

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

White letters on a black background.

ON SCREEN

Based on a True Story.

Screen goes back to black, white letters reappear.

ON SCREEN

I don't know whose, but it must
apply to somebody.

Screen goes back to black, white letters reappear.

ON SCREEN

I mean, even vaguely, kinda.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two men are walking down the street, ROBERT Leroy Parker
and HARRY Alonzo Longabaugh. They are approached by ETTA
Place and EUNICE Gray.

ETTA

Hello.

EUNICE

Hello.

ROBERT

Um, hello.

HARRY

Hi.

Eunice nudges Etta.

ETTA

Look, I'm about to join a convent.

ROBERT

What a coincidence, so was I.

EUNICE

She's not really.

ROBERT

Well, you shouldn't claim you were. That's my chosen profession.

HARRY

Shut up, Robert. We all know you failed the exam.

ETTA

Yes, anyway, well I'm...

EUNICE

She's about to give up men. Give up on them, rather.

ROBERT

What a coincidence, so was I.

EUNICE

So, I told her...

ETTA

She said I should just give it one more try. To go up to the next man I meet, and if it didn't work out, then I could give up. I told her it was the most stupid idea in the world.

ROBERT

What a coincidence, so was I.

HARRY

Will you stop saying that?

ETTA

Anyway, let's get this over with.

(to Harry)

Are you married?

HARRY

No.

ETTA
Dating anyone?

HARRY
No.

ETTA
Straight?

HARRY
Define straight.

EUNICE
Do you like women?

HARRY
Oh, yes.

EUNICE
Sexually.

HARRY
Generally.

EUNICE
But do you also like men?

HARRY
You mean sexually?

EUNICE
Yes.

HARRY
Not to my knowledge. Robert, do I
like men?

ROBERT
Sexually, no, not yet, at least.

ETTA
Do you find me attractive?

HARRY
Robert, do I find her attractive?

ROBERT
Compared to what?

HARRY

I'll say yes.

ETTA

Are you a sick freak or a weirdo?

HARRY

I may be a weird, freak sicko.

ROBERT

No, you can't be, that's my job,
until I get that nunnery position,
of course.

HARRY

Ah, then no.

ETTA

Are you intelligent?

HARRY

No, sorry. No, wait, I forgot.
Yes, I am.

ETTA

Are you nice?

HARRY

I'll kill anyone who says
different.

EUNICE

We've already established he's
good-looking enough.

HARRY

Only enough?

ETTA

Well, that's kind of the point.
See, there are lots of better
looking men.

ROBERT

I am a good example of that.

ETTA

But if you were, say, perfect in all the other areas, you'd be more than good looking enough. That is to say your other qualities would make up for your less than stellar physique.

EUNICE

And I say, you can't find that out, until you try to find out.

ETTA

But then I say, if he's a jerk, or worse, is it really worth going for such an improbability?

ROBERT

You're right, he should take the risk. Go back in time and introduce yourself, Harry.

HARRY

How do you do? My name is Harry.

ROBERT

And I'm Robert.

ETTA

Etta.

EUNICE

Eunice.

ROBERT

I didn't know they named children Eunice any more.

EUNICE

They don't. My parents lost a bet.

Pause. Eunice starts picking at her sweater. Etta looks around. Harry searches his pockets, finds what he was looking for and gives a sigh of relief, takes out nothing. Robert starts scratching his leg. They all stop their activities simultaneously and look at each other.

HARRY

So, do you come here often?

ETTA

What, this spot of sidewalk?

HARRY

Well, am I the first guy you've tried this on?

ETTA

Yes, and quite likely the last.

HARRY

Is that good or bad for me?

ETTA

I don't know. I honestly don't know what this is supposed to prove.

EUNICE

Well, do you hate him?

ETTA

No.

EUNICE

Hold on a second.

Eunice takes Etta to the side.

EUNICE

(quietly)

Will you go out on a date with him?

ROBERT

We can hear you!

EUNICE

Oh yeah, what did I say?

ROBERT

Um, "I think that Robert guy is really dashing."

EUNICE

Oh, like I'm going to use a word like "dashing."

ROBERT

Well, it seemed like something a "Eunice" would say.

EUNICE

(quietly)

Well will you?

ETTA

(quietly)

You'd have to come with me.

EUNICE

(quietly)

Dates don't work like that.

ETTA

(quietly)

Double dates do.

ROBERT

Is she saying I'm dashing also?

HARRY

I think they're contemplating taking us out on a double date.

ROBERT

You can hear them?

HARRY

Yes, it's a lot easier hearing others without the continual thoughts of oneself going through one's head.

EUNICE

Well, how about it?

HARRY

Well, I'm game, but who are we going to have to pair with Robert's ego?

ROBERT

Robert's ego doesn't need anyone else, thank you very much.

ETTA

And Eunice, once this date goes as badly as I suspect it will, will you finally allow me to pursue a scientific solution for asexual reproduction?

ROBERT

Hey, how come no one thought to ask me if I was single and available?

EUNICE

Or straight or a weird sicko?

ROBERT

Oh, I already copped to being a weird sicko, as for straight, I'd have to be, to be seen with a man like Harry.

HARRY

Since when? What if you were insecure, and didn't want to be seen with someone too attractive?

ROBERT

Well, that wouldn't have anything to do with my being straight.

HARRY

Well, I don't see what my appearance has anything to do with your being straight, either.

ROBERT

Well...

ETTA

(interrupting, to Eunice)

This is going to be the longest date I've ever been on.

ROBERT
(while Etta is
speaking)
...If I was gay, and you were
attractive, that would show other
potentials that my standards were
high, at least in the people I
associate with...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Etta, Eunice, Robert, and Harry enter a bar. It is crowded
and loud.

HARRY
It's too loud in here.

ETTA
What?

Harry leads Etta out, Eunice and Robert follow.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Etta, Eunice, Robert, and Harry are outside the bar.

ETTA
It was too loud to hear what you
were saying.

Harry rolls his eyes.

HARRY
So, what do you do?

ETTA
I exist. You want something
specific?

HARRY
In the job territory.

ETTA
I'm in collections.

HARRY
Well, you're collecting in on my
heart.

ETTA
Am I?

HARRY
Actually, I don't know yet.

ROBERT
Well, we'll let you love-birds
flutter. Eunice and I are going
back into the bar.

EUNICE
We are?

ROBERT
Because I'm going to buy you a
drink.

EUNICE
We are.

Robert and Eunice enter the bar.

HARRY
I think they just want to be
somewhere they don't have to talk
to each other.

ETTA
Oh, I think they get along better
than you think.

HARRY
How about us?

ETTA
Do I think we get along better
than you think? I don't know,
what do you think?

HARRY
I think it was loud in there.

ETTA
That's what I thought.

Eunice and Robert return.

ETTA
That was quick.

ROBERT
It's too there in loud.

EUNICE
It's too loud in there.

ROBERT
Yeah... I'm drunk.

EUNICE
You don't seem it.

ROBERT
That's because I wide it hell.

HARRY
You don't usually fall into
spoonerisms when you're drunk.

Robert thinks.

ROBERT
That's because You're Not Drunk.

HARRY
That makes no sense.

ROBERT
That's because you're not drunk.

ETTA
Well, I think he's drunk. He's
not as much of a dick.

EUNICE
Okay, you're drunk.

HARRY

Are you drunk?

EUNICE

If I don't know the answer, the answer is yes.

HARRY

Do you know the answer?

ROBERT

No, really, I am a dick sometimes.

HARRY

You didn't answer the question. I guess, you are drunk then.

ROBERT

Yes. Wait, now I know the answer, am I sober?

ETTA

Come on, Eunice, it's time for some girl talk.

Etta takes Eunice by the arm, they walk a distance. Harry and Robert are heard briefly continuing their conversation AD LIB, until out of focus.

ETTA

What do you think of these guys?

EUNICE

I think they are very strange.

ETTA

Are they stranger than us?

EUNICE

(waits, thinks)

Probably.

ETTA

Is that a problem?

EUNICE

No, not for me. But it does make for a strange situation.

ETTA

How so?

EUNICE

Well, neither one has asked either of us what we do or where we live.

ETTA

But we haven't asked them that, either.

EUNICE

Why haven't we? Aren't we curious.

ETTA

Well, I think both of us are hoping they'll open to those questions. Like, do you have any hobbies, nobody's asked about hobbies.

EUNICE

I think one of them is a pot-head.

ETTA

Which one?

EUNICE

I don't know yet.

ETTA

Well, what makes you think that?

EUNICE

The only people I know to talk in such...

Just then an expensive car comes screeching in. Out comes a very well dressed man, LANCE.

ETTA

Oh, god, it's my ex Lance.

LANCE

Hello Etta. Hello Eunice, is it?

EUNICE

I believe so.

LANCE
Who might those fellows in the
background be?

ETTA
Robert and Harry.

Robert and Harry come back into focus.

HARRY
We heard our names.

ROBERT
Yes, and as we recognize the sound
of our own names, we hurry over
like dogs.

LANCE
My name is Lance, my last name is:
(pronounced "Eee-
Pans")
Epanse.

HARRY
Lancy pants?

Robert giggles. Eunice points her finger at Robert, as
soon as she starts to speak.

EUNICE
There! That's the pot smoker.

Eunice then points her finger at Harry.

EUNICE
And he's not.

ROBERT
Very good, young lady.

HARRY
How could you tell?

EUNICE
You reek...

ROBERT
(finishing sentence)
...ah moment.

HARRY
Eureka moments, I've had those.
Robert, did you smoke earlier
today?

ROBERT
No. Yes. Both. Neither. Kinda.

EUNICE
It's alright, I smoke
occasionally; Etta doesn't.

ETTA
Frankly, I'm afraid I'll like it.

HARRY
And since you have somewhat of an
addictive personality, you don't
want to start something that would
easily become daily.

ETTA
Yes, that's exactly it.

ROBERT
All those with alcoholic fathers,
raise your hand.

All but Lance raise their hands.

ROBERT
Need anything more be said on the
subject? Except maybe for Lance's
benefit. But remember we're
talking one out of five here.

HARRY
One against four.

LANCE
You know, all four of you have
that same frankness that Etta has.

ETTA

Frankness, is that what it is?

LANCE

Well, you haven't even asked me why I was here?

ETTA

You've been here three minutes.

LANCE

But would you have?

ETTA

That's frankness?

LANCE

Yes, instead of caring about the inconsequential stuff, you always talk about what's really meaningful. One of the good things I liked about you.

HARRY

Really, what were the bad things?

LANCE

Well...

HARRY

Only kidding, Lancy Pants.

EUNICE

Now I smell testosterone.

LANCE

No, that's just my new cologne, it has testosterone in it.

EUNICE

(to Robert)

What do you do, where do you live?

HARRY

(to Etta)

Have you got any hobbies?

Etta is speechless.

HARRY

I didn't think you did, so that's why I didn't ask.

ROBERT

(to Eunice)

Is that why you waited so long to ask me that?

EUNICE

That the answer would be that you don't live?

ROBERT

Or don't do.

EUNICE

Well, one can not do, but one can not not live.

ROBERT

Sure one can.

EUNICE

Okay, but it is bloody hell to carry a conversation with a corpse.

ROBERT

You mean, carry on a conversation.

EUNICE

Well, considering the success I've had with you, I'm thinking maybe I am talking to a corpse.

ROBERT

What kind of success were you hoping for?

EUNICE

Nothing a man would think of.

ROBERT

Oh.

(to Harry)

What do you think she was hoping for?

HARRY

I haven't the foggiest what either
of you are saying.

ETTA

Bloody hell? Foggiest?

The car has it's driver's side window down. Lance reaches
through it and turns a knob on his car's dash. He turns
down Mozart's Symphony #41.

LANCE

I'm sorry, that's my fault, people
start talking British when they
hear classical music.

ROBERT

Does Lance smoke pot?

Lance shakes his head.

EUNICE

Actually, we all smoke pot, we
just don't know it.

Long silence.

ROBERT

(emphatic)

What?

HARRY

I think she's saying the Creator,
if he made us all in his image,
smokes pot.

EUNICE

No, I was thinking we were
characters in a movie, and the
dialogue was written by someone
high.

ROBERT

I go for God is high.

ETTA

If we were characters in a movie,
wouldn't that be called "breaking
the fourth wall."

EUNICE

Yes, which would be a shame, as
until now, nothing... until now...

ETTA

Wait, how long has the writer been
high? The entire existence of our
lives?

EUNICE

No, parts were done sober.

ETTA

Which parts?

EUNICE

Why does it matter?

ETTA

Because I'm wondering when my
mistakes most occur.

EUNICE

Wait, you think this movie is
about you?

ETTA

Maybe we each have our own special
writer.

HARRY

Maybe we write our own lives.

Hisses and boos from Etta, Eunice, and Robert.

ETTA

Heretic.

LANCE

Okay, I'm gonna go now.

Lance starts to walk toward the bar.

LANCE

Nice meeting all of you.

Lance enters the bar.

ROBERT

So our writer, or the writer, or each's writer, however you want it, takes breaks between the pages of our lives and thus, some days he or she is high, other days he is not?

EUNICE

An example, Harry, when Etta asked you if you were straight, you wanted a definition. You then proceeded to admit that you were straight sexually, which begs the question, what other straight is there?

HARRY

Well, I wasn't thinking user or straight, or getting high at all, I was just trying to be cool.

EUNICE

But what if it was the writer of our lives telling us that he was high at the time he wrote it?

ROBERT

Hey, do we always have the same writer?

EUNICE

Yes, and I can tell you why I know this.

Lance comes out of the bar.

LANCE

Wow, it's too loud in there.

EUNICE

(rhetorically)

Why does everyone think it's too loud in there?

HARRY

I suppose lots of people think it is not too loud, since I suppose there's lots of people in there.

ETTA

Why do you suppose you say "I suppose?"

HARRY

Well, I just didn't feel written when I was inside the bar.

ROBERT

No one is going to watch this movie.

LANCE

I'll watch it. Then again, I'll watch anything with explosions and car chases.

ROBERT

Who said anything about explosions and car chases.

LANCE

Well, when I went into the bar...

A gunshot is heard, two cars come zooming around the corner. A dark sedan with four guys in it is being chased by a police car with two policemen in it. The dark sedan shoots at the police car again, as the car zooms past Harry et Al.

LANCE

There goes the movie.

INT. EUNICE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eunice wakes up with a fright.

EUNICE

I had just had a terrible dream.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Eunice and Etta are in mid-conversation.

EUNICE

I was in a movie, and then, things went off track, and then, in what seemed to be the move of a lazy writer or a hack, he wrote me into waking up from a dream.

ETTA

Wait, I don't get it.

EUNICE

In my dream. I woke up, but I was still dreaming. The fact was, I woke up at exactly the moment the, quote, movie, end-quote, was going awry.

ETTA

How awry?

EUNICE

Well, it got into a lot of fourth wall, meta humor. I think it was humor.

ETTA

How dreadful.

EUNICE

It was. But the capper was the fact that he tried to erase all the fourth wall with a simple, let's-all-just-wake-up-from-a-dream. It's practically a deus-ex-macina.

ETTA

Are you sure it's deus-ex-machina?

EUNICE

No, what is it?

ETTA

I forget.

EUNICE

Anyway, I knew it was a man writing me, since he knew nothing about women.

ETTA

Yes, women are better when written by women.

EUNICE

Harry and Sally would have been nothing without Nora Ephrom.

ETTA

Is it Ephrom or Ephron?

EUNICE

I'm not sure.

(thinks)

You know, if a person was writing us right now, like in a movie, there would be no point in asking if one of us knew something because both of us would know exactly as much as the writer.

ETTA

Assuming he writes women to be equal to him.

EUNICE

With men, women are either sexless or subservient. I would have enjoyed my dream much more had it been written by a woman.

ETTA

So, wait, how much of your dream was a dream, and how much of your dream was reality, stuff that happened?

EUNICE

Again, you're asking a question that can't possibly be answered. But to give you a guess, we went on that date.

ETTA

You mean with those two strange guys?

EUNICE

Yes, one of them proved to be a pot smoker.

ETTA

Which one?

EUNICE

I don't think it mattered, so it was kinda ignored... Wait, maybe I'm remembering it wrong. Anyway the point is, if one character's a pot-head, you know the writer is a pot-head, or at least no stranger to it.

ETTA

Not true, especially if the pot-head is depicted deprecatingly. That is sometimes done by non-smokers.

EUNICE

Ah, don't say non-smokers. That's what a pot-smoker would say. You should say non-pot-smokers.

ETTA

This is utterly ridiculous. How do we know we're not a writer's high imagination right now?

EUNICE

We don't. In fact at any second.

INT. ETTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Etta wakes up with a fright. Her bedroom is identical to Eunice's.

ETTA

I just had a... a... I don't know, it was some kind of dream.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Same park and location as before. Again, they are continuing a conversation.

ETTA

And I don't know what kind of dream it was. I don't smoke marijuana.

EUNICE

Neither do I.

ETTA

But I bet you get dreams like that from marijuana.

EUNICE

Actually, marijuana supresses dreams.

ETTA

Only a pot-head would know that.

EUNICE

Oh, no, I feel I'm about to wake up from a dream.

ETTA

All this talk about pot and no depiction of it.

EUNICE

Oh, I have some.

Eunice reaches in her bag.

EUNICE

I have two joints already rolled.

Eunice produces the two joints.

ETTA

This is a dream, isn't it?

EUNICE

This wouldn't happen in real life?

ETTA

First of all, put those away.

She pushes Eunice's hand away, she slips the joints back into her bag.

ETTA

Second of all, when did this movie become such a shambles?

(beat)

Thirdly, why can't I remember any of the stuff that happened after we met the two guys?

EUNICE

Oh, well that part was probably written when he was sober, thus he probably remembers it. All this that we're saying right now? He'll forget it tomorrow.

ETTA

So this existential writer, writes
us every day?

EUNICE

No, just when he's around and
high, I suppose.

ETTA

Why?

EUNICE

Why not?

(beat)

Thirdly, why can't I remember any
of the stuff that happened after
we met the two guys?

EUNICE

Oh, well that part was probably
written when he was sober, thus he
probably remembers it. All this
that we're saying right now?
He'll forget it tomorrow.

ETTA

So this existential writer, writes
us every day?

EUNICE

No, just when he's around and
high, I suppose.

ETTA

Why?

EUNICE

Why not?

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robert wakes up with a fright. His room is not the same as
Eunice and Etta's, but is more masculine.

ROBERT

I just had the tripped-out-est dream ever. That's some good weed. No wait. Weed suppresses dreams. No wait, where did I hear that before? No wait, no... Oh well.

Robert goes back to bed. His eyes open.

ROBERT

Hell, now I want to smoke.

Robert produces two joints from a drawer by his bed-side.

ROBERT

I think I'll smoke these.

A CAT comes in and jumps on Robert's bed.

ROBERT

Ah, my cat, so now it doesn't have to look like I'm talking to myself. I can talk to you.

The cat meows.

ROBERT

But no, you don't get re-write permission.

The cat meows dissapointedly.

ROBERT

That's the most disappointed meow I've ever heard. Buck up, at least you're in the movie. This means the pot-head writer is probably a cat owner too.

The cat meows appreciatively.

ROBERT

But why would he write a cat that was so trained as to meow when spoken to? Cats can be trained, but only by the insane.

The cat meows resentfully.

ROBERT

Don't give me that resentful meow.

Robert pets the cat. The cat purrs. Robert puts one of the joints in his mouth, gets a lighter from the same drawer and lights it, all while petting his cat. Robert is careful to blow his smoke away from the direction of the cat.

Time passes.

Suddenly, the cat begins to talk.

CAT

Robert, Robert, Robert, what are you doing now?

ROBERT

You can talk!

CAT

Of course I can talk, you're hallucinating.

ROBERT

No, you can't do that, I saw that in a movie once.

CAT

A talking cat when someone was high?

ROBERT

Yes, the movie was...

CAT

Funny, I can't remember either.

ROBERT

But that was one of the good parts of the movie.

CAT

Talking cats are nothing new. It was only a matter of time until they got into movies.

ROBERT

What was that movie..

CAT

Look, don't you want to solve the many mysteries of cats, now that I'm talking to you. For example, does it ever bother a cat when it has to clean his/her nether regions.

ROBERT

Does it?

CAT

Fuck yeah. But we got to do it. We just thank god we're not dogs.

ROBERT

So, I know the name I gave you, but what is your real name.

CAT

My real name is Cat.

ROBERT

Cat. Your real name is Cat?

CAT

That's what I said.

ROBERT

So your name is what you are?

CAT

It's convenient.

ROBERT

Alright, Cat, um, why are you able to talk?

CAT

'Cause you're high.

ROBERT

So, in other words, you can't talk?

CAT

No, I decided to wait until you were high and then talk because then you'd be all tripped out, like, "what if the Cat only waited until I was high to fuck with me."

ROBERT

Hey, that is a possibility.

CAT

So, what was your dream about?

ROBERT

It was about these two chicks and my friend and I. And somehow they approached us and basically asked us out on a date. Actually, I was the tag-a-long, because the girl wanted to date my friend.

CAT

Who was the friend?

ROBERT

Some guy named... Damn, what was his name?

CAT

Steve?

ROBERT

No.

CAT

Randolf?

ROBERT

Randolf?

CAT

Jeremiah?

ROBERT

No, nothing that weird. Well, anyway, he was my friend, for my dream that is. And the two girls were friends, in the dream.

CAT

It sounds like you get a lot more social interaction in your REM sleep.

ROBERT

Yes, we even went to a bar.

CAT

Was it too loud in there?

ROBERT

How did you know?

CAT

Fuck.

ROBERT

What?

CAT

You caught me, I obviously can't have been simply waiting until now to talk, as I can't possibly know the whole "was it too loud in there", thus I am not talking, but am merely a fragment of your mentality.

ROBERT

Don't tell me I'm about to wake from a dream.

CAT

That's the worst, isn't it? You get a few "it was all a dream"s--since we're not the first ones to come up with multiple "it was all a dream"s--and suddenly, for the rest of the movie, you're worrying about when's the next person waking up from a dream.

ROBERT

What are you saying?

CAT

I'm saying we're probably about a fourth of the way into this movie.

ROBERT

What if it's a short movie?

CAT

There are no short movies. You write to 120 pages and that's all there is to it. You can't sell 33 pages.

ROBERT

Is that how far we are?

CAT

At least in this draft. After we edit this, who knows what page number this conversation will occur in.

(puzzled)

What was I talking about?

ROBERT

Dude... Are you high?

CAT

Dude, I'm not high, I'm you. And you're high, dumbass.

ROBERT

Good, because I try to be careful
not to blow my hits in my cat's
direction.

CAT

And he appreciates that.

ROBERT

Really?

CAT

How the fuck should I know? God
damn, this is so annoying. Look,
I'm you. And you are the writer.
And the writer is high.

ROBERT

Ooooh.

CAT

Hence, we're all high.

ROBERT

Wait, I thought you said you
weren't high?

CAT

Oh, god. Come down here so I can
slap you.

Robert obliges. Cat slaps him.

CAT

And you should be glad my claws
are retractable.

ROBERT

Dude, why am I so tired?

CAT

Because I'm so tired.

ROBERT

And the writer's tired?

CAT

Now you're getting it.

ROBERT

Um, most writers don't do this,
write about themselves so
blatantly.

CAT

He's thinking if he does it
brazenly enough he might get away
with it.

ROBERT

So, when I wake up, will you still
be able to talk?

CAT

Depends on how the writer feels,
but my guess is my part is small.

ROBERT

A cameo, if you will.

CAT

A calico cameo.

ROBERT

But you're not calico.

CAT

What a lazy writer, won't even
scroll up to change the stage
directions to say the cat is
calico.

ROBERT

What color are you?

CAT

That damn writer is so lazy, he
didn't even bother to describe me.
You know what he's thinking, he's
thinking how Shakespeare never
used a lot of stage direction.
But those are plays, these are
movies.

ROBERT

Actually, all except for the car chase could be done in a play, instead of a movie. After all, shouldn't there be more, like, action, in a movie.

CAT

Naw, this is one of those independent films that no one ever has to see. I don't think the writer cares, I think he's high and just wants to write dialogue for page upon page.

ROBERT

Why dialogue?

CAT

Because it is like his mind, always with a turn, a thought goes for a specific distance, then it gets turned, not stopped, simply turned, momentum continued as it goes from one character to the next.

ROBERT

Don't you think dialogue should reflect the character. Do you think our character's are fleshed out?

CAT

Who, you and me, or do you mean those other people that were in your dream? And/or, rather.

ROBERT

Now I'm hungry.

CAT

You should sleep instead of eating.

ROBERT

But the writer must ask himself,
should he be sleeping instead of
writing?

CAT

I'm just taken back by the
audacity of this writer. I bet
you the lazy bastard never even
edits the damn thing.

ROBERT

I bet you the lazy bastard doesn't
even finish the damn thing.

CAT

Well, just writing any random
thing and not deleting anything
goes pretty quick. He's only had,
what, 6 writing sessions and
already he's on page 37.

ROBERT

He's got a lot of catching up to
do, how's he...

CAT

What do you mean?

ROBERT

Not catching up, um... Give me a
second. "Getting back on track,"
that's the expression I was going
for. He needs to do a lot more
getting back on track.

CAT

Very simply solved. He just has,
um, what's-his-face. Your friend.
He just has him wake up from a
dream and say, "oh my, and then
the dream said all the stuff that
makes sense and makes for the
basis of at least some kind of
movie was all real and all the
other stuff that could only be in
a movie was all a dream.

ROBERT
Wait, you lost me.

CAT
You see...

ROBERT
No wait, false alarm. I got it.

CAT
Oh good, now go back to sleep, in
the morning, maybe you'll go on
that double date you were talking
about.

ROBERT
Who knows.

Robert yawns. Gets into bed. The cat curls up at his
legs. Robert turns off the light.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry is in bed, his room is exactly the same as Robert's,
he wakes up suddenly.

HARRY
Holy Christ.

INT. CAR - DAY

Harry is driving a car and Robert is the passenger.

HARRY
So, is that not a crazy dream?

ROBERT
I don't know, I just know we're
going to be late for this double
date.

HARRY
Hey, let's flesh our characters
out.

ROBERT

What?

HARRY

I was twelve when I saw a man
getting axed to death.

ROBERT

Really?

HARRY

No.

ROBERT

Then why did you say it?

HARRY

Why else? To be funny. Humorous.
Make people, i.e. you, laugh. But
I guess ax murders aren't funny
enough for you.

ROBERT

No, they definitely can be, if
done the right way.

HARRY

Oh god, you're going to pull out
an ax on me.

ROBERT

What?

HARRY

It's more of that meta humor. Get
it, just like "let's flesh out our
characters." Because I dreamed we
were in a movie, I'm trying to
joke that we are in a movie now.

ROBERT

But that's insane. Anyone who
would write my dialogue must be at
least as intelligent as me. And
that's just not possible.

HARRY

Oh, everything you've said is golden, eh?

ROBERT

Gilded genius.

HARRY

And me?

ROBERT

Proof that there is no writer, he'd have to be as intelligent as me to write me, and then be even more intelligent to write down to your level.

HARRY

Write down what?

ROBERT

What?

HARRY

What is he writing down?

ROBERT

The level of intellect of you.

HARRY

Oh, I thought you meant "writing down," like "writing down."

ROBERT

Now do you get it?

HARRY

Oh my god, what if there's a writer right now...

ROBERT

Write what now?

HARRY

Right now, writing me down, making me slow witted. Why is this happening to me? Aren't I the more likely main character?

ROBERT

Huh?

HARRY

The film is about me.

ROBERT

At least in your dream. Except when it wasn't. Dude, you weren't in the dream the entire time.

HARRY

You're right, he gave equal screentime to everybody it seemed.

ROBERT

Well, then we better shut up so the ladies can talk.

INT. - ETTA'S CAR - DAY

Etta's driving, Eunice is in the passenger seat.

ETTA

We're going to be late for the double date.

EUNICE

It's too loud in there.

ETTA

What?

EUNICE

Nothing.

Harry's car pulls up next to Etta's on a three-lane highway.

HARRY

Hi.

He rolls down the window.

HARRY

Hi.

(louder)

Hi!

Eunice rolls down the window. They need to speak loudly to each other as the cars are driving.

EUNICE

What?

HARRY

Hi.

EUNICE

Oh, hi.

HARRY

You ruined the movie just now.

EUNICE

What?

HARRY

You ruined the movie! With the line, "it's too loud in there." When you said it, it went all meta again.

ROBERT

Yeah, so now we gotta take back the screentime we were gonna give you.

HARRY

Sorry about that.

The same car from before comes whizzing by them in the third lane, pursued by the police. Robert and Harry look at each other, as if to say "why not" and then slam on the gas.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Robert and Harry are chasing the cops that are chasing the "bad guys." One of the bad guys, leans out of the passenger seat window and sits, with his legs inside the vehicle. He has a gun with him, he shoots at the cops. Two bullets bust the windshield of the cop car, another bullet goes through the windshield of Robert and Harry's car. The bullet goes through Harry's head. Robert screams and pulls off the road. He pulls his friend out of the car, holds him in his arms, looks up at the sky.

ROBERT

Damn you, writer!

Robert lays Harry down and crouches down to sob. Harry gets up and walks over to Robert.

HARRY

Hey, man, it's cool, it's chill,
I'm okay.

Robert stops crying and looks at Harry.

ROBERT

But you got shot through the
forehead.

HARRY

Oh, but that was back when we
thought maybe it should be an
action movie.

ROBERT

Isn't it a little late for that.
And that still doesn't explain why
you're talking to me now.

HARRY

Oh, so the action movie thing
bored the writer, so now he's
going horror. I'm going to eat
your brains now.

Harry turns pale and zombie-like. He starts staggering toward Robert.

ROBERT

Is it too late to write in a woman
running in her underwear?

Harry beats a rock over Robert's head, a large crevice is made, then Harry takes both hands and pulls apart the cranium. Finally Harry pulls out the brain and starts to eat it.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

Etta and Eunice are running in their underwear, apparently frightened by something chasing them.

EUNICE

Is this the only way we get more
screen time?

They are being chased, from the POV of the chaser. Then it's a side shot of Eunice and Etta running. Then another POV of the chaser, only he's closer. Another shot of them running. Now the POV of the chaser is close enough that Eunice and Etta stop and turn in horror and lean against a tree.

EUNICE

What are you going to do with us!

Side shot of Etta and Eunice, in front of them is a CAMERA MAN holding a video camera.

CAMERA MAN

Don't ask me, I'm just the camera
man. It's up to that guy.

He points to the sky. Etta takes that opportunity to stab the camera man. He goes down.

EUNICE

Where'd you get that knife.

ETTA

Why, you can't have it.

EUNICE

I didn't say I wanted it.

ETTA

You're going to go where I went
and got it, and then you'll have
one too, and then we'll look
stupid with matching knives.

Eunice holds herself, as she is chilly.

EUNICE

Now the writer is going to have to
find actresses who are willing to
do a scene in their underwear, in
the freezing cold.

ETTA

What are you talking about,
"finding." We're the actresses,
right here.

EUNICE

Are we really that desperate of
actresses.

ETTA

It's not a bad part, at least
there's no nudity.

Harry, pale as a zombie, comes into the frame, naked. An
image of a brain is covering his privates. That is to say,
an image of a brain is superimposed on the screen, over the
area of his privates.

HARRY

Speak for yourself.

ETTA

I was.

HARRY

Oh carry on then.

Harry starts to walk on. Then he stops.

HARRY

Wait a minute.

He turns menacingly towards the women.

HARRY

Brains!

A side shot of the girls running away. A POV of Harry chasing them. Another side shot of girls running away. Another Harry POV, this time they are farther away. Another side shot of the girls running. Another Harry POV, and now they are really far. A side shot shows Harry a few feet away from the dead camera man slowly walking with his hands outstretched. The brain image is still covering his privates.

HARRY

Brains.

(to the camera)

Isn't that the best line?

(away from the
camera)

Brains!

He stops again.

HARRY

Wait a second. I can't be the one shot in the head, I was driving the car, Robert was the one in the line of fire... Oh great, now he's gotta rewrite this whole scene. No way is he too lazy to not do that.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Etta and Eunice are walking down the street toward Harry and Robert. They stop and meet each other.

ETTA

Hello, my name is Etta.

HARRY
Um... Hello. My name is Harry.

EUNICE
Eunice.

ROBERT
Robert.

ETTA
I'm only doing this because of a bet I made with Eunice. Basically, I said I was going to give up on men, she said my views were skewed, I said "men suck," she said "all the men you know." Then I said that they were representative of the whole, the average. She said the next guy you'll meet will be better than any of those guys. I said let's bet on it.

EUNICE
No, I said, let's bet on it.

ETTA
Do you mind? Anyway, that's why I introduced myself.

HARRY
What if I had turned out to be some forty-five year old, potbellied man with a two-foot beard?

ETTA
Well, you're not.

ROBERT
She's got you there.

Robert punches Harry in the arm.

HARRY
Since when do you punch people in the arm?

ROBERT

It seemed cool when I saw it in a movie once.

Harry punches Robert in the arm.

HARRY

How's that? Was that cool?

ROBERT

No, you were totally uncool when you did it. You uncooled an inherently cool thing.

ETTA

Hello?

HARRY

Yes, did we get disconnected?

EUNICE

You're talking into the wrong end.

ETTA

I feel like I should ask you questions.

HARRY

Like if I'm straight.

ETTA

Exactly.

HARRY

Because, normally, you wouldn't care, but for the purposes of this experiment it's kind of important.

ETTA

I'm glad you understand.

HARRY

No.

ETTA

Oh.

HARRY

Sexually? Yes. But soberly? No.

ROBERT

No, no, Harry, I'm supposed to be the pot smoker.

HARRY

So, I should say yes?

ROBERT

Well, you'd have to be to not take a pass at me.

ETTA

Do you find me attractive?

HARRY

As a matter of fact, I do. In particular the fact that you are so upfront with your approach.

ETTA

That attracts you more than my physical appearance?

HARRY

No. But it would surely make up for any defects in your physical appearance.

ETTA

Well, that sounds nice.

ROBERT

(to Harry)

Okay, now watch close.

Robert punches Harry in the arm.

ROBERT

See how I twist my arm at the end? That's what a ninja does. That's why it's so cool.

HARRY

Robert, you've smoked too much pot.

ROBERT
I also had a bit to drink.

HARRY
Why don't you go lie down?

ROBERT
No! We must perservere.

HARRY
If one goes we all go?

ROBERT
Exactly. No, let's continue
talking, because it doesn't really
matter what we said, as much as it
matters that we said it.

HARRY
Wait, huh?

ETTA
(to Eunice)
So, do I win the bet?

EUNICE
Not until we go out on a date with
them.

ROBERT
Maybe I don't want to go out on a
date with you?

Eunice stares at Robert.

ROBERT
Okay, you're hot.

HARRY
Dude.

ROBERT
I can't help it, Eunice is totally
the cute one.

HARRY
Duuude.

ROBERT

But I'm also the better looking of us, so it is only fair.

ETTA

No offense to us, of course.

ROBERT

To even think such? It's just simple genetics, a lucky roll of the dice.

HARRY

Well, I think you're better looking than Eunice.

EUNICE

He's probably right.

ETTA

I don't think we should be going around ranking each other.

ROBERT

Oh, yes, that's a good point, how close are you and Harry, and how close are Eunice and I?

HARRY

I think it goes Harry, Etta, Eunice, Robert.

ROBERT

I think you are blind.

HARRY

I think you are last.

ROBERT

Well, the blind shouldn't lead.

HARRY

The last better not be so blind as to fall behind.

ETTA

How long does this go on?

EUNICE

I think until someone just has
nothing possible to say.

ETTA

Oh, one can always say something.
Like the weather. One can always
comment on the weather.

EUNICE

But you know once they do, you've
fallen to the lowest common
denominator. You know you have
that much less in common with whom
you are speaking.

HARRY

How is the weather, any way?

ETTA

I don't know how I'd explain it.

ROBERT

It certainly is unique weather.

EUNICE

Yes, quite unique.

ETTA

Don't think I've ever had a day in
the past like this one.

ROBERT

It's not balmy, it's not cold,
it's not humid, it's not...

HARRY

Balmy is the same as humid.

ROBERT

No, balmy is a good thing.

HARRY

Oh.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Harry and Robert are having coffee, Etta and Eunice walk in.

ETTA

This is no place to have a date.

HARRY

It's not a date, it's coffee.

ETTA

I don't see the difference.

HARRY

I'm not trying to get you drunk.

ROBERT

My head still hurts.

EUNICE

From drinking last night?

ROBERT

No, I've been sober for three days, that's what hurts.

HARRY

He usually smokes weed at least once a day, he's in withdrawal.

EUNICE

What about the writer?

HARRY

Probably him as well.

EUNICE

Well, I feel sorry for him.

ETTA

Me too.

HARRY

Let's all have a toast to the writer.

Harry and Robert raise their cups.

ETTA
We don't have drinks.

EUNICE
I suppose we'll just have to have
sex with him.

ETTA
Yes, that would work.

Etta and Eunice leave the coffee shop.

HARRY
Do they know the writer?

ROBERT
No, of course not, he just wants
to get laid.

HARRY
So, he writes his characters to do
it?

ROBERT
Why not?

INT. WRITER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mysterious figure is bent over in a chair, looking at a
computer screen. You can't see his face, but he is the
WRITER. In enter Etta and Eunice.

ETTA
We have come.

EUNICE
Yes. We are at your command.

The writer doesn't turn away from his computer, instead he
keeps typing.

WRITER
Kiss each other.

They look at each other, Etta and Eunice are about to
embrace.

EUNICE

Wait a minute, what if the actresses playing us do not want to kiss each other.

WRITER

Too bad. You're now lesbians.

ETTA

Not even bi-sexual? What about Harry and Robert

WRITER

Fuck them. You're lesbians.

Lance enters the room.

LANCE

I'm here!

ETTA

Why is he here?

WRITER

Dunno, didn't ask him. Why don't you ask him.

ETTA

Why are you here?

LANCE

Dunno, ask the writer.

ETTA

I just did, he told me to ask you.

LANCE

Oh, yes, he did.

(to Writer)

Why am I here?

WRITER

Dunno, figured I wouldn't get any lesbian action out of these chicks, so I called on you to, I dunno, talk or something.

LANCE

Talk or something? I'm not here
to amuse you.

The Writer turns around to face Lance, before you can see his face, you see Lance's horror. Etta and Eunice also have expressions of horror.

ETTA

Oh dear god, that's what he looks
like?!

The Writer turns back to his computer.

WRITER

Of course. I'm a writer, aren't
I? We're an ugly lot. Anyway,
Lancy Pants, you're here to amuse
me.

LANCE

No I'm not.

WRITER

Then why are you here?

LANCE

Um, to watch some lesbian action?

WRITER

Fine by me.

ETTA

No! Not fine by me.

EUNICE

Me either.

The writer stops writing and hangs his head. Everyone is silent. Once he starts writing they begin to speak again.

ETTA

I don't see why I should do what
you want me to.

EUNICE

Me neither.

LANCE

That goes for me as well.

Robert and Harry enter the bedroom.

ROBERT

Me either.

HARRY

Me neither.

WRITER

This is stupid.

ETTA

What?

WRITER

You can't revolt. You're my characters, you do what I say.

EUNICE

Oh yeah?

Eunice gets out her knife, stabs the writer in the back. The writer falls hunched over his keyboard.

ETTA

I suppose the movie is over now.

HARRY

Can't be, you're still talking. You clearly haven't killed the real writer.

ROBERT

You can't kill him, just like he can't have sex with you. Or he would have sex with you long before you thought of killing him.

HARRY

You still don't understand. See, we're not in his room. We're not even actors yet. We're words. Words on a screen. The real writer's screen.

ROBERT

In fact, he has no way of knowing if you'll ever become flesh.

HARRY

Indeed, in fact, I think this writer doesn't think anything will come of this.

ROBERT

Nope.

ETTA

This is ridiculous. Clearly someone cared enough to make this movie, here I am.

HARRY

Nope. You are words. You could be someone, but at the time of writing, you are nobody.

EUNICE

But we could eventually say these words.

HARRY

Could. But clearly not likely.

The writer picks his head up and keeps typing away.

ETTA

What's the point of this guy, anyway?

HARRY

I think he wants to be involved. He wants to be in the movie.

WRITER

Shut up.

HARRY

You do, you don't want to be where you really are. You don't want to be writing, you want to be in the writing.

WRITER
Shut up, or I'll kill you off.

HARRY
You already did that.

WRITER
I'll kill you off again.

HARRY
What difference would it make, you
could reanimate me any time you'd
like, just like you did now.

ROBERT
This movie really sucks.

WRITER
Man, I need to smoke.

HARRY
Well, you can't, because you live
with your parents and your mom
won't allow it.

The writer hangs his head.

WRITER
I could if I wanted to. I just
don't like sneaking around.

HARRY
Weed isn't everything.

Robert pulls some joints out of his pocket.

ROBERT
Oh, look what I have!

Robert lights one, takes a drag.

ROBERT
Mmm, yummy.

WRITER
Shut up.

ROBERT
And you can't have any, because
your mommy won't allow.

A bang on the door. MOTHER's voice is heard.

MOTHER
(voice over)
I can smell that!

WRITER
Fuck. Put it away.

ROBERT
Where?

WRITER
Eat it! Quick!

Robert eats all the joints.

ROBERT
(mouth full)
I can't believe you're making me
eat the joints.

WRITER
Hurry!

HARRY
This is retarded.

WRITER
I know. I'm a fucking genius, I
should be paid to write. Instead
I am doing it because I have
nothing better to do.

ETTA
That is so sad.

EUNICE
Yes, sad enough, I think I just
might kiss Etta for you.

WRITER

Ah, it doesn't fucking matter.
You're never going to exist.

EUNICE

You don't know that.

WRITER

I know it. I'm the fucking
writer, I know everything.

LANCE

He does like to curse a lot
doesn't he?

HARRY

Yes, can't we keep this family
friendly?

WRITER

It discusses and shows pot use.
It could never be family friendly.

HARRY

Oh. Then why don't you have some
nudity. No one's going to
actually do anything you write,
why not write what you want?

Eunice looks in her purse.

EUNICE

Oh, look, a vibrator. I have two
in fact.

Eunice holds out both.

ETTA

I suppose these are for us.

The writer chuckles.

WRITER

I don't need you guys any more.

Lance, Harry, and Robert shrug and leave the room.

ETTA

Won't your mom be upset by three
strange guys leaving your room.

WRITER

No, I think she would be more
upset with me writing pornography.

EUNICE

This isn't really pornographic.

WRITER

It will be.

ETTA

Naw, you're a wuss.

WRITER

Oh yeah?!

The writer turns around, Etta and Eunice are horrified, but
we still don't see him.

WRITER

Kiss her.

Etta and Eunice oblige. The writer turns back to his
computer.

ETTA

That proves nothing. We're still
fully clothed.

WRITER

Take off your clothes.

Etta and Eunice start to take off their clothes. They are
in their underwear.

EUNICE

This has gone far enough.

WRITER

You're out of knives. And I can't
be killed.

EUNICE

Can't you be reasoned with?

WRITER

(pause)

You can try.

EUNICE

Look, you'll never get an actress to do nudity for you. Or even if she does, she's not going to do what you're thinking with these vibrators. Or even if you do, you'll never get anyone to watch it, because if they want to watch women with vibrators, why would they bother with the hour-worth of crap you've already written?

WRITER

(pause)

Continue.

EUNICE

We can at least still talk, and there's at least a chance you'll find someone to act this. But once you get the vibrators into it... Well, you'll have to...

WRITER

What?

EUNICE

Edit.

Writer clutches his chest.

WRITER

I, I can't breathe.

EUNICE

That's right, your least favorite thing to do. And probably why you've never got anything published or acted out.

ETTA

What, he never edits?

EUNICE

He hates it. Something about ruining flow.

WRITER

It does you know!

EUNICE

No it doesn't it just saves your audience from inane stuff like you've been writing since...

WRITER

Since when? Exactly, it's all been inane. I start editing where would it stop? It's all a very stupid movie, the thing should never have been written in the first place.

ETTA

He's kinda got a point.

EUNICE

What, none of this is salvageable?

WRITER

I don't think so.

EUNICE

Haven't we said anything witty or interesting enough?

WRITER

Neither. Or either. Nor either. Whatever. Forget it, you bore me. I'm going to bed.

The writer mouses a bit (to save the file), then turns off the screen. It is now dark enough that you can't see his face, he starts toward his bed.

ETTA

What about us?

WRITER

You guys are still here?

ETTA

Yes.

WRITER

Pleasure me.

ETTA

But we can't.

The writer gets into bed.

WRITER

Fuck it, I'll write what I fucking want to write.

Etta and Eunice toss up their hands and then get in bed with him.

WRITER

I wonder if this movie will be as stupid as I think it is when I actually reread it.

ETTA

What, you haven't even reread it?

WRITER

Nope. Afraid I'll feel like editing it, or more likely scrapping it, and I'd like to at least finish the damn thing.

EUNICE

You won't edit. You won't even read what you've written, what kind of writer are you?

WRITER

A poor one. Now be quiet so my mom doesn't hear you.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

Writer is in front of computer screen, he is reading this script, page 13. A cat is on his bed (same cat as Robert's). He scrolls to the end of the script (namely, the last page) and begins typing this page.

WRITER

Shit.

CAT

What?

WRITER

Page thirteen. I write that Eunice says "neither one has asked us what we do or where we live." But on page nine I wrote that Harry asked Etta what she did, and she said she was in collections.

CAT

Oh well, maybe the viewer will have forgotten?

WRITER

Each page of screenwriting is approximately one minute of screen time. So, basically they'd have to forget something that happened four minutes ago.

CAT

Oh.

WRITER

I knew this would happen if I read the damn script. Oh well, let's continue reading.

The writer scrolls back up to page thirteen, continues reading. The cat licks itself.

WRITER

Hmm, on page twenty-one I have a punctuation error. Should I fix it?

CAT

Well, where would it end, if you did?

WRITER

The sentence ends fine.

CAT

No, I mean, where would the error fixing end? Like, right before it, Harry says "he or she" in reference to the writer, and in the same sentence, he says only "he" in reference to the writer. Do you leave it as "he" only or do you make it match? How will the flow be affected?

WRITER

Is it effected or affected?

CAT

Well, they sound the same when you're not overtly pronouncing the "e" or "a." So, what difference would it make?

WRITER

I suppose you are right.

CAT

Of course I'm writ, continuing reading.

The writer stops typing (after this sentence) and scrolls up the page. The cat licks itself. The writer picks up the typing.

WRITER

I can't believe on page... Oh, damn it, what page was it. I already scrolled to the end so I write this page that we're talking in.

CAT

The page we're talking in?

WRITER

Well, don't expect me to know how to phrase things well.

CAT

What was it you couldn't believe?

WRITER

That I forgot the name of one of my damn main characters. I forgot Harry's name! That's pretty bad.

CAT

So is not knowing what page you were on.

WRITER

No, not the same, I wasn't really paying attention to page numbers as I was reading. You just want an excuse to get high. The fact is I forgot the damn name because I was high.

CAT

I still don't follow you.

WRITER

Ah, me neither. Whatever, I suppose I should keep reading this.

The writer scrolls up and continues reading. Cat licks itself. The writer stops reading, scrolls down and writes again.

WRITER

Dude, on page thirty-seven.

CAT

You sure about that?

WRITER

Yes. Anyway, there's an open quotation mark, with no closing quotation mark! That just looks bad.

CAT

You gonna fix it?

WRITER

Naw. Fuck it.

The writer scrolls up and continues reading. Cat licks. Scroll down and writes.

WRITER

Fuck, page forty-three.

CAT

What now?

WRITER

Who's driving the car? The stage directions, or action description rather, whatever you want to call it, is not very descriptive. It says Robert pulls the car over, but earlier it says Harry was driving the car, but I guess Robert could pull the car over from the passenger side.

CAT

Don't you go over this later. I mean, earlier from now, who knows what will happen later from now.

WRITER

Yes. It's just a problematic scene in general. A little bit of editing could make it all...

CAT

But you ain't gonna do it.

WRITER

Yeah, I know.

The writer scrolls up. The cat licks himself. The writer finally gets to the end of the script. He turns around, you can see his face, he looks totally normal.

CAT

You turned around!

WRITER

Yeah, fuck it, no one really thinks I'm grotesque.

CAT

But you can't turn around.

WRITER

I can do whatever I fucking want.
I could kill you if I wanted.

CAT

You wouldn't kill a cat!

WRITER

You're right, not even to make it a zombie cat. That would be kinda funny though.

CAT

A zombie cat, that's just ridiculous.

WRITER

Anyway, I finished reading.

CAT

Why aren't you typing this.

WRITER

Whatever, that device bores me as well.

CAT

Look, you can't just go abandoning your devices whenever you get bored.

WRITER

I can do what I fucking want.
This screenplay will never, ever,
ever, ever, ever, ever...

CAT

Ever?

WRITER

Ever. Ever see the light of day.

CAT

Huh?

WRITER

I mean it won't be acted out.
Maybe I'll put it online though,
no one would steal this.

CAT

Probably not. What could they
steal? There aren't even any real
ideas to this. There's no story.
The dialogue is, well, I won't say
inane because you're insecure and
like to think at least you write
good dialogue. But the dialogue
is definitely not stuff you can
lift, no snappy one liners.

WRITER

What if someone steals the idea of
a zombie cat?

The cat stares at him.

WRITER

Alright, no one's going to steal
the idea of a zombie cat.

(beat)

Oh, what about when I say "brains,
isn't that the best line?"

CAT

What? You stole "brains."

WRITER

Not brains, but the line that
brains is a great line.

CAT

Someone will steal that?

WRITER

It's so fucking true. It is the
best line.

The writer gets up, pretending to be a zombie.

WRITER

Brains!

The door opens and Harry, Robert, Eunice, Etta, and Lance
all enter, looking like zombies. They all mutter the word
"brains" over and over as they stagger towards the writer.

WRITER

Okay, now you're overdoing it.

Robert takes the keyboard and hits the writer over the head
with it.

WRITER

Ow, that's not going to do
anything but annoy me.

They all keep muttering the word "brains." Eunice gets out
her knife and stabs the writer, then she uses it to cut
open his head and pull out his brain. She takes a bite of
it, then passes it to the next person, who does the same.

CAT

How civil.

ALL

Brains!

They come towards the cat.

CAT

I'm getting the fuck out of here.

The cat jumps out the window.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Harry and Robert are walking down the street, they bump into Etta and Eunice.

HARRY
Excuse me.

ETTA
Yes?

HARRY
This is Robert and I'm Harry.

ETTA
Um, hi.

Etta and Eunice keep walking.

HARRY
That didn't work at all.

Harry runs after Etta and Eunice, Robert follows languidly.

HARRY
Wait a second.

ETTA
What?

HARRY
Robert and I have a bet going.

ETTA
And?

HARRY
And, um...

EUNICE
We're really sorry, but we do have somewhere to be.

ROBERT
Oh, is that right?

EUNICE

Yes, that's right, why do you doubt me?

ROBERT

I don't doubt you, I just like people to be redundant.

HARRY

See, I've just about given up on women.

ETTA

Good idea.

HARRY

Well, no. You see, Robert told me to come up to the first woman I met and she...

ETTA

So, I'm just some random person?

EUNICE

Let's go.

HARRY

No, wait...

Etta and Eunice leave.

HARRY

How do you like that?

ROBERT

Women!

HARRY

She wouldn't even give me the time of day.

Robert looks at his cell phone.

ROBERT

It's four o'clock.

HARRY

Thanks. Now what do we do?

ROBERT

We could get tacos.

Lance comes up the street and stops before them.

LANCE

Hi, my name is Lance, and I just made a bet with myself to give up women.

HARRY

Oh, shut up, Lance.

INT. WRITER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The writer stops typing and hangs his head. The cat is licking itself.

CAT

Why did you stop?

WRITER

What was I to do? They walked away.

CAT

Why?

The writer turns around.

WRITER

Because women are cruel. Cruel, dark, mysterious, completely unethical, heartless, black-magic-inducing..

CAT

Perhaps your perspective is a little shaded. When was the last time you got any?

WRITER

None of your business.

CAT

It's alright, I already know the answer, and after half a decade, your opinion of women ceases to have value.

WRITER

Then what am I supposed to write about?

CAT

Being alone and with a cat.

WRITER

That's boring.

CAT

It's what you know.

WRITER

Yes, but how am I supposed to escape within my writing, by writing something boring.

CAT

You could act like someone who wasn't a pathetic wretch.

WRITER

Fine. What do you suggest?

CAT

Go out! Meet some women. Don't sit in here writing all day and night. Do you realize I have more of a sex life and I've been castrated?

WRITER

Licking yourself doesn't count.

CAT

Neither does what you do. I'm talking about what I do when I leave this pathetic hovel.

WRITER
Fine, I'll try again, and I'll
suspend my disbelief.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Robert and Harry are walking down the street, they run into
Etta and Eunice.

HARRY
Hi, I'm Harry.

ROBERT
And I'm Robert.

ETTA
I'm Etta.

EUNICE
Eunice.

Harry looks through his pockets, Robert kicks a fallen
chestnut, Etta looks through her purse, Eunice scratches
her leg.

ETTA
So, when do we have sex?

The cat walks onto the street.

CAT
Okay, this is stupid. Women don't
either reject you or give you sex.

The writer walks onto the street.

WRITER
What do you suggest?

CAT
Let me give it a shot.

INT. WRITER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The cat is sitting in front of the computer, the writer is sitting on the bed, licking himself. The cat tries to type with his paws.

CAT

Stupid paws, no good for typing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Robert and Harry are walking down the street, they run into Eunice and Etta.

ROBERT

Meow. I mean, hello.

EUNICE

Was that a cat call?

ROBERT

Hey, you know, I got some cat nip we could try.

Eunice grabs his arm.

EUNICE

Oo, now you're purring my language.

Eunice and Robert leave together.

HARRY

Isn't it strange how two people can just hit it off so well?

ETTA

I never understood people.

HARRY

Me neither, they are very unclean.

Harry starts to lick himself. Etta walks over and smells Harry.

ETTA

You smell alright.

HARRY

Thanks.

ETTA

Say, do you feel like fish?

HARRY

I do.

ETTA

I could go for some fish right now.

The writer walks onto the street.

WRITER

This is retraded.

ETTA

Retraded?

WRITER

Sorry, typo. I meant, retarded.

ETTA

Say, you look like a writer.

WRITER

I am one.

ETTA

I write some myself.

WRITER

You do?

ETTA

Sure, it's easier than dealing with people, and you stay in full control.

WRITER

Yes, usually.

ETTA

I've always wanted to meet a man who was a good writer.

WRITER

Strange, I always wanted to meet a good woman writer.

ETTA

We should read each other's material.

WRITER

What a splendid idea.

The writer and Etta walk off together.

HARRY

Now what?

The cat walks onto the street.

CAT

My name is Cat, and I've just made this bet to give up cats.

HARRY

Oh, fuck off.

CAT

That's no way to talk to a cat!

HARRY

There's a right way to talk to a cat?

CAT

Yes, soft gentle soothing tones. Try this, "meow."

HARRY

Meow.

CAT

No, no, no, roll the r.

HARRY

There is no "r" in "meow."

CAT

That's it, I tried, you humans are hopeless.

Lance walks onto the street.

LANCE

Hi, my name is Lance, and I've
made a bet to give up cats.

CAT

You sicko.

LANCE

What?

CAT

Who's even writing this anyway.

INT. WRITER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The writer stops writing.

WRITER

Well, that was pointless.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry and Etta are in bed together, in the passions of love
making.

HARRY

I love you.

ETTA

I love you.

They kiss. He kisses her neck and continues to kiss her
down her body. He disappears under the covers.

ETTA

Who ever thought this would work?

HARRY

Mmmph?

ETTA

Don't speak with your mouth full.

Harry emerges from the covers.

HARRY

Sorry.

(beat)

Do you want to talk or do you want
me to continue?

ETTA

You continue, I'll talk.

Harry goes back under the covers. Etta's monologue is punctuated by twinges of excitement.

ETTA

I mean, who really thought this would work? Not me. I thought for sure the whole idea was ridiculous. And here I am, finding my own true love, being pleased by him, while monologuing. No dear, not there. Ah, that's better. Anyway, what was I saying? Oh yes, wait a second. Oh yes! Okay. Um. Right. Something about this not working. But it has! It's too bad though about Eunice and Robert.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robert is lying on the floor, a knife in his back, Eunice is over him with blood on her hands.

EUNICE

Who ever thought this would happen?

The cat comes in through the window.

CAT

I did. It's only a matter of time until she stabs everyone in this movie.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Etta is now submerged under the blankets and Harry is being pleased and distracted.

HARRY

I, for one, never thought this would happen. Maybe we'd go on the date, but sex? Never. I thought for sure you'd be put off by my... Oh, wait, I haven't told you about that yet.

(a muffled noise
from Eunice)

Don't worry about it. It only comes every once in a while. It's probably harmless, though I probably should get it checked out.

She emerges from the covers.

ETTA

Okay, what-the-fuck.

HARRY

It's my delusion.

ETTA

Oh, I thought it was herpies. Nevermind, go on.

She returns under the covers.

HARRY

Yes, I have this delusion that everything I do is scripted by some fantastic writer. Only the writer is really boring and so is his stories.

ETTA

There's nothing boring about sex.

HARRY

You've obviously never been married.

She emerges from the covers.

ETTA
You were married once?

HARRY
Oh, about twelve times.

ETTA
That's ridiculous.

HARRY
Oh, it was only one woman. It was
an on-again off-again marriage.

ETTA
That's even more ridiculous. For
how long?

HARRY
About twelve days.

ETTA
Okay, now you're just being silly.
And I won't do /this/ while you're
being silly.

She starts putting on her clothes.

HARRY
Now /this/ I can imagine happening.

ETTA
I hope you're happy.

HARRY
No, in fact, I'm extremely
frustrated. You on the other
hand, hand/mouth/whatever, have
been satisfied.

Etta looks to the side.

ETTA
Yes...

HARRY

What, you were satisfied weren't you?

ETTA

Well, once.

HARRY

That's a lot!

ETTA

For you?

HARRY

Well, for you.

ETTA

Not really.

HARRY

Well, fine, come back in here, I'll do it again.

ETTA

No, you were too silly, I'd just end up laughing during it.

(beat)

I'm going home.

She starts for the door.

HARRY

What can I say to have you come back?

ETTA

(thinks)

I don't know.

HARRY

(as she's leaving)

Well, fuck, neither do I!

INT. ROBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Robert and Eunice are in bed together, he's on top of her making love. The cat is on the floor nearby.

EUNICE
Yes, yes, stab me harder. Harder.

CAT
Oh, this is ridiculous.

The cat jumps out the window.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

The cat has jumped out the window and is now going down the street.

CAT
This movie is stupid, my agent is stupider, I could have gotten a cushy kibble commercial..

A MOUSE emerges from behind a trash can.

MOUSE
Hey cat!

CAT
What do you want, mouse.

MOUSE
How do you know my name?

CAT
How do you know my name?

MOUSE
Oh, this is ridiculous.

INT. WRITER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Writer is at his computer, cat is on the bed licking himself.

WRITER
This is ridiculous.

CAT

Yes, talking mice are too much,
you should have stuck to talking
cats.

WRITER

Why is mice worse than cats?

CAT

Look at the size of their brains.

WRITER

Well, if you're going to get all
biological on me, how did you
suddenly create the vocal chords
to talk.

CAT

I'm not talking, you're
hallucinating.

WRITER

I'm not hallucinating, I'm writing.

CAT

Well, you should do something
else, you're clearly not getting
anywhere with this.

WRITER

You're right, this movie stinks.
How many pages have I finished?

CAT

87.

WRITER

Fuck it, it doesn't have three-act
structure, it's just lame, fuck
it, I'm not going to finish it.

EXT. WRITER'S BACKYARD - DAY

The writer is sitting outside in blue jeans and a black shirt, smoking a cigarette and listening to Bob Seger songs in his headphones, currently it's Night Moves. His cat walks out.

WRITER

I was a little too tall, could
have used a few pounds...

(beat)

Hey, cat.

CAT

Yo.

WRITER

You know what this movie is really
about, don't you?

CAT

This movie is about something?

WRITER

Yeah, it's about my giving up
marijuana.

CAT

Oh.

WRITER

Yeah, I can't write stupid shit
like I have been. I'm taking
writing classes at P.U.

CAT

P.U.?

WRITER

Prestigious University.

CAT

Ah, of course.

WRITER

I can't be fucking around any more. I can't be smoking herb, I'll be doing it everyday. You know how clean I've been lately?

CAT

Well, I haven't seen you lick yourself recently...

WRITER

I haven't smoked in over a week. More like ten days.

CAT

How has it effected your writing?

WRITER

I don't know.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Etta and Harry are sitting in the coffee shop, drinking coffee.

HARRY

How long have we been dating?

ETTA

About a week, maybe ten days.

HARRY

How has it been going?

ETTA

Well, I thought it was going well.

HARRY

As did I.

Bob Seger comes on the radio, Old Time Rock and Roll.

HARRY

You like Bob Seger?

ETTA

Who's Bob Seger?

HARRY

What's on the radio right now. I
take it you don't like the Old
Time Rock and Roll.

ETTA

It seems like a pretty good song.

HARRY

Mmm. Where are we headed?

ETTA

We're headed somewhere?

HARRY

That's what I'm wondering.

ETTA

I don't think we're headed
anywhere, we're just driftin'.

HARRY

Against the wind, you might say.

ETTA

Um, sure.

HARRY

What kind of music do you like?

ETTA

Stuff like Cure, Joy Division.

HARRY

Oh.

ETTA

You don't like them?

HARRY

Not particularly.

ETTA

Is it a deal breaker?

HARRY

Naw. What are we doing?

ETTA
Drinking coffee.

HARRY
I thought so.

ETTA
Don't get all existential on me.

HARRY
You need to exist to be
existential.

ETTA
You don't exist?

HARRY
Neither do you.

ETTA
I get scared when you talk like
that.

HARRY
Really?

ETTA
No, not really.

Robert and Eunice comes in.

HARRY
Hey, Robert.

ROBERT
Yo.

HARRY
How's the experiment going with
you?

ROBERT
Well, I got stabbed a few times.

EUNICE
Only once.

ROBERT
Well, once is enough.

EUNICE
Is it?

ROBERT
I don't know.

HARRY
You know who this is?

ROBERT
No, don't particularly care.

HARRY
No, didn't think you would.

ETTA
It's Bob Seger, apparently.

ROBERT
Oh, now I care less.

HARRY
Well, thanks.

EUNICE
I hate old music.

HARRY
How can you hate old music? Old
music is tried and true, it's
tested and passed, it's our
fabric, it's our history.

The song changes to Bob Seger's Turn The Page.

HARRY
Must be two for Tuesday.

EUNICE
Is it Tuesday?

HARRY
I don't know.

EUNICE

Neither do I.

Both Robert and Etta shake their heads.

HARRY

You'd think one of us would know
what day it was.

Lance comes in.

HARRY

Are you following us?

LANCE

No, I come to this coffee shop
every Tuesday.

ETTA

It's true, he does.

HARRY

Why did you invite me to this
coffee shop, the day you knew
Lance was coming.

ETTA

Didn't think of it. Why, don't
you like Lance.

HARRY

Lance is alright.

LANCE

Lance is standing right here.

HARRY

You like Bob Seger, Lance?

LANCE

Sure.

HARRY

Now you're more than alright.

LANCE

Thanks, your approval means the world to me. I still prefer Mozart though.

HARRY

I like Mozart.

LANCE

Surprising.

ETTA

You think we'll hear any Cure or Joy Division.

HARRY

No.

LANCE

Surprising.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

Writer is at his desk, cat is on the bed.

WRITER

I had an ex who used to like Cure and Joy Division and that stuff.

CAT

Did I ask?

WRITER

She also liked Bjork.

CAT

Did I follow up?

WRITER

I can't stand Bjork. She wanted to have sex to her music, that was a fucking weird experience. I'm more of a sex-to-Freebird kind of guy.

CAT

Did I suddenly show interest?

WRITER

Music is very important to me.

CAT

What about to a cat?

WRITER

Don't suppose it occurred to me either way.

CAT

Well, think about it.

WRITER

I don't know, does it matter to a cat?

CAT

How would I know. I'm just you.

WRITER

Yeah, I know. When can I finish this stupid script?

CAT

When you get to 120 pages. Then you can forget about it and never look at it again.

WRITER

How far are we?

CAT

Dude, you just asked me that like 10 pages ago.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The writer and Etta are walking down the street.

WRITER

You know what's a good movie?

ETTA

What?

WRITER

Annie Hall. I just saw it again.
If I may, I'd like to just talk a
bit like that. You know, just for
a second, I think it would be good
for my soul, to just, you know,
connect with my inner mensch. I
should say something about
Kierkagaard.

ETTA

Like what?

WRITER

I don't know, I don't know any
Kierkagaard, I don't even know how
it's spelled.

ETTA

So?

WRITER

Well, I'm writing this, you know,
so, I should know how it's
spelled. I can't very well just
not spell it right, I ought to
know how it's spelled, right?

ETTA

Really, I think you're being too
neurotic.

WRITER

I tried only partly neurotic, it
doesn't work, you need to go full
neurotic, or you just seem
impotent.

ETTA

Impotent?

WRITER

No, that's not right either, I
don't know. You know, I'm jealous
of you and Harry.

ETTA

You're jealous of your own
creations?

WRITER

I mean, it worked so well, like it
was scripted or something. I
don't know. You know, how like at
the end of Annie Hall...

ETTA

Don't tell me, you'll ruin the
movie.

WRITER

No, it's not a spoiler, I swear.

ETTA

Still, I don't want to know
anything about the movie until I
see it.

WRITER

You haven't seen it?

ETTA

No, but I plan to.

WRITER

When?

ETTA

When it's available on a big
screen.

WRITER

What are you neurotic?

ETTA

Maybe. But hell, everyone is
neurotic in a Woody Allen film.

WRITER

This isn't a Woody Allen film, it
doesn't have enough bon mots.

ETTA

Aren't those candies?

WRITER

No, you're thinking of Bon-Bons.

ETTA

No, I'm not, I know about Bon-Bons, I'm thinking of Bon Mots.

WRITER

It's not candy, it's word candy.

ETTA

Candy is candy.

WRITER

No, it's not. Look, what does Harry even see in you?

ETTA

What do you mean?

WRITER

You have no character. Annie, now there's a character.

ETTA

I have no character?

WRITER

How would you describe yourself.

ETTA

Um, female.

WRITER

Exactly, that's the extent of it, you have no character, what distinguishes you from Eunice.

ETTA

Well, Eunice likes to stab people.

WRITER

That's a quirk not a characteristic.

ETTA

I think stabbing people is more than a quirk.

WRITER

I think you're avoiding the issue here.

ETTA

What is the issue, Max?

WRITER

You've never seen the movie.

ETTA

That's the issue, Max?

WRITER

No, I'm saying you can't call me Max, you've never seen the movie.

ETTA

But you look like a Max.

WRITER

You're stealing straight from the movie now.

ETTA

Don't knock masturbation, it's sex with someone I love.

WRITER

Well, that's just blatant.

ETTA

It's the best line from the movie.

WRITER

So you have to steal it?

ETTA

What he steals from Groucho Marx.

WRITER

But he admits to it.

ETTA

Well, you're admitting to it for me.

WRITER

It doesn't work that way.

ETTA

It does when I'm you.

WRITER

My god, is this just mental
masturbation.

ETTA

Do you love yourself?

WRITER

I don't know. But I'm not sure
how exactly I'm supposed to orgasm.

ETTA

Would you like me to masturbate.

WRITER

Yes, that would be good.

ETTA

Well, I'm not. You'll ruin your
film.

WRITER

My film will never see the light
of day.

ETTA

Isn't it usually dark in movie
theaters?

WRITER

This is inane. Where are the
witticisms?

ETTA

People aren't witty.

WRITER

Then why do we listen to them?

ETTA

Well, usually there's more to a
movie than dialogue.

WRITER

My last five pages have been
nothing but dialogue.

ETTA

Exactly.

WRITER

They fill up the page rather
quickly that way.

ETTA

Why do you want to waste all that
time?

WRITER

Look, are you going to masturbate
or not?

ETTA

No, I'm not going to masturbate.
Is that all you think about, sex?

WRITER

Sometimes I think about food. But
then I eat. I don't get sex as
often as I get food, so I think
about it more.

ETTA

That is the stupidest
rationalization I've ever heard.

WRITER

Look, Annie Hall has sex all
through it.

ETTA

But it's clever. You're not
clever. You just write whatever's
on your mind. If you can't think
of a funny line, you just write
anything. You don't care, you
have no sense of pride.

WRITER

Look, you don't have to be in this movie.

ETTA

Sometimes I wish I wasn't.

WRITER

Well, then where would Harry and Etta be? Should Harry get with Eunice.

ETTA

Why on earth did you name us Etta and Eunice anyway?

WRITER

I thought it was funny.

ETTA

Where's the joke?

WRITER

You know, you're just like that scene with the lobsters.

ETTA

Oh, that's a great scene.

WRITER

Not that scene, the scene where he's trying to recreate that scene and there's the other chick who doesn't get his jokes.

ETTA

That joke wasn't particularly funny. What was it... Oh yeah, something about not being himself since he quit smoking sixteen years ago.

WRITER

That's better than most of this.

ETTA

That's not saying a whole lot.

WRITER

Look, are we just going to walk and talk or are you going to do something?

ETTA

Why don't you do something.

WRITER

I'm the writer, I write, that's my something. Why do I need to do anything more?

ETTA

Well, someone needs to do something.

WRITER

I came up with a perfectly good idea for you.

ETTA

Why don't you masturbate.

WRITER

Well, no one wants to see that.

ETTA

But they want to see me doing it?

WRITER

Well, I think more people would be interested in seeing it, yes.

ETTA

I think this is inane.

WRITER

Was that a typo, did you mean to say insane?

ETTA

Shut up with these typo jokes. They aren't funny.

WRITER

I'm sorry.

ETTA

Are you? Are you really sorry?
Look what you've made people
watch, or read. Probably read,
probably about two people will
read. You being one and the other
will get through two pages. No
one will read this, no one will
see this, no one will care about
this, no one will care about you.

WRITER

Hey.

ETTA

It's true. No one cares about you
but your mother and your damn cat.

WRITER

That's not true. I have friends.

ETTA

Friends. Then why do you spend
your time writing. Writing
pointless things at that, things
you know will not get made into
anything. Things that will just
collect dust on your hard drive.

WRITER

I'm going to put it online.

The writer gets interrupted with a cell phone call.

WRITER

Hello?

(pause)

Oh, hi... I'm glad you called.

(to Etta)

We'll have to finish this later.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

The cat is on the bed, the writer is at his desk.

CAT

Why are you so happy?

WRITER

What, you were there.

CAT

True.

WRITER

I don't kiss and tell though.

CAT

Yes you do, all the time.
Sometimes you disguise it as
fiction.

WRITER

Yes, that was a great moment,
wasn't it.

CAT

Personally, I don't know why she
did what she did.

WRITER

And, of course, we're not talking
about Etta or Eunice.

CAT

No, we're talking about...

WRITER

Oh, we're not going to give her a
role. I don't know how she'd feel
about me talking about it.

CAT

No one's going to see this.

WRITER

So I've been told many times.

CAT

It was good wasn't it?

WRITER

Yes, it was very good.

CAT

Do you feel virile now?

WRITER

Very. Although she did later say that maybe we should just be friends.

CAT

Oh, but she always says that.

WRITER

I know, she said it was fast also.

CAT

She also says that all the time. Women say these things.

WRITER

I suppose so...

CAT

You just would rather have her long term than manage anything short term.

WRITER

Exactly.

CAT

I understand. Then, again, I'm you.

WRITER

Will people stop reminding me of that.

CAT

I'm not people.

WRITER

You know what I mean.

CAT

I know you're neurotic. I know also that this has absolutely nothing to do with this movie.

WRITER

Doesn't it? Maybe what this movie is really about is /my/ need to find love.

CAT

It's too late, you're already 13 pages away from the ending, and you never even introduced her as a character.

WRITER

I know, but I'm so happy, I have to tell someone, and I can't very well blog about it.

CAT

So, you put it in your screenplay. Your screenplay now has the status of below a blog. That's pretty pathetic.

WRITER

You know I don't care about this movie.

CAT

I think you're secretly hoping that your lack of caring will somehow manage to make this better than it is.

WRITER

No, I'm secretly hoping that someday I'll make something good, so that people will even want to see the bad stuff I did.

CAT

Won't you be embarrassed?

WRITER

No, not particularly, I'll probably just chop this up and use it for parts.

CAT

Are you going to put it online?

WRITER

I still don't know. If I put it online, then there's really very little chance it'll get produced.

CAT

But, maybe someone will see it and go, hey, this isn't so extremely and utterly bad, contact you, and... um... Nope, that still wouldn't get the movie made.

WRITER

I know. This movie will never see the light of day.

CAT

How's that for a title, instead of Based On A True Story.

WRITER

Well, wait a minute, maybe it is, because it's secretly my story. Of how I found love and redemption.

CAT

Have you told her you love her?

WRITER

No... I'm afraid to.

CAT

Even after what you did today?

WRITER

Especially after what I did today.. Besides, I don't really know if I love her.

CAT

Oh.

WRITER

Yeah, I may still just be lonely after all.

CAT

This is bloggery, I can't believe you're wasting valuable screen time on bloggish crud.

WRITER

Look, I want to finish this damn movie. I've been working on it, what... Jesus, I've spent months on this.

CAT

And you just want to toss it into cyberspace.

WRITER

It isn't worth a proper burial.

CAT

Why did you even write this?

WRITER

I don't know. I don't know why I do anything any more.

CAT

Oh, look, we're getting close to 110 pages.

WRITER

Ah, there we go. 110! Woo.

CAT

You should probably wrap things up with the crew.

WRITER

Probably.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

A PRIEST is presiding over a wedding of Etta and Harry and of Robert and Eunice.

PRIEST

Do you Etta Place take this Harry
Alonzo Longabaugh to be your
lawfully wedded husband?

ETTA

I do.

PRIEST

And do you Harry Alonzo Longabaugh
take this Etta Place to be your
lawfully wedded wife?

HARRY

I do.

PRIEST

And do you Robert Leroy Parker
take this Eunice Gray to be your
lawfully wedded wife?

ROBERT

I do.

PRIEST

And do you Eunice Gray take this
Robert Leroy Parker to be your
lawfully wedded husband?

EUNICE

I do.

PRIEST

Then I know pronounce all of you...

Lance busts into the chapel.

LANCE

Stop the wedding!

ETTA

Lance!

LANCE

Etta, I still love you.

ETTA

Oh, Lance, I still love you!

Etta runs off with Lance.

HARRY
Alright, I'm taking Eunice then.

ROBERT
No, you can't I'm taking Eunice.

EUNICE
It's up to me, isn't it?

ROBERT
Well, I guess so.

EUNICE
Well, I feel sorry for Harry, so
I'm going to marry him instead,
sorry Robert.

ROBERT
That's no reason to marry someone!

PRIEST
Alright then. Do you Harry Alonzo
Longabaugh take this Eunice Gray
to be your lawfully wedded wife?

HARRY
I do.

PRIEST
And do you Eunice Gray take this
Harry Alonzo Longabaugh to be your
lawfully wedded husband?

EUNICE
I do.

PRIEST
Then I now pronounce the two of
you...

The writer busts into the chapel.

WRITER
Stop the wedding!

EUNICE

Why, I don't want to marry you.

WRITER

She can't marry anyone. Because she's going to jail. For the murder of this camera man.

He holds up a picture of the deceased camera man. Two policeman come and take her away.

HARRY

Well, now who do we marry?

PRIEST

Mother fucker. Okay, fine. Do you Harry Alonzo Longabaugh take this Robert Leroy Parker to be your lawfully wedded husband?

HARRY

I guess so.

PRIEST

Do you Robert Leroy Parker take this Harry Alonzo Longabaugh to be your lawfully wedded husband?

ROBERT

At this point, why the fuck not?

PRIEST

Good, then I now pronounce you...

The cat bursts in.

CAT

Stop the wedding.

PRIEST

Fucking Christ, shit mother fucker, and the holy fucking ghost.

ROBERT

It's true, I'm in love with the cat.

The cat and Robert run off together.

WRITER

Well, I'm not going to marry you.

PRIEST

Will someone marry someone?

The deceased camera man busts in, as a zombie.

CAMERA MAN

Brains!

PRIEST

Do you deceased camera man take
this brains to be your... Wait,
what the fuck?

CAMERA MAN

Brains!

WRITER

I love that line.

The camera man starts limping towards them. He takes a crucifix and hits the priest over the head. He takes out his brain and eats it, while saying "Brains" in the tone of "do you take this, etc."

CAMERA MAN

Brains brains brains, brains
brains brains brains brains?

WRITER

Oh this is stupid.

HARRY

You only got six more pages to go.

WRITER

I don't care this is far too
stupid. I'm ending it now.
That's it. It's going online and
I never want to see any of you
ever again.

Writer runs off.

CAMERA MAN

Brains?

HARRY

Oh, fine, kill me.

FADE OUT.