me, what's the difference between a garbanzo bean and a chickpea?

GREG: Ummm... don't know.

CAAN: I've never had a garbanzo bean on my face. (He slaps GREG on the back). Don't worry about the jacket man; it's Hollywood. They have a whole truck full of these over there, and the lady who hands them out has fantastic bazingas. No, don't worry about me. Worry about that damn hoagie! (He starts to leave. As JEFF and GREG turn their back on him, he points at them, mouths something at them that looks suspiciously like "you're dead", and then makes a throat cutting motion with his hand, before finally disappearing).

JEFF: How many feet do you think you could eat?

GREG: I don't know, I bet you can't eat your height.

JEFF: What? I could eat more than your dick.

GREG: Oh, it's ON!

GREG and JEFF begin eating maniacally, forgetting themselves, pigging out. Scene fades on them stuffing their faces uncontrollably.

End Scene.

## Scene 14 (Sex Tape)

A fancy Cadillac pulls up to an old warehouse in industrial Los Angeles. LEO gets out of the car, looks around, checks an address on a piece of paper, shrugs and walks to the huge sliding door, yanks it open and yells "Hello?" A clatter of something metal hitting the floor makes LEO flinch, but he steps into the warehouse, taking off his sunglasses, squinting around.

LEO (cautiously): Anybody home?

The warehouse is mostly empty, but there is weird crap scattered here and there: chains hanging from the ceiling, coils of cable on the ground, wooden crates in a stack. The floor is oil-stained. We hear what sounds like high-heels click-clacking on the concrete floor. EMMA Watson emerges from shadow, dressed like a combination of Jackie O and Cat-woman; she is wearing a pearl necklace, her hair is in a tight bun, she is pulling off one long rubber glove as she greets LEO with a warm smile.

EMMA: Leo! So nice to see you again, darling!

LEO: Emma (obviously genuinely aroused), you look fantastic!

They kiss each others' cheeks and LEO looks around again, feigning he's impressed.

LEO: Quite a place you've got here, Em.

EMMA (looking around, pleased): Yes, it's cozy. I've had to do a lot of work on the place but the location is absolutely perfect. (Shrugs happily) It suits my needs, that's the important thing!

LEO (suddenly nervous): Yeah. (Runs his hand through his hair) So, Herb told you why I'm here, right.

EMMA (shrugs): Herbert was very... vague. But I got the impression he, and you, need some assistance with a, hm... project.

LEO (fidgeting, after some hemming and hawing he fesses up): A turkey. In the straw.

EMMA (eyebrows shoot up): Well, shit.

LEO (sighing): I know....

EMMA (confused): Wait. You're doing your own Turkey in the Straw?

LEO nods. EMMA lets out a long breath.

EMMA: Shit.

LEO: Yeah. Shit. I mean, nobody else actually looks anything like me.

EMMA (still confused): But why, Leo? Don't tell me you're the Straw?

LEO nods and lets out a long breath.

EMMA: Shit. But why?

LEO: I'm trying to get a role. Well, actually, it's me. I'm trying to play myself. (EMMA starts; LEO gets flustered) In a movie! In a movie! Play myself in this movie. (Under his breath) Shit. This movie, Emma, it's going to be huge! Like, James Bond huge. It's got it all, guns, women, helicopters!

EMMA (still confused): Yourself? Why didn't you get the role? You're already you.

LEO (sighs): It's all about the points.

EMMA (still confused): Points?

LEO pulls out his phone to show her the app, then quickly turns to one side, as though to shield EMMA from seeing whatever filthy pics he has on his screen.

LEO (showing her the phone): Yeah, check out this app. (EMMA takes the phone and starts swiping) I'm a Zero right now. Straight, white male. A big nothing. All the studios now, they're looking for all the leads to be at least Ones or-

EMMA (interrupting, awestruck): My god, they actually did it....

LEO (puzzled): Huh?

EMMA (growing excitable, looking at LEO with a huge smile): They actually fucking did it!

LEO: Did what? Who? What?

EMMA (holding up the phone): This! This whole points thing was my idea!

LEO (dumbstruck): Your idea?

EMMA (nodding, thrilled): After Weinstein, all the studios had their fucking panties in a twist. (In a mocking tone) 'how can we do better, how can we respect women, blah blah blah'. A bunch of the studio heads and big players called a meeting. Katzenberg, Spielberg, Eisner, Ovitz. All those Jews. Bruckheimer. Yeah. They put a call out: me, Annette Bening, Kristen Stewart, Lily Tomlin. A bunch of actresses and agents and such who've been working for female empowerment in Hollywood for years. We all meet at Urasawa, they reserve the whole place for this meeting, y'know? And, Leo, I tell you, it was a fucking Night. Mare. These guys? They have no idea. They can't see that they are the problem. Their solution? Sexual harassment videos. Like this is a Bob's Big Boy or Macy's Corporate. Well I'd been kicking around this idea, this points system, in my head, for awhile. So... I just laid it out. This is how you can make amends, right here, in simple maths. This is how you can change the culture of Hollywood and toss the casting couch out the fucking window.

LEO (stunned): But... that's so. I dunno. (Shrugging) It seems so disrespectful, boiling someone to just their traits like that?

EMMA (scoffs): But that's how they do it, too. They just don't like having to include anyone who isn't a gorgeous young female into their point system. Me? To them, I'm a seventeen or something. They'd kick Heather Matarazzo into the garbage chute if she came in looking for a job today. And god forbid you're African-American or, worse, Asian. Quick, Leo, name one Asian actress.

LEO (quickly): Lucy Liu!

EMMA (visibly surprised): Wow. Ok. You did it. Ok. (Collecting herself) The point is, Leo, the points system has been here all along, only now (tapping the screen) it's finally benefiting the people who really need it.

LEO (letting out a long breath): That's very admirable, Emma. Really. I mean, I'm a huge supporter of the cause and-

EMMA (interrupting): Leo, sweetheart. Don't fuck with me. You're here to fake a point. You want to play Leonardo DiCaprio in this ridiculous, male-fantasy movie that we've all seen a thousand times before, which for some reason you're not. By the way, who is playing you?

LEO (through gritted teeth): Neil Patrick Harris.

EMMA (nodding): I can see it. Anyway, you need a point. (LEO nods) So you and your agent cook up this Turkey in the Straw scheme. (LEO nods, abashed) You're too high-brow for the Van Nuys Days Inn. (LEO nods)

LEO (flustered): Look, Emma, I know this is messed up. I know faking a point is... I dunno, cultural appropriation. Or something, I don't know the terminology. I know it's bad! But I need this role! Emma, I'm almost out of the top three! I used to be king of the world, for fuck's sake! I can't face being just another Christian Slater! I need something to blow people's minds, y'know? Something like... viral and insane that'll get everyone talking about me again.

LEO gets on his knees and starts pleading

LEO: Emma, you've got to help me! If I get this role, I'll be a superstar again. I can get you any job you want? That *Wuthering Heights* musical you've been shopping for years, I can get that done for you! I'll have connections, I'll be back on top. Please, Emma.

EMMA is visibly turned on by LEO on his knees and begging.

EMMA: Leo, we go back a long ways. We're old friends. (She extends her hand.) Let's not make a scene. This goes against everything I fought for with my points system, you know that, right? (LEO nods) But (she snaps the rubber glove back on) I am also a professional. (She wiggles her fingers and LEO takes her hand and stands up again.) I'm good at what I do, I take pride in my work. Herbert called me because he knows I'm the best. (She runs her rubber-gloved finger along LEO's jaw) And I like helping my friends. If my friends help me, in return. (She looks LEO in the eyes for a long moment, cold and calculating, then breaks into a lovely smile.) I'll get you your Turkey, Leo. Or should I say, Bear. But I want in. I want a scene in your movie. I want to speak direct truth to the fucking idiots in those seats. (She pats his cheek roughly, then runs her gloved fingertips down his neck and pokes him in the chest.)

EMMA turns slowly, indicating LEO to follow her. They move deeper into the warehouse, and eventually EMMA stops, bends down and hauls up a trap door hidden in the floor. LEO stares down: a hanging light bulb illuminates a set of wooden stairs leading down into darkness. We hear something like machinery running, something rhythmic. LEO gulps. EMMA motions him down.

EMMA: Welcome to the bear pit.

LEO hesitates.

LEO: Um. What's down there?

EMMA (smiling): One big, beautiful point.

LEO: I don't know about this... (he takes a few steps down the stairs and stoops, peering down under the floor). Is there anybody in he-

EMMA: Welcome back to the top three, Leo. The safety word is “failure”.

EMMA slams the trap door shut on his back and we hear a shout of surprise and pain. EMMA quickly slams down an iron bar over the top of the trap door and begins fastening padlocks to it, looking anxious. Finally, for good measure, she pushes a heavy iron cage over the top of the door. We can hear LEO banging on the door and shouting in fear from below.

The camera switches to a grainy, black and white, night vision view, as if taken from some kind of security camera. It shows LEO standing on the stairs and banging on the underside of the door, shouting. There is an audible clank and an animal-like grunt from somewhere nearby, and LEO’s attention is drawn down into the basement.

LEO: Hello? Is there someone down here. (He tiptoes down to the bottom of the stairs.)

There is a dirt floor covered in straw here, with a number of filthy stained areas that look like they could be blood stains. There are some large bones scattered about that look as if they have been gnawed on. From some dark hallway, we see something massive and animal like emerge. It sniffs the air, grunting, as if looking to scent its prey. As it comes forward into the camera view, we can see it is an exceptionally large, hairy man wearing a leather bondage harness. It scents LEO and begins to hunker towards him.

LEO: Hello? Anyone?

BEAR (emitting a surprised grunt as it spots LEO): Aroo?

LEO (Spotting the BEAR): Aieeeee!!!!

BEAR (with a grunt): LEEEEOOOOO!!!!

LEO (Holding his hand out and backing slowly away): Whoaaa, there, whooa there, calm down big fella. No need for-

BEAR: LEEEEOOOOO!!!!

LEO (screams as the bear charges): Aiiiiieeeee!!!!

The BEAR grabs LEO by the leg as he turns to run and begins flailing him about like a rag doll. LEO’s clothes are beginning to get torn to shreds. (If you have not guessed it yet, this is actually a parody of the scene of LEO getting mauled by a bear in the Revenant.) The rest of this scene should simply follow the scene in the Revenant with LEO and the BEAR satirizing the same motions, shrieks, sounds and expressions from that scene.

When it is all over, we focus in on LEO lying shattered and still on the straw floor, with the BEAR quiet and breathing heavily above him.

LEO (breathily but defiant): Success.

He passes out.

## Scene 15 (Bechdel Test)

The scene opens on EMMA emerging from a metal door into the alley behind her warehouse. She slams the door behind her, then leans against it with a long, exhausted, bewildered sigh. She rests her head against the door, closing her eyes in the bright California afternoon. Her cellphone chirps; she fishes it from a zippered pocket in her Oleg Cassini catsuit.

EMMA (reading the screen): "Your Uber is here"

She stalks off down the alley to meet the car. She tells the driver to take her to Dodger Stadium. As she settles back in her seat, her phone chirps again. Another unzip and we see the screen, reading "Rosario". This is EMMA's friend ROSARIO Dawson. She puts the call on speaker.

ROSARIO: Emma, you bitch! How's it hangin'? Are you on your way? The Dodgers are doing BP!

EMMA (happy): Rosario, oh my god. How are you? You won't believe the fucking day I've had. Ugh.

ROSARIO (staticky but also happy): Girl, tell me all about it!

EMMA: It's nuts, Rosie. Guess who came to see me today?

ROSARIO: Who?

EMMA (lowering her voice, glancing at the driver who is obviously trying not to get caught eavesdropping): Leo. DiCaprio.

ROSARIO (stunned): Get the fuck out!

EMMA: I'm serious. But that's not even the weird part. He comes in with this just batshit story about this movie he needs to get in, and needs a Turkey in the Straw to get it. He goes on and on about the plot, and girl, I've never heard so much breadishness in my whole goddamn life.

ROSARIO: Wait... Leo did a Turkey in the Straw? Don't tell me-

EMMA: Yes, girl, he was the Straw.

They descend into gales of laughter.

EMMA (calming down): I mean, of course, exploring your sexuality is something to be applauded, but honest to god this was--Rosie, I had to leave the room. I mean, it started as a Turkey in the Straw and quickly degenerated to a Baltimore Skipjack, and after that it was... whoo.

ROSARIO: Whooa, sounds messy.

EMMA: You don't even wanna know.

ROSARIO: I definitely do! But seriously, Emma. Turkey in the Straw isn't really your bag. Why would agree to do something so out of line with your principles? (Through the phone we hear ROSARIO yell something sexist and obscene to one of the Dodgers) Sorry, girl, but Clayton Kershaw's ass should be in the Smithsonian.

EMMA (clucking her tongue): That's degrading, Rosie. But agreed. Anyway, the reason is, I made Leo agree to give me a role in this stupid movie where I can lecture the audience about the Bechdel test.

ROSARIO: Ohhhh shit. That's brilliant. (Pause) Wait, what's the Bechdel test again? Is that the thing with the flashlight and the post-it note?

EMMA (annoyed): Rosario! You were supposed to have this memorized for the next meeting! I'm disappointed in you. Basically, the Bechdel test is a way to tell if a movie or a tv-show or play or some such thing is irredeemably sexist or not. There are three very simple, and pretty bare minimum criteria, but sadly, most of the crap that comes out of Hollywood even in this more woke age can't even meet these. But number one, the film needs to actually have female characters.

ROSARIO: Ok, right, makes sense.

EMMA: And two, these female characters have to actually have to talk, AND... and this is where the bulk of these shit films seem to fall down... they have to talk TO EACH OTHER.

ROSARIO: Oh, that's rare.

EMMA: And then here's the final bit. When they talk to each other, they have to talk to each other about something other than men... or boys, or sex or the like.

ROSARIO: I see. What's wrong with talking about men? Do I have to take back that line about Kershaw?

EMMA: Oh, nothing really, I mean women do admittedly talk about men all the time, and the movie doesn't fail if the female characters talk about men, they only fail if the women talk ONLY about men. The idea being that you can tell by this test if the writers of the film actually see women as actual people as opposed to mere sex objects or simply as props for the men in the film. You know, actual three dimensional characters. Which is probably more than I can say for the guys writing this DiCaprio film; these guys sound like a couple of grade A losers who probably haven't ever talked to a woman in their adult lives in any other context than asking their moms to do their laundry.

ROSARIO: Ok, yeah, that makes a lot of sense. Anyway, tell your driver to step on it. When you get here I want to pick your brain about diversifying my investments. I really want to get into green energy, but I really don't even know where to start.

EMMA: Yeah, good idea. I've been looking into that too. The cool thing is that there

are actually a lot of local up-and-coming companies right here in California. We could even pay a few of them a visit... I know that always helps me feel better about where I'm putting my money.

ROSARIO: Really? Oh that's so cool. I-

Scene fades.

## Scene 16 (Beach)

JEFF and GREG are standing on a beach, it is a beautiful sunny Hawaiian day. The beach is not too crowded. GREG is carrying a rolled-up beach towel under his arm. They are both still wearing the rumpled clothes they wore on the plane from Seattle. JEFF is carrying a mesh bag with sunscreen and a six pack of Mountain Dew. He is munching on a gigantic burrito.

JEFF (mouth full): This is better than that burrito I got in Moses Lake!

GREG is visibly disgusted and hawks a giant loogie into the sand.

JEFF (still munching): Those craft services dudes really know their shit. They really needed more ranch, though.

GREG (holding his belly): How the fuck can you possibly be eating anything now? I'm still feeling sick. I can't believe we missed the dinner! Our chance to meet Leo! (He burps and makes a sour face.) Fuck James Caan! I knew I should have stopped eating that hoagie when I passed elbow-deep.

JEFF: Honestly, I feel like I should be ten pounds lighter after how much time I spent-

GREG (interrupting): Welp, time to work on my tan.

GREG peels off the rumpled jacket and shirt to reveal a ghostly pale chest. He is not in the best of shape.

JEFF (taking a huge bite): Good point. I'm coming back to Seattle rich, tan and happy.

JEFF tries to take off his shirt one-handed, holding the burrito aloft. A seagull swoops down and tries to grab it from his hand; they struggle but ultimately the seagull flies off with the burrito. JEFF swings the mesh bag at the departing seagull.

JEFF (furious): Fuck you, seagull! I hope you get diarrhea, too!

JEFF kicks at the sand and eventually gets his shirt off. He is also pasty and in terrible middle-aged shape. They stand side by side on the beach, looking out to sea. GREG scans the strand. JEFF looks up, searching for the seagull. GREG starts walking off camera right, JEFF follows after a moment. Just as they exit the frame, a half-eaten burrito falls from the sky and lands where JEFF was standing.



They walk along the beach.

JEFF: Don't worry, man. We'll have other chances to meet Leo. I mean, we'll probably be hanging out in his trailer with him by week's end. (He also burps and makes a queasy face.)

A ripped Hawaiian dude walks past them carrying a boom box, which is blaring "Groovy Kind of Love", the Phil Collins cover version.

JEFF (slapping GREG across the chest): Did you hear that? Phil. Fuck-your-mother. Collins. It's a sign!

GREG (coughing): Why did we eat so fucking much?

JEFF (shrugging): It was free? And James Caan basically forced us.

GREG nods. His stomach gurgles unpleasantly.

GREG: I hope we feel better by tomorrow. I don't think I can handle the dive boat scene on this stomach.

JEFF (scoffs): You dummy. We're not going on the boat. We're the writers! Jerry says he's setting us up in a nice little bungalow on the back lot where we can tweak the script "as needed". Pfft, yeah right. This thing is gold! Although he did say something about the marching band scene? I don't remember. Probably not enough tubas.

GREG (suddenly stops walking): Dive boat.

JEFF (bumps into GREG): Yeah. The scene with the sharks. Where Leo is looking for the warhead that sank to the bottom of the sea.

GREG: Sharks.

GREG grabs JEFF by the shoulders. JEFF instinctively pulls back.

GREG: We need those sharks to attack Leo.

JEFF (seeing the light): Yes! Killed on the first day of filming!

GREG (thinking): How are we gonna do this? These are trained movie sharks. They would never attack an actor.

JEFF: Unless....

GREG: Unless....

JEFF and GREG: We can overcome their conditioning!

GREG: We need to Duncan Idaho these sharks.

JEFF: Maybe I can... like, pig-stick Leo on his way to the crew van? Get a little blood flowing so when he gets in the water, those sharks will go apeshit. Sharkshit?

GREG (slapping JEFF across the chest): That's idiotic. You don't think he'd notice? But you're right. Blood is the key.

They are silent for awhile, thinking. A beautiful GOTH girl walks by, slathered in sunscreen. JEFF and GREG are immediately distracted.

GREG (under his breath): Oh my god. Did you see her?

JEFF nods, fidgeting with his mesh bag.

JEFF (under his breath): Think she likes Mountain Dew?

GREG (grinning wolfishly): Let's go find out.

They walk across the hot sand toward the GOTH girl. She has set up her towel away from anyone else and is just settling down when they reach her. They fling out their towels uncomfortably close to her.

JEFF (voice cracking, leaning over to her): Lovely day, isn't it?

GOTH girl smiles fakely and quickly pulls an eyeshade over her eyes.

GREG (leaning over JEFF, to GOTH): So, ever been to Hawaii before? It's our first time!

GOTH girl pushes the eyeshade up and glares at them.

GOTH (nonplussed): Mine, too. I'm just trying to enjoy myself.

GREG (overly friendly): Same here! Just out for a good time, y'know?

JEFF: Did you know my grandfather invented the Belgian waffle iron?

GOTH girl again lowers her shade and ignores them. JEFF fishes into the mesh bag and takes out a Mountain Dew.

JEFF (leaning over): Mountain Dew? It's a little warm but (he cracks it open and it explodes all over GOTH girl from being shaken up in the defense of the burrito.) Oh shit!

GOTH girl screams and scrambles back, throwing her eyeshade off. A man comes running up, yelling "Madam? Madam, are you harmed?" It is Pierce BROSINAN, for some reason. He stops and goes to his knees.

BROSINAN (to GOTH): Here, have my towel, madam. Do you wish help? (Glaring at JEFF and GREG. JEFF is frozen, holding a fizzing can of Mountain Dew, GREG is cringing.) Are these mountebanks accosting you?

GOTH (screaming): What the fuck is this? Can't I just go to the fucking beach?

BROSINAN (sliding his arm smoothly around her): Of course you can, my dear. Let us spirit you out of here, away from this harassment. (He continues glaring at JEFF and GREG, and when it becomes clear GOTH is going with him, he gives them a wicked grin which she does not see.)

GREG: Hey!

JEFF (muttering): Sorry about the-

BROSNAN (interrupting): Hooligans such as these should be locked away.

GREG (angry): Hooligan? (He struggles to get up, an out-of-shape man fumbling on the sand.)

BROSNAN (standing tall and strong): Would you prefer “rapscallions”?

GREG (still struggling to get up): Listen, you goddamn talking chimp-

BROSNAN kicks sand in JEFF and GREG’s faces.

JEFF and GREG: GAAAAAAAA!!!!

BROSNAN helps GOTH to her feet and helps her carry her stuff off. He turns and gives them the finger. BROSNAN and GOTH exit the scene.

GREG (spitting sand): Was that Pierce Brosnan?

JEFF (washing his mouth out with Mountain Dew and spitting it out, then realizing there was sand in the mountain dew and then spitting again): What? No, dipshit. That was Timothy Dalton.

GREG gets up and drags his towel and clothes and starts off. JEFF starts singing “Groovy Kind of Love” as he slings the mesh bag over his shoulder and follows.

Camera pans to the shore. We see something flailing about in the ocean, getting closer to the beach. It is a man, swimming in with the tide. He stumbles out of the surf and up the sand a few steps, where he collapses. It is Michael KEATON. Camera moves to close-up of his crumpled, exhausted form on the beach. A passing jogger stops.

KEATON (to jogger, panting): Is this Hawaii?

The jogger nods. KEATON bursts into hysterical laughter.

KEATON (giddy): Success!!

KEATON collapses and a wave washes over him. He groans.

KEATON (Looking off screen): Fuck, is that a burrito?

Scene ends.

## Scene 17 (Dive Boat)

Scene opens on the lot. A series of white vans are lined up and people are piling into them. GREG and JEFF stand watching off to the side. GREG is drinking a Tab cola, JEFF is double-fisting two large coffees. The vans fill up with crew; we see SCHUMACHER, DANO, FORTE and a few other guys in dive suits get into one of the vans. All but one drives off toward the location shoot, the remaining van is being loaded with what are obviously dive equipment and props.

GREG: Well, back to the lube mines.

JEFF (burning his tongue on hot coffee): Ow! Fuck craft services! (He spits it out) I can't believe we have to redo the marching band scene. Jerry was such a dick about it! "People aren't going to believe this shit! A fully choreographed fight scene involving rival marching bands? That's the gayest fucking thing I've ever seen in a script!" What a dick, I guess he's never seen the Shapoopie scene from "Music Man". Anyway. What if Leo has to go undercover at the Aloha Bowl?

GREG (puzzled): That's already in there. That's the whole thing they want us to re-write.

JEFF (groaning): God damn it. Ok. I'm gonna grab some Carvel's from the food tent. I'll meet you in the bungalow.

GREG: Bungalow?

JEFF: I thought Jerry showed you where the bungalow was.

GREG: Uh, no. I thought he showed you?

JEFF (groaning): Jesus Christ.

He stalks off to get some Carvel's. GREG chugs his Tab. Halfway to the tent JEFF crosses paths with JUNE.

JEFF: Yo! Junebug! I got a question for ya.

JUNE looks like something just threw up in her socks. IZZY comes jogging up carrying a small dish of ice cream. JEFF stares at it longingly.

IZZY (sycophantic): Here you are, June. You're lucky I got there where I did. That's the last of the Carvel's.

JEFF (under his breath): Mothersuck!

JUNE takes the dish and IZZY takes two steps back. JUNE turns her attention coolly to JEFF.

JUNE: How may I assist you?

JEFF: Well, Chapterhouse June. Greg (he gestures vaguely behind him) and I were wondering where the bungalow is? The writers' bungalow?

JUNE (utterly lost): The what now?

JEFF (as though speaking to a small child): The. Writers. Bungalow. Jerry wants us to give the script a couple tweaks and said he'd get us a place to work. He called it a bungalow.

JUNE blinks several times. She snaps her fingers. IZZY steps forward quickly.

JUNE (to IZZY): Show the writers to the... bungalow.

IZZY nods like a soldier receiving an order, then nods curtly to JEFF, turns on their heel and

starts off. JEFF follows, a long lingering glance on JUNE's ice cream as she begins to spoon it into her mouth.

Cut to JEFF and GREG being closed in a small, windowless concrete room, with one old typewriter, a stack of paper, a slow-moving ceiling fan, two rickety folding chairs and a bucket in the corner. Something scurries across the floor. GREG shrieks.

JEFF (belligerently pounding on the metal door): Fuck Carvel's! Fuck this bungalow. He stomps over and kicks the bucket. Shit water flies everywhere. GREG looks on horrified.

CUT to the location shoot. The vans are unloading at a dock, where the Dive Boat is moored. Crew is swarming the dock, loading the Boat with equipment; several little powerboats set off carrying cameramen and assorted gaffers and best boys. SCHUMACHER and DAN are waiting and supervising.

SCHUMACHER (looking around): Where's the other van? With Neil's wetsuit and shit?

DAN shrugs and turns around, confronting a random lackey. Then he returns to SCHUMACHER.

DAN: I don't wanna do your dirty work no more.

CUT back to the bungalow. GREG and JEFF are sweating like pigs. GREG is moping around, muttering.

GREG: What the fuck is this? I feel like John McCain in here.

JEFF: The vans were leaving! We missed our shot at offing Leo today.

GREG: One of em stayed behind. While you were trying to get your Carvel's, I overheard one of the crew guys say they were waiting for Wardrobe to fix the waterproof GoPro onto Leo's suit. It's still here. But we don't-

He stops talking, staring at the floor. The camera shows the disgusting slop of the shit water on the cement floor and what looks like an old wet cigar with a string at one end.

GREG: Oh god. Is that...?

JEFF lunges and picks it up. He holds it up, dangling between their faces. They stare at it in awe. It is quite obviously a well-soaked tampon.

GREG: Praise Jesus!

JEFF wraps his hand around it, bolts and crashes into the door, fumbles with the handle. We are supposed to think they are locked in here, but he opens the door easily and sprints out. We see him barreling toward the van. The driver is leaning against the hood,

smoking a cigarette. JEFF drops to his stomach and soldier-crawls to the back of the van, holding the tampon between his teeth like a Rambo knife. He makes to the open back, and peers up and in. He grabs a pair of flippers with a label saying "NPH" on it (which does not register with him at all), and jams the tampon deep into it, leaving a long, disgusting smear.

JEFF (whispering): Success!!

CUT back to the dock. The final van arrives. NEIL Patrick Harris and SCHUMACHER are talking at dockside, the rest of the crew kind of just waiting around. Once the van starts being unloaded, everyone springs into action. DAN confronts the driver.

SCHUMACHER (tossing up his hands) : At long last!

DAN (to driver, sarcastic): Was there gas in the car??

The driver shrugs and tosses the flippers to NEIL, who catches them expertly.

DRIVER: Yes, there was gas in the car.

SCHUMACHER boards the boat, yelping at NEIL to "shake a tail feather".

NEIL (hopping on one foot, getting the flipper on): Be right there!

Several crew members come and help NEIL get his scuba tank and mask on.

NEIL (awe-struck): Gosh you guys, this is great. This is such an experience, y'know? I never thought, growing up, that I'd be an action star! But here I am! About to go swimming with sharks. (His smile quickly fades.) Uh... about the sharks. They're like... defanged or something right?

SHARK WRANGLER: Nah, don't worry Mr. Patrick Harris. These fellas are movie sharks. They have all their teeth, but they're professionals. You can trust 'em.

NEIL nods, placated. He flops onto the boat. The crew casts them off and the Dive Boat putters away from dock.

CUT to Dive Boat interior. NEIL and SCHUMACHER are in a powwow at a small table, DAN is checking his camera, the CAPTAIN is keeping the boat on course, various movie and boat crew dudes are milling about or sitting around.

SCHUMACHER (to NEIL): Now, we'll be rolling from the time you set your can on the rail, do your little quip and-

NEIL (interrupting, in a gravelly, Michael-Keaton "I'm Batman" voice): Time to drop the kids off at the pool.

SCHUMACHER (rolling his eyes): -and splash, over you go. Underwater cameras will take it from there.

NEIL (clapping his hands together excitedly): Man, this is so great! I'm about to do

the first shot of my first action movie! I've got butterflies, Joel.

SCHUMACHER (standing up): Me too. Actually, I think I'm seasick. Will you excuse me a moment? (Rushes off, covering his mouth.)

NEIL sits back and watches the sea through the window. We see DAN fidgeting with his camera. NEIL crosses his legs, his flippers sticking out awkwardly, something unpleasant dripping from one.

DAN (passing through): Get this mess cleaned up or we'll all end up in jail!

NEIL looks down at the puddle and just rubs it into the carpet with his flipper. DAN heads to the back of the boat where FORTE and DANO are seen in their Jeff and Greg outfits (for some reason, these don't actually look much like JEFF and GREG's actual clothes, but more like a 90's Seattle grunge look, with ripped jeans and flannel shirts). FORTE is lounging against the rail holding a large burrito. A crewman holds a long pole with a fishing line on it and a fake looking seagull hanging from the wire.

Cut to NEIL again a moment later as the boat noticeably slows. NEIL looks around and grabs a passing crewman.

NEIL: We're there?

The crewman nods and rushes on. NEIL stands, lowers his facemask and flops out onto the deck. There are cameras everywhere, light stands, shades. SCHUMACHER has changed into an old-fashioned director's outfit: khaki jodhpurs, knee-high leather boots, a newsboy cap, huge megaphone, tweed jacket, pocket watch, maybe a monocle. He is pointing and giving orders to the extras and crew. He sees NEIL and claps his hands together once.

SCHUMACHER (delighted): And here's our star!

The crew and cast start a little round of applause. NEIL waves. The boat is pitching a bit and everyone sort of jostles into each other. SCHUMACHER holds his hands up for quiet/attention, the cast and crew simmers down and he stands up on an overturned bucket.

SCHUMACHER (to everyone): Ok everyone! I just want to say thank you to the crew and our fine cast. We're setting off on a big adventure today! Let's all work together, respect each other, no gay jokes (glaring at a gaggle of electricians), I want a good clean movie here people! (Looks around, obviously waiting for some light applause, which eventually he gets.) Excellent! Let's make some art, everyone. Places!

The cast and crew scatter off to their places, SCHUMACHER wobbles off the bucket into DANO, who steadies him and claps him on the shoulder. SCHUMACHER goes to his director's chair and picks up his giant megaphone. NEIL waits at the rail, there are some camera dudes bobbing in the water. We basically see the movie within the movie begin to get shot.

SCHUMACHER (through the bullhorn): Lights! (it is broad daylight out on the sea, but a bunch of klieg lights blast on) Camera! (DAN hauls up his big bulky camera

and crouches out of the frame; SCHUMACHER looks around dramatically) Action!

The dude with the marker clicks it and NEIL, in character as LEO, flops to his mark and sets himself down on the rail. He gazes out to sea, then gets a stern, all-business look on his face.

NEIL/LEO (growly): Time to show these assholes how deep I can go.

NEIL lowers his goggles and puts the scuba mouthpiece in, and topples gracefully over the side; DAN rushes to film over the rail, we see NEIL kicking his flippers, descending deeper until he vanishes in the dark ocean depths. From behind SCHUMACHER yells "Cut!".

DAN: Now we dolly back.

DAN retreats, but our camera lingers on the surface of the sea, where a red slick has appeared. We see DAN glance at the red smear, his eyes bug out.

DAN (shaken): I foresee terrible trouble.

CUT to underwater. NEIL is swimming downward, there are camera and lights guys in scuba gear at a distance. Enter sharks. They have little electronic boxes clipped to their gills. Maybe NEIL/LEO has a harpoon gun or something. We can see a trail like an oil slick behind NEIL. Perhaps cut back and forth between NEIL's POV and the sharks'. The sharks suddenly start going apeshit thrashing around and darting at NEIL/LEO.

CUT to dive boat deck. SCHUMACHER is flipping through the script, getting ready to shoot the scene where NEIL/LEO surfaces with the warhead. He gives directions to various crew. DAN keeps looking nervously over the side.

CUT to underwater. The sharks are circling NEIL, who thinks it's part of the shoot. We see them through his suit-mounted GoPro. {Maybe NEIL could be miked for this scene?} The water is becoming more and more red around NEIL, the sharks are losing their minds. One speeds right at NEIL. He looks confused and fumbles for his harpoon.

CUT to dive boat deck. DAN and SCHUMACHER are standing at the rail with their backs to the sea, SCHUMACHER gesturing at various stuff.

SCHUMACHER (to DAN): I'm hoping we don't lose the light. Shooting Leo... er, Neil just as he bursts up through the surface with full sunlight behind him would be just (he makes a chef kiss gesture) Primo, my friend!

DAN (clapping SCHUMACHER on the shoulder, with forced confidence): Leave it to my man, he'll fix it fast.

SCHUMACHER grins and cleans his viewfinder on his silk scarf. He opens his mouth to say something but is interrupted by a huge explosion of water bursting up behind them. He and DAN whirl around. We see three or four sharks churning the sea, tearing something to bits, bloody chunks of meat being torn and tossed. The underwater camera crew is racing toward the boat. SHARK WRANGLER rushes to the rail, screaming incoherently. It quickly becomes clear what has happened, and there is nothing that can be done.



CUT to GREG and JEFF in the bungalow. GREG is hunched over the typewriter where a small stack of paper sits next to the machine, JEFF is pacing back and forth across the sludgy floor, his feet squelching. They are both sweating profusely.

JEFF (brainstorming): What about, right then, Bob Costas pulls out a revolver and-

GREG (throwing up his hands): Shut up! Just shut up! This is getting more and more breadish as it goes! Bob Costas, text blimps, the cannonball special. Do you even know what you're talking about anymore?

JEFF (dejected): You're right. We're losing our mojo.

They sigh, GREG leans back in the rickety folding chair, JEFF against the wall. They are silent for a moment.

GREG (stretching): I wonder what Leo is doing right now.

JEFF (nodding): They're probably having an awesome time on that fucking dive boat. I bet there's supermodels in bikinis everywhere.

GREG (groaning): God I need some air.

JEFF: Me too.

They exit the room and walk across the lawn. In the distance we can see some kind of commotion by the dock, we hear the faint sound of an ambulance. They keep walking through palm trees to an open area with a view of the back lot and beach all the way up to the dock.

GREG: I don't see what's wrong with the marching band scene as it is.

JEFF: Me neither, but Jerry is calling the shots. At least we got a place to work away from all this temptation (he looks around at the backlot. A fat Hawaiian woman pushing a huge broom shuffles past).

They are quiet for a moment and then GREG's eye is drawn to the commotion up the beach.

GREG (squinting) Say, what's that?

JEFF (squinting): I dunno. I can't tell from here. It looks like.... Whoa, are those ants having a Christmas disco party?

GREG fumbles in his pockets and comes out with a pair of pocket binoculars. He scrambles to get the covers off the lenses.

GREG (frantic): No, you idiot, it doesn't look like that at all. It looks like (he brings the binoculars to his eyes)... oh fuck.

We see through the binoculars: a stretcher carrying a misshaped pile covered in a bloody sheet, SCHUMACHER hunched over sobbing, the crew milling about morosely, an ambulance waiting with its back open, several police cars.

GREG (breathless): Oh my god. Oh my god, we did it. (Shouting) We did it! (cringing and lowering his voice) We did it! Look!

He hands JEFF the binoculars. JEFF looks through and his jaw drops.

JEFF (stunned): Holy shit. He's dead.

He drops the binoculars and looks at GREG, he is pale and shaken, then breaks into a huge, maniacal grin. He chest bumps GREG.

JEFF (deliriously happy): We're gonna be rich!

They embrace and hop around as in the background we see the ambulance drive off.

GREG (extricating himself): We need to celebrate! Let's go get shitfaced.

JEFF: Fuck Leo! Rot in hell, you bastard!

CUT to the dock. The ambulance is driving off. The crew is packing equipment into the vans. There is a shark carcass laid out on the ground, the SHARK WRANGLER is kneeling beside it sobbing. DAN and SCHUMACHER stand side by side, SCHUMACHER looks utterly beside himself.

SCHUMACHER: My god, what bad luck. This really jinxes the rest of the production, don't you think, Dan?

DAN (putting his arm around SCHUMACHER): Any major dude with half a heart will surely tell you, my friend, we've all seen better times.

SCHUMACHER (lets out a sob): Have you ever seen a squonk's tears? Well look at mine!

CUT to a beachside cabana bar. JEFF and GREG each have a mai tai in their hands, and it's obviously not their first. There is a tv above the bar showing the local news, it's a crowded early evening dinner crowd. For some reason GREG is wearing a lei.

GREG (sucking through his straw): Did you see all that blood?

JEFF: I wonder whose tampon that was? Should I ask June who was in the bungalow before us? We owe her like a Mercedes or something.

GREG: Uh, let's say Kia.

JEFF (nodding): That's reasonable as a thank you car. You want another?

GREG nods, JEFF turns around and orders two more. GREG, tipsy, starts talking to a woman at the next stool over, who keeps getting bumped by people going past her.

GREG: Hello, ma'am, may I push in your stool?

BAR WOMAN: Excuse me?

GREG (annoyed): I said, do you want me to-

JEFF interrupts and hands GREG another mai tai.

JEFF: I should call Phil Collins right now. See if I can get his blessing on this.

GREG (slurring): Fuck that bald bitch. Do what you want! You don't need anyone's blessing, man! Just do your thing! (lowering his voice) Hey, do you have any ranch powder on you?

JEFF (stares): What? Ranch pow-

GREG (shaking his head): Never mind, I don't need it. Man, I can't believe how easy this was? You'd think killing the world's biggest movie star would be harder but I mean, this was so easy! We should do Clooney next!

JEFF (eyes lighting up): This could be our thing! We could start....

GREG is no longer listening. His eyes are transfixed to the bar tv. Camera zooms onto the breaking news screen. ("Fatal accident on movie shoot kills" the anchor says, but a burst of laughter from the next stool over blocks the rest.)

GREG (shouting at BAR WOMAN) Quiet! Shut up, won't you??

Cut back to the tv. The breaking news is delivered. GREG and JEFF sit back and smile, drinking their mai tais, basking in their own amazingness. Until: the anchor announces the death of beloved actor Neil Patrick Harris, who was in Hawaii filming in the role of Leonardo DiCaprio in an upcoming blockbuster film, whose future is now uncertain. GREG and JEFF drop their drinks, which shatter on the floor and splatter them with pink and green slush.

JEFF (flabbergasted): What the hell just happened?

GREG: Neil Patrick Harris?

JEFF and GREG (quietly): Failure.

Scene ends.

## Scene 18 (Leo's House)

Leo is sitting in his home office, which is immaculate and opulent and designed to look as if his desk were the bow of the titanic, overlooking a massive indoor swimming pool one floor down with the walls around it painted in a giant glossy mural of an arctic scene with icebergs, tundra, and distant polar bears. The ceiling is glossy black and done up with tiny pin lights to resemble a starry sky.

For some reason he has like a 2003ish looking ibm thinkpad which is propped at the tip of the prow. He sits on a tall gold-plated stool and taps at it with one finger, while swishing a glass of expensive looking whiskey in the other. Depressing but defiant music plays (like

Sandy Denny's one more chance (the live version) or something), and he seems a little drunk.

He clicks the touchpad again, and we see over his shoulder a video start on the screen. It is grainy, black and white, and poorly filmed, but it is obviously the sex tape he filmed in the earlier scene. As he watches his body get flailed around and hears himself screaming, he cringes and stops it, chugs the whiskey, then rewinds it a bit and plays it again. He cringes again at the same part. He stops it again, grabs a bottle of even more expensive-looking scotch, and pours himself another stiff drink. He takes a swig, fidgets with a swizzle stick or something, and then flips the window to some sort of Hollywood gossip website. This appears to be some kind of submission form for anonymous gossip tips. He begins to fill out the form, and attaches the video, then hesitates before hitting "submit". He hooks his feet into the stool, chugs the whiskey, and then presses the enter key as he stands up, arms stretched out and wide. He hovers there for a moment, proud and majestic at the prow of his ship as we can see an upload progress bar slowly creep towards 100 percent. Suddenly, his phone rings. It is Herb.

HERB: Leo, baby, you nasty old hamburglar you, how's it going? You free this week?

LEO (slightly drunk): I did it Herb! I did it! Oh god, you are going to be so proud of me!

HERB: I am? Yeah? You did what? What did you do?

LEO: The sex tape, Herb, the sex tape! It was the hardest thing I've ever done, but I did it!

HERB: Oh yeah, yeah... the turkey and the hay thing? Listen, forget about that.

LEO: Forget.... What? What do you mean?

HERB: I mean, no need for that anymore. I got some big news for you, sonny boy! You know that DiCaprio movie you were all hot about? Well, as luck would have it, it turns out there was a bit of a freak accident on the set this morning, and it looks like your buddy NPH isn't going to be able to play you anymore... or anyone really... well maybe like a remake of Ghost or something.

LEO: What? Is he ok?

HERB: Well, no, not at all; he's dead. But don't worry about that. You got the part!

LEO (shrieking in joy and surprise): I got the part! (He begins to do a little dance and then hesitates.) Wait, what about the points?

HERB: Oh, well about that, so it turns out there aren't really more than a few dozen a-list actors with more than half a point to their names. I mean, scientology doesn't actually count as an oppressed religion, so yeah... everyone browner or gayer than sour cream is already fully booked on other projects for at least the next two years. And the film set is already set up and ready to go, the crew is all on location, and a

delay at this point would basically mean scrapping the whole project. So that left you and Tom Cruise. And that bastard wanted 100 million.

LEO: Wait, you called that squonk first?

HERB: Well, frankly, he's got way more of an action resume. But anyway, water under the bitch. You are in!

LEO (triumphantly): I'm in!

HERB: I got a flight booked for you at 8:30 tomorrow. Good luck, you dirty rotten bumfighter you!

HERB hangs up, and LEO pumps his fists in victory for a moment or two before looking down and noticing the progress bar, which is now at 99 percent. He lunges at the laptop and his stool flips backwards and he falls down, then immediately jumps back up and begins pounding at the keyboard. Just as he hits it, the progress bar goes to 100 percent and a big orange "SUCCESS!" message pops up. He shrieks and begins pounding and slapping the laptop, which finally flies off the desk and lands in the pool below.

The camera flips to a view from the pool room, where we see LEO standing at the prow staring down at the water below. He puts his hand to his forehead as if in shock, and then finally lets out a massive sob.

## Scene 19 (Hawaii - Beach)

JEFF and GREG are lying out by the beach on some wicker chaise longues under some palm trees. They have giant foamy drinks with fruit and ice and umbrellas in them. We just spend a moment here looking out over them at the beautiful immaculate beach and water and sky. Finally, JEFF raises his drink to his lips and sucks hard on the straw, making an audible slurping sound. Again, there is a moment of silence before GREG finally snaps.

GREG: Well this officially sucks.

JEFF (sipping loudly again): Yeppp.

After another moment, JEFF's phone rings. It is Jerry BRUCKHEIMER. We only hear JEFF's end of the conversation.

JEFF: Oh, good morning Mr. Bruckheimer, how are you doing? (Pause.) Oh, no, we haven't lost the faith, sir, not at all, sir. (Pause.) Yes sir, that's right we are hard at work at the bungalow right as we speak. And we even figured out how to fit the sponsor into the marching band scene. (Pause.) Oh we did, thank god. Who? (Pause.) You don't say, really? Well, I guess that makes a lot of sense, it is entirely about him. (Pause.) He wants to meet who? (Pause.) Really? Why? (Pause.) He does? He loves it? Really? Which script? (Pause.) What? Why?? (Pause.) Yes, yes, of course; it will be our pleasure, sir, thank you. (He hangs up.)

Another moment goes by. GREG has not moved. JEFF again sips his drink audibly and continues to stare out at the beach.

JEFF: We're gonna be rich.

## Scene 20 (Hawaii - Bar)

It is later in the day, and we open on a bar and grill somewhere on a beach. The restaurant is vaguely grass hut themed, with some outdoor areas and some indoor. Outside, a band is playing "In the Air Tonight", Lou Gramm appears to be the singer.

GREG is sitting alone at a table, looking nervous and tapping numbers into his cell phone. A TV set above him is playing some kind of TV talk show, like maybe the Tonight show. GREG is nervously watching back and forth between the parking lot, a menu, and the TV set as he waits. He puts the phone down in frustration as a waitress comes over.

WAITRESS: What can I get you, honey?

GREG: Umm, I just don't think I can resist this bucket of steamed clams special. And a mojito. Oh, and how about a big plate of your famous poutine.

WAITRESS: Oh honey, we don't recommend you combine the clams with the poutine. It's-

GREG: Hey lady, the customer is always right, right?

WAITRESS (taking his menu): Sure, sure, it's your shorts.

GREG's phone finally rings. He answers quickly.

WAITRESS (leaving, her remarks going unnoticed): One Satan's colostomy bag coming up.

GREG (into the phone): God dammit, how the hell could you forget the script? He was supposed to be here five minutes ago. I don't know if I know enough Great Gatsby jokes to stall him that long.

CUT to JEFF driving down a road in Hawaii.

JEFF: My dad used to tell one. Why did-

GREG (interrupting): Wait, I thought you never met your dad?

JEFF: Yeah, that's right, I only know his name is Graham. But my mom told me he used to tell these terrible jokes. Like this one. So why did F. Scott Fitzgerald drink so much?

GREG: What? I don't know, why did he drink so much?

JEFF: Well, he couldn't Zel... OH SHIT!

As JEFF turns a corner, a guy on a solo wheel zips out into the crosswalk, JEFF honks furi-

ously and brakes hard, swerving at the last minute, barely missing the guy and careening into a ditch and slamming into a palm tree. The airbag goes. We focus on the airbag, and hear JEFF struggle a bit, to no avail. Finally we hear him still talking on the phone.

JEFF: Yeah, I'm gonna be late.

CUT to GREG back in the bar.

GREG: What? Seriously? What kind of idiot rides those things? Really? Fuck! (He hangs up the phone and waves an empty mojito glass at the waitress).

GREG sips his mojito and watches the tv in the bar. He is beginning to look a bit green. There is an audible farting sound. On the screen, we see Jimmy FALLON interviewing Lenny DYKSTRA. The bartender appears to get a whiff of something and shuffles away out of screen.

FALLON: So the new show is called "Knob and Dyke", and comes out this fall. Tell me a bit about it.

DYKSTRA: Yeah, well, my life kind of took a dive south at some point, so in the show, I have hired my old nemesis on the field, Chuck Knoblauch, to hang out with me and be a life coach of sorts. You know, set me back on the good path.

FALLON: Yeah, "dive south" is a bit of an understatement, I've heard. Wow, look at this rap sheet. (he folds it out and it comically unrolls to be several pages long) You really turned into a piece of shit, Lenny. (Reading) Wait, this can't be true... you stole Wayne Gretzky's kitchen sink?

DYKSTRA (grinning, as if proud): That's right, Jimmy. I ripped it out. Then drove to IKEA.

CUT to LEO arriving outside the restaurant. He is riding a solo wheel, and tucks it under his arm as he goes inside. He is instantly mobbed by the restaurant patrons, and murmurs of "Leo" rush through the place. He initially poses for a few pictures with some of them and then finally gets frustrated and kinda starts body checking them out of his way. He shoves his way to the MAITRE D' and slips him a \$2 bill. (This is not exactly a fancy place, the fact that there is a maitre d' at all is for comic effect).

LEO (smoothly): Eh, hello my good man. I'm meeting someone here, but I'm a little late. Could you point out Mr... uh... (he pats his pockets until he finds a scrap of paper, unfolds it and reads) ah, yes. Messrs Van Nuffle and Pizorney's table, please?

MAITRE D': Ah yes. Mr. DiCaprio, so nice to have you with us tonight. The gentleman is waiting. Please follow me.

MAITRE D' leads LEO through the restaurant; all along the way LEO has to pause for selfies with patrons, or to shake hands and wave, very Gatsby; he grows increasingly annoyed again as the crowd won't leave him be. Finally they reach GREG sitting alone at the table, his mouth absolutely stuffed with clams and poutine. He begins to choke and tries to

stand to shake LEO's hand, but his legs collide with the table and practically knock it over. LEO steadies the table with catlike reflexes and GREG finally manages to swallow most of his food and stand up, extending his hand.

GREG (still trying to swallow the last bit): Mr. Leo! I mean, Leonardo? Mr. DiCrapeo! Er, Decapleo. (He pauses for a second, composing himself). Great to meet you, sir. I'm Greg Van Nuffle.

LEO (momentarily stunned by the show of idiocy, but his movie-star training kicks in): Mr. Van Nuffle, what a pleasure! I'm a big fan of all your work.

They shake hands and sit. They sort of stare at each other for a moment, neither unsure how to start. Finally, GREG pushes the plate of poutine toward LEO.

GREG: Poutine? It's really good with the clams.

LEO (holding up a hand): Uh thanks, I ate on my way here.

Another awkward silence.

LEO (looking around): Where's Pizorney?

GREG (through a mouthful of poutine): He's on his way. He had a little car trouble.

LEO (faux-charming): Isn't that always the way.

GREG: Yep. (He burps, but obviously tries to cover it up.)

LEO glances up at the tv. Another blurb about NPH on the local news.

TV: Tonight we are taking a few moments to celebrate the career of beloved former child actor, Neil Patrick Harris....

LEO winces. GREG also looks over at the tv.

GREG (extremely awkward): Ummmm.

LEO: Just crazy, y'know? Such a shame. But y'know, things happen for a reason, right? I mean, here we are.

GREG (nods, forking more clams in his face): Here we are.

Another awkward silence.

CUT to the parking lot of the restaurant. JEFF comes barreling in, tires squealing, steam pouring from under the hood, sparks from underneath the car. He parks and stumbles out of the car. He stands up, straightens his rumpled jacket, peering at himself in the car window. He spits in his hands and runs them quickly through his hair, then turns and runs across the parking lot toward the restaurant.

CUT to the table. GREG and LEO are arm wrestling, waiting for JEFF, who comes racing up to the table, skidding along the floor. Out of breath, he stands panting, grabs a breadstick or something, greets GREG and then belatedly notices LEO. He starts. Both GREG and LEO



are staring at him wide-eyed.

JEFF (through breadstick): Hiya.

LEO (half-standing): Mr. Pizorney. Great to meet you, finally. Big fan.

JEFF glances at GREG, who nods. JEFF shrugs and sits next to LEO and starts picking at the clam bucket.

JEFF: Sorry I'm late. Some fartknocker on a solowheel just about killed me. (to GREG) I'm starving, get that waitress over here. (GREG signals to the waitress)

LEO: So I'm glad we can finally get together and talk about this script. Which, by the way, I love. I mean, I've been looking for a project like this for years. Where did you guys come up with this idea?

JEFF immediately stuffs more food in his mouth as GREG chokes on his mojito.

JEFF and GREG (shiftily): Uhhhhhhh.

LEO: I understand, you artist guys don't like talking about your inspiration. I get it, I'm a bit of an artist myself. (Neither JEFF nor GREG take the bait) Well, anyways. This script is just great, and I'm excited to start work on the film. (Solemn) It's such a shame about Neil, though.

GREG: Oh yeah. Why was he playing you anyway?

LEO (grumbling): The points.

JEFF: Well, it's the role you were born to play, if you ask me.

GREG: Literally.

WAITRESS arrives.

WAITRESS (to JEFF): What can I get you, sugar?

JEFF (quickly scanning the menu): I'll go with the pu-pu platter (GREG chokes again) and can I get a side of sauerkraut with that? Oh and a Deacon Brown.

WAITRESS jots it all down, shaking her head slowly. She turns to LEO and gasps.

WAITRESS (stunned): Oh my word! Aren't you-

JEFF (interrupting): Just a stunt double, actually. He'll have the same, but veggie, thanks toots. (He shoos the WAITRESS away.)

LEO (after a slight pause): Well, guys, listen. I have some rather exciting news for you. You know how after the... accident, all the contracts got renegotiated and all. Well, I don't know if you knew this, but apparently Dano and Forte are holding out for more money. So we are having to move some shoots around. I had a word with Jerry and Joel, y'know mano a mano a mano as it were, and I pulled a couple strings. Voila, your old buddy Leo got you guys bit parts in your own movie!

GREG (swallowing hard): Bit parts?

JEFF (nabbing another clam): As what?

LEO: Machete guys!

GREG and JEFF look at each other, then whoop and high-five each other.

GREG: Fuck yeah!

JEFF: That's so badass!

LEO (grinning): I thought you guys might like that.

JEFF starts swinging an imaginary machete around, making "whoosh" noises with his mouth.

LEO (leaning away from JEFF): Anyway, what else are you guys working on? Cuz if it's anything like this, y'know, I'd be happy to discuss working with you fellas again.

GREG leans back, a quick burble from his stomach is heard. Everyone politely ignores it.

GREG: Well, we've got a lot of ideas. I mean that's basically what we do, sit around and think of awesome stuff.

JEFF: Yeah! Tell him about the SWIFF!

LEO: Swiff?

GREG: Yeah, the Single Word Film Festival.

LEO: I don't really follow....

GREG: Basically, it's a film festival, but the only entries that are allowed are films with one-word titles, and whose plot summaries have to riff on that one word.

JEFF: For example. I wrote a short film called "Stroke". It's about the captain of the Harvard crew squad, there's one, who suffers a brain aneurysm, that's two, and the rest of the team has to come together as one to persevere, that's three.

LEO: Three? (Suddenly gets it) Oh! Three.

GREG: Yeah, and I did one called "Pride". A documentary filmmaker in Africa captures a scene of two lions having gay sex and it blows up on the Internet. That dick-head dentist guy does a gofundme page to pay for a trip to go kill the lions, so an army of drag queens travel to Africa to guard the lions. A huge gay party city forms out on the savannah, and everything is going just fabulous until people start getting eaten.

LEO (Not sure what he thinks): Hunh.

JEFF: Yeah, we had literally hundreds of ideas, like "Race"... which is basically about Jesse Owens, "Fluke", where a random write in campaign gets a dolphin elected president, "Male", about a male mail order bride, or even "Creep", where a ninja has

trouble connecting with the ladies.

LEO: Wow... that's really... (he can't think of the next word).

GREG: My favorite one is "Toyota". A child is traumatized when his favorite star wars doll is run over and destroyed by a compact sedan. So he grows up to be a serial killer, taking out car company executives and leaving little broken action figures behind at the scene.

LEO (checking his watch and fumbling to say something polite): Wow. So you guys are really sorta Warholesque or something. Avant-garde. Uh... wow. (Quickly glances around the place.)

JEFF: People always say that about us. 'Those two, so Warhol'. It gets annoying, but I'm sure you're used to crap like that.

LEO: You're telling me, pal. All day long it's "Leo, you're so cutting edge, how do you stay so current?" (Rolls his eyes melodramatically) It gets to ya, y'know?

JEFF and GREG nod knowingly.

LEO: What other stuff you got in the can?

GREG: Jeez, gross.

LEO: Huh?

JEFF: Seriously.

LEO: What?

GREG (shaking his head): Uh what else. We've got this television pilot. It's a musical show, takes place on a corn farm in Iowa. All the songs are corn-based. It's called "Cornsmoke". It's pretty top-tier, if you're ever thinking about breaking into TV, I can really see you as Colonel Popper, the owner of the town's shucking parlor. Y'see he's-

LEO (interrupting): I'm not a TV guy, I don't think. Y'know what, guys, I think- (Shifts uncomfortably. Something is dawning on him.)

WAITRESS arrives, puts down two plates heaping with sauerkraut and poi. She sets two Deacon Browns in front of JEFF and LEO and retreats. LEO reaches for his Deacon.

GREG: Watch out for that drink.

LEO starts poking around the plate and sighs.

JEFF: What's wrong?

LEO (shrugs): I know it sounds crazy but I can never eat sauerkraut without some cheese to cut through the tang, y'know? I should have told the waitress to bring me-

GREG (interrupting): Hold on man, I got you!

LEO (wary): I'm vegan... you probably don't got me.

GREG starts rummaging through his backpack and lets out a prodigious fart as he bends over.

GREG (freezes): Oop. Uh, sorry about that. (Continues rummaging; LEO and JEFF wrinkle their noses.) I know it's in here somewhere.

LEO fans himself with his napkin. GREG unwillingly lets out another squeaker. A few seconds later, in the background, a man at the next table slumps over in his chair. GREG starts taking out random crap from his backpack and setting it on the table:

GREG: I know I (farts) put it here this morning (farts) before I left the... (waits but nothing happens) bungalow (farts). (He gets a concerned look on his face and shifts nervously in his chair.) I think I might need to... (farts) excuse me a moment.

GREG gets up. JEFF and LEO start coughing and gagging. Maybe a plant wilts. LEO pushes back from the table.

LEO: Actually guys (puts his napkin over his mouth and nose), I just remembered I'm supposed to meet with June about headshots.

JEFF (muttering): Filthy.

LEO: I'll... uh... catch up with you guys on set.

LEO reaches into his pocket and slaps on a huge fake mustache and sprints away, JEFF takes a can of air freshener from GREG's backpack and empties it into the air. He finds a glossy corporate-looking package of cheese singles labeled "Acme Poison Cheese". Across the top in fun lettering is printed "Singles". A little gold star in the corner advertises "Vegan". He opens one and sniffs it; he gags. GREG returns, holding his stomach.

GREG: Where's Leo?

JEFF (holding up the cheese single): Where the fuck did you get this?

GREG (shrugging): Ali Baba. (farts)

WAITRESS passes by in the background, she hits an invisible wall of stench and drops her tray, covering her mouth and nose. JEFF thumps GREG on the shoulder, GREG drops some money on the table, scoops his crap back into the backpack and they start to leave. JEFF absently raises the cheese single to his mouth, however, the camera pans past them to the beach, where we can see KEATON kicking sand into the faces of BROSAN and GOTH GIRL, berating them although we can't make out any of the words.

CUT to JEFF and GREG in the parking lot. They are standing in front of JEFF's thrashed car.

GREG: I'm not getting in that.

LEO passes on his Solowheel. They watch him.

JEFF: We should have asked him for a ride.

GREG: Someone doesn't understand the meaning of the word "solo", I guess.

A seagull descends and swipes the poison cheese from JEFF's hand, then swoops away.

JEFF: Ha! Fuck you! Enjoy your last meal, asshole!

In the background, KEATON can be seen walking off with the GOTH girl while BROSNAN thrashes about on the sand clawing at his eyes.

GREG and JEFF catch a taxi and ride off.

In the taxi JEFF and GREG sit quietly, then GREG speaks

GREG: You know that was him on that solowheel, right?

JEFF (immediately losing his cool): YES, I FUCKING KNOW THAT, BEAVIS!

GREG: Just as good really. I wouldn't be surprised if they have a rule where you get disqualified for actually killing someone in person, even if it's just an accident.

JEFF: Jesus, everyone is a bureaucrat these days.

Just after they pass LEO, the seagull falls dead from the sky and lands in LEO's path. He swerves to miss it, topples off the Solowheel and into a palm tree.

Scene ends.

## Scene 21 (U of Hawaii)

Scene opens with an aerial shot of the Aloha Bowl Stadium, packed with fans. The game is in progress. Cut to LEO, SCHUMACHER, DAN, CAAN, JUNE and various crew in a huddle in one of the tunnels leading to the lockers. LEO is wearing a Fudgie the Whale mascot outfit, holding the giant head in both hands. FORTE and DANO are walking around them in circles, holding clipboards and giving the marching orders.

FORTE: Ok guys, this is the big scene. Leo, you are undercover here, trying to track your way to the head of the mysterious W.R.A.I.T.H. syndicate. You have followed a lead that they seem to be buying large quantities of Carvel ice cream. Jimmy, you are here to watch the game, but you are prepping a new boy for sacrifice, so you need to keep him plied with ice cream.

SCHUMACHER (breaking scene): God dammit, this is stupid! Tell me again why we have to have these breadish squonks in every scene? I thought we were making an action movie here.

LEO (throwing down the head in frustration): Dammit, Joel, how many times do I have to explain this. It's supposed to be a mockumentary. Like Spinal Tap. Everyone loves spinal tap!

SCHUMACHER: I don't love Spinal Tap. What's so funny about a god damn cucumber!

A whistle sounds from out on the field. It is halftime.

DANO: Gentlemen, get it together. We have only a narrow window to get this scene in before we have to be out on the field.

DAN: I hear the whistle, but I can't go.

JUNE (interrupting): CUT! Ok, we can come back and redo this scene later. Everyone, out there now.

As the guys shuffle out onto the field, IZZY sidles up to JUNE, offering her a fresh latte with a heart poured into it. JUNE snarls and snatches it out of their hand.

FORTE (walking away, talking to DAN): How did we get Leo for this movie? I thought they were going strictly off points.

DAN: Maybe he's a fairy.

CUT to the field, where we pan around a full football stadium filled with screaming fans ready to watch the Aloha bowl. Down by the midfield line we see James CAAN sitting in a VIP box with a sickly looking boy next to him. The boy is eating an ice cream bar. As a marching band begins to take the field, we hear an announcer say:

ANNOUNCER: Folks, let's get up on our feet and give a big hand to the sponsor of the Aloha bowl, Carvel ice cream!

The band begins to break into a rousing tuba-heavy rendition of "Footloose", and at the center of the field, we see someone in a Fudgy the whale costume dancing all the crazy Kevin Bacon moves from footloose. In fact, this is Kevin BACON, who has been hired as LEO's dance stunt double (though the audience does not know this yet). When the dance is over, the camera cuts away from Fudgy to CAAN, applauding, and then back to Fudgy, only you can see he is standing in a slightly different position, and happens to be pushing a big cart.

ANNOUNCER: And now folks, before we start the battle of the bands, who wants some free Carvel ice cream!

The crowd goes wild. The band fires up again, playing Turkey in the Straw. Fudgie (LEO) starts running up and down the midfield line tossing ice cream bars into the crowd, throwing perfect spirals. Cheers are erupting.

CUT to Fudgie the whale (BACON) walking into a tunnel off of the field. We can see the field behind him with the ice cream thing going on.

BACON: God, it's hot dancing in these things. How do those mascot guys do it? (He tugs at the head of his costume, it fails to come off). Nuts! I gotta get somewhere cold.

CUT back to LEO in the Fudgie suit, as he approaches CAAN's booth, we see him pull some kind of high tech tracking device looking thing out of a pocket and stick it in an ice cream.

He hands it to CAAN.

LEO: Would your son like an ice cream?

CAAN (taking it): Oh, he'd love one. (LEO moves on).

KID: Noo, no more ice cream, please.

CAAN: Shut up, kid. Eat your fucking ice cream. (He presses a little car remote looking thing and some sparks shoot up from under the kid's collar. The kid convulses and goes quiet. CAAN shoves the ice cream in the kids face.)

ANNOUNCER: And now, ice cream fans, the moment you've all been waiting for, the famous Aloha Bowl battle of the bands!!!

CUT to GREG in a parking lot, pulling on the various handles of the Carvel truck parked outside the stadium. He has an empty dolly with him. After a moment, JEFF arrives, out of breath. In the background we hear the faint sounds of a marching band starting to play "Do Ya" (by ELO).

GREG: Did you take care of the thing?

JEFF (Holding up a sign that says "Tunnel 24B"): Yeah, switched 'em right before the assembly.

GREG: Sweet. (He pulls on a lever at the back of the truck and it turns, and the whole back of the truck slides up, revealing a sizable cache of ice cream.

JEFF: (whistles)

GREG: I can't believe they would leave all this unlocked. I mean, if it's not locked, it's not stealing, right?

JEFF: No, that's right, it's just luck. That's the difference between just finding something and actually stealing it.

GREG: Well, chop chop.

CUT back to LEO leaving the field through another tunnel, the shot looking exactly the same as the BACON shot a moment ago. The screen is dark with LEO in the fudgy costume in the center of the screen with a keyhole of green from the tunnel entrance behind him. From the field we can hear the band playing "Do Ya".

LEO: Dang, this suit is hot. It must be 110 in here. (He struggles to get the head off and fails.) Nuts. (He struggles with the suit a bit). Arrrrgh.

Suddenly, we see a baton twirl in the foreground, as the first strains of "Takin' Care of Business" are heard. Next, there is the glint of a tuba, and then the glint of many, and soon, there is an entire marching band bearing down on LEO.

LEO screams and tries to run back the other way, but the suit trips him up and he falls. The entire band now marches over him as they begin to beat out "Takin' Care of Busi-

ness” in all earnestness. We see a long close up shot of LEO struggling to get up but being trampled down by the band, which files past two abreast in the narrow tunnel, stepping on him over and over. He grunts and groans for like a full minute or so. Just long enough for it to be ridiculous, and then just a little longer so it’s funny. And then a bit longer so it’s not funny anymore. And then finally just a little longer so it’s really funny.

Finally, at the end, the band moves past him and he lies there for a moment looking dead. Then finally he struggles up and supports himself against a wall. He manages to get the head off, and he breathes heavily as he catches his breath. He is super sweaty and his hair is a total mess.

LEO: Damn, this suit is soft.

Scene.

## **Scene 22 (Film Set, bowels of Aloha Bowl Stadium)**

JEFF and GREG are manhandling a dolly stacked with Carvel ice cream cakes and bars and cartons; it looks very precarious. They rush the cart forward several feet, stop and peer around like in a bad spy movie, and then rush again. GREG stops and peers around every corner. Eventually, they reach a freight elevator and JEFF punches the button repeatedly.

JEFF (aggravated): C’mon c’mon c’mon c’mon hurry up!

GREG: You know, studies have shown that pushing the button over and over doesn’t make the elevator move any faster.

JEFF (erupts): Show me one fucking study! Such a fucking pedant!

GREG (abashed, pointing at the light indicator): Look, it’s here.

JEFF shoots GREG a triumphant look and they rush the cart into the elevator as the doors open. The stack wobbles and they try to steady it as the doors close.

CUT to elevator doors opening. They push the cart halfway out of the elevator. JEFF pops his head out and peers around. The doors start to close and some of the top-level Carvel gets knocked off. JEFF swears, they drag the cart out. They are in a long cement corridor under the stadium. GREG tries to pick up the fallen soldiers but ends up leaving a smear of melted ice cream on the floor.

GREG (licking his fingers): We’d better get a move-on. These bad boys are turning into soup.

They truck the cart up and down the corridor a few times, and eventually stop before a large pair of metal doors. They are marked “FREEZER” and probably also “Authorized personnel only”.

JEFF (relieved): Fucking finally!



GREG whangs down on the handle and the doors fly open.

GREG (shivering): Brr!

They shove the cart in the freezer and stand there for a moment.

JEFF: God, Hawaii is hot. This feels good.

GREG: We should transfer the bungalow in here.

JEFF peers at the temperature gauge and bumps it down a few notches.

JEFF (to himself): Six seems about right.

GREG grabs a handful of Carvel ice cream cake and starts eating.

GREG: God, this takes me back. I had a Fudgie the Whale cake every year on my birthday. I remember when I was turning 17, I took it into the garage and locked the door behind me, y'know, just to be safe, and then I-

A man in a fudgy the whale costume appears at the freezer door. We can't tell, but it is Kevin BACON, on his way from being LEO's stunt double in the dance off.

BACON: Hey, what are you two doing down here? (His voice is a bit muffled by the suit)

JEFF and GREG are startled, but GREG steps up to the plate.

GREG: Oh, hi Leo, we just got a new shipment from Carvel's. Just taking care of these babies. (He pats the stack and it wobbles again. One of the huge cakes on the top starts to slide off. BACON springs into action.)

BACON (darting toward the cart to save the cake): Whoa there, mama!

As soon as BACON is in the freezer room, JEFF and GREG haul ass out and slam the door behind them.

JEFF (to GREG): Do it!

GREG turns his back to the door, jumps up and crashes down on the door handle, breaking it off with his ass. We hear the handle on the other side of the door clang to the cement floor.

GREG: God, what a lucky break!

The Fudgy mask appears in the glass; he is pounding on the door, yelling something muffled at JEFF and GREG, who high-five and run off. The pounding stops for a moment as we see through the window the man take his Fudgy mask off. We see it is Kevin BACON.

BACON: Hello!? Guys? Anyone?! (Pause) Oh wow, it's nice in here.

CUT to LEO, later on, walking quickly up to SCHUMACHER, he is still in the Fudgie suit.

LEO (frustrated): Joel! Where the hell is Kevin? We've been waiting for him to do the reshoot for like half an hour!

SCHUMACHER (sighing): Typical Kevin behavior! (through the megaphone) Has anyone seen Kevin?

The crew shakes their heads. No one seems to know where he is.

SCHUMACHER (getting up, annoyed): Well, shit! Are there any sharks on set?

The crew shakes their heads again.

SCHUMACHER (throwing the megaphone): Find me Bacon!

Crew scurries off. LEO flops down in his Fudgie suit and sort of lists to one side, a couple crew guys rush over to right him.

CUT to several shots of crew running around the stadium, talking into walkie-talkies, opening doors, checking under tables, etc. One opens a door (say a skybox or something) and we see CAAN feeding a Carvel bar to a sickly looking boy. CAAN looks up, startled, but the crew just looks around and, not finding BACON, leave. Later, a broom closet door is opened to reveal an annoyed JUNE breastfeeding IZZY.

CUT to a couple of crew dudes and DAN rushing through the corridor where the freezer is. They stop before the freezer and bug out: BACON is frozen solid in the window. A red digital readout clearly reads 6 degrees just next to the door. DAN approaches, jaw-dropping.

DAN: You wear that whale tuxedo, how you gonna beat the heat... (he comes to and motions for the crew guys to break down the door.)

DAN and crew eventually bust open the freezer. BACON's frozen body tumbles into DAN's arms.

DAN (shouting): If nobody takes him in, he'll soon be dead!

The crew rush and take BACON's body up; another group comes rushing in and one of the crew yells "outta the way, cookie puss!"; one CREWMAN gets on the walkie-talkie to SCHUMACHER.

CREWMAN: Sir, we found him. Down in the freezer.

SCHUMACHER (through the walkie-talkie): The freezer? What the fuck? Is he ok?

CREWMAN: He looks pretty... frozen.

CUT to SCHUMACHER with some of the cast milling around back topside. He screams an obscenity and throws the walkie-talkie. It bounces and hits DANO in the back of the head and he pitches forward; FORTE grabs him before he stumbles.

CUT to BACON laid out on a craft services table, frosted over like in carbonite. SCHUMACHER, LEO, DANO, FORTE, DAN and various other crew and extras are standing around the table looking at the body. A crewman rushes over with a space heater.

Scene ends.

## Scene 23 (Plane)

This is part of the action film within the film within the film (it should be filmed as an action sequence). The music here is kind of an industrial spy-fi (maybe NIN covering) version of "I Ran". No vocals yet, and preferably not quite recognizable.

We see LEO lurking in the shadows at a small, remote airport, sneaking from dark place to dark place, making his way toward an airplane that is firing up its propellers/engines. He races across the tarmac as the plane starts to taxi down the runway. Faster and faster he runs, finally catching up and leaping onto the landing gear as it begins to retract. Up he goes into the body of the plane.

CUT to LEO, standing up tall and straight like a badass in the undercarriage of the plane. Stealthily, he makes his way through the cargo hold, unholstering a bitch of a gun.

CUT to plane interior. LEO is sneaking past the galley. He silently knocks out a burly flight attendant/henchman at some point.

LEO (smirking): You have arrived at your final destination.

LEO sneaks down to a door. A nameplate on the door reads "Private". LEO crouches as listens at the door.

CUT to interior of Private Room. We see CAAN standing beside what looks like a modified La-Z-Boy recliner, in which is sitting a near-catatonic teenage boy, the one we saw from earlier scenes. Tubes and wires enter and exit his arms, neck and chest, and run to a large, strange looking machine that has a large pump device. Several tubes run from this apparatus into CAAN's arm as well. There is a little table piled with Carvel treats beside the boy. CAAN speaks soothingly to the boy, stroking his hair and patting him gently.

CAAN: Soon, Timmy, this will all be done and you can have as much ice cream as you want. Won't that be nice, Tim? Eh? All the ice cream?

The boy just groans.

CUT to LEO with his ear to the door.

LEO (whisper to himself): Carvel's!

LEO takes out a small lockpick kit, rolls a natural 20 and successfully picks the lock. Quickly, he removes a small pen-camera or something and snaps several shots of CAAN, the boy and the apparatus. The next few shots are the photographs: CAAN, the boy, a close-up of the tubes, a close-up of the machine, the boy's wan face, CAAN watching the boy with a predatory look, then the stack of Carvels. Actually there are probably more pics of the ice cream than of anything else. We hear the CAPTAIN's voice over the intercom.

PLANE CAPTAIN: Sir, we have an emergency. We're losing fuel. We're going to need to make an unscheduled landing. Please buckle yourselves up!

CAAN (glancing up at the speaker): God damn it!

CAAN quickly but expertly removes the tubes from his own arm and then the boy, buckling him into the recliner with a seatbelt. The boy moans and CAAN lovingly feeds him a Carvel bar before buckling himself in.

LEO gets the shots and rolls back, frozen by the announcement. Suddenly, a shuriken comes flying towards his head, but he expertly catches it. He springs into action, heading towards the back of the plane, where he is confronted by a ninja stewardess. They fight, throwing each other into seats and against the wall, knocking off an overhead compartment cover. LEO grabs the cover and begins to use it like a shield, blocking her katana blows. Finally LEO swings the cover at her and knocks her down, pinning her under the cover which gets wedged between some seats. The plane is starting to pitch and tip downward. As the ninja struggles to get free, LEO spots the boy's scooter propped against the wall of the galley. He leaps onto it and races to the emergency exit, jumping over and knocking down the ninja just as she gets up, using the overhead cover as a ramp. He kicks open the door and leaps from the plane. Here, the music picks up and we can now suddenly recognize the song clearly as "I Ran".

CUT to exterior. We see LEO parachuting from CAAN's plane, the scooter plummeting under him. His chute unfurls, but we see a slight hole has been cut in it. LEO begins to panic as he descends wildly, faster and faster until: a flock of seagulls crosses his path, one two three of them get lodged in the hole, plugging it and helping LEO to land safely on a deserted beach. We see the scooter sinking in the ocean behind him.

The camera pulls back to show the crew. SCHUMACHER yells "Cut!" The crew high-fives, LEO pumps his fist. JEFF and GREG are watching the action. GREG has a pair of pinking shears in his back pocket. They are stunned.

JEFF (under his breath): Son of a bitch. Seagulls! Why's it always gotta be birds!?

Scene ends.

## Scene 24 (Hawaii - Trailer)

Scene opens on BRUCKHEIMER's trailer. We can see the beach out the window, but this is basically just a crappy small mobile home/school portable thing. There is a wobbly desk stacked with scripts, the walls are mounted with headshots (randoms like Charles Durning, Victoria Principal, Taylor Swift) and diagrams of the Decapelo set. BRUCKHEIMER sits in an old-school office chair, drinking something out of a coconut. Two men are seated on the other side of the desk, one (UNTZ) dressed in a white seersucker suit and Panama hat and smoking a cigar, the other (HUNNEY) in a loud Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts. They look at each other for a long, uncomfortable amount of time. BRUCKHEIMER sucks his coconut and the loud slurping is the only sound. Finally, BRUCKHEIMER sets down the coconut, it rolls off the desk onto the ground, they all watch it for a moment.

[If possible, we would like to get Anthony Michael Hall for HUNNEY, and Philip Michael

Thomas for UNTZ]

BRUCKHEIMER: Welp. You know why you're here, I take it.

UNTZ (stubs out his cigar): Why we're here.

HUNNEY: I'm still a little lost....

BRUCKHEIMER (sighs): Ok, listen, you squonks. There's something shifty going on with this picture. You follow? Too many... (waggles his fingers) accidents. Knowwhatimean? As it is, this movie's gonna have to make a killing at the box office just to break even after the insurance starts paying for Neil and Kevin and... whoever else. That's why I need this movie in the can (UNTZ and HUNNEY chortle) without any further incidents! And I need to know just what the hell is going on around here. I think someone (looks around melodramatically) or something is trying to sabotage this movie. This breadishness has gone on long enough, and it's costing people their lives! Not to mention my money!

UNTZ (cracking his fingers): Shifty. (He takes out a small notebook from his pocket and starts writing notes, saying softly what he's writing) shifty... box... office... sab... o... tage... breadish... ness... (looking up at BRUCKHEIMER) money.

HUNNEY (nods toward UNTZ): What my partner means to say, I think is, who out there would want to imperil a big-budget Hollywood production? Who's got the resources and motive to do something like that? And why?

BRUCKHEIMER (shrugs): Another studio? The lizard people? Big Shark? The fuck should I know?? Why do you think we hired you idiots? (Pointing to HUNNEY) Which one are you again?

HUNNEY (sitting up straight): Hunney, sir. Beto Hunney. (gestures to UNTZ). That's Untz.

BRUCKHEIMER (sits back in his chair, it creaks worryingly): Untz and Hunney. You sound like a Nazi breakfast cereal. (He stands abruptly and shoos them out) Just get to the bottom of this! (UNTZ and HUNNEY chortle) Before this whole thing gets dumped! (UNTZ and HUNNEY chortle)

DAN comes in with some tapes as UNTZ and HUNNEY exit the trailer making weird Beavis and Butthead sounds.

BRUCKHEIMER: Dan, just who I needed to see. I'm hemorrhaging money on this thing. Hawaii is expensive as hell. Whadda you think about relocating all this to Guadalajara; pennies a day.

DAN: Oh, no, Guadalajara won't do.

BRUCKHEIMER (frustrated): Okaaay, well fine then, how about we fire all these incompetent squonks and get some solid actors, like Willem Dafoe and Mary Steen-burgen?

DAN: Oh, no, William and Mar-

BRUCKHEIMER (angry): Oh shut up! Just get the hell out!

DAN leaves. BRUCKHEIMER goes around the desk to pick up his coconut. He puts the straw in his mouth and flops down into his chair, which collapses. As BRUCKHEIMER falls to the floor, the coconut flies into the air, it lands square on his head and he goes out cold in a pile of torn upholstery and cheap plastic.

Scene ends.

## Scene 25 (Hawaii - Jungle)

Scene opens on JEFF and GREG in the Prop Room. It's cluttered with piles of costumes and fake weapons and assorted movie stuff. JEFF is whistling "Do Ya".

JEFF (giddy): This is so perfect! That idiot got us parts as machete guys and now we get to chase him through the jungle! Oooo, when I catch him.... (He makes repeated chopping motions with his hand.)

GREG (looking through a steamer trunk labeled "Fake Machetes"): Hm. We need the real deal. These fake ones wouldn't even break the skin. (He picks one up and thwacks JEFF across the arm with it.)

JEFF (rubbing his arm): Yeah. I hardly felt that. (He winces after GREG turns around to root through another case.)

GREG: Eureka!

GREG turns around, holding two rusty machetes that look a lot like the fake ones. He takes a swing at a mannequin head and it slices in two.

JEFF: Fuck yes.

GREG (hefting each one): I'm taking this one.

They each take a machete and start swinging them around wildly as they exit the Prop Room and head to the shoot.

CUT to scene from the film within the film within the film. Shot opens on LEO running through a thick jungle, dodging branches and vines and assorted jungly stuff. He runs toward the camera, getting whipped in the face by a branch; he gets a cool looking cut on his cheek. His face is muddy and sweaty and Rambo looking; he probably has a headband too.

LEO (running): GAAAAAAHHH!!

We cut to two machete guys, JEFF and GREG, chasing LEO, hacking at the jungle as they go. They are very out of breath and not really gaining on him.

JEFF (in character for the film): DiCaprio! Stop!

GREG (in character for the film): You're a dead man, DiCaprio!

Cut back to LEO, running toward the camera. He grabs at a dead tree as he passes, knocking it into the path of the machete guys.

LEO (yelling back over his shoulder): Eat bark, mouth breathers!

CUT back to JEFF and GREG. GREG has stopped, holding his side. JEFF keeps on but eventually stops when he notices GREG is not beside him. He turns around.

JEFF (yelling at GREG): He's getting away!

GREG starts jogging at a leisurely pace. They come upon the downed tree, swinging their machetes over their heads and screeching. As they try to leap the downed tree, they both trip and tumble over. They both scream in pain.

CUT to JEFF and GREG on the jungle floor, tangled on one another. They are covered in scratches and mud. JEFF's machete has sliced GREG's arm, GREG's machete has sliced JEFF's leg. They are both groaning and bleeding.

GREG (whining/moaning): Owwww. I think I broke my ass.

JEFF (groaning): Fuuuuccckkkk. (Dabbing at a cut on his face. He notices the slash GREG's machete made) Hey! Dickhead! You cut me!

GREG (looking at his cut arm:): Uh no? You cut me!

Camera pulls back to show the crew, SCHUMACHER and DAN among them.

SCHUMACHER (furious): Cut! What the fuck is this? Laurel and Hardy?

JEFF and GREG cringe. They start to untangle themselves.

SCHUMACHER (turning to the crew and DAN): How did these yahoos get in the scene anyway? (Under his breath) I swear this production is cursed!

The crew either shrugs or ignores him. SCHUMACHER throws his hands up in frustration. He digs into his pocket, takes out a packet of Alka Seltzer and pops them in his mouth, chewing them rapidly. He stalks off, tossing his megaphone. DAN goes over to help JEFF and GREG to their feet.

DAN (shaking his head good-naturedly): There you go, lookin' so outrageous.

CUT back to LEO. He slows and listens. He stops and looks behind him. He doesn't see or hear the machete guys. He shrugs and casually strolls down the jungle path.

Scene ends.

## Scene 26 (Hawaii - Park)

Scene opens on a somewhat deserted park in Hawaii (maybe like just across the highway from the beach or something). The sun is just finishing rising, and there are a few stray

rays of color bouncing off the beautiful sky. The park is basically deserted, as it is Hawaii and like 6 in the morning. We see a large group of seagulls gathering around last night's drunken burrito and fish and chips remains.

After a moment, we see Michael KEATON aggressively roll into the scene like a ninja, screaming "Hiyaaaa!" and holding a samurai sword. He swings at the seagulls, and they flap away, moving to a safe distance.

KEATON walks over to a half eaten pack of fries that is lying on the ground and pokes the birds away with his sword, standing over the fries and looking warily at the gulls. He talks to them in his Batman voice.

KEATON: Who are you guys? Who sent you? Was it Bruckheimer?! Big Shark? Has your mind turned to applesauce, Penguin? Well, you won't take me alive!

He takes a sudden step forward and swings the sword in a wide arc, growling. He misses the birds, which jump a bit further back. He crouches, reaching down and picking up a fry, and tosses it high like popcorn with his mouth open; a seagull swoops and catches it in midair. KEATON staggers back, stunned, then quickly darts out his hand and grabs a handful of fries and mashes them in his mouth.

KEATON (chewing): Well, come on then, let's dance on the bones until the girls say when!

He swings again. Clipping one of the birds slightly on the wing. A couple of feathers fly.

KEATON: Ha, looks like you brought a casserole to a big sandwich fight!

He spins around in a circle with the sword and then goes down on one knee with the sword held horizontally over his head. He clumsily digs into the pocket of his coat and pulls out a throwing star, which snags on the fabric and rips it badly.

KEATON (shaking a shred of coat from the star): Consider yourself officially relieved from the drudgery of everlasting franking privileges.

He does another lunge and swing. He tosses the star, which goes wild and becomes lodged in the tire of a Solowheel parked in the background.

KEATON: I curse the dreary architecture of your souls!

Fade out with him performing ridiculous fake ninja moves.

## Scene 27 (Hawaii - Library)

Scene opens on GREG and JEFF standing at the coffee cart on set near the deli (see Scene 33 below). JEFF is keeps looking around, like he's looking for someone. GREG is engrossed in his phone.

GREG (still looking down at his phone): Listen to this. In 1924, Charlie Chaplin came



in third place in a Charlie Chaplin lookalike contest in Monte Carlo.

JEFF (peering around): What? That must have stung.

GREG: Can you imagine the other two?

JEFF: Think you could manage third place in a Paul Dano lookalike contest?

GREG (looking up): What the hell are you looking for?

JEFF (stops looking around): Uh. What do you mean?

GREG (scoffs): You're looking for those detectives, aren't you?

JEFF (whispers harshly): Of course I'm looking for them! They're onto something, I think. I keep seeing 'em everywhere! (Freezes and stares off at a fat Santa Claus-looking guy passing) Is that one of 'em? Like in a whaddayacallit. Fat suit?

GREG (looking around): I don't see anything. (Drains his cup) I need another. (Grabs his wallet and opens it, then shuts it quickly.) Uh, can I get ten bucks?

JEFF (scoffs): I just spent the last piastre I could borrow, Dr. Wu. Besides, you'll be up all night. (Looks around again) We need to throw these guys off the trail. One of em cornered me at the hoagie yesterday! He tried making small talk with me while I was loading up on havarti. Weird small talk. (imitating HUNNEY) 'Hey there buddy, how are ya? So, do you like the Sharks or the Ducks for the Cup this year?' What the hell is that? I said the only cup I'm interested in has two girls in it.

GREG: Yeah, now you mention it, one of 'em keeps asking me for gum. I see them poking around the set. And talking to Jerry and Joel and Leo. It's getting me all jittery. I think you're right, they must suspect something. (He takes the lid off his empty cup and holds it out to people walking past. Every now and then someone drops change in.)

JEFF (putting on his deep-thinking face): How do we get rid of these two battle-apes?

GREG (to a passerby): Spare a quarter? Spare a quarter? (to JEFF, in his best George W. Bush impersonation) Throw em off. Get em on a different trail.

JEFF: Stop that! I'm having a flashback. (Pause) Different trail, eh?

GREG (nodding thanks as KEATON passes by and drops in a quarter, GREG does not recognize him): Yeah. A framejob.

JEFF (snorts): Hot.

GREG: Idiot. Anyway, here's what I'm thinking. (He peers into the cup and smiles widely) Hey, I've got enough here for a drip. Be right back!

GREG trots off to the counter and JEFF stands frozen in the same thinking posture. UNTZ and HUNNY are clearly visible across the street, standing next to a building whose mis-

spelled sign reads “Pubelick Library”. JEFF is oblivious to their presence. GREG returns with a steaming cup of coffee and in the background we see the detectives hurry off.

GREG (takes a sip): So here’s what we do. (JEFF starts, obviously surprised GREG is back) We frame Paul and Will. Dress up in their outfits, make sure those Magnum PI wannabes see us futzing around with stuff, tampering with it.

JEFF (nodding): Yeah, I mean we already look like them. We can pull that off!

GREG: Yeah. I mean, it’ll be easy. We have access to basically the whole set. We can, I dunno, cut a few cables, stuff a few tampons up a few flippers (JEFF snorts), y’know, the works.

JEFF (getting excitable): Those two chumps are going down! They’ve got it coming anyway.

GREG: How hard can it be to rig a light to fall or something? I mean, we basically killed Neil with some crap we found on the floor.

JEFF: With an assist from Big Shark, though.

GREG (begrudgingly): Fine. But honestly, we have this sabotage thing in the bag.

GREG finishes his coffee, removes the lid again and holds the cup out again.

GREG (shrugging): I’m a genius. Let’s go.

They depart the coffee cart and cross the street toward the library.

GREG: I tell you, man, I smell French dip wherever I go now. Everything is coming together.

JEFF (sniffing): It’s probably that. (He gestures to a craft service table piled with French dips; we see CAAN dipping a Carvel bar in au jus, he waves to them.)

As they pass the library sign, GREG elbows JEFF in the arm.

GREG (gesturing at the sign): Told ya.

JEFF (sputtering): That’s.... But... that’s not... that’s.

GREG: Hey, they’re a library. I think they know how to spell.

JEFF (under his breath): Fuck spelling humor!

A passerby drops some change into GREG’s cup.

Scene ends.

## Scene 28 (Hawaii - Dodgy Deli Mart)

DANO and FORTE walk into a strange little Hawaiian lunch counter/deli/mini mart place. There are some toothless old men in here drinking out of paper bags. Half the menu is

non-ironically in Hawaiian. A chicken runs in as they open the door, and they have to shoo it out. Sitting at a shaky table in the back by the bathroom are JEFF and GREG, drinking bottled beer out of Dixie cups, JEFF has a near-empty plate of moco loco in front of him, GREG's is still pretty full.

JEFF: Hey guys, glad you could make it. Grab yourself a moco loco!

FORTE (looking around, obviously uncomfortable and confused): Why are we here?

GREG: You wanted to get to know us better to get a handle on our characters, remember? I thought that was your idea.

FORTE: No, no, I know that. Why are we HERE?

GREG and JEFF stare at him confused.

DANO: I think he means, why are we in this sketchy little mini mart watching you eat dog food. They have some of the most beautiful places in the world here in Hawaii, not to mention some excellent restaurants.

GREG: Are you kidding man? This place is fucking authentic as shit. I mean look around. It's like a home away from home. Like look at those bloodstains on the wall back there by the bathroom... those are REAL.

JEFF: The moco locos here are killer too. You can get literally anything added on. Like I got bacon and skittles. MmmmMMMMmmmm.

FORTE: What the fuck is a mogo logo?

JEFF: MOCO LOCO. It's the quintessential Hawaiian food. A hamburger on a bed of rice with a fried egg on top and gravy. It's got all the food groups... except bacon, but I fixed that.

DANO: That sounds like just about the most unhealthy thing I could imagine.

GREG: Tastes like it too... damn this is good. Mine's got chicken wings.

DANO sits down. FORTE heads over to the counter and looks up at the menu. Everything has a picture. Umm... I guess two Haole bowls, thanks. He pays and returns to the table.

DANO: So, um what do you guys do with yourselves... like for fun.

JEFF: Whoa, hey, back off pervert. We got all our parts.

DANO: What? No um, like do you have any hobbies?

GREG: Well, I have this blog, Reuben Sandwich dot blog. I'm trying to go to every restaurant in the world that serves Reuben sandwiches and review them, you know, for like science... to discover the ultimate Reuben.

DANO: Wow.

JEFF: Yeah, and we used to play D&D quite a bit, but we had to stop when it got

popular. Now we do some online wagering.

FORTE (returning): Whoa, yeah, me too! You guys do fantasy football?

JEFF: Uh, no... we- (GREG elbows him in the ribs).

GREG: Sometimes we like to play the BLORF game.

FORTE: Blorf?

GREG: Yeah, it's like a combination of BLOWing your wad and baRF.

DANO: That's a game? I don't think I want to hear about this.

GREG: The idea is to come up with something that gives the other guy a boner and makes him throw up at the same time. Like women's hot oil wrestling in a gas station bathroom.

FORTE: Oh god, what?

JEFF: Or competitive largemouth ass fishing.

DANO: Please. Stop.

GREG: Or if the Olson twins had-

DANO: STOP! We get the idea.

FORTE: Excuse me.

FORTE gets up and heads to the bathroom.

DANO: So like what about family. I guess you guys probably come from broken homes or some shit like that?

GREG: Well, my dad died when I was six. JEFF is worse, he never even met his dad, only knows that his name is Graham, and he used to tell horrible jokes.

DANO: Graham, eh? Graham Pizorney? (He laughs)

JEFF: Oh my god! Do you know him.

DANO (laughing): Well yeah, that's a classic fake dirty name, like Phil McCracken, Stewart Watts, Orel Hershiser, or Dick Long.

GREG: Oh damn, Dick Long, he was my favorite Yankee. He could really go deep in center field.

JEFF: What? No way. Dick Waters was the greatest. After he swung his bat, there was never a dry eye in the house.

FORTE (returning): Oh, you guys like baseball?

GREG (engaged with JEFF and kinda forgetting they are taking to DANO and FORTE): What about Dick Moranis? Sure, he played for the Astros, but he could drill it up the middle like nobody's business.

JEFF: Shut up. Will Dickerson had him beat. He was a tiger for only one season before he got arrested, but he would have been the greatest. Actually, when I was a kid, I used to wish Will Dickerson was my dad.

GREG: The greatest batter maybe. But Dick Eaton sure used to cough up the chin music for the braves when they needed him.

As they go on, FORTE and DANO quietly push their chairs back and gingerly get up, heading for the door.

GREG: Hey, are you guys leaving? Don't you need to study us to get our personalities down.

FORTE: Yeah, I think we got the idea.

FORTE and DANO split. The mini MART guy comes over with two plates.

MART: Two moco locos with twinkie.

JEFF (perking up and waving him over): Right here, buddy.

MART delivers the food and then walks back to the counter.

GREG: Well, those guys were jerks.

JEFF: Yeah, I couldn't think of two nicer guys to set up. Hey, pass me the soy sauce.

As JEFF and GREG begin to eat their second lunch, a car pulls up in the parking lot. It is LEO DiCaprio, driving a sweet-ass massive old white convertible with a set of bull horns on the front (ok, yeah, it's boss Hogg's car from Dukes of Hazzard).

GREG: Holy shit.

JEFF: Oh my god, he's coming in here.

They crouch down and skitter over to a stack of pallets that look like they came off a coconut truck about a month ago and nobody ever bothered to put them away. GREG grabs a mop and leans it against the stack to cover them a little better. LEO enters the mini mart, sniffs the air a bit as if unsure, then shrugs and walks over to the counter.

LEO: Aloha.

MART: What you need?

LEO: I was just driving around your fine island, taking the air, when I suddenly came across all peckish.

JEFF (whispering): My god, sick. (GREG shushes him).

LEO: Anyway, my good fellow, I have a hunger, and the only cure is seitan. I happened to have heard from a friend of a friend that this is the best spot to pick up some of the real authentic stuff. None of that corporate hippie shit.

GREG (whispering): My god, he's a Satanist!

MART: Seitan? No, sorry friend. We fresh out. I just got a shipment of Quorn in though.

LEO: Quorn? God no. I'm deathly allergic to Quorn! Blast!

JEFF (whispering): Why are they saying "corn" like that?

GREG (whispering): I think it's a Carol Channing joke.

JEFF (whispering): Ohhhh.

LEO: Well, I guess it'll have to be tempeh then. Gimme your best.

LEO pays, gets his tempeh, and leaves. On the way out, he spots GREG's black bag hanging on the chair, pauses for a moment, looks around, then shakes his head and leaves.

JEFF and GREG return to the table and watch LEO drive away through the window.

JEFF: Well, that was an interesting coincidence. I didn't know he was from Arizona. Hey, at least we know he's got a car now.

GREG: Yeah, exactly. (He rummages around in his bag a bit). And I have a cunning plan. (He pulls out a spray bottle labeled "Acme Bird Pheromones", a hacksaw, and a paper clip).

JEFF (looking at the equipment): Ali Baba?

GREG: Yeah, how'd you know?

Scene.

## Scene 29 (Hawaii - Film Set)

Quick opening scene of JEFF and GREG at a Safeway buying popcorn kernels. Neither talks or does anything interesting, just in and out with the popcorn. They are dressed like FORTE and DANO, with flannel shirts over their usual crap clothes. This will probably just seem like breadishness.

CUT to film within the film within the film scene of LEO being hoisted on a giant wooden X outside the gates of CAAN's compound. CAAN is supervising the crucifixion, several wan and weak looking boys in his entourage. He is holding and gesturing with a dripping Carvel bar.

CAAN (to LEO as he is being hoisted up): I've got you where I want you now! I've had enough of your meddling and interfering! You and your handlers thought you could stop me, but look where you are.

CAAN pauses and puts his arm around one of the boys and they walk to the base of the cross.

CAAN (looking up): You're a worldly man, Leo. But I've been around a lot longer

than you have. I know more than you do. (Pauses and bites the bar) For example. In ancient Persia, the penalty for being caught as a spy was (here he gestures with the bar, accidentally dripping ice cream all over the boy, who just groans and holds his stomach) to be hung upon a cross and be devoured alive by crows.

A lackey brings a large bird cage (perhaps the one Nic Cage found at the garage sale) in which are two large cawing ravens.

Close up of LEO's face. He is sweating and his teeth are set in a grimace.

CAAN (continuing, as the lackey fiddles with the cage): Now, this isn't ancient Persia. It's the modern world, and I intend to be a part of it. In-def-in-ite-ly. You cannot stop me, Leo. Can you see the future from up there, Leo? (He laughs like a supervillain) It's W.R.A.I.T.H. from horizon to horizon.

CAAN kicks at the lackey, who opens the cage.

CAAN (continuing): Your time is at a close. The age of breadishness had ended. (He turns his back and begins to walk away from the cross toward a waiting litter.) Welcome to hell, Leo. Welcome to the rest of your life. (He cackles and settles himself and the boy into the litter.)

Camera swings to the lackey who releases the ravens, who fly upward.

CUT to LEO, he is squirming and straining against the bonds. The ravens swoop and dart at him, taking little chunks out of his chest and arms. Finally, one of them (now a fake bird) lands on his shoulder and starts to peck at his face. LEO goes full Conan and lunges at it, catching the raven by its neck in his mouth, shaking it violently back and forth, screaming like a barbarian. The fake raven explodes in a shower of popcorn kernels. LEO spits the carcass out and screams.

LEO (in pain): Ow! Fuck! My tooth!

From the base of cross we hear SCHUMACHER scream "Cut!" hysterically. The man is exasperated.

CUT to SCHUMACHER and the crew, looking up at LEO.

SCHUMACHER (frantic): Someone get him down from there, damn it!

LEO can be heard moaning and swearing from the cross. JEFF and GREG are on the periphery of the crew, watching. CAAN can be seen in the background lounging in the litter, eating ice cream out of the tub with his fingers as a couple of crew dudes scurry across the foreground with a ladder.

JEFF (looking at his Casio watch): Should be any minute, right? How long do allergic reactions take? (GREG shrugs)

GREG (producing a theatre bag of popcorn and starts munching): I'm not sure. We really stuffed the bird though (JEFF scoffs) so he probably ended up eating a shit

ton.

JEFF: What kind of man is allergic to corn?

GREG (popping a handful): No way is he playing Colonel Popper now.

CUT back to SCHUMACHER and crew at the base of the cross. LEO descends, supported by two crew guys. SCHUMACHER rushes to him.

SCHUMACHER (concerned): Leo! My god, what happened?

LEO (holding his jaw): I fink I bwoke a toof.

SCHUMACHER stares and peers at the ground. He furrows his brow and bends down.

SCHUMACHER: Popcorn! (He rises back up holding a kernel.)

LEO spits blood.

SCHUMACHER (bellowing): Get me Dr. Hertz!

## Scene 30 (Hawaii - Dentist)

CUT to a metal shed with a sign on it reading "O. Howard Hertz, DDS. Dentist to the stars". The shed is portable and is obviously on the set nearby. LEO is wheeled to the shed in a wheelchair, rough-going over the terrain. LEO groans and holds his jaw. They reach the shed and the crew guy pounds on the flimsy door. Nothing. He pounds again. Nothing. LEO stands and pounds.

LEO (yelling); Hertz! Open up and say ahhhh!

Finally the door opens on Dr. HERTZ (played by Gary Busey). He looks like shit, probably hungover, hair wild and pulling on his white dentist's coat. He is obviously confused at first, probably not sure where he is or who these people are or what they want. He blinks quite a bit in the daylight.

HERTZ (gravelly): Hey, pal. That's my line.

CUT to Interior of Dental Shed. It's no-frills. A reclining chair with a spit sink and a metal tray of instruments, faux-wood paneled like a crappy mobile home. There are framed b/w headshots on the walls (Richard E. Grant, Steve Buscemi, the Napoleon Dynamite guy- all actors with awful teeth), a rack of old magazines. The Muzak version of "Hold On Tight" by ELO is piped through speakers. HERTZ has LEO by the arm and settles him in the chair.

HERTZ (grabbing one of those tooth mirror things; he drops it on the ground, breaths on it to fog it up and wipes it on his coat): Well now. How's about you open right up and we see what the trouble is.

LEO opens and says ahhh.

HERTZ (startled, angry): Did I tell you to say 'ahhhh'?



LEO (mumbly:) Uh... no?

HERTZ (growling): Damn right, I didn't. (He grabs LEO's chin and holds his jaw open) First rule of going to the dentist, bub. Don't 'ahh' before he tells ya to. It throws him off. Knowwhatimean?

LEO (mouth wide open): Uh huh.

HERTZ jams the tooth mirror in LEO's mouth and peers around.

HERTZ (startled): Whoa! What the hell happened in here?

LEO (mouth wide open): Mmffmg pgortnrf msg sadf koe ghjgsdfd FRAEHFG gdhshd-fslgij

HERTZ (startled): What? That's negligence! Popcorn is the tooth's natural enemy!

LEO (nodding): affwageyesefgg.

HERTZ: Hold still, damn it.

LEO (wincing): Thorry.

HERTZ: Novocain? (He holds up a huge, filthy needle.)

LEO (shakes his head, wide eyed): Ummmm... nuu thhaggs.

HERTZ (shrugs): Fair enough, more for me. (He sticks the needle in his neck and pushes the plunger down. He staggers around a bit, drunkishly, and then steadies himself on the dentist chair, shakes his head violently and flaps his lips side to side with a huge yelp and grunt) Woooooo, bbbbllllllphphph!!! (He slaps himself in the face and smiles). Ready to go!

LEO looks absolutely terrified, and moves to get up and run, but there are metal straps that are holding his arms down. HERTZ does a bunch of dentist stuff, probing around, muttering to himself about popcorn and birds. He keeps yanking LEO's head one way and another by the jaw.

HERTZ: This is the kind of crap that makes me wish I'd become a roadie.

LEO: A wogy?

HERTZ (aggravated): Did I stutter? Yes a roadie. I used to follow Genesis around, all over the world. I've seen em in huge festivals and stadium shows and little clubs in the middle of nowhere. (Every now and then he dips into LEO's mouth and pulls out a popcorn kernel which he drops on the floor.) Man, I lived for those guys! Like seriously? Who has a better voice than Phil Collins?

LEO just stares.

HERTZ (waiting): Are you deaf now, too? I said-

LEO (interrupting): Mowun!

HERTZ: Damn right! (sighs) But all good things must end. One day I was at a show. Knebworth. The Big One. I'm in the front, bopping along to "In Too Deep" (LEO scoffs) and along comes a beach ball. Rolling along on a wave of hands. Well, it gets to me and, well... I dunno. I got caught up in the moment, y'know? I was in too deep, brother (LEO chokes). I smashed that ball as hard as I could and it soared up and out and toward the stage. It hit a mic stand which fell right into Tony Banks' face. Knocked his front tooth out.

HERTZ grabs a pair of pliers from the tray and snaps them a couple times.

HERTZ (sighs): And so here I am. Making amends, I guess you call it.

HERTZ reaches in and struggles inside LEO's mouth. LEO starts moaning, HERTZ is shaking his head back and forth, yanking on LEO's tooth. Finally, we hear a loud pop. HERTZ falls back in his chair, holding the pliers up triumphantly. There is a bloody tooth in it.

HERTZ (grinning): Sussudio! (in the same tone others have used for "Success!")

Scene ends.

## Scene 31 (Hawaii - Car Wash)

LEO walks out of the film lot and into the parking lot. He is on his cell phone.

LEO: Yeah, they took care of me, they have like a field combat dentist on staff here. Can we push back the My Dinner with Andre reboot to April? With all these snags here, things are a bit behind schedule. Yeah, I know Jerry runs a tight ship, but believe me Herb, things have just been weird around here. Maybe you can check what other studios bid on this project? I think one of them might have some kind of a grudge.

LEO gets to his convertible and discovers that it is completely covered with bird droppings.

LEO: Oh shit.

He looks up. There is a telephone wire with about 200 seagulls perched on it. We see a few birds letting loose.

LEO (still looking up): Fuuuuuu... (a seagull depth charge lands right in his open mouth) gaaaaacckk!! Gaa!!! AAA!! Acck!! Hhhhhgggcchhh!! (as he starts coughing and choking, another bird nails him on the back of the head.)

Cut to a nearby car wash. LEO drives up to the counter, and a bored and jaded Stevie NICKS is sitting at the window, reading a copy of *The New Man*, by Jeffrey Welker. She barely looks up from the book as she asks LEO what he wants.

NICKS: You want the full meal deal, honey? It's like me. It comes with hot wax.

LEO: Yeah, give 'er the works. You got a celebrity discount? (He smiles his 4000

megawatt top 3 smile - there is an obvious fake tooth on one side).

NICKS: No, but we got a deal with Carnival. (she blows a large gum bubble and pops it).

LEO: Never mind, just pull out all the stops.

NICKS takes his twenty bucks and presses some buttons. As he drives away, she gets a whiff of something, and cranes her neck to see all the bird shit on the car. We see her reach for a large red knob labeled "Intensity" that was previously set to 10, and pull it out a bit until it clicks, and then twist it just a little more so that it now points to 11. She switches on a radio and returns to her book. The radio begins to play "Peaceful" by Helen Reddy.

LEO continues to talk on his phone as his car enters the wash.

LEO: OK yeah, that should work, but Meryl promised me that as soon as I have finished the new Indiana Jones flick that she would help me out with co-hosting that benefit for the rainforest. How does next October look?

The wash starts out kinda normal, with like soft spray and big fringy rags, but soon seems to increase in intensity so that LEO is having trouble hearing the phone. Soon, the roof starts to shake as the rollers dig into it and the sprayers work like fire hoses.

LEO: What? You are going to have to speak up here, I'm going through a car wash! (Pause) A car wash! (Pause) No, I'm going through a car wash! (The roof begins to shudder horribly, and water starts pouring in through cracks around the windows. LEO shrieks) Aiiiiiee!! Call for help, Herb! No! No! Call the fire department! (Pause) The fire department! (He puts the car in gear and tries to gun it, and it just sort of lurches forward on the rollers, but does not budge) AAAAAAAGGGHHH!!!

At this point the roof of the convertible shreds and comes off, and a massive spray of water shoots LEO in the face and blasts the phone out of his hand.

Soon, the rollers kick in, and we see his face getting mashed by the rollers as the car starts to fill up with water. He struggles with the seatbelt, but finds that it is stuck. He punches at the rollers and knocks them back only to get a spray of hot soap in his face instead. He tries to open the door, but it is forced shut by the rollers pressing in on it. He presses the window button, but as soon as it goes down, another hot spray hits him in the face, and he quickly rolls it back up.

LEO: HELP! HELP!

Cut to Stevie NICKS reading her book. There is a faint sound of shouting in the distance. She grimaces and reaches for the radio to turn up Helen Reddy.

Cut back to LEO, struggling mightily to reach for his glove compartment, and just barely managing to get it open beneath the onslaught. Inside is a golden Oscar statuette. We see the carwash is lighting up a sign that says "Rinse", and it suddenly changes to "Hot Wax". LEO shrieks and begins to look panicky. He presses the window button again, and it fails

to work. He takes the Oscar and holds it like a club, smashing the driver's window of the car, revealing a set of gears that are passing by along with the rollers and sprayers. The Hot Wax sign begins flashing red. He flips the Oscar around and jams it into the mechanism, and with a loud crunching and grinding sound, the car wash comes to a halt. The hot wax sign changes to "System Failure".

LEO sighs and breathes heavily as we pull back and see a huge cloud of steam rising up around him. He pushes open the car door and a small river pours out. He sobs.

## Scene 32 (Hawaii - Hotel)

Scene opens in the penthouse suite of some fancy Hawaiian hotel (Royal Hawaiian Hotel or something). It is richly opulent, tropical decor, a large window and balcony looking out over the beach and sea, everything you would expect from a luxury penthouse in Hawaii. Except: the side table and armoire have been shoved against the door. In their place is a large transfusion machine, similar to the one we saw in CAAN's scene in the film within the film within the film on the plane. CAAN is seated in a leather chair, petting a cat like a Bond villain, tubes running from his arm to the machine, and from there to the same boy we have seen before, now restrained on the bed, weak and barely conscious. There are Carvel containers and puddles of melted ice cream all over the bed and floor. We are perhaps intended to think this is another scene from the film within the film within the film until the hotel phone rings. We hear only CAAN's half of the conversation.

CAAN (groggy): Yellow. (Pause) Oh, hey, Jerry. Yeah! Yeah everything's great... yeah, thinking about doing some surfing later. Say, Jerry, have I ever told you about the time me and Sinatra went surfing and a stingray- (The boy groans on the bed; CAAN swats at him with a Forbes magazine) Huh? What's that? Yeah, the evil luau scene! Rescheduled? Ah shit. Well when are we-? Oh. Oh tomorrow? SIX A.M? Are you fucking drunk? No! No no no Jerry, I didn't- No of course not. Yes, I'll be there. Six sharp. You got it. You can count on Jimmy. Yep. Sure thing. See you there.

CAAN hangs up and groans, leaning back against the chair. Suddenly the machine starts chugging and beeping. He leaps up, cat flying, and throws the chair aside, rushing to the console. He has no idea what to do. He starts randomly pushing buttons and pulling tubes and wires. The boy starts to convulse. CAAN is frantic, his tubes have come undone as he flailed, blood is splattered on the wall and carpet. Maybe we see a close up of a digital countdown like in old spy movies when a bomb is being defused. Finally, he yanks the power cord out of the wall, counts to ten and plugs it back in. Everything seems fine. He glances at the boy who might actually be dead now. He cracks the minifridge, unwraps a Carvel bar and falls back into the chair, looking around at the mess.

CAAN (groaning): Fuck. (He unwraps the bar and takes a giant bite.)

Scene ends.

## Scene 33 (Hawaii - Deli)

Scene opens on the deli, for a scene for the film within the film. LEO parks his Cadillac on the street outside. The deli window has Hebrew writing on the windows, a big sign that says "Kosher" in English and Hawaiian and pictures of certain dishes taped up. He is wearing a killer suit and sunglasses, looking 007 as hell. He looks up and down the sidewalk, as if expecting trouble, then strides into the deli, taking off his shades.

CUT to deli interior. It looks like any NYC Jewish deli. Black and white linoleum tile floor, overstuffed booths, tourist posters of Israel on the walls, maybe a few tastefully calligraphed Torah verses. LEO breezes past the host counter. The place is empty but for a fat old guy in a back corner booth pigging out, and two guys at a nearby table who are probably his bodyguards. The fat guy is Maurice PIMPSTEIN, he is eating a gigantic Reuben, licking his fingers noisily. The bodyguards perk up when LEO comes in, but PIMPSTEIN feigns he doesn't notice him. LEO approaches, the bodyguards shift, one of them stands.

BODYGUARD 1 (gruff but curious): Help you, boychick?

LEO glances at the guards, then at PIMPSTEIN.

LEO (nodding at the fat man): I'm here to see Mr. Pimpstein. (Lowering his voice)  
Mr. Ho sent me.

BODYGUARD 1 nods, and at the name "Ho", PIMPSTEIN looks up and peers at LEO. They eye each other and finally he beckons LEO to sit at his booth.

FORTE and DANO step into the shot. FORTE is holding a script.

FORTE: Ok, here's where we will have a cool little animated intro bit with the theme song. We will pause the scene here to play the shtick, and then resume.

DANO: Only we don't have the animated thing done yet. That's all post-production, so you will just have to imagine it.

FORTE: Well, I guess we could sing it here, just to get everyone in the mood.

FORTE and DANO raise their arms in like a jogging posture and get all jaunty as they dance and sing a very rudimentary version of the theme song:

FORTE: Who's the Yiddish secret dick that's a shtup machine to all the shiksese?

DANO: Pimpstein!

FORTE: Ya damn right

FORTE: Who is the mensch that would risk his nosh for his mishpocheh?

DANO: Pimpstein!

FORTE: Can you dig it?

FORTE: Who's the yiddisher kop that won't cop out when there's danger all about?

DANO: Pimpstein!

FORTE: Right on!

FORTE: They say this gonif Pimpstein is a shtunk meshugener.

DANO: Shut your loch in kop!

FORTE: But I'm talkin' 'bout Pimpstein

DANO: Then we can dig it.

FORTE: He's a megillah zeyde but no one understands him but his kishka

DANO AND FORTE: Maurice Pimpstein!

The two of them finally throw their hands out in a jazzy pose to finish the song. LEO looks stunned for a moment, and then walks towards the back of the deli, violently shoving FORTE and DANO out of his way as he passes. He sits down at the booth across from PIMPSTEIN.

PIMPSTEIN (licking his fingers): The schnitzel is fantastic today. I recommend it.

LEO (settling in): No, thank you, Mr. Pimpstein. I had a Larabar on the way here.

PIMPSTEIN shrugs and takes a huge bite of what appears to be a bottomless Reuben, he has gigantic gaudy rings on his fingers.

LEO: I'm here because our mutual friend, Mr. Ho, told me you might be able to help me with something. Something I can't get anywhere else.

PIMPSTEIN (eyebrows shooting up): Hey, if you're looking for those Thai VisionQuest DVD's you're shit out of luck. I just sold my last trailer full.

LEO (palms out): Uh. No. Not that. Something else. (Peering around and speaking softly) About the (pause to look around again) luau.

PIMPSTEIN (furrows his brow): Speak up! The what?

LEO (sighing): The oo-ow-lay?

PIMPSTEIN (eyes bugging. To bodyguards): This guy, he speaks Hawaiian? (To LEO) English, vershtay?

LEO (blurts loudly and angrily): The luau! The fucking luau!

PIMPSTEIN: Luau? What in Moses' foreskin are you-

LEO (interrupting): The W.R.A.I.T.H. organization luau.

PIMPSTEIN freezes mid-sandwich-lift.

LEO (continuing): Mr. Ho led me to believe you won't cop out, whenever danger is about? That you'd risk your neck for your brother man?

PIMPSTEIN takes the bite, chews and looks at LEO thoughtfully.

PIMPSTEIN: Did he also tell you, that I'm a sex machine to all the chicks?

PIMPSTEIN descends into a protracted coughing fit, those disgusting wet hacking old man coughs.

LEO (sitting back): He did say you were a complicated man.

PIMPSTEIN recovers and nods.

PIMPSTEIN: You're out to smash W.R.A.I.T.H.?

LEO: Yes. I'm going to take down the entire organization. But I need your help.

PIMPSTEIN (leaning back; he lets out a belch): Oh shenken meer. (Looks at LEO) Tell Uncle Maurice what you need, boychick. (He cracks his knuckles loudly) You need Momo to thump some skulls? Cut a few brake lines? Break out the ol' Kosher Foot-long? What?

LEO (slightly taken aback): Ah, no. None of that, Mr. Pimp- er, Momo?

PIMPSTEIN (affronted): What? You think I'm too much of an alt taymer? Too oys genutzt? Eh? (He has another coughing fit) I'll have you know I once kneed Neal Blaisdell in the cunt for having the mesh nislech to order milk with his corned beef. Now, what in the sweet Gaza strip do you want?

LEO (placating): Ok, ok. Mr. Momo. I meant no offence. Maybe we can uh... find you a couple goons to. Umm. Klappen sig oyf?

PIMPSTEIN (grunting and belching again): Are you a dummkopf? Look at me! You think I have time to go around knocking goy heads? I'm a busy macher, goddammit.

LEO: Listen, we're getting off track here. I just need to know how to get in to the W.R.A.I.T.H. compound? Once I'm in, the plan goes into motion. It's the getting in part that's tough. There's guards everywhere, tripwires, closed circuit surveillance. He's a real Howard Hughes level paranoid.

PIMPSTEIN: Did you see that movie about Hughes? "The Aviator"? YAWN. I practically schvitzed myself sitting through it.

LEO (shooting him a dirty look, speaking in a strained voice): I thought it was a very humane portrayal of a very flawed man.

PIMPSTEIN (waving this away): Pfft. Flawed shmawed. That guy couldn't act his way off the Titanic.

LEO (barely containing his anger): Listen. Momo. The compound.

PIMPSTEIN: Fine, fine. Y'know something boychick? You remind me of a young me. Out to kick the big guys right in teeth and look like a million shekels doing it. I'll get you in there. Besides, Caan... or whatever his character's name is....

FORTE (butting into the scene with a script): It's Harry Balzac.

PIMPSTEIN: Yeah, Mr. Balzac and I have unfinished business together. That scheis-skopf still owes me for arranging to have Ben Stiller do balloon animals at his kid's bar mitzvah.

LEO (puzzled): Caan isn't Jewish.

DANO (butting in): BALZAC!

PIMPSTEIN (drops his sandwich): What? Oy gevalt! What are you saying? (He mops his brow with a greasy napkin) I'm getting too old for this shit. (Sighs) Okay, boy-chick. Grab a napkin and write this down.

LEO grabs a napkin and a fancy pen from his jacket pocket. He is poised and waiting.

PIMPSTEIN: The password is. (Peering around and lowering his voice) "Cookie puss".

LEO (snorts, writing and saying each word): Cookie... p-u-s-s. (Looking up at PIMPSTEIN) Really?

PIMPSTEIN nods and grabs his Reuben again.

LEO: How do you know these things?

PIMPSTEIN (shrugging): It's a small island. (LEO stands and extends his hand)

LEO: Thank you, Mr. Pimpstein. You're doing your part to make the world a better place.

PIMPSTEIN (scoffs): Better place, my goiter. Just make sure to tell Caan (off-screen we hear FORTE yell "BALZAC!") from his old buddy Momo Pimpstein, ikh hofen ir durshticken poi, ir nishticken squonk!

LEO (shaking his hand and clapping him on the shoulder): I'll pass that along, Momo.

PIMPSTEIN (wagging his fingers): Ah ah ah. Forgetting something, are we?

LEO is confused, but PIMPSTEIN waggles his ringed fingers again. LEO gets it. A sour look crosses his face as he bends to kiss the reuben-greasy ring.

PIMPSTEIN waves LEO off. LEO nods to the bodyguards, wiping his lips, and strides toward the door, grabbing a mint from the host desk.

CUT to exterior of deli. LEO unwraps the mint and pops it in his mouth. He immediately starts choking. He stumbles to the Cadillac and gets in. In the background, we can see PIMPSTEIN and the bodyguards pressed to the window watching as LEO cranks the engine, peels out and drives off, choking madly. FORTE and DANO accidentally walk into the scene and quickly turn and run out of frame.

Scene ends.



## Scene 34 (Hawaii - Luau)

Scene opens at night, with LEO approaching some sea cliffs at high speed in a small boat. He is dressed all in white, with an elegant white cotton dress shirt and pants. He has some high tech night-vision binoculars and scans the coast. High above the cliffs, we can see some torches burning and we can hear happy voices and catch a few strains of Hawaiian music over the sounds of the waves. LEO cuts the motor. He pulls out his phone, which has some kind of a spy/hacker themed interface. He opens an app and presses on a button that reads "seed rare Pokemons", and then feeds it some map coordinates.

Next, he doffs his lounge clothing, revealing a tight, black, full-body scuba suit. He pulls up a black rubber hood, and pulls down a mask and snorkel. He pulls out a little torpedo looking thing and opens it up, putting in some rope, a grappling hook, a bag, a gun, his clothes, a roll of condoms, and a couple of old Archie comics. He seals up the torpedo and drops it in the water, then drops a small anchor, and jumps in. He holds onto two handles on the torpedo and pulls a trigger and its propeller turns, pulling him through the water. We should probably have some classic movie danger spy music playing here.

He comes to shore just at the edge of a rocky beach. He opens the torpedo and pulls out his night vision goggles and scans the area. He soon takes out the rope and grapple, and attaches it to the gun and then fires it high above, into the cliff wall. He fastens the other end of the rope to a rock or a spike or something and hooks the torpedo thing onto the rope and it shoots him up the rope towards the cliff. He ends up about 50 feet up the cliff, just above some kind of security camera. He hooks his feet into some kind of strap and hangs upside down over the camera. He pulls out a little go pro device, sticks it to the top of the security cam (which is slowly moving back and forth). Then he pulls a little cord out of the device and clamps it onto cable going into the security cam, then presses a button. We see a little red recording indicator for a moment, then it turns green. Then he cuts the cord going into the security cam, leaving it only connected to the little spy device.

He rappels down, and then heads over to a boat ramp sort of area leading up to a secure door. He types "Cookie Puss" into the keypad on the door, and the code does not seem to work. He curses, and then pulls a jar of gefilte fish out of his torpedo. He takes one out and mashes it into the door mechanism. He then sticks a tiny electronic detonator in it. He takes some kind of fiber optic cable and slides it under the door; he hooks this to his phone, and can peer around into the cave beyond the door. He wiggles the camera to get a good view of the guard in the cave, and then watches him on his screen.

Here the camera sweeps upward, moving rapidly up the high cliff walls to the very top, where a walled compound sits perched on top of the cliff. Tiki torches are lit all over, and shady looking characters in leis are walking around, dressed like ancient Hawaiian warriors, holding fruity drinks, and poking at a collection of sickly looking young men who are chained by the neck around an ice cream fountain at the center of the party. Polynesian music plays (there is a live band), and a stage has been set up where some fire dancers

are giving a performance. There are tropical flowers and decorations all over, and not far from the fountain there is a massive pit of hot coals where a large pig is being roasted on a spit. On one wall there is a large hand-made sign that says "2019 W.R.A.I.T.H. Annual Executive Luau/LARP".

Soon, James CAAN takes the stage, dressed in some kind of scary Polynesian demon/god costume. He takes the microphone.

CAAN: Gentlemen of W.R.A.I.T.H., when my grandfather started this organization 100 years ago, the idea of eternal life was but a dream, a crazy fantasy. But now, look what we have built together! We stand upon the brink of a new era, a new age....

Some excited kids shouting can be heard from outside the compound wall.

KID1: Oh my god, there it is, behind the tiki head!

KID2: No way! It's a squirtle! Come help!

KID3: Holy crap, did you see that?

KID1: Oh my god, there's a Charmander back behind that archway.

KID3: Screw the Charmander, I just saw an Aerodactyl fly over the wall there!!

KID2: What!? Oh my god, oh my god! We gotta call everyone we know. Boost me up!

CAAN makes a quiet sound with his hand and runs over to the edge of the stage where there is a big red button. He pushes it, and jets of water spray up from the ground over by the ice cream fountain, ringing the chained boys. Colored lights switch on, turning the water jets into a kind of psychedelic light show, obscuring the boys from view.

A small hand holding a cell phone comes up over the wall.

KID3: Can you see it!?

KID2: Not yet, just a bunch of ugly guys. Oh, I think it's in that fountain!

CAAN grabs a henchman looking guy dressed as a fire dancer and whispers in his ear. We hear the word security. Then he goes back to the mic.

CAAN: Let's have some music, shall we?! Maestro!

The band launches into a swingin' version of "I Will" by Don Ho, with CAAN doing the singing.

CAAN (singing): I don't wanna be the one to say I'm gonna miss you, but I will....

Cut to LEO down below, seeing the guard run off on his phone screen. He hides behind a rock and presses a little remote button, and there is a small explosion and the door blows open.

LEO creeps stealthily through a cave. We can hear the sounds of "I Will" in the background

of this scene. Soon he comes to a more open area, with lots of other caves shooting off. There appear to be a number of lizards skittering around eating bugs. In the center of the cave, there is a guy sitting cross legged facing the other way dressed in some kind of Polynesian outfit with a strange rubber tiki mask on. LEO creeps up and karate chops the guy in the back of the head, knocking him out cold. He drags the body over behind some rocks and emerges with the guy's outfit and mask on.

Before he can go anywhere, a group of five men (LARPer) enters the cave, dressed as Polynesian warriors. They see him and stop.

LARP1: Oh fuck, it's a Milu!

LARP2: Oh damn, you are right, look at all the lizards.

LEO approaches them and tries to bluff his way past.

LEO: Aloha.

LARP3: Shit! He's coming right for us! Lightning bolt!!

The LARPer throws a yellow rubber lightning bolt at LEO. It is about a foot long and looks a bit like a giant french fry. It bounces off LEO's chest.

LEO: Aia i hea ka lua?

LARP1: He's still coming, hit him again!

LARP3: Lightning bolt!! (He throws another bolt at LEO, which this time totally misses).

LARP2: Oh my god!!! He's immune to lightning!

LARP4 runs up and pokes a long bamboo spear with a foam tip at LEO. LEO grabs it from him and snaps it in two over his knee.

LARP5: Holy shit! I don't have the hit points! (He flees).

LARP1: Ok guys, let's get him.

LEO (in his best Emperor croak): Pela no. (He does the Morpheus "come here" thing with his fingers)

All four guys come at LEO at once, hitting him with rubber swords and clubs. Stabbing at him with retractable stage knives. He begins to kick their asses bare handed, using some kind of crazy Tai Quan Do moves. After about 20 seconds they are all lying on the floor, holding their nuts, heads, asses, knees, etc and moaning.

LARP3: Fuck, he can't do that, can he? It's against the rules.

LARP4: Oh god, I can't feel my ass!

LEO: A'ole pilikia

LEO bows to them and walks out of the cave.

CUT to the luau. The fountain is back up. CAAN is onstage, shimmying and hula-ing his way through “I Will”, his sycophantic audience lapping it up. The number wraps up and CAAN starts some Vegas-ish banter with the crowd.

CAAN (out of breath and sweaty): Ha ha ha! Good stuff, amirite? God, what a crowd! I tell ya, folks, W.R.A.I.T.H. audiences are the best audiences in the world! (The crowd loses their shit. CAAN claps a couple times and beams like a TV preacher.)

CAAN struts on the stage for a bit, egging on the crowd. Suddenly, an alarm goes off on his Fitbit; his eyes bug out and he starts looking around for security or any henchmen he can find, but they are all yukking it up with the crowd.

CUT to LEO emerging from the palms just to the side of the stage, in his tiki god costume. CAAN sees him and races to him.

CAAN: You! Barry! Get on that stage! (He starts pushing LEO up the steps)

LEO (muffled): Me?

CAAN (impatient): Yes, you, dummy. Get up there and do... uh, do “Tiny Bubbles”. They’ll eat that poi up. I gotta take care of... (his Fitbit starts chirping again) Damn!

CAAN shoves LEO up the stairs. LEO stumbles onto the stage, his mask slipping, but he quickly rights it.

CAAN (forced cheer, clapping, from the wings): Ha! Yeah. Great! And now here’s one you all know. Feel free to sing along! Take it away, Milu! (CAAN exits clapping)

LEO grabs a mic, slipping into entertainer mode like a second skin. He starts strutting around Mick Jagger style, whooping and getting the crowd riled up.

LEO (into the mic): Hellllooooooo W.R.A.I.T.H. ers, you disgusting death-defying uhh dastardly um... dorks! Are you guys having a good time? (The crowd claps politely, LEO goes on McConaughey-style) Alright alright alright. Your illustrious leader wanted me to come up here and give you guys a good time. In fact, I was told to make this the wildest, most out of this world evil luau EVER! So that’s what we’re gonna do! (There is a smattering of applause) Yeah! Here we go!

The orchestra starts up “Tiny Bubbles” and the crowd comes alive. LEO shakes his ass and does a little softshoe as the intro plays. He starts in the first verse. CUT to JEFF and GREG in costume as DANO and FORTE, at the soundboard. JEFF is fidgeting with dials, GREG is plugging dozens of cords into one outlet after taking a surge protector away and draping it around his neck. CUT back to LEO, crooning like a champ in his tiki god get-up. The ladies in the crowd are swooning. Close up on the front row of W.R.A.I.T.H.ers, a row of ecstatic female fans, maybe one is about to throw her panties. LEO gets down on one knee and extends the mic to one lucky woman.

CUT to JEFF and GREG at the soundboard.

JEFF (eyeing the stage): You better hit the juice, man!

GREG: You say it's a crazy scheme? Well this one's for real!

GREG plugs in the final cord. The house lights waver and fizz.

CUT back to LEO, slow-motion extending the mic to the open mouth of the waiting female fan. Maybe a special-effects shot of blue light travelling through a narrow tunnel (i.e. electricity). Back to regular speed as the power surge rips up through the mic and out, blasting the lady in the face and sending her flying back. Amps and other equipment fizz and burst into flames. The crowd freezes for a moment, then starts to stampede. LEO is blown back by the force of the surge.

CUT to the soundboard. JEFF and GREG are hauling ass out, tearing off their DANO and FORTE outfits, revealing their normal, schlubby clothes underneath. They stuff them in a tiki torch pyre and keep running. They pass the real DANO and FORTE running toward the commotion.

CUT back to the stage. SCHUMACHER, DAN, and the crew are bustling around. DAN and some guys are trying to put out the fires, others are helping LEO to his feet and off stage. Medics are attending to the hurt audience members. HERTZ is wandering through the damage. In the background we see a crewman bump into GREG as he races by, knocking him into the ice cream fountain. JEFF looks around and dives in after.

SCHUMACHER (wailing): They're gonna take my DGA card! This movie is a disaster! That's it, I'm pulling an Alan Smithie!

DAN (passing, pauses to reassure SCHUMACHER): It'll come back to you, the shutter falls, you'll see it all in 3D! (He pats SCHUMACHER on the shoulder and runs off)

Camera pulls back to show the entire chaos of the stage: fire, smoke, bodies, pandemonium, like some Civil War battle scene.

Scene ends.

## Scene 35 (Hawaii - Docks)

It is early morning, and the entire cast and crew of the film is assembled on the dock outside the film set, including Jan Michael Vincent (JMV), who we have not actually seen yet. Even Stevie Nicks is there for some reason.

UNTZ and HUNNEY are strutting back and forth in front of everyone wearing trench coats (even though it is like 90 degrees out) and eyeing the crowd suspiciously. HUNNEY is wearing a deerstalker hat and smoking a goofy looking pipe, while UNTZ waves some kind of large envelope around that has the words "The Culprits" written on it. A white magnet board labeled "Evidence Board" is set up nearby. Everyone is looking at their watches, as the show obviously is supposed to start soon. Stevie NICKS sidles up to JUNE.

STEVIE: Why am I here?

JUNE: Do I look like a priest, honey?

IZZY arrives with JUNE's coffee, eyes STEVIE with jealousy and elbows their way between the two of them. June takes the coffee, sips it once, and then throws it into the water.

JUNE: God, I hate pumpkin spice season.

Paul DANO is sipping a coffee and standing over with DAN and FORTE. He looks annoyed.

DANO: We're not getting paid for this shit, are we?

DAN: You know they're lost wages.

DANO (not understanding): Las Vegas?

DAN (louder): You know they're lost wages!

DANO: You go to Las Vegas?

DAN: Las Vegas?

FORTE (enunciating): You know they're lost wages!

DANO: Oh. (Pauses to sip his coffee). Well why didn't you say so?

Now that STEVIE is on her own, JMV catches her eye.

JMV: Stevie! Good god, you look amazing. I'd heard a rumour you'd found your way out here.

STEVIE: JMV! Wow, I hardly recognized you! It's been what, twenty years?

JMV: Nineteen, 4 months, and 17 days, but who's counting. Hey, I...

UNTZ's Casio watch alarm goes off. He waves the envelope in the air and addresses the crowd.

UNTZ: Ladies and Gentlemen! We have gath- (HUNNEY nudges him in the ribs and whispers in his ear.

UNTZ: Ladies, and Gentlemen, and our guests who do not feel compelled to restrict themselves to any traditional gender roles, we have gathered here today to get to the bottom of a deep and troubling mystery: one we call... the DiCaprio Triangle.

HUNNEY (puffing on his pipe, which now is evident to contain soap bubbles): You see, it always comes back to motive.

UNTZ (dramatically): Motive.

HUNNEY: Exactly. So who benefits from sabotaging a film? Is it a personal vendetta, or a professional one... or as Jerry likes to say, does someone stand to make a lot of money from this?

UNTZ (dramatically): Money!

We pan the camera over the crowd.

GREG (to JEFF): Oh oh.

HUNNEY: Now we had gathered a lot of pieces, but we could not quite fit them together until we got that call from Leo's agent, Mr. Autumn.

UNTZ (dramatically): Autumn!

HUNNEY: Now, Mr. Pizorney here (points at JEFF), tell me something... why did you write this movie?

JEFF: What?! (a little bit of a wet spot appears on the front of his pants).

UNTZ (slapping the back of his hand): WHY! DID! YOU! WRITE! THIS! MOVIE!

JEFF: Umm... I was tired of being a nobody?

UNTZ: Bingo!

HUNNEY: Exactly. Tired of being a worthless loser. You wanted to break into show business. I mean who doesn't?

LEO (raising his hand): I don't.

HUNNEY: Did we ask you to speak, squonk?

LEO: Um, what?

UNTZ: NO, we did not!

HUNNEY: Ah, but our friend Leo has actually hit the nail on the coffin! Why, if Mr. Pizorney and Mr. Van Nuffle here wanted to break into the movie business, would they sabotage their own film? Which is why it seemed strange to us that all the evidence seemed to point to them.

UNTZ (holding up a glossy printout of a security cam shot of JEFF crawling through a parking lot holding a tampon): Evidence!

GREG appears to lose rectal control. HUNNEY takes a long drag on his bubble pipe for dramatic effect. As UNTZ pulls out each new piece of evidence, he puts it up on the magnet board. Sometimes he draws random lines between the photos with a dry erase marker, or writes cryptic words like "too obvious" or "too realistic".

HUNNEY: I mean, how many pathetic losers just like Jeff and Greg are there out there just killing themselves every day for that impossible chance of breaking into Hollywood, past all the inner circles and the agents, and the professional writers, and the nepotism and the greed and the guilds and the unions and all that? And why, if through the long shot of long shots, when one day that one brief moment finally arrived, and you had that one big chance? That one in a million shot. Why would you throw it all away with bone-headed maneuvers like this?

UNTZ (holding up another security cam printout showing JEFF and GREG wheeling ice cream through the bowels of the stadium): This!

JEFF (quietly): Oh my god. (His face turns pale and it looks like he is about to faint).

HUNNEY: Or this!

UNTZ holds up another security cam shot of GREG sneaking real machetes into the prop room.

GREG (Initially gasps, then appears thoroughly confused): Ummm... wait a minute.

HUNNEY: Or this!

UNTZ: This!

UNTZ holds up another security cam shot of JEFF breaking into the shark pen holding some kind of shock probe looking device.

JEFF: Huh?! Hey! That's not me!

HUNNEY: There is no shortage of evidence.

UNTZ holds up a handful of photos, showing GREG spraying something on LEO's car, showing JEFF cutting the fuel line on the plane, and showing LEO's solowheel flat with a ninja star sticking out of the tire.

HUNNEY: Now ask yourself. How stupid do you have to be to sabotage your own movie? And how stupid do you have to be to not even try to wear a disguise on a film set, full of hundreds of cameras and cameramen and even paparazzi hovering around.

UNTZ: Stupid!

HUNNEY: Ah, but these guys maybe aren't so stupid. We noticed a change in tactics the minute Mao and I showed up to investigate this shitshow.

UNTZ: Shitshow! (He holds up a photo of JEFF and GREG buying popcorn wearing flannel shirts), then a photo of JEFF and GREG in flannel shirts plugging an electric cable into the soundboard, and then JEFF in a flannel shirt, putting some kind of bomb-looking device in LEO's torpedo).

HUNNEY: Now, Mr. Pizorney, you may think yourself a genius, but do you want me to tell you what your one mistake was?

UNTZ: Mistake!

JEFF (looking thoroughly confused): Wait... that? Did I do it?

HUNNEY: You know nothing about Hollywood or how to write a script, so you made the one rookie mistake all first time script writers make.

GREG: You mean writing real detectives into our movie to investigate ourselves?

UNTZ (snapping his fingers to shut him up): Zip it!

HUNNEY: Your egos are so big, you not only wrote yourselves into your own movie,



you then had the audacity to even try to cast it yourselves. Choosing actors who looked just like you.

UNTZ: Doppelgangers!

HUNNEY: Now, here's where the call from Mr. Autumn gets interesting. It turns out there was quite the bidding war over your little script. There were at least three different studios trying to track you idiots down before Mr. Bruckheimer called in the big guns. And let's just say that his little stunt stepped on a few of the wrong toes.

UNTZ: Wrong toes!

HUNNEY: Now it turns out that Messrs. Dano and Forte here, were recently under contract for a Miramax production up in Vancouver. And as soon as DiCaprio started up, they ditched their contracts and the production, leaving the crew in the lurch.

UNTZ: The Lurch!

FORTE (interjecting): Oh come on, this is preposterous. You know full well that Mr. Bruckheimer bought our contracts out. He paid us double what Weinstein was offering.

HUNNEY: Or did he?

UNTZ holds up a bundle of documents.

HUNNEY: These are your bank statements, Mr. Dano. It took a bit of wrangling to find all the secret accounts, and a memorable night with your mother. But if you look closely you can see that Miramax is still depositing money into your accounts every week through a shell company in the Cayman Islands.

DANO: Oh come on, anybody could fake those! I want my lawyer. Wait, what about my mother?

GREG (to JEFF): Umm, what the fuck is going on here?

FORTE steps forward and points at the popcorn photo on the board, and then at the soundboard photo.

FORTE: OK, Charlie Chan, tell me this. If we are smart enough to use a disguise on all the other incidents, why the fuck would we dress as us from here on out.

HUNNEY: A good question, Mr. Forte, and one that Mao and I lost a lot of sleep over.

UNTZ: Why indeed!

HUNNEY: You are a smart guy Mr. Forte. Tell me, what did the Weinsteins promise you? Were you going to get the lead role in DiCaprio once Bruckheimer folded and Miramax took over?

FORTE: Oh god no, I'm getting Balz... Wait, what does that have to do with the flannel shirts?

HUNNEY: Nothing, just curious. You see, if your tactic was to dress up as Messrs. Pizorney and Van Nuffle here, bluffing that they were sabotaging their own movie, you know they aren't idiots; you know that as soon as some world class detectives showed up and started rattling their cages that they would need to change tack. If it really was them, they would probably try to shift blame to someone else, so they might say, start dressing up as you and Paul here.

DANO (coming a little unhinged): You can't prove anything you clowns!

DANO takes a swing at HUNNEY, knocking off his hat. FORTE shoves the evidence board over, toppling it into the ocean. UNTZ tries to grab after the board and falls into the water as well. As everyone looks after it startled, DANO and FORTE make a run for it. LEO and JMV sprint after them, tackling them simultaneously, knocking DANO and FORTE's heads together like coconuts, knocking them out. LEO and JMV high five each other.

JEFF: What just happened?

GREG: I have no idea. I think breadishness just turned itself inside out.

CUT to a few minutes later, where FORTE and DANO are both cuffed and being dragged down the dock by UNTZ. They pass where GREG and JEFF are standing, and DANO kicks at them.

DANO: We would have gotten away with it too, if it weren't for you meddling kids!

FORTE: God damn that fucking slut of a Hoover salesman!

DAN (following them out, filming): Won't you smile for the camera!

UNTZ and HUNNEY lead the culprits onto a speedboat and buckle them down. IZZY unties the boat, and then UNTZ starts up the motor and begins speeding away from shore. The cast and crew stand at the dock and watch the boat leave, slack jawed and speechless.

After a minute, JEFF turns to GREG.

JEFF: Hey, isn't that LEO's stunt boat for the kraken scene?

GREG: Yeah, I think so. Why?

Suddenly, there is a massive explosion, as the speedboat is blown into a million tiny white hot splinters. A second later there is a heavy concussion wave, and a massive splash is seen sweeping towards them. The spectators are all blown down in a heap.

Scene.

## Scene 36 (Hawaii - Bar)

Scene opens on a busy bar somewhere on the island. There is a classy Hawaiian acoustic

band playing Steely Dan covers. It must be late, as a number of people look drunk. At a cozy little candlelit table in the middle of the joint, Jan Michael VINCENT (JMV) and Stevie NICKS are sitting, catching up on old times.

JMV: Wow, twenty years. Tell me everything. I can't believe I let you get away.

NICKS: Oh, well, I'm here now, and you are here now. That's all that matters anymore anyway.

She puts her hand on the table and he reaches out to touch it.

NICKS: Wow, you always did have the most beautiful hands. I had almost forgotten how nice they felt.

She caresses his hand a bit and then turns it over, tracing the lines of his palm.

NICKS: Well that's interesting.

JMV: What do you see?

NICKS: Well, you have this extraordinary love line here, so straight and strong, but it never meets up until right here at the end. See. And then your life line just stops right after that.

JMV: Huh. What does that mean?

NICKS: Oh, probably nothing. Just that you are finally going to get what you want in the end.

JMV: In the end, huh?

NICKS: If you're nice (she smiles).

JMV (blushing and getting up): OK, hold that thought. The beer is finally kicking in... I'll be right back.

He gets up and heads to the men's room. A moment later the waiter comes over with a shot and puts it in front of her.

WAITER: Compliments of the gentleman in the corner.

Stevie NICKS looks over to see O. Howard HERTZ sitting at a table alone, holding a matching shot. He raises it to her and waves, smiling a fantastic set of teeth. NICKS looks at the shot and then carefully pushes it away from her towards the edge of the table with her little finger. JMV returns.

JMV: Oh, wow, I love buttery nipples! Cheers! (He downs the shot). So where were we?

NICKS: So why didn't you look me up? Come and find me here in paradise? I mean if you literally thought of me every day.

JMV: Well, things ended so badly in Malta. How was I to know that guy really was

your proctologist? I guess I just assumed you never wanted to see me again. After what I said.

NICKS: You know, I don't even remember what you said anymore.

JMV coughs a bit, then clutches at his chest.

JMV: Sorry, touch of heartburn. As I recall, I told you to-

NICKS (putting her finger to his lips): Shhh, I don't want to remember. I only want to remember tonight.

JMV kisses her finger, and then she smiles and takes his hand again and sucks a bit on his little finger. He swoons a bit, and then pulls his hand back, coughing and clutching at his chest again.

JMV: Sorry, it must have been something I ate. I'm just feeling a bit off. Let's get a taxi, shall we?

NICKS: Fine by me. I have a present for you first though. I think you've earned it.

JMV: Oh yeah?

NICKS (holding up a slim key): It's the key to my apartment. You'd better keep it somewhere safe.

JMV (smirking): Safe, eh? Well, I know only one place where no one else will ever get their hands on it. (He stuffs the key down his shorts).

JMV puts down a benjamin and they get up and head for the door. He leans in close to her romantically, and then as they get to the door, it looks like it is more for support. After they get out of the restaurant, he starts staggering.

JMV: Oh god, I gotta lie down somewhere.

They pass an alleyway, and he heads over behind a dumpster where there are some soft looking trash bags piled up, and he flops down on them. He breathes heavily for a bit and then passes out.

NICKS shakes him a bit. Slapping him around in panic and loosening his collar, and calling "Jan Michael!" and such. Finally, when it becomes clear that he is not responding, she sighs, and unbuckles his pants. We see her reach her hand into his shorts and start feeling around. Suddenly there is a voice behind her.

TOURIST: OY!

NICKS looks up and there are three very large male Australian tourists standing in the entrance to the alleyway, looking at her with concern. She gets up and sprints away down towards the other end of the alleyway. The men stop and check on JMV for a moment, and then chase off after her.

## Scene 37 (Hawaii – Volcano)

Scene opens on film within film action sequence. LEO, in a white ninja outfit, crouching in the jungle at the top of a canyon. We hear an approaching helicopter. LEO has a length of rope around him, with a grappling hook at the end. He crouches in wait as the helicopter comes closer. The copter should look like Airwolf with a W.R.A.I.T.H logo added on. Best really if we could get the real Airwolf.

Cut to pilot POV as the copter weaves through the narrow tropical canyon. Cut back to LEO, rising from his crouch and twirling the rope. The copter swings around a bend into view. LEO launches the hook and rope. CUT to the runner of the copter, and the hook clanking to it and holding, the rope going taut. CUT to LEO running to the edge of the canyon and leaping off, pulled by the copter as he climbs up.

CUT to copter interior. JEFF and GREG, now replacing DANO and FORTE, are seated on a wooden crate labeled “Property of W.R.A.I.T.H.” and a serial number; a Nazi swastika has been scribbled over- it is probably contains Nazi gold or the Ark or something, they are looking queasy. Each is holding a long hunting knife, straight up. They are peering around. CUT to cockpit where a hungover Jan Michael Vincent (JMV) pilots the chopper, he is talking into his mic.

JMV: Roger that, we’re about fifteen minutes from the target.

CUT to LEO climbing up the rope as the copter flies along. The hook slides across the runner with a loud scrape. CUT to JMV.

JMV (calling back to JEFF and GREG): What was that?

JEFF (startled, airsick): What was what?

GREG (burps): Huh?

JMV (checking the instrument panel, then calling back): There’s something weighing us down on the port side! Go check it out!

GREG: Who are you talking to?

JMV: What? I’m talking to you two idiots. Who else do you think I’m talking to, the cameraman?

JEFF: Yeah, but that’s not how the script works (holding the script out). We are supposed to be external to the film within the film within the film. We only exist in the film within the film. Didn’t you ever see Inception?

VINCENT: Well I don’t know if you two dolts noticed, but the rest of the fucking crew are either dead or in the hospital. And it’s December fucking thirty first and we literally have only ten hours left to finish this goddamn movie. So fuck your script!

JMV unbuckles his harness, reaches back, grabs the script out of JEFF’s hands and tosses it out the window. JEFF shrieks. JMV returns to the controls but forgets to refasten his har-

ness.

JMV: Now go take a look at our port runner!

JEFF (to GREG): Port? (He looks behind them)

GREG: Uh... port. Port. Port. (He gets up and goes toward the back of the chopper)

JMV (screaming): Port, you fuckheads! Left!

JEFF (slapping his forehead): Oh, port! Duh.

JEFF and GREG creep toward the edge of the open side of the copter and peer over. CUT to LEO on the rope climbing up. CUT to LEO's POV, looking up and seeing them see him. CUT to JEFF and GREG's POV, watching LEO climb. They stumble backward.

JEFF (breathless): Holy fuck. It's happening.

GREG: Leo!

JEFF and GREG look at each other. Understanding passes between them instantly.

JEFF (whispering): We will never have a better opportunity than this.

JMV wobbles the chopper, trying to get LEO off balance and make him fall. We can see that there is a thin safety cable hanging from the bottom of the copter that LEO has hooked to his belt.

JMV (calling back): What's going on back there?

GREG (queasy): We're on it, Jan Michael!

JMV (calling back): Hurry the fuck up! I'll divert course over the volcano!

JEFF (eyes shining): Volcano!

They peer over the edge again. CUT to LEO hand over hand climbing the rope. He is more than halfway up.

JEFF (to GREG): This is it! This is our chance! We only have one day left!

GREG (glancing down at LEO, to JEFF): You ready to be rich?

GREG tosses his knife end over end and catches it like a badass.

JEFF (impressed): Whoa.

GREG pulls a socket wrench out of his pocket, flips up one of the seats in the chopper and unscrews the bolt holding the safety cable in place. Cut to LEO below, watching the cable come loose and falling past him.

LEO: Sweet Swayze!

GREG: Ok, let's get the grappling hook.

GREG leans his head and shoulder out the open wall of the chopper and reaches one hand out to grab the rope, and the other, holding the knife, starts sawing at the rope. A

seagull flies into the open cargo bay. JEFF shrieks and shoos it out.

CUT to LEO. He looks up at sees GREG.

LEO (astonished): Greg! No! Stop! The cable broke! (He waves the loose cable hanging from his belt). The cable! We gotta turn back!

CUT to the back end of the helicopter. DAN and a SOUND GUY holding a big fuzzy microphone are leaning out of a hatch and focusing in on LEO.

SOUND GUY: Dammit, his mic just went out. Can you make out what he's saying?

DAN: I can hardly stand to hear.

The camera swings left, back to the open door at the middle of the chopper. GREG starts sawing faster, his face a mixture of anxiety, greed and trying to hold in a shart.

CUT to exterior shot. The chopper is flying toward the spouting lava of Kilauea.

CUT to LEO, frantic on the rope, looking up at GREG then down at the looming volcano.

LEO (panicked): Greg, what are you doing? Stop this! You goddamned lunatic! (Realization dawning) Wait a second... you-

LEO tosses a ninja star up at GREG. It goes about halfway up, then the wind from the rotors sends it flying back down again at LEO. LEO shrieks, dodging it.

CUT to JMV in the cockpit. An alarm starts going off.

JMV: Shit! (into the mic) We've got a lot of particulate matter going into the manifold! It's gonna gunk up the rotors! We gotta head back.

CUT to JEFF holding GREG by the feet.

JEFF (agitated): Did you hear that? He's heading back!

GREG (leaning over the edge): Almost... got it....

CUT to LEO looking down at the volcano. CUT to close up of the rope fraying and GREG's knife sawing through. CUT to JMV in the cockpit.

JMV (calling back): The quickest way through is across the crater! There's gonna be a lot of smoke so watch ou-

JMV is interrupted by a huge plume of volcano smoke which surrounds the helicopter and pours into the cockpit. He starts coughing and choking, very badly, leaning forward and pushing the controls forward as well. The chopper lurches. CUT to JEFF and GREG, who roll and tumble in the cargo bay, GREG losing his grip on the knife.

Camera pulls back to show crew and DAN operating the movie camera, swaying and crashing into the walls. Everyone is starting to freak. CUT to cockpit. JMV is slumped over, hacking. The chopper is spinning out of control. JMV is knocked against the door, which swings open. He tries to grab for his harness, which is still unfastened, but another buffet

of hot volcano wind wobbles the chopper and JMV topples out, coughing and screaming. DAN and the crew scream.

DAN: Jan Michael! Oh Jesus!

CUT to JEFF and GREG, holding on for dear life in the cargo bay.

JEFF (screaming): Holy shit! Newman just got a point!

GREG (screaming): We're going to crash, you moron! Do you know how to fly a helicopter??

CUT to LEO, slightly back in time. He watches GREG's bowie knife fall past.

LEO (awestruck): Mothersuck!

He is quickly enveloped in smoke and the camera pulls back to show the chopper wobbling and spinning toward the ground.

CUT to chopper interior. JEFF is crawling toward the cockpit. We hear GREG calling from behind.

GREG (shouting): Do you even know what you're doing?

JEFF (calling back): How hard can it be?

CUT to exterior shot of the chopper spinning through smoke over the bubbling crater.

CUT to JEFF standing in the cockpit, holding onto the back of the pilot's chair. He stares at the controls, looks through the windshield at the onrushing slope of Kilauea. He looks again at all the dials and gauges which are blinking and squawking.

JEFF (to himself): Yeah. No.

He turns around and rushes back to GREG, bouncing off the walls and bulkheads.

JEFF: Yeah, we're gonna have to jump.

GREG (letting the shirt go): What??

JEFF: We're gonna crash. We gotta go.

CUT to LEO, who is climbing back down the rope, which is swinging wildly. We can see that now the chopper is past the crater and over the slopes of the volcano. Smoke is still pouring around but not as thickly as before.

LEO (muttering to himself): You've gotta be shitting me. Those two? I gotta get off this set, I gotta get back to LA. Those two kirschwassers are gonna get me killed!

He reaches the end of the rope and lowers himself to arm's length. Camera pulls back to show how high above the ground he still is. CUT to close-up of LEO.

LEO (determined): You won't take me alive.

Wide shot of LEO letting go of the rope and falling.



CUT to JEFF and GREG at the edge of the open wall. DAN and the sound guy are crowding behind them. We can see through the door the slope of the mountain rushing up.

JEFF (terrified): On three!

GREG jumps, screaming. The sound guy jumps. DAN jumps, screaming "Bodhisattva!!!". JEFF watches them fall.

JEFF: Fuck! (Super-fast) Onetwothree!

He jumps. Camera pulls back to show the chopper slam into the side of the volcano and explode.

Scene ends.

## Scene 38 (Hawaii - Roadhouse)

Scene opens on LEO, running down the rocky slope of the volcano, panting and stumbling and cursing GREG and JEFF. We hear the explosion of the chopper in the distance; LEO cringes and his face lights up, thinking his nemeses are dead. After a few jump cuts of LEO doing cool parkour leaps and stuff down the mountain, the camera CUTS to a deserted road at the base of the mountain. Eventually we see LEO rushing down the slope toward the camera. He reaches the road and stops, holding his side. A semi truck with a Hot Pockets logo rushes past and the camera pans to follow it, stopping on a road sign that reads "The Flaming Geyser Club, 1 mile". Suddenly we hear, from far up the mountain, the sounds of JEFF screaming at GREG. LEO starts booking in the direction of the Flaming Geyser.

CUT to Flaming Geyser exterior. It is a roadhouse bar, there is a letterboard outside advertising a "Folk Collins" concert. The parking lot is full of motorcycles and rental cars, the place has a volcano motif, maybe a cheap neon sign that spouts pink lava. LEO runs into frame and stops, doubling over and heaving.

LEO (winded): Fuck Daniel Craig. How does he do it?

LEO looks up at the Club and again from far behind we hear JEFF and GREG screaming at each other. LEO races to the door of the Club and bursts through.

CUT to the interior of the Flaming Geyser. Surprisingly the inside looks like a cool swanky cabaret, velvet curtained stage, mirrors, brasswork. There is a podium where a man in a smart tuxedo and pencil mustache stands with a cane. It is, of course, Phil COLLINS. The waitstaff that scurries in the background are all well-dressed and well-groomed. A band on the stage is setting up. LEO bursts through the door, and COLLINS gives him the stink-eye.

COLLINS (haughty): Welcome to the Flaming Geyser... sir. (Eyes LEO from head to toe) Do you have a reservation?

LEO (panting): You gotta help me, man! (He goes around the podium, grabbing COLLINS by the lapel) Please! There's these two guys after me! They're trying to sabotage this whole movie! They're trying to kill me!

COLLINS (sneering): Sir. This is the Flaming Geyser, not the Pump Room. I have no idea to what you are referring, but there is a dress code here.

LEO (sputtering): Dress code? What the fuck are you-

COLLINS (talking over him): And that sort of profanity is certainly not allowed here. Sir, if you cannot comport yourself like a civilized person, you will have to leave.

LEO (incredulous): I'm being followed! By people who are trying to kill me! (Voice rising) They already killed Neil Patrick Harris, for god's sake! You and I are nothing to them!

COLLINS, with his fingertips like he is picking filth, removes LEO's hands from his jacket and sneers at him with disdain. In the background the band starts into a ukulele-heavy version of "Two Hearts". COLLINS glances back and rolls his eyes, then faces LEO again.

COLLINS: Sir. I must ask you again. If you have a jacket, I suggest you retire and put it on and then return and we shall see what if anything the Flaming Geyser can do for you.

LEO starts to panic. He looks around the place, back at the door several times. The door opens, LEO flinches and ducks. A man enters, wearing a fringed leather vest with no shirt underneath, flowing linen pants, with long curly blond hair. It is Robert PLANT.

COLLINS (turning his attention to PLANT): Ah, Mister Plant. So good of you to join us. Your usual table is waiting. (He gestures PLANT through)

PLANT: Cheers, mate. (He slaps a \$2 bill on the podium. COLLINS bows a little, and PLANT passes through)

COLLINS (turning back to LEO): Now, then-

LEO (interrupting, screaming): That fucking hobbit didn't have a jacket! Why can't-  
The door opens again and without even looking LEO books it past COLLINS, knocking him over.

LEO (over his shoulder) So long, Buster!

LEO races through the club, knocking into waiters and spilling trays, colliding with potted palms, rounding a corner to see a huge tiki god statue which makes him shriek "Balzac!" He runs past the stage toward the back of the club, eventually coming to the restrooms. He jiggles the handle of the men's room but it is locked.

LEO (frantic, looking over his shoulder and jiggling the handle furiously): C'mon, c'mon! Hurry up!

There is a muffled voice from inside. LEO stands with his forehead against the door, get-

ting antsy. He pounds on it a couple times then gives up. He kicks the door violently and yells "Gilbert Goddamn Grape!" He rushes further along through a pair of swinging doors into the kitchens.

CUT to kitchens. LEO crashes through, knocking over huge stacks of plates and food and sending the big Hawaiian cooks into a shit fit. LEO barrels through to the back door and kicks it open.

CUT to the bathroom door LEO was just waiting at. It opens and a shirtless JASON Alexander emerges, sweating and frazzled.

JASON (looking around): Jesus! Can't a man have half an hour to himself in this country anymore?

CUT to the back of the Flaming Geyser Club. The back door flies open, LEO bursting out mid-kick. He lands and rolls ninja-style and rises to a crouch, looking around. The place is surrounded by jungle. From inside the club we hear someone yell "He went thattaway!" LEO sprints toward the thick jungle.

CUT to jungle, LEO racing and weaving through the dense foliage. Several jump cuts of LEO running through the jungle. Finally he emerges into a clearing where there is an old looking cabin, sinister as hell, but there is a light on inside. He stops and looks, then sprints to the door. CUT to LEO pounding on the cabin door.

The cabin door swings open, revealing Bruce CAMPBELL in a smoking jacket and holding a bow and arrow. He is smiling in a very charming manner.

CAMPBELL (suave): Well, hello.

LEO starts a little at the bow and arrow but at this point everything is completely nuts in his life so of course there is Bruce Campbell holding him at arrowpoint. LEO shrugs. He looks behind him into the jungle.

LEO (pleading): Mister, you gotta help me! There's these two guys after me-

CAMPBELL (interrupting, grabbing LEO by the collar and dragging him in, then peering outside into the night): Two... guys, huh?

LEO (from behind him in the cabin): Y-yeah... these two maniacs. They've been trying to kill me for months!

CAMPBELL slams the door and turns to face LEO. He looks him over. LEO looks like shit.

CAMPBELL: Well. Did you ever think maybe you deserved it? (He pauses, then laughs good-naturedly) Ha ha ha! Just kidding, friend! Come in, take a load off. You're safe here. (He pats his bow and gives LEO a long, lascivious-almost look). Say, friend, you look familiar. Are you Neil Patrick Harris?

LEO: What? No, Neil is... haven't you heard?

CAMPBELL (shrugs): I'm a bit uhhhhh off-grid here. Anyways. Sit down, Neil, I'll make

us some tea.

CAMPBELL slinks into the kitchen off-screen. LEO settles into a chair and lets out a long sigh. Finally, he feels safe. He looks around the cabin. There are mounted boar heads and piles of coconuts everywhere, an antique poster advertising Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show hangs on the wall. A stack of DVDs of LEO's movies stands in a corner but the place seems to be lit by lanterns and candlelight. CAMPBELL returns carrying two steaming mugs, one a Traveling Wilburys World Tour 1987 mug and the other with a cat on it. He sets the mugs on a table and pulls up a chair next to LEO.

CAMPBELL (gesturing to the mugs); I made you my own special brew. I grow the stuff right here.

LEO nods thanks and reaches for the Wilburys mug. CAMPBELL grins and picks up the other.

LEO (gesturing to the Buffalo Bill poster, taking a sip): Buffalo Bill, huh?

CAMPBELL (looking at the poster fondly): Oh yes. I'm a huge fan. I even cosplay.

LEO (blinks a few times, then goes on): I learned how to do some trick shooting when I was in "The Quick and the Dead". Sharon Stone showed me this one where she uses her-

CAMPBELL (interrupting): Sooooo. Tell me about this situation you find yourself in, amigo.

LEO goes into a Cliffs Notes spiel about all the crazy shit on set: Neil and the sharks, the microphone, the car wash, Fudgie, the chopper, Kevin Bacon, Untz and Hunney, the whole shebang. CAMPBELL sits nodding and patting LEO sympathetically on the knee every now and then.

CAMPBELL (soothing): Sounds like a mess of trouble you're in, buddy boy.

LEO (sighing): You're telling me. I thought being an action hero was going to be the best thing that ever happened to me. I'd be back on top, numero uno again! Jim Cameron would be begging to film my bowel movements again. But instead, it's just one long nightmare. (He sets down his mug) Mmm, good stuff.

CAMPBELL: Glad you like it, buckaroo. (There is a knock at the door. CAMPBELL stiffens and looks behind him at the door. LEO freezes, obviously clenching every orifice) (Whispering to LEO): Shh. Stay out of sight.

LEO flops to the floor and hides while CAMPBELL goes to the door. The camera stays on LEO's sweaty nervous face as we hear CAMPBELL open the door and a voice say something about any unexpected visitor. CAMPBELL says clearly that no, no one has knocked on his door but he'll keep an eye out and be in touch if anything strange happens. LEO's eyes now begin to narrow. We hear the door shut and a bolt being shot, and CAMPBELL's footsteps coming back.

CAMPBELL (from above): You can get up now. They're gone.

LEO slowly rises. CAMPBELL smiles and hands LEO his mug.

CAMPBELL (smoothly): Drink up, chum.

LEO takes the mug. The camera lingers on the mugs. One, LEO's, is obviously a darker shade than CAMPBELL's, in fact CAMPBELL's looks like water. LEO takes the mug, his hand shaking a little.

CAMPBELL: Bottoms up. (He pushes on the base of LEO's mug. LEO is wobbly, he lifts the mug to his mouth and drinks. He sways then drops.)

CUT to black.

Scene opens again on CAMPBELL, removing his bathrobe to reveal he is dressed in a fringy, rodeo cowboy outfit (he is technically dressed as Buffalo Bill). He puts on a hat and picks up the unconscious body of LEO from the chair. He tosses him over his shoulder like a sack of flour. He looks around the room and grins.

CAMPBELL (pleased as punch): Woodshed.

Exeunt CAMPBELL bearing LEO.

Scene ends.

## Scene 39 (Hawaii - Woodshed)

LEO comes to, finding himself naked in a woodshop with his head and hands in a pillory-like device that is attached to a workbench. It is kinda creepy and rustic in here, with lots of scary-looking axes, saws, and rusty tools. There is sawdust everywhere, and plenty of suspicious stains that look like they could be blood. There is also, for no particularly good reason, a Xanadu (the movie) poster on one wall.

CAMPBELL is over to the side sharpening some terrifying tools. He is humming the theme to Xanadu as he works. LEO struggles, and finds himself unable to get free. He still feels woozy and has a terrible headache. His stomach is also upset from the tea and begins to rumble. He stifles a gag.

After a moment, CAMPBELL turns around holding a custom modified chainsaw (kind of a mad Max or burning man looking device). He walks up and caresses one of LEO's butt cheeks with his bare hand.

CAMPBELL: I bet you think you're pretty, don't you.

LEO: Urrm. Ugggh.

CAMPBELL grabs LEO by the hair on the back of his head and lifts his head up, straining it against the wooden yoke that holds it in place.

CAMPBELL: Hey, I'm talking to you, boy!

LEO: Wha?

CAMPBELL: I said I bet you think you're pretty, boy! (Campbell spits on LEO's back).

LEO: If you say so, I guess. People tell me that a lot.

CAMPBELL: Well, actually, you ain't pretty yet. But you will be when I am done with you. (He takes a bottle of tool oil and pours it out on LEO's back, then begins to rub it in).

LEO's stomach growls

LEO: Hey, mister, I need to use the bathroom.

CAMPBELL: You only do what I tell you to now, boy.

LEO (his voice shaky): Hey, I don't know if I'm about to die here, or worse, but I just want to say, for the record, that Brisco County was my favorite show of all time.

CAMPBELL (hesitating a little): Oh yeah? (He steps back over to the other workbench for a moment to put on a welder's mask, which he keeps up for the moment).

LEO: Yeah, I don't know why they canceled it. So what if nobody was watching it. I mean, Friday at 8pm?? Those network executives are a pack of clowns.

This seems to enrage CAMPBELL, who yells and fires up the chainsaw. He begins to step towards LEO, whose stomach growls again, super loud.

LEO: Oh god no! Please no! NO!!!!

CAMPBELL laughs maniacally, then and dunks the chainsaw in a bucket of what is hopefully pig's blood, then revs it up for effect, splattering blood everywhere and laughing insanely. Close in on LEO's face, which appears to at first lose all sign of composure, and then breaks into a look of intense concentration. We hear his stomach growling along with the chainsaw.

Cut back to the side view of the action. As Campbell steps forward and lowers the chainsaw, LEO lets loose and sprays a massive jet of projectile diarrhea out towards CAMPBELL and all over the floor. The chainsaw kicks some of the material up into his nose and mouth and eyes, and CAMPBELL screams, flailing at his face with his free hand.

CAMPBELL: GAAAAA!!

As CAMPBELL wipes frantically at his eyes, he steps into the large puddle of diarrhea on the floor and slips, losing his footing. The chainsaw flies out of his hands and slides over towards LEO. At it has been modified, it is still running, even without someone pulling the trigger.

The welder's mask has been knocked down and askew on CAMPBELL's face, and he has trouble seeing, but moves to get up.

LEO slides his feet back and drops down almost onto his knees, dangling from the yoke.

He fishes around with his feet, and somehow manages to grab the chainsaw between them and lift it off the ground.

As CAMPBELL tries to get up, he puts his hands in the puddle, and he slips again. His mask flies off, and he slides towards LEO, head first. LEO shoves back with the chainsaw as CAMPBELL slides towards him, and the blade digs deep into the side of his neck, spraying blood all up LEO's butt and back. CAMPBELL goes limp. LEO stabs at him with the chainsaw a few more times for good measure until it jams up and stalls, and then he finally drops it and hangs, exhausted.

CUT back to the jungle. JEFF and GREG have doubled back to the area of the cabin and are slashing about in the foliage with their machetes.

GREG: Dammit, I think we lost him. Goodbye, Billy Joel!

Suddenly there is a series of loud chainsaw noises and screams from somewhere nearby.

JEFF: Wait, did you hear that?!

The sounds stop. Soon, the sounds of someone yelling "Help" can plainly be heard.

GREG: I think it's coming from that woodshed back there.

JEFF and GREG book it for the woodshed, and burst in, holding their machetes. They see LEO naked in the pillory, covered in blood, now panting, but his footing regained. There is blood and diarrhea everywhere, and CAMPBELL lies on the floor shredded in his rodeo outfit. It is important to remember that LEO's head and hands are basically clamped down to the table this entire scene.

GREG: Holy shit (he grimaces and holds his nose).

JEFF: Literally. (He puts his hand over his nose and looks at his watch.) It's 4:31 P.M. on New Year's Eve! There must be a god. There is no other explanation.

LEO sees them and begins shaking, cursing and crying.

LEO: Oh shit, are you serious?? Come on!! Nooo!!! What the fuck!

GREG (to JEFF): Well, do you want to do the honors?

JEFF (weighing his machete): Me? I don't know. I figured that was more your thing.

GREG: What? My thing? What kind of guy do you take me for? Some heartless Guido? But yeah... we do need to hurry before the cops get here. (He holds his hand out in a fist). Rochambeau?

JEFF and GREG play paper scissors rock and JEFF loses.

JEFF: Dammit! Or wait... does that mean I have to kill him now, or does that mean you get to kill him?

GREG: Oh yeah, we didn't make that clear. Best two out of three?

LEO (hollering): GENTLEMEN!

GREG (to LEO): Shut up! Can't you see we're busy here? Besides, you'll be dead in a minute anyway, hold your horses.

LEO (still yelling): Look! Look, just stop here! Just stop for a moment! Don't I get any last words at least? Look! At this point, yeah, ok, so it's pretty clear I'm gonna die here, but you owe me one thing. Can you just tell me what the fuck is going on here? Like you guys have been trying to kill me since before I even stepped onto this piece of crap film set, but I don't have the slightest idea why! Why! Why?? Why the fuck do you guys want me dead? I mean, this is your fucking movie, guys. I even thought we were friends.

JEFF (menacingly): Shut your face hole, Leonard! You know why!

LEO: What? No I don't! Fuck, everyone I know loves me! I'm Leonardo DiCaprio! I have a spider and a beetle named after me! Like are you guys from the oil companies? The military-solowheel complex? Do you hate the environment? Is it my acting? I can't imagine why... I got a fucking Oscar, for god's sake. Did Tarantino send you?

JEFF: Uggggh, just shut up already! (He turns back to GREG). Damn, it's hard to kill him when he's so sad and whiny.

GREG (thinking for a moment, then listening outside for a signs of a siren but hearing nothing): Hmm... well, maybe the least we can do is offer him some kind of explanation.

GREG walks over to LEO, gingerly stepping over the blood and shit.

GREG: Umm... (he pats his machete in his hand nervously.) You see, it's like this. Back in March we placed a bet in this online celebrity death pool thing. We don't have a lot of money, so we could only really go for a long shot, and according to the oddsmakers, you are the longest shot there is. We placed some easy money on a number of sure things like the late Gene Hackman or the late, great Larry Storch, and then chained the bet to you, which gave us a ten times multiplier. After that, all we had to do then was kill you. So I had JEFF write this script here.

LEO: What?! Are you fucking serious? This is about money? (He starts laughing kind of deliriously).

GREG: Ummm....

JEFF: Well, duh. He said we were poor!

LEO: This is about money!

GREG: Yeah, basically. Also, I had this idea for a french dip restaurant, where you could get different types of-



LEO: Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me. I mean I thought you guys were stupid when I met you, but holy shit, I had nooo idea. Nooo fucking clooooo! (He laughs again). So, how much money are we talking about anyway?

JEFF: Well, ten million dollars, split two ways, minus tax of course. We're not libertarians, for fucks sake.

LEO (incredulously): Ten million dollars!

JEFF: Yeah. Ten million dollars.

LEO (laughing again): Do you numbskulls have any idea how much money I have? Like in the bank even?

GREG and JEFF: Umm, no.

LEO: Christ, I've spent more than ten million dollars on a suit. Look, you guys want ten million dollars, go grab my pants over there and get my checkbook out. I'll write you each a check for ten fucking million right now!

JEFF: You carry your checkbook with you? That's old school as hell. That's almost hipster. (Pauses and glares at LEO) (Screams) God, I wanna kill you!

GREG: Really? OK. (He heads for the pants)

LEO: But you have to promise to let me go. No killing me!

JEFF: How do we know you aren't going to just tell the cops on us?

LEO (frustrated): How do you function in the world being this dumb?! Arrrgh! Guys! Do you even know what kind of connections I have? Do you know how much money you can make as script writers in Hollywood? I mean, the stuff you guys are doing is totally idiotic, sure, but it's also fucking completely original. I mean look around any theatre, the film industry is dying. It's all fucking comic books and superheroes and reboots from here to eternity. Why would I turn you guys in? I need morons like you! I mean, I can't write this original stuff, I'm the face, not the brains. And besides, do you have any idea how much pussy you guys are going to get when this movie comes out? Or dick... I don't want to judge or presume. You guys are going to be fucking huge! You have such amazing careers ahead of you, and I want to be a part of that.

JEFF looks stunned. GREG thinks a bit.

JEFF (agape, to GREG): Is he for real? He's crazier than we are.

GREG (to LEO): Well, gosh. I don't know.

LEO: You don't know!!!!?? Jesus Christ! Just pick up the god damn phone and call 911. Tell them you were looking for me after the crash and discovered me here being attacked by some maniac, and that you heroically fought him off! Tell them you saved my life! Do you have any idea what kind of a media circus is going to erupt!? Fuck,

and on New Year's Eve, for god's sake? You're gonna be heroes! Just do it, man!!!

JEFF (nodding): Yes. You know, Neil, I think you're onto something.

LEO: I am? I mean, yes, I am!

GREG: Yeah. I think we have a deal.

LEO (almost weeping): Oh thank god for blessing me with such greedy idiots!

JEFF: Just one more thing.

LEO: What? Come on, I'm gonna need a doctor here. My guts are on fire. What is it?

GREG takes a rag and wipes off a spot on the workbench, then slides the checkbook under LEO's right hand. He sticks a pen in LEO's hand.

JEFF: Sign.

GREG (grinning as LEO signs, under his breath): Success.

## Scene 40 (Hawaii)

Scene opens on the parking lot of the Flaming Geyser Club, which is overrun by media: news cameras and reporters and bright lights, a huge crowd of gawkers, police trying to keep the crowd under control. Maybe a helicopter overhead sweeping the parking lot with a spotlight. JEFF and GREG, with LEO wrapped in a Snuggie between them and looking like lukewarm shit, are looking like two deer in headlights while LEO is putting on a performance of relief and gratitude. The three are swarmed by media people, shouting questions.

REPORTER 1 (shouting): Leo, this entire production has seemed cursed. How does it feel to have been at the mercy of lunatics like Paul Dano and Will Forte, fellow actors who you had worked with?

REPORTER 2 (shouting over REPORTER 1): Leo, these two guys were the writers? How did they know-

LEO (interrupting, sounding weary and ready to collapse): These two guys are heroes. I'd be dead without Greg and... uh. (Glances at JEFF)

JEFF (stunned): Jeff!

LEO: And Seth. They heard the crash and set off into the jungle to find me. And thank god they did! If it weren't for these two amazing guys, that mega-chinned psychopath would have chopped me up. (Starts weeping) I owe these guys everything....

The news cameras click like crazy and a couple of state troopers shove their way through and escort LEO, JEFF and GREG into the back of a police van to take them to the hospital.

CUT to SCHUMACHER's trailer, close-up on a newspaper face up on his desk, the headline reading "UNLIKELY HEROES SAVE DiCAPRIO FROM DEATH". SCHUMACHER is kicked back in his chair, smoking a cigarette from a long ebony cigarette holder, a la The Penguin. He blows a smoke ring. JERRY bursts in, carrying the same newspaper and a huge hunk of the legendary Hoagie.

JERRY (ecstatic): Sweet Kid Charlemagne, Joel! It's finally done! Thank god. I was starting to wonder. And have you seen this late edition? (He slaps the paper) Talk about the best advertising you could ever want! It's genius! Whose idea was it?

SCHUMACHER (puzzled): Idea? What the fuck are you talking about, Jerry? Paul and Will ended up being crazy psychos who were trying to kill Leo and destroy this whole film! It wasn't a PR move!

JERRY (chuckling): Well, I just love it! Love it! It's gonna get the asses in the seats, that's for sure!

SCHUMACHER (sighing): I hope you're right, Jerry. Dan is wrapping up the final cut right now. He had to splice some old footage into the chopper scene. Some throwing star ninja shit. I dunno. I'm just the director, I'm not Bruce fucking Lee.

JERRY: Man, imagine if we coulda gotten him! Did we even try??

SCHUMACHER (staring, after awhile he responds): I don't believe we did. (Pause) I for one am glad this movie is finally in the can (JERRY snorts). This has been the most insanely breadish experience of my entire career.

JERRY (standing, beaming): Well, make that the second most breadish! How'd you like to direct "DiCaprio 2"?

SCHUMACHER stares at JERRY, then opens a desk drawer and pulls out a snub-nosed revolver and sets it on the desk in front of him.

SCHUMACHER (quietly): Jerry, can you give me, like, five minutes?

JERRY shrugs and stands, tapping the rolled-up paper against his leg. He gives a cheery wave and exits the trailer. Long shot of the trailer, SCHUMACHER alone, not moving. Finally, he lets out a despondent sob.

CUT to beachfront restaurant where JEFF and GREG first saw the news of NPH's death. JEFF and GREG are seated at the bar, in noticeably nicer, if still schlubby, clothes. They each have a huge fruity umbrella drink in front of them. On the TV above their heads, TV news shots of LEO and them keep flashing. People in the background obviously recognize them. A young gorgeous blonde comes up and asks for GREG's autograph. He signs and she scurries off, giggling.

JEFF (scoffs): Well now she's gonna steal your identity. Nice work, why don't you just give her your social security number?

GREG (leering at her): Oh she's gonna need socialized medicine by the time I'm-

JEFF (interrupting): What the hell does that even mean?

GREG (guzzling his drink): Why are you so damn crabby? We're rich! We got everything we wanted. I'm meeting with those French Dip guys as soon as we get back to Seattle, you have Phil Collins on speed-dial now. Why the hell can't you just enjoy yourself? Reap the reward of your and my--and Leo's, I guess--hard work! Besides, we're going to be big Hollywood script-writers! You can take that drawer full of rejection slips and start wiping prostitute's asses with them!

JEFF (cheering up a little): Y'know, you're right. I just have this strange feeling that we forgot something.

GREG (throwing his hands up): And so what if we did? Who cares? We got rich! We got our movie made! We're at the threshold of a life of limitless ease and hot-and-cold running proctologists. We're on easy street, pal. Fuck loose ends!

JEFF (now pretty happy): Yeah! (He sees them on the TV and points) Look at us! We're fucking heroes!

The bartender slides two more drinks down the bar to them and nods toward someone off-screen.

BARTENDER: Compliments of the gentleman.

JEFF and GREG glance down. Camera pans to show Pierce BROSNAN sitting at the end of the bar. He salutes them with a fruity drink of his own and smiles warmly.

GREG: Oh crap.

JEFF: Dalton!

BROSNAN gets up and moseys over, elbowing a guy out of the stool next to JEFF and sitting down. He laughs and smiles like he's genuinely happy to see them.

BROSNAN: Well, if it isn't Hawaii's most famous (heavily accenting the word) hooligans! Ha ha ha, wonderful to see you again!

JEFF (awkward): Uh... likewise?

GREG: Yeah, hiya. How's it hanging?

BROSNAN (chuckling): Why, it's hanging quite nicely, good squire! Thank you for your interest!

GREG: Uhhh.

BROSNAN: Seems you blackguards have redeemed yourselves of your dastardly ways! I commend you! (He raises his glass. JEFF and GREG chug deeply) Ha ha.

JEFF: All in a day's work, really.

GREG (nodding): Yeah. We do this all the time back home.

BROSNAN: Well, tell me, good fellows. Do you also, 'back home', have a thing which the Japanese have gifted us, that which they call the 'empty wind'?

JEFF (eyes bugging, blushing): Oh I'm sorry... I had a hard-boiled egg on my way here....

BROSNAN (wrinkling his nose): I refer, of course, to (ridiculous Anglo pronunciation) ka-ray-oh-kay.

GREG: Karaoke, you mean? Yeah. Uh, we have that back home. Why?

BROSNAN (claps his hands once): Wonderful! Well, gentlemen, I don't mean to toot my own horn (JEFF and GREG snort) but... (looking around sneakily) I myself am quite the aficionado (he pronounces it "a-fissy-a-nado") of the ka-ray-oh-kay.

JEFF: You don't say.

BROSNAN: I do say! And I'd like to extend to you fine and chivalrous men an invitation! Tonight! This very night! An evening enfreshened by the empty wind itself! You, me, and song!

GREG (blinks several times): Why the fuck not?

JEFF (shooting GREG a nasty look, to GREG harshly): Oh I dunno, maybe because-

BROSNAN (interrupting): Delightful! Now, it is most imperative you meet back here at precisely seven of the clock! Repeat that back to me, so I know you've got it!

JEFF and GREG: Seven o'clock?

BROSNAN: I knew you were men of quality and precision! Lovely! (He stands and claps each on the shoulder) Until then!

Exit BROSNAN. JEFF and GREG slurp their drinks in silence until they are empty.

GREG: Being famous is badass.

CUT to same bar, it is now evening. GREG is sitting at a table, watching JEFF and BROSNAN perform a rousing and impassioned version of Mammy Blue. They are drinking Bud Light, and there is a plate of cupcakes before them. Several cupcake wrappers and empty Silver Bullets litter the table.

JEFF and BROSNAN: Oh mammy!! Oh mammy mammy!! Oh mammy blue! Oh mammy blue!

BROSNAN and JEFF finish, sweaty and beaming, and come over to join GREG.

BROSNAN: My God! What a performance!

BROSNAN cracks and chugs in quick succession like four Buds. JEFF and GREG just stare at him, they have cupcake crumbs all down their shirts. Finally, he lets out a huge belch and sways a bit, putting his arm around GREG's chair and leans in.

BROSNAN: Did I ever tell you... I have a license?

GREG (uncomfortable): A... license?

BROSNAN (belches): Oh yes. A license... to thrill.

JEFF stands up, claps GREG on the shoulder, grabs a couple of cupcakes, and walks out.  
Scene ends.

## Scene 41 (Seattle – Newman’s Apartment)

Open on NEWMAN’s cluttered basement apartment. The walls are covered in Bud Light bikini girl 80’s posters, a velvet Elvis, maybe a magic eye poster. The race car bed has ET sheets on it. There are comic books all over the place, action figures spilling out of milk crates, dirty laundry everywhere. NEWMAN sits at a tiny desk, hunched over his Tandy computer (on the celebrity deadpool site), there is a huge stack of dot-matrix printer paper next to him, which he keeps referring to (this is the algorithm he created to win the deadpool). He sits on a rickety stool, resting a big bag of Funyuns on his gut and slurping a Big Gulp. There are several more empty Big Gulps cluttering the desk.

NEWMAN (tapping keys, leafing through the papers:) Time’s running out!

He glances at his Mickey Mouse clock, which shows it is several hours to midnight on NYE. Suddenly an alert pops up on his computer.

NEWMAN (inches from the screen): Breaking news... Hawaii... (reading from a news feed) “More tragic news tonight from the Hawaii set of a film already beset by numerous tragedies. Local authorities are reporting... (he pauses, then continues, his voice rising in excitement) the death of actor Jan Michael Vincent in a helicopter/ volcano collision on the Kilauea crater!” Sweet mother of Shai-Hulud! YESSSS!!!! I’m rich! I’m rich!

NEWMAN leaps up, ecstatic, spilling Funyuns all over the place and knocking his Big Gulp onto the keyboard of his Tandy, he doesn’t even notice. He is dancing around like a fat gorilla, whooping and hollering, chanting “JMV, JMV, JMV!” Behind him the Tandy begins to sizzle. He grabs his phone from under a pile of laundry and starts texting, still laughing and hollering. A loud pop comes from the computer. NEWMAN shrieks and jumps back, screaming. A loud thumping comes from the ceiling and a muffled voice yells “Quiet down there, you pigfuck!”

NEWMAN flees the smoke-filling room.

Scene ends.

## Scene 42 (Hawaii - Beach Bar)

It is new year's eve. LEO is relaxing by himself on a lounge chair on the beach, looking into the waves. Some kids are down on the beach setting off firecrackers. He has a hospital band around his wrist, a couple of bandaids here and there, and one of his arms is in a sling. A waiter in a lei comes up to him with a tray and LEO takes a frosty drink with an umbrella. In the background, we can just barely make out JEFF and IZZY walk by holding hands and sipping lattes.

LEO: Thank you. Oh, do you know when the fireworks start? I kinda lost my watch.

WAITER: Well, it's quarter to midnight, so the official ones should start in about 15 minutes.

LEO: Perfect (he sips his drink).

LEO puts the drink down and puts his one good arm behind his head and kicks back. We zoom in on his face, showing his satisfied smile as he monologues.

LEO: You know, life moves pretty fast. If you stop and look around too much, it could pass you by. People think that it's easy being me. They tell me all the time, oh, but if I had been you then it'd be me getting all the attention, winning all the awards, getting all the girls, making all the money. Not true, I tell them... if you had been me you wouldn't be me, you'd still be you, and there you are. You see, I'm not who I am because I was just anyone, I'm me because I was me. And if I must add, I work pretty hard at being me. I quote John Lennon: I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together. Only I don't have to bum rides off anyone. Because I'm Leonardo Goddamn DiCaprio.

LEO pauses and looks off towards the beach. An attractive young woman in a bikini walks by and blows him a big kiss.

LEO: Yep, I still got it.

As he is talking we can just barely make out KEATON coming up behind him. When LEO is done talking, he smiles smugly to himself and then takes a long, loud, satisfying slurp from his drink.

The credits start to roll.

Suddenly there is the flash of a samurai sword, and LEO's head comes flying off. We see it come rolling forward in slow motion towards the camera. As it approaches it fills the screen, and we can still see the famous million dollar smile plastered across his face. The head flies by the camera, and we can now clearly see the body slumped forward and KEATON standing behind him holding the sword.

KEATON (shouting and throwing his hands out wide): I'm king of the world!

The movie fades to black, and the credits continue.

## Credits (Scene 43)

Credits play to music. Suggested song: NIN Closer, as covered by Billy Joel. Or maybe just the full version of Show Biz Kids.

### Scene 43a (During Credits)

During the credits, we see a sidebar of GREG and JEFF doing a whole bunch of rich famous people stuff, such as:

- Attending a Lakers game with Jack Nicholson and palling around, colliding chests and yelling at the ref and throwing chairs.
- Getting their own shared Hollywood Walk of Fame star for being “writers”.
- Cutting the ribbon in front of a “GREG’S DIPWICH” restaurant.
- Running away from a mob of adoring fans.
- JEFF coaching Lou Gramm in a recording studio.
- Accepting an Oscar award, and then having Kanye grab the mic from them.
- Picking up hookers on Hollywood Blvd in a Porsche, with Hugh Grant.
- Hanging out with CAAN eating ice cream by the pool, maybe the boy floats by face down and no one even cares.
- Doing lines of coke off a glass topped table while a naked fat guy shoots goldfish out of his ass.
- Trashing a room at the Chateau Marmont.
- Sending back a plate of sushi at Urasawa because it’s “undercooked” and being rude to the waitstaff. Maybe Emma WATSON is with us.
- Trying to get out of a speeding ticket in a DeLorean in Malibu by showing Erik Estrada some man-cleavage.
- Realizing while listening to “Pretzel Logic” that Dan was speaking in Steely Dan lyrics the whole fucking time.
- Greg getting a special delivery of cupcakes from Pierce Brosnan, Timothy Dalton is the singing telegram who delivers them.
- Watching soccer at Wembley in the VIP booth with Phil Collins.
- On stage with Jim Broadbent wearing Santa hats and holding a flounder.
- Greg and Jeff on the Tonight Show, along with Lenny Dykstra again.
- Newman crashing JMV’s funeral, making a huge scene and climbing into the grave.



- Martin Scorsese up late watching the news with a tumbler of scotch, hears about Leo's death, leaps up and shouts "Thank God! I never have to work with that son of a bitch again!" Bar Raffaelli walks past in the background in her bra and panties, glances at the tv and makes the jerk-off hand motion, kisses Marty on the head and walks out of frame.
- KEATON panhandling on the beach in Hawaii.
- Getting shitfaced at George Clooney's Christmas party and humping his leather couch.
- Steven Spielberg looking at a script, throwing it down in disgust, and saying "What is this schlock? Fire these clowns and get me Pizorney and Van Nuffle!"

## Scene 43b (During Credits)

The last part of the during credits montage shows GREG and JEFF on a superyacht in the Mediterranean. They are hanging out with Billy Joel and racing zappys on the deck. A couple of stiff looking guys in white coats are standing around holding specimen bottles, acting as obstacles for the race. Billy Joel wins the zappy race, and all three laugh and cheer and pat each other on the back, then head over to a hot tub and settle in for a drink. The music should stop here.

As the credits end, Jeff takes a sip of his drink, and then addresses Billy JOEL:

JEFF: Did I ever mention that my mom grew up next door to you? Maureen.

JOEL: Really? Yeah, I remember her. She was a nice girl.

GREG stretches back and looks around at the water and the boat and the sun and birds and islands in the distance.

GREG: You know, it's sad Leo isn't here to share this with us.

JOEL: Leo? Leo DiCaprio?

GREG: Yeah. Great guy.

JOEL: You know, he always reminded me of this stupid joke my dad used to tell all the time. Do you know why F. Scott Fitzgerald drank so much?

JEFF drops his drink in the tub.

## Scene 44 (After Credits)

We show a silent and solemn montage of all the artists lost to this film.

Corey Feldman: 1971-2019

NPH: 1973-2019

Kevin Bacon: 1958-2019

Seagull: 2015-2019

Susan A. "Schwartzie" Schwartz (Extra): 1998-2019

Anthony Michael Hall: 1968-2019

Philip Michael Thomas: 1949-2019

Will Forte: 1970-2019

Paul Dano: 1984-2019

Jan Michael Vincent: 1944-2019

Bruce Campbell: 1958-2019

Leonardo DiCaprio: 1974-2019





The Hanging Gardens of Babylon  
The Great Pyramid of Giza  
The Grand Canyon  
Andre the Giant  
LeBron James  
The Internet  
**Decapleo**

Well, hermano, disgusting coincidences are what make the world go round. Like how Thomas Crapper invented the toilet. Or Otto Titschling invented the bra. And Dick Hamm, the footlong. If it weren't for those dudes, this world would be a less colorful place!

What? You do know none of that is true, right?

Who gives a fuck if it's true? It feels good to believe it. Ain't that what the world is all about? Feeling good about the crap you believe in? Besides, where do you think the word "crap" comes from anyway?

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