

fat funny
FRANKENSTEIN.

WRITTEN BY
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PART ONE

"A Tome by Screenplay Standards."

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - 1994 - DAY

We open holding on a studio audience the moment before they laugh. Some smirking. Some stoic. And then *boom*, they all start cracking up.

REVEAL:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN SET

A sliding door slowly opens, and enters a MIDDLE SCHOOLER, in a private school uniform with a SMALL FOLDER under-arm.

Spotting him across the kitchen is his MOM, portrayed by a beaming Mary Tyler Moore type.

TV MOM (O.S.)

Del?

DEL, the middle schooler, looks terrified.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CONTROLROOM

Six tech crewman operate buttons and switches controlling multiple TVs broadcasting different angles of **DELS WAY S2 E204**. Standing amongst them is an ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Cut to camera 2.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - OFF SET

A cameraman looks through the lens. A GREEN BULB illuminates.

Standing behind the cameraman is producer **Barry Cosmo (32)** clenching a script while a cigarette ends. **Meena Salazi (15, Iranian)**, takes a Benson & Hedges out of its pack, handing it to Barry. Their attention returns to set.

CHYRON: LA. 1994.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN SET

TV MOM has her arms crossed on the right side of the set.

TV MOM

Show me your report card, Del!

Not a chance. He spins around and runs across to the set, past the kitchen table to, uh-oh, his **TV DAD!** *Skrrrrrrr!*

TV DAD

Show me your report card, Del!

PHIL (AS DEL)

Hehe, sorry, dad. I forgot something over-uh this-a way!

Del turns, runs, slips! The kitchen table gives way. The crowd goes apeshit.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - HALLWAY.

Barry leans on a wall opposite a dressing room; next to him is a framed poster for a show called *Del's Way*.

A Costume P.A. walks by with a freshly cleaned rack of outfits. As it passes we see the door of the dressing room has 'PHIL CULLY' written in black within a kitsch gold star.

Through the door you can barely make out an argument before it flies open, revealing **Jed Cully(50s) and Samantha Cully(30s)**. Samantha gives Barry a fake smile. She pokes her head back in the room.

SAMANTHA CULLY

Remember Philly, it's *Campbell's*.
Okay?

PHIL (O.S.)

I said I will.

SAMANTHA CULLY

Okay!

She whips back around smiling--"Everything's *GREAT!*"

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door, Barry patiently waits as the parents say goodbye again and leave. He steps in, and his big brows bounce twice.

BARRY

Sorry if I was interrupting something.

Phil Cully (12, the boy we saw earlier) smiles.

PHIL
I'm glad you did.

BARRY
Hey, that's funny! Look,--
(showing script)
--I think we're gonna change this
joke at the end.

PHIL
Oh.. Okay! To what?

Barry hands him some new pages.

BARRY
Do you think that's gonna be okay?

PHIL
Yessir. I think so.

BARRY
Well, are you gonna read it?

PHIL
Oh, yeah!

Phil quickly scans the pages.

PHIL (CONT'D)
This is really funny. What's a too-
pee?

BARRY
Toupee. It's like a wig sad people
wear.

Phil starts laughing.

PHIL
That is funny.

Barry's about to leave. He stops. Turns around.

BARRY
Hey.. Phil. Everything okay with
your folks?

Phil shrinks. Crawls inside himself.

PHIL
It's fine. Why do you ask, Mr.
Cosmo?

BARRY

I'm just checking up on ya. You and I gotta get each other's backs. I'm the creator of the show and you're the star, ya know?

Phil smiles. It's nice to be a part of a team.

PHIL

Mom just wants me to be great.

BARRY

I don't doubt it. But you're 10. You got your whole life ahead of you. If you need someone to talk to, come to me, alright?

PHIL

Alright.

Barry heads to leave. He turns back -

BARRY

Toupee.

PHIL

Toupee.

BARRY

You got it.

Barry leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM - CONT.

Barry walks down the busy hallway. Grips and writers and PAs run around. He passes by Phil's arguing parents.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - OFF SET.

Phil laughs going over lines with his TV Parents. It's clear he prefers them to his real ones. Barry watches them, but his gaze drifts to Samantha Cully mouthing the lines along with Phil from the FAMILY AREA. Meena walks up with an unlit cigarette in her hand.

MEENA

I don't like his parents. I feel so bad for him.

Barry looks at her. Then to Phil. Then the parents.

BARRY

Mhmm.

MEENA

Do you want another cigarette?

BARRY

No. We're not even allowed to smoke in here. I'm gonna get a call 30 years from now about everyone having emphysema.

STAGE MANAGER

(to the audience)

Alright, folks, we're gonna keep rolling. Let's get that energy up!

The audience claps.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Alright then. Ready guys?

The cast claps along too. It's good energy all around.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

Beautiful! And action!

CUT TO BLACK:

FAT FUNNY FRANKENSTEIN

MATCH ON IMAGE:

COVER OF A SCRIPT TITLED "FRANKENSTEIN"

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - MORNING - PRESENT

We see **Barry Cosmo (50s)**, now bald, and **Meena Salazi (38)**, now a grown-up, Amy Pascal-esque producer, staring blankly.

Chyron: LA. Present Day.

Barry sits with his hands folded on the same desk Meena leans on.

BARRY

So it's not a comedy?

REVERSE, REVEAL: **Dylan Graves (27)**, a total nerd. Like, not in a dorky cute way. Like in a pockmarked, barely social,

maybe even virginal way. He's lanky and hunched over and it's clear just to what degree of awkward he is.

DYLAN

No. It's... It's just *Frankenstein*.

WE SEE a whopping 600 PAGE SCRIPT, a tome by WGA standards.

MEENA

(re: script, emphasizing)
It's 600 pages.

DYLAN

Yes. But only like 90 are plot. The rest is foot notes, theories, medical practices and such. You know, research.

MEENA

My favorite genre. *Researched*.

BARRY

I wouldn't even say *researched*.
(flipping through
footnotes)
I'm looking at these 'notes'--most of the words here are just 'probably'.

DYLAN

(embarrassed)
Yeah, well, just in case I'm super wrong--

BARRY

Listen, I'm gonna be frank with you. We do not do prestige pictures, okay.

MEENA

We're less creators, and more *churners*.

BARRY

But we always profit, because we stick to a tight budget, and put a significant amount toward a big lead.

MEENA

That's how we get these clunkers in wide release.

BARRY

So be honest: what kind of budget are you expecting for this thing?

DYLAN

I don't know.. 50 million?

Barry chokes on his spit.

BARRY

What? *Pennies?*

MEENA

We've never made a flick for more than 7 million.

DYLAN

Pennies?

BARRY

(standing)

And it was our big tent pole disaster...

He moves around the office. We see all the BLACK & WHITE photos of him with Emmys, laughing and joshing around with famous actors. He stops at a poster for a big budget-CGI kids movie--*The Tentpoles*. The poster is of a nuclear family, all wearing pleated pants and having massive boners (guys and girls).

BARRY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The script just wasn't ready...

(then)

Look, Dylan, can I call you Dylan?

DYLAN

Yeah, that's my--

BARRY

The script isn't funny.

DYLAN

Again, it's not a comedy.

BARRY

No shit. That's your problem. The amount of money you need to do your serious, well researched *Frankenstein*, is... not gonna happen.

MEENA

Audiences will always pay to see comedies. Let's face it, Drama's been a money pit since 1930.

DYLAN

(to Meena)

I'm sorry, you're - ?

MEENA

(extending hand)

Meena Salazi. 3 time Spirit Awards attender.

BARRY

And she'd be your director.

DYLAN

Of my script?

BARRY

(off inspiration)

Wait, What if Frankenstein was funny *and* fat?

DYLAN

Why would he be fat?

Meena and Barry turn to each other. The conversation has entirely cut out Dylan.

BARRY

You thing you could pull something like that off?

MEENA

Yeah, of course. I'm funny.

BARRY

About as funny as a coronary.

MEENA

Well, fine, then we can have comedians punch up the script. Easy. You need a win here.

BARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

MEENA

You know what it means.

BARRY

You're right. I do need a win.
Alright.

He turns back revealing Dylan flabbergasted at the conversation he just heard.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Alright, kid, we'll do it. But
first we need a few rounds of
revisions.

Barry grabs the stack. Rips off the first 90 pages. And
throws the rest in the trash.

BARRY (CONT'D)

First round done.

DYLAN

(wincing)
That was like... 80 dollars to
print.

BARRY

Don't worry...

We PUSH IN on Barry.

BARRY (CONT'D)

...you're gonna make it back.

He smiles and turns to Meena. She's already holding the 90
pages. She starts disassembling the script on the desk.

MEENA

(talking to Barry/ herself)
The act breaks are already pretty
well defined.

25 pages ripped and slapped down.

MEENA (CONT'D)

First act. We can cut here.. And
here...

Diving into rewrites, Meena and Barry dissect, rearrange,
circle and mark up the script with red markers.

Then.. back on Dylan. Still there.

DYLAN

Er... When?

BARRY

What the hell are you still doing here?

DYLAN

When do I get paid? You said I'd make my money back. Do I get it bi-weekly? Or all at once at the end?

BARRY

(sarcastic)

Yeah....yeah, you get paid all at once at the end--like a summer camp.

(then serious)

I'm gonna cut you a check.

A pause.

DYLAN

...When?

BARRY

Christ, what's with the 3rd degree? When I re-order my checkbook to come in the mail. Because I dropped the other in the toilet. And yes, I write checks on the toilet.

MEENA

(cutting in)

We'll forward some emails to your script agent.

Dylan gives a blank stare. He has no script agent.

BARRY

(realizing)

Oh duh! Of course you don't have a script agent. You don't even have a belt.

(reaching into pocket,
pulls out money)

Here's seven bucks, kid. Get yourself a belt.

MEENA

We'll send you your documents in the mail, I guess.

(a beat)

Like a pilgrim.

DYLAN

Okay. Sorry. Leaving now for real.
Heh.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Dylan, with a lilt in his step, hurries to a humming NISSAN waiting to pick him up.

INT. SASH'S NISSAN - LATER

Traveling down the interstate, DYLAN sits beside his best friend **Sash (late 20s, Indian, handsome, high pitched, "Hellraiser" t-shirt)**. Music blasts as Sash bangs on the steering wheel in excitement.

SASH

This is fucking awesome!

DYLAN

I'm losing it, man. I can't believe this is happening.

SASH

This is the dream. You did everything they told you to do in film school.

(counting off fingers)

You built your script packet, you networked, and then your aunt new a guy!

DYLAN

Oh man, we should celebrate.

SASH

Yeah? It's the middle of the day, you really wanna get rowdy?

DYLAN

Oh yeah. Let's get fucked up.

INT. TACO BELL - DAY, MOMENTS LATER

Sash and Dylan eat horrifically across from each other, while Ariana Grande faintly plays overhead.

SASH

This is fantastic. You're gonna be making a real horror movie. A good one too.

DYLAN

Well, uh.. That's a thing actually.
They wanna make it a comedy.

SASH

But *you're* not funny.

DYLAN

I know, but what am I gonna do?
Turn it down? The money is so good.
And Lord knows I need it.

SASH

Wow, man. Where's your integrity?

DYLAN

What integrity?

SASH

Very good. That was a test. The
fourth rule of film school, baby -

SASH (CONT'D)

Selling out!

DYLAN

Selling out!

They cheers w/ their Baja Blasts.

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - EVENING

ECU: An INDEX CARD MARKED "Credits" gets PINNED TO A
CORKBOARD

WIDE: BARRY and MEENA stand in the foreground looking at the
board. They knuckle touch.

WE PAN across the cork-board's INDEX CARDS in chronological
order:

- "Beginning"
- "Middle Part"
- "Other Middle Part"
- "Everyone Gets Mad and Leaves"
- "But Then They Come Back"
- "Save The Cat"
- "Rushed Conclusion"

MEENA

I love breaking story.

BARRY

Thank god for Robert McKee.

MEENA

What about Josh Gad for the
Frankenstein?

BARRY

He's already booked on 7 pilots
through the end of the year.

MEENA

Kevin James?

BARRY

Who's that?

MEENA

King of Queens? Kevin Can Wait?

BARRY

I have no idea who you're talking
about.

MEENA

What about Phil Cully?

Barry pauses. Something caught his tongue.

BARRY

Shit. Phil Cully. I haven't thought
about him in years.

Barry looks to his wall... There's a neatly framed photo of
BARRY & PHIL on "Del's Way".

BARRY (CONT'D)

It could work. He hasn't done
anything big in a while.

Barry walks over to the frame. He takes it off his wall.

MEENA

Could be time for a comeback.

BARRY

(lost in thought)
Haven't talked to him in forever...
Kinda miss him, truth be told.

MEENA

Can we trust him? With his, uh...
Drug habit?

BARRY

Ah, we all have bad phases. He went through some dark years where he just put everything he could in his body. And then I had *my* dark years when I put French Stewart in all of my movies. But rehab does amazing things.

MEENA

Well, as long as he's completed the treatment...

BARRY

Oh, Phil never went to rehab. I did, though, for the whole French Stewart addiction. Or as we call it on the streets, the Crack Rock from the Sun.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MORNING

We see **Phil Cully (now 36)** a larger than life man, persona and literally. Very expressive eye brows. Crazy, matted down hair. A wrecking ball with a beautiful heart. His arms are crossed. He's awaiting judgement.

REVEAL: On the bed, with a breakfast tray on her lap, is his wife **Judy Cully (30)**. She's a flower child. Listens to Janice Joplin and loves Phil for his tremendous compassion.

JUDY CULLY

(re: breakfast tray)
6.5 out of 10.

PHIL CULLY

Bullshit. Those are 10 out of 10,
Judy.

JUDY CULLY

10 out of 10 for these runny eggs?
You're out of your gourde.

Phil throws up his hands. He walks to the bathroom, disappointed.

JUDY CULLY (CONT'D)

(playful)
I still love you.

Phil pokes his head out.

PHIL
6.5 out of 10.

JUDY CULLY
For my love!

PHIL
Yeah. It's runny.

Judy gasps and throws a hunk of hashbrown at Phil. He charges her, she screams with laughter.

JUDY CULLY
Breakfast in bed! Breakfast in bed!
Truce! Safe zone!

They wrestle, lovingly. During the scuffle/embrace, we hear a cellphone ring.

PHIL
Okay, Okay! Lemme look at my phone!
It may be work.

As he leaves, we just barely catch a reaction from Judy to the word 'Work'.

EXT. CULLY RESIDENCE - POOL - DAY

Phil answers the phone on the deck of the pool, standing beneath the Los Angeles sun.

PHIL
Y'ello.

BARRY (PHONE)
Philly!

PHIL
Hello?

INT. BARRY COSMO'S OFFICE / EXT. CULLY'S POOL - INTERCUT

BARRY
It's Barry Cosmo, Philly. Thought I told you not to lose my number.

PHIL
Barry! Hey man, what are you talking about?

BARRY

"Philly, Philly don't you lose my number." Phil Collins. You used to love that song.

PHIL

Oh yeah...guess I don't listen to a lot of Collins anymore.

BARRY

Maybe he ran ground in the last decade, point is-- Wanna get lunch?

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - THE NEXT DAY

PAN across the beautiful decor of a modern LA restaurant, sunlight spilling in a perfectly balance brilliance.

A HOSTESS(21) returns to the check-in podium as Phil Cully arrives in forced-business-casual attire.

HOSTESS

(to Phil)

Welcome to Creuxlinrouge, sir, do you--

PHIL

Hi, I'm suppose to be meeting--

Phil suddenly spots Barry, waving his hand in the air wildly, at table in the center of the room.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(back to hostess)

A man with an uncontrollable wave.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - BARRY'S TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Phil is brought over, a chair is pulled for him, and he is seated.

HOSTESS

Enjoy.

PHIL

Thank you.

Barry beams at his potential star, much to the confusion of Phil.

BARRY

Phil. Cully. Look at you.

PHIL
That's how most people greet me
these days.

BARRY
You look great. How's Judy?

PHIL
She's good. She's painting.

BARRY
Painting. That's so artistic.

PHIL
Sorta the whole foundation, yeah.

BARRY
You know, I took Maureen to the
Louise Bourgeois exhibit at the
MoMA when we were back in New York
last summer--

PHIL
Barry.

BARRY
Huh?

PHIL
What are we doing here?

BARRY
(playing off)
We're getting lunch?

PHIL
You wanna pitch me something, I can
smell it.

BARRY
(visibly nervous)
No-- I mean there are projects I'm
working on. Ya know, I *am* a
producer.

WAITER
(checking in)
Can I get y--

PHIL
(without looking)
Coffee. Iced. Irish.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Pitch.

BARRY

WELL, there is one project that I did wanna talk to you about.

PHIL

Okay, is it-

BARRY

(shamefully nodding)
A comedy.

PHIL

And, if I remember correctly, I don't do that shit anymore.

BARRY

Yeah, I know.

PHIL

Apparently you don't.

BARRY

But this project is different. It could be really good for you. It could even be, dare I say, a win? Which wouldn't be a bad thing for you right now.

PHIL

What is that supposed to mean?

BARRY

It's not a secret that's been a slow decline since the Aspen stunt-
(on Phil's reaction)
--since Aspen.

Phil's voice drops to a tone like a someone being asked to go on a fishing trip when the asker should know their kid died on a fishing trip.

PHIL

I took a break. Hiatus.

BARRY

You know what Breaks & Hiatuses have in common? They end. You've been on hiatus for years. When did *Del in College* end? 2002? This is a *movie*.

PHIL

Who got back into acting through an indie?

BARRY
It's not an indie. It's a *mid-*
budget.

Phil takes it in. For a moment, he considers folding.

PHIL
What's it called?

BARRY
("The Aristocrats!")
Fat, Funny Frankenstein!

PHIL
(standing)
I'll see you later, Barry.

BARRY
Phil, come on. Lemme just tell you
the story, or even just the
characters.

PHIL
I gotta go, Barry. Good luck with
Fat Fucking Frankenstein.

Phil walks toward the exit.

BARRY
(offended)
It's Fat, *Funny* Frankenstein.

PHIL
(without turning or
stopping)
I know.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - LATER

A set of hands passes documents to another set of hands.

ACCOUNTANT
Your Money Market raised \$1,268 in
the last month.

PHIL
(bored out of mind)
Great.

ACCOUNTANT
Your CD is still tracking along.

PHIL

Cool.

ACCOUNTANT

With that being said, Mr. Cully, your spending has begun to outpace your income flow.

PHIL

Huh?

ACCOUNTANT

You're making less money than you're spending. I'm not sure how acutely aware you are of this, but your royalties have been dwindling, they're much less than they were even 3 years ago.

PHIL

Ya, no kidding.

ACCOUNTANT

And yet, your spending has sustained it's average rate.

PHIL

Are you done patronizing me?

ACCOUNTANT

To be quite honest, Mr. Cully, I haven't even begun. Your main royalty, Del's Way, isn't being syndicated by networks anymore. Lord knows the spins off aren't either.

PHIL

What are you, the Hollywood reporter? This doesn't make any sense.

ACCOUNTANT

No, I'm an entertainment accountant with 20 years of experience, and other clients outside of you. Often bigger, yet more fiscally responsible. It's my job to know what's happening in the industry signing your checks, sir.

Phil stares at his financial documents is awe and confusion.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)

You need to curb your spending Mr. Cully. Cause unless you start doing commercials or voice work or something substitute, your income will continue to decline.

INT. PHIL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Phil's hand furiously grips the steering wheel as LA scenery travels at light-speed in the driver door window.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The car barrels into the back of a parking lot, parking back by the dumpster.

Phil gets out and slams the door. He angrily takes out and lights a cigarette, smoking the whole thing as quickly as possible. He takes a deep breath. Then less angrily fishes out a bag of coke in his jacket pocket, and takes a bump off the knuck. He takes another deep breath. Then he calmly takes his phone out of pocket and texts super fast. He slips it back in the pocket and walk's toward the backdoor / back stairs of a nightclub called On The Rox.

INT. DYLAN & SASH'S APT. - NIGHT

Dylan and Sash are playing *Super Smash Bros*. They're still high on their tacos and Baja Blasts. They talk without looking from the TV.

SASH

What do you think is gonna happen?

DYLAN

I don't know. I doubt I'm even gonna be involved that much. I think they just take the script and leave me alone.

SASH

That kinda stinks.

Dylan's phone starts ringing. He pauses the game, answers -

INTERCUT PHONE CALL: DYLAN'S APT. / BARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DYLAN

Hello!

(he whispers to Sash)

It's Barry... the producer!!

Sash gives thumbs up, starts pretending to rain money -

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You want me to meet up with the star tomorrow and punch up the script?

BARRY

Yeah, why are you repeating it back to me like that?

DYLAN

Who's the star?

BARRY

It's Phil Cully.

DYLAN

Phil Cully. Got it.

BARRY

He lives in Beverly Hills. Meena is gonna text you the address. Be prompt. He's a legend around here.

DYLAN

Yessir.

BARRY

Hey, kid... It's gonna be a fun time.

Dylan smiles. Sash smiles at him smiling.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'll talk to you later.

Barry hangs up.

INT. DYLAN & SASH'S APT. - CONT.

Dylan hangs up the phone.

SASH

What did he say?

DYLAN
Who's Phil Cully?

INT. SASH'S NISSAN - DAY (MOVING)

Sash is driving again. Dylan is in the passenger seat. They're absolutely marveling at the Beverly Hills property.

SASH
(at various houses)
That's a billion dollars. That ones
a billion dollars. That one over
there is a billion dollars.

DYLAN
None of these houses are a billion
dollars. That one's *maybe* five
million.

SASH
Yeah well, to someone who has a
hundred bucks to their name, 5
million may as well be 1 billion.

DYLAN
Some very poignant remarks on the
wealth divide.

SASH
(Bernie Sanders impression)
The top 1 percent of the bottom 10
percent makes the top -

DYLAN
Sash, look out!

The NISSAN *crashes* into a trashcan!! Debris and trash and moldy food goes flying up and covers *the windshield*. The car doesn't stop --

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Ah! You just hit Tia Leone's trash
can!

SASH
(trying to clean the
windshield)
Ah fuck... I can't see! I got
Spanglish on my windshield.

He turns on the wipers. They wipe back and forth trying to knock off the DVD of *Spanglish* but it won't budge. In fact, Adam Sandler's face *smears* across the windshield.

EXT. CULLY'S DRIVE WAY - LATER

Phil opens the garage door. It's rise reveals Sash's NISSAN rattling atop the cobblestone like a cold dog. Dylan cranks open the passenger door, letting out a plume of white smoke.

PHIL
You boys burnin' grass?

DYLAN
Actually I think it's paper stuck
in the motor.

Behind him, Sash peels trash and *Spanglish* off the windshield of his Nissan.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(giving handshake)
Hi, I'm Dylan Graves. I'm the
screenwriter.

PHIL
Phil. I'm the money.
(re: Nissan)
Some chauffeur you got there.

Dylan looks back at Sash, a proud friend.

DYLAN
That's my best friend Sash. He
gives me rides. I lost my license.

PHIL
DUI?

DYLAN
No. I think it's under my bed
somewhere...

PHIL
(shouting to Sash)
You good over there, sport?

Sash waves.

SASH
I'm good! Nice to meet you!
(to Dylan)
Text me when to come get you, baby!

DYLAN
(shouting back)
Love you, bye!

He turns back to Phil.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
We were both only-childs.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

PHIL and DYLAN are sitting in the gorgeous Cully living room. They are both seated on different angles of a comfy sectional. Phil is holding the script up to his face reading it. It looks like he's halfway through. He's wearing thick, ugly reading glasses.

PHIL
Well it's definitely not funny.

Dylan says nothing. Phil looks up.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You're not gonna be weird are you?
You're not star struck or anything?

DYLAN
No, sir. I don't know who you are.

PHIL
Hm. You never seen Saturday Night Live?

DYLAN
You were on it?

PHIL
(barely looking up)
Not on it. But I've hosted a million times. Practically lived at 30 Rock in between movies.
(then)
You really never watched it?

DYLAN
No, I grew up pretty strict. And a sketch comedy show? Created by a Canadian? No way.

PHIL
(yearning)
You ever see "Del's Way"? or the spinoffs "Del in High School".. "Del in College?"... "Del and Darnell?"

DYLAN
 (embarrassed)
 No, sir..

PHIL
 (kinda hurt)
 Hm. Okay. Well *what did you watch?*

On Dylan. He thinks -

INT. DYLAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - **FLASHBACK.**

The following is a very quick montage of Dylan growing up:

- Dylan, 7, sits on a couch in the dark watching *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*
- Dylan, 12, watches *Event Horizon*
- Dylan, 16, now with a young Sash, sit and watches the original *Wolfman*.
- Dylan, 20, still with Sash, watch *The Thing*. It cuts to commercial break.

SASH
 Ah commercial. Change the channel.

Dylan does so. They flip to one of Phil's various shows and spin offs. Nothing of note is happening. For some reason French Stewart is guest starring. They're not even remotely entertained.

SASH (CONT'D)
 Ah, boo. Cable comedy. Flip back.

Dylan does so.

SASH (CONT'D)
 (an after thought)
 Was that French Stewart?

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Phil leans back in his couch. The script rests on his lap.

PHIL
 So.. Clearly you wrote a script
 that was intended to be a... uh...
 a serious movie. Why are you

letting them make it into something
that it's not?

DYLAN

A means to an end. I just want
money so I can make my own movie.
Self produce and direct. It's a
horror time travel.

PHIL

(finally engaged)
Dude, that's awesome. I love that
shit. What's it called -

JUDY (O.S.)

Babe?

Phil looks up. Judy is there in the kitchen.

PHIL

(to Dylan)
Give me a moment.

Phil goes to Judy.

INT. CULLY - KITCHEN - CONT.

Beautiful kitchen. Modern set up. Granite island in the
middle. As Judy talks she sets up various party things -
chips in bowls (still bagged), sandwich platters, several
wines on the counter, etc. etc.

PHIL

What's up?

JUDY

How old is that boy?

PHIL

I don't know. Twenty five?

JUDY

Are you gonna take care of him?

PHIL

What do you mean take care of him?

JUDY

I know what Barry's like. *We know*
what Barry's like. But that kid
doesn't. Warn him. Tell him.

PHIL

The kid's an adult. He's gonna be around drugs. He's gonna be fine.

JUDY

Are you gonna be fine?

PHIL

Are you?

(then)

Or is Martha's Vineyard Judy gonna come out?

A beat.

PHIL (CONT'D)

A little coke tonight. What's it gonna do?

JUDY

Don't do anymore than me.

PHIL

Don't do any *less* than me.

She gives a "Very funny" face. Phil heads back over to -

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Dylan hasn't budged.

PHIL

Listen, Dil, can I call you Dil?

DYLAN

I'd prefer Dylan.

PHIL

(sigh)

Alright, DyLAN. Judy and I are having people over tonight. I don't anticipate it getting very wild, but who knows? There might be some booze and drugs. Blah, blah, blah. Is that gonna make you nervous?

DYLAN

I haven't gotten nervous since a car accident ruptured my pituitary gland.

PHIL
 Alright, cool, so you can just sit
 there like a freak.

DYLAN
 But what about the script? We
 haven't made any jokes.

PHIL
 Ah, it'll come to me on the spot.
 Don't sweat it.

Judy comes in with a tray of ORANGE JUICE.

JUDY
 Sweetie, if you're too nervous or
 weird you can just leave.

PHIL
 Christ, Judy, he's only a couple
 years younger than us. You don't
 have to baby him.

JUDY
 I got you orange juice.

DYLAN
 Oh sweet.

Dylan grabs one. He slurps. He spits it back into the glass.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Yuck, there's pulp.

CUT TO:

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. We see PHIL snort a long line of cocaine off a dusty mirror.

Dylan, like predicted, awkwardly sits on a sofa with a *Bud Light*. He's surrounded by people he does not know and, probably, will never talk to.

Phil is a different form right now. He's fully *ALIVE*. This is the side that has gotten him so famous. A raw and electric intensity. He's living off the energy. He's standing, doing voices, improvising Frankenstein jokes. Dylan is unimpressed and kinda bored.

There's a *DING DONG* -

PHIL
 (to Dylan)
 Kid! Get the door.

AT THE FRONT DOOR -

Dylan opens it to see **Barry & Meena**. Meena is holding two jugs of CARLO ROSSI.

MEENA
 What are you still doing here?
 Isn't it past your bedtime?

DYLAN
I'm 27.

BARRY
 Oh our bad. Isn't it your *air
 mattress time?*
 (then)
 Where's the man of the hour?

DYLAN
 He's over there. Makin' jokes.

BARRY
 Great.

Barry moves past Dylan into the heart of the party. Meena and Dylan look at each other.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - LATER

Dylan is in the kitchen struggling to twist the top off another *Bud Light*. MEENA stumbles in, face coked. She snatches the bottle from him and opens it on the counter.

DYLAN
 Um, thanks.

MEENA
 No problem.

She grabs her own Carlo Rossi from off the granite counter. Like the Bud Light before, she tries and snap the top off on the granite counter. The neck shatters. Meena shrugs, grabs a red solo cup and sloshes wine into it. Then walks to the fridge.

DYLAN
 (re: Phil)
 Is he... Is he always like this?

MEENA

Who? Barry or Phil?

DYLAN

Phil. Well, both?

MEENA

Yeah, that's Phil Cully for you.
It's kind of his thing.

DYLAN

He seemed so put together earlier.

MEENA

Well that's why he was on hiatus.
Every now and then him and Judy
take a break from the "fast life"
and "sober up" although they're
never really sober. You can't
substitute getting high on coke
with getting barred out on Xanax or
Valium. Total phony shit.

(looks into her solo cup)

This is all glass.

She tosses the cup.

DYLAN

I'm surprised we even got him.

MEENA

We got him because he owes Barry
big time.

DYLAN

What?

MEENA

What? What? Don't you ever read the
news?

(she pushes him)

Sorry, sorry, that was too much. I
get aggressive when I tell stories.
I just want you to feel like your
there.

DYLAN

It's okay.

MEENA

About a decade ago in Aspen Phil
got fucked up like nothing else. He
OD'd and when the cops came, Barry
had taken all of the drugs and

paraphernalia, threw it all out,
got rid of all the minors and shit
and made it look spotless. In like
10 minutes flat.

DYLAN

No way.

MEENA

Way. And so yeah, essentially saved
his life... and from a wrap.

DYLAN

If he's that bad... Why do people
work with him?

MEENA

Because he's always game!
(she shoves him)
But don't tell him I told you that.
This is drunk Meena talking. And
drunk Meena needs secrets kept.

DYLAN

Yeah, I gotcha.

Meena reaches across the counter and gets her *other jug of Carlo Rossi*. She angles the glass jug and tries to knock the cap off but just shatters the entire thing everywhere.

MEENA

Goddammit!

EXT. CULLY - BALCONY - NIGHT, EVEN LATER

The balcony looks out over a gorgeous Beverly Hills skyline.
Mountains. Lights.

Phil is looking over the railing with a beer in his hand.
Barry, not that fucked up, strides over.

The party goes on in the background.

BARRY

Don't fall now.

PHIL

Funny.

BARRY

You look good.

PHIL

No I don't. I look fat. I'm still fat. I'm still the exact way you left me.

BARRY

Well that's the Phil I like. That's the Phil we all like.

Judy comes to the glass door -

JUDY CULLY

Come back inside! We're playing twister!!

She turns and goes -

BARRY

(re: Judy)

I'm glad you guys have made it this far. She's a good girl.

PHIL

How much does the kid know about me? Does he know I'm a fucking mess?

BARRY

You're *not* a fucking mess. And the kid doesn't know anything.

Barry reads the scene. See's how bummed Phil is.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What is this? C'mon! What are you doing? Let's get in there! Show us your twister moves. I heard you can put both balls on red and yellow.

Phil can't help but laugh.

PHIL

Just take care of him.

BARRY

Yes, yes, yes, of course.

Barry, with a hand on Phil's back, pushes him back towards the house.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Back in the main party room. Phil does a line of coke. Phil is now dancing and singing. Judy, by his side, is also fucked up. They're swaying and shouting. And going totally nuts. Meena is trashed. Dylan too. But Barry leans against a wall and watches them when we-

CUT TO BLACK.

PART TWO:

"THERE'S NOT A JOKE IN SIGHT."

"Two Weeks Later"

EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY

CHYRON: 30 Days 'til Wrap.

Dylan walks along a bright, sun baked parking lot lined with trailers, tents, and big rigs. His eager attitude and Goodwill Suit and Tie cast him a virgin when compared to other crew dressed to work.

INT. STUDIO 45 - DAY

An irate Meena paces back and forth in front of the set with a clipboard. Dylan arrives.

DYLAN
He's not in his trailer.

Meena flings her clipboard like a discus.

MEENA	GAFFER (O.S.)
Mother fucker!	<i>My Kino!</i>

MEENA
(to Dylan)
Get Barry on the phone. Right now.

BARRY (O.S.)
I'm right here. What, you didn't think I was gonna show up on the first day?

Barry saunters up with coffee and a box of donuts.

MEENA
Golden boy is two hours late.

BARRY
You check his trailer?

MEENA
I sent Doyle.

DYLAN
Dylan.

BARRY

I mean, it's not a huge surprise.
You know what he's like. Here -
(he presents the donuts to
her)
Have a donut. You're hangry.

Meena opens the box: the donuts look like monstrosities.

MEENA

What the hell are these?

BARRY

They're Everything Donuts.

MEENA

Christ, Barry, you cheap bastard.
Where'd you get these? The
clearance bin?

BARRY

Hey, the kid who sold it to me was
a nice guy.

DYLAN

(changing the subject)
Is he okay? Like healthy wise?

BARRY

Who? The cashier? I don't know - he
had Down's Syndrome so he could've
invented this on the spot.

DYLAN

No. Phil.

BARRY

Oh. I -

PHIL (O.S.)

Lets get ready to rumble!!!

Phil enters throwing out hi-fives, laughing, joking.

BARRY

(grinning)
Look. He's fine. Let's do this
thing.

MEENA

Finally.

Meena walks off to Phil. She shouts orders for grips and
others to get in position.

INT. A CABIN - 1817 - NIGHT - (MOVIE IN THE MOVIE)

A candle flickers.. A sick boy coughs and struggles to sleep in an old bed.

When... *BANG!* The door to the cabin bursts open off its hinges. We see, finally, **PHIL CULLY as FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!!** He's wearing rags and sheets...

PHIL
Graaaaaahhh

But then, because of his width, he gets stuck in the door. He struggles. It's not... very funny.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Cut! Cut! Cut! Meena, can you cut this! Please!

Everything stops. And changes. The cinematic world of 1817 Geneva quickly falls away and is replaced with what we're more familiar with. 2018 Hollywood.

Meena enters.

MEENA
What! Everything was going great!

PHIL
No it wasn't. It was stupid. And also, I'm about to strangle this kid. That's not funny at all.

MEENA
Sure it is! It's hilarious!

PHIL
To who? John Wayne Gacy?

MEENA
Okay.

Meena comes closer. Pulls Phil a little away from the set.

MEENA (CONT'D)
Listen, Phil. If you don't think the script's funny why didn't you make it funny? You had two weeks.

PHIL
I was busy. I gave it to the kid.

INT. STUDIO 45 - NEAR SET - CONT.

Barry and Dylan stand there looking at the not-great-scene unfold. Barry looks at Dylan's outfit.

BARRY

Why are you wearing a suit, kid?

DYLAN

Christopher Nolan wears a suit.

BARRY

Yeah, he also drinks breasts milk and jerks off onto the equipment but they don't talk about that on IMDB do they?

(a breath)

Here, go over there and take a seat.

DYLAN

Where?

BARRY

On the goddamn chair with your goddamn name on it.

INSERT: A green janky fold out chair that says "**DOBBLE - COPYWRITER**"

DYLAN

I don't see it. Where?

BARRY

Right there, kid! The only green chair over there. Right there. Clear as day!

INSERT: The chair falls over.

DYLAN

Oh. I see it.

INSERT AGAIN: There's an Eastern European wolf gnawing at the chair. An animal trainer comes by, snags the wolf... "Go on! Get! Get!"

Back to-

BARRY

Wow, kinda expected a bigger reaction. This should be a memorable moment for you.

DYLAN
(sarcastic as all hell)
It is.

Dylan walks over. He looks at the shambles his chair is in. He bends down and starts building it back together. But before he can make any progress PHIL walks up.

PHIL
Dixon! Come with me.

Dylan drops the chair and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - LATER

CU: PHIL CULLY

PHIL
I've been a wretch my entire life.
I didn't ask to be born. But when I
was... When I was molded from clay,
I was immediately detested and
hated. I tried to put my heart on
the line. I tried to learn and love
from the blind man and his
children. I brought them kindle.
And food. But when they finally saw
me... I was met with vitriol. And
now even my master also wants
nothing to do with me? Then what do
I have?
(a pause)
See? It ain't funny. There's not a
joke in sight.

We pull out.

REVEALED: It's Phil sitting across a shitty trailer table from Dylan. The script's between them.

DYLAN
Well, yeah, it's not funny but it
doesn't necessarily have to be.

PHIL
This is a comedy though, ain't it?

DYLAN
Mhmm.

PHIL
It can be funny and dark. Morbid.
Like *When Mars Attacks*.

DYLAN
I love that movie!

PHIL
How funny is that shit? Polka music
kills them right?

DYLAN
Yodeling.

PHIL
Yodeling!

A beat.

PHIL (CONT'D)
That movie sucked.

The two crack up laughing.

PHIL (CONT'D)
But this one ain't. It's gonna be
solid. You want some coffee?

DYLAN
Sure.

Phil gets up and moves to his bathroom.

PHIL
Follow me, come on, check this out.

Dylan does so.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Look at that.

Phil presents his trailer bathroom. It's tiny. But on the minuscule sink counter is a Nespresso Coffee Maker.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Look how dumb that is. Just in case
I need more caffeine while I'm
shitting.

Phil presses the button and puts a little coffee pod in, but the coffee maker jerks off the edge of the counter and Phil catches it. Sets it back in place.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Fucking thing -- always doing that.
(then)
The whole routine of a drip pot
coffee is gone. This is the future.

DYLAN
A sci-fi movie about coffee
machines going rogue.

PHIL
Skynet coffee machines. The
Terminator but he only makes french
press.

The two laugh. The coffee spurts and sputters into a cup. He
hands it to Dylan. They move back to the main area...

PHIL (CONT'D)
You ever read those spin off
Terminator stories?

DYLAN
Yeah, I love them.

PHIL
Aren't they fucking great? Nobody
thinks about reading those crummy
spin off books. But I'm telling
you.

DYLAN
Like S.D. Perry and the *Resident
Evil* ones.

PHIL
Yes! Yes! Exactly! They're the
best!

They sit back down. Dylan sips his coffee.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You're alright, kid. You know that?
I like you.

DYLAN
Thanks. You're cool too.

PHIL
You're not funny at all. I mean,
I've heard holocaust stories that
are funnier than you. But you're
alright.

DYLAN
I appreciate that.
(then)
And *which stories?*

FADE TO:

INT. MCSHANNIGANS O'REILLY - NIGHT

The crew has gathered at the local watering hole. It's a madhouse and Phil Cully is the master of ceremonies. He is a machine. Dylan watches from a table of Grips.

GRIP 1
This guy says to me, 'I lost the files.'

GRIP 2
All of them?

GRIP 1
Every single one. Then we had to get Keith Urban to shoot the entire commercial over again.

Dylan gets up and moves through the crowded bar. He sees Meena ordering a drink. She nods to him. He keeps going.

INT. MCSHANNIGANS O'REILLY - BATHROOM - CONT.

Dylan goes to the urinal. He does his business when Grip 1 enters and occupies the urinal adjacent. Grip 1 doesn't even pee though! He just drops a small bag of cocaine onto the top of it. He turns and leaves.

DYLAN
(after him)
... Was that for me?

Phil Cully comes in and uses the same urinal. He takes the bag of cocaine and puts it into his shirt pocket. He unzips.

PHIL
Party favors. Everyone loves giving me party favors.

DYLAN
That must be nice.

PHIL

It gets kinda stressful. Having to do all this blow in one night to make people happy.

DYLAN

Oh.. Yeah.

PHIL

I'm being sarcastic. It's a fucking blast!

(looks directly at Dylan's dick)

Are you even peeing?

DYLAN

(embarrassed /turning)

I'm trying to focus.

Phil zips up. He pats Dylan on the shoulder.

PHIL

I'm glad you're on board with all this. Not being weird or paranoid or anything.

Phil goes to the sink. He pours out some cocaine onto the counter. He leans down and snorts a line.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(he looks back to Dylan)

Hey. You want some?

DYLAN

I'm still trying to pee.

PHIL

Give it up. It ain't happening. You want some cocaine?

Dylan turns around. He comes over.

DYLAN

Oh. I've never done -

CUT TO -

INT. MCSHANNIGANS O'REILLY - BAR AREA - SECONDS LATER

Dylan is coked up. Jazzed. Living!! Meena turns and gives him a gin & tonic. Dylan speaks aggressively and emphatically. He talks over Meena non-stop.

DYLAN
So comedy huh! You love directing
comedy?

MEENA
This is the first time I'm
directing it and -

DYLAN
That's so brave! So exciting!
You're really breaking glass
ceilings -

MEENA
Yeah, I try to -

DYLAN
Do you have any other aspirations?

MEENA
I -

DYLAN
Like what?

MEENA
Jesus Christ!

DYLAN
(a whisper)
Phil gave me cocaine.

Meena gives him a look.

INT. MCSHANNIGANS O'REILLY - BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Meena does a line of cocaine with others in a bathroom stall.

INT. MCSHANNIGANS O'REILLY - BAR AREA - SECONDS LATER

Meena and Dylan talk heatedly and excitedly over some drinks.

MEENA
Barry's broke as a joke!

DYLAN
Yeah?

MEENA
Big time. If this doesn't work
out..

Meena, her hand as an airplane, dive bombs it into the table.

DYLAN

He's gonna crash a plane?

MEENA

Maybe!

DYLAN

What are we gonna do about Phil?
What if he gets arrested? What if
someone tells on him?

MEENA

(shoves Dylan)

Tells on him? What is this fifth
grade?

(shoves him again)

What, did you just have your
period? Is this your *malarky*?

DYLAN

It's *monarchy*. And I'm serious! I'm
concerned! And stop shoving me!

MEENA

Ahh, don't be. I'm out of here. And
be at work on time. 7 am sharp.

Meena stumbles getting out of the booth.

DYLAN

You're gonna Uber right?

MEENA

Yeah, I got a lot of passengers to
pick up.

She leaves. Dylan bobs around, restless in his seat. He looks
at everyone. He checks his watch: 12:00am. He bobs up and
down.

He gets waved over to the Grips he was sitting with before.
He hurries over, anxious to not disappoint. And also excited
for new friends. He slides in next to them.

DYLAN

Hey, guys, what's up?

GRIP 2

You fuckin ripped, man?

DYLAN

I'm doing my best.

GRIP 1

You having a good time? This your first movie?

DYLAN

Yeah I'm definitely blessed. Really excited that Phil was here. Glad for what happened in Aspen, right?

The Grips stop. Full stop.

GRIP 2

He told you what happened in Aspen?

GRIP 1

About the house fire?

DYLAN

What? House fire?

GRIP 1

Oh man, look, nobody is gonna tell you the truth.

GRIP 2

(to Grip 1)

Because nobody knows it!

GRIP 1

Bitch, I know it! It's a house fire story. Really sad. Look, like 20 years ago -

Phil walks up.

PHIL

(to Dylan)

This place blows. Let's roll out.

DYLAN

Oh. Right now?

PHIL

Yeah, I'll give you a lift.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONT.

Dylan, still on his first coke high, squints at the bright lights of the parking lot.

DYLAN

I really appreciate it. I live on 72 Wyndwood.

PHIL
Yeah, no problem. Give me a sec.

Phil goes off to the side and makes a clandestine phone call. Dylan watches cars pull out. People enter the bar. People shout and have fun.

After a moment, Phil finishes the call and hustles over.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Bing, bam, boom. Let's go.

INT. PHIL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The car pulls onto the highway.

DYLAN
Production people party hard.

PHIL
Yeah.. Yeah they do. It's just stressful..

DYLAN
What?

PHIL
Sets.. Hollywood, the whole thing.

Phil adjusts himself. He wipes some condensation off the window.

PHIL (CONT'D)
They deadline--

DYLAN
(agreement)
Yeah.

PHIL
--Right?
(karate chopping the steering)
60 days! 45 days!

DYLAN
30 days!

PHIL
Yeah, but this is normal. They wanna get it in the can and out in a year.

DYLAN
Woah, that's really fast.

PHIL
Eh, people don't stop going to the movies. So there's always gotta be movies on the screen.

Phil pulls off the interstate, earlier than he should have.

DYLAN
(meek)
Oh, um -

Phil is facing forward as if nothing is wrong

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Phil, I'm off the Petersburg exit.

PHIL
Huh? Oh yeah, I just gotta make a stop. Really quick. Actually, sorry, no, lemme get you home.

DYLAN
No rush, man.

PHIL
Yeah?

DYLAN
I'm gonna pass out when I get back regardless.

PHIL
(pulling into a parking lot)
I like the sound of that.

EXT. 'ON THE ROX' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Phil's car pulls into a bright pink and blue nightclub booming at peak capacity. Partygoers stumbling about. The neon 'On The Rox' sign glides over Dylan as the car pulls into the lot.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - NIGHT

Phil turns to Dylan with a wicked grin on his face.

PHIL
I'll spot ya.

DYLAN
Spot what?

PHIL
I got a guy in there waiting for me. Get my cash out of the glove compartment.

Dylan does so. Wads of rubber banded cash fall out.

DYLAN
That was a phone call for drugs?

PHIL
Yeah, kid. I was making a call at midnight in an alley. What did you think I was doing?

DYLAN
I don't know - calling your mom?

PHIL
Where do you think she lives?
Australia?

DYLAN
What if you were calling your wife?

PHIL
Judy? Nah - she doesn't wanna talk to me like this.

DYLAN
Like what?

Pause.

PHIL
Come on, let's go inside.

INT. 'ON THE ROX' NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

If the shitty Irish pub we saw earlier was getting rowdy.. This one is even crazier. What's better here is that everyone has money. They're dressed trendy as hell. They're all celebrities or sleeping with them. Neon lights. Bright strobes. A bar where the bartenders look like models. This is the spot. And when Phil enters... People notice.

Shots of tequila.

Lines of coke.

Dancing.

Lines of coke.

Dylan, half asleep, half whacked out, is slumped in a booth. Phil is laughing and dancing and sweating buckets with people on the floor. Dylan fights nodding off. Then.. He gives in. And we

MATCH ON IMAGE:

INT. LIMO (MOVING) NIGHT - LATER

Dylan wakes up. Phil is with TWO WOMEN and a friend in a LEATHER JACKET.

DYLAN
(slurred)
76 Wynwood. 76 Wynwood.

PHIL
(noticing he's up)
Oh yeah, kid. I love Steve Winwood.

Dylan, fighting exhaustion, looks at the four on the other side of the limo. They're smoking joints and singing Rocket Man. He falls to one side and -

MATCH ON IMAGE:

INT. TIKI BAR - NIGHT

Dylan leans up. Tiki stuff? Cocktails? Where's Phil? What time is it? There's a half finished drink in front of him. *Jesus when will this night end?*

He falls over and -

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT - NIGHT

The limo pulls into a vacant spot in front of a bungalow. Phil, the two women, and the leather jacket guy leave. Phil heads over to the driver.

PHIL
Let the kid in the back sleep. I'll
only be a couple hours.

Phil leaves and enters the bungalow.

INT. LIMO (PARKED) - SAME TIME

Dylan groans and moans trying to sit up in leather, over sexed, stained seats of the limo. He just makes out the image of Phil and the others entering a bungalow. He closes his eyes once more. And he falls to the side and we -

MATCH ON IMAGE:

INT. LIMO (PARKED) - MORNING

Dylan wakes up to bright Sunlight pouring in.
He's totally whacked.

PHIL (O.S.)
Kid. Kid! Come on!

Dylan snaps out of it. He looks... Phil is standing outside of the limo. Door open. Trying to get Dylan out of the car.

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - MORNING

Dylan practically falls out of the limo.

Chyron: 29 Days 'til Wrap.

Phil is behind him, still going.

PHIL
Dylan. My trailer. For a pick me up before we start.

DYLAN
Start..? What time is it?

PHIL
What do you mean? It's 8:30 am. I don't want Barry on my ass again. Trailer. Now. We'll do a bump and be ready to start.

DYLAN
Fuck me.

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - SECONDS LATER

Phil enters his trailer like a king coming home. Dylan sluggishly follows him. Phil heads towards his tiny bathroom stripping off his clothes.

Dylan, stoned as all hell, leans on the closed door.

DYLAN

I can't believe we went all night.

Phil comes back in a robe. He scatters some more cocaine onto a shitty little trailer table.

PHIL

I made the not-too-wise decision of doing some Tommy Knockers last night.

DYLAN

The hell are Tommy Knockers?

PHIL

(as a matter of fact)

It's when you smash up coke and Xanax and mix it in Vick's Vapor Rub.

DYLAN

...Do you eat it?

PHIL

C'mon! Stop asking questions. I gotta wake up. Do you want these? A line or two? Before Meena eats our ass.

DYLAN

Heh. Eats our ass.

Phil looks up at him.

PHIL

Why don't you get us some breakfast. I'll be showered and ready when you come back.

DYLAN

Aye, aye, Capitan.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - MORNING

Dylan walks in a daze to the craft services table. Bagels. Fruit. Coffee. For some reason Dylan is mesmerized by the oranges. He starts patting them. One by one he holds them in his shirt, stockpiling on oranges. He takes one and, *fuck it*, sinks his teeth in it. He stands motionless.

BARRY (O.S.)

You're supposed peel it.

Dylan turns and sees Barry.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 (re: all the oranges in his
 shirt)
 Why are you cosplaying as an
 immigrant? What did you do last
 night?

DYLAN
 We went out.

BARRY
 Where is he? Did he come with you?

DYLAN
 He's in the trailer. Taking a
 shower.

BARRY
 Did you get any sleep?

DYLAN
 Kinda.

BARRY
 On what - a bed of nails?

Dylan's eyes glaze over.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Unbelievable. Where's Meena?

DYLAN
 Is she gonna eat my asshole?

BARRY
 Is she gonna *what*? Eat your
 asshole?
 (a switch)
 Go to the trailer. Make sure he's
 okay. Jesus Christ.

Dylan, just floating at this point, moves. He heads back
 across the lot holding ten oranges in his shirt. When -

Ring, ring, ring, Dylan's cellphone goes off. He answers,
 struggling not to drop his oranges.

INT. DYLAN & SASH'S APT. / EXT. STUDIO - PHONE CALL, INTERCUT

Sash paces back and forth in a bathrobe. His head wrapped in
 a towel.

DYLAN

Hello?

SASH

You didn't come home last night! I was worried sick!

DYLAN

Oh fuck man...

SASH

What's wrong with your voice? Are you *high*??

DYLAN

Dude the night went bad. I can't talk right now..

SASH

Did you get high with Phil Cully? Holy shit - what was it like?

DYLAN

Expensive. I'll call you back.

SASH

I was worried sick- !!

Dylan *hangs up*. He breathes.

INT. DYLAN & SASH'S APT. - CONT.

Sash is annoyed and neglected.

SASH

You see that? He just hung up on me. Just like that. Like nothing.

REVEALED: He's talking to a rat in a cage.

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - CONT.

Dylan enters and drops all the oranges onto the table. *Thud, thud, thud, thud*.. Some roll off onto the ash marked carpet.

DYLAN

I got a lot of oranges because of Vitamin C.

Dylan listens and here's the shower running.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 (scared like a kid)
 And now Barry knows and I think
 he's gonna eat my asshole too. And
 I didn't know that was a phrase but
 I think I'm over using it.

The running shower suddenly seems more ominous. Dylan approaches the bathroom..

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Can you hear me in there, Phil?

And then he's decided.. Something isn't right. He pulls on the bathroom door. Nothing. Locked. Only budging a tiny bit. But then Dylan notices that beneath the door... water is forming. Flooding and flowing from the bathroom.

Panic mode. Dylan starts yanking and yanking and banging, scared for Phil's life in there.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Hey!! Open up!! You gotta open up!

He yanks some more. He puts his leg up on the wall for leverage... and *crack!* The door swings open, the plastic lock twirling away. And there's Phil. Naked. Vomit out of his mouth. Fat and slumped over, covering the drain. The shower running on him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Oh god! Oh god!

Instinctively, he tries to pull the enormous man up to his feet. But he can't do it. Dylan tries to check his pulse.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Oh fuck fuck fuck. Do you feel a pulse? I mean... Do *I feel a pulse?*
 I don't even know what a pulse feels like!
 (touches his own pulse)
 I don't even feel mine!

Dylan backs up out of the bathroom. He starts pacing. He looks out the window of the trailer.

EXT. PHIL'S TRAILER

Grips and PA's pace around pushing carts and carrying cords and moving props. Nobody has any idea about the hell that is going on. He sees Meena and Barry angrily marching towards him.

DYLAN
Oh shit. Oh shit!!

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER

Dylan turns back around. Sweat. Tears in his eyes. He runs back over to the slumped pile that is Phil.

Bang, bang, bang! on the trailer door.

MEENA (O.S.)
Phil! Dylan! Get your asses out here!

Dylan tries again to lift the man, but he slips back... knocks into the tiny bathroom counter... and the Nespresso machine.. The one Phil turned on to get sober... The one with the glowing blue light and the cord on it... Topples into the shower with Phil.

ZZZZRRRPPPPPP!!! The light's surge in the trailer. Dylan recoils, shielding his face from the terror.

EXT. PHIL'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Meena and Barry bang on the door.

BARRY
(to Meena / as if it's a rumor)
Hey, have you been eating people's assholes?

MEENA
What?
(back to door)
Open the fucking door!

And then it does. Dylan is there. Eyes red. Shaking. Scared.

MEENA (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on? Where have you guys been? Where is Phil?

DYLAN
You're not going to like this.

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - CONT.

The three enter. The place reeks of smoke... drugs... panic... vomit... death...

MEENA
What's burning?

Then they see it.. Standing in the hallway. A surprise to everyone (especially Dylan) is a naked, sizzling, pale Phil Cully.

DYLAN
Holy shit..

BARRY
You're right. I don't like this.

There's a pause. Phil stands there. Sizzling. His brain struggling to reform back to 100%.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(to Meena)
Close the door.

CUT: Door slams shut.

CUT: HANDLE locks!

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - SECONDS LATER

The four of them sit around the small plastic table. Phil is in a robe. On the table is the unplugged Nespresso machine. Meena slowly wags a green pen in front of Phil's eyes.

MEENA
What color is the pen?

PHIL
Chartreuse.

BARRY
Oh shit, his tongue is swollen. He can't say words.

DYLAN
Quick! Someone put a wallet in his mouth!

All three take out their wallet! Dylan's is a **VELCRO VAN'S WALLET w/ a CHAIN TO HIS BELT**, Meena's is a **LV CLUTCH**, and Barry's, if you couldn't guess, is **A GIANT LEATHER WALLET W/ A MILLION COUPONS & CREDIT CARDS**.

They all start jamming their respective wallet into Phil's mouth.

PHIL
(choking)
Ah - ah! Stop!

BARRY
(to Dylan)
Kid, walk me through this one more
time.

DYLAN
He was dead in the shower and -

BARRY
How do you know he was dead?

PHIL
I was probably just sleeping.

MEENA
Does your heart stop when you
sleep?

DYLAN
And then all the banging and
shouting, I guess the Nespresso was
plugged in and maybe not wired
great and it fell on him.

MEENA
Why was the Nespresso machine in
the bathroom?

BARRY
What do you mean? It's where you
start your morning.

PHIL
I was against it at first but I
really grew to like it.

MEENA
And then it saved your life.

PHIL
Do I look okay?

MEENA
You're naked and smell like coffee.
But you're not like...

DYLAN
Undead?

MEENA

Undead? Did you say undead? This is real life. Nothing's undead.

There's a pause. Everyone thinks about this. Then, after a second, they slowly reach out to touch Phil to see if he's a ghost.

PHIL

Are you kidding me, guys?

BARRY

Sorry, sorry.

DYLAN

You're real. And alive.

MEENA

(executive mode)

And we still have a film to shoot. Let's get him to costumes and get the ball rolling.

DYLAN

Just like that?

PHIL

(drooling)

Let's fucking do it.

Dylan is kind of stunned by the turn of professionalism. He looks at Meena but she's moving.

MEENA

Barry, take Phil.

The two leave and Dylan is about to follow when Meena catches his arm.

MEENA (CONT'D)

You stay.

The others leave. Dylan sits.

DYLAN

Am I fired?

MEENA

You saved our star's life.

DYLAN

So am I getting a medal?

MEENA

He almost over dosed on drugs.

DYLAN

So a participation trophy.

MEENA

I'm gonna say two things to you.
Interpret them as you will. Phil is
going to keep doing drugs. And
you're going to keep being there.

There's a pause. It's very clear that Dylan is struggling to interpret this.

DYLAN

So I stop him next time.

MEENA

No, no, listen to what I'm saying.
Phil loves his drugs. He ain't
stopping those. So... you're gonna
keep being there. Just in case.

DYLAN

I thought we were supposed to work
on the script together.

MEENA

You were, but he *died*. Think about
what I'm saying.

Dylan thinks some more. He looks at the Nespresso machine.

DYLAN

Is this a riddle? Can I get a piece
of paper?

MEENA

No, it's not a riddle. Are you an
idiot? I'm saying if he over doses
again keep him alive again.

DYLAN

With the Nespresso machine?

MEENA

With anything! Adrenaline!
Naloxone! Ritalin! An Eppy Pen!

DYLAN

Did you just say Ritalin?

MEENA

I'm saying get him through the shoot! Do you need money?

DYLAN

For over dose stuff?

MEENA

No, to fucking buy lunch. Yes for over dose stuff. Here -
(she opens her clutch)
Use this. Buy materials.

She stacks about 500 dollars into his palm. Dylan is awe struck.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Do you need more?

DYLAN

I don't think this is necessary. He's just had a life changing experience. He'll change.

MEENA

Good luck with that.

Meena stands up. She leaves... Dylan is alone. Looking at the money.

INT. CVS - NEXT DAY

Dylan strolls through the aisles of the pharmacy section. It's clear - he has no idea what he's doing.

He approaches the **Pharmacist (50s, a total goose)**.

DYLAN

Hey... Uh. I'm looking for..
(he reads off a note)
Naloxone...

PHARMACIST

Aisle 6.

ROWS OF MEDICATION

..line aisle 6. Scanning shamefully like a kid buying condoms for the first time, he finally sees **NALOXONE**. But then also **MAGNUM NALOXONE**. Hm. He looks to his right and sees **NALOXONE FOR HER**. It's pink.

He grabs the normal one.

PART THREE:

"Here's the Thing About Comedy..."

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CLOSE UP ON PHIL'S EYE

CHYRON: 20 Days Til Wrap

A pen-light shines left to right across Phil eyes, and the pupils do not constrict. They don't do anything.

DOCTOR (O.C.)
Follow the light.
(stopping, frustrated)
Phil, follow the light with your eyes.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

PHIL
I'm *following* it!

DOCTOR
Your eyes aren't moving.

PHIL
Maybe your pen's not moving.

REVEAL: Phil is sitting on the doctor's examination table. He's only in his underwear. The **Doctor (40s)** looks at him.

DOCTOR
The pen works great. Have you experienced a recent trauma to the skull?

PHIL
Did I '*hit my head*'? Yeah, I don't know. Probably.

The Doctor backs away.

DOCTOR
Any reason you waited a week to come in?

PHIL
Can we not make this a whole thing?

DOCTOR
It's beginning to look like quite a significant thing.

PHIL

Look, doc, it's the kinda shit that
if producers get wind--
(finding the word)
--they freak out--they worry, and
it's easier if we just kept it
between us.

DOCTOR

It's not like I could tell anyone
if I wanted to. Patient doctor
confidentiality.

PHIL

Like with a priest.

DOCTOR

(winking)
Well except a priest hasn't seen
you naked.
(then, serious)
Well I hope not.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Judy is cooking in the kitchen when she hears the FRONT DOOR
open and close. She continues cooking through the CLANK of
KEYS ON MARBLE. Phil walks up and gives her a kiss.

JUDY

How was the doctor?

PHIL

Great!

JUDY

Yeah?

PHIL

Clean bill of health.

JUDY

(playfully suspicious)
A clean bill? What are you a horse
for sale?

PHIL

Feels like it. Why can't I get a
clean bill?

JUDY

I guess you can, but you're not
fooling me, mister. By the way, you

have some mail. Surprise. It's on the desk.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - OFFICE

An ENVELOPE addressed to Phil is on the desk, with a return address to Orbital Productions.

At first confused, Phil cuts open the envelope and pulls out a FOLDED CARDSTOCK. He opens it to reveal an INVITATION from Geonathan Roy:

Geonathan Roy would like to invite you to his HOSTING APPEARANCE on Saturday Night Live.

Note: "Come through, Philly!! You bitch ass."

Phil looks up in fight-or-flight between jealousy and pride. He slumps in his desk chair, giving up on the chase.

INT. CULLY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Asparagus steaming under a glass lid. The lid is removed expelling the steam.

Judy takes it all in when she's STARTLED by DYLAN suddenly appearing on the opposite end of the kitchen island.

JUDY	DYLAN
Oh my god!	Ah!

Judy steadies her composure.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

JUDY
It's ok.
(catching breath)
I'm sorry I screamed. I thought you were a scamp.

DYLAN
Like.. the creature?

JUDY
Yes.

DYLAN
I'm supposed to write with Phil.

And then PHIL'S THERE, standing in the kitchen doorway. He looks kind of excited, or like he has to pee.

PHIL
Hey guys. Catchin' up?

DYLAN
Yes?

PHIL
Nice.

He leans a little harder against the doorway. Judy and Dylan share a moment of uneasiness.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You guys wanna go to New York?

INT. PLANE

AISLE SHOT: An OLD LADY is wheeled onto the plane and up the aisle. Following her is a 30-year-old man. Followed by him is Tina Fey, and behind her is PHIL, JUDY, and DYLAN.

The trio each have one bag, Dylan's an OVERSTUFFED JANSPOURT. They sit in a 4-seat booth in first class.

DYLAN
Phil, we gotta be on set tomorrow at 12.

PHIL
Yeah, and it's 2 now. Show's at 11. We hop on a 6,7,8am, we're good.

DYLAN
And when do we write?

Judy's got a wicked grin.

PHIL
Write, write, write. Writing is easy, and it's *fast*, when you know what to write about. And the only way to *know* is to have experiences. You ain't experienced shit kid. That's why you write adaptation.
(on Dylan's gloom)
Cause you're great. You are a *great* writer Dylan.
(on Dylan being picked up)
I mean it. You are. *But*, since you aint experienced do-wah-dink, you

waste your talent making other people's stories better. So here I am handing you this experience. Right?

DYLAN
(buying)
Right.

PHIL
And in the morning, we grab some Dunkin, complain about the staff, go back to the trailer, and we knock out the scenes. Easy.
(punching Dylan in the shoulder a bunch)
C'monnnnn. Believe in yourself, poindexter.

DYLAN
Okay, okay. I guess.

JUDY
Don't pick on him. At least he gives a shit.

Dylan hears this comment.

PHIL
(embarrassed)
What? What the fuck are you talking about. I give shit.
(to Dylan)
I give a shit.

DYLAN
(breaking tension)
So who is Geonathan Roy.

PHIL
Jesus Christ. Geonathan.

JUDY
They go back. Far. Since they were kids.

PHIL
(correcting)
We did high school theater. But how we really became friends were we would make our own plays. And they were the funniest shit, I swear. Sometimes I think back, and it's funnier than the shit I hawk now.

(then)
No offense, of course.

FADE TO:

INT. STUDIO 8H - NIGHT

We're in the hallways of the Studio 8H. The walls, like I'm sure you've seen, are filled with picture frames of past hosts and special guests.

Phil leads Judy and Dylan down the hall. People clap him on the back and welcome Judy. They seem to be familiar faces.

Nobody cares for Dylan.

Towards the end of the hall a dressing room opens and it's Geonathan Roy. He's stoked to see Phil.

GEONATHAN

Phil!!

PHIL

Geon!!!

They hug.

GEONATHAN

(to Judy)

Judy!!!

JUDY

Hi, Geonathan.

She hugs him too.

GEONATHAN

(re: Dylan)

Who's this guy?

PHIL

This is Dylan. He's helping me write a new movie I'm doing.

Dylan makes face -- *helping **him** write?*

GEONATHAN

Nice.

(to Dylan)

How you doing, man?

DYLAN

This is great. You -

GEONATHAN
 (cutting him off, to Phil)
 You guys wanna come in? I'm just
 getting ready.

He eases the door open. Dylan spots exactly what he expected -
 - a tray of some coke lines. Nothing crazy looking. But not
 awesome.

PHIL
 For sure.

JUDY
 Sure, yeah.

Geonathan lets them in.

INT. GEONATHAN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Geonathan takes a seat at his vanity. He *does a line of coke like it's nothing* and then *passes the tray over to Phil & Judy*.

PHIL
 Holy shit - so everyone is still
 just doing cocaine here now, huh?

GEONATHAN
 Oh. Not really. It's just me,
 mostly. It calms my nerves.
 (then)
 You think these 20 year olds need
cocaine to write a five minute
 sketch? They need Xanax just to
stop them from writing.

Phil does a line anyway. Judy too.

DYLAN
 Guess it helps with these long
 hours though. You must work like
 crazy.

GEONATHAN
 I'm so glad you said that. I
fucking do. It's insane.
 (to Phil)
 Do you remember when we auditioned
 for this fucking show?

On Phil. Something inside him is dying.

GEONATHAN (CONT'D)

You've hosted once. It's like my millionth time hosting. I think they're gonna give me one of those stupid jackets. But still. We're finally here *together*.

DYLAN

(to Phil)

You only hosted once? I thought you said it was a bunch?

PHIL

(caught)

Nah.. I never said that. It was just once.

GEONATHAN

And during the writer's strike no less. What a fucking break.

PHIL

(to Dylan)

Kid, why don't you go find the other writers.

GEONATHAN

Oh! Yeah. Some of the them are fucking around down the hall. Check 'em out. Just stay out of the way.

He pulls over the tray and does another line. He passes it to Judy. She does one too.

PHIL

Pass it over here.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dylan saunters down the hall exploring the studio offices. Most of the doors are open, and writers can be heard hashing out ideas. He passes an open door, through which two writers and a cast member breakdown a sketch. Dylan stands against the far wall listening.

EDDIE (O.S.)

(to writer, sotto)

Yo, is there someone in the hall?

(to Dylan)

Yo!

DYLAN

Hello?

EDDIE (O.S.)
Come in here.

INT. WRITER OFFICE

Dylan enters to see **Eddie (blonde, arrogant)**, **MAX (tall, nerdy)**, and **ALEX (black, Nets hat)** three writers on the show. They don't seem like coke heads, or any other people he's met in the industry so far.

EDDIE
Ya lost?

DYLAN
No, well, maybe.
(with mild pride)
I'm here with Phil Cully.

MAX
(unimpressed)
Nice.

DYLAN
Yeah, it's uh, pretty cool. Flew here in first class.

EDDIE
Damn can he still afford that?

They all laugh including Dylan who's not sure why.

DYLAN
(trying desperately)
So, uh... How'd you guys get this gig?

EDDIE
You really wanna know?

DYLAN
Yeah, it sounds great.

EDDIE
I paid 500 dollars for four years and then auditioned for two years and then submitted a script packet for three more years.

MAX
I knew a guy.

ALEX
I'm black.

A silence.

DYLAN

Oh.

(then, trying to rebuild)
My friend Sash has wanted to write
for SNL for a long time. Could I
like... Send you guys his stuff?

MAX

Sorry, boss. It's not legal.

DYLAN

Oh -

EDDIE

No offense, dude, but nobody wants
to read someone else's packet.
Everyday we're struggling to keep
our own asses above water. You
really think I'm going to give
somebody else's stuff to... Who?
Lorn Michaels? Get real. I'm not
allowed to give him eye contact.

(then)

Also, yeah, it's illegal.

MAX

(to Eddie)

He was just asking. Don't be a
dick.

EDDIE

I'm not being a dick, I'm just
saying the truth.

MAX

No, you're being a dick.

ALEX

(to Dylan)

He ain't lying though. Shit's
exhausting enough.

DYLAN

Yeah.. Yeah I see that.

DARRYL HAMMOND (V.O.)

*And now... Your host... Geonathan
Roy!!!!*

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO 8H - MAIN STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

We MATCH ON SOUND with Darryl Hammond's announcement. Geonathan Roy comes bounding down the steps. Fresh pressed suit. King of the world. The band crescendos and his monologue starts.

GEONATHAN

Wow, wow, wow!! How are you guys doing!!!

The crowd goes wild. We WHIP OVER to see Phil, Judy, and Dylan watching in the top bleachers. Phil hates this.

GEONATHAN (CONT'D)

Here I am hosting Saturday Night Live!!! AGAIN!!!!

The crowd goes wild... again.

FADE TO:

INT. HIGHLINE BAR - LATE AT NIGHT

It's the after party and it's well in motion. We see Judy and Phil doing shots with Geonathan and Jimmy Fallon probably.

Dylan maneuvers through the crowd like a ghost. He doesn't really know where he belongs. What he should be doing.

ALEX

Ay! Ay! Dude!

Dylan looks over at the voice. Alex grabs his shoulder. Hands him a rum drink.

ALEX (CONT'D)

How'd ya like the show, man?

DYLAN

Really funny, dude.

ALEX

The AV Club will give it a D. Watch.

DYLAN

Huh?

ALEX

It sucked. Or - well - at least they'll think it sucked. Everyone thinks SNL sucks but at the same

time everyone wants to do it, you know?

DYLAN

Oh.. No, no I don't know, not really. I don't want to do it.

ALEX

You ever take classes at UCB?

DYLAN

UC Berkley?

ALEX

It's... Ah, forget it. The point is we all pay thousands of dollars to be funny enough to be on a show we all agree isn't funny.

DYLAN

Jeez, man. That's really rough.

ALEX

Here's the thing about comedy. The minute these guys want something like... to be on this show, or to be good at stand up, or to, fuck, I don't know, go *viral*, is the minute they think they're better than it.

DYLAN

Huh?

ALEX

Go to any diner at night and find a comedy writing team. They'll spend the whole night talking shit about who's making waves. About UCB, about SNL, about indie shows. But guess what?? They're still writing their seventh pilot. You know what I mean?

DYLAN

Not really, man.

ALEX

Sure you do. Sure you do.

He takes a drink.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Geonathan swings open the door like a cowboy. Phil follows him. They're trashed.

GEONATHAN

I think we're talking Emmy's, man.
It's funny. And dark. It really
could be good for me.

PHIL

You're already doing *great*. You
just hosted SNL.

GEONATHAN

Yeah... I guess that's true. I'm
trying to accept compliments
better. But hey! You got a new
movie you're doing. By the time
that movie hits theaters you'll be
hosting again too. Well. Maybe.

(then)

Is it still even the dream? Do you
even *like* doing this anymore?

On Phil. He thinks about it. He... He doesn't know. He's
about to answer when -

Someone BARGES into the bathroom. It's Eddie from earlier
with another writer and cast member.

EDDIE

Who wants some blow!

GEONATHAN

Ayoo!!

They gather around the sink. Eddie pours some lines out.

PHIL

Nah... Nah, I'm good. Thanks
though.

And Phil walks out. Geonathan watches him go. Wants to call
out to him... But doesn't.

INT. HIGHLINE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Phil walks out and walks through the crowd. He spots Judy
drinking and mingling. She, herself, is very smacked.

He sees Dylan talking to Alex still.

Phil goes to the bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

PHIL
Bourbon. Neat.
(then)
Make it a double.
(then)
Make it a triple. On the rocks.

The drink arrives. He sips on it. He looks around at all the young, fun, loving, joyful faces.

There's a grand beauty in them. But also a grand sadness. Soon, Dylan arrives at his side.

DYLAN
Hey... You alright?

PHIL
Let's get some drugs. Let's get fucked up.

DYLAN
I -- I just saw a bunch of guys go into the bathroom.

PHIL
I don't wanna get high with them I want to get high with you.

DYLAN
But I don't wanna get high.

PHIL
Fucking fine. Don't. I'll get high alone and you'll *just be there*.

DYLAN
Er.. What about Judy?

PHIL
What about her? She'll be fine.
(he gets off his seat)
She likes this scene more than me anyway.

Phil leaves the bar and moves through the crowd. Dylan follows.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Phil walks out onto the street. He puts his jacket on. Dylan follows. Phil walks with a determined swagger.

PHIL

Back in the day, when I was your age I used to walk down these streets and guys would just offer me drugs. Just *trying* to get me fucked up.

DYLAN

That literally just happened in there. That happens all the time.

PHIL

No, it's different now. Now they're just doing it like... like when you poke a dog with a stick. You know? Like is it gonna die? Or is it gonna bark, "I love you" like it used to.

DYLAN

I don't think that's true -

Phil spins around. Pissed.

PHIL

Well what the fuck do you know?
Huh?

Dylan. Stunned.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Sorry.. Sorry, I snapped.
(then)

Well I'm not sorry. But I did snap.
I acknowledge that. I snapped.

Phil thinks. He breathes. He digs into his pocket and takes out a key card. He hands it over.

PHIL (CONT'D)

This is the hotel key. Just go and hangout. I'll be back later. I think I'm gonna fly solo tonight.

DYLAN

That's not a good idea, ma-

PHIL

Holy shit. Enough! Enough with the fucking baby sitting, pal. I'll be fine.

He starts to walk off.

DYLAN

Well what if Judy comes back! What do I say!

PHIL

She'll be out all night. You won't even see her.

Phil walks off and hails a cab. Dylan watches Phil wave toward oncoming traffic. A cab finally arrives, Phil gets in, and he's off.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

The sounds of the busy midtown Manhattan come to an abrupt silence.

Now we're with Dylan in the back seat. Phil is next to him. We can't see the driver. We can't even see beyond the windows.

Something is off.

PHIL

Why did I not die?

Dylan doesn't look up. He's embarrassed.

PHIL (CONT'D)

More miserable than man ever was before, why did I not sink into forgetfulness and rest?

DYLAN

Listen, man. I -

PHIL

Of what materials was I made, that I could thus resist so many shocks, which, like the turning of the wheel, continually renewed the torture? I was doomed to live.

DYLAN

...What?

Knock! Knock! Knock! Dylan turns -- *what's going on?*

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey!!! Get the fuck up!! Hey
asshole!!

DYLAN
What's happening? Where are we
going?

It sounds like SOMEONE's BANGING on a DOOR.

VOICE (O.S.)
Get the fuck up, asshole!!

Then Dylan turns to Phil. Oh no. His mouth is foaming. His eyes are rolling back. He's dying in the seat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan wakes up in a jolt!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

VOICE (O.S.)
Asshole!!

DYLAN
What the fuck??

Dylan gets out of bed and *squish. Squish. Squish.* Wet carpet.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.. Oh fuck. Not again!

Dylan turns on the lights in the hotel. He goes to the bathroom. It's flooding. Water is pouring out. He swings open the door.

Phil. Dead in the shower.

Dylan **shuts the door.** And opens the FRONT DOOR.

A ROBED MAN is standing there, pissed. The water has reached across the hotel hallway into his room.

ROBED MAN
What the fuck are you doing,
asshat! My room is soaked!

DYLAN

My bathroom is broken. I already stopped the water and called the clerk. I'm *handling it*.

Dylan slams the door on the man.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Phil Cully is SLUMPED OVER in the shower, blocking the drain. The place is flooded. Vomit and foam and some dark substance is mixing around and murking up the water.

Dylan tries to hold it together. He splashes through and turns off the shower.

He pauses. Phil's not dead. But he's gonna be. Again, he tries to lift the heavy man. But he cannot. He moves Phil's face towards him and nearly gags at the bile spilling out of his mouth.

But goddammit he's done this before.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan comes bounding out. He goes to his bags and grabs the Naloxone.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dylan splashes back across. Cradles Phil like Baby Jesus. And pops the cap.

DYLAN

Not today, mother fucker.

He INJECTS the NALOXONE into PHIL.

Nothing happens.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Mother fucker, it *IS* today!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan runs back out. Time is running out. He looks for anything. Panic. Sweat forming.

He looks at an ALARM CLOCK. *Don't be crazy!!*

He looks at a TV on the WALL. *Are you kidding me??*

Clock. Wall. Clock. Wall. *Fuck it.*

He rips the CORD out of the base of the TV and then does the same for the CLOCK. He takes the cords to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

He looks at the two cords. At one end they have the standard plug. But on the other end, where he ripped from the unit, is frayed and exposed wire.

He looks at Phil. This is never going to work.

He tosses the exposed ends of the wires into the shower. Then he HOPS UP and SITS on the sink. He looks at the OUTLET for the hair blower.

One second to reconsider.

Maybe he shouldn't... Maybe he should just let him... go.

Then he decides. HE PLUGS THE WIRES IN AND!!

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING - NIGHT

The 9th FLOOR of the BUILDING SURGES a brilliant and ghastly BLUE LIGHT.

PART FOUR:

"It's All Just Party Quirks."

EXT. STUDIO 45 - DAY

Phil sits in his Titled Chair reading the script upside down. From afar, Barry and Meena watch.

BARRY
(re: upside down script)
He's goofing around right?

MEENA
I can't tell.

BARRY
He's gotta be.

MEENA
It's not looking great.
(then)
Hey, Phil!

Phil looks up like a dumb dog. Meena gestures to flip the script around. Phil looks at the script. Eyes widen. Looks back up and shouts

PHIL
(re: script)
Great stuff guys!!

Chyron: 15 Days 'til Wrap.

Dylan approaches them. He has a box of donuts.

DYLAN
Hey guys, I brought donuts.

He opens the box. It's a giant, super thick, gooey, brick of dough.

MEENA
What the fuck are those?

DYLAN
They're donuts! They only had
Chicago Deep Dish.

MEENA
Let me see those.

Meena grabs the box. She hands the whole box to a passing P.A.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Hey, do me a favor, put this in a fire.

(back to Dylan)

Real talk. How.. How has Phil been? He seems kinda drunk over there. Have you ever had to... You know...

BARRY

...Wake him up?

On Dylan. Eyes wide. *He lies.*

DYLAN

Nope.

BARRY

Really?

DYLAN

He's been surprisingly okay. Really knows his limit.

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - LATER

Phil, Dylan, and other comics sit around the trailer with the scripts in their hands. There's a note pad, some sodas, and the Nespresso machine still sits on the table. The other comics (3 of them) are mostly comedy nerds. Kids whose efforts of doing UCB LA are finally paying off. It's **J.J., Andy, and Krissy (all later 20s, all star struck).**

Dylan leads the punch-up session. Cully sits next to him. Is he high? Brain dead? Just tired?

DYLAN

(thumbing through)

I think the foot race scene is funny but maybe not worth it? But what do y'all think?

J.J.

(ignoring Dylan)

Mr. Cully, you in Frat Pack was the hardest I laughed ever.

PHIL

You like that?

J.J.
My friends and I snuck in. I was
crying.

PHIL
(blazed)
Nice, man. That's good.

An awkward silence. That awkward silence that happens when
your hero is too baked out of his mind to be any fun, but
they don't know it. They're all beaming.

KRISSY
Uhh.. Let's get rid of the fart
joke? I think it's tacky. Nobody
farts anymore.

ANDY
Yeah but he's a dead body. He's
filled with gas and stuff.

KRISSY
Yeah, but it's kinda hack.

PHIL
(interrupting)
Why do you guys do this?

Another pause.

KRISSY
This specifically?

PHIL
No. Comedy. Why do you guys do it?

KRISSY
Oh! Well, I did theater in high
school and loved making people
laugh. So I just kinda chased it.

ANDY
Well, my mom and dad were super sad
around the house. And I would do
routines to cheer them up.

J.J.
Yeah, for me it's a form of
therapy. Nothing like a damaged
comedian, right? What about you?

PHIL
My folks took me to an audition
when I was 6. I got the part. Now
I'm here.

A tense moment.

KRISSY
That's so cool.

DYLAN
(to Phil, soft)
Hey, we really gotta do these
revisions. Meena was kinda pissed.

ANDY
Dog, he's pouring his guts out.
Fucking listen to him speak.

Dylan is subdued.

PHIL
I'm finished. That's the whole
thing. Nothing in between.

A pause. Was that a joke? Dylan adjusts his seat.

ANDY
Do you guys wanna do some coke?

A lecherous smile spreads across Phil's face.

DYLAN
C'mon...

J.J.
I can smell your pussy from here
man.

KRISSY
Oh I thought that was mine.

They laugh. Andy pours some cocaine out.

ANDY
Oh my God, cocaine with *the* Phil
Cully.

Phil, half dead and automatic, leans forward and snorts a
line.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Hey, Phil, I don't know if this is
too forward but... we're having a

show tonight. Do you wanna be in it?

PHIL
(a slow, crawling grin)
There gonna be more coke there?

INT. UCB THEATER - DAY

A terrible improv show is happening on stage. Dylan sits in the back, laptop open, bright screen on his face, trying to type up revisions and work on the script.

Awkwardly loud foot steps echo on the black stage. Baby faced improvisers line up on the back. Some bullshit scene is being acted out.

Then Phil Cully steps off the wall-line.

PHIL
I'm a cactus.
(beat)
But I have a big human cock.

The crowd goes positively NUTS. *FUCKING LOSES THEIR MIND CLAPPING AND SHOUTING.*

On Dylan, typing, looks up..

DYLAN
(insulted)
...What?

INT. UCB THEATER - LATER - AFTERNOON

All of those improvisers we just saw are now filing off stage yucking it up and really loving themselves. They're laughing and having a good time and rehashing their favorite bits. Phil Cully, in particular, stoned as all hell, moves like a corpse. Very little expression. But Dylan, however, hurries out of the theater, laptop clutched to his side, fishing his ringing cellphone out of his pocket.

INT. MEENA'S OFFICE / INT. UCB THEATER - INTERCUT PHONE CALL

Meena paces around her office. Pissed. Her phone is a flip phone.

DYLAN
Hey, hello!

MEENA

Where the hell are you?

DYLAN

Uh.. The Upright Citizen's Brigade theater? It sounds important but I don't think it is.

MEENA

You're at an improv show?

DYLAN

Yeah. They make things up on stage. It seems fun to do, but not really fun to watch -

MEENA

I know what a fucking improv show is! You guys just left? It's the middle of the day.

Dylan now walks out of the theater. Before, we thought it was dark, a typical night show. But he's greeted with a harsh LA sunlight.

EXT. UCB THEATER - AFTERNOON (FOR DYLAN)

DYLAN

There show was at 1pm because the night shows are for the 40 year olds.

MEENA

Okay so I guess I'm just gonna chalk this day up as a loss. Is he fucked up?

DYLAN

Yeah. He's pretty banged up. And - oh hang on -

Dylan puts down his phone. All of those jokesters and comedians rush out of the theater. Phil Cully runs up and claps Dylan on the back.

PHIL

Hey! We're going to the Swamp & the Drain.

DYLAN

Right now? It's 1:15.

MEENA
 (over hearing)
 Was that a 15 minute show? Are you
 fucking serious?

DYLAN
 (to Meena)
 Yeah, it was all Party Quirks.
 (to Phil)
 Shouldn't we get back to set? Meena
 is pretty upset.

PHIL
 Fuck, Meena. Let's rage. Look at
 these kids.

Dylan looks toward them.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 You know what's fun about them?

DYLAN
 (holding hand over phone)
 They're all wearing plaid and
 converse?

PHIL
 No, douche. They're spontaneous and
 living in the prime of their life
 right now!

CAMERA WHIP:

The improvisers are playing *ZIP! ZAP! ZOP!*

CAMERA WHIP
 BACK:

DYLAN
 (holding hand over phone)
 No they're not.

From afar-

J.J.
 C'mon, Phil! We're running out of
 games!

PHIL
 I'm coming, baby!

And Phil's gone, hurrying over to J.J. hopping into his Ford
 Fiesta with the rest of the improvisors.

DYLAN
 (back on phone)
 He's going out again. To the Swamp
 & the Drain.

MEENA
 Fuck. Okay. Can you put him on the
 phone?

DYLAN
 Yeah, sure.

Dylan turns around and the car is already pulling out of the
 parking lot. Dylan is dumbfounded.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Um, he just left.

MEENA
 Excuse me?

DYLAN
 He left. He hopped in their car and
 just...left.

MEENA
 (blows up)
*It is fucking fifteen days til
 wrap! Do you understand that?*

DYLAN
 What the hell do you want me to do!
 Huh? I'm doing everything! I'm
 writing scripts! I'm baby sitting!
 I got fucking tennis elbow from
 naloxone!

MEENA
 Meet me at Swamp and Drain. We're
 getting him home. He's *not* gonna
 ruin this movie for me. Not when
 we're this close.

DYLAN
 (panicking)
 Okay, okay, I'll call Sash!

MEENA
 Who?

Dylan hangs up!

CUT TO:

CU: A door swings open to -

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Barry is in the middle of chowing down on a big sub. On his laptop he's watching *Inspector Gadget 2*.

MEENA

Barry! We gotta move. Phil's out drinking!

BARRY

So?

MEENA

(stunned)

Look! Look at the cork board! Look how much we've gotten done!

Meena points to the BEAT BOARD they established at the beginning. Of the 30 index cards only 7 are X'd out.

BARRY

(shocked)

Oh shit.... Hang on.

Barry stands up and he... Removes 2 X's.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We lost that footage.

Meena stifles her rage. She's shaking.

MEENA

Are you telling me... We have done 5 scenes and only have fifteen days left?

BARRY

I mean... I didn't say that, but that's what one would gather from uh.. From the looks of this.

(then, realizing)

... We gotta find Phil.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - SECONDS LATER

Meena and Barry hurry to her car. Barry is still eating his sub, lettuce and meat falling as he briskly walks.

Meena is digging in her purse for her keys when -

JUDY CULLY (O.S.)

Hey!

We see Judy. She closes her car door. She walks over with intent. She's pissed.

MEENA

Oh shit. Not this. Not right now.

BARRY

Judy! Good to see ya.

JUDY CULLY

Where the hell has Phil been?

Barry and Meena exchange a look.

JUDY CULLY (CONT'D)

Where is he? Huh?

MEENA

We don't know.

JUDY CULLY

Bull shit. Where are you guys going right now? *Huh?*

BARRY

(panicky)

Uh - uh - Blockbuster.

JUDY CULLY

Blockbuster? I haven't seen my husband in weeks. I know him. I know he's fucked up. I know you guys are giving him drugs and shit. Just let me *see him*.

MEENA

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

JUDY CULLY

Fuck you. Everyone says they don't know what I'm talking about. But when I turn on TMZ or E! it's crystal fucking clear that *everyone knows what I'm talking about*.

BARRY

Relax.

JUDY CULLY

Fuck you.

BARRY

Valid point.

JUDY CULLY

I know where he's *been*. I need to know *where he is*. *Right now*. So I can talk to him. You know I've been staying in New York? Alone? People are saying I can't control my husband!

MEENA

(she snaps)

You *can't control your husband!* He's a fucking mess! But guess what, we paid for him. And he's *ours* for two more weeks. And then you can have him back.

JUDY CULLY

You're such a cunt.

Meena steps forward. She's ready to throw down.

MEENA

You got some serious nerve.

BARRY

Easy, Meena -

MEENA

(to Barry)

Fuck you.

BARRY

Getting a lot of that today.

MEENA

(to Judy)

You march over here like some soldier of fortune thinking we're ruining your husband. But I didn't see you crying at your house party. Or when you went to New York. You keep drugs around like nothing. You enable him the most. So why don't you step the fuck back and look in the mirror.

Slap! Judy slaps Meena hard across the face. Meena doesn't flinch. Barry reacts -

BARRY

Whoa! Whoa! Okay! Enough, enough.

Meena turns and moves to the car. Judy stands there. Teary eyed. Barry -

BARRY (CONT'D)

Listen. Judy. We're gonna find him.
He's gonna be fine. I promise.

JUDY CULLY

You've made that promise too many
times.

BARRY

(caught)

Well, to be fair, I didn't know you
were counting.

MEENA

(from the car window)

Barry! Get in the fucking car!

Barry looks back at Meena. He turns back to Judy. He decides and runs to Meena's car leaving Judy.

INT. MEENA'S CAR - CONT.

Barry shuts the door.

BARRY

Your face okay?

MEENA

It's not the first time I was
slapped by someone's wife.

BARRY

Yeah, I've noticed that. You're
starting to form a callous.

Meena throws the car into drive -

INT. SWAMP & THE DRAIN - BATHROOM - LATER

In a cramped bathroom stall, Phil and others do lines of cocaine off a the toilet paper cover.

PHIL

Any of you guys do heroine?

J.J.

H? No fucking way, man. You crazy?

PHIL
Nah, nah, don't be a pussy. Heroin
only kills you when you're poor. We
gotta get some.

ANDY
Dog, that's some real shit.

PHIL
You only do a little bit. And you
do it with some cocaine.

J.J.
Yeah, a fucking speedball, man I've
seen movies.

The three guys start laughing hysterically, totally cranked.

PHIL
Speedball!!

They laugh even more.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I know exactly where to get some.

ANDY
(with glee)
It's not even three o'clock!

PHIL
I know!! Hey, hey, guess what.

J.J.
What?

PHIL
It's my birthday.

J.J.
Oooh!!! Happy birthday!!!

PHIL
Speedball!!

They cheer, some cocaine powders up into the air.

J.J.
Are we gonna wait for your friend?

PHIL
Who?

INT. SASH'S NISSAN - MOVING - DAY

Sash, a chauffeur again, is driving a panicked Dylan. Dylan types away at his computer - still working on the damn script.

SASH

Are you even going to talk to me?

DYLAN

(distracted)

I gotta finish some revisions.

SASH

Oh okay. So fuck me. Dude, I haven't seen you or spoken to you in weeks. Sometimes you don't even come home! But then you call me when you need me -

DYLAN

Hey, man! I'm stressed. And you know I haven't found my drivers license yet.

SASH

This isn't *about* the driving. I'll pick you up anywhere. I'm your friend. I'm *worried*.

DYLAN

Well don't be.

He goes back to typing. Sash is annoyed, but focused on the road.

SASH

I mean, dude, I just don't want you taken advantage of.

DYLAN

You don't get it. You don't know how this works. Being a screenwriter isn't just writing a script and then leaving.

SASH

Yes it is! You write the script and then you sell it! You don't chase down the lead actor from bar to bar and be at his every beck and call.

(then)

Dude, Dylan, they're rolling you. They're playing you like a chump.

DYLAN
(sarcastic)
Thanks for the support.

Dylan spots the "Swamp & the Drain" through the window.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
It's here! It's here!

EXT. SWAMP & THE DRAIN - AFTERNOON

Sash's car pulls up and before it even comes to a complete stop, Dylan is out and booking it into the bar. Sash parks the car and, having never hurried in his life, huffs after him.

SASH
I'm not built for this!

INT. SWAMP & THE DRAIN - CONT.

Dylan runs inside, he's still holding his laptop. The place is pretty much empty. He turns to the bartender.

DYLAN
Was Phil Cully here?

BARTENDER
Yeah, man. He just left.

DYLAN
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Sash catches up.

SASH
(to bartender)
Don't mind him, he's just being a simp.

Dylan spins around -

DYLAN
Screw you, man! I could lose my job.

SASH
Good! Good! You did your job! It's over!

Dylan sits at the bar, he opens his laptop.

DYLAN
I have to do thi-

But Sash grabs his laptop and RAISES IT UP.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing!! Give
that back!!

BARTENDER
Fuck yeah! Smash it!!

SASH
These!! PEOPLE!! Are *KILLING YOU!!*
You're not gonna get this back.

INT. MEENA'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Meena is in and out of lanes. She tosses the phone to Barry.

MEENA
Call the kid. Make sure he's still
there with Phil.

Barry looks at her flip phone.

BARRY
Meena, is this a flip phone? What
year is it?

MEENA
I don't need to hear this right
now.

BARRY
What is this? A burner? Did you
have to use scissors to cut it out
of the packaging?

MEENA
What the fuck difference does it
make! It's my phone!

INT. SWAMP & THE DRAIN - SAME TIME

Sash stands there with the laptop hostage. Dylan looks at
him... Ready to pounce. But then his phone rings.

SASH
It's them isn't it?
(then)

Don't answer it. You answer it. I run.

DYLAN
If you do anything to that laptop Meena will kill you.

The phone rings more... Then Dylan cracks. He answers the phone -

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

And Sash runs for it!!

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Fuck!!

INT. MEENA'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Meena drives. Barry's on the phone.

BARRY
Kid! It's Barry. I'm on Meena's metro piece of shit.

MEENA
(spotting the bar)
Wait! I see it.

She turns the wheel and brings the car into the lot-

EXT. SWAMP & THE DRAIN - CONT.

Sash runs out of the bar with the laptop and *FLINGS THE LAPTOP* and it *SOARS!!!*

It *CROSSES THE AIR* and -

INT. MEENA'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Meena turns into the parking lot when-

BARRY
I see the kid -

CRASH!!! DYLAN'S LAPTOP SMASHES THROUGH HER WINDSHIELD!!!

MEENA
Ah!!!

BARRY (CONT'D)
Holy fuck!!!

EXT. SWAMP & THE DRAIN - SAME TIME

Meena's car, now with a laptop through the windshield, swerves right into the SIDE OF SASH'S PARKED CAR.

Sash watches it unfold.

SASH

Oh shit.

When Dylan rushes out of the BAR -

DYLAN

You piece of shit!!

- and TACKLES HIM!!

The two start throwing fists and tumbling on the ground.

MEENA'S Car... Smoking -

Barry and Meena climb out of the car. Meena is shook. It's like she just got blasted with a grenade. Stumbling and a little light headed, she marches over to the two boys fighting outside the bar.

We see Barry climb out of the car.

On Sash & Dylan, they're bad at fighting so it's kinda awkward and lame to watch.

MEENA

Dylan!

They don't listen.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Dylan!!

Nothing.

MEENA (CONT'D)

DYLAN!!

And then they freeze. Sash has Dylan in a headlock.

SASH

(scared)

Is this Meena?

DYLAN

(choking)

Mhmm.

MEENA
 (to Sash)
 Let. Him. Go.

Sash releases his grip.

MEENA (CONT'D)
 Where. Is. Phil.

DYLAN
 (rubbing his neck)
 I don't know.

MEENA
 Okay.

For one brief second it looks like Meena is frozen. Then **she positively explodes!!**

MEENA (CONT'D)
 Shit! SHIT! SHIT! Stupid mother
 fucking piece of shit!!! Dumb
 stupid mother fucker!!

She totally goes ballistic. She is stomping and freaking out and she grabs a nearby PLASTIC OUTDOOR ASHTRAY and starts hammering the ground with it, soot and ash and cigarettes flying everywhere.

Barry, Sash, and Dylan just watch her go Tasmanian Devil. She carries the ASHTRAY and starts SMASHING her OWN CAR.

EXT. TANYA'S PLACE - SAME TIME

A beautiful house in Beverly Hills. I mean this place is gorgeous, if not a little too decadent.

We see the crappy party-car with Phil, J.J., and Andy pull up into the long horse shoe drive way.

INT. CAR (PARKING)

Andy puts the car into park.

ANDY
 This place is unreal.

EXT. TANYA'S PLACE

Close up of a 2nd floor window, where a cracked curtain is released, closing.

PHIL (O.C.)
Tanya Rosenthall lives here. You
know the name?

INT. CAR

ANDY
Like the Rosenthall real estate
people?

PHIL
That's right. She's their daughter.
A total smoke show.
(then)
You guys want some quaaludes?

ANDY
Oh shit. I don't know man.

J.J.
I'm in.

Phil takes out a small little tin case. He opens it up and
hands one to J.J.

PHIL
Only one for you because you're a
little virgin.

Phil takes three.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Lets go, boys! I love this lady!

Phil with the energy and excitement of a little boy hops out
of the car and hurries to the front door.

EXT. TANYA'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

The other boys climb out of the car slowly. Nervous, but
still down for the ride. Phil knocks on the door eagerly.
Finally, it opens. And we see **Tanya Rosenthall (30)**. Standing
in a bathrobe two sizes too small, her knobby knees sit above
pale, boney calves and feet. Thin Blonde highlights in a
chaotic bun, Tanya can barely contain her gaunt smile upon
seeing Phil for the first time in over a year.

TANYA
Happy birthday, baby boy.

PHIL
Thank you, baby girl.

TANYA
 (to the others)
 Hey there, fellas.

Hi. J.J. Hello. ANDY

PHIL
 Let's listen to some music.

INT. TANYA'S PLACE - CONT.

Tanya leads Phil and his two companions into her marble lined LIVING ROOM. But the first thing Phil does is move to the stereo system. He immediately goes to a LARGE TOWER OF CD's.

TANYA
 (taking a seat)
 There's an iPad there. You can use my Spotify.

PHIL
 Nah, it's cool. I like the CD's.

TANYA
 (to the boys)
 What are your names?

J.J.
 James. Well - J.J.

ANDY
 Andy.

TANYA
 You guys love Phil? Look at him.
 He's such a blast isn't he?

They look over to him. His back is turned, finding the right sound track.

ANDY
 Yeah, he's the coolest.

PHIL
 (not turning)
 What about *The Cramps*? Or *Fear*?

TANYA
 I'm tired of punk.

PHIL
What about this.

Phil puts on *Gil Scott Heron "Home is where the Hatred Is"*

Phil walks over, feeling the music. Tanya leans forward and opens up a small box on the glass table between them. She takes out some cocaine and lines some up.

TANYA
How's Judy?

PHIL
She's good. She's good. Really happy.

TANYA
That's good to hear.

PHIL
Let's go to your room.

TANYA
Okay.

The two get up and head over to Tanya's room.

ANDY
Alright, man, get some!

Phil turns and almost loses his shit.

PHIL
What the fuck did you say? *What the fuck was that?* We're just friends. I'm not a fucking creep. I'm not a fucking philanderer you hear me? You fucking moron. Learn some tact!

TANYA
Phil.

Phil turns around and follows her to the bedroom. Andy and J.J. sit there... Andy is suitably mortified.

J.J.
Nice one, dick.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - CONT.

Tanya goes to her vanity and takes a seat. She starts applying make up. Phil goes to the bed and falls into it.

PHIL

She's called me a bunch but I never answer. I haven't been home or spoken to her in a while.

TANYA

Phil. Why are you doing this?

Phil rolls over. He looks at the wall.

PHIL

Can you get into bed and hold me?

Tanya looks at him. The massive man, sad, practically melting slowly in her bed. She puts down her foundation and moves to him. She puts her skinny, weak arm around his trunk.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Those kids outside are assholes.

TANYA

They just look up to you. Look at me.

Phil rolls back over, making eye contact with her. There is no romance between them. If there's any chemistry it's because they're both high and wasted and generally miserable.

PHIL

Assholes look up to me.

TANYA

Your eyes are glazed over.

PHIL

Are they pretty?

TANYA

You're always pretty.

PHIL

I took a ton of quaaludes in the car.

TANYA

Give me some.

Phil, moving like a slug, gives the tin to Tanya. She takes two.

TANYA (CONT'D)

They taste good.

PHIL
How long has the planet been
around?

TANYA
Earth?

PHIL
Mhmm.

TANYA
Twenty years.

PHIL
Only twenty?

TANYA
Mhmm.

PHIL
But I'm this many years old.

Phil raises three fingers on each hand.

TANYA
Six?

PHIL
No. 33. I'm older than Earth.

TANYA
Yeah. Me too.

PHIL
Older than Earth. The two of us.
Wise as space.

TANYA
Mhmm.

PHIL
Do you wanna shoot tonight?

TANYA
Ok. There's some in the drawer.

PHIL
Do you want some money?

TANYA
I have enough.

They smile at each other. Tanya, feeling the ludes, leans forward and kisses him on the head.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Are you gonna take those kids home?

PHIL

No.

TANYA

You're bad. They're young and stupid.

PHIL

I'm young too.

TANYA

But you're older than Earth.

PHIL

Mhmm.

(then)

Why do assholes look up to me?

TANYA

(very sweetly)

Because you're an asshole.

He closes his eyes.

INT. SASH'S NISSAN - MOVING

For the millionth time, Sash is driving. Meena is in the passenger seat. Dylan is in the back, in the middle. Barry next to him. They sit in an awkward silence.

BARRY

(to Dylan)

You don't have to use the middle seat when it's only two people.

(then)

I feel like I shouldn't have to explain this to you.

DYLAN

I get nauseous if I don't.

BARRY

(after a thought)

That's right, I forgot you were a spazz.

Meena notices Sash looking uncomfortable.

MEENA

Thank you for offering to drive.

SASH

(polite)

I mean... I didn't really *offer*.
You said--you *yelled*...

(matter of fact)

"Listen, you Bollywood Bonehead.
Drive us to 1067 Ridgewood Ln, or
I'll shove my foot so far up your
curry-ass you'll be shitting Steve
Madden Masala for weeks."

A silence.

MEENA

I would have taken mine but there's
a fifty pound gaming laptop through
the windshield.

DYLAN

(chiming in)

It's AlienWare. I play a lot Steam
games.

MEENA

Yeah and you have a lot of self
esteem issues.

EXT. TANYA'S DRIVE WAY - LATER AFTERNOON

Sash's car is finally pulling up into the empty drive way. It
has started drizzling rain. The sky is a gross overcast.

Sash stays in the car while the other three pile out. As they
walk up the drive way -

BARRY

Where'd your friend learn how to
drive? Lancaster County?

DYLAN

He's trying his best! And this
place was hard to find. Where the
hell is this anyway?

MEENA

Tanya Rosenthall's. A drugged out
model.

DYLAN

Nice.

MEENA

Yeah. Except she's OD'd more times
than she's been in print.

Meena approaches the door and *bang! bang! bang!*

A pause. Then the door eases open... And it's **Andy**. He looks
forlorn.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

INT. TANYA'S PLACE - CONT.

Andy let's the three in. There's a harsh silence. The cocaine
is still on the table. There's nobody around.

BARRY

(shouting out)

Tanya! It's Barry Cosmo.

(then)

Is Phil here? I know he came by.

ANDY

He left with J.J.

BARRY

Who the fuck is J.J.?

ANDY

He's in my improv troupe *Bitcoin*.

(then)

You get it? Because we do weird
bits and -

MEENA

Yeah, and only weird white guys are
into you. Got it.

They all move away to different corners, looking, peeking.
Dylan is more of just... ogling the place.

Barry heads down the hall to -

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - CONT.

There's a small lamp on in the corner. Tanya lays in bed.
Around her arm is a small surgical hose. She lays, her robe
spilled open, in and out of consciousness... eyes rolled
back... hair loose... totally melted.

BARRY
 (distressed)
 Tanya. Fuck me.

Barry has seen it all. On the floor of the room are more tools and accoutrement for shooting up, chasing the dragon, free basing, and whatever else they were getting into.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 Oh Phil. Oh Phil, what have you gotten into...

Barry turns away and notices... behind him... Dylan and Meena are watching. On their faces are two different expressions. Meena has seen this before. Maybe not this bad. But she's been around the block. Dylan, though.. He looks absolutely messed up. And it's not so much the drugs and the veins that worry him.. It's how singularly depressing it all is.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 We missed him. He's probably at the Chateau. Let's go.

Barry turns and moves. Meena follows. Dylan stays in the room... Transfixed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Barry approaches Andy, sitting on the edge of the couch. He looks scared. Confused.

BARRY
 They go to the chateau?

ANDY
 The where? Oh, I don't really know. They just left. Said I should watch her. Which is, you know, fucking fucked up. I mean.. Jesus Christ I don't what the hell I'm supposed to do with that.

BARRY
 Alright. Go wait in the car.
 (he turns to Meena)
 Okay. Let's go to the chateau.

MEENA
Why?

BARRY
 What do you mean why? We need to get him. We need to find him.

MEENA

I'm so tired, Barry. I'm not getting into that kid's car again and getting Dorito dust on my slacks just to chase Phil. He's fine. He'll be fine. *We'll just have to extend the production days.*

BARRY

I don't understand. Hours ago you were on my ass about catching this guy and now -

MEENA

- and now I realized I'm not going to hunt down this asshole when I know, *I know*, he won't hunt down me. And yeah I'm fucking pissed about the production schedule. It's shit. But I'm not going to be driving around all of mother fucking L.A. for this guy. And look, the day's over. It was a loss. He won this one. I'm not playing detective.

(then)

Especially if the kid says he's been behaving.

BARRY

And who's going to fund this thing? Who's going to front the money for the extra days?

MEENA

We'll figure it out! Did you really think when you signed on Phil Cully this wouldn't happen? You've been doing this dance for years.

That struck Barry.

BARRY

What the fuck do you mean by that?

Meena thinks about taking it back. She just switches gears.

MEENA

You'll find the money. Phil will be fine. The kid said he's been behaving himself.

BARRY

You keep saying he's been behaving. That's the second time you've said that. How much has he been behaving? Do you know? Because there's a broad in the next room with a tube around her arm from Ace Hardware.

MEENA

Only what the kid has been saying.

They both stop shouting at each other. It's a brief respite. They turn and look... Dylan is still in the room with Tanya.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Dylan can't take his eyes off her. She's a slug.

BARRY (O.S.)

Dylan! Get out here!

Dylan looks at her... He peels his eyes off of her and turns to leave. But then on a wall he sees a framed picture of Tanya and Phil, twenties, cocktails in hand, at some after party.

BARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

NOW!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Dylan enters to find Meena and Barry staring daggers at him. Like a kid walking into his parents' room when they're pissed.

INT. SASH'S NISSAN - SAME TIME

Sash sits in silence. Andy sits in the back seat.

SASH

He told you to get into *this* car?

ANDY

He said *the* car... And this is the only one.

SASH

What are they doing in there?

ANDY

They're all just yelling at each other.

SASH

It seems like that's all they do.

INT. TANYA'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Meena and Barry stare at Dylan. They close in like sharks.

BARRY

Kid, how many times has he... Had a problem?

DYLAN

... What do you mean?

BARRY

Don't be daft. Now is *not* the time. Has he needed your help?

Barry approaches Dylan. He's Meena-Scary right now.

DYLAN

Define *help*...

Barry grabs him by the collar. Dylan is shaking.

BARRY

How many times have you had to jam a wallet in his mouth? Huh? Is that clear? How many times have you had to turn his ass over so he doesn't choke on his own vomit? Can you answer that?

On Dylan.

DYLAN

... **Eight.**

BARRY

EIGHT TIMES?

DYLAN

I don't know! Maybe seven? One time he fell out of a window but he was sober at the time so I don't know if that counts.

MEENA

Sounds like it fucking counts.

DYLAN

The second time was in New York.
After Saturday Night Live. And then
it just *kept happening*. He won't
stop doing drugs. Then he dies.
Wakes up. And *needs more drugs* to
keep going.

She paces off -

MEENA

(to herself)

I can't believe I've been buying
this shit.

BARRY

Kid. Look at me.

(then)

Why the **FUCK** did you lie to us?

On Dylan.

DYLAN

I thought you guys knew! I don't
know! Fuck! I thought you all knew
and I was just "*lying*" and telling
what you guys wanted to hear! You
know? In like a show must go on
type!

BARRY

Show must go on???

MEENA

Show must go on?!!

DYLAN

No, no, fuck this! I'm not gonna
let you guys pin this shit on me!
One moment you tell me to "be there
for when it happens" and the next
moment you're yelling at me for not
telling you everything!

INT. SASH'S NISSAN - SAME TIME

Sash taps his fingers on the wheel. Andy plucks at his seat
belt.

SASH

So you're an actor?

ANDY

Yeah.

SASH

What have I seen you in?

ANDY

Oh.. A bunch of things. Mostly web series and head shots.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Back to the chaos.

DYLAN

I don't *know* what you guys want!
Everyone is saying *wink wink* but
not actually winking at each other.
I just want to help Phil and be
there for him.

MEENA

Yes! Us too!

BARRY

Exactly, kid!

DYLAN

No.. No.. It's not the same thing.
Because... I don't know if I'm
helping him because you *care* about
him or because you wanna *finish*
this fucking movie.

On Barry and Meena. They look at each other. They have different opinions.

EST. CHATEAU MARMONT - NIGHT

SFX: A ROLL OF THUNDER.

A deep cloud has moved above the massive, elaborate lay out of the Chateau Marmont. Rain is coming down harder and harder with each passing second.

As it stands --- it looks more gothic than L.A.

EXT. GATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sash's car moves through a wooded, almost hidden, rode to a gate that blocks them off from the bungalows. The car pulls up and the window rolls down.

Meena leans across Sash to speak to the gatehouse guard.

GUARD

Meena? That you?

She shouts over the rain.

MEENA
Hey, Joe! Can we get through?

GUARD
Not a problem.

MEENA
Can we get the spare key?

The gate opens. The Guard (Joe) leans forward with a **key**.

INT. SASH'S CAR (SLOWING DOWN) - NIGHT

Dylan is hit with some weird, quasi-nostalgia. He remembers the bungalow from his time passed out in a limousine.

The headlights of Sash's car illuminate the best they can.

DYLAN
I've been here before.

BARRY
Me too.

DYLAN
Uh.. That one. Number 3.

A clap of thunder. Rain has started pouring down, pattering loudly on the windshield and roof of the car.

BARRY
Alright, let's go.
(to Meena)
Stay in the car.

MEENA
Bullshit. I'm coming.

BARRY
You could have deniability.

MEENA
I don't want deniability. I wanna see. I want to be there.

Barry exhales.

BARRY
Okay. Let's go, everyone.
(to Andy)
Hey, come inside and get your

friend. He probably needs your help.

And it's settled. Meena, Barry, and Andy climb out of the car and hurry through the downpour to the door of the bungalow.

Dylan and Sash stay in the car. They sit in silence.

SASH

Let me guess - you want me to stay in the car.

On Dylan. He *could* thank him. But he doesn't. He just gets out.

INT. BUNGALOW 3 - NIGHT

The place is a total pigsty. Pizza boxes. Bottles of booze, wine, beer... Stains everywhere. Practically everything as a makeshift ash tray. Barry, Meena, Andy, and Dylan enter slowly. Dylan bringing up the rear, the most freaked out.

First thing seen - on the couch in the living room is J.J., high as fuck.. Strung out.. Yacking into a bucket. He's shirtless. His eyes are sunken. Andy is positively shook.

ANDY

Holy fuck, man. Holy fuck.

J.J. barfs some more. Andy grabs him, puts a towel over him.

BARRY

Get him out of here. But don't take the wheels.

ANDY

I need to get him to a hospital, you want us to just *wait* in the rain?

MEENA

You heard what he said.

Andy, afraid, listens. He doesn't know *what* to do. What's the protocol for this? He just ushers J.J. out of the bungalow.

BARRY

Phil? Buddy, you back there.

No answer. And they head to the back of this disgusting bungalow. To the master bedroom...

INT. BUNGALOW 3 - BEDROOM - CONT.

Phil Cully lies **dead, bloated,** and **gray** on his master bed.

MEENA

Fuck!

Barry throws up a bright colored bile onto the closest wall. Amid a panic from Barry & Meena, Dylan slowly walks up to his friend. He touches Phil's cold hand. He begins to tear up as guilt sets in.

MEENA (CONT'D)

(quickly collecting)

Ok, ok. Dylan, guide us through this.

DYLAN

(snapping out)

What?

MEENA

How you do..*it*. The thing--how you bring him back?

DYLAN

My *thing*?

BARRY

Kid, c'mon, we need you help.

DYLAN

(a beat taken aback, then)

No fucking way. No *fucking* way! The- the only reason it worked before was 'cause I was right on his ass. *Every* time. As soon as he went down, I was there

MEENA

So what's the difference now?

DYLAN

Uh, how bout he's actually fucking dead this time. I don't even know what he would be like if we did manage to bring him back. He's been through so much at this point... I.. I... There's no way. No fucking way.

BARRY

So what are you suggesting?

DYLAN

I'm *suggesting* we let him die. Or..
Stay dead.

BARRY

Not going to happen. Meena, run the
bath.

MEENA

I'm on it.

Meena hurries out -

INT. BATHROOM - CONT.

Meena is in, the place is a fucking mess. In the sink are
needles, coke bags, spoons. She runs the bath. A clean,
beautiful flow of water bangs loudly into the porcelain tub.

INT. BUNGALOW 3 - BEDROOM - CONT.

Barry goes over and starts pulling back the blankets. Phil is
in his underwear. Vomit pooling in his mouth.

BARRY

Kid. Help. Now.

DYLAN

Fuck this, man. No way.

Dylan turns to leave and is greeted with a signature Meena
shove. He stumbles back.

MEENA

You can't leave. Help us. We can't
let him die.

DYLAN

You don't even care about him. You
want him to waste his entire life
away. You want him to be a fucking
drugged up monkey for you. If this
movie weren't on the line you
wouldn't give a shit.

MEENA

Yeah, that's right. But my movie *is*
on the line. And so is Barry's
mortgage, and bills, and family. We
have everything to lose.

DYLAN

Just let him die. Have mercy.

MEENA

Mercy? *Mercy?* He hasn't existed for 200 million years. And after he's gone he won't exist for another 200 million years. He chose to spend his 33 years alive a drugged up waste of space. I don't have mercy on that. I use that.

DYLAN

That's evil.

BARRY

No it's not, kid. You just don't get it. He is how we get everything we want. My financial stability. Meena's respect. You - the movie you want to make. And... listen here, it's a win-win. Phil *likes being alive*. Being ripped on coke. Making people laugh. Don't you get it? He *lives to entertain*. To be loved. Admired. To sign autographs. By letting him die... We'd be letting him down. Taking from him something we can easily give him.

It sits.

DYLAN

Fuck that.

Dylan leaves.

INT. BUNGALOW 3 - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Dylan storms through. Grabs the door knob when -- *Barry's* hand clasps onto his shoulder. Spinning him around.

BARRY

Dylan, listen to me. Please. We need you. We do, really; that's the simple fact, kid. We can't do this without you.

DYLAN

Dude... I can't...

BARRY

Dylan, *please!* I need your help.
Phil is my friend--

DYLAN

(offended)
Are you fucking kidding me?

BARRY

Dylan! He is. Listen, whatever you want, I'll produce your next script.

Dylan walks to the door no longer acknowledging Barry.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Kid, Listen!

DYLAN

No, you listen. You guys baited him back into this industry. And you *knew* he couldn't handle it. You fucking knew it. You say you casted him because he's "so funny" but he's not even that funny! He doesn't even like comedy! He likes sci-fi and he likes reading and writing. But you used drugs as a leash and you knew he'd always be on sale. You're a fucking piece of shit, man, you know that?

(then, off Barry's reaction)

He told me what happened in Aspen. You brought him back in for.. *this?*

BARRY

If you help me... If you bring him back and we finish this movie... I'll never work with him again.

Dylan stops.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(noticing he's made slight progress)

I'll leave him alone. Forever.

(then)

But, if he dies right there on his bed.... I'm the only one to blame. And kid, you're right. I can't live with that guilt. I just can't.

(then)

Please.

INT. BUNGALOW 3 - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Barry is at the front, arms hooked under Phil's armpits, peeling him off the crusty sheets. Dylan is in between his massive legs, and Meena is trying her best to support the girth of swinging, dead belly. They wiggle him through the hallway and into the -

INT. BATHROOM - CONT.

They struggle to get him through the door all at once...

BARRY

Put him on his feet. Put him on his feet, he's not gonna fit.

Dylan lets his feet down, but the weight of Phil pitches forward. Dylan dodges the falling corpse and the 300 pound man, like a tree, falls fast. His head smashing **THROUGH** the edge of a porcelain toilet. *The edge of his head is literally cracked in like a shell.*

BARRY (CONT'D)

Jesus fuck! You gotta catch him!

DYLAN

He's 300 pounds!

BARRY

Fuck me! Look at his head!

MEENA

Forget it. I'll buff it out! C'mon, we're running out of time.

They lift him up again and awkwardly use their momentum to drop him harshly into the filled bathtub. He sinks like a rock, water splashing up onto the floor. And the three stand there... Looking down at this huge, fat man, dead in a newly drawn bath.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

INSERT: two hands clutching a plugged in radio.

INSERT: two hands clutching a plugged in hair dryer.

INSERT: two hands clutching a plugged in toaster.

And we see them. Barry with the hair dryer turned on. Meena with the toaster. And Dylan with the radio. The song playing from it is "I Say a Little Prayer" by Aretha Franklin.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Why do we think this is going to work?

DYLAN

It worked the first time. And in New York. And a couple other times. I only used the naxolone like once.

(then)

And anyway, if you're struck by lightning you're more likely to be struck again.

BARRY

Is that true?

MEENA

Yeah it messes up your ions.

BARRY

So we're working off ions.

DYLAN

I wrote about 200 pages of theoretical biology and practice. I researched. But now we're using toasters and shit.

BARRY

It's always weirder in real life, kid.

MEENA

1...

BARRY

2...

DYLAN

3!!

And they fucking do it. The electronics drop into the bathtub, the lights flicker and nearly explode, Phil starts convulsing wildly in the tub, water splashing, then a power surge! **ZZRRPPPPP-KRAH!!**

EXT. BUNGALOW 3 - SAME TIME

The lights from inside surge bright and then BLACK OUT. Sash, Andy, and J.J. turn around - stunned.

EXT. GATE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Judy drives in her car, pulling up to the gate. She lowers the window -

JUDY CULLY
(to the guard)
Thank you so much for contacting me.

GUARD
No problem, ma'am. He arrived about 50 minutes ago.

JUDY CULLY
Can I have the spare?

GUARD
The spare? I already gave it to your visitors.

JUDY CULLY
My visitors?

Then the Guard comes out of the gate house and moves to the gates. He talks as he moves, speaking loudly over the rain.

GUARD
There was a power surge like two seconds ago. Gotta move this thing on my own...

Judy says nothing.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Have a good one, Mrs. Cully.

Judy drives past, wracked with anxiety.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Blackout... The entire place is plunged into darkness.

BARRY
Is everyone okay?

MEENA
Yeah.

DYLAN
Yeah I think.

And Dylan turns on the FLASHLIGHT on his phone. Meena looks okay. A little shaken but fine. Barry looks okay...

And then the three of them hear a deep... guttural moan.

... And Dylan pans the flashlight over to the tub. And ... sitting up, covered in water, a full bluish gray, not just from the light... is Phil Cully. When Dylan sees this dybuk he screams.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Holy fuck! Holy fuck!

Phil groans. Sounding like actual Frankenstein at this point.

BARRY
Get him out! Get him out!

The three reach down and get this massive brain dead man to his feet.

EXT. BUNGALOW 3 - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The building is still entirely dark. It's still **raining very hard outside**. But coming out of the front door is Dylan and Meena, on either side of Phil, supporting his massive weight and his small awkward baby shuffles.

Barry moves ahead, he flings open the back door of Sash's **Nissan** where J.J. & Andy have been waiting.

INT. NISSAN - SAME TIME

BARRY
Who's got the keys to the Ford Fiesta?

ANDY
It's J.J.'s!

BARRY
Hand them over.

Andy digs into his buddy's pockets. Pulls out the keys. Tosses them. Barry slams the door and moves across the lot. Sash isn't having any of it though. He gets out too and follows!

EXT. BUNGALOW 3 - PARKING AREA - CONT.

Meena and Dylan struggle to move Phil fast and orderly to the Ford. Sash runs towards them in the rain -

SASH
Hey! Hey! What the **fuck!** You can't
just take the kid's car!

But then lightning flashes and Sash sees Phil for the first time --

SASH (CONT'D)
Holy shit! What the fuck happened?
We need to get him to the hospital.

Dylan passes off Phil to Barry. He runs up to Sash. They shout at each other over the downpour.

DYLAN
You need to get the fuck out of
here!

SASH
What the hell is going on, man?
What the actual hell?

DYLAN
We're taking him to the studio -

SASH
You need to get him help! He
looks... He looks *dead!*

DYLAN
You need to go. This isn't for you!

And then, it becomes clear, the line is drawn.

SASH
If you get in that car with them,
we're through. We're done. Forever.
I'm not picking up your ass
anywhere ever again.

DYLAN
This is what it takes! This what it
takes to make a movie!

SASH
In what fucking world!

ANDY (O.S.)
Hey Sash!!

Sash turns - Andy is leaning out of the car.

ANDY (CONT'D)
We gotta get J.J. some help, man.
Please.

Sash thinks. He turns back to Dylan -

SASH
What the fuck have you done, man?

DYLAN
I've done what it takes.

And then we hear it.. over the rain and wind and general
tumult... the high pitched, frenzied scream of Judy Cully.

The camera WHIPS over. Judy stands there, in front of the
headlights of her car... in the pouring rain, screaming in
pure fear at the vision of her husband.

JUDY CULLY
What have you done!! What have you
done to him!!

BARRY
(to Dylan / Meena)
Get him in the car! Get him in the
car!!

JUDY CULLY
What have you done to him! What's
wrong with him!

BARRY
Nothing! Nothing's wrong with him,
he's fine!

Barry runs over to Judy, holds her / pushes her away from the
sight.

BARRY (CONT'D)
C'mon, lets go over here! Let's go
over here!

SASH
(to Dylan)
I hope this movie is fucking worth
it. I can't wait to see it on
Crackle.

Sash hurries over to his car - we spin around back to Judy
and Barry.

JUDY CULLY
My husband!! Phil!!

She breaks free from Barry's grasp and runs to Phil. She slips in the mud, falls, gets back up and gets to them as they're ushering him into Meena's car.

JUDY CULLY (CONT'D)
What have they done to you?

Phil looks at her and just lets out a gross, violent, stupid groan. Judy, distraught by what she's seen, falls to the ground. In the mud. In the rain. Next to the humming car. Barry kneels down next her..

BARRY
He's fine. He's fine, Judy, look at me. He's fine. He's just a little strung out. He's a little fucked up, but he's fine. We're gonna get him to a nice place and wake up and sober him out. Scouts honor. You have my word. Here -

As Meena and Dylan usher Phil into the car -

Barry grabs her hand and pinky promises her. She's too busy crying and trying to wrap her mind around all this.

JUDY CULLY
Let me take him home. Please, Barry, look at me. You know me. I can take care of him. Let me get him help.

BARRY
I... I can't, I -

But Judy pulls at his hand and he loses balance! *Slap!* Barry falls into the mud too.

BARRY (CONT'D)
He's fine. He's alive. He's okay!
He'll see you in New York!

Barry gets up and climbs into the Ford Fiesta. It peels out of the parking lot. Gone into the darkness. Into the rain. Into the busy streets of Los Angeles. Judy gets up and chases the car.

JUDY CULLY
Let me take him home! Let me take him home! Please!! Don't go!!
That's my husband!! My... My Phil.

But the car's gone. And Judy stands there in the rain. In the mud.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ASPEN - HIGHWAY

Chyron: January 1st, 2000

Snowflakes fall on a dimly lit mountain road drawing away from us as it curves somewhere around the cliff-face. A light grows brighter until an '82 Volkswagon comes into view, heading toward us.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Barry (some 17 years younger, now only balding) is behind the wheel, looking bothered, worried. Through the windshield we see a CABIN coming into view. It's large and luxurious. And, because of the geography, is positioned in a way that the other side of the cabin faces a drop-off.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Volkswagon pulls into the cabin's empty driveway. Barry exits the car, leaving the driver side door open as he walks toward the estate.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Barry enters to the aftermath of a party: streamers hang from the ceiling, bottles of various brands pepper the carpeted floor, kegs fallen over that had once been stacked. A sliding door at the rear of the cabin is wide open. Snowflakes dance into the living room and melting into the carpet. Framed in the doorway, sitting on the floor with his back to the balcony railing is a teenage PHIL CULLY (**16 years old**)

The drop is dark and foreboding. Some few trees stand tall enough to make out their snowy boughs, but the trunks are hidden in the snow-freckled darkness.

EXT. CABIN - BACK PORCH

Barry steps out onto the porch. Not too close though. The wind howls as Barry tightens his coat. Barry sits opposite of him. The two face each other.

BARRY
It's cold as sin out here, kid.

PHIL
It ain't so bad.

BARRY
Guess you were right about Y2K. All us old folks were panicking and here you are.

PHIL
What did you think was gonna happen? You were gonna lose your AOL account?

Barry smirks. A beat.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Did you read what Soushak wrote about me?

BARRY
Not yet.

PHIL
He said I was a 'comedic marvel'. And that I was one of the funniest talents to grace the small screen. How do you like that? *Comedic marvel*.

BARRY
(busting his balls)
Yeah, I know plenty of comedic marvels.

PHIL
Yeah? Name one.

BARRY
Dennis.

PHIL
Your step son?

BARRY
He's got great timing.

PHIL
He's got Aspergers.

The two start laughing. But there's a palpable sadness that lingers between them.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What's the funniest joke you ever heard?

BARRY

The Simpsons.

(reciting)

"Welcome back to Exploitation Theater. Up next is Blackula. Followed up Blackenstein. And then after that, The Blunchback of Blotre-Blame."

They start laughing again. Another pause.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Talk to me. Tell me why we're sitting out here killing our sperm counts?

Phil takes a deep breath as he looks out into the darkness.

PHIL

I'm on my own.

BARRY

(a pause)

You're talking about your parents?

PHIL

Yup.

BARRY

Okay.

(pause)

And you..?

PHIL

I took your advice.

BARRY

(unsure)

Oh?

PHIL

The Emancipation thing. It happened.

BARRY

(sure)

Oh. Wow. So you're free. You're not under their... uh... thumb anymore. You're your own man now.

Phil looks away.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You wanted this. Kid, you been talking about it for.. 5 years I think. I mean, first two, that was just you being a kid. But the last three..

(looking off, remembering)

..Boy was that all that was on your-

PHIL

They disowned me.

BARRY

They didn't disown you. It's just..just a.. It's just financial thing. Kid, it's just about money, what you wanna work-

PHIL

(growing angrier, sadder)

They changed their numbers, Barry! Even Jessica's. I can't even call my sister!

BARRY

Hey.. Hey..

Phil wipes his eye.

PHIL

My parents left a voice mail. They said I betrayed them.

(beat)

I 'ruined the family'.

(another beat, breaking down)

I just wanted them to want me. I wanted them to *ask me not to*.

BARRY

Of course they do, Kid. They want you. They do -- look at me-- They do. And if they don't, fuck them.

PHIL

No, you're not listening. I'm not this thing. I make them money. I act for shows. I make people laugh. But... I know in my heart that it's not what I want to do. But I also know that... I have to. Or I'll die.

(a pause)
 I really want to hate you. You know that? I really want to fucking hate you. You raised me to be slaughtered. Like a fucking pig.

BARRY
 Don't--don't say that to me. Don't say that Phil, that kills me.

PHIL
 You did this to me. And now you're trying to pet my head before you fucking put a nail gun to it.

BARRY
 What in the world are you talking about? I've been there for you from the start.

PHIL
 (crying)
 You're only here now because if I kill myself you're out of a show.

BARRY
 (angry)
 That's not true. That's not fair, kid, and it's not true.

PHIL
 I've won you everything.

The snowflakes, now larger, beat into Phil and Barry's angry, tired faces.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Say, "Thank you."

Another pause. There's a hostile tension out of nowhere.

BARRY
 ...Thank you.

PHIL
 You know what I'm really afraid of? More than anything?

BARRY
 People not liking you--

PHIL
 I'm afraid of waking up in 20 years and still wearing the dunce cap.

You know? I hate what's inside me. This.. Need for people to laugh and love and pat me on the back. I want to be alone. But I know if I am, I'll die. And I can't grow up because I'll turn into a hack. A fucking *hack*.

BARRY

So what's the alternative?

PHIL

Going out on top.

There's a breath of wind through the blinds. Snow scatters. Some of the faint tips of trees sway.

BARRY

You're 16 years old. You ain't on top, kid.

PHIL

But think about it. Everyone will remember me.

BARRY

Can I tell you something?

PHIL

Is it boring?

BARRY

No. It's important. And you have to hear it.

PHIL

Okay.

BARRY

You're 16 years old and nobody has told you yet. But listen. Being the depressed comic is a fucking cliché. Okay? Every Joe Schmoe who's hitting open mic nights thinks their depression validates them. Makes them a real artist. Like they're really cutting themselves on stage. And it's a bullshit romanticized idea. People love to talk about Kurt Cobain, and Chris Farley, and Jimi Hendrix. But a real legend is someone who was around long enough to actually get bad. Someone around long enough to

be humble and to care and to see
how they've grown.

(a second)

You have what it takes to go the
distance. You're incredibly gifted.

PHIL

(unshaken)

I want out.

BARRY

No you don't, kid. You just think
you do. Trust me. You'll come out
on the other side of this with so
much gratitude. You'll have
everything. You'll find other
family. You'll find your happiness.
If you just give it some time.

PHIL

That sounds miserable.

BARRY

Only for a little.

PHIL

And what if in 10 years I still
don't want do this? And what if I
still hate it and hate myself and
want to quit life?

BARRY

Then you're officially an adult.

PHIL

(he smiles)

That's the funniest joke I've ever
heard.

BARRY

I got some chops.

(then)

Let's get inside.

Barry stands up. Dusts the snow off him and turns into the
house. But behind him Phil stands up. Turns right to the
balcony edge, climbs up, and jumps!!!

Barry turns and sees at the last second -

BARRY (CONT'D)

Phil!!!

Barry runs to the edge. He sees just the faintest image of Phil falling down the drop, down into the darkness between the trees.

EXT. CABIN - CONT.

Barry comes running outside of the building. His coat flaps open behind him as he, in a full blown panic, trudges through the snow around the building.

BARRY

No, no, no, no, no! Goddammit!

He makes his way around the cabin and sees it... the large drop off.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

He starts edging himself down, on his butt, trying to foot hold his way down the snowy wall.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm coming! Hang in there, Phil!

He leaps to one landing.. Slides, then another before losing his footing and falling himself.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - NIGHT

Snow. Barry pulls his head out of the white, bloodied, snow and reveals a mean gash along his face. He pushes himself up painfully.

BARRY

Phil!!

He gets up.. Hurt legs, bloodied face, he limps through the snow to Phil who's fully unconscious, bloodied, and broken. Already snow is blowing over him, trying to bury him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hang in there, kid.

Barry tries to scoop up the heavy teenager. But... he's big boned.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck me. Jesus Christ.

He puts his back into it.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 (lifting him up)
 Goddammit!! Ahh!!

And then he starts marching with him through the snow...

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The '86 Volkswagon zooms through the snowy road. Barry is bleeding on his face. Shaking from the cold and adrenaline. In the back, an unconscious Phil Cully is wrapped up in Barry's jacket. Barry drives wildly.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Barry's Volkswagon comes to a tire-squealing halt. He hops out of the car. He goes to the PASSENGER DOOR and we

MATCH ON IMAGE:

EXT. FORD FIESTA CAR - NIGHT - BACK IN PRESENT

Barry opens the PASSENGER DOOR and Dylan comes around the other side to help drag out Phil Cully.

DYLAN
 What are we gonna do?

BARRY
 Get him to his trailer and let him sleep.

DYLAN
 Come on, Phil.

Dylan, on his own, supports the massive weight of the undead Phil Cully. They move through the empty studio lot to his trailer. Meena takes her position next to Barry's side.

MEENA
 Tomorrow we'll start shooting again.
 (then)
 You gonna be okay?

BARRY
 Yeah, I'll be fine.

She walks off leaving Barry in the dark studio lot. He turns and heads off too. We watch him approach his car. Lonely under a big parking lot light. **Note: it's the same Volkswagon that we saw in Aspen. Ol' Faithful.**

Barry climbs in. He closes the door. And he just fucking breaks down and starts crying.

CUT TO BLACK.

PART FIVE:

"Nicest Guy You'll Ever Meet"

We wait in the blackness for a moment. It's a breather. Well... Almost. We hear *buzz... buzzz...* The sound of flies buzzing around carrion. Oh no. **BUZZ.. Buzzz.....** Then, the sound of an open wound... Sounds kind of like a spoon in Mac n' Cheese.

Chyron: 5 Days 'til Wrap.

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - MORNING

A note on Phil: He looks bad. He looks like the literal walking dead. A complete wretch. Large visible varicose veins all over his body. Deep set eyes. Jaw slack, drooling. A purple dent in his skull. The gums in his mouth a blackish gray. His extremities, finger nails, tips of fingers, etc, are a dying blue. And he moans and groans like a simpleton or, more apt, a man brought from the dead (several times).

Right now he stands there. Naked. Huge. Rotting before our very eyes. He drools and groans. Dylan, wearing a medical mask and kitchen gloves, is behind him literally getting him dressed for work, putting him into the iconic black jacket, pants, and boots that we always imagine Frankenstein wearing-- a mother dressing her disabled son. And it's not fun.

DYLAN

Gimme your arm--okay.. okay, there we go..

He gets the black blazer over Phil. Phil sits with a THUD. Dylan stands up, and claps & rubs his palms together in momentary satisfaction.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(making the best of it)
Alright, big guy! Let's get you out there out to the set!

Phil, still seated, just looks at him like an idiot.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. Don't look at me like that. With those big... dead eyes.

Phil stares with those big, dead eyes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Alright then, just gimme your hands.

Dylan leans forward, grabs Phil's hands, and pulls.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Bend your knees! Bend your knees!
Come on, buddy ---

He pulls and pulls, harder and harder until **Ripp!! Phil's RIGHT HAND COMES right off!**

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(dejected)
Fuck me.

INT. STUDIO 45

Meena is going over a scene with a gaffer--pointing to where she wants the light to come from--when she cocks her head toward the lot, suddenly confused at the sight of -

Dylan, approaching, huffing Phil to set on a handtruck.

Meena comes over fast, blocking his sight from the rest of the grips and crew.

MEENA
Why isn't he walking?

DYLAN
He can't walk. Well he can, but it's slow and sad. Also his hand came off. But I taped it back on. He can move his arms but I hope he doesn't have to use his fingers a lot.

MEENA
Fuck. Well that ruins the Rubik's Cube, gag.

DYLAN
I'm serious. I don't know how much longer he can be... alive.

They look over to Phil. He's with the other actors...and acting like a fully mentally challenged Frankenstein. He groans and moans and stumbles around, drooling. Everyone is cackling with laughter.

MEENA
I'm gonna tell everyone he's method acting.

DYLAN

But he shat his pants.

MEENA

So? Daniel Day Lewis shat his pants every day for Lincoln. And Phantom Thread. And Capote... And he wasn't even in that. He was just coaching Hoffman.

DYLAN

That's method acting?

MEENA

It's a method.

She turns and heads to the craft table. Dylan follows her quick pace. They walk and talk.

MEENA (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to shape up. We're coming to the final pages of this script and we're close. We can't let any shit happen.

DYLAN

What type of shit would happen?

MEENA

Like the cast figuring out what he's been up to? Like Judy coming to the lot with a vengeance. I don't know. Like anything.

DYLAN

Where's Barry?

MEENA

He's been a having a fucking melt down in his office all morning.

DYLAN

Oh.

MEENA

Shit like *that*.

Dylan looks at the craft table. There's a box of donuts. He lights up.

DYLAN

Aww... Did you get donuts?

MEENA

Yeah. Open 'em up.

He does so. They're just bananas covered in white goo.

DYLAN

What the hell? These are bananas.

MEENA

I think the cast should eat healthier.

DYLAN

But they're glazed.

MEENA

Healthy can be fun.

Dylan closes the box in frustration.

DYLAN

What's going to happen after we finish the shoot?

MEENA

I'm not sure. I was thinking of tackling a musical. Do you know how hard it is to be a woman in theater?

DYLAN

I meant with Phil.

Again, they quickly look at him. The poor dumb bastard.

MEENA

Can I tell you something?

DYLAN

Sure.

MEENA

I don't give a shit.

Meena turns and leaves. Dylan stays, standing by the craft table. A PA comes over to the table. He opens the box.

P.A.

Whoa. Glazed bananas? Healthy *can* be fun!

Dylan looks at the kid. He's amped and peels the glazed banana. Dylan rolls his eyes and walks away.

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Barry sits in his chair, back turned to the door. He's looking out the window of his office. There's a brief knock.

BARRY

Come in.

It's Dylan. He peeks his head in. Barry turns, eyes red and puffy, and sees the boy.

DYLAN

Hey, you okay?

BARRY

Yeah. What's the matter?

DYLAN

I wanted to check on you. Meena says you were having a melt down.

BARRY

A melt down? Na, nah, come in. Take a seat.

DYLAN

Where?

REVEALED: his office is totally shredded. Books, papers, Emmys, just fucking scattered everywhere. Dylan comes in and sets a chair right side up.

BARRY

Everything's a melt down to her.

DYLAN

Yeah she can be pretty cold.

BARRY

Honestly? I blame myself for that. She's been at my side since she was 15. She's must've learned it from someone.

(then)

I molded her. Like I molded Phil.

DYLAN

I'm glad you bring that up. I... I think I'm gonna speak on behalf of Phil and say we stop this. We have to get him some help. He might not be too far gone.

BARRY

You think?

DYLAN

Well. One of his hands *did* come off. But I -

BARRY

A hand came off and you think we can still save him?

DYLAN

Well what's the alternative? Taking him to a lake and shooting him like "Of Mice & Men"?

BARRY

No... No..

(then)

Let me ask you something. I'm being serious here. A real vulnerable moment.

DYLAN

Okay?

BARRY

Do you blame me for how he is?

DYLAN

Oh man... Shit. I don't know. I don't think that's my place.

BARRY

But I'm not off the hook am I?

DYLAN

Barry, I like you. I think you're really great. I think you're really talented.

BARRY

But I betrayed Phil. I mean the kid trusted me. I was his father figure. More so then the real asshole was.

DYLAN

I don't know what you want me to say.

BARRY

In the story... In Frankenstein. Do you feel worse for the monster or the creator?

DYLAN

Well the monster.. He never asked to be born. He.. Uh.. Was just brought to life only to be hated and abhorred. But the creator is the one who's haunted and losing everything he's held dear to him.

BARRY

Uhuh.

DYLAN

But.. The creator.. He wanted to create something more profound than what he already had. Right? Which fucked him up in the end. But the monster just wanted what everybody else took for granted. But couldn't even get that. Which also sucked.

BARRY

So who had it worse?

But before Dylan can answer screaming is heard. It's Judy!
And the screams are coming from outside in the parking lot!

JUDY (O.S.)

Barry!! Meena!! You better come out here right now!! Where are you!!

BARRY

What the hell?

Barry and Dylan hurry to the window. Out in the parking lot, Judy is walking around her car. She goes to the trunk and takes out a baseball bat. She has a bloody nose. She's certainly high.

JUDY

Get out here, mother fuckers!

DYLAN

Oh fuck, she's gonna kill someone!
Let's go!

Barry and Dylan run out of the office -

INT. STUDIO 45 - DAY

Meena sits behind a monitor and watches a scene unfold. The actor who plays Victor Frankenstein recoils in fear as Phil, the groaning moron, shambles around.

But Judy's screams are heard in the distant. Meena turns -
pissed -

MEENA

Who the hell is shouting? What the
fuck is going on?

(to crew)

Cut! Cut! Someone is fucking this
up -

She gets up and marches towards the source. People, ready for the drama, follow. Phil doesn't though. He just stands there.

Victor Frankenstein looks up at him -

VICTOR

You're doing great, man. I love
your commitment.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Judy paces around looking feral. Meena comes marching out of her studio.

MEENA

What the fuck is - Oh shit.

JUDY

I want my husband back, you fucking
bitch!

From the other side Dylan and Barry quickly walk/ jog over!

MEENA

He's at work! He's on contract!

JUDY

Fuck your contract!

Judy, with all her might, *throws* the bat at Meena. The slugger spins in the air and nails Meena in the side.

MEENA

Ah! What the fuck! You just threw a
bat at me!

DYLAN

Holy shit!

Judy spins around -

JUDY

You! What did you do? Where is Phil? Huh? *Where is he!*

BARRY

Can someone call security please!
Someone!

Behind them, Meena picks up the bat.

MEENA

How do you like *this!*

Meena, going off rage, throws the bat as well! Judy sees it, ducks, and the bat *thwacks!* off Dylan's head. He goes stumbling to the ground

BARRY

You hit the kid! You hit the kid!

DYLAN

(on the ground)

Oh my god, I think I saw heaven.

Barry picks up the bat. He gets into a stance with it. But Judy won't back down.

JUDY

You saved him! You saved him in Aspen. And for what? *You promised him he'd be alright. And you did this to him.*

BARRY

It's not like that.

JUDY

You gonna swing that thing or what!
Let's go! Come on!

MEENA

Knock her fucking head off, Barry!

Dylan climbs to his feet... Dazed... Hurt.

DYLAN

No! Don't hurt her! Don't!

MEENA

She' ruining the movie! Fucking crack her!

DYLAN

Leave her alone! We can settle this!!

JUDY

Hit me!!!

BARRY

Ahhhh!!

JUDY

Ahhhh!!

PHIL (O.S.)

Graahhhhhhh!!!!

Everyone stops. They look... It's Phil. Standing there. Eyes glazed. Slack jaw.

JUDY

Phil...

PHIL

Graooooo...

JUDY

What's wrong with you? Can you understand me?

Judy goes over... She's weak.. Shaking.. But she goes to her husband.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Come home with me. Please.

PHIL

Aghhhhh...

JUDY

Honey. We can get you help.

Judy grabs his hand. She lifts it... But then sees the bloody ducttape around his wrist... Her eyes widen. Almost as if she finally understands.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Phil... What..?

But just then, security officers come in hot. They grab her and drag her off. She tries to struggle -

JUDY (CONT'D)
No, wait. Stop! Stop! Phil! *Phil!*

They zip tie her hands and put her in golf car.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Phil!!!

They drive her off...

On Phil. His eyes are glazed... Dead. But... maybe there is something happening behind them. He looks at Judy. He looks at Barry. Then Meena... Then Dylan, rubbing his bruised head.

We see Phil's hands. One is dead and limply attached. The other though... *Turns into a fist.*

FADE TO BLACK.

It's midnight in Hollywood.
We come down from the stars to the bright signs. The light up streets.

WE FADE INTO -

INT. STUDIO 45 - NIGHT

Meena, standing on her director's chair, addresses the crowd.

MEENA
Ladies and gentleman, I have a
special announcement!!
(a moment)
That's a picture wrap on *Fat Funny*
Frankenstein!!

Everyone cheers, claps, and yells!

Barry nudges Dylan who has a bandaid across his forehead.

BARRY
It's over.

DYLAN
Thank, god.

MEENA
(to everyone)
Not too surprising, I've made
reservations at McShanigan's
O'Reily--

Crew goes nuts.

MEENA (CONT'D)

--and they're gonna be open til
motherfuckin' 8am for us! I'm gonna
be drinking til the fucking sun
comes up!

Everyone cheers and claps!

MEENA (CONT'D)

We'll start breakdowns tomorrow.
Tonight, we get fucked up!

She directs the crowds. Everyone leaves in a hurry... Phil
lingers. Walking around, confused and stupid.

DYLAN

(to Barry / re: Phil)
What's he gonna do?

BARRY

I don't know. Take him to his
trailer.
(then)
Meena! Come here. We gotta talk.

Meena--getting her purse-- walks back to Barry in the
opposite direction of the cast and crew heading to the bar.
Dylan holds Phil's arm, guiding the Frankenstein out of the
studio.

EXT. STUDIO 45 - CONT.

Dylan walks slowly with Phil. The sky is dark... thunder
claps... and it starts raining.

DYLAN

Oh Jesus.

PHIL

Gralllllll...

DYLAN

Almost there..

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - CONT.

Dylan helps him into his trailer. He sits him down... Rain
and wind whips the exterior.

DYLAN

What are you gonna do now?

Nothing.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
You were really great. Everyone
knows that.

Nothing. Dylan breaks down crying. Sloppy crying.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Oh man, oh man, this sucks. Oh man.

Phil looks at him. Dead. Alive. Breathing heavy like an awake-
snore.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I just did what you guys told me
to. I just did what you asked..
(crying harder)
I sound like a nazi.

Phil stares at him.

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

ECU: Champagne bottle *pop!* Bubbles come out and into a glass.

Meena and Barry hold flutes on respective sides of the desk.

MEENA
Are we gonna pre-game here before
O'Reilly's?

BARRY
I'm not going to party.

MEENA
What? Why not?

BARRY
I'm retiring, Meena. I'm calling
it. It's over.

He drinks his flute glass.

MEENA
Barry.
(when he does not respond)
Why?

BARRY
I can't do this anymore. I can't
walk around and not act like....
Like all this is my fault.

MEENA

It's not anybody's fault. It's just how things happened and -

BARRY

Meena. Goddammit. That kid trusted me. His whole life. I was there for him. I helped him through everything. But now I'm looking around and... fuck. I've killed him. I've made him. And I've killed him. And I'm wondering and asking myself did I... you know, deep down in my subconscious, did I *plan this shit?*

MEENA

You're being dramatic.

BARRY

And then I have you. And I mentored you and trained you. But you can't be like me, Meena. You just can't.

MEENA

I'm *not* like you. I'm not gonna quit on this movie.

BARRY

(to self)

I don't even know if I want my name on the damn thing anymore.

(then)

Look, I'm happy for you--Kid, I really am--But I'm out. This is fucked.

Barry takes out a pack of cigarettes--Benson & Hedges. He lights it and takes a drag.

MEENA

Give me one.

He does.

BARRY

What the fuck do we even do after this? What do we say when TMZ catches Phil Cully, the walking fucking dead, wandering around Rodeo Drive.

(then)

We're gonna be interviewed by MIT

for **murdering someone** and then
bringing them back to fucking life!

INT. PHIL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Phil still sits there. Unmoving. Dylan is finishing up crying.

DYLAN
 Oh man... Okay. *Okay!*

A moment.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 I have to go now. I doubt I'll be seeing you around. So... Goodbye. I gotta see where Barry and Meena are.

But then, just then, Phil grunts. Dylan looks at him like--
"Was it something I said?"

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 I love you, man. And I'm sorry for how things happened.

Dylan leaves.

EXT. PHIL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The rain comes down harder. Dylan walks, he tightens his jacket. Some final cars are pulling out of the studio lot. Far off he can see some office lights still on. Maybe even Barry's.

Graaaaa....

Dylan stops... Was that..? He turns around and - lightning!! Thunder!!! Phil stands there. He *is Frankenstein! In costume and everything!!* With his big meaty hand he swipes Dylan across the face. He goes down like a sack of potatoes... The rain pouring down hard... Dylan groans in pain... As Phil, with a stumbly and jerky gait, heads for the offices..

But not before accidentally (or not?) *stomping* on Dylan's hand. The giant boot of the 300 pound just splinters Dylan's fingers like fucking *Ticonderoga's.* Dylan screams in pain but it's drowned by the rain.

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT.

Barry sits on his desk. Smoking. Meena sits in the chair. Cigarettes and champagne.

BARRY
You were a great assistant. You really were.

MEENA
I know.

He smiles. Then stops.

BARRY
I don't know what to do with Phil.

MEENA
Take him out to the woods. Let nature do it's shit.

BARRY
Jesus Christ.. Are made of metal?

MEENA
That's a good plan.

BARRY
I'll find a better one--look, have fun tonight.

MEENA
You sure you can handle this by--

BARRY
Meena. It's fine.

A beat.

MEENA
I'm gonna head out.
(desperate to lighten mood)
I wanna see everyone get shit faced.

BARRY
When does the Oscar campaign start?

MEENA
(smiling)
Tomorrow morning.
(before leaving)
Stop by? One drink?

BARRY
 (laughing)
 I'll.. See. We'll see.

She leaves. Barry is left alone in the office. He sits on his desk. He picks up a **framed portrait of the Del's Way cast** off the ground.

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Meena heads to her car. Cigarette in mouth. Coat tightened. Umbrella out.

She's walking to her car when... She sees Dylan... Far off. On his hands and knees.

MEENA
 Dylan?

She walks toward him.

MEENA (CONT'D)
 Dylan, are you okay?

She moves faster.

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - NIGHT

Barry puts the photo down on his desk. He puts on his coat and heads out - **and there's Phil.**

BARRY
 Oh Jesus... Fuck.. Phil, uh.
 Listen, *You and Me* are going to
 take *my*--

Phil's hand clutches Barry's throat!

BARRY (CONT'D)
 (choking)
 No, Phil... Please...

Phil raises Barry into the air.

PHIL
 Barry. Betray.

Phil throws *Barry across the room!* He slams into a bookshelf, papers fall. The room was already a mess but now it's a war zone.

BARRY

Phil! Stop!

Phil closes in and grabs Barry when we -

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

In the rain, Dylan struggles to stand up as Meena arrives.

MEENA

What the hell are you doing? What happened?

DYLAN

I was looking for a *fucking* contact lens, what does it look like? I just got mollywhopped.

Meena helps him to his feet and she sees Dylan's hand... Which, by all accounts, is now a wind chime.

MEENA

By who?

DYLAN

By *Phil!* He's heading to Barry's office.

MEENA

Why?!

DYLAN

To get his worker's comp, what the fuck do you think!! He's after you two!

MEENA

Me? Why would he be after *me*?

Dylan looks at her dumbfounded.

DYLAN

Because you're the worst?

Thunder claps.

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONT.

Meena and Dylan run down the hallway. They're soaked from the rain.

MEENA

I just left him, he can't be too far.

They get to the door -

INT. BARRY COSMO'S PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONT.

And swing it open. The room, just as we've seen, is a pigsty. A result of Barry's meltdown and the chaos from Phil's assault. Meena and Dylan survey it.

DYLAN

...It looks the same.

MEENA

No, look.

She points. There, on the floor, is Barry's **yarmulke**. Meena grabs it. Looks at it.

MEENA (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Then a **SLAM!!** is heard from far off. Then loud bangings in a stairwell.

MEENA (CONT'D)

That sounds like the staircase to the roof.

DYLAN

Let's go!

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Phil lumbers after Barry and, effectively, chases him up the stairwell.

BARRY

What are you doing, Phil! C'mon!

PHIL

Barry. Betray. Barry. Bad.

BARRY

Get outta here! I'm sorry, Philly. I'm sorry! I got caught up in stuff!

Phil lunges for Barry's ankle. Barry falls down, he kicks and struggles... He escapes and hurries up the stairs more to the ROOF. Phil lumbers after him.

BACK DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS -

Dylan and Meena come running in. They can hear the craziness going on at the top. They climb the stairs, their loud steps pounding up and echoing off the walls.

BARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Help!!

EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

Barry is chased out on to the roof by Phil. The wind howls loudly and rain comes down hard. Phil backs Barry up to the edge. Barry looks down... yikes. A fall like that will do him in.

PHIL

Barry. Betray. Barry. Bad.

Barry reaches the edge. He holds his stance, rain streaming down his face.

BARRY

I'm sorry!! I'm sorry!!

A moment.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You're fucking right. I let you down, kid. You had everything. You had it all. I saved you... just to fuck you up. I was selfish. I was greedy. I pulled you back into a life that nearly killed you.

Phil growls loudly.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You gotta believe me. I'm sorry, kid. I ruined you. It wasn't Meena. God knows it wasn't Dylan. It was me. From the start.

Phil grabs his throat. And lifts him... High.. Over the ledge.

DYLAN (O.S.)

No!! Phil! You can't do this!

MEENA

Put him down! Please!

Phil holds Barry by the neck. Dangling him over the edge.
They lock eyes.

BARRY

(choking / struggling)

This is it, kid... This is the
funniest joke ever.

And then Phil throws him. And Barry arcs down from the
building and *crashes onto a parked car*. The siren goes off.
Barry is a contorted, broken mass of bones. Dead.

DYLAN

No!!

MEENA

Barry!!

BARRY

Meena. The worst.

Meena turns white. Phil steps forward but **ZZZZLLLAPPP!! HE GETS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!! PHIL CONVULSES AND SHAKES AND SPAZZES AND LIGHTS UP BEFORE KKKBLOW! HALF OF HIS BODY EXPLODES OUTWARD, SHOWERING THE ROOF AND PARKING LOT WITH BILE AND GORE AND A CONFETTI SPRAY OF INNARDS**. And the other half stands there... a smoking charred heap. Before toppling over forward.

The explosion of Phil had sent Meena and Dylan flying backwards. They're on their back, in the rain, covered in blood.

They're speechless. Meena is shaking. We hold on them for a brief second to hear..

PRESENTER (V.O.)

And the Academy Award for best
performance goes to....

INT. THE KODAK THEATER - OSCAR NIGHT

The auditorium is filled to the brim with celebrities. Seated towards the front is Meena with some strangers. She's gorgeous in her Oscar night gown.

PRESENTER

...Phil Cully. For "Fat Funny
Frankenstein."

Everyone claps and cheers, some people are teary eyed from knowing his fate. Meena gets up and heads toward the aisle to accept the award.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This is the first Academy Award for a comedic performance since Anthony Hopkins in *Silence of the Lambs*.

Meena gets closer to the stage.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Accepting the award on Phil's behalf is friend and director, Meena Salazi.

Meena takes the stage. She accepts the Oscar, smiles and greets the presenter. And turns to the microphone.

MEENA

Oh my god, I... Wow. Thank you so much for this. I... It's hard for me to accept this award considering the tragic accident that took the life of Phil Cully and of my partner and friend Barry Cosmo. It's horrifying to think about the life that can dance and love right before your eyes... Can vanish in an instant. Phil was happy and lively and exciting every day of his life. He always had a smile on his face and a pep in his step.

(a second)

There were times when I was worried and stressed and thought the movie wouldn't turn out well. But he was there for me. Pushing me. Urging me. I wanted him to be the best. And he wanted me to be the best. And I can honestly say he was my best friend.

(then)

I cared about him. I cared about his habits... And his choices... And I can only hope that where he his now he's found peace. Thank you.

Everyone claps and cries and cheers.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Dylan drives his small car to the edge of a cemetery in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. He gets out. He's holding a small paper bag to his chest.

He walks through the cemetery. It's windy as all hell, and he tightens his jacket.

He weaves through headstones and trees. When finally he gets to his destination.

It's Phil Cully's grave. It's not too big. But it's definitely noticeable. The epitaph reads: **Phil Cully 1984 - 2018. A husband, friend, and icon.**

Dylan kneels down. He seems more grown up. Changed.

DYLAN

Hey, man.

He reaches into his brown paper bag.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I brought you some stuff.

He takes out a copy of *When Mars Attacks!!* and places it on the soil. Then he takes out a copy of a zombie book -

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I know it's not S. D. Perry, I don't think she even writes them anymore. But you might like it. It's pretty wild.

He starts to choke up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Meena accepted your award last night. Ah, fuck.
(exhales)
Everyone misses you a lot, man. But I don't think any of us deserve you.

He reaches into his bag -

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And one more thing. It's an early draft. We're going into production in the fall. It's dedicated to you.

He leaves a script on the soil.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Did I request thee, Maker, from my
clay to mould me man? Did I solicit
thee From darkness to promote me?

(then)

No, no... You didn't. You were just
there.

(he laughs to himself, a
grim beat)

Ah fuck. I'll see you later, man.

FADE TO:

INT. THEATER - DAY

We open up on the middle of an improv class. It's a black box theater and a class of 16 improvisers (all 20s, mostly guys) stand shoulder to shoulder.

The teacher is J.J. from way earlier. He's cleaned up. He's happy to be arrogant and in charge.

An improviser steps up. His name is **Gavin**.

J.J.

Alright, man, how about you?

GAVIN

Hey, everyone. My name is Gavin.
And uh... Shit I don't know. I
guess I wanna be really funny. Like
my hero is Phil Cully. I want to be
like him.

Everyone pretty much nods and claps in agreement.

J.J.

Oh he's the best. You know I worked
on *Fat Funny Frankenstein*? He's the
nicest guy you'll ever meet.

CUT TO BLACK.
END.