

EL TONTO

Written by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Music: Les Baxter's Quiet Village

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JxVYrinWDqU>

We float through the clouds as credits roll. We begin to see aerial views of the city of Los Angeles. Slowly we get closer and closer. Now we cross fade beautiful shots of the city's iconic landmarks. The credits continue. All the time we are overlaying images of koi fish swimming in a pond. The mood is romantic and classic Hollywood. The sequence ends and all we see is the fish in the pond. Fade to black.

New music: Irresistible - Los Tres Aces

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RvKdy60yCl8>

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The camera pulls up from the Koi pond to reveal a bus pulling into the shot.

NOTE: **ALL NARRATION WILL BE IN SPANISH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To the best of my knowledge, the Fool arrived in The City of Angeles by way of the bus.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

THE FOOL a small and simple looking man, wearing a faded blue blazer and a brown fedora hat, steps off of a bus.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A simple looking man. Small of stature. He carried with him no belongings. No identification.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - LATER

The Fool walks, taking in the shops and people.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I would have to believe the Fool wandered the streets for days.

EXT. OLVERA STREET MARKET - LATER

The Fool takes in the hustle bustle. People bargaining, children buying frozen ice.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
With no purpose. No direction.

EXT. SKID ROW - LATER

The Fool looks, with innocence, at a homeless woman pulling the hair of another homeless woman. The Fool registers some concern at their fight, but not much.

EXT. MARIONETTE THEATRE - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Simply taking in the world.

A large clown mural on a building where children and a few adults are gathered gets the Fool's attention. As The Fool joins the crowd, two actual clowns and a person dressed as a toy soldier come out of a door in the building. The soldier begins blowing rhythmically on a whistle and marching in place, while the clowns usher the children and The Fool into the theater.

INT. MARIONETTE THEATRE - DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Like a child.

The Fool sits in an audience full of children watching a marionette puppet show. The children laugh cry and scream, (like the scene in 400 Blows). The Fool smiles, and is scared along with the children.

For reference:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LA76hC5cShg>

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Wide eyed The Fool takes in the massive store. Then the Fool gets in bed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
With innocence and purity.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

A security guard pokes the Fool. The Fool doesn't seem to understand. He attempts to go back to sleep.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And not a clue as to how the world worked.

The Fool is thrown out the front door onto the street by the security guard. He picks himself up and dusts himself off. He realizes his hat is still in the department store. The Fool has a bit of difficulty navigating the automatic doors but eventually he gets his hat back.

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

The Fool walks by prostitutes and junkies.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I would never learn The Fools name, first or last.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

The Fool enters the park.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I would never discover where he came from, or why he came to us.

EXT. CITY PARK BENCH - NIGHT

The Fool finds a bench and goes to sleep.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And although I came to know him well, I would never hear him utter a word. Because as far as I could tell, The Fool couldn't speak.

EXT. CITY PARK BENCH - MORNING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was my daughter, that discovered the Fool

DAUGHTER
 (Spanish)
 Sir. Hello. Are you okay?

The Fool wakes and notices her. He takes in his surroundings and dusts himself off a little.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Are you okay?

The Fool smiles, not really saying yes or no.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Do you speak English?
 (English)
 I can speak English if you prefer.

The Fool smiles and blinks, not understanding either language.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
 (Spanish)
 Spanish?

The Fool shrugs.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
 English?

The Fool shrugs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 My daughter who has a heart of
 gold.

DAUGHTER
 Are you homeless? You don't look
 homeless.

The Fool smiles at her and shrugs. She takes a long look at him. Then she smiles back amused.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 And my Daughter who, much to my
 great dismay, took the fool in.

EXT. NARRATOR'S HOME - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a small home in east Los Angeles. The house is a warm pink, almost red. It stands out amongst the other homes on the street.

INT. NARRATOR'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

We are in the kitchen with our Narrator, he argues with his Wife and his Daughter. The Fool sits at a linoleum table under a hanging lamp taking in his surroundings.

NARRATOR

(Spanish)

I won't have it. We don't know this man.

DAUGHTER

(Spanish)

It's only for the night.

WIFE

(Spanish)

You can't keep bringing people into our home. We are not running a homeless shelter.

NARRATOR

(Spanish)

We don't know this man.

DAUGHTER

(Spanish)

Would you turn your back on Jesus if he needed a place for the night?

WIFE

(Spanish)

This man is not Jesus.

DAUGHTER

(Spanish)

Well, how do you know that?

WIFE

(Spanish)

Jesus wouldn't be terrified of himself.

The Fool looks with terror at a graphic velvet painting of a suffering and bloody Jesus on the wall beside him.

DAUGHTER

(Spanish)

Just for a night. He's harmless.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That evening we broke bread with the Fool. He was, of course, not our savior. The basic concept of religion seemed to confuse him.

The Narrator's family and The Fool sit eating a meal at the kitchen table. The Wife says a blessing. Everyone Crosses themselves. The Fool, confused, makes a strange gesture not quite getting the concept. The Daughter smiles at this.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the Fool did seem harmless enough. And so I agreed to let him stay for the night. To be safe I insisted that he sleep outside with the dogs.

INT. SHED/DOG HOUSE - LATER

The Fool is in a sleeping bag looking terrified again. Two pit bulls chained up growl at him with intensity.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He offered no resistance.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - NEXT DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Instead of a single night the Fool would be with us for months. I often took the Fool with me to look for work.

The Fool and the Narrator line up with other men outside a Home Depot looking for work. A pick up truck pulls up and The Fool gets in the back with The Narrator and a few other men.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The Fool and the Narrator paint a home.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Fool worked hard.

EXT. YARD - LATER

The Fool and the Narrator cut hedges with a smile.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He never complained.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Fool and the Narrator sell oranges by the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What little he made he would always
give to the family.

The Fool gives loose change to the Narrator.

INT. NARRATOR'S HOME - LATER

The Fool washes dishes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Other days the Fool would help
around the home.

INT. NARRATOR'S HOME - LATER

The Fool vacuums the house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Never asking for anything.

INT. SHED/DOG HOUSE - NIGHT

The Fool and the Dogs are all curled up together sleeping.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Becoming like a part of our family.

INT. STRIP MALL CHURCH - DAY

The Fool and the Narrator's family attend a small church in a
strip mall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Fool took only one thing from
me.

The Daughter and the Fool lock eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
My Daughter's heart.

She smiles coyly. The Fool smiles back. Then he turns and sees he is standing next to a crucifix again. He jumps startled.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Fool and the Daughter walk the beach hand in hand looking at a moon so large it appears to be paper drawn in the sky.

DAUGHTER

I love when the moon is full and this large. It makes me think of all the people throughout time who saw the moon this way. They were looking at the same moon with all their hopes, their dreams, their ego, insecurities, passion, hatred, fear, love, whatever they felt or thought, it all came and went in a flash, but the moon, the moon stayed the same. I think there's something beautiful in that. Someone once said, "The Moon is the reflection of your heart and the moon light is the twinkle of your love." Perhaps that is all that remains when we are gone, the reflection of our love, everything else is fleeting.

The Fool smiles taking this in. They stop and kiss a long and sweet kiss, waves crashing on the beach.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But like the tides, the Moon would soon pull the Fool far, far out to sea, taking my daughter's heart with him.

INT. PORSCHE - NEXT DAY

THE PRODUCER a sharply dressed man in dark sunglasses drives aggressively while talking on the phone.

PRODUCER

What do you mean he won't get out of his goddamn trailer?!

We hear a NERVOUS ASSISTANT's voice over the phone

NERVOUS ASSISTANT (V.O.)

He said he lost the character.

PRODUCER

I've had it with his fucking method actor nonsense. Does he have any idea how expensive these delays are!? There's three shots left!

The Producer skids to a stop at a red light.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Put him on the phone.

We see The Fool on the corner selling coconuts with straws in them. He wears a straw hat to shield his face from the sun.

NERVOUS ASSISTANT (V.O.)

I tried already. He said phones weren't invented yet.

The Fool taps on the window holding up a coconut. The Producer waves "No thanks."

PRODUCER

Fucking trailers with air conditioning weren't invented either but he doesn't mind sitting in those all day!

The Fool taps the window again.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Fuck off guy.

The light changes. The Producer pulls away. Then he realizes something

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

(then)

Holy shit. Wait a second.

He makes an abrupt turn.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Fool and the Narrator watch as the Porsche makes a crazy U-turn jumping the curve and almost getting in two wrecks.

The Porsche pulls back up to The Fool and skids abruptly. The window comes down.

PRODUCER

(to The Fool)

Get in!

The Fool looks blankly at him.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
 (Waiving his hands)
 In. Vamanos. In. Hablos English?
 Get in.

The Fool looks to the Narrator and then back at the car. Then the Fool waves to the Narrator and gets in and the car. The Narrator watches as The Fool drives off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I knew in that moment that I would not see the Fool again for some time. But how long I did not know for it would, in fact, be many years before The Fool and I crossed paths again.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - LATER

The Porsche skids into a parking spot by a bunch of trailers.

The Nervous Assistant approaches. The Producer and the Fool get out.

PRODUCER
 Latte! Pronto!

NERVOUS ASSISTANT
 (Into head set)
 Can we get Booker a Latte as fast as possible please?

The Nervous Assistant approaches and speaks into her head set. They walk with intensity, the Fool keeping up behind. There are people in crazy costumes, stage hands with strange props cross in and out of frame. This is a very different world for the Fool.

PRODUCER
 Updates.

NERVOUS ASSISTANT
 Mr. Lutton is still in his trailer.

PRODUCER
 Sir.

NERVOUS ASSISTANT
 Excuse me?

PRODUCER

Remember to call him Sir. I don't want another flip out.

NERVOUS ASSISTANT

Sorry. Sir Lutton's still in there. We've been shooting second unit stuff but the rest of the cast is getting irritated. Nobody's walked. Chad Lutz went for a drive to blow off steam but he said he'd be back.

PRODUCER

Is he sober?

NERVOUS ASSISTANT

Yeah.

PRODUCER

Christiana?

NERVOUS ASSISTANT

She's fine. She's skyping with the government of Uganda about some charity visit or something.

(then)

What's the plan?

PRODUCER

This.

The Producer points to The Fool. The Fool smiles and blinks, not understanding a thing that's happening.

NERVOUS ASSISTANT

Holy shit.

INT. MOVIE TRAILER - LATER

The Fool and the Producer, now holding a latte, enter the trailer. There are dead birds everywhere. Incense and candles burn. Native American music plays. SIR THOMAS KIT LUTTON (40's) sits Indian style in the middle of the floor.

PRODUCER

Sir Lutton? Can I come in?

Sir Lutton speaks in "broken Indian."

SIR LUTTON

Who is this man? Sir Lutton? I answer only to Squanto.

PRODUCER
Okay, Squanto, I'd like you to-

SIR LUTTON
-Sir.

PRODUCER
Excuse me?

SIR LUTTON
Sir... Squanto.

PRODUCER
What?

SIR LUTTON
To you, is still a Sir.

PRODUCER
I... I'm not calling you that.

SIR LUTTON
Then we no talk no more.

PRODUCER
...Look fuck face. You're either a Sir and an actor from England, or a Native American from the 1500's but you can't fucking be both. And why the fuck are there dead birds all over the goddamned trailer?!

SIR LUTTON
Squanto will now be wearing dead birds on his head.

PRODUCER
No he fucking won't. We already shot half the goddamned movie so it wont make any goddamned sense if you have a dead bird on your head for the other half!

SIR LUTTON
What is...
(sounding the word out)
Mo..vi..e... white man talks of?

PRODUCER
I'm done. Take a look at this.

He pulls the Fool over. We realize that in the right make up The Fool could absolutely pass for Sir. Lutton.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

This goddamned street peddler is a dead ringer for you as Squanto. Don't think for a second I won't throw this guy into make up and finish out the day with him, because I will. I swear to God I'll do it.

SIR LUTTON

White man makes empty threats. Squanto feels no fear. You go away.

DING. The microwave goes off. Sir. Lutton pulls out a hot tea and enjoys it.

SIR LUTTON (CONT'D)

Squanto enjoy white man's tea from strange fire oven now.

INT. MAKE UP TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

A team of people hurriedly make The Fool up to look like Squanto. They talk a mile a minute.

MAKEUP WOMAN

I understand you're like a homeless guy or something?

MALE HAIRDRESSER

I had a cousin that was on the streets for a year. He lost his finger from a weird fungus.

MAKEUP #2

Did you see that video where the baby bites the kid's finger?

MALE HAIRDRESSER

What are you, from like the past? Everybody saw that video.

MAKEUP WOMAN

If I had to lose anything I think it would be my pinky.

MALE HAIR DRESSER

If I had to lose something it'd be your whole damned hand. Move please sister.

They all laugh.

The Fool is trying to take it all in. He's utterly confused.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

The Fool dressed like Squanto walks on set with The Producer. The set is a corner of a decimated Indian camp ground, with dirt, tepees, animal skins, and extras in chains.

They walk up to a director TONY LONDON (60's)

PRODUCER

Okay this is Tony London the director.

(then)

Tony, this is the guy.

Tony holds a camera eye piece right up to The Fools face. He stares at him a beat. Then puts the eye piece down.

TONY LONDON

Fine.

He walks off.

PRODUCER

This is Chad Lutz. He plays Thomas Hunt, the other lead.

Chad Lutz (30's) a handsome actor with a too cool for school attitude is dressed as a pilgrim.

CHAD

I understand you're from the streets. Mad respect.

PRODUCER

That's Christiana over there. She's playing your character's wife.

We see CHRISTIANA DIOR (30's) the most famous actress in the world dressed like Pocahontas. She has an entourage of people swarming her.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

And don't get all up in arms over her ethnicity or whitewashing or anything like that cause we did a genetic test and she happens to be one quarter of a third Choctaw or whatever. So we're in the clear. (Then) Okay, as for you, bottom line you're basically a good Indian.

(MORE)

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

You've helped the pilgrims through the winter or whatnot but they turned on you and now you're retuning from slavery in England to find out your entire family has been wiped out with the exception of your wife who takes her own life from misery cause she thinks you're a ghost or some shit. We've taken some historical creative license with the story. So here you are uh seeing everything go to hell. Just look sad. Got it?

The Fool reacts in his strange way.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

What is that? Is that a yes?

The Fool reacts in his strange way again.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

I can't tell what that is. Yes? Or no? Compende?

The Fool reacts in another strange way.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Look, just do nothing. It works for tons of actors.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

The Fool stands on his mark. A FOCUS PULLER extends some measuring tape up to The Fool. The Fool instinctively backs away. The Focus Puller moves The Fool back to his mark and extends the tape again. The Fool backs up again. The Focus puller moves The Fool back again

FOCUS PULLER

(calling out)

He keeps moving!

Tony London calls back.

TONY LONDON

It's fine.

Chad approaches.

CHAD

(to Fool)

Just be yourself.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Connect your emotions with the
 suffering of the streets. I'm gonna
 come at you hard bro.

A props person locks the Fool's hands in chains.

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

The Director and Producer are behind the monitors.

TONY LONDON
 And... Action.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Chad pulls The Fools chains very hard.

CHAD
 Look upon her Squanto! Look upon
 your wife!!!

Christiana in character spots Squanto.

CHRISTIANA
 No!!!! What I am seeing?!!!!!!

She weeps. The Fool stares right into camera confused.

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

TONY LONDON
 He's looking right into camera.

PRODUCER
 Just keep shooting.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Chad grabs The Fool by the neck.

CHAD
 This is why I never trust! This is
 why I never love! There is only
 land and gold, life and death! I
 will know the one, and you will
 know the...
 (breaking)
 What is the line?

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

A SCRIPT SUPERVISOR calls out.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
And you will know the other!

TONY LONDON
He's still looking into camera.

INT. SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
I only need the part I missed. I
don't need the line reading.

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
Just the word "other."

TONY LONDON
Try not to look into camera on this
one!

The Fool has no idea the director is talking to him.

TONY LONDON (CONT'D)
You! Yeah you! Look there! There!

INT. SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Fool realizes he is supposed to look elsewhere and does.

CHAD
Can I go back?

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

TONY LONDON
Take it from the top.
(then)
And... Action.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Chad pulls The Fools chains again.

CHAD
 Look upon her Squanto! Look upon
 your people!!!

Christiana in character spots Squanto again.

CHRISTIANA
 No!!!! What I am seeing?!!!!!!

She weeps. The Fool stares right into camera confused again.

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

TONY LONDON
 Right into camera again.

PRODUCER
 It's fine.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Chad grabs The Fool by the neck.

CHAD
 This is why I never trust! This is
 why I never love! There is only
 land and gold, life and death! I
 will know the one and you will know
 the...

We hear the Script Supervisor call out.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR (O.S.)
 Other!

CHAD
 (not acting)
 I know. I was pausing for effect.
 (then acting)
 You will know the...
 (losing it again, then
 remembering)
 ...other.

CHRISTIANA
 Agggggggghhhhh!!!!!!!!!!

Christiana takes a nearby elephant gun and points it at her head.

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

TONY LONDON
And bang... and cut.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Everybody relaxes and immediately gets on their cell phones.

The Fool has no idea what is happening. A crew member gets The Fool out of his chains. The Producer approaches.

PRODUCER
(calling out)
Latte! Pronto!
(then to the Fool)
Good work.

He exits. A PUBLICIST in a slightly ruffled suit approaches the Fool. He drinks a Red Bull.

PUBLICIST
Excuse me. Mr. Pronto?

The Fool looks to him.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
Just wanted to introduce myself.
I'm a publicist for the uh...
(then)
Can I call you Latte?

The Fool looks confused.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
Latte, I think you really have the
kind of stuff people love. Great
back story, you got the look,
you're gonna need proper
representation though. Somebody on
your side. Can I take you to lunch?

EXT. STUDIO RESTAURANT - LATER

The Fool and The Publicist sit at a nice restaurant on the lot. The Publicist scans the room.

PUBLICIST
Latte Pronto!!! You and me are
gonna do big things pal. I can feel
it.
(then)
(MORE)

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Look! That guy is the head of the studio over there. All his teeth are fake by the way. I'll say hi later. Soda addiction. Rotted every one of them out by the time he was fifteen. Oh see her? The one who looks like a model? Don't look. She's actually a prostitute. Expensive stuff. Is that your thing? It's cool if it is. We can arrange that. Guys are fine, just better to keep it under wraps. Nothing against it. Just don't want to limit your roles. No kid stuff. Right?

The Fool is lost.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

I guess you don't eat a ton on the streets. That's probably good. Might want to keep that up if you can. Don't want you to start to puff up.

A waiter approaches.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Hi. Let's do two of the salmon salads. Hold the salmon cause of the mercury. No cheese or fatty nuts of any kind on there please. Balsamic on the side. Scratch that. No dressing. Just the lettuce rinsed thoroughly with Evian water and we're gonna split that. Oh and five Red Bulls.

(then to The Fool)

You want any?

The Fool goes to eat the bread on the table but the publicist grabs it.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Oh and take this away. What, are you trying to kill us?

The waiter exits.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Who still serves bread at a restaurant? They might as well feed us a pack of cigarettes. You don't smoke do you? Ages you too quick.

(MORE)

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Although some wrinkles might be good. You kind of have a boyish face. I'll get you on the electric cigarette, just to get the right balance. Hang on. That's the production.

The Publicist answers his phone.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Hello. Yeah, I'm with Mr. Pronto. Wait what? Slow down. What? What!? That's terrible. Okay. I'll let him know.

He hangs up.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Great news Latte. Sir Lutton's dead.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

The crew of the movie and the cast have gathered. The Fool and the Publicist stand in the back.

PRODUCER

As some of you may have heard, Sir Thomas Kit Lutton died a few hours ago. Of course there will be a complete autopsy eventually but he appears to have asphyxiated himself with a string from one of Squanto's moccasins, presumedly while trying to find some "truth" for the big hanging scene up tomorrow. The asphyxiation may have also been autoerotic in nature, again this is all very unclear.

There are groans and mumbles.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Now I'd like to take a moment to speak towards what Tommy would have wanted. He would, of course, have wanted us to stop filming and can the entire movie. But as we all know and would agree, Tommy was a fucking ass hole. I hated him. You all hated him and that's the long and short of it.

People mumble in agreement.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
So we're gonna finish the damn
movie with this guy.

He points to The Fool. They all turn to look at him. There is a smattering of applause mixed with grumbles.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
And if any of you motherfuckers try
to get out of it I'll sue you for
breach of contract. Okay. Let's get
back to work.

The Publicist turns to the Fool.

PUBLICIST
This is huge.

INT. AGENCY - LATER

The Fool sits in a chair across from eight people. We cut to close-ups of the people the Agent is introducing.

AGENT
Okay Latte welcome to your team.
You got me. Your agent. I'll handle
all incoming calls. I take ten
percent. This is your manager.
He'll manage affairs. He's also at
ten. That's industry standard. This
is your business manager. He'll
manage business affairs. Five
percent. This is your lawyer.
Litigation, of course. Also five
percent. Publicist. You know him.
Publicity. We'll put him on a
weekly rate. Stylist. Weekly again.
Personal assistant. He's hourly.
And we got you an intern. Good news
is he's free.

The Lawyer leans over and whispers in the Agents ear.

AGENT (CONT'D)
Oh. I guess there's a law against
that now, so you'll have to pay him
too.

The Intern smiles.

EXT. (THE FOOL'S HOME) NICE HOME IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS -
LATER

The Publicist leads The Fool into swanky home in the hills.

PUBLICIST

Can't have you living on the
streets while you're starring in a
movie so this is your new spot.
Congratulations, you're officially
a home owner!

(taking it in)

Look at this spot. It's perfect for
you Latte. Think about it. You can
look over the streets you once
begged on. Latte Pronto!!! Killing
it!!!

(then)

Okay, let's meet the rest of your
team.

The camera pans over to see a group of people standing in the
driveway. We cut to close ups of them too as The Publicist
introduces them.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

We got your house manager, she
manages the property, maid,
cleaning, pool guy, pool obviously,
gardener, outdoor plants, plant
guy, indoor plants, interior
designer, furniture, exterior
designer, guess he's an architect
or something, lighting designer,
lights of course, cook, food, and a
nosey neighbor who just wanted to
see who's moving next door.

NEIGHBOR

Don't throw parties.

PUBLICIST

Right. I know it's a lot but don't
worry, your business manager
assured me you will be able to
afford all of it... eventually.

INT. FOOL'S HOME - LATER

The Fool lies awake looking at a large paper moon hanging
over the city lights. He gets out of his bed.

INT. FOOL'S HOME - LATER

The Fool peeks his head around a corner. Nobody is there.

Relieved, The Fool exits.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Fool walks down a quiet street in the Hollywood Hills.

Searching.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Fool walks down the side of a highway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - SUNRISE

The Fool, wanders the streets of downtown.

EXT. PARK BENCH - LATER

The Fool finds the bench where he met The Daughter. He looks around as if searching for her. The Fool lies on the bench to get some sleep when The Publicist pulls up in his car.

PUBLICIST

Jesus Mary and Joseph. Get in. I've been driving around all night looking for you. Everybody is! What are you looking for drugs down here? That's no good. I can get you some if you need it but we can't have you in the papers for that stuff. Come on. Get in. You've got to be on set in two hours! You're gonna be exhausted. Let's not make a habit out of this pal.

INT. MAKE UP TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The team of make up and hair people hurriedly make's The Fool up to look like Squanto again. They talk a mile a minute again.

MAKEUP WOMAN

We heard they found you wandering the streets.

MALE HAIRDRESSER
Nobody walks in this town. Are you
insane?

MAKEUP #2
I walk.

MALE HAIRDRESSER
You walk to craft services and
back.

MAKEUP WOMAN
I wish I could walk places.

MALE HAIR DRESSER
I wish you could walk places too.
Move sister.

They all laugh.

The Fool is trying to take it all in again. He's utterly
exhausted.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - LATER

The Fool is in a scene with Christiana. The set is the same
but now nobody is in chains and things are dressed a little
nicer.

CHRISTIANA
(broken Indian)
I no think you should travel with
white man Squanto. I think he may
try betray you.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

The Director and the Producer watch The Fool in a scene.

TONY LONDON
Christ. He can barely keep his eyes
open.

PRODUCER
Just keep rolling.

TONY LONDON
(calling out)
Latte! Eyes open!

The Fool makes a strange choice and suddenly starts smiling a
big strained smile.

TONY LONDON (CONT'D)
Why is he smiling?

PRODUCER
No idea. Don't cut.

TONY LONDON
He's about to leave his wife I
can't have him-
(calling out)
No smiling! No mas!

The Fool, confused, stops. Then he starts a strange blinking thing.

TONY LONDON (CONT'D)
He's blinking now.

PRODUCER
(calling)
Just do nothing!!!

The Fool looks into the camera again.

TONY LONDON
Back into camera.
(yelling)
Look at her. Her!!!

Christiana is now looking into camera.

TONY LONDON (CONT'D)
Now she's doing it. Jesus Christ.
Cut. Moving on.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

The Fool has his neck measured. Chad approaches.

CHAD
You ready for this next bit? I'm
gonna come at you hard again.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - DAY

The Fool hangs from his neck on a fake tree branch. He looks terrified as he struggles for breath.

Chad whips him with a bull whip.

CHAD
 Feel my wrath Squanto! Feel it Red
 Man!!!!

TONY LONDON
 (calling out)
 More struggle! More pain Latte'!

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

The Fool stands to the side over by craft services. His team scrambles around. His Intern brings him a coffee and some lunch. He has a bag of ice on his neck.

INTERN
 Got you a coffee sir. Do you want
 to sit? Let me get you a chair.

Chad approaches The Fool.

CHAD
 Hey bud.

The Fool recoils from Chad a bit.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I told you I was gonna come
 hard. I can get a little too into
 it sometimes.

A props guy approaches.

PROPS GUY
 Can I get you guys your chairs?

CHAD
 We're good.

The props guy exits.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 I just wanted to say I dig what
 you're doing. I just think, like,
 words are overrated you know?
 They're such crutches for us as
 actors.

A P.A. approaches.

P.A.
 Can I get you guys chairs?

CHAD
No. We're standing.

The P.A. exits.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Speilberg says you should be able
to watch a movie with the sound off
if it's any good. Ya' know?

Props guy comes back.

PROPS GUY
Got you your chairs in case you
change your mind.

CHAD
Get'em out of here.

The props guy exits with the chairs.

CHAD (CONT'D)
I sometimes go to the movies and
plug my ears. I'll even go the
extra mile and close my eyes too.
It's like, to really experience
something, you have to completely
shut it out. I did that with my ex
wife too. Didn't talk to her or
look at her for a month once. She
didn't get it at all. She wasn't
open minded. That's why we split.
Well... that and all the other
women I was sleeping with.
(then)
I'm throwing a party tonight.
You'll love it. I'll give you a
ride there.

Chad walks off.

The Intern comes back with a chair.

INTERN
Found your chair.

The Fool sits and closes his eyes. The P.A. approaches.

P.A.
They're ready for you Mr. Pronto.

He pulls The Fool out of the chair.

INT. SOUND STAGE SCENE - LATER

The Fool hangs and struggles for breath again. Chad whips him with a whip.

CHAD
 Feel my wrath Squanto! Feel it Red
 Man!!!!

The Fool looks into camera for help.

INT. SOUND STAGE MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

TONY LONDON
 Jesus Christ. Back into camera.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A silver convertible races through the Hollywood Hills.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

We shoot French overs as Chad races through the streets. Chad chugs Whiskey barely looking at the road. He has to yell over the roar of the engine.

CHAD
 Want some!?

The Fool hangs on to his hat. Jump cut-

CHAD (CONT'D)
 James Dean died right around here!

Jump cut-

Chad looks in the glove compartment.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Where is it... Where the fuck is
 it? Take the wheel-

Chad starts to search the back seat as the Fool, terrified, takes the wheel. Chad finds what he was looking for and pulls into frame a massive silver revolver. BANG BANG BANG! He shoots it into the sky. The Fool ducks each time.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Wanna try!?

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

The Fool and Chad enter a party. People swim and drink and do drugs. House music blares. The Fool tries to move away from Chad quickly but Chad stops him.

CHAD

I'm gonna find a slut. You good?

The Fool reacts in his same indiscernible way.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Tight.

Chad walks off. The Fool wanders a bit. He winds up sitting next to hipsters (a guy and a girl) doing coke.

HIPSTER #1

I was doing all gluten free but that's actually bull shit, now I'm on the all raw diet.

Hipster #1 blows a line.

HIPSTER #2

Like, nothing cooked?

HIPSTER

Yeah, its like the whole cave man thing. They didn't pump their food full of chemicals or burn away all it's natural nutrients by cooking everything.

HIPSTER #2

Yeah, but didn't they die at like thirty years old?

Hipster #2 blows a line.

HIPSTER #1

That's actually a misconception. There's conflicting data on that. Plus you're not taking into account dinosaurs eating them and everything.

HIPSTER #2

You did lose a ton of weight.

Hipster #2 blows a line and passes the coke plate to the Fool.

HIPSTER #1

Right, well I lost a little too much because of a parasite I contracted. I haven't had a solid bowel movement since August.

The Fool inspects it. Snorts a little. He coughs and sneezes. Then he snorts up the rest of the lines. The hipsters take this in.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

The Fool wanders out where there are some people dancing. The Fool starts to dance too. It is a strange dance. People don't seem to pay it much attention. The Fool's dancing gets more and more intense until he suddenly dances himself right into the pool.

INT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

The Fool struggles to swim. He flails wildly but people are just dancing or talking amongst themselves. Because he can not speak, he can not call for help. After a while he starts to sink to the bottom.

INT. POOL UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

The Fool sinks to the bottom. He sits at the bottom of the pool terrified. Then his hat sinks down and lands on his head. Suddenly he sees a vision coming from the pool light. A beautiful woman with hair flowing like a mermaid swims up to him. It's Christiana!

EXT. POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Christiana pulls The Fool out of the pool and gives him mouth to mouth. The Fool coughs up water. They lock eyes.

CHRISTIANA

There he is. I thought I lost you.

The Fool smiles.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

Let's get you out of here.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL BEACH HOME - NIGHT

Waves crash against the shore.

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME - LATER

Tight on, a record being put on a vintage record player. Christiana hits play and then blows on some hot tea as she brings it to the Fool, who is sitting on a modern couch. He has an Hermes blanket wrapped around him. Christiana wears an all white gown that flows as she moves. She also wears a matching turban.

CHRISTIANA

I don't know why I subject myself to Chad's dreadful parties. They're filled with nothing but sycophants and philistines. You're different though Latte. You're not like most men, are you? You have a secret past. I can tell. There's pain in your soul. I can see it. I was watching you at the party. You don't fit in. I saw you dance. I loved it. It reminded me of the tribal wedding challenge of the ancient Aztec princesses' suitors. The suitors would dance to impress her. The winner got her hand. The loser was fed to python snakes. Barbaric and yet strangely romantic, don't you think?

The Fool can't follow.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

(then)

Make love to me Latte. You may never be able to tell me your secrets but perhaps I can feel them.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL BEACH HOME - LATER

More waves crash on the shore.

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEDROOM - LATER

We can see the moonlit ocean through an open bedroom door. The ocean breeze blows soft white drapes. The Fool wide eyed lies next to Christiana in bed post coitus.

CHRISTIANA

That was wonderful. I felt so much truth. You have a tender heart. I like that.

(MORE)

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

You can't find that in a man anymore... Can I tell you a secret of mine? My real name isn't Christiana. It's... Mildred. Mildred Lumpshitz. Terrible right?

She chuckles to herself. There is a long silent beat. Then:

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

I think we should get married.

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION LAWN - LATER

Pop! Champagne pops and we pull back to reveal The Fool in a tux, Christiana is in a wedding dress on a lawn full of people celebrating. They kiss and people cheer. Two elderly wedding guests approach them.

CHRISTIANA

Thank you so much. So so much for coming and remind me who you are again?

The Fool is pulled aside by his Publicist who now has a nicer suit and more stylish hair. He drinks a can of red bull.

PUBLICIST

Latte Pronto!!!!!!! Just wanted to say this is a huge move Latte. Very big. Publications are going nutz, with a capital "z" for this. Paparazzi's everywhere. Hear that chopper. I rented it for them. We are gonna get you on all the talk shows. Magazine covers. Whole nine yards. We should talk fragrances too. You have a favorite smell? I'm a rosemary guy myself. That or the smell of a can of Mountain dew. More of a rock and roll scent if you ask me. Nobody's doing it. We should, it will be ground breaking. Anyway just wanted to say hey! This was a good move buddy. I'm very happy for us. After your honeymoon we'll get right to work with all this stuff. Latte Pronto!!!!!!!

EXT. STORMY SKY - DAY

A small sea plane fights its way though a massive storm.

INT. SMALL AIR CRAFT - CONTINUOUS

(Poor man's process.) A huge storm rattles a plane. The Fool and Christiana both wear large chunky head phones as they fly over small islands. The Pilot yells to them over the head sets.

PILOT

The Fijian islands are actually made up of over five hundred separate islands! It's really the ideal place to honeymoon! Sorry you're getting this crap weather! Normally you can see them!

CHRISTIANA

Is it safe to be flying!? Should we turn around!?

PILOT

Well no, normally I wouldn't fly in this but I'm such a big fan of yours and I'm not working tomorrow so I didn't want to miss my opportunity! Any chance we can take a photo afterwards!? Provided I get you down safely, of course!?

A big thunder clap rattles the aircraft hard. Christiana screams. She grabs the Fool who also seems terrified.

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

The Fool and Christiana sit by a fire under dripping palm leaves escaping the rain. A group of Fijians sit with them as Fijian children finish a singing a song. Christiana claps.

CHRISTIANA

Delightful. So wonderful.

The Fijian children then offer Christiana and The Fool a strange bug on a plate.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

Oh. What is this?

They still hold it out to her.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

(to The Fool)

I think they want us to eat it.

Christiana then speaks to the Fijians slowly and overly loud.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! Me don't eat meat! Bug
is meat! No can eat this!!!

They smile and still offer the bug.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

(to The Fool)

I think they might be insulted if
we don't eat it. Why don't you go
ahead?

The Fool is lost.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

Go. Quickly. Just eat it.

She indicates to the Fool that he should eat the bug.

The Fool seems confused.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Don't think about it.

Starting to understand The Fool picks it up and eats it.

The Fijians all gasp with shock.

INT. FIJIAN ISLAND HOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

The Fool is vomiting in the toilet.

INT. FIJIAN ISLAND HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We hear the Fool vomiting in the bathroom. Christiana is on
the phone.

CHRISTIANA

No, it's wonderful here. I just
think it's time to come home. Latte
ate a bug. I guess it was a
welcoming gift or something. No, he
wasn't supposed to eat it. I think
it was a pet of theirs. He'll be
okay. The tribe is a little upset.
But I have to say seeing all the
cute children here makes me think
Latte and I should really adopt
some. Why don't you set an
appointment up for us when we get
back? Thanks. See you soon. Chow.

The Fool comes out of the bathroom looking sick as hell.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
 Latte, I've decided. It's time for
 us to have children.

He goes white and goes back into the bathroom and throws up.

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME- LATER

An intense WOMAN slams a big folder on the coffee table of Christiana's home. The Fool and Christiana look at a big folder with pictures of babies all of which are of Asian or African descent.

CHRISTIANA
 We're very excited to adopt. We
 just have so much and it's so
 important for us to give back.

She flips through the book.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
 I wish we could take them all.
 Every one is an angel. God, this is
 so difficult. Latte? Pick... Pick..
 Just point...

The Fool is confused as usual but points to a child.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
 Right. So lovely. Maybe not him
 though. He has a bit of a funny lip
 thing going on.

EXT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME BACK YARD - LATER

Latte holds three babies. Christiana is on the phone.

CHRISTIANA
 (on phone)
 Well I'd love to visit the people
 of the Ukraine. No I think it's
 terrible what's happening there.
 What season is it though? I'd
 prefer not to do any winter stuff
 if possible.

The babies start crying. The Fool does his best to calm them.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
 (noticing)
 Honey. Let the nannies-

She snaps her hand at three middle aged South American women.

They hustle over and take the babies from the Fool. The Fool sits alone.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
 Who is that Ukrainian shoe designer? Isn't there one? Maybe we could do a cross over thing...

INT. CONAN O'BRIEN WAITING ROOM - LATER

The Publicist, Red Bull in hand, and the Fool are in the waiting room.

PUBLICIST
 Latte Pronto!!!!!!! Welcome back!!! Big day buddy. You are gonna kill!!! You need an energy drink? No? I've had five. Conan's the man so he's basically gonna do all the talking. Just go with the flow. Also check this...

The publicist opens his laptop showing a twitter page with a picture of The Fool.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
 I started an official Twitter page for you. It's brilliant. A wordless twitter feed. See? Nothing... hashtag Conan. Also, I didn't respond to the earthquake in the Philippines, hashtag sadness and I'm sending no condolences to the victims of that school bus fire. Hashtag there are no words. Responding to public tragedy is a great way to drum up publicity but un-responding is even better! Right?! Says so much more! Latte Pronto!!!!!!! Killing it!!!

INT. CONAN O'BRIEN - LATER

Conan is at his desk with Andy on the couch.

CONAN

My next guest is an interesting guy. Some of you might know him as the homeless mute who took over for Sir Thomas Lutton in "Squanto, The Last Hatchet" coming out this Friday. But it's his other role as the man who married America's darling Christiana Dior that's got everybody talking. Please give a warm welcome to Latte Pronto!!!!

Applause. The Fool is pushed out from behind the curtain. He just stands there.

ANDY

I think he's stuck.

Laughter. Conan tries to reel him in on an imaginary fishing pole.

CONAN

Let's see if I can reel him in.
Latte!? Here boy!

The crowd erupts. The Fool takes a bow.

CONAN (CONT'D)

Amazing. He's taking a bow. Let's all take a bow.

Andy and Conan bow too. They all just bow for a while.

ANDY

It's like a Japanese business meeting.

CONAN

(Asian accent)
This is great honor!!!

They all bow. The audience goes nuts.

EXT. CONAN O'BRIEN WAITING ROOM - LATER

The Fool is ushered out wearing an oversized Conan shirt and matching hat, holding a gift basket.

CONAN PRODUCER

Great stuff. Loved the bowing bit.
So sign here and here and we'll see you soon. Again really great.
Ground breaking uh...

(MORE)

CONAN PRODUCER (CONT'D)
(then into head set)
Okay get me the guy with the
retarded hamster!
(then)
...uh ground breaking stuff.

INT. TONIGHT SHOW - LATER

The Fool sits with Jimmy Fallon.

JIMMY FALLON
We had Christiana on here the other
week and she was bragging about
your dance skills.

The audience laughs and applauds.

JIMMY FALLON (CONT'D)
But I was wondering? Can you dance
like this...

Jimmy get's on top of his desk and starts to dance. The
Audience erupts with applause.

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL - LATER

JIMMY KIMMEL
Let's see if the old arm is what it
used to be.

The Fool sits in a water dunking booth while Jimmy throws
balls eventually dunking him.

INT. HOWARD STERN - LATER

Howard interviews the Fool.

HOWARD STERN
So, you're like totally mute? Like
when you're in bed with Christiana
you can't even make a grunt of
satisfaction? I'd be hollering from
the mountain tops. I don't get it.
What's she see in you? You must be
packing heat. Let's get a look at
what you got in those shorts. J.D.
Get this guy's pants off him.

The staff starts to yank at The Fools pants.

INT. THE VIEW - LATER

The Fool is on the View sitting next to a Safari Guest who has a large snake.

STAR JONES

Are you a pet guy, Latte? Do you
and Christiana have dogs or snakes?

The Snake lunges at the Fool.

MONTAGE: Using existing footage of talk shows and game shows we superimpose the Fool in (Forest Gump style) creating a montage of a major press tour.

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER

The Fool wears several over sized shirts and hats from all the shows he's been on. He seems exhausted.

PUBLICIST

Latte Pronto!!!!!! Killing it!!!!!!!

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME - LATER

Christiana is reading a review in the trades. She is having her hair done. The Fool is getting his hair done beside her.

They are all dressed up in a white dress and white tux for a premiere.

CHRISTIANA

Oh honey, these early reviews are divine. Listen to this one; "the chemistry between Christiana and the late Sir Lutton is palpable but it is not until the role is taken over by Mr. Pronto that the pair truly becomes electric. Latte is often seen looking directly into lens, a brilliant directing technique of Tony London's. It's as if Latte as Squanto is saying to the audience 'look at me. Feel my pain.' Christiana also appears at moments to be breaking the fourth wall as well. Perhaps this is the most powerful moment of all. Husband and wife torn apart on film and brought together in life, looking to us and saying 'feel our connection.'"

(MORE)

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
(to the Fool)
Oh, darling. I'm so proud.

The Fool, tired and distracted, smiles back.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)
(then to make up woman)
Sandra, can you do something about those bags under his eyes? I don't know what's going on with him and I can't have us looking like drug addicts out there.

EXT. RED CARPET - LATER

We see a wide establishing shot of a massive movie premiere.

EXT. RED CARPET - CONTINUOUS

The Fool wears sunglasses on the carpet next to Christiana.
People scream their names and take thousands of photos.

EXT. RED CARPET - INTERVIEW

INTERVIEWER #1
Latte, what are you wearing right now?

EXT. RED CARPET INTERVIEW - MOMENTS LATER

INTERVIEWER #2
Latte, what's your wife wearing?

EXT. RED CARPET INTERVIEW - MOMENTS LATER

INTERVIEWER #3
Latte, I saw the movie in an early screening and I wont give anything away, but I do have one burning question, what are you wearing right now?
(then)
Oh and if there's anyone you care to talk badly about that would be great for us.

INT. THEATER - LATER

The Fool sits next to Christiana. They put on 3d glasses. The Fool doesn't know what to make out of it.

INT. THEATER SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

Fade up from black. Music blares. We see a massive epic battle taking place in slow motion like a scene from The Revenant. Through chaos we see a figure wielding a hatchet running towards. He calmly ducks a flying arrow as he keeps running. We hear Sir Lutton as Squanto in voice over.

SIR LUTTON (V.O.)

What is a man? Who am I? Am I who you make of me? Do I truly exist? You made me this. You see what you want. You saw a hero and now you see a savage. You loved me. Now you want to destroy me. You want a savage? You'll get it.

As the figure keeps running towards camera, it gets close and we reveal Sir. Lutton as Squanto. He lets out a battle cry and throws a hatchet directly at us in regular speed.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The audience jumps! The Fool jumps backwards over his seat. He loses his 3d glasses.

INT. THEATER SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

Massive red Ben Hur style letters come out of the screen towards us. They're very blurry cause The Fool doesn't have his glasses now. SQUANTO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The Fool finds his glasses and puts them on.

INT. THEATER SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

The words "THE LAST HATCHET" come on screen. And then another hatchet comes flying though them breaking them apart.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The Fool jumps over his seat again.

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY - LATER

Fireworks go off. The camera cranes down from the fireworks and drifts through the party in a single shot. Sparklers decorate the room. Champagne flows. People mingle about post screening. There are caterers serving appetizers and champagne. We see Chad surrounded by attractive young women and men in suits who look like agents.

CHAD'S AGENT

Fantastic stuff. Really great work.
From what I'm hearing you were the
audience's favorite.

CHAD

Really? Did you see the test
scores? What was my score?

We drift through past Tony London receiving his fair share of accolades.

GUY IN SUIT #2

Amazing. Tony. Really ground
breaking. The way you had them
looking into the camera...

We move along to Christiana with her group of men in suits.

ANOTHER AGENT

So good! Audience loved you. I hear
you are testing through the roof.

CHRISTIANA

Are you sure? I simply hate
watching myself. I feel like my
eyes are looking old.

A chorus of men disagree.

ANOTHER AGENT

No. Crazy. No. Young eyes. Very
young.

CHRISTIANA

You're too kind.
(to a guy with his face
pulled back)
Mark you have an eye lift guy
right?

The Camera finally lands on The Fool with his team.

AGENT

Really great, Latte. You are testing through the roof. You got in the sweet spot and you scored big. I hate to say it but you won this thing.

PUBLICIST

Totally won! Big score!

AGENT

(shutting down the Publicist)

-Let me do the...

(then to The Fool)

Big score buddy. Out of the park.

The Fool spots a girl caterer across the party. Time slows down. The girl is handing out appetizers in front of large sparklers. Sparks fall like snowflakes around her. The girl turns in slow motion. We see it's the Narrator's Daughter.

AGENT (CONT'D)

We got big things lined up for you pal. We got a call from...

The Fool starts to make his way across the party towards her.

He fend off several potential congratulatory conversations.

The Fool spins the daughter around. They lock eyes. The Daughter's eyes begin to well up. The Fool attempts to express to her his emotions but can't very well.

DAUGHTER

(in Spanish)

You look nice.

The Fool's eyes begin to well.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

I suppose you're happier here?

The Fool can't express his emotions to her.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

How could you have just disappeared like that? I cried for days.

A Security guy comes up to her.

SECURITY GUY

Excuse me Mr. Pronto. Is this girl bothering you?

He steps between them.

SECURITY GUY (CONT'D)

I can have her removed for you.
(into headset)
C-17.

The Fool is attempting to get to her.

SECURITY GUY (CONT'D)

Calm down sir. Let us handle it.

Another security guy pulls the Daughter away. She cries. The Fool reaches for her. But the security guy is holding him back. The Fool struggles with him. Eventually the Daughter is out of sight.

The Fool stops and then punches the Security guy in the face.

Nothing happens the guy barely moves his head. Then, acting somewhat by instinct, the security guy punches the Fool square in the eye.

Flash: Sparklers: Fireworks: The sparklers and fireworks turn into the city lights of Los Angeles then fade to a Blackout:

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME - NIGHT

Fade in on the large paper moon. The Fool is lying in bed staring at the moon. He has a nasty black eye.

CHRISTIANA

I don't know what that little episode was Latte. It was really selfish of you do that on my big night. You caused quite a disruption. I can't have any negative press you know. Nations full of decrepit children depend on my pristine image. It gives the children hope. I want you to see my Shaman. She does anger management work through spiritual journeying. I think it will be good for you. I'm also going to put you on a heavy herbal regimen. You're full of toxins, there is a raw food diet that I think would cleanse out some of your...

The Fool shuts his eyes.

EXT. AGENCY - DAY

Establishing shot of a modern building.

INT. AGENCY - LATER

The Fool sits in his usual spot. His team is behind the desk. The Fool's eye is mostly healed.

AGENT

Okay some good news and some bad news. Good news first. Have you ever heard of Lex Tanner?

Nothing from the Fool.

AGENT (CONT'D)

I'll fill you in. Fast Racer. Fast Racer 2. Fast Racer Shanghai. And The Questers!?

Still nothing.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Latte? Cheer up bud. This guy is the best in the biz and he's going to be directing Mosquito man. It's one of the lesser known comics but they are thinking if the movie hits that they can add the character to the Quester movies. And Latte... He wants you bud. I'm sending you to meet him at his house in Bel Air. This is huge. You score in this and home run pal. Game. Set. Match.

PUBLICIST

Latte Pronto!!! Killing it!!!!!!

The Lawyer leans over and whispers to the Agent.

AGENT

Right and the bad news. Apparently that security guy you punched is suing you. I guess you tweaked his neck or something.

EXT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME - LATER

Massive gates open and The Fool, driven by his Intern in a beat up VW bug pulls into the gate.

The Fool gets out of the car in the huge palatial courtyard.

INTERN

They told me I'm not allowed to
stay Mr. Pronto.

The Intern peels out in the gravel driveway and drives off.

The Fool walks up to the large door and rings the bell. After a moment a girl JADE wearing nothing but underwear and a button down men's dress shirt wide open and barely covering her breasts, opens the door.

JADE

Greetings. I'm Jade.

The Fool averts his eyes.

JADE (CONT'D)

Please remove your shoes and come
inside.

The Fool starts to enter.

JADE (CONT'D)

Your shoes?

The Fool is lost.

JADE (CONT'D)

I'll help you.

She bends down. The Fool is unsure of what's happening. She removes his shoes for him.

JADE (CONT'D)

Come on in. Lex will be right with
you.

INT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

She leads The Fool through the massive house.

JADE

Lex loves art.

All the art is of things killing other things. Hunters with deer, lions eating their prey, etc.

JADE (CONT'D)

And things that kill things. He says death is very masculine.

EXT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME POOL SIDE - CONTINUOUS

She leads The Fool out to the pool. There is a chair in the hot sun. The tiles are hot on the Fool's bare feet. He steps lightly as if his feet are being burned.

JADE

Have a seat and Lex will meet you in a moment.

The Fool watches as Jade takes the shirt off and gracefully dives in the pool. She swims to the other side. In the distance the Fool watches as she steps out grabs a towel and disappears into a cabana style house at the other end of the pool.

The Fool sits and waits for a long time.

EXT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME POOL SIDE - LATER

The Fool is still sitting and waiting. He shifts in his chair uncomfortable.

EXT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME POOL SIDE - EVEN LATER

The Fool squints in the sun and sweats profusely. He notices a chair in the shade. He doesn't go to it. He waits some more.

After a moment he gets up and goes to the chair in the shade, stepping lightly again because of the hot tiles, but before he can get to it LEX TANNER approaches. Lex is less masculine than his art work. Almost like a hyper child. He wears white linen pants, a brown belt and a pristine white linen shirt.

LEX

Latte Pronto. My man. Have a seat. Sorry to keep you waiting. Bank stuff. You like espresso? I just bought a bean farm in Colombia. Difficult people to deal with but they love my movies so we worked something out.

Lex indicates the chair in the sun. The Fool sits back down in it. Lex pulls up one near him. Lex puts his feet on a little table.

The Fool notices Lex is wearing his shoes.

LEX (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Maria!!!! Sun!!!

A little woman comes out of a room and sets up an umbrella shading Lex but not the Fool. She exits.

LEX (CONT'D)
 I love your work pal. Amazing stuff, breaking the fourth wall and everything. I got to thinking. You look into the camera with two eyes and the audience loves it, but what if you had a thousand eyes? A mosquito has a shit ton of eyes. You know? So think of the audience's reaction when you lock all those eyes on them. Boom crazy. People will explode. Let me show you my house.
 (calling out)
 Maria!!! Espressos!!!

INT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME

Lex Tanner leads The Fool through his house. He picks up a sword.

LEX
 Prince Harry gave this to me. I think it was Prince Harry? The ginger one. Whatever. It's like one of the original knights of the round tables swords or something. I wasn't really listening. I think there's only three in the world.

He throws it recklessly into a massive vase. The vase cracks.

LEX (CONT'D)
 Most of this art is extremely rare and has an awesome story to it. We could be here all day talking about it. This house was built by Orson Welles. I had to redo most of it. He had terrible taste. I managed to restore it to like a newer, cooler, oldness. You know? For a short time Olivia Newton John lived here. She put in the disco room.
 (MORE)

LEX (CONT'D)

The other day I had a bunch of crazy Russian chicks in here. The Russians know how to party. It's all that snow. Makes people insane. They love me too. Vladimir Putin asked me to be the best man at one of his Karate tournaments. Whatever that means. I couldn't go. Get in the closet.

Lex pushes The Fool in a closet and shuts the door.

INT. DARK CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The Fool sits alone in a dark closet. Lex's face appears on a little black and white screen in the wall.

LEX (V.O.)

Okay. You ready? Try to relax.

Suddenly the room begins to make noise as if it's a jet that's about to take off. The Fool doesn't know what is happening. The noise grows louder and louder. The Fool tries the handle but he's locked in. Then just before the room sounds as if it's going to explode, Flash! Flash! Flash!

Three blinding flashes go off. The Fool is stunned and seeing spots.

EXT. DARK CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lex leads the Fool out of the closet. There is a slot in the wall. Three photos of the Fool looking terrified come sadly and anticlimactically out of the slot. Lex pulls them out. We now understand the room is a strange built in photo booth.

LEX

I'm creating a book of celebrity photos.

Without even looking at them he throws the photos onto a coffee table with a pile of other photos probably never to be put in a book.

LEX (CONT'D)

Come to my bedroom.

INT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME BEDROOM - LATER

Lex leads The Fool into his bedroom.

LEX

I feel like the mosquito isn't appreciated by people because of the itchiness of the bite but you got to respect them. They can fly around with a tremendous amount of blood in their noses which is more than I can say for you or me, right?

As Lex talks he takes off the pants, belt and shirt. He has white boxer briefs and a white undershirt on. Then he puts on a new pair of the exact same white linen pants and exact same white linen shirt. He holds up two pairs of the exact same belt.

LEX (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Maria!?

The little woman enters the room with two espressos.

LEX (CONT'D)

Maria. Which belt?

MARIA

Que?

LEX

Which belt?

Maria points to the one on the left. Lex puts it on. Maria hands the Fool the espresso. He begins to put it to his mouth when-

LEX (CONT'D)

Okay. You gotta go. I gotta get to the bank.

Maria takes the espresso back.

EXT. LEX TANNERS'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Maria quickly ushers The Fool out to the Intern's car that is waiting in the driveway and running.

INTERN

Hop in, Mr. Pronto they want us out of here.

The Fool looks to his feet. He still doesn't have his shoes.

He gets in.

INT. INTERN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Intern is pulling out of the house when he sees a Bentley speeding up behind him in his rearview mirror. Lex is driving the Bentley.

INTERN

Shit. Lex is coming in hot. He's gonna crash into us.

EXT. INTERN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lex, in the Bentley, runs the Interns car into the hedges before speeding out of the driveway into an open road. Two cars skid almost hitting Lex before he fishtails into the correct lane and speeds off.

INT. INTERN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They watch Lex go.

INTERN

Wow. He is the coolest.

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME - LATER

The Fool enters without his shoes. Christiana has packed bags. The nannies also have packed bags and the babies strapped to them in carriers.

CHRISTIANA

Latte I'm going to the south of France for a few days. I've been invited by Louie Vert the hand bag designer to stay in his villa. I'm taking the children. I think it would be good for us to have a bit of a breather given your rage episodes and the whole lawsuit thing. The Shaman is out back and waiting for you.

EXT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME - LATER

A SHAMAN woman dressed like a witch burns incense. She has a drum and finger chimes. She chants and waves incense over The Fool. She occasionally picks up a candle and drips hot wax on the Fool's head. He flinches.

INT. CHRISTIANA'S BEACH HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The Shaman packs up her stuff. The Fool holds a rag on his eye.

SHAMAN

Sorry I got a little in your eye.
Very good work today though. I went
with you, in and out of many of
your past lives. You were a pirate
and a holocaust victim, or possibly
some kind of fish. I only got
through the first few emotional
layers, so it wasn't all that
clear. I'm thinking we should do
weekly sessions so we can dig a
little deeper and clear out all
that rage. Sound good?

The Fool smiles not knowing a thing as usual.

SHAMAN (CONT'D)

Good. Okay, today's session will be
six thousand dollars.

INT. MAKEUP TRAILER - LATER

The Fool is in his makeup chair. The same hair and make up
team from before are there.

HAIR

Oh my God!!! Latte!!! So happy
we're working together again!!

MAKEUP

Did you get sun?

MAKEUP #2

He got sun!

MAKEUP

Oh my god! You look so good! You
got sun!!!

MAKEUP #2

Sun is the best!

HAIR

Your agent hooked us up with you!!
We're your personal team now!!

MAKEUP

We know some of it comes out of your pocket so thanks so much Latte.

HAIR

Yay!! Team Latte!!!

MAKEUP #2

Team mosquito!!

A ghoulish looking man VICTOR is standing near them. He coughs. Their mood changes.

HAIR

Oh right. And this is Victor. He specializes in monster make up. He'll be applying your mosquito prosthetics.

Victor grabs The Fools face like he's Nosferatu and begins to smear a clay all over it.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Green sheets of fabric with little black "X"s hang everywhere. Green tennis balls hang from the set. The Fool now half man half mosquito stands on set. Lex is there with a mega phone. He wears a bomber jacket and baseball cap. He looks as if he is in the military. He has two attractive girls in party dresses just hanging out with him.

LEX

(into megaphone)

Okay, tennis ball one is, Crow man. Crow man comes at you, you duck! Tennis ball two and three are blasts from his bug spray cannons, they hit you and you make a "Oh shit I'm down, is crow man gonna eat me" face, doing the eye thing right into camera. Got it?

(then)

Ready... And Camera... And... Play Time!!!

A tennis ball swings down pelting The Fool in the face.

LEX (CONT'D)

Cut! You gotta duck the first one. Let's go again.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

A Tennis ball swings again and hits the Fool in the face again.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Another tennis ball swings from another angle and hits a different part of his face.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Two tennis balls swing down. Bang. Bang. Both hitting him in the face.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Another tennis ball in the face. Bang. Then three more fast ones are shot out of tennis cannons. Bang. Bang. Bang.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

An over sized ball swings down also hitting him in the face. It knocks his prosthetic mosquito nose off his face.

LEX

Cut. The nose keeps coming off
Victor!

Victor steps out of the shadows towards The Fool.

INT. MAKE UP TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Victor rips at the Fools face with more tools and clay.

INT. SOUND STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Fool, make up restored, is now on wires.

LEX

Okay Latte we're gonna help you
with the choreography. Ready?
(then)
Camera! And... Play Time!

A tennis ball drops down and the Fool is yanked out of the way by the wires.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

LEX
Play time!

A tennis ball drops down and The Fool is yanked out of the way by the wires again. This time a different direction.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

LEX
Play time!

The Fool is yanked straight up.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

LEX
Play time!

The Fool is yanked straight back.

INT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

LEX
And Play time!

The Fool goes down with a wiz from high, landing face first with a thud.

LEX (CONT'D)
Victor! Nose!

Victor comes out from the shadows again.

INT. MAKE UP TRAILER

Victor pulls out a little circular saw.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

An exhausted Fool exits the sound stage. The Publicist is there to greet him with a Red Bull.

PUBLICIST
Latte!!! Red Bull? No? Good news
bud. I got you into the Sexism
magazine party. I think that's what
it's called.

(MORE)

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

Sounds wrong now that I'm saying it out loud. Anyway, it's a big time publication. Classy stuff. And I'm pushing to get you on the cover but it's tough. They normally go for a monster set of cans. Okay, we gotta roll.

INT. CLUB PARTY - LATER

The Fool and the Publicist enter a trashy party.

PUBLICIST

I'm gonna find the editor and make the proper introductions. You gotta kiss this guys ass for me bud if you want the cover. That's how the game works big guy. These magazines are very respectful publications so these guys demand a little respect in return.

The publicist exits. The Fool looks around. He thinks he suddenly spots the Daughter again. He fights his way through the crowd again. He runs over to her and spins her around but this time it's ANOTHER GIRL.

ANOTHER GIRL

Oh my God! Are you Latte Pronto!?

The Fool is disappointed.

ANOTHER GIRL (CONT'D)

Can I take a selfie!?

She pulls out her cell phone and hugs him close.

ANOTHER GIRL (CONT'D)

Selfie!!!!!!!

Flash. The Fool walks away. Then he hears.

VOICE (O.S.)

This party sucks.

He turns to see a drunken Chad.

CHAD

Let's get out of here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Chad's car races and swerves.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chad drunkenly drives the Fool down the street at night. He swerves like mad and shoots his gun. Bang! Bang! Bang!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATER

Chad pulls into an alley way and they get out of the car. Chad pulls out a smaller bottle of whiskey.

CHAD

I prefer to hang out near dumpsters and in alleys. Parties are so cliché. Like words, ya' know? It's what's behind the party that's real. The dumpsters and the alleys if I'm being unclear.

(offering whiskey)

Want some?

The Fool tries it. He gags and coughs.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's real small batch stuff. I made it myself. I only drink home made whiskey. I'm into that... sustainable indoor farming... Oh, and gold. I got pockets full of it. Want some? Here.

Chad hands the Fool something.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I make rings, bottle openers, whatever. Keep it. That one's uh...

We see it is a weird amorphous gold blob.

CHAD (CONT'D)

That one's a paper weight I think.

Suddenly Flash! We see a photographer take their photo.

CHAD (CONT'D)

These fucking guys. Hey man!

Chad grabs the guy by the shirt.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You think I'm some animal in the zoo for you to just take a picture of whenever you please!? Moo!!! Is that what you think of me?! I'm just another cow in the zoo for you to take a picture of?! Moo!!! Moo!!!!

The Fool tries to break them up but it's a messy squabble.

INT. MUG SHOT WALL - LATER

Flash! Chad has his mug shot taken. Flash! The Fool has his mug shot taken.

INT. AGENCY - LATER

The Fool sits with his team.

AGENT

Latte. Buddy. These little outbursts have got to stop. The head of the studio is coming down here to chew you out, right now. Now this is a problem. This is no good--

PUBLICIST

This is not good Latte--

AGENT

(to Publicist)

--- let me do the... This is not good. They're mumbling about--

PUBLICIST

About replacing you--

AGENT

---Stop doing my... About replacing you Latte.

In the door bursts an angry STUDIO HEAD and his JUNIOR EXECUTIVE. He walks right up to the publicist and starts to chew him out.

STUDIO HEAD

Now listen here uh...

The Junior Executive whispers in the Studio Head's ear.

STUDIO HEAD (CONT'D)

Latte. We can't be missing shoot days on uh...

The Junior Executive whispers.

STUDIO HEAD (CONT'D)

Mosquito Man. Understood? We are already spending uh... Spending... Two uh... two.... hundred million uh...

The Junior Executive whispers.

STUDIO HEAD (CONT'D)

Fucking dollars!!!! And I don't want to spend a penny more on your dumb ass macho bullshit, understood?!!!

Latte's lawyer whispers something into the Studio Head's other ear.

STUDIO HEAD (CONT'D)

Which one is the actor?

The Lawyer whispers again.

STUDIO HEAD (CONT'D)

(to the Fool)

Right well, you got all that right? Don't uh... you know... Don't uh, do the...

The Junior Executive whispers

STUDIO HEAD (CONT'D)

Right. Don't waste our fucking money!!!!

His words ring out.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

The Fool in mosquito man make up and his Publicist and the Fool's STAND IN in a cheap version of the make up and outfit ride in an elevator.

STAND IN

Hey, Mr. Pronto just wanted to introduce myself. I'm your stand in. I stand on your mark while they light the scenes.

(MORE)

STAND IN (CONT'D)

It's a huge honor to meet you. I really respect your whole story of how you made it and everything. You're a real inspiration to me.

EXT. ROOF TOP - LATER

The elevator doors open and the Fool and the Publicist and the Stand In get out onto a roof.

STAND IN

I'm just so impressed with your talent and I respect the fights you get in and stuff. I think-

Lex approaches.

LEX

(to Stand In)

Get the fuck out of here-

STAND IN

-Right!

The Stand in walks away.

LEX

(then to The Fool)

Okay, good to have you back bud.

(then)

So in this scene you've been chased up on to this roof by Crow Man's henchmen cause you've stolen their secret blood formula, and it's in your nose or whatever, and you're backed against a corner, so you sprout your wings for the first time and fly. Got it.

The Fool looks over the edge of the building. We see a massive fall into a tiny fall pad set up. The Fool panics.

LEX (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You got this. It's barely a drop. You just go over and gravity does the rest.

The Fool seems to understand what is happening and clearly is not into it.

PUBLICIST

Latte. All the top guys do their own stunts.

(MORE)

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

It makes for great press. Plus it would be good to show the studio that you are in this thing to win it pal. They want you back in the game.

Lex ushers him back from the edge.

LEX

I once did a similar stunt with Tom Cruise. I was half way through explaining the shot when I noticed he'd already jumped. Cameras weren't even rolling. Okay, you got this.

(then calling out)

Henchmen ready!? Great. And...
Camera... And... Play Time!!!!

Out of a door eight scary masked men wielding knives, spears and guns from the future come running towards the Fool.

Instinctively he retreats. He backs towards the edge of the wall and over he goes.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We watch as the Fool falls from the roof. He misses the fall pad completely landing on a parked car and setting off the alarm.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The Fool lies in bed with broken arms and legs. The Fool wakes up. The publicist is there.

PUBLICIST

There he is. You're lucky to be alive. There's someone here who wants to see you.

Christiana is there. She has two eye patches on.

CHRISTIANA

Latte? I can't see you. I've had a little work done and I need to wear the patches for a week or so but I understand you're in terrible shape. I... Well I just don't know what to say. I'm happy you're alive Latte.

(MORE)

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

I truly am but I just can't take these wild emotional swings anymore. Your getting arrested, law suits, and now this attempt on your own life... I... well... there's just no easy way to say it. We're getting divorced. I'm sorry. I'm with Chad now.

(then)

Where is he?

VOICE (O.S.)

Over here.

We reveal Chad is standing near her.

CHAD

Sorry bro. Mad respect though.

CHRISTIANA

It's for the best. I'm sorry. If you could see my eyes you'd know that I am crying. Or at least I'm trying to. My eyes aren't working properly. It could just be drainage. Anyway, I'm sorry. Take care Latte.

They exit.

PUBLICIST

(sad quiet yell)

Latte! Pronto!!! Bummer. Red Bull? No?

(then)

Okay, well look on the bright side. They finished the film with your stand in. Word on the street, and I don't want to get you too excited, is that it's the best movie in the history of film making.

EXT. FOOL'S HOUSE - LATER

The intern pulls up to the Fool's house. The Publicist reads the trades to the Fool.

PUBLICIST

(reading)

"One of the worst movies in the history of filmmaking.

(MORE)

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

With a paltry opening weekend of only twenty five million dollars Mosquito Man is well on its way to being the year's biggest disaster. Latte Pronto's old tricks of breaking the fourth wall grow older than a fossilized Mosquito. In this he sucks more than just blood. In other news actor Chad Lutz refusal to deliver lines in his Broadway portrayal of Hamlet is as baffling as it is riveting."

(then)

Huh. He stole your thing.

INTERN

Sorry about the movie Mr Pronto. I thought it was really amazing.

INT. FOOL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Fool enters with the Publicist and the Intern. There are sleeping people scattered about. The place is a wreck. The Publicist wanders off to assess the damage.

INTERN

Oh. I guess some of your friends have been living here.

They notice a couple moving guys pulling a couch and T.V. Out of the living room. The Fool's Business Manager is there.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Hey, Latte. Larry Feildstein your business manager? So bit of bad news. Looks like between the Shamans, the lawsuits, the divorce and your expensive lifestyle in general, you have no money.

INTERN

Isn't it your job to make him money?

BUSINESS MANAGER

Are you from the IRS?

INTERN

No. I'm an intern.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Oh, well in that case the answer is no. It's my job to make me money. That's what a job is.

INTERN

Nice.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Yeah.

INTERN

You need an intern?

BUSINESS MANAGER

I can't pay you.

INTERN

Legally you'd have to.

BUSINESS MANAGER

There are ways around that. You got a lot to learn kid. You want the job or not?

INTERN

Sure.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Good move. You'll do well in this town. Now, go get me a coffee and keep the receipt. Okay?

INTERN

No prob. Take care Mr. Pronto.

He exits.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Call me if things turn around for you Latte.

He exits. The Publicist approaches.

PUBLICIST

Okay bad news. I think your assistant OD'd in your bathtub.

INT. AGENCY RECEPTION AREA - LATER

The Fool and the Publicist enter.

PUBLICICIST

Okay. Nothing to panic about here
pal. You're still an A list guy so
let's keep our heads up. Right?

They approach a RECEPTIONIST.

PUBLICICIST (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm here with Latte Pronto to
see his agent.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh. I'm sorry he's in a meeting.

PUBLICICIST

We can wait.

RECEPTIONIST

Well he has a lot of meetings
today.

PUBLICICIST

How many?

RECEPTIONIST

Um... like all day.

PUBLICICIST

With who?

RECEPTIONIST

People.

PUBLICICIST

What people?

RECEPTIONIST

Hollywood people?

PUBLICICIST

Well, I'm here with Latte Pronto!?

RECEPTIONIST

Uh huh.

PUBLICICIST

He's an A list uh...

RECEPTIONIST

Right.

PUBLICICIST

An A list guy.

RECEPTIONIST

Right.

They stare at each other in silence for a beat. Then:

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Want me to leave a message?

PUBLICIST

No. We have to talk to... I don't have to...

(then)

We're going in.

They blow past the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey, you can't go back there.

INT. AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

The Fool and The Publicist burst into the Agent's office. The Agent is in there with the Stand In.

PUBLICIST

What the hell, man? This some kind of power play? Latte is an A list guy. He's A list and he wants to work, so-

AGENT

-Look, I'd love to help you Latte but between the fighting and the OD's and most importantly the bad movie the phone's just not ringing.

PUBLICIST

You put him in that movie!

AGENT

What do you want me to say? The phone's not ringing.

PUBLICIST

Then call somebody!?

AGENT

What am I? A miracle worker!? Why don't you just lay low a while. I'll call you if something pops up but there's just nothing happening.

(MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)

Now if you don't mind I'm in the middle of a meeting. You remember your Stand in, right?

STAND IN

Is this has been gonna take up all my time? Get him the hell out of here. Guy makes me sick.

PUBLICIST

You make me sick! You're why Mosquito Man sucked. You know what? We don't need you guys. I'll get Latte a gig myself! You're fired.

(then calm)

But do call us if something pops up.

AGENT

(also calm)

Will do.

INT. CELEBRITY REHAB HOUSE - LATER

The Publicist, Red Bull in hand, brings the Fool onto a living room set. An OLDER ACTOR, AN OLDER MODEL who's had tons of plastic surgery and an OLDER MUSICIAN are all there.

PUBLICIST

Okay, this celebrity rehabilitation show will be good for a little cash flow. Also tells the public and the studios that you are trying to change. Sends a good message. You need an energy drink? No? Okay let's meet the cast.

OLDER ACTOR

Hi. I'm Garry. I was an actor too. Loved your work in Squanto. The whole eye thing? Awesome. I used to be the tooth guy. Did a whole big tooth thing but people just kind of stopped being into it. It's nice to meet you.

OLDER MODEL

I was a model. I used to look better. I've had a little work done that I'm not thrilled with.

OLDER MUSICIAN

I was a rock star but I got fat
so...

OLDER ACTOR

Right. So, that's our deal. Well
that and the drugs but the show is
a good time. You'll have fun.
Everyone here gets along real well.

A REALITY DIRECTOR calls out.

REALITY DIRECTOR

You guys ready?

OLDER ACTOR MODEL MUSICIAN

(all smiles)
Yeah/Oh yeah/Can't wait.

They are all happy and jovial.

REALITY DIRECTOR

And Action.

They all turn on a dime and become filled with rage.

OLDER ACTOR

Go to hell you cock sucking maggot
face!!!!

OLDER MUSICIAN

You go to hell you piece of shit
over actor!!!!

OLDER MODEL

I hope you both die and rot in
hell!!!!

The Fool is in the middle of the chaos. They fight, The Fool
gets dragged to the ground in the madness of it all.

INT. PUBLICIST APARTMENT - LATER

The Fool, looking roughed up, enters with the publicist. The
place is completely empty except for a couch a bed and cans
of red bull everywhere.

PUBLICIST

Sorry the place is a bit of a mess.
I'm just all about work these days.
Also if I'm being completely honest
I haven't made much money. You're
my first real client.

The Fool is taking all this in.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)

I'd only just moved to Los Angeles a few weeks before I met you. I'm from a small town in northern Canada. Don't really have anyone back there, or here for that matter except you. But don't worry, pal. I'll get us back on top. Just got to think how we can get a little cash in the mean time. I owe some rent on this place.

INT. PORNO SET - LATER

The Fool is in a bedroom. He wears a mask over his eyes.

There is a PORN ACTRESS on a bed. The Publicist talks.

PUBLICIST

Okay, they are reducing the offer by half but they will let you wear the mask. I know I used your celebrity to get the gig but I'm starting to think it's for the best that you stay anonymous. You sure you don't need an energy drink? Remember it's not porn its erotica. Okay, just be yourself and try to have fun.

INT. PORNO SET - MOMENTS LATER

The Porno actress approaches the Fool.

PORNO ACTRESS

Well I can't afford the rent Mr. Landlord but there is some other way I can pay you.

The Porno actress is trying to get the Fool's pants off. He pushes her away.

PORNO ACTRESS (CONT'D)

Come on big guy. Let's see what we're working with here.

He continues to push her away. Eventually after a struggle she gives up.

PORNO ACTRESS (CONT'D)
(to the director)
What the fuck, Lance? What is this?

LANCE the scummy looking director looks up from behind a small cheap camera. The crew is very small compared to all the other projects we've seen before. Half of them are smoking too.

INT. PORNO SET - LATER

The Fool, still in the mask, sits in a chair while the Porno Actress has sex with the Publicist, who also wears a mask.

PORNO ACTRESS
You like that, baby? You like watching your wife fuck the land lord cause your limp little dick can't pay the fucking rent?

EXT. PUBLICIST'S CAR - LATER

The Publicist and the Fool walk to the publicist's car. The Publicist drinks a Red Bull.

PUBLICIST
Okay. That was not a great idea. Erotica my ass. That was definitely pornography! We should have tried to book a sit-com or a commercial! We went too far too fast.

He grabs his chest and then drinks some more Red Bull.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
I think we're okay on account of the masks but God forbid anyone realizes it was us! Did they see your penis? I can see the papers now. It's the only thing in showbiz you can't get away with. Murder, spousal abuse, racism are all forgivable but god forbid you show anybody your penis. They'll crucify you! I'll be ruined!

More chest grabbing and drinking.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
Okay, we can put a good spin on...

More grabbing and drinking.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
There's a...

More.

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
Just got to think of the...

More. Then:

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
Oh God...

The Publicist drops to the ground.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER

A soft spoken creepy FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR addresses the Fool.

He holds a small urn.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
This is our most modest receptacle.
I hope it serves your purposes.

He hands it over to the Fool.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
On another note. I'm a huge
supporter of everything you do. Not
just the big movies. If you catch
my drift. So the receptacle is free
of charge.

The creepy Funeral Director winks at The Fool.

EXT. STREETS - LATER

The Fool wanders the streets with the urn in his arms.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - LATER

The Fool walks, taking in the shops and people as he did in the beginning with the innocence of a child.

THE DAGGER

It's me. The Dagger. You're not safe here. Come with me.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATER

The Dagger ushers the Fool towards an alley.

THE DAGGER

They're watching us. Always watching.

A truck passes by. The Dagger looks to see that nobody is watching.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)

Now.

He pulls The Fool down the Alley.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)

This way.

INT. DAGGER'S LAIR - LATER

The Fool and The Dagger enter a cardboard box home. The Dagger has clearly been living here. There is a sleeping bag, food wrappers, make shift broom handles fashioned into spears and several old movie posters of Kyle Tyson as "The Dagger."

THE DAGGER

Welcome to my hide out. The trucks disrupt the government frequencies. They can't listen to us here. We can speak freely. I know you think what's happened to your career is accidental, fate even, but I'm telling you, it is very much by design. They can't have a Mexican on top. It flies in the face of everything they want. If you're black, Asian, Mexican, catholic even, they'll take you down eventually. It keeps happening. Bruce Lee, dead. George Lopez, where's he? He in that urn your holding? You get my point. You say "But Dagger, what about the Black Panther? Finally Hollywood is giving us a black superhero! He's on top!" I say, please man. What about Will Smith?!

(MORE)

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)

That fresh ass prince saved the world more times than I can count and they just gonna erase that shit from the record?! Open your eyes. It's like Kwanza man. That shit ain't about giving a brotha a holiday. It's about kicking his ass out of Christmas. Inch by inch they'll try to erase you from the record. I should know.

(he points to his movie posters)

Cause it happened to me. I was Kyle Tyson. Biggest box office star in the world. Millions of fans. A seven picture deal, shoe endorsements, even recorded an album. Everyone loved the dagger. But I climbed too high and they threw my ass in jail. Did seven years for just being a big star.

(then)

Well, that and my refusal to pay income tax. That's what took me down.

(then)

And maybe the crack.

He takes a hit out of a little tinfoil pipe.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)

But the joke's on them, man. Because I had a realization. They can take away the movies, and the cars, and the women, but they can't take away The Dagger because I am The Dagger. He's real. And he's me. That's what they're really afraid of. My powers grow stronger every day. It's undeniable. I am the Dagger, man. And you are The Mosquito. I can prove it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATER

The Dagger and The Fool stand off to the side of the busy street.

THE DAGGER

Look at all those cars man. Everybody rushing here and there to work. Watch this...

He point's his finger to the sky.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
 "By Zeus' sword I summon the power
 of invisibility!"
 (then)
 Let's go.

The Dagger drags The Fool out into the middle of traffic. The Dagger does martial arts like a mad man in the middle of the road. It's a strange mixture of Karate and hip hop dancing. The Fool is terrified.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
 See man! They just go right on by!
 They don't even see us!

The Fool tries to get out of the road but a car almost hits him. People honk.

EXT. OUT DOOR CAFE - LATER

The Dagger and The Fool walk by the cafe.

THE DAGGER
 You hungry? Watch this...

He approaches a young couple at a table.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
 By Oden's hammer, freeze these
 insubordinates!

The young couple is of course terrified by the insane homeless man screaming at them. They don't move as The Dagger casually takes the sandwich from their plate.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
 (to The Fool)
 Wanna bite?

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Fool and The Dagger walk down a street.

THE DAGGER
 You have to be open to your powers.
 There's a reason you were chosen as
 the mosquito. The part chose you.
 You have to believe in it. Here
 watch. See that building?

They look at a condemned looking building across the street.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
Focus your energy on it. Together
it's no match for us.

He stares at the building. The Fool stares at it too.

Together they focus on this building. We cut to the building.

Back to them. Back to the building, closer. Back to them
closer. Building. Them. Building. Them. Then... BOOM.

The entire building collapses.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
Amazing man.

He casually walks off. The Fool is confused. He notices that
it's an active construction site. There is a crane with a
wrecking ball.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - LATER

The Fool and The dagger walk on. It's raining now.

THE DAGGER
They feel our power growing.
They've opened the skies on us.
(yelling)
We may be washed up but you can't
wash us out!!!

The Fool sees a poster of himself as Mosquito man that's
peeling off and faded. Next to the Fool's poster is one for a
movie with Christiana and Chad, their faces are yellow the
sign reads Christiana Dior and Chad Lutz are... EMOTICONS!!!

Coming soon!

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
That looks like shit.

Woosh! A car splashes the Fool. He drops the urn breaking it.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)
Ah hell man. Via con Dios, Lopez.

The Fool tries to put the ashes back but it is a lost cause.

He looks around for something else to put the ashes in. He
see's a large empty can of Red Bull.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Dagger and The Fool Red Bull ash can in hand, walk along the streets. They see the LA river running full.

EXT. LA RIVER - LATER

Fool is down by the river with the Dagger.

THE DAGGER

Lopez, you made us laugh. You made us cry. Travel now, down the river Styx. May Zeul greet you at the smoky gates with the power of a thousand daggers.

The Dagger throws the can at the river missing it completely. The can lands in the road and is run over by a truck.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)

Huh? My bad.

The Dagger turns to walk away but slips falling into the river.

THE DAGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Help! Help!

The Fool notices The Dagger in the water.

THE DAGGER (CONT'D)

I can't swim man! Help!

The Fool looks around. He sees an old branch. He reaches out. The Dagger grabs it. He's pulling hard but The Dagger's swallowing a lot of water.

EXT. LA RIVER - LATER

An ambulance is there. The Dagger is now wrapped in a blanket with an EMT checking his vitals.

EMT

Good thing you were there. You saved this guy's life.

(then)

Wait. Are you Latte Pronto?

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - DAY

The Fool stands at the top of some stairs next to MAYOR RAPOSA, a man in his mid fifties. The Mayor is behind a small podium addressing a crowd of press and onlookers.

MAYOR

In honor of his courage, his sense of civic duty towards his fellow man, no matter what their place in society, it is with great pride that I present Mr. Pronto with this, the key to the city of Los Angeles.

The Mayor hands Latte a large golden key.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Now, don't try to get into city hall with that. Its purely symbolic.

People laugh at his disingenuous joke. The Mayor and the Fool shake hands for the cameras. The Mayor leans in to the Fool's ear.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

All jokes aside, I'd like to talk to you in earnest about running for office. Let's grab lunch.

INT. ART DECO STYLE RESTAURANT - LATER

We are in a large downtown restaurant. It lacks the glitz and glamour of Hollywood in exchange of old Los Angeles appeal. High ceilings. Large indoor plants. Dark wood. Paintings of Roosevelt New Deal workers. The Fool and The Mayor eat alone. They have soup.

MAYOR

I've had a great run. But nobody wants to be mayor forever. If you're not moving up in this world, you're moving out, or over, or whatever the expression is. That's why I'm going to take a run for the senate. Being Mayor is a young man's game. Believe me, it has it's perks but it's a lot of work. Being a Senator? That's all of the perks with none of the work. Now, somebody has to fill my shoes. Somebody who will endorse me.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Someone who the people love. This is where you come in. People love a come back story. It makes them feel like they could make something of themselves one day. Which we both know is highly unlikely, especially if we do our jobs right.

The Mayor laughs at his own joke.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But all jokes aside, I think you could do it.

The Mayor stops eating and gets very serious for a moment.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Look, Latte, if you can pretend to be a real person in the movies... You can pretend to be a real person in life.

He goes to eat some more soup. TERRY, an attractive young woman joins them at the table.

TERRY

Sorry, I'm late. Did some quick polling. They love him. They absolutely love him. I've always been able to pick a winner.

MAYOR

Speaking of winners, Latte, this is Terry, she's a campaign adviser and a hot new thing out of UCLA, if I say so myself.

He laughs too hard at his joke.

TERRY

Remind me to use that sexual harassment against you down the line, will ya?

MAYOR

Ha! Never change.

TERRY

Okay, well we've got a lot to do. His image is fine but we'll have to figure out what platform he'll be running on.

MAYOR

Well that's easy. He's for the people.

TERRY

Well, every candidate is "for" the people.

MAYOR

That's why it works.

TERRY

People are ready for a change. How about "Freeing America from its corporate grip?"

MAYOR

I think you want to leave the corporations out of it.

TERRY

Why the hell would we want to do that?

MAYOR

Well cause corporations are people too.

TERRY

Do you even hear yourself when you speak? He's the anti big business candidate. He's the "corporate killer." I like that. And yes, he's "for" the fucking people too, for Christ's sake. But this time we'll finally have a candidate that actually means it.

EXT. ART DECO STYLE RESTAURANT - LATER

Terry gets into a limousine and the Mayor stays out to talk to The Fool.

MAYOR

We'll be in touch Latte. This is a good move for you. Speaking of touching and good moves, I've been sleeping with Terry. Just thought you should know. Don't tell my wife!

He laughs at his own joke.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But in all seriousness. Don't tell her. Okay, talk soon.

He pats The Fool on his shoulder and gets in the limo. The Limo speeds off and another Limo that looks exactly the same pulls into the spot and stops.

A large intimidating man with no hair wearing a limo drivers suit gets out.

LIMO DRIVER

The Cote brothers request your presence.

The limo driver cracks his knuckles never breaking his stare.

EXT. LOS ANGELES OIL FIELDS - DUSK

The limo drives along a dirt road surrounded by oil pumps.

EXT. PUMP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Limo Driver pulls The Fool out and into a small stone building that looks like it would only have one room.

INT. PUMP BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Limo driver and the Fool enter the stark building. There is nothing but a security camera and an elevator. The room buzzes with neon lights. The limo driver looks into a camera. We see the security footage of them. Then...

Ding. The elevator doors open. They enter.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

We watch as the elevator numbers go down as opposed to up.
3...2...1..0..-1...-2...-3...-4...-5...-6....

INT. HALL WAY - CONTINUOUS

The Fool and the Limo driver walk down a long hallway. Only the sound of the drivers hard shoes and a hum perhaps of computers can be heard. A security camera follow pans as they move down the hall.

INT. DARK CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The limo driver opens two huge doors for the Fool. They enter a dark conference room. The room seems to only be lit by a large illuminated map of the world and the red tape of stock numbers that circles the perimeter of the room. The Limo driver makes The Fool sit in a chair at the end of a large conference desk. Moments later an imposing man in his 70's ED COTE comes out of the shadows pushing the wheelchair of another man DON COTE. Don wears a cowboy hat and has an oxygen mask over his mouth.

ED COTE

I'm afraid my brother is under the weather, Mr. Pronto so I will be doing the speaking on his behalf. He is sick, you see. Sick Mr. Pronto, with worry.

Don Cote inhales deeply into his mask. Ed leaves him in the corner still slightly in the shadows. Ed moves slowly closer to the Fool.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

You are a man of few words. It is very hard to trust a man of few words. It's hard to know where he stands. So, when he is selected, and believe me all men in your position are selected, but when we have plucked him from obscurity and given him a cape, for all of them are eventually given a cape, it is very disconcerting to discover that he suddenly is a man with an agenda. He's trading in his cape for a cause. He's a "corporate killer" "anti big business." "For the...people."

Ed moves closer still to the Fool.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

Some dissent is good Mr. Pronto. You must allow some dissent. A worthy cause, a polished talking point...a shiny pin. But is it what "the people" want? What do you know of the people, Mr Pronto? For the people don't want your agenda. They don't want the dissent, the challenge, the reminder that, no they are not truly in control. No. I will tell you what they want.

(MORE)

ED COTE (CONT'D)

They want heroes. Heroes that fly, that turn into panthers and ants, that shoot laser beams out of their eyes. And most importantly...heroes that kill. The people are blood thirsty, Mr. Pronto. They sit in the dark and sip syrupy soda like the blood of their enemies while they watch hyper realized versions of their insecurities kill, and kill, and kill some more. And do you know why?

Don inhales some oxygen.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

It makes them forget, it makes them stop asking questions. For we don't want them to ask the questions. No. That we do not want. Because we ask the questions, Mr Pronto. We ask the questions like, who you really are Latte Pronto, and where do you come from? What is it that you really want? My little birdies can't find a thing on you which I find most disturbing. Most disturbing indeed.

Don inhales his oxygen and groans.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

But I don't *need* to know your true identity, and I don't *need* to know your past history to know what it is that you really want. Because it's what I want, Mr. Pronto. It is what all men want. It is why we crave fame, or power, or money. And it isn't any one, or rather, any combination of those. No. What you want and what I want, what all men want, is the unimpeded expulsion of our gysm!!!!

Ed slams his fist on the table. Don inhales and groans with worry.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

And when you seek to destroy
another's fame, or wealth, or
power, you seek to undo the very
tools that man has amassed to
ensure the proper unimpeded
expulsion of that gysm!!!

Don groans louder creeping now slightly out of the shadows.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

My brother and I will not be robbed
of our ability to expel, Mr.
Pronto! We will not have the flow
of our natural desires plugged up!
Our gysm will not be forced to
retreat inward! So help me God!!!!

Don yells.

DON

Agggghhhhh!!!!

Then he breathes hard into the mask and backs his chair into the shadows. Ed calms down.

ED COTE

As you can see, my brother has
become quite ill. So, I will make
you a proposition, Latte. You can
drop this ridiculous grab for power
and we will return you to your
former position of fame, or you can
continue this quest of yours, this
assassination plot, if you will, of
our corporate interests, and run
the risk of coming between a man
and his fluids. But let me be very
clear when I tell you this...

ED leans in and delivers this line with the intensity of a man ready to kill.

ED COTE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

No man has ever come between me and
my brother's gysm!!!

INT. AGENCY - LATER

The Fool is in his old seat. A new team is there.

AGENT

Latte!!! My man. Good to have you back! You're a hero. Everyone loves a hero! Key to the city?! Everybody's talking about it. Where the hell did you dig up Kyle Tyson? Guess the poor guy's suffering from pretty severe schizophrenia. Wish we could help him but what can you do, right? Anyway my phone has been ringing off the hook about you. So, got you a new team. Your old Manager, retired. He was only thirty eight, made half a billion. Very impressive. This is your new manager. He's seventeen. Crazy smart. New Lawyer. Your old one was disbarred. New business manager. Something with the IRS and the last guy. I think he's in jail. Not sure. New stylist. Better style. New Publicist. Old one's dead. New Assistant. Dead also. And a new intern. The old one is now studio vice president. Okay? Happy? And great news. Despite being a colossal critical failure Mosquito man did rather well overseas. Guess mosquitoes are kind of a global irritant so people could relate. Bottom line, looks like we are a go for Mosquito two.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The Fool is on the set of Mosquito two. He is still in his regular clothes. Lex walks the Fool through the set.

LEX

Okay my man. Good to have you back.

A P.A. runs over.

P.A.

Can I get you guys chairs?

LEX

We're good. So the long and short of it is, Frog Man is trying to eat you this time and he is going to catch you with his super tongue or whatever, so basically you are running through the streets to get away from it.

A props guy comes over.

PROPS GUY

Chairs?

LEX

No. And good news. No prosthetics this time. We'll just cover you in green ping-pong balls and do the whole thing in post.

Another P.A. approaches with two directors chairs.

ANOTHER P.A.

Heard you guys wanted your chairs.

Christiana approaches. She's had more strange work done.

CHRISTIANA

Hi. How are you?

The Fool doesn't know who she is.

CHRISTIANA (CONT'D)

Oh. I've had some more work. I'm not thrilled with it. I'm going to get it fixed. Not sure if anyone told you we were working together on this. I play lady Larva. Your love interest. Sorry about everything. Chad and I broke up. He's just so unemotionally available. He stopped speaking to me. He actually stopped speaking altogether. It's so false on him. The kids are good. I had to return two of them but they found wonderful homes. It's nice to see you Latte...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And that was when I saw him again.

Suddenly The Fool sees the Narrator sitting in the back of a pick up truck at an intersection. They lock eyes. The light changes and the truck pulls off. The Fool chases after it.

CHRISTIANA

Where are you going!? Latte?!
Latte!!!

EXT. STREET'S - CONTINUOUS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Fool tried to catch us but he
could not keep up.

The Fool runs as fast as he can towards the pick up truck.

He's losing distance on it. He eventually gives up. The Agent
pulls up in his car.

AGENT

Latte. Buddy. Let's not start in
with the episodes again. Let's get
you back to set. Okay?

The Fool looks to him and starts to run away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So the Fool just ran.

EXT. STREET - LATER DAY

The Fool runs, searching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Fool ran and ran.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He ran for days.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Fool runs by fancy homes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Weeks.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Fool runs by run down homes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Months.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Fool haggard and bearded runs down a road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Years.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The Fool runs to the beach. Stops and turns around.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He ran from the beach to the
mountains.

EXT. ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

The Fool runs to the base of a mountain and stops. Then he turns around.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
From the mountains to the beach.
Back and forth. North and south
east and west searching for us
until...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Fool, now very haggard and tired looking, is running.

Suddenly he stops staring ahead. He backs up three steps and turns. He sees the Narrator's home. With the large paper moon, larger than we've ever seen it, right behind it.

Back on The Fool staring at the home for a beat. Then.

EXT. NARRATOR'S HOME - LATER

The Narrator opens the door. He and the Fool look at each other for a while not saying anything.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
...Finally he found us.

INT. NARRATOR'S HOME KITCHEN - LATER

The Fool drinks water.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I knew why he'd come back. I knew
what he wanted. Who he was
searching for. But sadly he was too
late.

INT. NARRATOR'S HOME LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Daughter is there. She holds a baby. There is a young man
in an auto mechanic's shirt, with his hand on her shoulder.
He is her husband. She talks to The Fool. Tearful.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
My daughter told him how she waited
for him. How when she saw him at
that party she saw there was still
love in his eyes and she waited
longer. But how, in the end, too
much time had passed and how she
had to let him go. How she'd met
someone new and they'd started a
family together.

The Fool also tearful seems to understand.

NARRATOR
And although I knew he couldn't,
The Fool seemed to understand her
every word.

INT. SHED - LATER

The Fool is asleep with the dogs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
We put the Fool up that night.

EXT. BUS STATION - LATER

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And the next day I gave the Fool
some money for the bus.

The Fool and the Narrator wait for the bus. A bus approaches.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He took the first one. I'm not sure where it was going. It didn't matter. It didn't matter where he was going or where he had been.

A bus pulls up. The Fool gets on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I used to think that the Fool had come from some strange land. Some small war torn country that he fled. That he had lost his love and was searching for love again.

The doors are about to shut but The Fool stops them. The Fool reaches into his pocket. He pulls out something out and puts it in the Narrator's fist. He closes the Narrator's fist, gives him a hug, and the bus doors close. The bus drives off.

The Narrator watches it go.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But I'd never find out. And there was no point in assuming. At the end of the day all I really knew of him was that he was, just another fool.

The Narrator opens his fist. It's Chad's paperweight lump of gold. It's now dusty and dirty from all of the Fool's travels. The Narrator shrugs it off and tosses it into the fountain full of Koi fish.

INT. FOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

The lump of gold sinks to the bottom. The dust comes off it as it sinks and it glimmers gold and bright at the bottom of the fountain. We hang on it for a while until suddenly one of the Koi fish swims up to it, inspects it, and then eats it.

END CREDITS