

Mallrats

by

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MALIBRAIS

FADE IN:

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (A BALCONY) - NIGHT

Through glass doors, we see the Governor's Ball in progress (banners delineating it as such) and a few well-dressed formal-attired people. Exiting said glass doors is the sixty-five year-old GOVERNOR of New Jersey herself, accompanied by JARED SVENNING (local programmer of K-REL). The Governor is flanked by TWO SECRET SERVICE types -- their eyes darting about, casing the surrounding area.

GOVERNOR

...So I told him, "Henry, I have to attend; it's my ball." And he says, "But the Lodge only throws their ball once a decade! Why can't you ever attend my balls?" And I said, "Jesus Christ, Henry! I've been doing that for thirty years!"

The Governor laughs and downs her drink. Svenning offers the Secret Service types a nervous glance.

SECRET 1

Governor Dalton, this is Jared Svenning, the gentleman you're presenting the honorarium to.

SVENNING

Governor Dalton, it's a pleasure to meet you, and...

GOVERNOR

Yeah, yeah, yeah -- you can dispense with the ass-munching now... you're getting your check.

She swigs her drink.

SVENNING

Um... thank you. It's... uh... the grant, that is, will go a long way toward funding the new programming I'm working on for K-REL.

GOVERNOR

That's the Public Access station, right? The one they run the lottery numbers on?

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SVENNING

Well... we air more than just the lottery numbers, ma'am. In fact, this Saturday, we're broadcasting live game show from a local mall...

GOVERNOR

Hey, Sven, how long's this thing gonna take tonight? I got Melrose at nine!

SVENNING

Well, there's the dinner, followed by the presentation. Oh, and then we adjourn to the auditorium for a stage presentation by the Drama and History clubs. They're put together an impressive musical about Paul Revere entitled Light Your Own Lamps.

GOVERNOR

Is there a dance number? Nothing better than a couple of skimpily-clad undergrads hurling themselves across the stage -- that's what I always say.
(to Secret 1)
Get me another high ball, will ya? And quit eyeballin' everyone -- you're creeping them out!

SECRET 1

Right away, Governor.

GOVERNOR

These security types -- they're all glory hounds, I say. All of them looking to tackle the next Sirhan, Sirhan. I tell ya', Sven, they're treating this thing tonight like it's Die Hard on a college campus or something! Could you imagine someone wanting to attack me, for Christ's sake?

Svenning's glare says it all. We CRANE up from the crowd to the rooftop of a nearby building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

STOP AND HOLD on a beautiful GIRL, peering into a telescope and jotting down result. She adjusts the lens and peers anew. Then, the tip of a rifle creeps into FRAME, aimed at the girl's head. She doesn't notice it.

VOICE

FREEZE!

She jumps back, startled, and looks up.

A guy dressed in the garb of a Revolutionary War soldier stands above her, old-style musket in his hands. The guy is T.S. QUINT. The girl is Brandi Svenning.

T.S.
You looking at naked guys in the shower again?

BRANDI
(brushing herself off)
Didn't anyone ever tell you not to point guns at people?

T.S.
Once. And I shot him.

BRANDI
Nice knickers.

T.S.
I looked for you at your room, and Ronni told me you were up here.

BRANDI
It's the only time that jerk Prescott would let me use the telescope before the exam next week.

T.S.
What do you need his for? You've got your own.

BRANDI
I have the lenses, T.S. Only Prescott had the proper shaft.

T.S.
You're touching another man's shaft when I'm about to go on stage?

BRANDI
(shaking her head and looking through scope)
"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars." Oscar Wilde.

T.S.
You should probably go get a seat now. The auditorium's going to fill up quick in about ten minutes.

BRANDI
I'm going to watch it from here.

T.S.
With that thing? You'll never see me.

BRANDI

Do you know how powerful this thing is?
I could see a bead of flop sweat as
it's formed by one of your glands from
a hundred yards away.

T.S.

Yeah, but you won't be able to hear me
sing.

BRANDI

Bingo.

T.S.

Oh, you're cruel.

(turning to leave)

I hope you're packed already. We have
to wake up early if we're going to make
the plane.

BRANDI

Um... I... sort of can't go.

T.S.

(freezing)

Excuse me?

BRANDI

My father asked me to help him out with
his new show.

T.S.

He wants you to host it?!

BRANDI

He wants me to be a contestant.

T.S.

That Dating Game rip-off thing? Jesus,
that guy knows no shame! So he forbid
you to go to Florida when you said no --
is that it?

BRANDI

Well... I didn't exactly.

T.S.

Yeah, right.

No response.

T.S.

You didn't tell him no?!

BRANDI

It's no big deal -- it's just for T.V. Besides, it's important for my father's career. T.S. Otherwise he wouldn't have asked.

T.S.

Brandi, the guy hates me, for Christ's sake! You don't think that might be part of his motive? He'd love to see us break up! He'd at least like to see us not take this vacation together! And here you are giving him the golden opportunity without a moment's hesitation! Think, for Christ's sake! Jesus, for a Science major you can be so fucking stupid sometimes.

Brandi stares at him, shocked and hurt. T.S. shakes his head.

BRANDI

I was giving you the benefit of the doubt, T.S. I thought you might be able to handle this, so I could appease my father, and you could prove him wrong about how serious you are about us. But I guess I credited you with too much. I guess you're just as possessive and thoughtless as he is. You both see me as property! In fact, the two of you have so much in common, you should date each other!

She turns to storm away. He chases after her.

T.S.

Brandi, wait!

He grabs her shoulder, rifle in hand. She whips around and throws his hand off.

BRANDI

Leave me alo... OW!

The rifle is caught in her hair, tugging at it.

T.S.

The gun's stuck in your hair.

BRANDI

Well get it out!

T.S.

I'm trying!

BRANDI

Ow! It hurts!

T.S.

If you stand still, I can get it out!

They struggle with their predicament.

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (BALCONY) - NIGHT

A P.A. joins Svenning and the Governor. The Secret Service types half draw their guns, reacting to him. Svenning indicates it's okay.

P.A.

We're ready in five, Mister Svenning.

He exits, hands kind of in the air.

SVENNING

Governor, the presentation's going to start in about five minutes. We're taping this for broadcast later, so you might want to freshen up a bit.

The Secret Service man looks around. The O.S. commotion from above catches his attention. He lowers his shades and peers hawk-like at the O.S. spectacle.

GOVERNOR (O.S.)

What the hell is that supposed to mean? What? I look like shit or something?

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

T.S. and Brandi struggle with the rifle in her hair.

T.S.

It's tangled around the trigger... if you'd stop moving...!

BRANDI

Get it off! It hurts!!

T.S.

Maybe we can jar it loose. Here -- lean on the ledge.

Brandi leans over the ledge of the building. T.S. proceeds to bang the rifle against the ledge, jerking Brandi's head with it each time.

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (BALCONY) - NIGHT

The Secret Service man reaches for his gun.

SECRET 1

SNIPER!!!

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

T.S. slams the rifle against the ledge and it discharges with a thundering crack.

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (BALCONY) - NIGHT

The Secret Service man clotheslines the Governor over a table. She screams and Svenning gets knocked over by some COPS. They tip the table over for a shield and unload in T.S.'s general direction.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

T.S. and Brandi see the bullets heading their way.

TOGETHER
SHIIIIITTT!!!

They duck in unison as the ledge is sprayed with bullets.

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (COMMONS) - NIGHT

From behind the table, the Cops and Secret Servicemen reload. Svenning nurses his elbow.

COP 1
How many of them are there?

SECRET 1
I spied two -- a male and a female.

COP 1
What kind of artillery?

SECRET 1
Perp's brandishing a shotgun.

SVENNING
Was the Governor hit?

GOVERNOR (O.S.)
Of course I'm hit, you asshole! He hit me like some goddam wrestler!

SECRET 2
There's no blood; she wasn't tagged.

GOVERNOR (O.S.)
Jesus! Would you get your foot off my tit?!

SVENNING
(moving)
Sorry, ma'am.

COP 2
 (staring O.S.)
 Sir, I think they're trying to signal
 us.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A long white sock tied to a rifle butt creeps over the ledge,
 followed by the slowly rising pair of T.S. and Brandi.

T.S.
 (yelling down)
 It's okay! We're not armed!
 (holding up rifle)
 This is just a prop! I'm in the
 musical! That was just a blank! It
 wasn't serious!

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (COMMONS) - NIGHT

The Cops and Secret Servicemen have their weapons trained on the
 above O.S. pair.

SECRET 1
 What'd he say?

SECRET 2
 I think he said they're Assyrians.

COP 1
 Sweet Christ! Terrorists on our
 campus!

COP 2
 Why's he dressed like a Revolutionary
 War Minute Man?

SECRET 1
 For irony. Your average terrorist is
 a showman first, killer second.

SVENNING
 It's the parents I blame. They're not
 raising kids properly these days.

BRANDI (O.S.)
 Is Jared Svenning down there?!

Svenning freezes. The others look at him, puzzled.

SECRET 2
 That's you, isn't it?

SVENNING
 Well, yes... but how would terrorists
 know me?

BRANDI (O.S.)
Daddy?! It's me -- Brandi!

The cops and the Secret Servicemen slowly turn and glare at Svenning.

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (COMMONS) - NIGHT

TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS wheel a stretcher past Svenning. He stops them and crouches down to speak with the Governor.

SVENNING
Governor Dalton, I just want to apologize for this fiasco. My daughter's a huge fan of your...

The Governor pulls an envelope from under her blanket.

GOVERNOR
Your check, Svenning.

SVENNING
(reaching for it)
Ma'am, I don't know what to say but thank you. I...

She proceeds to tear it up in front of his face. Svenning's expression turns green.

GOVERNOR
You want money for your pissant station, try playing the lottery. You know where they air the results.
(hitting orderly)
Get me to the goddam hospital -- now! I think they fractured my collar bone.

Svenning watches in horror as the Governor is wheeled away. T.S. joins him.

T.S.
Mister Svenning, I just wanted to apologize and thank you for squaring everything away with the police. I know we probably worried you, but Brandi and I are both okay...

SVENNING
(turning on him)
If it wouldn't mean implicating my daughter in this somehow, I'd insist the authorities lock you up for the rest of your young life, you goddam menace!

T.S.
Sir, it was an accident, I swear!

SVENNING

You're the accident, you moron! You have no idea what you just cost me! But you're right! You'll pay for what you've done! You'll pay in spades! Nobody fucks with Jared Svenning's career and walks away clean! I promise you that!

Svenning storms away, leaving T.S. standing there. A STUDENT saunters up to him.

STUDENT

Hey man, I just wanted to tell you that I dug what you did up there. Anarchy rules, dude.

T.S. looks at him.

EXT. MONMOUTH COLLEGE (COMMONS) - NIGHT

Brandi is walking briskly, wearing an angry face. T.S. follows her, pleadingly.

BRANDI

We're over, T.S.!

T.S.

Come on! I thought we weren't going to go through this break-up, make-up shit anymore!

BRANDI

We're not, so you can forget about the making up!

T.S.

Listen to you! Why don't you admit it?!

BRANDI

Admit what?

T.S.

This isn't just about what happened on the roof. You're using that as an excuse because you don't have the guts to stand up to your father!

BRANDI

Maybe you're right.

T.S. sees this tactic isn't working, so he softens his approach.

T.S.

Come on, Brandi. What about Florida?

BRANDI
(spinning around
angrily)

You humiliate me, in front of the school, the community -- the nation, for God's sake -- you seriously damage my father's career, you insult me with this small-time good cop/bad cop routine of yours, and now you have the gall to ask me if I still want to go on a vacation?!

T.S.
(the coup de grâce)
I was going to propose to you in Florida!

She stares at him, open-mouthed. A tear forms in her eye.

BRANDI
You know, T.S., I thought you screwed up about every way you possibly could tonight.
(wiping her eyes)
But I guess I underestimated you!

She walks away, leaving him standing there, open-mouthed and alone in the parking lot. Her car SCREECHES away.

INT. BRODIE'S ROOM - DAY

BRODIE is sitting up in bed but his eyes are closed. RENE kneels beside him, staring. She waits, then knocks on his head. Brodie opens his eyes and tries to focus. He looks at her and yawns.

BRODIE
What time is it?

RENE
Nine-thirty.

Brodie thinks, then urgently reaches over Rene to the night stand. He clicks the remote.

The T.V. snaps on. The graphics of a hockey video game are on, but frozen.

Brodie grabs the game controller and sighs relief.

BRODIE
Holy shit, that was close. Thank God it didn't reset.

RENE
What the hell are you doing?

BRODIE
Finishing my game.

RENE
(reaching for
controller)
No, no, no. You promised me breakfast.

BRODIE
(defending controller)
Breakfast? Look at that score, for
God's sake. I'm only in the middle of
the second and I'm winning twelve to
two. Breakfasts come and go -- San
Jose only slaughters Detroit maybe once
in a lifetime.

Rene stares at him for a beat, then shakes her head and walks
away.

BRODIE
(giving her a quick
glimpse)
You hit the bathroom already?

RENE
(sitting on bed and
tying shoes)
I didn't let your mother see me; don't
worry.

BRODIE
Who's worried?

RENE
Are you kidding me? I've never met
another person who lives in as much
fear of his mother as you do.

BRODIE
I do not.

RENE
So that's why I have to sneak in here
after everyone's asleep at night, and
sneak out of here undetected in the
morning.

BRODIE
You want I should tell my mother what
we do here at night?

RENE
What -- that you play video games and
I fall asleep unfulfilled? Go ahead.
It beats this sneaking around shit.

BRODIE
What can I say? She doesn't like you.

RENE
You've never even introduced me to her.

BRODIE
(pause)
She wouldn't like you.

RENE
You're retarded. Everyone's mother
likes me.

Rene walks out of the FRAME again, presumably to the bathroom.

BRODIE
Not mine.
(beat)
Hey, I've been meaning to ask you; what
do you do in the bathroom all the time?

RENE (O.S.)
Figure it out.

The toilet flushes. Rene comes back in and sifts through the
clothes on the floor.

BRODIE
No, I mean like before. Like every
morning before you leave here. I never
hear water running, or any particularly
female bathroom noises.

RENE
(stopping and looking
up)
Female bathroom noises?

BRODIE
Like my mom. She emits completely
different bathroom noises than my old
man.

RENE
(resumes sifting)
You're retarded.

BRODIE
What do you do in there?

RENE
You really want to know?

BRODIE
(still playing)
I asked, didn't I? I'm playing the
role of the concerned guy.

RENE

I cry.

BRODIE

(looks up; beat)

You cry.

RENE

I cry.

BRODIE

(beat)

Any particular reason?

RENE

(digging through purse)

I think about people that make decisions that affect our lives... the doctors that make advancements in curing diseases... the engineers who design skyscrapers... that guy who maps out a plane's flight path...

BRODIE

The navigator.

RENE

(pulling out an envelope)

I think about how those people are out there every day, making a difference... Leading big lives... Making their mark. And how they refuse to be intimidated by the tremendous odds of failure they face. And how they only concern themselves with peers and company that apply to their goals and noble causes.

Rene opens the window across from the bed.

BRODIE

(goes back to playing)

Jesus. I'd hate to tell you what I think about in the bathroom.

RENE

I think about all that and I cry...
(tossing envelope on his chest)

...because I have nothing better to do than fuck you.

Brodie looks up, shocked. Rene climbs out the window. Brodie stares, open-mouthed. He opens the envelope and reads it.

BRODIE
 (to open window)
 You're dumping me?!?
 (reading more; again
 addresses open window)
 Is this because I didn't introduce you
 to my mother?

The score SIREN SOUNDS. Brodie looks at the T.V.

The game is over. Detroit is the winner by one. The video
 players skate in victory.

Brodie throws down the letter, still staring at the T.V.

BRODIE
 Shit.

EXT. BRODIE'S HOUSE

T.S. gets out of his mother's station wagon and drags himself
 to the front door.

INT. BRODIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brodie opens the door. T.S. stands there.

BRODIE
 (opening his arms)
 Mon frer! Last time I saw you, you
 were on CNN, taking shots at public
 officials!

Tires SCREECHING to a stop are heard.

EXT. BRODIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Behind T.S.'s car, two news vans idle. The doors slam open and
 REPORTERS with vid-cameras pile out, racing toward the house,
 yelling out questions.

VOICES
 Mister Quint! Mister Quint!... Is it
 true you and your homicidal lover
 planned to kill yourselves once the
 Governor was dead?... Was Catcher In the
 Rye a favorite book?... Were you really
 aiming at K-REL station manager Jared
 Svenning?

T.S. whips his face back at Brodie.

T.S.
 Move!!!

He rushes into the house and the door slams. The Reporters pile against it.

INT. BRODIE'S VAULT

COMICS! Wall-to-wall. Brodie sits down and resumes bagging and boarding his stock. T.S. plops down in a chair.

BRODIE
So you're looking for sanctuary?

T.S.
It's been like this all morning!

BRODIE
Can you blame them after the spectacle you made of yourself? What were you trying to do, anyway? Impress Jodie Foster?

T.S.
I wasn't gunning for the Governor. It was just a stupid misunderstanding.

BRODIE
And now you're crying 'patsy,' thus demonstrating all the key characteristics of the lone nut assassin.

T.S.
(picking up comic)
Do you actually read all of these?

BRODIE
(panicky)
You're bending it! Put it down, for God's sake!
(taking book and laying it gingerly on a pillow)
Here, you wanna molest something...
(throwing envelope at him)
Read that.

T.S.
What's this?

BRODIE
Termination papers. Effective immediately.

T.S.
(reading)
Oh my God. Rene dumped you.

BRODIE
Just now. Can you believe it?

T.S.
How long did you date her?

BRODIE
Since the end of the summer. Never
date a girl you meet in August. --
that's what my grandfather used to tell
me. Or was it 'never date a girl you
meet in a transvestite bar'?

T.S.
Says here that you have no direction. --
No college ambition, no job prospects.

BRODIE
Also says I have no dick, but you'll
notice that follows the financial
question, proving once more what women
really look for.

T.S.
(looking up from letter)
What do you do for money, anyway?

BRODIE
Blood bank, sperm bank, eye bank.

T.S.
(reading)
Wow. She calls you callow in here.

BRODIE
Is that bad?

T.S.
It means frightened, weak-willed.

BRODIE
Shit, that was the only part of the
letter I thought was complimentary.

T.S.
(folding up letter)
You're lucky. I didn't even get a
letter filled with obscure adjectives.

BRODIE
(head snapping up)
Holy shit, Brandi dumped you?! Wait a
second -- aren't you two supposed to go
to Florida or something?

BRODIE

The mall.

T.S.

Oh, I'd prefer ritual suicide. /

BRODIE

Come on. It'll be great. They've got these new cookies at the cookie stand. They're awesome -- you've gotta try them.

T.S.

You think the promise of a cookie is going to lure me into doing something I have zero interest in? What am I -- five years old?

BRODIE

Don't be such a pussy. Just go. Tell you what: we can stop off at Brandi's if it'll make you feel better. You can talk to her; maybe patch this thing up.

A KNOCKING on glass is heard. They look over their shoulders.

A suited MAN raps on the glass, holding aloft a small stack of papers.

MAN

Mister Quint? I'm Fred Silver -- with NBC. The Network would like to buy the rights to your story for a tasteful tele-pic...

Another MAN pops up beside him.

MAN 2

Mister Quint! Tom Drucker with CBS. We'll pay more and get Drew Barrymore to play your girlfriend!

Brodie stares open-mouthed. T.S. shakes his head.

T.S.

We can stop at Brandi's?

Brodie nods, not taking his eyes off O.S. T.S. shakes his head and gets up.

T.S.

Get dressed.

T.S. drops the shade over the chattering men. MUSIC CUE.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

T.S.'s mother's station wagon whips around a corner.

INT. STATION WAGON

T.S. drives. Brodie sips from a Dixie cup and checks the rear view.

T.S.
We lose them?

BRODIE
Not a news van in sight. Man, you
drive just like Steve McQueen.
(looking ahead)
Red light.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The station wagon stops at a light. Other cars also stop.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Brodie opens his door. T.S. looks at him.

BRODIE
I'll be right back.

He gets out, leaving the door open.

EXT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Brodie pulls a squeegee brush from his back pocket and dips it in a puddle. He marches up to another car and starts cleaning the windshield. The PASSENGER looks at him curiously. Brodie finishes and knocks on the passenger's window.

Reluctantly, the passenger hands him a buck. Brodie nods and heads back to the station wagon, squeezing the brush out before he gets in.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

T.S. is mystified. Brodie throws the brush on the floor. They start driving again.

T.S.
I can't even find the words.

BRODIE
 Not bad, huh? I saw these guys doing
 it in the city. It's a fast way to
 make a buck, see?
 (holding up dollar)
 That's a soda, later on.

T.S.
 Are you going to do that at every
 light?

BRODIE
 Depends.

EXT. SVENNING'S HOUSE

A news van is parked in front of the Svenning estate. A female
 REPORTER converses with her CAMERA MAN, smoking.

T.S. (O.S.)
 There goes that idea.

T.S. and Brodie watch from behind a tree.

BRODIE
 Just ignore them and go in.

T.S.
 Are you kidding? They'll have a field
 day with this -- "Mickey and Mallory
 reunite to slay her father in his own
 home."

BRODIE
 Tell you what -- you go 'round the back
 and I'll run interference with the
 fourth estate.

T.S.
 (looking at house)
 You got my back?

BRODIE
 Your back is got.

T.S. exits sneakily. Brodie cracks his knuckles and heads the
 other way.

EXT. AT THE BACK OF BRANDI'S HOUSE - DAY

T.S. emerges from the bushes. He tiptoes toward Brandi's
 bedroom window and raps lightly. The curtains open and Brandi
 looks out at him. She gives him the 'wait right there' gesture
 and darts away.

EXT. BY THE NEWS VAN - DAY

The Reporter smokes with her Camera Man. Brodie joins them.

BRODIE
What's this all about?

REPORTER
I'm Miralda Jotts, from Hard Edition.
We're hoping to get an interview with
Brandi Svenning.

BRODIE
That's the girl who took a shot at the
Governor?

REPORTER
The same. Do you know her?

BRODIE
I should say so. I've lived next door
to her for nineteen years. Even dated
her once. Shit, the stories I could
tell you.

The Reporter perks up, steps on her cigarette, and taps her
Camera Man.

EXT. AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - DAY

T.S. leans against the house. Brandi joins him, looking
around.

BRANDI
(looking down)
I was... I was thinking about calling
you...

T.S.
Has your father calmed down any?

BRANDI
He was fine until he read the article
in today's Press, comparing him to the
father of James Earle Ray.

EXT. BY THE NEWS VAN - DAY

Brodie now speaks into the microphone held by the Reporter. The
Camera Man tapes them.

REPORTER
Satanic ritual?

BRODIE

Oh, all the time. I remember coming over for Christmas one year, and they were celebrating a Black Mass. Her father had sex with a goat right there in the den. In fact, it's him I blame for what happened with her. He perverted her morals from an early age, what with all the neighborhood cats he used to make her strangle.

REPORTER

And nobody ever reported this to the authorities?

BRODIE

Everyone around here's paralyzed by fear. Makes for shitty block parties.

REPORTER

Could we possibly go on to your property and get some footage of their back yard?

BRODIE

Um... I have to admit, I'm afraid to piss them off. If they find out I let you do that, the guy's liable to put a death hex on me.

The Camera Man holds out a hundred dollar bill.

MAN

Would this help?

BRODIE

A hundred bucks!
(grabbing it)
Shit, for a hundred bucks, I'll bring you on their property.

EXT. AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - DAY

T.S. and Brandi talk.

T.S.

You've gotta explain it to him, Brandi. You know it was all an accident.

BRANDI

I know it wasn't planned, but 'accident' is too light a term to describe what happened, T.S.

T.S.
Tall is anything you want; let's just forget about this. We missed Florida, but maybe we can spend this time together -- away from studies, friends, parents. Wouldn't you like to be alone... you know? To talk?

BRANDI
Perhaps.

T.S.
Perhaps?

BRANDI
Perhaps more than talk?

T.S.
(smiling)
Well... yeah. Absolutely. I'm always for active non-talking. Come on. What... do you say we go out tonight for some pizza?

BRANDI
Um.. I can't. I have the game show.

T.S.'s expression drops.

EXT. NEAR THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Brodie leads the Reporter and the Camera Man to a window.

BRODIE
This is Svenning's bedroom. Now I must warn you -- the images you capture of whatever's going on in that room may be ungodly and horrific.

REPORTER
(to Camera Man)
Take a look.

The Camera Man peers through the window with his vid-cam.

INT. SVENNING'S BEDROOM (POV VID-CAM) - DAY

Svenning comes out of the bathroom, soaked, wrapped in a towel. He's doing a little dance and singing a little song.

EXT. BY THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - DAY

T.S. and Brandi fight.

T.S.
I can't believe you're going through
with this!

BRANDI
Come on, T.S., it's no big deal. It's
not like I'm going to sleep with the
guy.

T.S.
You might as well! Jesus, I thought
you had more backbone than that! Why
do you have to do everything he tells
you to?

INT. SVENNING'S BEDROOM (POV VID-CAM) - DAY

Svenning crosses the room and drops his towel, butt to the
camera. He turns to put on a pair of underwear and locks eyes
with the camera.

EXT. BY THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - DAY

T.S. and Brandi fight.

BRANDI
There you go again! Just when you were
making headway, you louse it all up
with this possessive machismo of yours
and bring everything endearing about
you to a screaming halt.

A powerful SCREAM is heard. T.S. and Brandi lock eyes and run
out of FRAME.

EXT. AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Svenning comes tearing out in a towel, heavily pissed. Brodie
takes it all in.

SVENNING
What the... Bruce?! What the fuck are
you people doing on my property?!

REPORTER
(shoving microphone in
his face)
Jared Svenning -- how do you answer
your neighbor's charges of your
practice of Satanic ritual?

SVENNING
(furious)
WHAT?!?!

Just then T.S. and Brandi join them.

BRANDI

Daddy... why are you outside in a towel?

SVENNING

(lunging at T.S.)

Insult to injury! You trash my fiscal year, and now you and your crony and these media vultures in taking naked pictures of me?!?

BRANDI

Daddy, T.S. didn't...

T.S.

Mister Svenning, whatever happened, I assure you...

SVENNING

Get your ass off my property now!

(to Reporter)

Get out of here before I call the cops!

BRODIE

Me too?

SVENNING

NOW!!!

T.S. and Brodie dart off, followed by the Reporter and her still-shooting Camera Man.

SVENNING

(calling after them)

And if I ever catch you around here again. I'm shooting you first and calling the police after you've bled to death!!

The car and van are heard SCREECHING away.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

T.S. drives, furious. Brodie sits quietly.

BRODIE

I don't know what he's so mad about. They'll digitally erase his organ when they air the footage.

T.S.

Goddammit, what's my problem! I was this close to a reconciliation, and I blew up at her! And your theatrics didn't help, either!

BRODIE

Maybe some music'll calm you down.
(starts rifling through
glove compartment)
Do you have any cassettes?

T.S.

Whatever's in there is my mother's.

BRODIE

What's this?
(pulling out tape;
reads)
"Jazzercise?" Your mother has an
aerobics tape in her car? Why?

T.S.

Centimeters! Centimeters away from
smoothing it out, and now it's blown to
hell! And where am I going? To the
fucking mall of all places! As a
matter of fact, I'm dropping you off
and leaving.

BRODIE

The safest place for you to be right
now is at the mall. No press will
think to look for you there. Hide in
plain sight.

T.S.

Just shut up. You've done enough to
further jeopardize my relationship.

BRODIE

You know, did you ever stop to think
that maybe the relationship wasn't that
strong anyway. If something stupid
like getting her shot at could rattle
the infrastructure of a so-called
romance like yours, then maybe it was
tenuous to begin with.

T.S.

Would you close the glove compartment
already?

BRODIE

Maybe it's about time you were rid of
her. Three years is a long time to
date anybody, especially someone as
anal retentive as Brandi.

T.S.

Anal retentive?

BRODIE

Oh, yeah. Remember the grad-night party? I pissed in Bobby's pool and she got all angry at me.

T.S.

She was wading next to you! She felt the warm current all over her legs!

BRODIE

So what's the big deal? We were surrounded by water. Some people are so fragile.

T.S.

So are a woman's sensibilities when it comes to being pissed on.

BRODIE

It wasn't on her, it was near her.

T.S.

Just shut up.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Two words: Grand and Glorious. The parking lot is half full.

INT. MALL - ENTRANCE

T.S. and Brodie step in and pause. Brodie deeply inhales through his nostrils.

BRODIE

Ahhhh! I love the smell of commerce in the morning.

T.S.

(looking at Dixie cup in Brodie's hand)
You're really making that last.

BRODIE

(moving forward)
Waste not, want not.

A DUDE steps briskly from behind them and shoves Brodie as he passes. Some of the soda spills. The Dude looks at Brodie.

DUDE

You want to say something?

BRODIE

About a million things. But I can't express myself monosyllabically enough for you to understand them all.

DUDE
(glaring at Brodie and
shaking his head)
Asshole.

He exits.

BRODIE
Prick.

T.S.
(stunned)
What the hell was that all about?

BRODIE
(licking soda from
finger)
Oh, that's the jerk from Fashionable
Male. It's this upscale-wannabe shop
on the second floor. He's the manager.

T.S.
I thought everyone loved you at this
mall.

BRODIE
There's your one exception. Guy's
always giving me shit. I have no idea
why.

T.S.
Helluva welcome.

BRODIE
Fuck him.
(they start walking)
Where do you want to go first?

T.S.
Back to Brandi's.

BRODIE
Forget that chick, man. She's bargain
basement. Plenty more good product out
there. You've got to shop around for
the best buys. Don't settle on the
first price you see.

T.S.
This is what I need -- you assailing me
with mall metaphors.

BRODIE
I'm the omniscient narrator of your
life, my friend.
(more)

BRODIE Cont'd.
(closing eyes while
walking and talking)
I see what you do, even when I'm not
looking, and I make my comments. See
all, know all.

T.S.
You can't see anything with your eyes
closed. Open them before you hurt
yourself.

BRODIE
Are you kidding? I know this place so
well, I can walk through it
blindfolded. There's not a garbage
can, t-shirt stand, or ceiling fan in
this place that I don't know about.

Brodie blasts his head against a metal bar and falls out of the
FRAME. T.S. kneels beside him.

T.S.
You were saying?

BRODIE
(snapping open his eyes)
Where the fuck did that come from?
What's going on here?

T.S.
Looks like a stage is being erected.

Brodie hops to his feet again and stares, flabbergasted at the
under-construction stage.

BRODIE
What is this monstrosity?

T.S.
Maybe it's for the Easter Bunny
pictures.

BRODIE
(still staring at the
stage)
Impossible. The Easter Bunny court is
down the other end of the mall; been up
since two days after Christmas. I want
answers.
(seeing something O.S.)
And there's a soul who might know
what's up.

Brodie heads off.

INT. MALL - THE POSTER KIOSK

WILLIAM stares at one of those 3-D prints (the ones that reveal a hidden picture if the viewer stares long enough). T.S. and Brodie join him.

BRODIE

William.

William continues to stare.

BRODIE

(poking him)

William.

WILLIAM

(starting)

Hunnhh?

(slowly cognizant)

Brodie, man. What's goin' on?

(looking around)

What, do you work here now?

BRODIE

No, man, I'm shopping with T.S.

WILLIAM

(staring at T.S.)

T.S., I saw you on T.V. I think it was on Baywatch.

BRODIE

CNN, William. And they re-ran it on Good Morning, America.

WILLIAM

Oh, yeah. Didn't you kill the Pope or something?

T.S.

I got a musket tangled in my girlfriend's hair.

WILLIAM

Oh.

He goes back to staring at the picture.

T.S.

What are you doing, William?

WILLIAM

Looking for the hidden picture.

BRODIE
(explaining to T.S.)
If you stare at these things long
enough, you're supposed to see some
kind of hidden three-dimensional
picture.

T.S.
(staring for a beat)
Oh, yeah. Wow; it's a sailboat.

WILLIAM
You saw it too?! Dammit!

BRODIE
What's the matter?

WILLIAM
I've been staring at this thing for a
week now. From opening 'til closing,
and I can't see a goddamn thing.

BRODIE
You've got to relax your eyes.

WILLIAM
Everyone sees this thing except me.
But today's my day. I brought a lunch
and a soda, and I'm not moving until I
see that sailboat everyone keeps
talking about.

T.S.
(pointing O.S.)
William, would you happen to know what
this stage business is all about?

WILLIAM
It's not a stage! I'm going to see if
it I have to go blind trying!

BRODIE
(pointing)
No, man. This stage. Over here.

WILLIAM
(focusing)
Oh, that thing. Yeah, they're having
this game show today in the mall. It's
gonna be on T.V. I think it's called
Match Date or something.

T.S.
Holy shit! That's Brandi's father's
game show!

BRODIE
What is it?

T.S.

It's this really cheesy Dating Game rip-off; it's supposed to be for college kids. Trying to capture that nineties youth market with a staple of seventies television.

BRODIE

Why don't they bring back or remake good shows. Like B.J. and the Bear. Now there's a concept I can't get enough of -- a man and his monkey.

WILLIAM

Would you guys shut up! You're breaking my concentration!

BRODIE

Sorry, William.

WILLIAM

(going back to staring at picture)
Now I've gotta start all over again.

T.S.

Good luck with that thing.

BRODIE

Yeah, man. Remember: relax your eyes.

They head off. William stares. A KID joins him and stares at the picture as well.

KID

(beat)
Wow; a sailboat.

WILLIAM

(glaring at him)
Shut up.

INT. MALL - DAY

Mid-conversation. T.S. shakes his head, walking. Brodie follows him.

BRODIE

Leave?! We just go here!

T.S.

You can stay, but I'm not going to sit around and watch my one true love auctioned off to the highest bidder.

BRODIE

So then let's trash the thing.

T.S.
Are you kidding me? I'm trying to smooth things over with her! The last thing I want to do is piss her father off any more than I already have, thanks to you.

BRODIE
I can get someone to do it for us. We'll be blame-free, and Brandi won't be able to do the show.

T.S.
Oh yeah? Who?

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE PET STORE - DAY

Sleeping kittens in the window suddenly jolt to life, eyes wide in terror.

JAY bangs on the window, waving at them. SILENT BOB holds a cigarette in his open palm, his eyes closed like he's concentrating.

JAY
(to kittens, very affectionately)
Look at the little kitties! Look at the baby kitties!

Jay stares at Silent Bob for a beat.

JAY
(whacking cigarette out of his hand)
Knock it off.

T.S. and Brodie join them.

BRODIE
Look at this guy. Ten bucks says he's trying to figure out which one he's gonna bury up to its neck and run over with a lawn mower.

JAY
Brodie-mon! Nitchy, noinch!
(seeing T.S.)
And holy shit! It's the mother-fucker that strangled the Mayor and held a judge at knife-point!

T.S.
I got a musket tangled in my girlfriend's hair.

BRODIE
Ex-girlfriend.

T.S.
(staring at Silent Bob)
What's he doing?

JAY
Shithead here watched Empire and Jedi
last week and ever since then he's been
trying to do the Jedi Mind Trick.
Thinks he can levitate shit with his
thoughts, the crazy fuck.
(slapping cigarette out
of Silent Bob's hand)
Knock it off!

BRODIE
(to Silent Bob)
Do, or do not. There is no try.

JAY
(pushing Silent Bob)
Don't talk to this bastard. He's got
a heart of fucking stone. Ice-man
won't talk to the kitties. I'm always...
(banging hard on the
glass)
...talking to them and playing with them,
but Silent Bob won't join in. He's a
fucking hard-ass.

BRODIE
Are you guys busy today?

JAY
We're supposed to meet Tricia. She
needs to ask Obi-Wan here something
about her video set-up.

BRODIE
Why him?

JAY
Silent Bob's an electrical genius. He
can set up a car with a kicker box
using a Walkman and two watch
batteries. Motherfucker's like
MacGuyver.
(smacking the cigarette
out of Bob's hand
again)
I said, knock it off!

BRODIE
It's funny you should mention that,
because T.S. and I...

T.S.
Leave me out of this.

BRODIE
..T.S. and I would like to propose a
sort of cloak and digger mission to you --
i.e., sabotage.

JAY
(singing)
YEAHHH, BOOOYYY! LISTEN ALL Y'ALL --
IT'S SABOTAGE!!

BRODIE
Shhhhh. Keep it down.
(in confidence)
You know about this game show thing
they've got going on here today? Well,
we need you to somehow disable the
construction of this stage they're
building.

JAY
Is that it? Shit bitch, we were going
to do that anyway.

BRODIE
Really? Why?

JAY
Nothing better to do. Silent Bob here
stole a schematic of the stage from one
of those carpenters.
(reaching into Bob's
jacket and pulling it
out)
He analyzed it and found a weakness --
just like the fucking Death Star.
Here. This cross bars. He figures if
you pull this out, the whole thing
comes down.

BRODIE
So we can count on you to get the job
done?

JAY
As soon as we figure a way around that
fat-ass security guard they got
watching the stage.

INT. MALL (BY THE STAGE) - DAY

A dumpy SECURITY GUARD paces back and forth. he picks at a
wedgie.

BRODIE (O.S.)
He poses a threat?

JAY (O.S.)
That dirty thing? Shit no! We just
have to outwit him -- X-Men style.

INT. MALL (BY THE PET STORE) - DAY

BRODIE
Like Logan?

JAY
WOLVERINE!!! SNIKT!!!
(throwing clenched fist
in the air)
SNIIIIKKKTTT!!!
(does his makeshift
Wolverine moves)

BRODIE
(to T.S.)
He's imitating Wolverine and his
adamantium claws.

T.S.
I would never have guessed.

BRODIE
You have your mission. Go forth and
wreak havoc.

JAY
(banging the glass
again)
'Bye, kitty-witties!
(to Silent Bob)
Damn, man. Show some heart!

Silent Bob looks at the kittens and casually makes the universal
cat-summoning noise while scratching gingerly on the glass.

JAY
That's better.
(to T.S. and Brodie)
We're on the job.

BRODIE
I have to admit, I'm shocked you didn't
try to dissuade them.

T.S.
I would have if I thought for a second
they could actually pull it off.

BRODIE
Oh ye of little faith. Want a cookie?

INT. MALL - POSTER KIOSK - DAY

William still stares at the 3-D poster. He is joined by a TEACHER and some SMALL CHILDREN.

CHILD 1
(to Teacher)
What's he doing?

TEACHER
(to children)
Well, if you stare at this poster for a few seconds, a hidden picture appears.

CHILDREN
Can we do it? Hunnh? Please, Mrs. Catanzarite?

TEACHER
Alright. Go ahead. But hurry -- the Easter Bunny is waiting.

The Children stare at the picture. William rolls his eyes, waiting for the inevitable.

CHILD 1
Wow! It's a schooner!

WILLIAM
(smugly victorious)
Ha-Ha-Ha! You dumb bastard! It's not a schooner, it's a sailboat!

CHILD 2
(to William)
A schooner is a sailboat, stupid-head!

William turns red and then explodes.

WILLIAM
You know what?! There is no Easter Bunny! Over there? That's just a guy in a suit!

The children stare at him, silently wide-eyed; almost in tears.

INT. MALL - COOKIE STAND - DAY

T.S. and Brodie pay for their cream-filled cookie sandwiches and head for a bench.

T.S.
But they're engaged.

BRODIE
Doesn't matter. It can't happen.

T.S.
Why not? You know it's bound to come up.

BRODIE
It's impossible. Lois could never have Superman's baby. Do you think her fallopian tubes could handle his sperm? I guarantee he blows a load like a shotgun -- right through her back. And what about her womb? Do you think it's strong enough to carry his child?

They sit down and start eating their cookies.

T.S.
Sure, why not?

BRODIE
He's an alien, for Christ's sake. His Kryptonian biological makeup is enhanced by Earth's yellow sun. If Lois gets a tan, the kid could kick through her stomach. Only someone like Wonder Woman has a strong enough uterus to carry his kid. The only way he could bang regular chicks is with a Kryptonite condom, but that would kill him.

T.S.
(looking at cookie)
What is it exactly?

BRODIE
(chewing, thinking)
Viscous sweetness. I can't really say for sure.

T.S.
(chewing)
Tastes like cream.

BRODIE
Yeah, but it's not light enough to be whipped cream, and it's definitely not a parfait or something. I've made some inquiries, but the staff maintains they have no idea. Although they seem like they're being evasive.

T.S.
Sometimes your abundance of free time frightens me.

BRODIE
Elaborate.

T.S.
Who gives a shit about the cookies here? Nobody but you. This preoccupation you have of staying breast with current Food Court trends is disturbing.

BRODIE
The cookie stand is not part of the Food Court.

T.S.
What? Of course it is.

BRODIE
The Food Court is upstairs; the cookie stand is downstairs. Christ, it's not like we're talking quantum physics here.

T.S.
The cookie stand counts as an eatery. Eateries are part of the food court.

BRODIE
Bullshit. The eateries that operate with the designated square upstairs qualify as Food Court. Anything outside of said designated square is considered an autonomous unit for mid-mall snacking.
(throwing out napkin)
I'll be right back.

Brodie hands him the Dixie cup and exits. After a beat, the Teacher from the previous scene ushers her pack of crying children past T.S.

CHILD
(bawling)
He said it was just a man in a suit!

TEACHER
Don't listen to that man! He just said that to be mean!

T.S. watches them pass. Then looks over his shoulder, thinks for a moment, and heads O.S.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

Brodie emerges and wipes his hands on his pants. He looks around, spots something, and immediately charges O.S.

END - CIRCULAR PHONE SET-UP - DAY

T.S. finishes dialing. Brodie joins him.

BRODIE

Who are you calling?

T.S.

Brandi.

BRODIE

You're pitiful! She lets her old man eject you like so much trash from their property and lives, and here you are crawling back, via fiber optics? I can't let you do it. Give me that phone.

END - STRENNING'S HOUSE - DAY

A phone answering machine sits atop an end table or something. It clicks on.

VOICE

Hello. You've reached the home of Jared Strenning and family. If you're requesting an interview with my daughter, forget it! My first-born is not a homicidal maniac.

BEEP.

END - WALL - CIRCULAR PHONE SET-UP - DAY

T.S. struggles to speak into the phone as Brodie wrestles with him for the receiver, going through all sorts of visually humorous maneuvers.

T.S.

Brandi! Brandi, it's T.S.!

(to Brodie)

Would you get the hell off me?!

BRODIE

You've just got the D.T.'s! You're going through withdrawal!

T.S.

(into phone)

Brandi, I'm sorry for what happened today!

BRODIE

(yelling at phone)

He is not! He'd do it again if he had to!

T.S.

Let go!

INT. SVENNING'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone machine's still there, but during the message, a hand reaches into the FRAME and rests on a dial.

BRODIE (O.S.)

I'm trying to help you, man! Show some dignity!

T.S. (O.S.)

(over phone)

Brandi, listen; if you'll just give me ten minutes to talk to you, away from your father and away from this jerk...

The hand turns down the volume. We PAN UP to see Svenning glaring at the machine. Over his shoulder on the upstairs landing we see Brandi enter the FRAME.

BRANDI

(anxiously)

Was that T.S.?

SVENNING

Ricki Lake. Wanted you to come on her show.

Brandi is visibly deflated.

SVENNING

Are you ready? There's a million things I have to do and I don't want to be late.

He opens the front door, checks the knob, and exits. Brandi passes by the answering machine and stops. She looks at it for a beat, then goes to press 'playback.'

SVENNING

(from outside)

Brandi! Let's go!

She hurries out and closes the door.

INT. MALL - DAY

A crudely drawn, makeshift blueprint fills the FRAME. Ala a Wile E. Coyote plan, it shows a Rube Goldberg-like detailed drawing. We follow point A to D with lingering SHOTS, accompanied by SPY MUSIC. Point A is a pile of bird seed on the stage with the words 'bird seed' written above it. A poorly-drawn guard stands next to it; Point B is a heavy sandbag hanging above the pile, a rope attached to it.

The words "heavy sandbag" written above it; Point C is two crudely-drawn pictures of Jay and Silent Bob cutting the ropes that holds the bag, with the word "as" written above; Point D is lower down. A four-part description in pictures and words of what should happen -- the guard looks at the bird seed, puzzled; the sandbag drops on his head; a picture of Jay and Silent Bob knocking out the crucial crossbar; and the collapsed stage, with the cartoon Jay and Silent Bob shaking hands victoriously atop the rubble.

Silent Bob lowers the blueprint and stuffs it into his jacket. He proceeds to creep onto the stage with a series of attempting-to-be-subtle-yet-overtly-conspicuous moves. He draws a box of bird seed from his jacket and pours a small pile on the stage, topping it off with a small sign that reads "Free Bird Seed." Once complete, he darts off, unseen by the circling Security Guard.

ABOVE - Jay stands ready with a small hatchet. Silent Bob joins him and gives the thumbs up. Silent Bob resumes attempting his Jedi Mind Trick with a cigarette, eyes shut. Jay peers over the railing.

BELOW - the Guard notices the pile and the sign. He climbs onstage and examines it.

ABOVE - Jay's eyes light up. He gives the rope a tug, and then flips the hatchet around in his grasp, ready to cut the rope. He winds up with it, whaling Silent Bob (behind him) in the side of the head, which sends him flipping over the railing.

BELOW - Silent Bob lands in a patch of shrubbery below. Some mall-walkers surround him, then look up.

ABOVE - Jay looks over the railing, terrified. He offers a weak wave.

INT. MALL - ESCALATOR

T.S. and Brodie board and lean on opposite sides. Brodie is captivated by something O.S.

BRODIE
(staring O.S.)

Hey.

T.S. looks over. Brodie nods to O.S.

A SMALL BOY sits on the rising step, beside his MOTHER.

T.S. looks back at Brodie.

T.S.
You know him?

BRODIE

I hope his pants get caught and a bloodbath ensues.

T.S.

First you accost me, now you're wishing ill on innocents. What's with you today?

BRODIE

Don't get me wrong. I don't wish the kid harm. But his mother should suffer that horrific ordeal so she'll learn how to manage her child.

T.S.

Kind of a harsh lesson, don't you think?

BRODIE

There's not a year goes by... not a year... when I don't read about some escalator accident involving some bastard kid, that could have been easily avoided had some parent -- I don't care which -- but some parent conditioned him to fear and respect the escalator.

(spotting someone O.S.)

Wow. Look who it is.

TRICIA sits on a bench, marking up her mini calendar. Brodie slaps it out of her hands. She looks up and smiles.

TRICIA

Jerk.

BRODIE

Little Tricia Jones. What's a pretty girl like you doing sitting alone in the middle of this monument to consumerism?

TRICIA

(picking up her calendar)

Updating my calendar and waiting for Jay and Silent Bob. And I suppose you're here with no agenda -- as per usual.

BRODIE

On the contrary -- I'm here for comics. (to T.S.)

T.S. Quint -- Tricia Jones. They call her Trish the Dish.

TRICIA

Nobody calls me that.

BRODIE

Our little Tricia is only fifteen, but she's a senior.

T.S.

How'd you manage that?

Brodie mimes sucking a dick.

TRICIA

Don't listen to him. I studied my ass off.

BRODIE

So, do you want to have sex with T.S. here?

T.S.

Jesus, Brodie!

BRODIE

It's okay. Tricia is compiling data for this book she's writing about the sex drive of men ages fourteen to thirty. It's called Bore-gasm: A Study of the Nineties' Male Sexual Prowess.

(to Tricia)

Tell him about the advance you got.

TRICIA

Random House gave me twenty thousand, based on a treatment and a sample chapter.

T.S.

You're kidding!

BRODIE

It's the truth. She'll be the youngest author to tackle the subject.

(to Tricia)

When are they going to publish it?

TRICIA

After my eighteenth birthday. To avoid the legal and moral entanglements.

BRODIE

So Tricia sleeps with a bunch of guys as research, and she videotapes all of them.

T.S.

You're kidding!

TRICIA

I get everybody's consent before we do it. Most guys get off on it. Men are easily amused.

T.S.

What were you writing in the calendar?

TRICIA

I was coding last night's research.

BRODIE

(to T.S.)

She means sex.

T.S.

I know what she meant.

BRODIE

(looking O.S.)

Hey, that kid's back on the escalator?

T.S. shakes his head and turns to Tricia.

T.S.

How old was last night's subject, if you don't mind me asking?

TRICIA

Twenty-five. It was the guy who runs that store 'Fashionable Male.'

BRODIE

You slept with that asshole? Why?

TRICIA

I needed a twenty-five year-old. He has quite a distaste for you, I might add.

BRODIE

He mentioned me during sex?

TRICIA

Afterwards. He said he wants to kick your ass. I'd steer clear of him if I were you.

BRODIE

Did you videotape him saying that?

TRICIA

No, I shut the camera off after the sex. You should have heard the stuff he wanted to do.

T.S.
(interrupting)
I'm sorry, but this is all a bit much
to handle. Do your parents know?

TRICIA
Of course.

T.S.
That's remarkable.

BRODIE
(still looking O.S.)
That's criminal. Hey, that kid's back
on the escalator.

T.S.
Would you quit obsessing over that?

BRODIE
(looking back)
We've gotta go. Good luck with the
research.

TRICIA
Good luck with the comic book store.
And T.S. -- sorry to hear about you
and Brandi.

T.S. and Brodie walk away.

BRODIE
What does that mean -- good luck with
the comic book store?

T.S.
Did you hear that? How the hell does
that junior Masters and Johnson know
about my break-up?

BRODIE
It's not like she's in an exclusive
club or anything.

T.S.
What do you mean?

BRODIE
Sean Hartle's giving everyone the
inside scoop.

T.S.
(stopping)
What? What's he saying?

BRODIE

You know; how her father was making her do this game show so you couldn't take her to Florida.

They come to a halt.

T.S.

Why the fuck didn't you tell me this before?

BRODIE

(looking O.S.)

Now what the hell is this shit?

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE THE COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

A common feeder line files a crowd of people outside the store. A sign reads:

APPROXIMATE HOUR WAIT FROM THIS POINT, SPII

T.S. and Brodie read the sign.

BRODIE

(in a panic)

One hour for what?!

(to FAN in line)

What's going on here?

FAN

What do you live in, a fucking cave?
The Man is here.

The line moves, relocating the Fan.

T.S.

How'd Sean find this out?

Brodie jumps up and down, attempting to look over the crowd.

BRODIE

He's interning at K-REL, and he said he heard Svenning barking at his wife over the phone about it. Apparently he had a feeling you were going to pop the question.

(aloud to himself)

Who the fuck is 'the Man'?

T.S.

How could you not tell me this?!

BRODIE

If you're going to bug me about it for the rest of the day, I'll go home.

T.S.
You dragged me here!

BRODIE
You needed this.
(looking over heads)
Who the fuck is in there?

An EMPLOYEE wanders by.

T.S.
(furious)
God, I hate that guy!

BRODIE
(to Employee)
Hey, what the hell's going on?

EMPLOYEE
I was warned about you. Take it easy
before I have you removed from the
mall.

BRODIE
Warned?! What the fuck are you talking
about?

FAN (O.S.)
Tell him, Dave!

BRODIE
(to O.S. Fan)
Fuck you, Fan-Boy!

T.S.
Can you two testosterone-seething, he-
man comic book fans finish up with this
display of tough guy back-and-forth?
I have some questions that need
answering.

BRODIE
Who's in there?

EMPLOYEE
You gotta ask me nicely.

BRODIE
Fuck this.

He lunges at the Employee.

T.S.
(jumping in the middle)
Jesus Christ!

The Employee pulls a whistle out and BLOWS IT loudly. A MALL
SECURITY MAN descends on the scene and grabs Brodie.

BRODIE
 (wild-eyed)
 You fuckers think that just because a
 guy reads comics that he can't start
 some shit?! Come on! I'll take you
 all on!

A SHRIEK is heard from O.S. Everyone looks in its general
 direction.

VOICE (O.S.)
 OH MY GOD!!! THERE'S A LITTLE BOY
 CAUGHT IN THE ESCALATOR!!!

The Mall Security Man releases Brodie and rushes off toward the
 O.S. clamor.

FAN (O.S.)
 Come back and arrest this fucking goon!

BRODIE
 (to O.S. fan)
 You're fucking next!

T.S.
 (pulling Brodie away)
 Come on, Brodie!

BRODIE
 (struggling)
 Not until I find out why I can't get my
 comics!

T.S.
 (to a GUY in the line)
 Excuse me...

GUY
 (cowering with his hands
 up)
 Don't hit me!

T.S.
 Why is there a line?

GUY
 Stan Lee is signing comics.

BRODIE
 (suddenly wide-eyed and
 passive)
 Stan Lee?

INT. BALL - ABOVE THE STAGE - DAY

THE SPY MUSIC kicks in. Another Wile E. Coyote-like blueprint falls the FRAME. Points A, B, and C are crudely illustrated: Point A is Silent Bob -- rope around his belly and drawn off the ground -- standing atop the railing in a diving position, with the words 'Silent Bob' adjacent. Point B shows Silent Bob swinging over the unaware Guard's head, labeled as 'swings above guard unnoticed.' Point C shows Silent Bob knocking out the crossbar, labeled 'knocks out crossbar, stage comes down.'

Jay lowers the blueprint and gives the slightly bandaged Silent Bob the thumbs-up. Silent Bob stands atop the railing, a rope tied around his waist. The rope is secured to the ceiling. He gives Jay the thumbs-up in return and fastens a pair of goggles over his eyes. He inhales deeply and -- to a DRUM ROLL -- leaps off the railing. Jay clutches the railing, watching.

BELOW - Silent Bob soars through the air.

The Guard reads a magazine. Silent Bob whips past overhead. The Guard's toupe lifts slightly in the breeze.

STILENT BOB'S POV - THE CROSSBAR. It gets closer and closer.

Silent Bob soars past the covered crossbar, too high above it.

He looks back at it -- Wile E. Coyote style -- then looks and reacts.

STILENT BOB'S POV - a wall rushes at us, bearing the name of some clothing store.

INT. CHANGING ROOM OF CLOTHING STORE

A WOMAN pulls off her shirt. She reaches -- bare-chested -- for the shirt she's going to try on, which hangs from the wall. Suddenly, Silent Bob's head comes crashing through the wall.

The woman stares, wide-eyed and shocked.

Silent Bob surveys the woman, and his head drops as he passes out.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

BRODIE

Stan Lee! How does something as big as
Stan Lee coming to my mall slip by me?
The Name amongst names! There's a
million questions I'd love to ask him!

T.S.

Her father! I knew the game show thing was just a beard for an attempt at breaking us up. Why can't he keep his nose out of our business and just let us follow through with our plans?

BRODIE

You know, that's what I don't get -- why the hell do you want to get married while you're still in college?

T.S.

I was just going to propose. The wedding wouldn't be till after we graduated.

BRODIE

Even so. Why get engaged? You're young, for God's sake! A place like college -- all that leg around campus -- you should be sowing your wild oats.

T.S.

You don't spend the big bucks on a higher education just to rack up notches on your bed-post, Brodie. The validity of college lies in obtaining a degree.

BRODIE

The idea of sex without worrying about waking up your parents makes college valid for me.

(looking O.S.)

Now where the hell are these two going in such a hurry?

Jay and the further-bandaged Silent Bob rush into FRAME and dive behind Brodie and T.S. The Security Guard speeds into and out of the FRAME in hot pursuit. Jay pops his head up.

JAY

He gone?

BRODIE

Halfway to Kaybee by now.

The pair come out of their hiding spots. Silent Bob leans on Jay for support.

T.S.

What the hell happened to him?

JAY
(plopping down in chair:
Bringing down the stage has been harder
than we thought it would be. Then we
almost got busted.

BRODIE
Jay -- what are your thoughts on
college?

JAY
Tons of pussy, and you don't have to
hump with your pants around your ankles
because the chick's parents might come
home at any second.

BRODIE
(to T.S.)
I rest my case.

T.S.
Spoken like a true scholar.

Something O.S. catches T.S.'s attention.

T.S.
Hey, isn't that Rene?

INT. MALL - DAY
Rene is walking with the Jude (who showed Brodie earlier --
remember?). They're hand-in-hand as they look into store
windows, apparently enthralled with each other.

BRODIE (O.S.)
Oh my God.

INT. FOOD COURT
Brodie, T.S., and Jay are transfixed on the O.S. pair.

T.S.
And that guy with her -- he's...

BRODIE
The asshole from Fashionable Male?
Yes.

INT. MALL - DAY
Rene and the Jude approach the elevator.
T.S. (O.S.)
She ever mention him before?

INT. FOOD COURT

The men stare at the O.S. horror.

BRODIE

Not a word. No wonder he hates me.

(quietly)

Wait a second. They're by the elevators.

(in charge)

T.S., I need you to run interference with the lug. Make some small talk with him or something.

T.S.

I've never made small talk before in my life.

BRODIE

(collected; transfixed on O.S.; in charge)

Just talk about his store and ask about Spring Clearance. Mister Hooper -- watch my cup.

Brodie hands Jay his Dixie cup and exits, followed by T.S. Jay looks at Silent Bob. Silent Bob shrugs. Jay spots something over Silent Bob's shoulder and reacts.

JAY

Shit! 'Bye!

Jay darts away. Silent Bob glances behind himself, freaks, and runs O.S. The Security Guard chases after him.

INT. MALL - IN FRONT OF THE ELEVATOR - DAY

The Dude straightens Rene's jacket. She half-smiles at him, then turns away, gazing off in another direction. He presses the elevator button again, just as T.S. steps up -- his back to Rene. T.S. is face-to-face with the Dude. The Dude looks at him.

T.S.

(pregnant pause)

You work in Fashionable Male, don't you?

DUDE

So?

T.S. stalls and looks O.S.

Brodie peers out from behind a bush. He waves T.S. on.

T.S. stumbles forward with the makeshift conversation.

T.S.
That's all... that's a great store you run there.

DUDE
Hey -- if you don't mind, I'm trying to spend my lunch hour with my lady-friend here.

The elevator BINGS.

Brodie hears the ding, and makes his move. He runs T.S.

T.S. (O.S.)
Oh... Is that your girlfriend?

DUDE (O.S.)
Look. If you don't stop gawking at me, and get the hell out of here, I'm going to kick your ass.

T.S. and the Dude continue their chat.

T.S.
Hey, man -- didn't you ever hear the phrase "the customer's always right"?

The elevator doors open. Rene turns, about to summon the Dude, but before she can, Brodie whips in, grabbing her arm and dragging her into the elevator. He slams the button inside, and the doors slowly close. The Dude continues with T.S.

DUDE
I'll let you in on a little secret.
(pulls him close, as if
to whisper)
The customer's always an asshole.

He slaps T.S. on the back condescendingly. He turns to where Rene was and reacts to her disappearance.

INT. ELEVATOR

Brodie pulls the Stop button and the elevator jolts to a halt.

RENE
Didn't I dump your ass this morning?

BRODIE
What the hell gives with the cover-boy?

RENE
None of your damn business, but he'll probably kick your ass if he knows what you just pulled.

BRODIE

Are you insane? The guy looks like a date rapist!

(pause)

Is that my jacket?

RENE

Brodie, start the elevator.

BRODIE

Not until you tell me what the situation is with you and the Sperminator out there. How long has this been going on?

RENE

Since I finally mustered the good sense to send you packing. He's a much more suitable companion than you any day.

BRODIE

Are you nuts? That guy's pure testosterone! He's a walking hard-on, just looking for a hole.

RENE

I'm in need of testosterone, after a year of baby-sitting you and your comic book collection; I forgot what real men were like.

BRODIE

What are you talking about? I'm as much man as he is.

RENE

Shannon has already taken me to lunch at the Cheese Haus, picked up tickets to the opera for tonight, and brought me shopping to stores I want to shop in.

BRODIE

I took you shopping every weekend!

RENE

You took me while you went shopping, you jerk. Do you think I care what rat-hole store in that shit-pit you call the Dirt Mall has the latest Godzilla bootleg? Do you call having pizza in the same dive pizzeria every night 'eating out'? Do I give a shit what two major comic labels are crossing-over characters, selling two editions of the book with varied-ink chromium covers? I'm a girl, dammit!

(more)

RENE (Cont d):
I want to do girly things like buy
underwear, fix up someone's hair, and
get phone calls expressing romantic
sentiments!

BRODIE
I call you all the time!

RENE
(air phone to ear)
"Rene, my mom's asleep. Come over."
(slams down air phone)
That's romantic? When was the last
time you told me I looked beautiful, or
pulled out my chair?

BRODIE
And this guy does all this? In the
span of a day?

RENE
This guy already introduced me to his
mother.

BRODIE
(impressed)
Really?

RENE
He was up and at work by nine o'clock
this morning. Unlike my EX-boyfriend,
who sleeps 'til one because he spends
all night playing Sega and watching
videos. Which, by the way, has an
enormous effect on your libido.

BRODIE
Now you attack my libido?

RENE
There's no libido to attack!

BRODIE
(flabbergasted)
No libido to...!
(grabbing her)
Come here!

In a fit of passion, they make-out, slowly descending to the
floor.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - DAY

Shannon (originally the Dude) presses the button again. A small
crowd surrounds him and T.S.

SHANNON
(to T.S.)
You sure you saw her get on?

T.S.
Maybe she was getting off.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Brodie and Rene are doing just that.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR - DAY

The crowd grows larger still.

SHANNON
(looking at T.S.)
You know -- you look familiar.

T.S.
Can't be. I'm never at the mall much.

SHANNON
No... it's not from the mall...
(snapping his fingers)
You're the guy on the news that
kidnaped the President's daughter and
threw her off a roof!

The crowd steps back slowly. T.S. shakes his head and locks eyes with a woman in the crowd.

T.S.
I got a musket tangled in my
girlfriend's hair, for Christ's sake!

INT. ELEVATOR

Rene fixes herself. Brodie sits on the floor, exhausted. Rene restarts the elevator.

BRODIE
There. That was passionate. Romantic.

RENE
No, Brodie. That was too little, too late.

BRODIE
Too little?
(looking down, then back up)
You said it was a good size.

RENE

The effort, you retard. The effort was too little, too late. But now that you mention it, when a girl says it's a good size, it's a nice way of saying it's small.

The doors open. Brodie gets up to follow Rene, but sees Shannon standing outside the doors. His eyes bug. He reaches out and grabs T.S. by the shoulders, pulling him in, just as Shannon sees first Rene, then Brodie. The doors close, with Shannon reacting too late, with Shannon just missing them.

INT. HALL - OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR - DAY

Rene gulls the pounding Shannon away from the elevator doors.

SHANNON

I'll kill that son-of-a-bitch!

RENE

It's okay, Shannon. He just wanted to give me something he forgot to give me a long time ago. You can forget him now. He's harmless.

SHANNON

(shooting her an incredulous glance)

Come on. I have to get back to the store.

He exits.

Rene moves to follow. She pauses briefly to look at the elevator door with a touch of melancholy. Then she exits.

INT. HALL - A HALLWAY NEAR ENTRANCE DOORS - DAY

T.S. and Brodie round the corner, breathless. T.S. pants while Brodie peeks around the corner.

T.S.

Right there?! In the elevator?!

BRODIE

I don't know what came over me. She challenged my libido. I felt obligated to defend myself against her accusations.

T.S.

Oh, it's not like you still wanted her or anything.

BRODIE
Not in the least. I'm over her.

T.S.
(staring at him)
Holy shit. You sincerely love that girl.

BRODIE
You're clueless.

T.S.
No. No, I'm right. I've never noticed it before, but she really fuels your engine. You have a glow.

BRODIE
I don't have a glow.

T.S.
You do. You're glowing.

BRODIE
If I have any kind of glow, it's because I just got laid. I'd look the same if I'd just banged anyone in that elevator, present company excluded.

T.S.
Deny it all you want, but you're just too proud to admit that you want her back.

BRODIE
I suddenly want something very bad to happen to you.

Hands land on T.S.'s shoulders. Instinctively, he throws his elbow back, and turns to defend himself.

GWEN is doubled over, holding her stomach. T.S.'s eyes bug. He puts his hand on her back for support.

T.S.
Oh Jesus! Gwen, I'm sorry, I didn't...

Gwen -- fists clenched together -- delivers a double uppercut to T.S.'s crotch. T.S. doubles over, breathless.

BRODIE
(all smiles)
See? This is what you get for fucking with me. Hi, Gwen! He didn't really mean to hit you.

Gwen leans on Brodie. T.S. leans against the wall.

GWEN
My favorite friend of my ex-boyfriend.
Look at you; you're glowing.

BRODIE
I am not.
(to T.S.)
Look, T.S. It's the girl you dated
before Brandi!

T.S. Looks up wordlessly. He's kind of in pain.

GWEN
Hello, lover. I saw the news. You
were quite deranged.
(to Brodie)
Get this: I was trying on stuff in a
changing room and some pervert wanted
to see me naked so badly he busted his
head through the wall.

BRODIE
I usually just get in the next stall
and peek over.
(pointing at T.S.)
Brandi dumped him.

T.S.
(still queasy)
Would you stop saying that?

GWEN
I know. I heard.

T.S.
You heard? How?!

GWEN
(rapidly)
Brandi told me. I ran into her a few
minutes ago.

T.S.
(pause)
Wait a second. Where?

GWEN
By the stage.

T.S. bolts out of the FRAME, leaving Gwen and Brodie.

BRODIE
(conversationally)
So when the guy saw you, were your
nipples hard?

INT. MALL - BY THE STAGE

Svenning has his jacket off. He shouts at an O.S. STAGE-HAND.

SVENNING

Is it at all possible for you to finish that one bracket before we start taping?! Or are you trying to get on camera? Is that it?! We'll go on with the show and you can stay right where you are, wrenching that thing into place.

T.S. stands behind Svenning. Svenning turns around, sees T.S. and startles.

SVENNING

Quint, you no-account career-wrecker! Didn't you pass out of my life forever?
(starts moving, followed closely by T.S.)

I thought after this morning's thwarted attempt at a reconciliation with my daughter, you'd give up the ghost.

T.S.

Where is she?

SVENNING

You're out of her life now, thank God. Stay out of her business. And mine.

T.S.

You made her dump me, and now you're going to auction her off in an effort to further your career!

SVENNING

Not that it's any of your concern, but Brandi volunteered to be involved with Match Date to help me out of jam -- like any good daughter would.

T.S.

So you admit that you're behind our break-up?

SVENNING

Admit it? I'm as proud of it as I am of this game show! Now be a good little idiot and leave me alone so I can do my job.

(to O.S.)

Guard.

Another MALL SECURITY MAN joins them.

SVENNING

See that this refuse comes nowhere near my set. If he resists, you have my permission to club him with your walkie-talkie, or whatever meager artillery you carry.

T.S.

(exiting)
You can't do this!

SVENNING

As melodramatic as it sounds, I already have.

The Mall Security Man and T.S. exit. Svenning looks back at the C.S. Grip.

SVENNING

For Christ's sake, will you hurry up!

INT. MALL - LINGERIE STORE - DAY

An extremely skimpy pair of panties fill the FRAME. They are lowered, revealing a transfixed Brodie.

BRODIE

I wonder if my mother ever wore a pair like this.

INT. MALL - BY THE RACK - DAY

Gwen sifts through a rack of panties. T.S. sits on the floor, leaning against the wall.

GWEN

(holding up a pair)
Do you like these?

T.S.

(not even looking)
Very sexy.

GWEN

That sounded convincing.

T.S.

I'm preoccupied.

GWEN

T.S., she told you she's just doing it as a favor to her father.

T.S.

Regardless.

GWEN

It's not like she'll fuck the guy on Public Access.

T.S.

She might as well.

GWEN

You're over-reacting again. That's why your relationships fail -- certainly why ours did. You got bent out of shape the same way over that costume party, when we were in high school.

T.S.

You got drunk and screwed Rick Derris on the pool table! With everyone watching no less.

GWEN

It was a costume party, T.S. Nobody could tell it was me. Besides -- who else but you remembers shit like that?

BRODIE

(popping in wearing some underwear)

I would've been a sexy chick. Well, I don't know about sexy, but I really would have known how to wear underwear.

GWEN

Brodie, do you remember the costume party?

BRODIE

The one where you banged Rick Derris on the pool table?

T.S.

(to Gwen)

Nobody remembers shit like that?

GWEN

How is it that you recall the most trivial evens?

BRODIE

I'll never forget it. It was the only time I ever saw Darth Vader fuck a gorilla. How much longer are we going to be in here? I'm starting to get hard.

GWEN

Tell me about the Rene break-up.

BRODIE

Oh, I threw her away like a parking ticket.

T.S.

Pah!

GWEN

Don't front, Brodie. I talked to Rene's cousin this morning. It was vice versa.

T.S.

They certainly aren't acting broken-up. Ask him about the elevator.

They approach the counter. The SALESLADY starts ringing up Gwen's purchases.

GWEN

What about the elevator?

BRODIE

It goes up and down.

GWEN

Rene seems so coarse. What was it like to date her anyway?

BRODIE

Have you ever slept with somebody?

GWEN

Of course.

BRODIE

I mean really slept with someone... not just fucked them on a gaming table.

T.S.

(nostalgic)

We slept together when we went on the ski trip.

GWEN

That was you?

(to Brodie)

I have slept beside many people, Brodie.

BRODIE

(using T.S. as a model)

You know how when someone lays with their back to you, and you lay behind them, really close, and you throw one arm over them?

55

T.S.
It's called spooning.

BRODIE
But you have to put that other arm somewhere, and usually it's in this awkward type of position. You can either lay on it, or hang it in the lifeless, uncomfortable fashion between your bodies. The only other option is to stretch it above your head. But my arm pops out of the socket when I'm sleeping if it's in that position. So I was constantly searching for someplace to keep my arm, and lay close to her at the same time.

Gwen and T.S. stare at him for beat, waiting for more.

GWEN
(expectantly)
And...?

BRODIE
(taking off underwear)
Well that's kind of like a metaphor for our whole relationship.
(looking into Dixie cup)
I'm all out. I'll meet you at the Food Court.

Brodie exits. T.S. and Gwen stare after him. A SNIFFLE is heard, and the two turn to see the Saleslady in tears. She manages an embarrassed smile.

SALESLADY
I know exactly how he feels.
(biting her lip)
Excuse me..

She rushes off, crying.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT

Brodie saunters up to the counter of a fast food joint and offers the ATTENDANT his Dixie cup.

BRODIE
(to Attendant)
Fill this with Pepsi. And no ice.

He taps the counter playfully. Out of nowhere, Shannon steps up and stands beside him. Brodie slowly stops tapping as he notices his new company.

BRODIE
Want a sip of my soda?

Shannon slams both his meathooks onto Brodie's shoulder and heaves him out of the FRAME.

INT. MALL - SIDE HALLWAY

The door kicks open and Brodie sails into a wall, he follows and slams the door behind them. They are in a back access hallway, behind the stores. Shannon removes his coat and punches Brodie in the gut.

SHANNON

The smart-ass ex-boyfriend.
(punching him again)
Do you know who I am?

BRODIE

(weakly)
A deeply resentful retail manager?

SHANNON

Rene is with me now; you got that? So don't be sniffing around her anymore, like you tried to do with that elevator shit.
(punching his stomach again)

BRODIE

I'd call it more than sniffing...

SHANNON

What was that?!

BRODIE

My neck -- I think it's stiffening from this little workout of yours.

SHANNON

I've got two more things to tell you. One -- I don't like you. I see you every week in this mall. I don't like shiftless layabouts. You're one of those fucking mallrats; you don't come to the mall to shop or work. You hang out and act like you fucking live here. Well, I have no respect for people with no shopping agendas.

BRODIE

Is this what's known as motivated salesmanship?

SHANNON

(punching him again)
Rene told me to leave you alone, but she's fucking clueless.
(more)

SHANNON (Cont'd)

The newly single always feel a bit protective of the ex-boyfriend.

BRODIE

If this is her idea of protective, I'd hate to have her mad at me.

SHANNON

(punching him yet again)

You see, Bruce -- I like to pick up girls on the rebound from a disappointing relationship. They're much more in need of solace, and they're fairly open to suggestion. And I use that to fuck them someplace very unpleasant.

BRODIE

What, like a dumpster?

SHANNON

No, like somewhere girls dread.

Suddenly realizing what he's talking about, Brodie goes wide-eyed. He valiantly tries to take a swing at Shannon. He misses, and Shannon slams him hard.

SHANNON

Is it because it's a challenge? Is it because it's taboo? Is it because I like to have them differently than they've ever been had before? I don't know.

BRODIE

This sounds like a discussion much more suited to an extended professional counseling session. I'll go get a therapist for you...

Brodie moves to leave but is halted by a kick to the stomach. He collapses to the ground.

SHANNON

The only one going to be needing a doctor here is yourself, my friend. Now my suggestion to you is to forget you ever dated Rene. Until I get what it is I'm looking for in this latest dalliance, I better not see you within ten city blocks of her -- or I will really do some damage, smart-ass.

(lifting Brodie's chin)

Are we clear?

BRODIE

(weakly)

Rene who?

SHANNON

Not bad. You're learning.

(pulling on his coat)

I'm glad we had this little chat. I'll remember it when I'm fucking your girlfriend.

(patting him on head and turning to leave, but stops)

Oh, my store's having a sale next weekend. Come by and I'll give you a nice deal on a suit.

He brushes himself off and heads back through the door. Brodie lays on the ground, breathing heavily.

INT. MALL - MAIN LEVEL

Gwen and T.S. are walking and talking. Gwen swings her shopping bag.

T.S.

Did we ever get along?

GWEN

Once or twice.

T.S.

Then how come we dated as long as we did?

GWEN

You had cable. When my parents got cable, w broke up. So are you going to stay for the show?

T.S.

Absolutely not. As soon as he comes back, we're leaving.

GWEN

Where's your sense of chivalry, T.S. Quint?

(looking O.S.)

Is that Brodie?

Brodie sits on the ground beside a water fountain. Jay and Silent Bob listen to his tale. Brodie holds a rag to his nose.

JAY

You're fucking kidding! The Easter Bunny did that?!

BRODIE

Can you believe it? All I said was that the Easter Bunny at the Menlo Park Mall was more convincing, and he just jumped the railing and knocked me down.

JAY

He's fucking dead.

BRODIE

Ah, let it go. He's under a lot of pressure.

T.S. and Gwen join them. They're taken aback by Brodie's condition.

T.S.

What the hell happened to you?!

JAY

The guy in the Easter Bunny suit kicked his ass.

BRODIE

I had it coming.

JAY

Fuck that. We'll see you guys later.
(to Silent Bob)
Come on, Silent Bob.

They storm off angrily.

T.S.

What really happened?

BRODIE

The proprietor of 'Fashionable Male' beat a raincheck into my stomach.

GWEN

Shannon Hamilton?

T.S.

You know that guy?

GWEN

I went out with him after we dated. He tried to screw me somewhere very unpleasant once.

T.S.

What, like a dumpster?

BRODIE

Sounds like his M.O.

GWEN
Can you get up?
(helping him)

BRODIE
Am I still glowing?

T.S.
(also helping)
You're barely breathing. Was Rene
involved?

BRODIE
No, this was an independent act of
aggression. He told me that his
intentions are to penetrate my ex-
girlfriend in that most notorious of
body cavities.

GWEN
Sounds just like him.

T.S.
You've gotta tell Rene!

BRODIE
Ah, let him do whatever the hell he
wants. If she's not smart enough to
see him for what he is, then she
deserves the discomfort. I, on the
other hand, have had just about all the
discomfort I can stand for one day.

GWEN
Oh shit, I'm late! I've gotta go.

T.S.
You're just going to leave us, with him
in his condition?

GWEN
I've gotta split.
(to Brodie)
Will you be okay, Brodie?

BRODIE
Couple pins in the hip, I'll be good as
new.

GWEN
(kissing him)
That's my boy. 'Bye, guys. Be good.

She leaves.

BRODIE
Women. Always leaving you when you've
just had the crap kicked out of you.

T.S.
 You going to be alright? I've gotta
 hit the bathroom.

BRODIE
 Please... don't say 'hit.'

INT. MALL - THE EASTER BUNNY CHAIR - DAY

The EASTER BUNNY talks to a small GIRL on his lap. A line of
 children wait for their turn.

BUNNY
 Okay. Look for that candy tomorrow.
 And be good.

GIRL
 'Bye-bye, Easter Bunny.

Jay and Silent Bob push through the mothers and children in line
 and head straight to the Bunny as the little girl jumps off his
 lap. Silent Bob picks up the girl and places her to the side.

BUNNY
 (to Jay)
 You have to wait in line, guys.

JAY
 This is for Brodie!

Jay gut-punches the Bunny. Silent Bob puts the Bunny in a full-
 nelson. Jay starts punching him. The children begin to assail
 Jay and Silent Bob.

INT. MALL - BACKSTAGE PREP ROOM - DAY

Brandi removes some clothes from a garment bag and hangs them
 up. The tarp that encloses these quarters lifts slightly from
 the side. Gwen enters.

GWEN
 He's here.

BRANDI
 What?!

GWEN
 Him and Brodie. Don't sweat it though.
 He's leaving.

BRANDI
 (a little disappointed)
 Oh.

GWEN

He seems really broken up over this whole thing.

BRANDI

(resuming hanging clothes)

Maybe because we're really broken up for good this time.

GWEN

You know, I remember when T.S. and I broke up. I was okay with it until he started dating you.

BRANDI

A little jealousy residue?

GWEN

I thought so at first. But then I realized it was more than that. When I saw how he was with you, and how well you two complemented each other, it hit me that T.S. was a really great catch.

BRANDI

But you were always cheating on him.

GWEN

Capricious youth. Doesn't mean I wasn't regretful about it.

(beat)

Hey -- I'm not going to cram some deep insight down your throat regarding your love life. But the really good guys are few and far between. In fact, I haven't met one since T.S. And even if I do meet one, I guarantee I'll use T.S. as the basis for comparison.

BRANDI

(in denial)

Well you can have him, if you want him.

GWEN

Believe me, I might consider trying... if he wasn't so hung up on you.

Brandi's attention snaps to Gwen. Gwen shrugs.

GWEN

I've gotta get home. Have a good show, Brandi.

Gwen exits. Brandi watches her go and sighs.

INT. MALL - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY

Brodie leans outside the bathroom door, holding his Dixie cup and eating chocolate-covered pretzels. T.S. emerges, tucking in his shirt. Immediately, they start walking.

BRODIE
(offering him bag)
Chocolate-covered pretzel?

T.S. takes the bag.

BRODIE
I just saw Svenning by the stage area.

T.S.
Think I should try to talk to him again?
(eating a pretzel)
These are melting.

BRODIE
Don't be such a critic.

T.S.
Maybe he's calmed down enough for me to reason with him.

BRODIE
Reason, shmeason. You should go give him shit.

T.S.
Are you kidding? I'm trying to marry his daughter.

BRODIE
Alright, so you can't scream at him. What are you going to do instead?

T.S.
Kow-tow. Be a total sycophant. It sickens me, but I have to win him over if I expect to get her back.

BRODIE
There's a way you can kow-tow, yet still spit in his face, so to speak.

T.S.
How's that?

BRODIE
You stink palm him.

T.S.
Stink palm?

BRODIE

Take your hand, and stick it in your
ass... like this.

(shoving hand down back
of pants)

You've been walking all day, and you're
also nervous -- so you'll no doubt be
sweaty as hell.

T.S.

You should see yourself right now -- a
grown man with his hand down his pants.

BRODIE

I probably look like my father.

(pulling hand out of
pants)

There. Now, you shake hands with the
guy.

(extending hand to T.S.)

"Hey, Mister Svenning. How've you
been?"

T.S.

(refusing hand)

What's the point?

BRODIE

You know how long it takes for that
smell to come off? Scrub all you like;
it'll stick around for at least two
days. And how does he explain it to
his colleagues and family? They'll
think he doesn't know how to wipe
properly.

T.S.

Meanwhile you yourself are left with a
hand that smells like shit.

BRODIE

Small price to pay for the smiting of
one's enemies.

T.S.

I'm not crazy about the guy, but I
don't hate him that much.

(looking O.S.)

Oh shit, there he is now.

(to Brodie)

I should do this alone. You do
understand, right?

BRODIE

Of course.

T.S.
 (handing him bag)
 Stay here.

T.S. walks briskly away. Brodie pulls a pretzel out of the bag with his teeth and chews contemplatively. He sniffs his hand, gets an idea, and then exits.

Svenning talks with two NETWORK EXECS.

SVENNING
 I assure you, tonight's program will go off without a hitch.

EXEC 1
 I sincerely hope so, for your sake, Jared. It took a whole lot of convincing to get Bentley here to show after that business the other night.

EXEC 2
 If there's anything even remotely resembling that kind of trouble, you can prepare to be busy six nights a week hosting the Lotto drawing on Public Access for the rest of your career.

SVENNING
 (nervous twitter)
 Oh... yes, well... I can assure you everything's under control here.

A loud CRASH is heard. The Execs shake their heads and walk off. T.S. enters.

SVENNING
 (to O.S. Execs)
 Nothing to worry about. Just a sound test. I'll see you back here around show time.

T.S.
 Mister Svenning. I was wondering if I might have a word with you.

SVENNING
 (glaring)
 You're still here? I thought you'd be gone already, trying to kill someone else.

T.S.
 Just a few minutes of your time.

--

SVENNING
to an Assistant)
If he's still here in five minutes,
have him arrested. And make sure
whatever that cretin dropped isn't
broken.

The Assistant nods and heads O.S. Svenning starts checking the stage area, with T.S. following.

SVENNING
Talk fast.

T.S.
I know you were caught up in the moment
the other night, but I figured the
benefit of hindsight would clear up
this misunderstanding.

SVENNING
Quint, how can I make this simple
enough for you to understand? There
was no misunderstanding. You cost me
a grant that would have enabled me to
make the leap into syndication-viable
programming. Now I'm forced to peddle
this show to the network and beg for a
job. You jeopardized my career, now
I'm ruining your love-life.

T.S.
(the show-stopper)
I'm going to ask your daughter to marry
me.

SVENNING
(stopping dead; slowly
turns)
Quint, I accept the fact that you've no
doubt fucked my daughter. You two were
dating long enough for you to slime
your way into her panties, and I'm sure
you probably penetrated her once or
twice in my house, while I was home.
I can accept this for two reasons: one,
we all make mistakes, and fucking you
is one of Brandi's only errors in an
otherwise flawless career; and two,
because you couldn't have been very
good -- she did not, after all, balk at
my insistence to drop you. And believe
me, she'd have fought me tooth-and-nail
if you were any good in bed. Women are
like that, son. I can accept all this,
not happily, but understandingly.
(more)

INT. DIRT MALL - THE BOOTLEG KIOSK

Brodie smiles, ear-to-ear, purchasing a tape. T.S. regards all that surrounds him with distaste.

T.S.
I never could figure out what you saw
in this place.

BRODIE
Good buys, great people, earthy aromas.
(to someone O.S.)
Hey, Walt!

VOICE (O.S.)
Brodie!

BRODIE
(to T.S.)
They know me here.

Handing money to VENDOR.

T.S.
I wouldn't be too proud of that.

BRODIE
(regarding nearby pile
of tapes)
What are all of these?

PROPRIETOR
Copies of the coverage of that guy who
opened fire on the Senate and iced the
Governor. They're selling like crazy.

BRODIE
(shaking his tape)
If I can't read the subtitles on this
I'm bringing it back.

Brodie joins T.S. wandering amidst the detritus.

BRODIE
(holding tape aloft)
"Destroy All Monsters." Vintage
Godzilla. Even has his son in it.

T.S.
(uninterested)
Godzookie.

BRODIE
Migna! The cartoon baby Godzilla was
called Gadzookie; in the movies he was
called Migna.

T.S.
Who cares.

BRODIE
You're still thinking about Svenning,
aren't you? You wish you had told him
off or something.

T.S.
Or convinced him he was wrong.

BRODIE
What happened to you, man? I remember
you used to be a stand-up kind of guy.
Didn't you punch Amanda Gross's mother
after she called you low-class?

T.S.
That wasn't me, that was you.

BRODIE
(recalling)
Oh yeah.

T.S.
And it wasn't her mother, it was her
grandmother.

BRODIE
No wonder she went down so fast.

T.S.
Which just illustrates further that I
have never been much of a stand-up guy
in any situation outside of my sphere
of control. You, on the other hand,
have always had this penchant toward
bravado, regardless of the oppressor,
the numbers, or barriers of age.

BRODIE
Meaning?

T.S.
Meaning you'd beat up somebody's
grandmother, or an entire senior
citizen's community for that matter, if
you believed in the principle.

BRODIE
Yeah, but only if they were really old.

T.S.

Maybe I was deluded. Maybe you were right when you said that if something stupid like the game show could trip up Brandi's feelings for me, then she wasn't fully into it in the first place.

BRODIE

You're going to listen to me?! To something I said?! Jesus, man -- haven't I made it abundantly clear during the tenure of our friendship that I don't know shit? Most of the time, I'm talking out my ass... or sticking my fingers in it.

T.S.

Sometimes, yes. But on occasion you let a nugget of truth slip out that actually makes some sense. I think this situation is one of those times.

BRODIE

I'm telling you, forget what I said! I'm clueless! Don't throw in the towel on this. Give her time. She'll get over it. Girls are amazingly resilient, man. Like Katey Anders.

T.S.

The girl who transferred out, junior year?

BRODIE

Yeah. Do you know why she transferred?

T.S.

Didn't she go to a Catholic school?

BRODIE

That was the reason on paper. The real reason comes out of this date we had.

T.S.

You went out with her?

BRODIE

Just once. And somehow -- maybe it was my tender approach, maybe it was my shameless begging -- somehow, she agreed to go down on me. So she's rogering me roundly, and out of nowhere, I let one go.

T.S.

(beat)

Define 'that.'

BRODIE
I farted.

T.S.
Oh, you're kidding!

BRODIE
Swear to God.

T.S.
What possessed you?

BRODIE
Some wicked chili. She was mortified. It's tears all the way home. Needless to say, she doesn't finish either, but that's cool... I understand.

T.S.
Very good of you.

BRODIE
So that night, she's all bawling, talking about how she wants to kill herself, asking God to take her life. Apparently, she'd had a pretty bad day, and my untimely release was the straw that broke the camel's back.

T.S.
There was a reason you're telling me this...?

BRODIE
Point is, that night, it seemed like I'd had this life-lasting, adverse effect on this girl. Oh, she swore she'd never get over it. But she didn't kill herself, she went on to date others, and that just proves my point that girls get over things.

T.S.
Forgetting one minor point.

BRODIE
What's that?

T.S.
The part where she became a lesbian.

T.S. walks away, leaving Brodie standing mid-aisle, alone.

BRODIE
(beat)
You think I had something to do with that?

T.S. stares at some artillery at the Army stand. Brodie joins him.

BRODIE
Hey, man, I know what will cheer you
up: sage-like advice.

T.S.
From you? I don't think so.

BRODIE
Not from me -- from Ivannah.

T.S.
Who's Ivannah?

INT. DIRT MALL - THE PSYCHIC BOOTH - DAY

A SIGN outside a veil-covered booth reads:

IVANNAH TOPLESS PSYCHIC CHANNELING, FORTUNE
CHESTED PALM READINGS

T.S. stares at it, then at Brodie.

T.S.
You've gotta be kidding me.

BRODIE
Is that ingenuity or what?

T.S.
What does palm-reading have to do with
being topless?

BRODIE
Hell, man, it makes the news easier to
take. She could tell me I was going to
die in ten minutes, so long as she told
me topless.

T.S.
Your maleness amazes me sometimes.

BRODIE
What can I say? I love tits.

T.S.
What kind of people patronize this
service?

BRODIE
People like us.

T.S.
(beat)
You're not suggesting you and I...

BRODIE

Come on. Don't be such a damn
fundamentalist.

T.S.

I've reached my lowest today. This is
where I draw the line.

BRODIE

(pulling back the veil)
You know, you used to like tits too.

T.S.

(heading inside)
Hey, I love tits as much as the next
guy, but why would I want to pay some
old hag good money for some
supernatural chicanery, coupled with
sagging, wrinkled, weathered boobs?

INT. PSYCHIC BOOTH

IVANNAH sits at the typical palm-reading set-up; comfy chair for
the reader, two kitchen chairs for the customers, crystal ball.
She is covergirl gorgeous. She 'meditates,' eyes closed.

Brodie stares and smiles. He elbows T.S. slightly.

IVANNAH

(opening her eyes)
You've come for a glimpse at your
future?

BRODIE

Amongst other things.

IVANNAH

(reciting)
Talents like those I possess are not to
be taken lightly. If you have a heart
condition, suffer from nervous nausea,
or have a family history of stress-
induced breakdowns, Empire
Entertainment recommends you do not
partake in the fortune-telling
activities contained within.
(more personal)
You guys still in?

BRODIE

We're both healthy and strapping young
men.

IVANNAH

That'll be fifty-seven eighty, gratuity
is optional.

Brodie. eyes glued on Ivannah, elbows T.S.

T.S.
(bewildered)
What?

Brodie nods at Ivannah.

T.S.
(bewildered disgust)
You want me to pay for it?!

BRODIE
I'm broke. I'll pay you back.

T.S.
(digging through pocket)
I can't believe you. I don't even want
to do this.

BRODIE
You'll thank me later.

T.S. hands Ivannah the money. She pockets it.

IVANNAH
Alright, gentlemen, free your minds.

BRODIE
(to T.S.)
I'd like to freesomething.

IVANNAH
(eyes closed)
I sense... a grave disturbance between
you both. A difficulty in effecting a
resolution to a problem... something
hard...

BRODIE
(indicating his crotch
to T.S.)
I'm convinced. She's got the gift.

T.S.
(to Brodie)
Try to contain yourself.
(to Ivannah)
Look, miss, I appreciate the effort,
and I'm sure you're very good at what
you do, but you can skip the theatrics.
My shallow friend here isn't so much
interested in his future, if you know
what I mean.

IVANNAH

(out of character)

That's a relief. I always work better when I don't have to say things in character.

BRODIE

(transfixed)

You don't have to say anything at all...

IVANNAH

You paid. I should tell you something. And in order to do that, I've got to work unfettered.

She removes her blouse, revealing a bare chest. Her right breast has two nipples. T.S. and Brodie gawk, shocked.

IVANNAH

I can definitely sense the problem here: girl trouble. Apparently you're both on the outs with your respective steadies.

T.S. is amazed and intrigued, but Brodie is repulsed by the third nipple. He turns away, glimpsing only occasionally from behind his hand.

T.S.

That's amazing.

BRODIE

That's disgusting.

IVANNAH

You both feel the pangs of loss, but only one of you makes it vocal. The other suffers silently.

T.S.

My God, you're right!

BRODIE

(getting up)

We have to get going...

T.S.

(pulling him back; to Ivannah)

How can this be resolved?

IVANNAH

I would say combine your efforts. You both have strong auras. Two strong auras produce positive results.

BRODIE

I feel nauseous.

T.S.
So in working together...

IVANNAH
...you'll beat the odds, yes. And that's
what I see.

BRODIE
Let me tell you what I see...

T.S.
(interrupting)
That's great.

BRODIE
I don't buy her 'power.'
(testing her)
When's my birthday?

IVANNAH
Between the first and last of October.

T.S.
(poking Brodie)
Did you hear that?

BRODIE
Very haunting. Let's go.

T.S.
(to Ivannah)
Why are you stuck here in the dirt
mall? You should be in an upscale
commercial setting. You'd rake in the
cash with your kind of accuracy.

IVANNAH
Believe it or not, a lot of people
frown on topless fortune-telling. And
unfortunately, it's the only way I'm
effective.

T.S.
Really?

IVANNAH
Sure. Well, it's the third nipple that
does it.

T.S.
(feigning ignorance)
Oh... you have a third nipple?

BRODIE
What are you talking about? It's clear
as day! Look at it, for God's sake!

IVANNAH

You can stare at it; I don't mind.
Understanding is reached only after
confrontation.

Something suddenly dawns on T.S. He nods slowly. He tears into his pocket and pulls out a ten, shoving it in Ivannah's hand while getting up.

T.S.

Miss Ivannah, I can't tell you how
informative you've been. Thank you.
(shaking her hand)
Thank you. Don't ever lose that
nipple.

He quickly exits. Brodie sheepishly follows, but pauses at the door.

BRODIE

(beat)

Do you have...

IVANNAH

...Any other extra body parts? No.

BRODIE

Just curious.

IVANNAH

(flirtatious)

But you could doublecheck me, just to
be sure, if you'd like...

Brodie's prejudice suddenly disappears, replaced by intrigue.

BRODIE

Really...?

T.S.'s hand reaches through the veil and yanks Brodie out.

T.S. (O.S.)

Come on!

They disappear. Ivannah pulls the third nipple off. Apparently it's fake.

IVANNAH

Works every time.

She pops it in her mouth and starts chewing.

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - DUSK

The station wagon SCREECHES into a spot. T.S. leaps out, followed by Brodie.

BRODIE
(trying to catch up)
You're going to what?!

T.S.
(resolved)
I'm going to get on that game show.

BRODIE
No chance! Svenning'll have you
arrested first; you heard him.

T.S.
He can't touch me once the thing
starts. It's a live feed. He couldn't
risk losing face in front of the
network people.

BRODIE
Can't happen, man -- I'm telling you.

T.S.
I'm going to make it happen.
Understanding is reached only after
confrontation -- that's what Miss
Ivannah said. Brandi will respond to
confrontation.

A PASSERBY stops them.

PASSERBY
Hey, man, didn't I see you on CNN...

T.S. throws an uppercut, knocking the guy out. Brodie stares
on, shocked, as T.S. marches forward.

T.S.
(not missing a beat)
And what the hell is your problem?
You're supposed to be the impetuous one --
not me. Why are you fighting me on
this?

BRODIE
I'm being rational.

T.S.
You're being scared. Scared that you
might want to follow my lead and win
back Rene.

BRODIE
Rene who?

T.S.
Whatever. Just meet me by the stage
when the show begins. I'm going to
need your help.

BRODIE
Where are you going?

T.S.
Shopping.

He marches off.

BRODIE
(standing there)
What the hell am I supposed to do?

The Passerby that T.S. hit jumps Brodie, pulling him out of the FRAME.

BRODIE (O.S.)
It wasn't me, man! It wasn't me!

INT. MALL - BOOK STORE - DAY

Silent Bob stands there reading the novelization of Star Wars. Jay looks at Penthouse. He holds up the centerfold.

JAY
Dude, this looks like your mom.

Silent Bob looks at the centerfold and nods affirmatively. T.S. rushes in breathlessly.

T.S.
(breathing heavy)
I've been looking all over for you two!
I need your help.

JAY
Yeah? How?

T.S.
Are you up for getting stoned?

JAY
Look who you're asking.

INT. MALL - LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

Brodie looks at bras in the front window. He is joined by another MAN. They stand there quietly for a moment.

MAN
Are you looking at the couple inside?

BRODIE
Actually, I was just looking at this little pink number over here.

MAN

(looking at bra)

Oh yeah. That is kind of nice.

(beat)

They look happy, don't they?

BRODIE

(beat)

What, the bras?

MAN

No, the couple. They look happy.

BRODIE

I guess, as far as couples go.

MAN

When I'm in malls, I like to hang around the lingerie store.

BRODIE

Who doesn't?

MAN

I like to watch the couples. It's true male/female interaction. You can tell how strong the relationship is when a couple picks out lingerie together.

Brodie looks at him for the first time, initially with a perplexed side glance. He then does a double-take, shocked.

BRODIE

(nearly speechless)

Oh my God...!

(blown away)

Holy shit! Aren't you...

The man turns and extends his hand to Brodie.

MAN

Stan Lee.

INT. MALL - NEAR STAGE - DAY

TWO NEATLY DRESSED GUYS stand on the side of the game show stage. Out of nowhere, Jay appears.

JAY

'Sup, boys. You guy's on this show?

GUY 1

That's the rumor.

JAY
(shaking his head)
Man, between hoping to win, the crowd
out there, and being on T.V., I'd be
nervous as hell if I were you two.

GUY 2
(thinking about it)
Yeah?

JAY
Sure, man. I mean, what if you're out
there and you fuck up. All your
friends and family watching? I'd shit
a brick. I'd be pissed scared that I'd
get a boner on live T.V. Or fucking
fart or something.

GUY 2
(to Guy 1)
He's got a point. This is live.
Anything could happen.

GUY 1
Shut the fuck up, man. You're making
me nervous.

JAY
Only one thing can take off that edge;
make you feel relaxed as hell. Make
you forget how many people are staring
at you here and on T.V.

GUY 2
What's that?

JAY
(pulling out a dime bag)
Noinchy-noinchy-noinch!

INT. MALL - THE SECOND FLOOR RAILING - DAY

Stan leans over the railing. Brodie is beside himself.

BRODIE
The Fantastic Four -- Reed Richards:
can his dick stretch too?

STAN
I guess. I never gave it much thought.
We never addressed stuff like that in
the old days. The Code and all.

BRODIE
I can't believe I'm standing here
talking to you!
(more)

BRODIE (Cont'd)

You're responsible for all the greats!
Let's do the list: Spiderman?

STAN

Mine.

BRODIE

Iron Man?

STAN

Mine.

BRODIE

(utter fanboy)

This is so cool!

(back to business)

The X-men?

STAN

Mine.

BRODIE

Shit, man! You're a god!

STAN

(pointing to below)

Look at that couple. They seem very in love.

BRODIE

You know, what's with that? That's the second time you've commented on couples in love.

STAN

I like seeing that. Do you have a girlfriend, Brodie?

BRODIE

(a bit misty)

Had one. We just broke up.

(fanboy mode)

What about the Thing? Is his dick made of orange rock like the rest of his body?

STAN

Why did you break up, you and your girlfriend?

BRODIE

Ah, she was a pain in the ass. Wanted me to be this typical boyfriend guy. Said I was too into my own world; comics and all.

STAN

Sounds familiar.

BRODIE

Who needs chicks though, right? Like I need the hassle of someone constantly on my back to take her places and be romantic. She doesn't understand guys like us.

STAN

You know, I used to think like you. There was a time when it was all about the comics for me. Had a girl, probably something like yours. She used to say, "Stan, all you care about are guys in tights. You never pay attention to me." Eventually, we broke up.

BRODIE

See? What did she know? Here you are now: a legend in the field. Probably had a slew of women since her, am I right?

STAN

Oh, lots of women. Me and Jagger had this running contest to see who had the most. Last time I checked, I was winning.

BRODIE

Damn, that's hot!

STAN

But I never forgot that girl. After our break-up, I was involved with my work, but I kept track of her, through mutual friends.

BRODIE

Did you ever get back together with her?

STAN

One day, I found out she was married to this guy from our hometown. I'd waited too long. I missed my window.

BRODIE?

Really?

STAN

Yup. I thought I had all the time in the world, but I didn't.

(more)

STAN (Cont'd)

That's the thing: your plan doesn't always coincide with someone else's. Expecting people to play by your rules -- that's unrealistic and arrogant. So I went on with my life: built an empire, created some of the biggest characters in comics. Characters, I might add, that bore my heartbreak.

BRODIE

How so?

STAN

Doctor Doom wears body armor to cloak his mangled form, right? Well, that was me beneath that armor, covering my heartbreak. The Hulk: normal guy one minute; a rage of emotions the next. Each character came to be as a fashion for dealing with what I still consider today to be the greatest mistake of my life: the girl that got away.

(beat)

Do yourself a favor: don't wait. If you love the girl, don't put her on the back-burner, figuring you'll get around to it. Because the money, the other women... even all the comics in the world can't substitute for that one person.

BRODIE

I don't know; all the comics in the world...?

STAN

Trust me, Spider-friend.

(getting up)

Well, I've gotta be going. One more signing appearance.

(patting Brodie on the back)

BRODIE

Keep up all the good work.

STAN

As long as you read them, I'll write them.

(turning to leave)

BRODIE

Hey, Stan.

Stan stops and looks back.

BRODIE

She really meant that much to you?

STAN
 (smiling)
 I'd give it all up, all of it... for one
 more day with her.

He nods and walks away. Brodie stands there.

INT. MALL - NEAR BATHROOM - DAY

Stan approaches T.S.

STAN
 I think he bought it.

T.S.
 Good.
 (reaching into pocket)
 What did we say? Fifteen?

STAN
 Twenty.

T.S.
 Right.
 (pulling out a twenty)
 Here you go. And thanks.

STAN
 (pocketing money)
 Listen: you might think about getting
 that kid some help. He's way too
 preoccupied with Super-heroes' dicks.

T.S.
 I'll look into it.

INT. MALL - A BENCH - DAY

Silent Bob and Tricia sit alone. Tricia holds the cigarette in
 her open palm and stares at Silent Bob incredulously. Silent
 Bob concentrates.

TRICIA
 (after a beat)
 I think I felt it move.

Silent Bob opens his eyes in shock and delighted anticipation.

TRICIA
 (smiling)
 Just kidding.

Silent Bob's face drops. Brodie rushes in.

BRODIE
Just the two I'm looking for. I need
your help.

TRICIA
With what?

BRODIE
Let me borrow that tape of Shannon
Hamilton.

TRICIA
Why?

BRODIE
It's important. The future of my
relationship depends on it!

TRICIA
It's at my house.

BRODIE
(slapping keys in her
hand)
Take T.S.'s car. The yellow station
wagon parked in 2-D.

TRICIA
I don't even have a license.

BRODIE
(anxious)
Just go!

Tricia shakes her head and exits. Brodie turns to Silent Bob.

BRODIE
You still have that stage schematic?

Silent Bob nods.

BRODIE
I need you to wire something together
for me.

Silent Bob pulls a screwdriver from inside his jacket and
smiles.

INT. MALL - THE STAGE AREA - DAY

The audience is packed.

The Assistant helps a feeble and sickly-looking Svenning over to
the Network Execs.

EXEC 1
Jesus, what's with him?

SVENNING

(sitting down)

I don't know. I seem to have fallen ill quite suddenly. But be assured, everything's fine, and we're about to start. You're in for something really special tonight, gentlemen. We've lined up... Excuse me.

Svenning fumbles with a bag and vomits in it.

EXEC 2

Jesus!

SVENNING

Sorry. We've lined up some really bright kids, and this promises to be a lot of fun. I know you're going to...
(coughing)
...love this.

EXEC 1

Shouldn't you be in bed or something?

SVENNING

I wouldn't miss this for the...
(dry-heaves for a second)
...for the world.
(to Assistant)
Go make sure everybody's ready and let's start.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

T.S. and Jay stare at something O.S. GIGGLING is heard.

T.S.

How much did you smoke?

JAY

All it took was two joints. These guys were lightweights.

T.S.

What do I owe you?

JAY

My treat. As long as you promise that next time you pop your lady, you make her call you Jay. Nitchy-noinch!

T.S.

Let's hope there is a next time.

Brodie joins them.

BRODIE
Alright, I'm ready.
(looking O.S.)
What the hell happened to these two?

JAY
Power of the Dark Side.

T.S.
Wait a second. There's only two.
Where's the third?

JAY
I never saw a third guy.

Just then, they are joined by the third contestant, GILL.

GILL
(looking at O.S. dudes)
What the hell happened to those guys?

T.S.
Um.. they got light-headed.

JAY
You got that right.

GILL
So what, are they going to cancel the
show?

BRODIE
What do you care?

GILL
I'm supposed to be on it. I'm Gill
Ryan -- Suitor Number Three.

T.S.
We're going to be taking their places.
I'm T.S. Quint, and this is Brodie
Bruce.

GILL
Hey. Didn't I see you on the news?

BRODIE
Look, dude, don't give him any shit.

GILL
Something's going on here. Where's
Mister Svenning?

The Assistant joins them.

ASSISTANT

Mister Svenning has come down with a sudden case of diphtheria.

(looking O.S.)

What's with those two?

T.S.

They got sick. We volunteer to take their places.

GILL

(to Assistant)

Isn't this the guy from Monmouth College? Him and that crazy broad tried to kill the Governor?

ASSISTANT

(staring at T.S.)

Yes, it is. Alright, Quint, I don't know what you're trying to pull here, but it's not going to work. I'm alerting Mister Svenning, and we'll postpone the start until we figure this all out.

(calling O.S.)

Security!

Brodie comes across with an upper-cut, knocking the Assistant out.

GILL

Jesus Christ, you knocked him out!

JAY

(pointing to Gill)

Now hit him!

The SECURITY DUDE comes over.

SECURITY

Somebody call me?

(looking O.S.)

What happened to these two?

T.S.

They got stoned and knocked this guy out. I think he needs medical attention.

GILL

That's not what...

Brodie steps on Gill's foot. Gill shouts and falls backward. The MUSIC STARTS.

T.S.
 (to Security)
 We're going to need this guy out of here. The show's about to start.

SECURITY
 Will do.

He pulls the out-cold assistant O.S. Brodie grabs Gill.

BRODIE
 Look, dude, no more shit. Just go out there and woo like you're supposed to, and nobody gets hurt.
 (releases Gill; to Jay)
 When Tricia shows up here with a tape, you get it to Silent Bob; understand?

JAY
 Sure. Where is he?

INT. WAY BACKSTAGE - DEEP IN THE STAGE STRUCTURE

Silent Bob hangs from a rope around his waist. He's wiring a VCR to some of the power cables. APPLAUSE begins.

INT. ONSTAGE

The Host comes out and bows to the crowd and smiles plasticly.

HOST
 Good evening, everybody, and welcome to Match Date -- where one match ignites the fire of romance. I'm your host, Bob Summers. And tonight we're going to watch as one of these three lucky suitors woos our beautiful, eligible suitor-ette. So get ready for love in the making as we introduce... the Suitors!

The curtain opens, revealing the set: gaudy, gauche, and glitzy. It looks like The Dating Game on acid. T.S., Brodie, and Gill sit in three seats -- a partition to their left, a huge diamond-vision screen to their right, displaying their images. Gill rubs his foot.

Svenning, sitting with the Network Execs, takes one look at the stage and his face drops. He rolls his eyes and vomits into his bag. The Network Execs move their chairs a bit further away from him.

Rene, sitting with Shannon in the crowd, goes bug-eyed when she sees Brodie. Shannon snarls.

The Host joins the contestants.

111

HOST
Suitor Number One goes to Marymount
College and majors in Economics.
Let's say hi to Doug Paging!

The crowd APPLAUDS.

Jay whistles and whoops from backstage.

JAY
DO IT, DOUG!!

T.S. half-bows to the crowd. The Host shakes his hand and moves on.

HOST
Suitor Number Two hails from Canisius
College in Buffalo where he majors in
Communications. Say hi to Rob Feature!

The crowd CLAPS. Brodie is oblivious. T.S. nudges him and Brodie realizes he's Rob. He offers a delayed bow and locks eyes with...

Rene. She shakes her head.

Brodie shrugs. The Host moves on.

HOST
And our final suitor goes to Monmouth
where he majors in Fine Arts and Greek
Mythology. Give a warm welcome to Gill
Ryan.

Gill looks at Brodie. Brodie glares at him and urges him to bow. Gill bows.

HOST
Men, good luck. May the best man win.
And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like
to introduce our lovely Suitor-ette.
From Monmouth College, where she majors
in Business Law, won't you please
welcome the lovely Brandi Svenning?

Brandi comes out. The crowd goes nuts. She is gorgeous. The partition between her and the suitors conceals their identities. She takes her place in the vacant chair. The Host stands beside her.

HOST
Alright, everybody knows how the game
is played. Our lovely Suitor-ette will
ask a series of questions of our
suitors and make her decision based on
their answers. Anything goes!

(to Brandi)
Brandi, are you ready?

BRANDI
 (taking her microphone)
 Absolutely, Bob.

HOST
 Then you may fire when ready.

BRANDI
 Okay.
 (looking at her cards)
 Suitor Number One, if you were a car,
 what kind of car would you be?

(D.N.: cross-cutting starts here.)

T.S.
 The kind you've never dump a boyfriend
 in.

BRANDI
 (shaking her head)
 Um... okay. Uh, Suitor Number Two...

BRODIE
 Can't you call me the Second Suitor?
 Suitor Number Two sounds like a
 bathroom code. Second Suitor sounds
 like a figure of mystery -- like I
 belong on the grassy knoll.

BRANDI
 Okay... Second Suitor, if you and I were
 making whoopee...

BRODIE
 What's whoopee?

BRANDI
 Um...
 (looks for a ruling;
 doesn't find one)
 Um... you know, if we were... intimate.

BRODIE
 What, like fucking?

The crowd gives a collective GASP.

Svenning's eyes bulge. He loosens his tie. The Execs beside
 him giggle.

BRANDI
 Well... yeah. If we were... you know... what
 kind of noises would you make?

BRODIE

That's kind of personal, don't you think? I don't think I should answer that.

BRANDI

Oh... okay.

(looking around)

Um, Suitor Number Three -- what would our first date be like?

GILL

(totally into it)

First I'd take you shopping to stores you'd want to shop in. Then we'd do a little lunch, probably at the Cheese Haus, followed by some golfing. And at night we'd take in an opera, probably Die Fleidermaus. I'd follow it up with a drive to a secluded beach where I'd pop on the radio, and we'd slow dance 'til the sun came up.

The audience OOOOOOOOOOS.

BRODIE

(to Gill)

Liar. You know all you'd do is hump her leg for an hour and try to get in her pants. I mean, look at you. You look like you haven't been laid in years. You're the kind of guy that would beg for sex. And I should know; we can smell our own.

Rene chokes back a smile. Shannon glares.

Svenning vomits again. The Execs laugh at Brodie's response.

BRANDI

Suitor Number One -- if we fell in love, how would you propose to me?

BRODIE

When Jaws popped out of the water.

BRANDI

Excuse me?

T.S.

I'll propose to you right now. I propose that you stop letting your father run your life, that you be true to yourself, and not quit on someone that you know has value.

BRODIE

And take your socks off when you make whoopee, or whatever the hell that word is. He hates it when you leave them on.

BRANDI

What?!

T.S. shoots a fierce look at Brodie.

BRODIE

Hypothetically speaking.

BRANDI

(is starting to catch on)

Suitor Number One, do I know you?

T.S.

Absolutely not.

BRANDI

(incredulous)

You sound familiar.

T.S.

Like your conscience maybe?

BRODIE

You don't know him, lady.
(spotting someone way O.S.)

Now make with the questions.

Tricia stands at the back of the crowd. She holds up the tape.

BRANDI (O.S.)

Okay. Suitor Number Three -- is your kiss like a soft breeze, a firm handshake, or a jackhammer?

Brodie gives Tricia the thumbs-up and switches the thumb to point behind him. Then he swirls his index finger around to indicate the backstage.

Tricia nods and strides past Svenning and the Execs.

EXEC 1

What's the funny guy doing with his hands?

SVENNING

I don't want to know.

The Assistant wobbles to Svenning's side. Svenning grabs his collar and yanks him down to mouth-level.

SVENNING
(hoarse, desperate
whisper)
What the fuck's going on!

ASSISTANT
I was overpowered..

SVENNING
Never mind! Call the police -- get the
entire fucking department down here to
arrest these two! NOW!

INT. BACK ONSTAGE

GILL
Definitely a jackhammer. I'm in there
with some pressure, and when I'm done,
you're not the same as before. You're
changed.

The crowd OOOOOOOOOOS.

BRODIE
(to Gill)
Where do you come up with this shit?
That is the cheesiest response to an
honest question I've ever heard! I saw
you kiss, and it wasn't anything like
that.

HOST
(nervously)
Suitor Number Two, you have to wait
until you're addressed before you
respond.

BRODIE
Hey, Richard Dawson -- just go back to
your podium until it's time to play the
feud.

The Host smiles nervously at the audience.

GILL,
(to Brodie)
Who the hell did you see me kiss?

BRODIE
Some dude backstage. I don't know who
he was, but he seemed unimpressed.

The crowd GASPS.

GILL
 (pleadingly to crowd)
 I didn't kiss any guy backstage! I'm
 not gay!

INT. BACKSTAGE

Tricia finds Jay. We can still hear the show.

TRICIA
 Brodie told me to give you this.

JAY
 (accepting tape)
 Are you watching this shit? It's
 fucked up!

TRICIA
 I don't think I want to be here when
 that tape does what I think it's going
 to do.

INT. ONSTAGE

Brodie is still roasting Gill.

BRODIE
 (to partition)
 Hey, Suitor-ette, this guy's a
 homophobe! Is this the kind of guy you
 want to spend a vacation with? This
 hate-monger?

GILL
 I don't hate gay people!

BRODIE
 So you love them?

GILL
 Yes! I mean, no!

BRODIE
 (folding his arms)
 Textbook closet case, self-loather.
 Can't be comfortable with his own
 sexuality.

T.S.
 (interrupting)
 The hell with him. What about you,
 Suitor-ette? How about you answer a
 question for me?

BRANDI
 I don't think that's...

T.S.
How strong are your convictions?

BRANDI
What are you talking about?

T.S.
How easily do you quit? Let's say you
wind up with one of us...

BRODIE
Hopefully not Rush Limbaugh over here.

GILL
I'm not like Rush Limbaugh!

BRODIE
Oh why not, because he's fat? Now you
got something against fat people too?

INT. BACKSTAGE

Silent Bob is giving his hook-up its final touches.

JAY (O.S.)
Nitchy-noinch!

Silent Bob looks up.

Jay stands above him, holding the tape. He waves it.

JAY
You ready?

Silent Bob nods and holds out his hands.

Jay drops the tape. It sails down and clocks Silent Bob on the head, landing precariously on a cross-beam below. Silent Bob stares at it, bug-eyed.

INT. ONSTAGE

Brandi defends herself.

BRANDI
If I have a conviction, I stick to it.

T.S.
Were you ever in love?

BRANDI
(taken aback)
Yes, as a matter of fact.

T.S.
Oh really? And what happened to your
boyfriend?

BRANDI
He... we broke up.

T.S.
Why?

BRANDI
Because he... it just didn't work out.

T.S.
Were you unhappy?

BRANDI
Sometimes.

T.S.
Why?

BRANDI
I don't know. The usual baggage. It
was a long distance romance. He lacked
a sense of romance, he almost ruined my
father's career, he got me implicated
in an attempted murder...

T.S.
That was an accident!
(covering his mouth,
realizing his error)

BRANDI
(beat)
T.S.?

BRODIE
(jumping in)
Hey! What about the rest of us?! Ask
me a question!

BRANDI
(shaken, confused)
Um... Uh... Suitor Number Two...

GILL
What about me?

BRODIE
Aw, Gill, just shut the...
(seeing something O.S.)

Jay smiles from the sidelines and gives the thumbs-up.
Brodie smiles back, nods, and looks at Shannon...

Shannon glares back at him from beside Rene.

Brodie smiles and points at him.

BRANDI

Second Suitor -- would you ever make
whoopee in public?

BRODIE

(looking at O.S. Rene)
Already did once today.

Rene smiles. Shannon stares at her, shocked, and shoots Brodie a fierce look.

Brodie continues.

BRODIE

But my cousin Walter jerked off in
public once. True story: he was on a
plane to New Mexico, when all of a
sudden, the hydraulics went. The plane
started spinning around, going out of
control. So my cousin decides it's all
over, and he whips it out and starts
beating it right there.

Svenning goes red with fury and impotence. The Execs smile ear-to-ear, hanging on every word.

BRODIE (O.S.)

So then the other passengers take a cue
from him and start whipping it out and
beating like mad.

Gill stares at Brodie, riveted.

BRODIE

So all the passengers are beating off,
plummeting to their certain doom, when
suddenly the hydraulics kick back in
and the plane rights itself. It lands
safely, and everybody puts their pieces
or whatever away and de-board. Nobody
mentions the phenomenon to anyone else.

The Execs are teary-eyed with laughter. One slaps Svenning on the back. Svenning manages a half-smile, and then shakes his head.

T.S. stares at Brodie. Brodie shrugs. Gill is on the edge of his seat.

GILL

(excitedly)
Well, did he cum or what?

BRODIE
 (shooting Gill a
 disgusted glare)
 Jesus Christ, man! Some things you
 just don't talk about in public!

Brandi stares at the partition. Her face snaps, as if something
 has occurred to her. Slyly, she throws out the bait.

BRANDI
 (calm and collected and
 nefarious)
 Second Suitor -- if you were a comic
 book character, which one would you be?

BRODIE
 (caught off guard, but
 delighted)
 Wow! That's a great question. Tough
 one though. I mean, what does one
 gauge his response on: physical
 prowess? Keen detection skills? The
 ability to banter well with super-
 villains?

Brandi smiles; she's caught them.

BRANDI
 How's your collection, Brodie?

BRODIE
 It's still big, but I've been trading
 the...

T.S. punches his arm and shoots him a look.

BRODIE
 (trying to recover)
 Comics?! What the hell are you talking
 about? Hey, lady, I don't collect
 comics! Comics are for kids!

BRANDI
 (shaking her head)
 I knew it! Suitor Number One, you just
 don't know when to quit, do you?

T.S.
 (cover blown)
 No, but you sure do. I thought you
 were in love!

BRANDI
 I was! But you complicated my life!

T.S.
 How so?

BRANDI

You placed me in a damned uncomfortable position with my family! Twice even! What was I supposed to do?

T.S.

Show a little backbone!

BRANDI

I was ready to show backbone, but you had to bring Bumbler the Boy Wonder over there with you and screw things up further, proving that you never took the situation seriously!

BRODIE

Boy Wonder? I'm all man, lady!

T.S.

I've never done anything but show interest in you! Our whole goddamn romantic career, I've doted on you! And the minute things got dicey, you cracked!

(to the crowd)

There we were, mere hours away from spending an entire week alone together, away from family, school, and the media, and she throws in the towel because Daddy said so.

BRANDI

(also to crowd)

He also got us shot at by the federal authorities! And then he brings his troublemaker friend to my house where he proceeded to allow news cameras to take naked videos of my father! And he has the audacity to inform me that on a vacation we're supposed to take, he's going to propose! Without even discussing it with me first!

T.S.

We'd talked about getting married since we were in high school!

BRANDI

He could have approached my father -- man-to-man -- and made his intentions clear, offered his apology for all the trouble he caused! But what does he do instead? He goes on with his life -- here he is, hanging out at the mall!

T.S.
 You placed yourself on the auction
 block, for God's sake! In front of a
 live studio audience!

GILL
 Hey, do I get a chance to field any
 more questions?

BRANDI AND T.S.
 (in unison)
 NO!

BRODIE
 I think I should say something here.
 I know both of you pretty well. Suitor-
 ette, Suitor Number One here has done
 nothing but pine over you all day,
 trying to figure out a way to win you
 back. And when this public opportunity
 to literally do that arose, he pulled
 his shit together, risked life and
 limb, and faced the odds to get up here
 and give it his best shot. I'm tired
 of this whole thing. You're both
 retarded for each other! Why don't you
 forget the shit that happened, and do
 what you're supposed to!

(to the audience)
 I think the audience would agree with
 me.

The audience APPLAUDS.

BRODIE
 (to T.S.)
 Just ask her, you silly bastard!

T.S.
 (carefully)
 Miss Suitor-ette... Suitor Number One
 loves you, has always loved you, and
 will always love you. He has only one
 question for you...
 (deep breath)
 Will you marry me?

Brandi stares, dumfounded.

INT. QUICK CUTS

The crowd waits. Svenning and the Execs wait. Jay waits.
 Brodie and Gill wait. The Host waits. Silent Bob struggles to
 reach the out-of-reach tape. T.S. waits.

Brandi takes a deep breath and shakes her head 'no.'

SVENNING (Cont'd)

Get your asses up there and arrest the one with the girl and the one with the microphone!

COP 1

For what?

SVENNING

Trespassing; public lewdness; violation of FCC regulations...
(heaving into bag)
...and food poisoning.

INT. ONSTAGE

Brodie stands unflinching.

BRODIE

Ladies and gentlemen, this tall drink of water headed my way is a pillar of the shopping community who informed me earlier today of a nefarious plan of his to screw my girlfriend in an extremely uncomfortable place.

GILL

A dumpster?

Brodie shoots Gill a disgusted look. He turns his attention back on the approaching Shannon.

BRODIE

And as he comes up here to...
(looking O.S.)

A slew of COPS are coming at him from different directions.

Brodie's jaw drops.

BRODIE

Oh shit.

(quickly)

Well, without further ado, I'd like to present you with an accurate portrayal of the proprietor of Fashionable Male.

(loudly)

Now, Silent Bob!

He points to the screen. T.S. and Brandi stare. The crowd stares. Shannon stops dead in his tracks.

Nothing happens.

Brodie's eyes bug out. He gets panicky.

BRODIE
I said now, Silent Bob!

INT. BACKSTAGE

Silent Bob reaches toward the tape, concentrating.
The tape sits there, unmoving.

INT. ONSTAGE

Brodie starts to back up a bit. Shannon reaches the stage and jumps up. The Cops approach from both sides.

Brodie swallows hard.

BRODIE
(pounding on the screen)
Now! Now! Now! Now!

Shannon is a few steps away. The Cops are right behind him.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Silent Bob concentrates and reaches.

The tape doesn't move.

Below him, William drags into FRAME, sobbing. Tears galore. He leans on the framework of the stage.

WILLIAM
(in tears)
Sailboat! Sailboat! Goddamned
sailboat!

He punches the stage framework.

INT. ONSTAGE

The Cops and Shannon are almost on top of them, cuffs drawn. Shannon pulls his arm back, ready to land a crushing blow.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Silent Bob shuts his eyes and concentrates hard, reaching for the tape.

INT. BACKSTAGE - BELOW

William sobs bitterly, punching the structure.

WILLIAM

When's it my turn?! What the hell is wrong with me?!

(crying heavenward)

WHEN, LORD?! WHEN THE HELL DO I GET TO SEE THE STUPID SAILBOAT??!!!

AAHHHHHHH!!!

He pulls back and kicks the metal structure with all his might.

The tape, jostled by the kick from below, hops from its perch into Silent Bob's grip. He opens his eyes and stares in shock. He gathers his faculties and slams the tape into the machine.

INT. ONSTAGE

The monitor comes to life with the opening to The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show.

The Cops stop and stare. So does Shannon. And T.S. And Brandi. And Rene. And Jay. And especially Brodie.

But then: the cartoon is gone, and there -- in diamond vision, for all the mall to see -- is Shannon doing something lewd and illegal with the waif Tricia.

Everyone is transfixed.

BRODIE

(to a Cop)

Hey. That girl's only fifteen.

The Cops immediately descend on a very shocked Shannon, who can only stare at the screen. They cuff him hard.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Silent Bob lets out a sigh of relief. Then his rope breaks and he drops.

INT. ONSTAGE

The Cops lead Shannon off. Brodie stops them and lifts Shannon's head.

BRODIE

You know, where you're going, they screw people in an extremely uncomfortable place.

Brodie pulls back to hit him.

COP

Hey, hey, hey! You can't strike a prisoner in police custody.

BRODIE
(like a little kid)
Just once?

COP
(thinking it over)
Alright, but make it fast.

T.S. and Brandi kiss.

T.S.
Would you have really gone on a
vacation with the winner?

BRANDI
What do you think?

T.S.
(beat)
I think you would have.

BRANDI
But I'd have sent you a postcard!

Jay and Silent Bob walk beside the stage. Silent Bob pulls the rope off himself and smokes. They pass William, who is now slumped on the ground, crying in his arms.

WILLIAM
(muffled sobbing)
What the hell is wrong with me?

JAY
So if it was out of your reach, how the hell did you get it?

Silent Bob smiles and shrugs and smokes.

JAY
(putting it together)
The Jedi Mind Trick?!?

Silent Bob nods.

JAY
Holy shit!
(slapping his back)
Motherfuckin' Yoda, and shit!

SILENT BOB
(exhales smoke)
Adventure... excitement... a Jedi craves
not these things.

Brodie jumps off the stage and joins Rene.

BRODIE
 (pointing at the screen)
 See that up there? You call that
 romance?

RENE
 I call that illegal.

BRODIE
 So...

RENE
 So what?

BRODIE
 Well, I was wondering. If you're not
 busy tomorrow night...

RENE
 Yes?

BRODIE
 (taking a deep breath
 and letting it out)
 Would you like to come to dinner at my
 house and meet my mother?

Rene smiles.

BRODIE
 I mean, I can't guarantee she's going
 to like you, but...

Rene shuts his mouth with a kiss. T.S. and Brandi join them.

T.S.
 You guys want to grab some of those
 cookie sandwiches? You know, the ones
 with cream in them?

The Execs stride in, closely followed by Svenning.

SVENNING
 (pleading his case)
 But this was just a warm-up! The show
 would always go smoother, and be less
 racy!

EXEC 2
 Svenning, the show was a piece of shit.
 Unoriginal, uninspired. The only thing
 that saved it was this guy here.
 (extending hand to
 Brodie)
 Hi. I'm Bentley Garrison, with the
 network. Me and Mason here thought you
 were hysterical, just hilarious.

EXEC 1
You have a real presence.

EXEC 2
Have you ever thought about hosting
your own talk show?

Two Cops join them.

SVENNING
HIM?! You're offering him a network
job?!?!

COP 1
Excuse me, sir, but are you the
producer of this program?

SVENNING
(intolerant)
Of course I am, you dumb bastards! And
I want these two arrested!

COP 2
(slapping cuffs on him)
Sir, you're under arrest.

SVENNING
WHAT?!?

T.S.
What for?

COP 2
For broadcasting lewd or indecent
images in a public forum, and for
violations of about nineteen different
FCC regulations.

SVENNING
Jesus Christ!

He dry heaves, and then vomits.

COP 2
And for vomiting on my shoes.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW STUFF

T.S. and Brandi stand on a small dock in their wedding attire.
Behind them is a small beachfront town. A PRIEST blesses them
and they kiss.

T.S.AND BRANDI TIED THE KNOT AFTER GRADUATI
Jaws pops out of the water behind.

..AT UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, FLORIDA.

The screen FLASHES, and the image is frozen as a photo on the cover of a magazine. The headline reads "Mickey and Mallory Marry! -- Exclusive Photos From the Hard Edition Coverage!"

HARD EDITION COVERED THE EVENT EXCLUSIVELY.

Brodie comes out from behind a very familiar curtain, wearing a nice suit. He smiles and waves to the unseen crowd.

BRODIE TOOK OVER HOSTING DUTIES ON "THE TON
Rene sits in the crowd, applauding madly. Brodie winks at her.

...BUT STILL LIVES WITH HIS PARENTS.

CU on Svenning also in the studio. He shakes his head.

SVENNING ALSO GOT A NETWORK POSITION.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Svenning wearing a janitor's uniform, holding a broom.

Tricia sits at a table, signing books for customers.

TRICIA'S BOOK SPENT A RECORD SEVENTY-TWO WE
SELLER LIST. THE MOVIE WILL BE OUT THIS CF

Shannon holds onto the bars of his prison cell, his face twisted in agony.

SHANNON MADE A LOT OF NEW FRIENDS IN RAHWAY

William is still slumped against the stage. When the writing appears, he looks at it.

WILLIAM EVENTUALLY SAW THE SAILBOAT.

WILLIAM

(all smiles and hope)

Yeah?

Jay and Silent Bob walk down a stretch of highway.

AND JAY AND SILENT BOB... WELL, THAT'S A WHOLE

CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END