

BEN
 (yelling)
 LET'S DO THIS!

Ben runs out of the bathroom.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Ben, in his suit and tie, runs outside. He's been running for a while and seems pretty tired now. He is approached by MICHAEL ZECKERT, a Hollywood agent.

ZECKERT
 Ben! Ben Cooper!

Ben puts his hands over his face and runs.

ZECKERT
 (chasing Ben)
 Wait, what if I told you I could give you a shot at the big time?

Ben stops cold.

BEN
 Huh?!?

ZECKERT
 That's right, feature film. This kiddie tv stuff is strictly bush league, see. I'll make you a star.

Ben's eyes light up. Zeckert holds up a contract with "CONTRACT" in huge letters at the top.

ZECKERT
 Just how many whores can you fit your arms around?

CUT TO

3. THE WRITER'S ROOM

INT. 15 MINUTE SHOW OFFICES

The writers sit around a table, working on ideas.

DANIEL
 (excited)
 Maybe I'm wrong here guys, but I think it's really about time someone did a "COPS" parody.

Ben walks in, wearing sunglasses, acting really cool.

He gives the writers a chin nod as he sits down.

BEN

What's up, assholes?

JOEY

Uh, we were just working on some sketches.

BEN

(pissed)

You know what, buddy? I'm gettin' pretty fuckin' tired of you and your big, fat, gay mouth. As a matter of fact, I'm sick of all you choads. I'm outta here.

On the way out, Ben grabs a donut from a box on the table and bites into it savagely. He walks out and slams the door. The writers sit there, stunned.

4. BEN WALKS DOWN THE STREET

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Ben walks down the street, talking on a cell phone. He takes another bite of the donut and tosses it over his shoulder.

BEN

Yeah, pops. Filming starts next week. You and mom should come down to the set and check it out.

CUT TO

INT. COOPER HOUSEHOLD

BEN'S DAD, an old guy, talks to Ben on the phone.

BEN'S DAD

(excited)

Oh, Ben, that's marvelous! If only your mother had lived to see this!

CUT TO

BEN

Yeah, yeah. Hang on, I've got another call.

Ben tosses the cell phone over his shoulder, just like the donut.

CUT TO

BEN'S DAD
(pathetic)

Ben?

5. DO THE EINSTEIN

Ben walks past two guys standing by a payphone. MCCOY hangs up the phone and starts freaking out. JOSH is concerned.

JOSH

So, how much money do they need?

MCCOY

They want it all, fifty dollars, by tomorrow morning or they're going to kill me and then my son Cool will be fatherless!

JOSH

What are you going to do?

We slowly zoom in on McCoy.

MCCOY

I don't know...What would Einstein do?

JOSH

Well, he'd probably check the balance of his bank account...

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

EINSTEIN does a crazy jig in front of a chalkboard full of equations as some music plays.

DISSOLVE TO

McCoy nods, thinking. Josh is still talking.

JOSH

--I mean, I think you could probably donate some blood and get that much.

MCCOY

I got it-
(quickly, stupidly)
Can-I-borrow_fifty_bucks?!!!

Then, he begins to crazily dance like Einstein while the music plays. Josh looks even more confused.

JOSH
Well, what did that solve?

A hand grabs Josh from behind. It's Einstein. He begins to dance, forcing Josh to dance, too. McCoy continues to dance crazily. They all dance their problems away.

6. HANDGUNS

INT. DEN

McCoy sits in a chair, next to the fireplace, with a bookshelf behind him. He's wearing a sweater now.

MCCOY
(really fake)
Well that's how I got out of *that* mess. But now I'd like to talk about something that's very important to me: handguns. You know--

CHANNEL CHANGE

7. MR. BATHROBE

A guy in a bathrobe walks around, in places where he probably shouldn't be wearing a bathrobe. The bank, church, etc. He looks outrageously happy and thinks he's very cool. A cheesy theme song plays.

CHANNEL CHANGE

Back to McCoy.

MCCOY
(holding gun)
In other words, nothing feels quite like a well-oiled handgun.

Freeze frame.

CG: "Handguns: America's favorite weapon."

ANNOUNCER(VO)
Handguns: America's favorite god damn weapon.

CUT TO

8. BAXTER RELAXED HER

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

A PRODUCER stands and an ENGINEER sits behind a big soundboard. The producer is confused, the engineer busies himself adjusting knobs.

PRODUCER

What?

From another angle, we see an announcer, BAXTER, in the vocal booth.

BAXTER

(oblivious, upbeat)

What?

PRODUCER

What did you say?

BAXTER

Oh did you like that? I ad-libbed a little bit, I think it really punches it up.

PRODUCER

(baffled)

No. No, it doesn't. Let's just stick to the copy.

BAXTER

Ok, ok.

(switching to
announcer voice)

Handguns--

(back to normal
voice)

are we recording?

PRODUCER

(flustered)

Yes!

BAXTER

Handguns: if you don't like 'em, you must be a fag...

The producer stares.

BAXTER

Like my brother-in-law Jasper, who got AIDS back in the 80s... before Magic Johnson made it cool.

PRODUCER
(pissed)
Alright, what was that?

BAXTER
What was what?

PRODUCER
Baxter, I thought we were sticking
to the copy.

BAXTER
(lying)
Uh, that's what it says.

PRODUCER
That script doesn't say anything
about Magic Johnson.

BAXTER
No, uh, it does.

Baxter holds up his script, knowing it's too far away
for the producer to see.

PRODUCER
(threatening)
Do you want me to come in there and
look at it?

BAXTER
(dumb)
No.

The producer sighs and looks at the engineer.

PRODUCER
(exasperated)
How are the levels?

ENGINEER
Levels?!

BAXTER
(gleefully)
Motherfucking handguns!

9. WHAT'S THE HOLDUP?

INT. HOUSE - DAY

KIEFER stands in a closeup, contemplating something.
As he speaks his dialogue the camera slowly pulls back.

KEIFER

Let's see, if I had to pick my favorite color, river and city in Ohio... Again, this is only if I was being forced to--

(cheesy)

and I think I am!

Once we get to this point, we see that a ROBBER stands next to Kiefer, holding a gun to his head. Another robber, GUY, stands next to him. The robber wears a ski mask and black clothes.

KEFIER

(like it's really important)

I would say, red, Red aaaaaand... Cleveland.

The robber lowers his gun and uses it like a cane. The atmosphere is now extremely friendly.

ROBBER

Really, Cleveland?

KIEFER

Oh, yeah, totally. It's like seventy degrees there year round.

ROBBER

What about Akron?

Kiefer makes a dismissive gesture.

ROBBER

Huh. What's the cost of living like up there?

KIEFER

Dude, it's amazing. It's totally cheap. I know this guy, man. He can totally get you a sweet deal on this great two-bedroom apartment.

As they talk, Guy checks his watch.

ROBBER

Really?

KIEFER

Oh yeah, it's got a view and everything.

The robber hands Kiefer his gun and pulls a notepad and pen from his pocket.

ROBBER

Cool, man. Can I get his number?

KIEFER

Uh...I know it. I know it. Just
give me a sec. Let's see, 8-8-1...

We begin to hear sirens, growing closer.

GUY

(nervous, crazy)
It's the cops, man. We got to
split!

ROBBER

(calm)
Yeah, yeah. Just hold on a second.
(to Kiefer)
Okay, 8-8-1...

KIEFER

7...6...

Guy sighs impatiently. Robber writes carefully.

KIEFER

5...?

ROBBER

(encouragingly)
Come on.

KIEFER

...8!

ROBBER

Thanks, man! I'll totally give him
a call.

Guy grabs Robber by his shirt.

GUY

LET'S GO! NOW!

The run scuffle out the door. Kiefer stands there,
holding the gun awkwardly.

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

Robber and Guy dash onto the sidewalk and begin to run
for a second. They get to an intersection and stop.

GUY

We need to find a place to hide
out!

ROBBER

Yeah, screw that, I'm going to

Cleveland!

Robber kisses the phone number in his notebook and puts it back in his pocket. He dashes off.

Guy looks around, extremely panicked. He sees a house across the street and runs towards it. It has balloons on the mailbox and a banner indicating there's a party going on. As Guy enters the house, the camera holds its position. Davenport enters the frame, looking around (as if he's very sneaky). He steals the balloons and runs away frantically.

10. HERPES PARTY 2000!

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Guy walks in to a large party. The room is mostly filled with guys, but there are a few girls there. Everyone is wearing party hats and drinking punch. JENNIFER, the hostess, is addressing her guests.

JENNIFER

(smiling, happy)

Wow, what a turnout! I'm really glad everyone could make it!

As she speaks we pan across the smiling faces of all the party guests.

JENNIFER

Now I'm sure you're all probably wondering what this party's for and why you've been invited.

PARTY ANIMAL

Party!

JENNIFER

But before we get into all that I just want to thank my extra-special husband Jeff for helping me with all the decorations and food. I love you, sweetie!

Jeff blushes and a few people clap.

JENNIFER

Alright, here goes. You all know how hard we've been trying to have a baby. Well, Last week I went to Dr. Hamson... and he told me that I have a disease called herpes.

The guests look shocked and concerned, but Jennifer is still smiling and happy. Jeff's eyebrows shoot up.

JENNIFER

Now, he said I'm supposed to tell everyone that I've had sexual intercourse with in the past two years about this.

(way too happy)

And that's where you all come in!

JEFF

(angry)

What?! (IN DWAYNE/STANLEY STYLE)

We've been married for three years!

What about the baby? Why are my parents here? You had sex with all these people?!?! And one of them gave you--us--herpes?!

We pan across the party guests again. They looked embarrassed. Most of them look down at their feet. A few slowly nod. After a beat:

JENNIFER

Yes.

(perky, maternal)

Who wants cake?

GUEST #1

I'm pretty hungry.

GUEST #2

Yeah, cake sounds good.

GUEST #3

I guess I could eat.

PARTY ANIMAL

(to Jeff)

Dude, you had sex with her? Up top!

Party Animal raises his hand for a high five.

CUT TO

Everyone gathering around Jennifer as she cuts the cake. "SORRY ABOUT THE HERPES!" is written on it with frosting. She coughs directly on it.

CUT TO

Guy eats cake off of a paper plate, talking to two other guys.

GUY

Well, I guess I'd better get to the

doctor!

11. KNTU FUCKING SUCKS

INT. WAITING ROOM

Guy sits next to STANLEY. They're both waiting to see the doctor.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Stanley, the doctor will see you now.

Stanley gets up and walks through the door.

GUY

What about me?

RECEPTIONIST

(checking clipboard)

Oh, yes. You have herpes.

Everyone in the waiting room stares at him. Guy shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM

Stanley sits on the exam table with his pants around his ankles. The DOCTOR stands next to him, looking at his clipboard.

DOC

Hmmm...

STANLEY

What is it?

DOC

(after a beat)

You married?

STANLEY

(confused)

Yeah?

DOC

Kids?

STANLEY

Uh, yeah. Two of 'em.

DOC

Do you like them?

STANLEY

Oh yeah, they're great. Kaitlin just turned four and we think little Tommy's going to start walking soon. He's so smart.

DOC

Great, great. That's great. We need smart kids. And you? Plans? Dreams?

STANLEY

Well, Samantha and I always talk about our lake cabin. Someday we'll retire there. We're going to break ground next month.

DOC

Yeah, I'm not so sure about that. According to my folder you only have one hour to live.

STANLEY

What!?

DOC

Yeah, sorry to be the one to tell you, but I guess that's why I'm the doctor and you're the one dying.

STANLEY

What the hell are you talking about?! I came here for a flu shot!

DOC

Look Mr. Stanley. I know how you feel. It doesn't make sense. How can you be alive one minute, happily enjoying a delicious fruit smoothie, and dead the next? But I see it every day.

STANLEY

This is ridiculous. I'm going to get a second opinion.

DOC

Okay, look, I'm not supposed to do this, but I can probably give you 90 minutes.

STANLEY

What?

DOC

Ohh... let me go talk to my boss. He is NOT going to like this.

Doc walks out. Stanley sits there, confused.

CUT TO

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Doc talks to the receptionist.

DOC

So you're goin' to the gophers on Sunday?

The receptionist looks confused.

CUT TO

INT. EXAM ROOM

Doc walks back in.

DOC

Well he's never done this before. We can give you TWO hours. The full 120.

STANLEY

(disgusted)

Fuck you, man. I'm out of here.

Stanley hops off the table and pulls his pants up. He walks out the door.

STANLEY

Ok, yeah, just pay on the way out, then!

CUT TO

EXT. NICE HOUSE

Stanley walks past a nice house in an establishing shot. When he gets halfway across the frame, he falls over, dead.

12. BRIAN--I MEAN DWAYNE--GETS A JOB AS A NANNY

INT. NICE HOUSE

MRS. BREWER, a wealthy woman, sits on a couch with DWAYNE, a 20ish guy.

MRS. BREWER

I just want Chappy to have a male role model he can look up to. After the divorce, it's just been me and him and Rosa, and Rosa doesn't even speak English.

A Hispanic maid, ROSA, walks by and shrugs.

DWAYNE

So what exactly do you want me to do?

MRS. BREWER

Oh you know, just play some sports with him, take him out for ice cream, sleep with his mother, normal father-son activities that he might be missing out on.

DWAYNE

And exactly how much does this pay...?

Mrs. Brewer writes a sum on a piece of paper and hands it to Dwayne.

MRS. BREWER

(seductive)

I think you'll find that the pay is very lucrative.

Dwayne whistles, then realizes something.

DWAYNE

Wait, I have to sleep with you?

CUT TO

EXT. PARK - DAY

Dwayne and CHAPPY, an 11 year old boy, with mitts and a baseball.

DWAYNE

(upbeat)

Okay Chappy! Ready to play a little catch?

CHAPPY

Catch this, you faggot!

DWAYNE

(surprised)

Where did you learn that word?

CHAPPY

In your faggot, faggot!

Dwayne's eyes bulge out. Chappy throws the ball over a fence, or in a totally wrong direction.

CUT TO

INT. CHAPPY'S ROOM

The room is littered with expensive toys and video games, etc.

DWAYNE

So what do you want to do now,
tiger?

Inexplicably, Chappy pulls out a hammer.

CHAPPY

Dwayne! Dwayne! Hit your penis with
this hammer!

DWAYNE

(shocked)

What?!

CHAPPY

HIT YOUR PENIS WITH THIS HAMMER!
If you don't I'll tell my mom you
molested me in the rec room!

DWAYNE

But-but I would never do anything-I
love kids!

CHAPPY

Shut your faggot, faggot! HAMMER
TIME!

Dwayne holds the hammer and looks down at his crotch.

CHAPPY

Do it! Come on, Dwayne. DO IT! DO
IT! DON'T MAKE ME TELL HER! DO IT!

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dwayne (considerably less upbeat, holding his crotch)
and Chappy.

CHAPPY

(excited)

DWAYNE! DWAYNE! PUT ON MY MOM'S

CLOTHES AND PRETEND TO BE MY
GIRLFRIEND, DWAYNE!

DWAYNE

(reluctant)

I don't know, Chappy. That doesn't
really seem like something your mom
would want me to do.

Chappy glares at him.

CHAPPY

(serious)

Get the hammer.

DWAYNE

No, wait.

Dwayne sighs.

DWAYNE

I'll do it...

CUT TO

Chappy smiling enormously.

CUT TO

INT. MOM'S ROOM

Dwayne in a dress and makeup, looking humiliated.

CHAPPY

Yeah, I like that one, that's nice.
But try the pink one again.

Mrs. Brewer walks into the room. She looks at Dwayne
and then Chappy. Chappy panics.

CHAPPY

He molested me in the rec room!

CUT TO

13. BEN'S BIG BREAK

EXT. BUILDING, BACK DOOR

Dwayne, still in the dress and makeup, smokes a
cigarette, visibly angry.

DWAYNE

(bitter)

Jesus Christ, twice in one month.

Ben walks up.

BEN

Excuse me, can you tell me where
the big film shoot is?

DWAYNE

What do I look like, a stewardess?

BEN

(confused)

What?

DWAYNE

(angry)

I said, do I look like a fucking
stewardess?

BEN

Uh...

Ben slowly moves towards the door while Dwayne inhales
deeply from his cigarette.

INT. HALLWAY

Ben walks down the hall, nervously looking for the
right door. He knocks, and someone opens the door a
crack and peeks out. Then the door opens wider and
it's Zeckert.

ZECKERT

(very friendly)

Ben! I'm glad you could make it!
We're just getting ready here.

Ben walks into the room, and it's a very depressing
setup. The room is empty except for a mattress lying
on the floor, one light, and a crappy camera on a
tripod. A guy wearing nothing but tighty-whities
stands next to the mattress. Ben looks around,
confused.

BEN

So, uh...what kind of movie is--

The door opens again, and a MAN and a WOMAN walk in.
They wear sweaters and look like they're right out of a
1950s sitcom.

BEN

(embarrassed)

Mom! Dad!

Ben's parents look shocked. Everyone stands there
awkwardly for a minute. Suddenly, EINSTEIN POPS OUT

and everyone starts dancing to the crazy music. They all look like they're having the time of their lives!

CUT TO

ACTOR CREDITS

PRODUCTION CREDITS

CAST/CREW CREDITS

BLOOP LOGO

14. BACK TO BUSINESS

INT. GAY PORN SET

Einstein and everyone else have finished dancing.

BEN

Man, that was a lot of fun!

ZECKERT

I'll say.

(looks at watch)

Alright, back to work.

Einstein gently takes Ben's hand and smiles at him. Ben looks uncomfortable.

THE END