

Odd tOdd

By

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&
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Second Draft

OVER BLACK

SINISTER DARK UNDERSCORE begins.

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A vast expanse of stars. Loud RUMBLING accompanies the dull metal underbelly of a MEGA-HUGE SPACE CRAFT which quickly fills the frame. The CAMERA zips towards the hull, and we enter the ship, PUSHING through one of its many windows.

INT. MEGA-HUGE SPACE CRAFT - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA finds TODD, early 30's, unshaven, as he sleeps soundly in his astro pajamas.

A HAL 9000-ESQUE COMPUTER DEVICE hanging above the bed LIGHTS UP as it speaks in a soothing robotic voice.

HAL 9000
Open your eyes. It's time to wake
up. It's time to save the universe
today.

Todd mumbles...

TODD
Just gimme five more minutes...

EXT. PLANET MEP - THE GRAND MEPPIAN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

LORD MEP, a creature resembling the offspring of a badger and a lizard stands on a balcony holding court over an ENDLESS SEA of MEPPIAN SOLDIERS.

Lord MEP'S eyes glow red with fury. He thrusts his royal Meppian scepter over his head as he proclaims....

MEP
Mep!

The Meppian Army bang their spear guns repeatedly into the ground. Chants of "Mep! Mep! Mep!" grow louder and louder, echoing across the square.

BACK TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Todd's blanket is now pulled tightly over his head.

HAL 9000
It's really time to wake up, sir.
You have to...

Todd interrupts.

TODD
...five more minutes.

EXT. PLANET MEP - MEPPIAN MILITARY BASE

Military action MUSIC booms as Mep's fleet launches; the ships are massive and rust covered.

Lord Mep stands behind the controls of his own ship. ELF-UP, a tiny elf-like creature, is perched on his shoulder. A DOZEN ships come up in formation behind them.

We JUMP CUT BACK several times to see the fleet DOUBLE, then TRIPLE. QUADRUPLE. QUINSIPLE (sic?). It's huge. It's angry. It's coming!!!

ANGLE ON - A very serious looking Lord Mep.

MEP
Mep!

ELF UP
Elf up!

MEP
Mep!

INT. CAPTAINS QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Todd is still 99% asleep. The alarms, bells, and lights seemingly have no effect on him. Drool slides out of the side of his mouth.

HAL 9000
Open your eyes. You *reallllly* need
to wake up. You gotta save the
universe today.

Todd pops up.

TODD
Holy shit! Is today 'Save The
Universe Day?!'

Off Todd's panicked look O.S., we ZOOM into a hanging WALL CALENDAR. Multiple days are circled with red X's slashed through them with the exception of one that reads: "SAVE THE UNIVERSE DAY!"

HAL
Today's the big day.

TODD
Oh no! I overslept!

Behind Todd, through his porthole, we see the MEP FLEET closing in.

TODD
I overslept! Why didn't anybody wake me up!? Why didn't anyone wak...!

A torpedo slams into Todd's room, and a RED FIREBALL engulfs the entire FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - REALITY - MORNING - TODAY

Todd snaps awake with a snort.

TODD
The universe is fucked!!!

Todd looks around. A bird happily CHIRPS at the window. Todd looks at the bird.

TODD
...well technically it is.

Todd's ALARM CLOCK RADIO clicks on. It's '8:45AM.' It plays 'HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU' by Olivia Newton John. Todd sits on the edge of his bed as...

THE OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS

Credits roll as Todd wanders around his apartment. We watch Todd do a series of everyday morning activities as the music continues to play. Todd:

--Puts on his blue robe.

--Steps into his slippers.

--Brushes his teeth.

--Urinate (we see this from the back).

--Takes a coffee cup out of the cabinet, grinds some beans, and then brews some coffee.

--Flips through some overdue bills.

--Turns on his computer.

--Pokes at the pile of dishes in the sink before finally pouring a cup of coffee. He adds some milk and stirs it with a ballpoint pen.

We slowly ZOOM into the spinning milk as Olivia belts out the final 'to youuuu.....'

END OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Todd drinks coffee as he stares at the wall.

TODD (V.O.)
So I don't have a job anymore...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Todd stands in a rumpled suit with a cardboard box and a POTTED PLANT tucked under his arm.

TODD (V.O.)
And I don't have any money...

The BOTTOM of the box falls out and various office supplies smash onto the pavement.

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - DAY

A LOCKED OFF WIDE SHOT of Todd's Apartment.

TODD (V.O.)
I didn't get any severance when I
got canned. But I stole a lot of
shit from the office before I
left...

GIANT YELLOW ARROWS, a la 'POP-UP VIDEO' point out the various stuff Todd has stolen as it MAGICALLY APPEARS IN FRAME: 'POST-IT NOTES,' 'MUG,' 'PAPER,' 'PAPERCLIPS,' 'LAMP,'. And finally: 'LAPTOP COMPUTER,' and 'FAX/COPIER/SCANNER COMBO.'

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the city.

TODD (V.O.)
You know I used to wonder about
those people hanging out on a
Tuesday afternoon looking like they
got nothing to do and nowhere to
go.

The CAMERA darts around and we get various SHOTS of PEOPLE sitting on benches, in outdoor cafes, coffee shops, lying on blankets in the park, etc.

TODD (V.O.)
Well now I'm one of those people,
people wonder about.

An ARROW points out Todd outside a coffee shop.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Various business people ride up an ESCALATOR.

TODD (V.O.)
Y'know, I used to be normal...

Todd, enters frame via the escalator, wearing a suit and tie and a PLASTIC SMILE on his face.

TODD (V.O.)
I travelled for business...

INT. AIRPLANE - COACH

Todd, still smiling, is smushed in between two people in coach. A FAT GUY on his left begins an elbow fight with Todd over the armrest.

Suddenly, the WOMAN to his right begins to sneeze repeatedly.

TODD (V.O.)
I had savings. Money to buy...
stuff. A 401k. Credit!

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS of a CREDIT CARD being swiped over and over. We PULL OUT to reveal that the counter is loaded with CRAP Todd is buying.

BACK TO:

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Todd sipping his coffee.

TODD (V.O.)
*Last year, I had stuff to do! And I
had to do stuff like all the time.
Working, buying, shopping...living.*

Todd sips.

TODD (V.O.)
But *this* year? I ate a lot of
cookies...

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN -- Todd methodically eats through a row of Oreos.

TODD (V.O.)
Watched cartoons...

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM -- Todd sits in his well-worn recliner. The light from his TELEVISION plays across his face. We hear the THEME SONG FROM SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS. Todd is transfixed.

TELEVISION SET
*Who lives in a pineapple under the
sea? Spongebob Squarepants!*

TODD (V.O.)
...played a lot of video games.

CUT TO:

TODD'S COMPUTER DESK - Todd plays 'Halo' on his computer. As he jolts at an attack, coffee spills all over his keyboard.

TODD (V.O.)
...totally relied on my parents for
stuff.

TODD'S FRONT DOOR -- A QUICK SHOT of Todd meekly accepting a check from his MOM. His parents shake their heads disdainfully.

TODD (V.O.)
I took a lot of naps in the
afternoon.

LIVING ROOM - A QUICK SHOT of Todd asleep on the couch.

TODD (V.O.)
I haven't had a year like this
since...since I was...
(beat)
Three.

We hear the SOUND of a CAMERA SHUTTER.

FLASHBULB TO:

A FRAMED PICTURE of Todd as a goofy looking kid in a blue robe. A big plastic sword is tucked into his belt, and a cookie is in his hand.

BACK TO:

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - TODAY

Todd takes another sip of coffee as he continues to contemplate.

TODD (V.O.)
And when I think back from where I
was a year ago to where I am today,
I think, like...

Todd turns directly to the CAMERA and vocalizes...

TODD
What the fuck happened?

CUT TO

BLACK

The following TYPED WORDS fill the FRAME: "WHAT THE FUCK DID
HAPPEN: One year ago..."

INT. A STERILE OFFICE - ONE YEAR PRIOR - DAY

Muzac plays. Todd, a Twizzler hanging out of his mouth, lazily types with one finger. We TIGHTEN to see that he's working on an Excel spreadsheet. He pecks "1, 2, 3, 4..." and so on, consecutively into each cell of the spreadsheet. He stops and addresses the camera.

TODD
This is where I used to work. My
job was to...umm...

Todd grabs a piece of paper off his pegboard and reads monotonously.

TODD
...analyze internal monthly sales
reports to transfer knowledge based
consumer information to the
corporate marketing division.

Todd stares at the paper.

TODD
Five years I worked here and I
still have no friggin' idea what
that means.

Todd gets up gestures for us to follow.

TODD
Come on!

The MENS' ROOM door is adjacent to his cube. Todd stops at
the door. We hear a toilet flush.

TODD
I think office bathrooms are weird.
Get this...people that you work
with, they, like go in there, pull
their friggin pants down, then make
a friggin doody! And THEN walk out
pretending like nothing just
happened. Right!?

A MEEK LOOKING EMPLOYEE exits the bathroom and avoids eye
contact with Todd.

Todd continues on, and we TRACK with him as he proceeds to
give us a walking tour of the office floor. He stops in front
of a window office.

I/E JEFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside we see JEFF, a nebbish accountant type.

TODD
This is Jeff. We started off at the
same time at the same place in the
same position. In five years he was
promoted twice.

JEFF
Not twice, bud! Thrice!

TODD
Thrice. Me?
(To Camera)
Nunce.

JEFF
And window office now, baby!

Jeff proudly displays his window with a BRICK WALL view. Todd
turns towards the camera and rolls his eyes.

TODD
Rumor was he gave a blowjob to a VP
at a holiday party then got a
promotion.

JEFF
That's totally not true!

Todd stares at him. Jeff looks down shamefully.

JEFF
It was a handjob.

TODD
Handjob. My mistake. Sorry.

Todd moves us along, walking us over to a cubicle where BETH,
a cute woman with BIG BOOBS types away. Her nipples peek
through her blouse.

TODD
This is Beth.

BETH
Hi.

TODD
I know we're supposed to not notice
boobs in a professional atmosphere.
But honestly, I could barely hear a
word she said.

Todd looks her in the eye.

BETH
What do you mean you never waa,
waa, waaa, waaa, nipple, waaa
waaawaaa waaaa...

TODD
I'd be busy just capturing a few
umm...boob glimpses.

A CHYRON appears, reading, "Boob Glimpse: '**büb'**glim(p)s - 1)
The deceptive art of stealing nano-second glances at the
boobial area of a female co-worker, usually stored as mental
snapshots for later use." And then, "See Boobial."

Todd continues to stare at Beth as she talks. Mid-
conversation he sneaks a split-second BOOB GLIMPSE, and as he
does, we FREEZE FRAME on her cleavage and this is accompanied
by the sound of a CAMERA SNAPSHOT.

BETH
Hello? Todd? Do you have that file
or what!?

TODD
The what with the where with what?
Boobs?

BETH
What!?

Beth notices Todd staring at her breasts, and pulls her sweater tighter. Todd is clearly ashamed.

TODD
Nothing.

Todd rushes off as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

Todd continues his walking tour into a CONFERENCE ROOM.
TWELVE PEOPLE sit around the glossy high-powered table.

TODD
Here's the management team. I had
to do a presentation for them every
six weeks. It usually went like
this.

Todd nervously steps in front of the PODIUM and immediately
begins to sweat nervously. He clicks a remote, and an overly-
complicated 'Powerpoint' presentation fires up.

TODD
So as you can see...um...we see a
downward spike in the 3rd quarter
because...

MANAGER GUY
Downward spike?

TODD
A dip. A downwards...style dip.
Valley-ish...ness. See according to
the...numbers? Wait! Let me back
up. Can we back up? I have a graph
that...If you look at the handouts
you'll see the...Actually, don't!
That's an old one...

Todd accidentally drops the handouts, and they SCATTER over
the table. The Execs mumble amongst themselves. Todd puts
down the clicker and once again addresses the CAMERA.

TODD (cont'd)
Five years I spent here. Burning
time. Doing a job I had nothing to
do with. Feeling out of place.
Learning nothing.

Todd looks at his fellow execs for a moment, and then...

TODD
Well, not *nothing*. Actually I did
learn a few things.

Todd walks around the table in a 'Duck, Duck, Goose' fashion,
placing a hand over each of the Executives heads as he
declares something personal about them.

TODD
This guy sneaks hookers on his
expense report. (NEXT) She has her
assistant print out her e-mails
because she's scared of computers.
(NEXT) Coke fiend. (NEXT) Smells
like cheese. (NEXT) Keeps porn in
his desk. (NEXT) Makes 20 page
business plans no one ever reads.
(NEXT) This is the guy who got the
handjob from Jeff.

VP
It was a blowjob.

TODD
Aha! So I guess I did learn a thing
or two...

CUT TO:

Todd returns to his CUBICLE and continues working on his
spreadsheet.

TODD
It hasn't been easy...

We hear another loud FLUSH. A CO-WORKER proudly emerges from
the bathroom with a newspaper under his arm.

CO-WORKER
Aww man! I just made an atomic
doodybomb in there, yo!

Todd nods and grimaces. Then goes back to typing.

TODD
Eight hours a day. For five long
years. I was on my way to a
'normal' life. Job. Wife. Kids.
Debt. House. Car. Disneyland. I
could have been stuck here for
another 15 years.

Todd picks up the framed PHOTOGRAPH on his desk and we PUNCH
INTO IT. A LOWER THIRD reads, "**Fifteen years later.**"

In the photo a Khaki wearing suburban Todd MAGICALLY transforms into a version of himself FIFTEEN YEARS LATER. Fifteen years balder. Fifteen years fatter. He stands in front of a modest home with a WIFE, TWO KIDS, A DOG.

The photo comes ALIVE and Todd's bland-looking PHOTO WIFE speaks to him.

PHOTO WIFE
You'll never be able to really
please me.

PHOTO KIDS (IN UNISON)
Year after year we'll be constant
reminders of your mortality.

PHOTO DOG
You have to pick up my shit.
(Beat)
Fuckin' loser!

Suddenly, the CAMERA darts to the FRONT OF THE HOUSE where we land on an oversized PAPERBOY riding by on his ten-speed bicycle.

The paperboy is, in fact, Todd as an adult, dressed in short-shorts and high tube socks.

As he throws papers they hit sleeping dogs, break windows, land in puddles, etc. Todd huffs and puffs as he talks to us.

PAPERBOY TODD
Ever since I was a kid I found that
I wasn't good at like, most things.
In my heart I felt that I was very
smart and talented, I just had
absolutely no proof or evidence of
it.

Paperboy Todd peddles past a BASEBALL FIELD.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

We stay on the field as Paperboy Todd rides off screen and MOVE TOWARDS the BATTER, who again is the adult Todd now dressed in a much too small Little League outfit.

An UMPIRE stands behind the catcher.

UMPIRE
Strikkkee...two!

Little League Todd talks to us as he stands at the plate waiting for the next pitch.

LITTLE LEAGUE TODD
 Sports never clicked in for me
 either. There was so much pressure.
 Strike out. Miss a catch. And I'd
 be letting the whole team down. I
 didn't like being responsible for
 anything.

From the dugout, the COACH shouts to Todd.

COACH
 You got two strikes! Lean in!!

Todd crowds the plate, leaning in.

The next pitch hits him squarely in the cheek. Clearly, Todd,
 who is blasé about the ordeal, has been through this before.

UMPIRE
 Batter, take your base!

CROWD MEMBER
 Way to lean!

Todd trots to first **base**. A few people in the large crowd
 clap. *

TODD (V.O.)
 Not doing anything really. But
 somehow still getting somewhere...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

We PUSH towards the back of the classroom to find High School
 Todd doodling in his notebook; he draws a picture of a giant
 robot attacking a house.

HIGH SCHOOL TODD
 ...and let's not even talk about
 school. I spaced out through most
 of it. Drew a lot of robots. Most
 stuff went right over my head.

As the BIOLOGY TEACHER lectures, her words (i.e. 'OSMOSIS,'
 'PHOTOSYNTHESIS,' and 'MITOCHONDRION') literally FLOAT OVER
 AND PAST TODD'S HEAD. TODD waves them away like flies as he
 continues doodling.

Todd, flustered, turns back to us.

HIGH SCHOOL TODD
 I just couldn't find anything that
 I was *really* interested in.
 (MORE)

HIGH SCHOOL TODD (cont'd)
I wanted to be passionate about
something. But what?

TEACHER
What do you think, Todd?

HIGH SCHOOL TODD
Think? What were we supposed to be
thinking about again?

The teacher groans and the other students shake their heads in disbelief. Todd looks down at his robot doodle. It comes alive and MORPHS into an ON-SCREEN VIDEO GAME.

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Todd plays ROBOT WARS. Todd pauses the game, and eats some potato chips as he addresses us.

TODD
Deep inside I always felt like I
wanted to be on a different path.
Like I never fit into the regular
world. And I figured that when I
got laid-off, that might give me
the time to finally figure out what
I was supposed to be doing..

Todd puts his controller down.

TODD
At first, I tried to discover a
whole new career track for myself.
So I took a stab at ones that might
hopefully make me rich...like fast.

SWISH TO:

INT. PATENT OFFICE - DAY

We START over Todd's shoulder on a PATENT ATTORNEY. A LOWER THIRD reads, "INVENTOR."

The Patent Attorney studies Todd for a few awkward moments, unsure of what to make of him. Then, finally...

PATENT ATTORNEY
You see, that's already been
invented.

The Attorney unholsters his IPHONE from his belt and shows it to Todd.

PATENT ATTORNEY
It's called an Iphone. See? It
already exists.

We CUT TO TODD -- on his head is a BASEBALL HAT with the following items duct-taped to it: A CELL PHONE, an IPOD, a CAMERA, a MINI KEYBOARD, a DAY PLANNER, a PHONE BOOK, a MAP, ETC. A bunch of wires connect it all. *

Todd stares at him for a few seconds.

TODD
Yeah. But not as a hat.

Todd points to the hat. The Patent attorney stares back at Todd blankly.

Todd (V.O.)
Then I decided I was gonna write a
movie script and make it big in
Hollywood...

SWISH TO:

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - DESK

Todd, wearing an 'I LOVE LA' T-shirt, sits in front of his computer typing. A LOWER THIRD reads, "HOLLYWOOD SCREENWRITER."

As we PUSH into his MONITOR we go to...

BLACK.

The BLOWTORCH LOGO fills the screen as if our movie is starting once again.

Very powerful DRAMATIC CLASSICAL music booms as the SCREEN fills with dark fog. The CREDITS begin to FADE IN and OUT of the mist:

"No Nothing Productions. Presents. Russell Crowe. Hillary Swank. In. "THE IVORY MERCHANT"

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Beautiful SOFT FOCUS WIDESCREEN images of the Irish countryside.

RUSSELL CROWE, wearing driving goggles, scarf blowing in the wind, drives up to a COUNTRY HOUSE in a MODEL-T. As he gets out of the car, a period-costumed HILLARY SWANK waves to him on the porch. They approach one another, and then stand transfixed as they stare into one another's eyes.

This goes on for some time. Hillary yawns.

RUSSELL CROWE

You...

There's silence for a while. They continue staring at each other. Russell points at his car and declares...

RUSSELL CROWE

This car...

Russell stops pointing at the car. They stare some more. Hillary seems to be flustered.

HILLARY SWANK

When were you...?

Hillary shrugs. More silence. Russell holds up one finger.

RUSSELL CROWE

Since...

Then more silence. Awkward feet shuffling by both actors. Hillary gesticulates as if she's about to say something...then doesn't.

BACK TO:

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT

We PULL OUT from Todd's monitor. Todd backspaces over the word 'SINCE.' He stares at the half-page of screenplay accompanied with a flashing cursor.

TODD (V.O.)

But I found out it's like really hard to write...a whole movie.

Todd gets up and walks over to the kitchen and looks in the fridge. He grimaces and shuts it.

TODD

I knew it was going to take some time to get rich. So in the meantime these kept me going money-wise.

CUT TO:

A SHOT of an UNEMPLOYMENT CHECK made out to Todd for '\$405.'

As Todd describes his expenses, pieces of the check are literally EATEN AWAY.

TODD (V.O.)
 Four hundred and five dollars a
 week. Not an easy budget. After
 rent (CHOMP), cable (CHOMP),
 Internet (CHOMP), food (CHOMP),
 phone (CHOMP).

We're left with a sizable piece of the check. Todd shamefully
 says...

TODD (V.O.)
 ...porn.

A big bite is eaten from the check. Only a single tiny piece
 of check is left.

TODD (V.O.)
 That little bit there gives me
 eight dollars and thirty two cents
 a day.

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Todd sips his coffee and takes a post-it note off the fridge.
 It reads, "**Phil. 11:30. Tuesday.**"

TODD (V.O.)
 And to keep these checks coming,
 all I had to do was head down to
 the unemployment office once a
 month to meet with Phil...Phil
 is...he's like a...umm...

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

PHIL, an overweight, good-natured looking guy sits alone in
 his office, writing at his desk. He looks up at us.

PHIL
 I'm a career counselor.

TODD (V.O.)
 Yeah. That. Sort of like a
 probation officer but for jobs?

A confused Phil looks around the room for the DISEMBODIED
 VOICE.

PHIL
 No, not really...

TODD (V.O.)
 Once every month, I gotta show up
 and tell him that I did stuff that
 week to find a job.
 (MORE)

TODD (V.O.) (cont'd)
 We bullshit around. He signs off. I
 get checks for another month. He
 just wants to make sure I'm *not*
 doing nothing. Which, if you think
 about it, *is* something.

PHIL
 Pretending to do *nothing* is not
 doing *something*. It's still
 nothing.

BACK TO:

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT

TODD
 Well sort of...see I have this
 theory...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "THE MODERN THEORY OF PROACTIVE PROCRASTINATION."

TODD (V.O.)
 Try and follow this.

An ANIMATED CHALKBOARD FORMULA is scribbled across the SCREEN
 as Todd explains...

TODD
 I realize that anytime I do
 something to try and get something
 done, it usually gets me nowhere.
 So I figure why not try and do
nothing and see if that actually
 gets me somewhere. Because if doing
 nothing actually gets me somewhere
 unlike doing something which always
 gets me nowhere, then doing nothing
 might be better than doing
 something! And if it turns out
 doing something also gets me
 nowhere that's fine too! I'd be in
 the exact same place if I'd
 actually done something-- but
 instead I'd done nothing to do it!
 Get it?

The SCRIBBLING has becomes undecipherable. The PAGE IS RIPPED
 away bringing us BACK TO PHIL. He's annoyed.

PHIL
 Just be here at 11:30.

BACK TO:

INT. TODD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

We start on a WALL CLOCK that reads "10:00 AM" before finding Todd, who stares at himself in the mirror as he holds up different dress shirts against his chest.

TODD (V.O.)
Anyway, I expected this to be like
a normal type day. Just wander down
to get my check at 11:30. Bang. Be
back here in time to watch Tyra.
Boom.

A QUICK SHOT of TYRA BANKS on her TV show going 'Wooo!'

TODD (V.O.)
But something came along and
changed everything...

The MR. SOFTEE ICE CREAM JINGLE is heard faintly from outside. Todd looks around in fear. The jingle continues and Todd jolts his head around like a dog before running into the other room to look out the window.

TODD
He's early! Fuck!

TODD (V.O.)
...in a way...it changed my whole
life.

Todd dips his hand into his change jar labeled, '401K,' grabbing a fistful of loose change and a few dollar bills.

TIGHT ON - Todd's Robe, as he stuffs the wad of bills and change into his POCKET.

TODD
Wait!!

The Mr. Softee music grows louder. Todd rushes out his FRONT DOOR and passes a set of KEYS hanging from a HOOK.

He races down the stairs and outside to find the ice cream truck turning the corner.

We PUSH INTO Todd as a realization creeps across his face. He turns back to see his OUTSIDE DOOR about to close shut. A look of sheer panic fills his face as TIME SLOWS to a crawl.

TODD
Oh, fuh...

We zap into HYPERSPEED as the CAMERA darts from Todd, through the glass vestibule door, down the hallway, through the CLOSING DOOR of his apartment, all the way to the KEY HOOK, where we STOP on a dime, TIGHT on his KEYS.

The keys SPARKLE, and the effect is completed with the requisite *ding!*

BACK OUTSIDE, Todd watches the door slam shut in SLOW MOTION with a very heightened *CLICK!*

We're back at 24 FRAMES PER SECOND, as Todd finishes.

TODD
...uck!

Todd pats his Robe pockets up and down then jiggles the doorknob futilely. He stops, ponders his situation, before jiggling the door again, this time a bit more violently. Nothing.

TODD
Okay. No big deal.

In one sweeping motion, Todd pushes every button on the DOOR CONSOLE. He waits for a response. Nothing.

TODD (V.O.)
I knew this was sort of a long shot. Everyone in my building actually had like...jobs and stuff.

The buzzer comes to life.

BUZZER VOICE (O.C.)
Who there?

TODD (V.O.)
Almost everyone...

Todd gets excited.

*

TODD
Hello!? Mrs. Dominotorio! It's Todd in 4A! Listen I...

BUZZER VOICE (O.C.)
Go away! I no want to buy your knives!

The buzzer goes dead. Todd grunts in frustration as he mashes his hand across all the buzzers. There's no response.

TODD (V.O.)
Okay, no one was coming down to help me out. But there had to be a way back in...

A CABLE GUY walks up the stoop and pushes the button marked, '4A.' There's no answer. The Cable Guy ignores Todd as he waits, and then pushes the button again; this time he holds it down without letting go.

TODD
You looking for 4A?

CABLE GUY
Yeah...a Todd, umm...

TODD
I'm Todd.

CABLE GUY
Great. Let's head on in. I'm here
to disconnect your cable.

TODD
What? Why!

CABLE GUY
You're five months back. You owe...

The Cable Guy flips through his clipboard.

CABLE
...\$233.63. The box has gotta go.

TODD
What? Five months! I...I...

CABLE GUY
You...you...

Todd grasps for something.

TODD
I was in the hospital!

The cable guy responds to all of Todd's following excuses in
a very rapid fire, monotonous manner.

CABLE GUY
No you weren't.

TODD
No I wasn't. Right. That's true.
But, I paid the bill already!

CABLE GUY
No you didn't.

TODD
It's a computer glitch!

CABLE GUY
No it isn't.

TODD
I...I...I have amnesia!

CABLE GUY

Nope.

TODD

But you know what? I'm...I'm...I'm
a crazy murderer! You don't want to
go in there with me! It'll be a
bloodbath!!

Todd makes a 'crazy' face.

CABLE GUY

No you ain't. Yes I do. And no it
won't.

(Beat)

Let's go.

TODD

Actually we really can't. I'm
locked out right now.

The Cable Guy shakes his head incredulously.

TODD

No, this one's the truth! Look at
me!

The Cable Guy gives Todd a once over. Todd pats himself down
for dramatic effect.

TODD

I got nothing on me.

CABLE GUY

I'll be back at 6. If the bill
ain't paid. I'll climb the pole and
unplug it. And that'll be a \$250
reconnect fee.

TODD

\$250?!

The Cable Guy walks off. Todd's begins to mumble urgently as
he continues to pat himself down.

TODD

Great. No cable later. And now? No
keys! No wallet! No food. No phone.
No thing. No phone. No no! no! No
not no NOT!...

The sides of the screen start fuzzing out with COLORFUL
STATIC as Todd continues his frantic search. WHITE NOISE
bleeds in.

TODD (V.O.)
I was panicking, freaking and
pissed. Heading head first into a
panic attack.

The white noise increases in VOLUME INCREASES and the
colorful static closes in on Todd. Todd begins to breathe
laboriously.

TODD (V.O.)
So I did whatever I always need to
do to just calm down...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Soothing MUZAC plays as Todd cheerfully says to the BARISTA.

TODD
...one cupcake, please. The vanilla
with the rainbow sprinkles.

Todd stands at the counter of a coffee shop. The Barista
gives Todd the cupcake and frowns at his attire.

TODD (V.O.)
I got a cupcake. And when I eat my
cupcake I like to break it in half
and put the bottom part on top and
make a cupcake sandwich...and
stuff.

Todd breaks his cupcake in half and completes the sandwich.
He opens wide.

TODD (V.O.)
Chompidy...

Todd bites into his cupcake sandwich and notices, CLAIRE, mid-
20's, beautiful in an unassuming New York City kind of way.
She quietly giggles at him. Todd nervously licks away the
frosting from his upper lip.

TODD (V.O.)
...chomp.

Claire playfully mocks him, taking her own cupcake and
breaking it in half before holding her cupcake sandwich up
for his approval. She smiles at him.

Todd smiles back. ROMANTIC MUSIC sets in as they stare into
each others eyes.

TODD (V.O.)
And all of a sudden there *she*
was...

Todd takes another bite of his cupcake. Claire does the same.

TODD (V.O.)
She was totally cute...

CLOSER on their FACES. He stops chewing for a second. So does she.

TODD (V.O.)
I liked her right off.

CLOSER on their CHEWING MOUTHS.

TODD (V.O.)
I felt there was a connection
there. I felt that vibe, y'know...
And, I...so I...

Todd's nerves build to a head, and time screeches to a halt as we FREEZE FRAME on Todd'S FACE MID-CHEW.

TODD (V.O.)
(Frustrated)
But what could I do!? Go up say
hello or something!? Yeah, I can
imagine how that would go.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - **FANTASY**

We see a SERIES of Todd's imagined attempts at talking to Claire:

A MOVIE SLATE, reading "Todd Hits On Cute Girl At Coffee Shop - Take 1," is full frame. The sticks slam down, and the O.C. VOICE of an ASSISTANT DIRECTOR announces...

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Todd hits on cute girl at coffee
shop, take one.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
...and action!

Todd walks up to the Girl at her table.

TODD
Hi! So...umm...you drinking coffee?

CLAIRE
No. It's tea.

TODD
Yeah, I like tea, too.

CLAIRE
Yeah. Tea's good.

Claire steeps her tea, plunging the tea bag into the hot liquid a few times. Todd stares.

TODD
I like tea...bagging...?

She looks up at him as if he's a pervert.

CLAIRE
What!?

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Cut!

A WHITE FLASH signals a ROLL OUT. And then we're back, as a new slate, marked 'Take 3', is FULL FRAME. The STICKS clap and the slate is removed to reveal Todd in the same position. He combs his hair with his hand and psyches himself up.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Take three!

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Action!

TODD
Hi. Can I buy you a coffee?

CLAIRE
No thanks, I already have.

TODD
How about a cupcake or a muffin?
(Beat)
...Unless you're watching your weight or something because they also have...

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Cut!

ANOTHER WHITE FLASH, followed by a new SLATE. The O.C. Voice of the Assistant Director grows weary. Take 12. Sticks come down and the slate is removed.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Take twelve!

TODD
Hi.

CLAIRE
Hi.

After a long delay. Todd waves.

TODD
Bye.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Cut!

Another ROLL OUT. A new SLATE. 'Take 34.'

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Take thirty four!

TODD
Hi.

CLAIRE
Hi.

VLAD, a large hulk-sized Russian man, rushes up to the Two of them.

VLAD
He bothereds you!

CLAIRE
No, he's just being nice...

VLAD
He bothereds I see so!

TODD
I just...said...hi.
(To Vlad)
Hi!

VLAD
Hi I say to you this!

Vlad grabs Todd, and throws him across the coffee shop with SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. Todd SMASHES into the glass dessert cabinet, resulting in an explosion of glass and pastry.

Todd emerges from the case with a small shard of glass sticking out of his neck. He pulls it free and his jugular vein immediately begins to spurt an absurd amount of blood all over the horrified customers.

As Todd rushes out of the coffee shop screaming, he darts into the street where he immediately is run over by a MACK TRUCK. As he lies pancake flat in the middle of the road, a DOG walks over and URINATES on his flat face.

The dog leaves, and VULTURES land on him and begin to pick the meat off his crushed bones. CLOSE ON Todd's mashed up bloody face. He addresses us with a broken mouth lisp.

TODD
Okay, maybe this is a worst case
scenario...

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Excuse me.

BACK TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Todd is snapped back to reality. Claire stands over him.

CLAIRE
Are you done with this?

TODD
What?

Claire points, and Todd looks down at the table. A NEWSPAPER
lies next to him.

CLAIRE
Mind if I take the want ads?

TODD
Oh. These? No. Want? Yes. Sure. I
don't. I mean go ahead.

Claire grabs the paper before examining Todd's robe.

CLAIRE
Nice robe.

Todd looks down at himself.

TODD
Yes. It...nice...robe.

Todd casually puts his elbow on the table right down into his
own cupcake. *Splut*. An embarrassed Todd attempts to lick the
frosting off his elbow.

CLAIRE
Um, that's impossible.

TODD
What is?

CLAIRE
Licking your elbow.

TODD
Oh yeah?

Todd makes an effort to prove her wrong; this goes on for an awkward amount of time before Claire finally glances around the store with polite discomfort and walks out.

An irritated Todd takes an angry bite of the smashed cupcake and then mashes the rest into a BROWN PAPER BAG. As he gets up and leaves, he throws the bag towards the trash can and misses by a mile. The paper bag knocks over a full cup of hot coffee...into the lap of VLAD.

VLAD

AYY! Is what burns on me!!!

Vlad looks around and spots Todd walking past the coffee shop window outside. We hear an OMINOUS RUSSIAN MUSICAL STING as Vlad's eyes narrow.

VLAD

Is. What. Burns.

EXT. STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

A frustrated Todd talks to himself. He emphasizes each of his words differently...

TODD

It nice robe. It...nice. It...
nice robe. It. Nice...Robe. It
nice!...robe?

INT. LOCKSMITH SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

We start on a WALL CLOCK that reads "11:00AM;" we pick up Todd as he walks into the cluttered store. A LOCKSMITH with a wandering eye sits on a stool behind the counter.

TODD

Hi. I locked..

LOCKSMITH

...locked myself out and...

Todd looks at the man curiously. Is he mocking him?

TODD

and...

LOCKSMITH

and...

Todd grows incredibly irritated.

TODD

What are you...

LOCKSMITH

...are you...

TODD

do...

LOCKSMITH

...ing!

TODD

Knock it off!

LOCKSMITH

Knock it off!

Todd and the Locksmith both shout at the top of their lungs in unison...

TODD/LOCKSMITH
STOP IT!!!

Quiet. The Locksmith points to a sign on the wall. ANGLE ON - THE SIGN. It reads:

"PLEASE BEAR WITH ME! I SUFFER FROM A RARE CONDITION CALLED PRE-EMPTIVE TOURETTE'S SYNDROME."

Todd reads the sign aloud.

TODD	LOCKSMITH
Please bear with me. I suffer from a rare condition called pre-emptive Tourette's Syndrome.	...bear with me I suffer from a rare condition called pre-emptive Tourette's Syndrome.

Todd feels guilty for his earlier outburst.

TODD	LOCKSMITH
Oh. Sorry...	...ry.

Todd takes a deep breath. He dives in, and the Locksmith annoyingly talks over him for the duration.

TODD	LOCKSMITH
Ok. Here goes. I live down the street, and I friggin locked myself out and I don't have my wallet with me. I only have eight dollars and thirty two cents.	Ok. Here goes. I live down the street, and I friggin locked myself out and I don't have my wallet with me. I only have eight dollars and thirty two cents.

The Locksmith's condition is clearly beginning to annoy Todd.

TODD	LOCKSMITH
How much would it be to get back in!!!!?	How much would it be to get back in!!!!?

The Locksmith grabs a PAD OF PAPER and writes on it. Todd watches him for a few moments before the Locksmith slides the pad of paper towards Todd.

ANGLE ON - THE PAD. It reads, **"\$85.00 to pick the lock. I'm sorry, but I require a cash payment up front :)"**

Todd begins to read the note aloud.

TODD	LOCKSMITH
Eighty five dollars to pick the lock. I'm sorry, but I...	...Eighty five dollars to pick the lock. I'm sorry, but I...

Todd stops himself from reading, and turns around so the Locksmith can't hear him.

TODD
 (Reading)
 ...require a cash payment up front.
 (beat)
 Smiley Face.
 (Sotto)
 Oh man.

Todd turns around and stares at the Locksmith beseechingly. The Locksmith shrugs his shoulders.

Suddenly, an idea forms on Todd's face.

TODD	LOCKSMITH GUY
On second thought..	...second thought.

TODD	LOCKSMITH GUY
I'll do <u>you</u> a favor..	favor and..

Todd rips through this next part at a lightning clip, preventing the Locksmith from keeping pace.

TODD
 ...do the job for the \$8.32 because
 I'm a generous guy and you can pay
 me the rest later!

The Locksmith is not amused; he stares daggers at Todd. This is uncomfortable. Suddenly, the Locksmith spits on Todd.

TODD
 What the fuck!

The Locksmith sheepishly points to a SECOND SIGN that reads, "**I SOMETIMES SPIT :)**"

Todd looks at him incredulously.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Todd shuffles away from the Locksmith store and catches strange looks from more "regularly" dressed PEOPLE.

TODD (V.O.)
 Whatever. All I needed to do was
 get my check. Cash it right away.
 Go back to that guy. Get in. Watch
 Tyra.

A QUICK CUT to TYRA BANKS 'Wooing' -- this time, less enthusiastically.

TODD (V.O.)
But first things first. Go see
Phil...

INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - CAREER COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Todd sits across from Phil, who chews on a SHARPIE PEN as he stares at Todd's robe in disbelief. Todd smiles sheepishly and takes the SLINKY off Phil's desk and begins to play with it.

PHIL
I can't sign off on your check
anymore.

TODD
What?! Why?!

Phil takes the Sharpie pen out of his mouth and accidentally swipes some ink from the corner of his mouth to mid-cheek.

TODD
Hey! You got...

Todd points to his cheek and the ink. Then reconsiders.

TODD
...to be kidding me.

PHIL
I'm sorry. It's not me. It's the
State. They're cracking down.
They won't continue giving checks
to people who don't provide...

Phil makes QUOTE FINGERS.

PHI
..."real" proof they're actively
looking for a job.

TODD
But I've showed...

Todd also makes QUOTE FINGERS.

TODD
..."proof."

PHIL
It's been months since you've even
attempted to show
(Makes quotes)
"proof."

A Quote War begins between the Two.

TODD
 That's not
 (Makes quotes)
 "true!" Remember? Two weeks ago
 I...

Phil interrupts.

PHIL
 Attempting a
 (Makes Quotes)
 "Cat Walking" service is not
 (Makes quotes)
 "real" proof!

TODD
 But I
 (Makes quotes)
 "made"
 (Makes quotes)
 "T-shirts" and
 (Makes quotes)
 "everything"...

PHIL
 You made...

Phil makes SINGLE FINGER QUOTE with one finger to emphasize...

PHIL
 'T-shirt!'
 (Beat)
 Singular.

*

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Todd wears an AIRBRUSHED T-SHIRT reading, "MEOWIES CAT WALKING SERVICE" A LOWER THIRD reads, "2 Weeks Earlier..."

We WIDEN OUT to reveal Todd walking a DOZEN CATS on harness leashes. The Cats are completely out of control; some of the cats crawl on Todd as they scratch, claw, and growl...

TODD
 SIT! SIT! SIT! STAY! CAT! HEEL! CAT
 HEEL!

Todd, unable to take any more of the clawing, drops the leashes and the cats bolt down the street at full speed.

CAT POV

We're running full speed towards a DOG WALKER who walks a DOZEN DOGS or so. The DOGS all tug and break free from their handler.

We CUT to an OVERHEAD shot of the Cats and Dogs rushing towards battle, a la 'Lord of the Rings.' Right before they clash...

BACK TO:

INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phil slams a hand on his desk.

PHIL
You thought you could make a living
doing that?

TODD
I don't know! You're the career
counselor!

As Phil angrily waves his pen around while reprimanding Todd,
he accidentally adds more ink to his own face.

PHIL
Look at yourself, Todd. Your one
responsibility in life is to come
to my office and show proof that
you're actively looking for work,
and you show up in your...in your
pajamas!!

Todd looks down at himself shamefully.

TODD
I got locked out.

PHIL
I'm sorry. You've been cut off.

TODD
C'mon Phil! I have been looking! I
just never see any jobs that...are
interesting! And don't like
friggin' start first thing in the
morning, and require you to be
there like every day...

A disgusted Phil cuts him off.

PHIL
There's nothing I can do. It's in
the system that...you're not in the
system.

Phil taps the Sharpie to his TEETH, creating a polka dot
effect, before he pulls a slip of paper off his desk.

PHIL

I know this isn't what you wanted to hear. But look, I set you up with an interview for today. 4:30. It's a "real" job in a "real" place for "real" money.

Todd groans. Phil hands Todd an index card. Todd snatches it and looks at it. Todd looks back at Phil.

TODD

Data sales associate manager? What does that even mean?

PHIL

It means good luck. Next!

A frustrated Todd gets up to leave. He stops short at the door and yells angrily.

TODD

By the way, Phil, you got pen on your face!

Phil rubs the wrong side of his face.

PHIL

Here?

Todd softens.

TODD

No. The other side. Right...just under the...higher.

Phil licks his finger and rubs at the spot making a GIANT BLURRY mess of it. Phil, past the point of help, looks to Todd for confirmation that his face is clear.

TODD

Yeah. You got it.

INT - UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Todd heads across the WAITING AREA and spots Claire frantically talking to someone on her cell phone. She's beyond desperate.

CLAIRE

Yes. I know I'm two months behind!
Yes...Well, if I had \$1300 I'd give \$1300! Well, where do you think I'm calling you from?!

Todd stops for a second as he contemplates speaking to her, but can't muster the courage. She doesn't notice him as he walks past.

EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Todd steps outside the Unemployment Office and as we PUSH INTO his CLOSE UP we see that he is clearly distressed. He looks up and we PUSH INTO an outdoor clock: it's "12:02".

TODD (V.O.)
So at this point I had two choices.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: **"Option #1. Get the job."**

TODD (V.O.)
Get the job and do this...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Todd is asleep at his cubicle with his head on the keyboard; his head holds down the 'Z' key. On the monitor hundreds of "ZZZZzz's" repeat.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: **"Option #2. Don't get the job."**

TODD (V.O.)
Or, *Don't* get the job. And just go home and do stuff like this...

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Todd sits on his couch and SCRATCHES HIS BALLS, EXAMINES HIS BELLYBUTTON, shoots a nickel from his ROLL OF FAT which amazingly lands in his change jar. This goes on for about FIFTEEN SECONDS.

TODD (V.O.)
Until someone shows up at my door with this.

CUT TO:

A SHOT of an EVICTION NOTICE being hammered onto the door.

TODD (V.O.)
Which means I would have to move back into this.

CUT TO:

EXT. TODD'S PARENT'S HOME - DUSK

An ESTABLISHING of this Suburban New York home. A LOWER THIRD tells us, "**Todd's Parent's House.**"

INT. TODD'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Todd's very annoyed looking parents watch as he places his suitcase down. Todd's childhood room is decorated with animated sports banners, trophies, and a Def Leppard 'Pyromania' poster.

TODD (V.O.)
Which would like totally
suck...totally suck...*these*.

CUT TO:

An ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL IMAGE of a PENIS. A BLINKING ARROW points to the testicles.

TODD (V.O.)
Because moving back home would be
like this...

BACK TO:

TODD'S ROOM - Todd lies prone on a junior twin bed; his legs dangle over the front end. Todd eats grapes as his PARENTS shout various demands of him from O.C. The walls of the room begin to slowly CLOSE IN on him.

TODD'S DAD (O.C.)
Who ate all my grapes?!

TODD'S MOM (O.C.)
Honey, did you eat your father's
grapes?

TODD'S DAD (O.C.)
He ate all my God damn grapes!!!

TODD'S MOM (O.C.)
Language!

Todd finishes the grapes and throws the stem under his bed.

TODD
(Screams)
I didn't eat your *stupid* grapes,
Dad! Gawd!!!

TODD'S MOM
Would everybody just please stop
yelling about the grapes! Dinner's
ready!

TODD
I'm not hungry! I ate at McDonald's
with Ed a couple hours ago! *Gawd!!!*

I/E MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - TODD'S CAR - DUSK

Todd and his best friend ED sit in a car in the McDonald's parking lot listening to the radio as they pass a JOINT back and forth. A LOWER THIRD tells us, "McDonald's." Then, "With Ed." Then, "A couple hours ago."

Happy Meal toys, including a PLASTIC TURTLE, litter the dash. Ed analyzes the turtle as he sucks on the joint.

ED
What's with turtles?

Todd squints.

TODD
Yeah, what is with turtles?

ED
They're like frogs...frogs with
shells.

Todd takes, and breathes out a cloud of smoke.

TODD
Yeah frogs, with, like...necks.
Necks...and shells.

They both space out and eat some fries while pondering their discussion for a few moments. Suddenly, Ed's face light up.

ED
Ho shit! Imagine a giraffe turtle!

Todd gets excited for a second as he attempts to focus. Finally, he gives up from the mental exhaustion.

TODD
I...can't...I'm too zooted...

Ed, still excited over the prospect of a giraffe turtle, continues his train of "thought."

ED
Man, I wish I was God!

Todd snaps out of it.

TODD
Me too! I'd totally play God if I
was God...

They space out and sip from their milkshakes.

ED
Check this out.

Ed takes a big straw sip of his strawberry milkshake and with his teeth he pulls the liquid filled straw out of the cup before letting it drizzle out down his shirt.

TODD
Super!

TODD'S DAD (O.C.)
Todd, get down here for dinner
right now!

Todd turns to Ed.

TODD
Dude, I gotta go.

Todd opens the car door, and steps out DIRECTLY INTO ..

INT. TODD'S PARENT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

His CHAIR at the DINING TABLE. A giant plate of lasagna separates them. Todd stabs at his food.

DAD
So, how's the job hunt going?

TODD
It's going.

MOM
Jeannie Criss says that there's an
opening down at the Chuck E.
Cheese.

TODD
I'm not going to work at the
Chucking Cheese. I went to college
y'know...

DAD
(Angrily)
We know!

MOM
We know, dear. But it could be fun!
You like video games...and pizza...
and music! And...

DAD
...And I already sent them your
resume.

TODD
You sent my resume...to a Chuck E.
Cheese?!

MOM
Just think about it.

We PUSH IN ON Todd as he thinks about it.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - DAY

The place is chaotic as kids scream and run wild. On stage, the ANIMATRONIC CHUCK E. CHEESE BAND plays loudly.

Todd, attired in the full Chuck E. Cheese regalia, holds up a crying TODDLER wearing a protective HELMET with a party hat on top. Todd keeps the kid at arms length.

TODD
Jesus Christ! Whose *fucking* kid is
this?

The Animatronic Band stops as the MUSIC CUTS OUT. The place goes silent for a moment as the 'F' BOMB is dropped.

Moments later, the chaos begins once again. A manager comes running over, followed by a MASCOT MOUSE.

MANAGER
We don't use that word in here!

The Mascot Mouse nods in agreement.

TODD
Jesus?

The kid squirms in Todd's arms.

MANAGER
No, the 'F' word.

TODD
I said the 'F' word?

MANAGER
Yes. You did.

TODD
Jesus. I'm sorry.

The Mascot moans in disgust at hearing 'Jesus.'

MANAGER
We don't say the 'J' word either.

TODD
Oh fuck, sorry. Jesus.

Suddenly, the Toddler begins to URINATE in his pants for what seems like an eternity. The urine spreads across the kid's crotch, drizzling out his pants, onto Todd's feet.

BACK TO:

EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Back in real time, Todd continues to stare at the large CLOCK as the minute hand moves from "12:02" to "12:03." Todd's face registers sheer panic.

TODD (V.O.)
Fuck that! Moving home was *not* happening! All I needed was \$85 so I could get back in and keep my cable box. I needed to think up a good plan. A well-organized, well-thought out money making plan with a lightning fast turnaround. A *perfect* plan.

Todd gets an idea and smiles as a WOMAN walks by.

TODD
Hi. Can I have eighty-five dollars?

The Woman glances over, but ignores him completely.

A LANKY DUDE strolls by.

TODD (cont'd)
Can I have eighty-five dollars...
please?

The Lanky Dude pulls his collar up, ignoring him. ANOTHER GUY walks by. Todd tries a different tactic.

TODD
Excuse me, can I have *eighty* dollars?

The Guy shrugs his shoulders, making the universal, 'sorry can't help' gesture. Todd calls after him.

TODD
You'd be saving five dollars
y'know!
(Beat)
Jerk.

Todd exits frame.

INT. CITY PARK - BENCH - DAY - LATER

We DOLLY slowly into Todd as he sits on a Park Bench park counting his money.

TODD (V.O.)
Alright. I got six dollars and
twenty three cents. I just gotta be
careful I don't spend any of this
on anything stupid.

A MAN SELLING RED BALLOONS strolls by.

BALLOON MAN
Balloons. Two dollars...

Todd INSTANTLY RESPONDS...

TODD
...I'll take a balloon!!!

QUICK CUTS of the Balloon Exchange. We Widen back to find Todd on the bench holding a RED BALLOON. He admires it.

TODD
Cool!

Todd looks across the park. Off his look, we see a STREET PERFORMER dressed and painted as a SILVER ROBOT. The Performer stands motionless on a box.

The sign next to him reads, '**MAKE ME MOVE. \$1.00.**' A KID gives a dollar and the performer moves around robotically before returning to a new frozen pose. The kid, delighted, puts another dollar in the money-filled box.

ANGLE ON - Todd. He likes what he sees.

TODD
Now, *that's* a plan...

Todd gives a "Eureka" finger snap, effectively causing the balloon to float off. He doesn't even notice it fly away...

EXT. CITY PARK - PARK BENCH - LATER

Todd stands frozen with his hands pointed at himself. A HAND-WRITTEN SIGN next to him says '**I'LL MOVE FOR \$1.00.**'

A BUSINESS GUY sits down on the bench next to Todd. He pulls a SANDWICH out of a brown paper sack. Todd attempts to get his attention by clearing his throat.

TODD
Ahem.

The man ignores Todd and continues to eat. Todd tries to get his attention once again.

TODD

Ahem!

The man finally acknowledges Todd.

BUSINESS GUY

Whut?

Todd, not wanting to break any 'robot rules,' keeps his lips mostly closed as he MUMBLES out of the side of his mouth.

TODD

Read...the...sign.

The man looks up at Todd for a moment before returning to his sandwich.

Todd mumbles out of the side of his face more forcefully.

TODD

Read...the...*sign*.

The man glances at the small sign.

BUSINESS MAN

You'll move for a dollar. Great.

Todd mumbles out of the side of his mouth.

TODD

I'll...move...for a...dollar.

Todd wobbles ever so slightly.

BUSINESS GUY

You just moved.

Todd thinks for a moment before he mumbles...

TODD

You...owe me...a dollar...

The Businessman packs up and wanders off. Todd steps off the bench as something across the park catches his eye.

TODD (V.O.)

If I was gonna scam money, I was going to scam it legitimately.

STREET HUSTLER (O.C.)

Spot the Queen, and win the dream!

Todd looks over to see a STREET HUSTLER running a game of THREE CARD MONTE by a LARGE FOUNTAIN. There is a HUGE CROWD around him. The Street Hustler is raking it in.

ANGLE ON - Todd. He's intrigued.

EXT. CITY PARK - LATER

Todd stands behind a makeshift gaming TABLE made out of a CARDBOARD BOX. Instead of cards, Todd has devised his own version using three plastic soda BOTTLE CAPS and a piece of DORITO.

TODD
Try your luck! Step right up! Only
\$2.00 to play. Spot the Dorito, and
win the
(Struggles)
...game...ito.

A HAND slaps down TWO DOLLARS on the table. We TILT UP to reveal that the hand belongs to Vlad.

VLAD
How this go?

TODD
Umm. It's called 'Follow the
Dorito.' You just gotta. Well..
here.

Todd nervously and sloppily shifts the plastic caps around.

TODD
Round and round the Dorito goes,
where it stops *nobody* knows.

Vlad has no problem finding the Dorito.

VLAD
Is here.

Suddenly, a glint of recognition flashes in Vlad's eyes.

VLAD
I see you before there, yes?

TODD
Um...no. Actually I've never even
been there...

VLAD
Where?

TODD
Wherever...you were when there.

Vlad misses this, and turns his attention back to the table.

VLAD
(forcefully)
Double nothing!

TODD
Umm...okay.

Todd begins to shift the caps around again.

TODD
Round and round the Dorito goes,
where it stops *nobody* knows...

VLAD
Is here.

Once again, Vlad easily finds the Dorito. Todd is visibly flustered.

TODD
Have you played this before?

VLAD
Double nothing!!

Todd wipes his brow, and begins to shuffle the bottle caps.

TODD
Round and round the dorito goes...

TITLE CARD: "30 SECONDS LATER..."

Todd mops his sweaty brow.

VLAD
Is here.

DING!

VLAD
Is here.

DING!

VLAD
Is here.

Todd flips the cap and stares blankly.

TODD
(Meekly)
Winner.

VLAD
That's two fifty and six you owe to
Vlad.

TODD
\$256?! I wasn't keeping track.

Todd begins to count on his fingers nervously.

VLAD
Two fifty and six! Double nothing!

TODD
Right. See, the thing is...umm...

Todd claps his hands together.

VLAD
We make deal! Either Vlad gets
money OR Vlad smash face in face!

TODD
Look...Mr. Vlad...

VLAD
And after face smash, Vlad kick
testeballs up into mouth. And then
punch mouth until teeth fart out
anus along with testeballs!

TODD
My what where?

Vlad rages on.

VLAD
THEN, I'll reach into pants and
grab penis by throat and punch it
in face!

TODD
Wait, you wanna punch my penis...

Vlad nods.

TODD
In the face?

Vlad grabs Todd by the front of the robe. Todd winces.

VLAD
Five PM time exact. If you don't
have Vlad money, I find you and
make damages all over you.

Vlad releases Todd.

VLAD
Five PM time exact.

Vlad snatches the Dorito and eats it before walking past a very scared looking Todd.

I/E PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Todd, in a panic, drops a quarter into the PAY PHONE and dials.

INT. ED'S BEDROOM - ED'S PARENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ed's room is a disaster. The PHONE rings as Ed smokes a JOINT while simultaneously playing ATARI COMBAT.

Ed searches the room half-heartedly for the source of the ringing. The ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

ROBOTIC ANSWERING MACHINE
Please leave. A. Message. <beep>

TODD (O.C.)
Hey man! Pick it up! Pick up!

Ed takes a hit off his joint and looks around the room befuddled.

ED
Pick up what?!

TODD (O.C.)
Pick up! I need help!

Ed continues talking to Todd's disembodied voice.

ED
Help me first!

TODD (O.C.)
Are you there, man!?

Ed angrily points at his own chest.

ED
Yes! I'm right here!

TODD (O.C.)
Hello!!

Todd hangs up his end. The same plastic turtle from earlier in the story stares at Ed. Ed stares back.

ED
Hello?

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Todd stares at the receiver, unable to bring himself to drop the quarter in the slot.

TODD (V.O.)
I thought about calling my parents
for help, but asking them to bail
me would be one step closer to
this.

INT. CHUCK-E-CHEESE

Todd, wearing his outfit stares at us miserably as Chuck-E-Cheese MUSIC blares. CHILDREN run around him completely out-of-control. In the BG, a KID barfs all over the console of a video game.

TODD (V.O.)
Which is one step closer to this...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

Todd, wearing his CHUCK-E-CHEESE OUTFIT, stands in a school gymnasium talking to a group of SNOOTY CLASSMATES. A banner behind them reads, "**Grant High 15 Year High School Reunion. Welcome Alumni!**" One of the men, LARRY, smirks at Todd.

TODD
...you see I had to come
straight...from work.

Someone 'cough' laughs.

LARRY
It must be great to work at a job
where the only pressure you have is
which ears to wear.

People laugh.

RANDOM FEMALE CLASSMATE
You smell like fries.

RANDOM FEMALE CLASSMATE 2
And pee.

RANDOM FEMALE CLASSMATE 3
And puke.

TODD (V.O.)
Which is one step closer to this...

INT. TODD'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Todd, buck naked, masturbates as he lies on top of his blankets (shot tastefully) in his childhood bed while perusing a copy of 'Big Boobs' magazine. Todd "BOOB GLIMPSES" with a fevered determination,

Suddenly, Todd's Mom barges into the room with a plate of cookies. She stops in her tracks, aghast. A few beats of awkwardness before Todd finally says...

TODD
It's not what it looks like!

Todd's mom, unsure of what to say, offers him a cookie.

TODD'S MOM
Oatmeal raisin?

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

Todd pockets the quarter and hangs up the phone.

TODD (V.O.)
Yeah, calling home was a no-go. And I was determined to figure this out on my own! Solve my own problems! I have my pride y'know!

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - SELF-HELP SECTION - LATER

We BOOM DOWN from an overhead sign reading, "SELF-HELP" to find Todd snoring softly in a chair. His legs are splayed, putting his BOXERS (and NUTSACK) on display. A few KIDS throw Skittles on him and quietly giggle.

A Skittle bounces off Todd's head waking him up.

TODD
My testeballs!

The various CUSTOMERS in the store stare at Todd as he regains his bearings. A BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE *shushes* Todd.

TODD (V.O.)
Okay, maybe pride isn't the best word for it...

Todd closes the book and begins to eat the Skittles off his robe one by one.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
I see your nuts.

Todd, mid Skittle-chomp, looks up to see Claire. She chuckles at him and Todd turns bright red.

TODD
Look, I'm really not nuts.

CLAIRE
No not that. Those.

She points to his testes, and Todd quickly yanks his robe shut.

TODD
Look I'm not usually...

CLAIRE
...in your bathrobe asleep in a bookstore eating candy off your robe with your nuts hanging out?

TODD
Yes. That. No, not usually. See, I'm like locked out right now and these boxers are old... and the Skittles were just...there.

CLAIRE
There?

Todd points at his chest.

TODD
There. Little gifts.

Todd thumbs over at the Kids with the Skittles.

TODD
From them. I guess.

CLAIRE
That was nice of them.

TODD
Sort of. Purple?

Todd offers her a purple Skittle.

CLAIRE
No thanks. I'm good.

Todd eats it. Claire notices the title of the book on Todd's lap. *"Make a Million in One Day"*

CLAIRE
One day? How's that work?

TODD
Huh?

Todd follows her eye line to the book.

TODD
Oh it's easy. You just umm...do something with real estate loans and then...ummm...well it's got this chart.

Todd holds the book sideways to show Claire the chart.

TODD
I don't really get it yet.

CLAIRE
Why not just buy a lottery ticket?

TODD
I would but the drawing is Wednesday. I gotta be a millionaire by five at the latest...or at least a thousandaire.

Todd thinks for a second.

TODD
I'd actually settle for a bunch-of-twenties-and-couple-fives...aire?

CLAIRE
Well you already look like a millionaire if that helps. One of the eccentric crazy ones...

Todd looks at his attire and blushes.

TODD
Right. I...this...

Awkward silence.

A Skittle sails by.

TODD
It would be cool to win the lottery though!

CLAIRE
Yeah, winning the lottery would be cool!

Todd smiles.

TODD
Totally would like fix stuff. If you won, what's the first thing you'd do?

Claire smiles excitedly.

CLAIRE
Well, first thing I'd do is get me a giant pink polka-dot mansion!

TODD
A polka dot...mansion?

CUT TO:

ANIMATED/MIXED MEDIUM FANTASY SEQUENCE

EXT. BIG GIANT PINK HOUSE - DAY

Dressed like a gazillionaire, dripping with diamonds, Claire walks out the front door and down the steps. Everything is sparkling. The yard has a DR. SEUSS quality to it. In this sequence, the products of CLAIRE and TODD'S imaginations are represented by different mediums.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
What about you?

TODD (V.O.)
Well, I'd get an awesome gold car!
A gold car...with a pool!

Suddenly, Todd pulls up in a GOLD POOL CAR complete with a diving board. He blasts a cheesy 80's RAP SONG.

ANGLE ON CLAIRE - She rolls her eyes at Todd's display.

Todd turns up the music to show off his speakers which rise out of the car on hydraulics. The pool water vibrates.

TODD
Wanna take a dip?

Todd, decked out in a gold robe, steps out of the car and flashes open his robe revealing a gold SPEEDO underneath. As Todd begins to dance, Claire yells over the music.

CLAIRE
 Sorry, I don't have time for a
 swim in your pool car! I have to
 tend to my unicorn farm!

On the side of a house we see a HORSE STABLE filled with
 UNICORNS. One sticks his nose through the fence. Claire pets
 it.

CLAIRE
 Hi Rocco...

TODD
 Unicorns? Well, I hope they're not
 bothered by my Formula-1 track.

A RACE TRACK suddenly wraps around the Unicorn corral.
 FORMULA-1 CARS loudly zoom around the track, and the unicorns
 begin to freak out.

CLAIRE
 Uch! You're such a jerk sometimes!

Claire storms off.

TODD
 Wait don't be like that! Here!

Todd picks a white flower from a garden and gives it to her.

BACK TO REALITY

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Todd and Claire continue. They laugh LOUDLY as Todd
 continues.

TODD
 Here. It's like a white chocolate
 rose that like grows in the...

The same Bookstore Employee once again shushes them angrily.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
 Shhhh!

The Bookstore Employee heads over to Todd and Claire.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
 Excuse me. We're going to have to
 ask you to leave the store.

Claire and Todd exchange looks.

TODD
 Who's we?

The Bookstore Employee thinks for a moment.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
Well...me.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - LATER

Todd and Claire talk as they stroll down the West Village cobblestone street.

TODD
So umm...you're looking, huh?

CLAIRE
Looking for what?

TODD
A job...type...situation? I saw you at the unemployment office.

CLAIRE
Oh. That. Yeah. They landed me my tenth interview this month. I can't seem to...

Awkward silence.

TODD
...I hear ya.

CLAIRE
If I wasn't about to get totally evicted...I don't know. It's like no one wants to hire me! Aren't I supposed to know what I'm supposed to be doing by now?

A MOM barrels past them rudely pushing a STROLLER with a screaming BABY.

CLAIRE
Uch. Stroller moms. Sometimes I feel like I have only two choices in life. One, to become an annoying 'career' person. Or, two, become an annoying stroller mom. I don't think I want either. I think there must be something wrong with me!

TODD
Nothing's wrong with you!

CLAIRE
There is!

TODD
You're fine.

CLAIRE
Oh yeah? Look at this!

Claire shoves her whole fist in her mouth. Awkward silence on Todd's end.

CLAIRE
Rong, wite?

TODD
Well...

Claire points one eyeball in toward her nose.

TODD
Okay! Okay! *Something* might be a little wrong.

Claire removes her fist, and the two continue walking. Suddenly, Todd spots Vlad a few blocks away. Todd gently grabs Claire's arm and steers her down another street.

CLAIRE
Is everything okay?

TODD
Yeah! There's...I jut wanted to see...

They pass a MOVIE THEATRE.

TODD
...what was playing.

A bunch of POSTERS line the brick wall. Some of the titles include:

'Indecipherable Indiscretions,' 'Pixar's Talking Animals On a Journey!' and 'SNAILS ON A PLANE 2!!!'

Claire reads the titles aloud. The two inspect the 'Snails' poster a little more closely. The TAGLINE reads, "At 30,000 Feet, expect a sloooowwwwww DEATH!"

CLAIRE
Snails on a plane 2? I felt they achieved closure on the first one.

Todd laughs.

CLAIRE
Man, why are movies all so bad these days? It's like there's no more imagination or something?

TODD
I'm actually working on fixing
that! I'm working on a screenplay
right now!

CLAIRE
Really?! What's it about?

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Hilary Swank and Russell Crowe still wait around, staring at one another. Russell takes a seat on the ground and looks at his pocket watch. Hillary slaps her arm shooing a fly.

Ten seconds of this pass before we go...

BACK TO:

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Todd scratches his head as Claire waits expectantly for an answer.

TODD
I haven't gotten that far yet.

Awkward silence.

CLAIRE
Well that's a...start.

TODD
I'm starting to think maybe it
isn't my thing.

CLAIRE
Well, it's hard finding your thing.

TODD
Shouldn't be *that* hard. I hope not
at least. Or wait I hope it is...
I...

Todd's embarrassed. Claire laughs.

CLAIRE
It's just hard. There's so many
distractions in the world.

TODD
I know! Totally! With like
television and magazines and
inter...webs.

(MORE)

TODD (cont'd)
There's always something keeping me
from finding out what my thing
should be.

Awkward silence.

CLAIRE
I hear you. I mean so far my
potential things have been a real
estate agent, caterer, vet,
bartender, bass player in an all-
girl band, FBI agent, dental
assistant. I was going to do
something with knitting ummm...

TODD
Wow. That's uh...

Claire rattles on.

CLAIRE
...traffic cop, sculptor, the Gap
management training program, I was
gonna join the air force or the
peace corps, or maybe become one of
those court people that type on the
little typewriters. I forget what
they're called...stelogrammers or
something? Umm...did I say vet?

TODD
Yeah, I think so.

CLAIRE
Yeah, that was a weird choice
seeing as I don't really like cats.
(Beat)
And I have allergies.

TODD
I guess you'd probably see a lot of
cats.

Claire shakes her head in agreement.

TO
So, did anything stick?

CLAIRE
Nope. Not yet.
(Beat)
Well, I write poetry. I think I
might be good at that.

TODD
...Poetry? You're a poet.

CLAIRE
Yeah. Wanna hear one?

Todd forces a smile, but looks a bit concerned.

TODD
Yeah. Sure!

FREEZE FRAME on Todd's awkward smile.

TODD (V.O.)
A poet? Umm... that sort of totally
set off some friggin alarm bells
for me. See, I dated a poet like
six months ago... and... well...

INT. SMOKY POETRY CLUB - NIGHT - SOMETIME IN THE PAST

Todd's date, a long auburn-haired POET, is SPOTLIT on-stage
as she reads her POEM passionately. Todd beams at her from
the audience.

POET GIRL
*She embraced me to her bosom.
Twisting like snakes we became one.
One person, one pleasure, one sex.
She is the one who fills me,
Giving me pleasure he could never
provide.*

Todd's smile fades as he turns and looks directly at us in
panic before turning his attention back to his date on-stage.

POET GIRL
*Our secrets.
Our love.
Our lust.
Far above the clumsy paws of
mankind.*

The house lights comes on to reveal that the AUDIENCE is made
up entirely of LESBIANS. They clap wildly. Poet Girl blows a
kiss to a BUTCH LESBIAN who sits behind Todd.

POET GIRL
And I'd like to thank the man who
inspired everything!

The SPOTLIGHT shifts to Todd as Poet Girl mouths 'Thank You'
at him. Todd smiles awkwardly as the audience continues to
applaud him wildly.

BACK TO:

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A nervous Claire digs through her purse and pulls out a piece of PAPER. Todd is expressionless.

CLAIRE
Okay, it's not done yet.

TODD
No problem. Nothing I'm doing is
done...yet.

CLAIRE
Okay.

She takes a deep breath. Sighs. Then counts on her FINGERS as she reads.

CLAIRE
*Frogs are hoppity.
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
See froggy frogs hop.*

Todd stares.

Claire, clearly embarrassed, quickly folds up the paper and puts it in her pocket.

CLAIRE
It's nothing.

TODD
No! I liked...it! I like frogs!

CLAIRE
It's just a haiku.

TODD
No! I'm actually relieved it wasn't
all like...literature-y and...I
really did like it!

CLAIRE
Really? You did?

TODD
I did!

Awkward silence. Claire stares at Todd with cute squinty eyes.

TODD
I did! Frogs!

Claire, confidence bolstered, changes gears.

CLAIRE
You hungry?

TODD
I'm sort of low on money. Food is
sort of a...luxury item?

CLAIRE
Money? Who said anything about
money?

Claire smiles mischievously.

CLAIRE
Let me show you this other...thing.

INT. FANCY CHEESE SHOP - DAY

A snooty FRENCHMAN stands behind the glass cheese display
counter. He speaks with a thick French accent.

CLAIRE
Yeah we're thinking about having a
wine and cheese party, and I'm
thinking we should get some cheese.

FRENCHMAN
Vet keen of cheese?

CLAIRE
We don't know a lot about cheese.

TODD
We don't know a lot about cheese.

FRENCHMAN
Pehaps you'd like to semplesome?

TODD
Perhaps we'd like to what?

FRENCHMAN
Pehaps you'd like to semplesome?

CLAIRE
Sample some?

Claire gives Todd a confident nod.

CLAIRE
Sample some you say?

Claire clicks into an eerily professional manner and takes
control.

CLAIRE
Okay, let's do this alphabetically.
Let's start with American.

The Frenchman slices some American and gives them both a taste. Oump. Oump.

CLAIRE
Okay, now Brie.

Oump. Oump.

CLAIRE
Okay, now Cheddar.

Oump. Oump.

CLAIRE
Ok now...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "SIX MINUTES LATER"

BACK TO:

INT. FANCY CHEESE SHOP - DAY - SIX MINUTES LATER

The clearly irritated Frenchman hands them two slices of SPOTTED CHEESE.

FRENCHMAN
And here eez da Yorkshire Bleu.

Oump. Oump.

CLAIRE
Not bad. Not bad. Do you have anything in a 'Z'.

The Frenchman stares at them disdainfully for a beat before...

FRENCHMAN
No!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - LATER

Todd and Claire stand in front of the ice cream counter. Todd takes the lead under Claire's watchful eye. A small line of annoyed CUSTOMERS stand behind them.

TODD
...okay, now Rum Raisin.

Oump. Oump.

TODD
And Strawberry.

Oump. Oump.

TODD
And let's try some of that Tutti...

An IRATE MAN standing directly behind Todd steps forward.

IRATE MAN
...Excuse me...!

Todd cuts him off forcefully.

TODD
...Excuse Me! I'm on 'T.'

Todd stares him down for a second or so, and the Man steps back nervously. Todd turns back towards the ICE CREAM VENDOR and politely says...

TODD
Let's try some of that Tutti-Fruity...

Claire smiles.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Todd and Claire sit on a BENCH people watching.

TODD
Thirty one flavors, and not one of them starts with 'X?' That's so weird.

A bunch of BUSINESSPEOPLE wearing WIRELESS CELL PHONE HEADSETS pass back and forth in front of the bench.

TODD
Ever notice how if people didn't have the little ear things they'd all look like they're nuts?

CLAIRE
To be honest, sometimes I do that. Like I'll take out my phone and sort out thoughts in my head while talking to no one.

Todd looks at her strangely.

CLAIRE
I hope that doesn't scare you.

TODD
No. Well, I guess...it depends on
what the conversation is like.

CLAIRE
It's usually pretty boring. It's
more like just verbal post-it notes
for my brain.

TODD
Oh. Okay.

Todd suddenly seems distracted as he takes the card he got
from Phil earlier from his robe pocket.

TODD
What time is it?

CLAIRE
2:00.

TODD
I gotta go. I have an interview at
four.

CLAIRE
You gonna go like that?

TODD
First I need to get back into my
apartment.

CLAIRE
Who's going to let you in?

TODD
I don't know.

CLAIRE
I thought you were killing time
waiting for someone else to let you
in.

TODD
Nope.

CLAIRE
What are you doing then?

TODD
I'm hanging out with you.

CLAIRE
That's very sweet, but hanging out
with me isn't going to get you out
of those clothes.

TODD
It's not?

Claire laughs.

TODD
(jokingly)
Well, I guess I'll be going then.

Todd gets up and pretends to walk away.

CLAIRE
So what's your plan?

TODD
I'm trying to raise \$85 to pay the
locksmith to pick the...

CLAIRE
You're trying to "raise" \$85!?

Claire laughs at Todd again.

CLAIRE
Here, take this.

Claire hands Todd a flyer. It reads,

**"SODA MARKET TESTING VOLUNTEERS NEEDED. ONE HOUR. 12 - 3PM
EARN \$100. 600 W. 24TH ST."**

TODD
Where did you get this?

She gives him a look.

CLAIRE
When you wander around all day you
tend to pay more attention to all
those flyers posted on telephone
poles.

TODD
I drink some soda and get \$100?

CLAIRE
Supposedly.

TODD
But don't you need?

CLAIRE
Not as much as you right now.

TODD
Thanks!

Claire looks at her watch.

CLAIRE
You actually should get going.

Todd gets up excitedly.

TODD
Yeah! I guess I should. Thanks for
the...good...time...day. I owe
you.

CLAIRE
No problem. Good luck finding
your...thing.

TODD
Thanks you too. I had a good time
doing...stuff.

CLAIRE
Me too.

Awkward silence.

TODD
Yeah. Totally. We should umm...

Awkward silence.

TODD
...cross paths again?

CLAIRE
Sure thing. After all I've already
seen you're nuts.

Todd smiles sheepishly before shuffling off, leaving Claire
alone on the bench.

ANGLE ON CLAIRE - She looks disappointed.

HARD CUT TO:

BLACK

An ANIMATED GRAPHICAL REPRESENTATION of what Todd tells us is
drawn on screen...

TODD (V.O.)

What? There's a good chance we'll cross paths again. I mean, after all what is a path? A path could be a street, a store, a subway. There's got to be thousands upon thousands of paths in this city. Every time I go outside, I cross paths with five hundred...a thousand people?

A MATHEMATICAL EQUATION is written on screen which follows Todd's calcu-babbling.

TODD (V.O.)

And, there's at least seven million people in the city. So, if you take all the paths, and all the crossings, and multiply that by the seven million, the chances of me bumping into her again are, pretty good.

The SUM continues to grow exponentially, zero upon zero being added.

TODD (V.O.)

Like, one in...like one in...Jesus, that's a lot of numbers.

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP on Todd as he walks briskly. He's clearly upset with himself.

TODD (V.O.)

And all I needed to get from her were seven digits. One phone number. And I could think of only one good reason why I didn't ask for her number.

Todd stops, and says aloud...

TODD

I'm a pussy.

EXT. NON-DESCRIPT BUILDING - LATER

TIGHT ON the FLYER. Todd pulls the flyer away from FRAME, and we find ourselves in front a generic office building with only a number on the outside. Todd buzzes the door buzzer and he's buzzed in.

Todd walks down a long hallway. At the end there's a door with a flyer taped to it that reads, "**Market Research.**"

INT. STERILE WHITE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Todd knocks and pokes his head in the door.

TODD
Um...hello?

Todd is greeted by a MARKET RESEARCH MAN and his FEMALE COUNTERPART. They're dressed conservatively, and both have plastic-looking smiles on their faces.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Hi! Come in! You must be Todd!

Todd is startled.

TODD
How'd you know my name?

The guy is stumped, but the woman chimes in.

MARKET RESEARCH WOMAN
Easy. The government has this tracking sys...

Her Counterpart cuts her off.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Ho!

Todd is confused.

TODD
Government!? I thought this was some market test thing.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
...Government? Who said Government?

TODD
Umm...she did.

MARKET RESEARCH WOMAN
I did?

TODD
Just now you said the Government has some tracking something! And how'd you know my name?

MARKET RESEARCH WOMAN
I...didn't.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
I don't. Tim, is it?

TODD
Todd!

The Market Research Man laughs it off.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
I'm so bad with names.

TODD
No! You're not!

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Have a seat, please. Let's just get started.

The Market Research Man motions for Todd to sit across from them at the fold out table in the middle of the room.

TODD
So this isn't a Government thing?

The Man puts a hand up, signalling Todd to hold on. He places his other hand up to his ear. A few seconds pass as he listens intently to something through an EAR PIECE. The Man turns his attention back to Todd.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Officially this is not a government operation.

MARKET RESEARCH WOMAN
Right! If we were "official" wouldn't we be in a Government building?

The Market Research Man gives his counterpart a look.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Enough Laura!

He turns his perma-smile back to Todd.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
We are an independent soda market researcher group hired by the Coca-Cola Corporation and...

The Man once again puts his hand to his earpiece.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
I meant the Pepsi-Cola cor...

The Man puts his hand to his ear yet again.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
We are not affiliated with any soft
drink manufacturer.

Todd stares.

TODD
Ok.

MARKET RESEARCH WOMAN
Please sign this and we'll get
started.

The Market Research Woman slides a clipboard across the table
to Todd.

ANGLE ON the CLIPBOARD - A two-word WAIVER with a signature
line at the bottom reads, "**You(*) agree.**" Below the signature
line, a footnote tells us, "**(*) This means you.**"

TODD
I agree. That's it?

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Not until you sign it isn't.

TODD
And I get \$100 for participating
here?

MARKET RESEARCH WOMAN
You do indeed.

Todd pauses and then signs the paper.

MARKET RESEARCH MAN
Great! Let's get started.
Right.

The Market Research Duo exit the room leaving Todd alone
staring at a TWO-WAY MIRROR with a WALL SPEAKER underneath.
The wall speaker has a crackly quality to it.

WALL SPEAKER
Deliver the drink sample. Proceed.

There's a LOUD THUMP at the door and a WHIRRING NOISE. It's
followed by another loud thump and some more whirring. Todd
glances around the room confused.

WALL SPEAKER
Provide necessary assistance
please.

Someone turns the DOORKNOB and the door slowly opens to
reveal a ROBOT holding a tray with a cup on it.

Todd stares as the Robot slowly rolls backwards a few inches then stops. It attempts to roll forward to enter the room but knocks into the door frame, spilling the drink all over the tray.

WALL SPEAKER
Enough with the god damn robot!
It's not working!!!

A HAND reaches into the room and slams the door shut.

We HEAR a brief RUCKUS in the hallway before a BOOKISH SCIENTIST enters the room, angrily places a cup on the table, and then leaves, slamming the door shut.

The Wall Speaker continues.

WALL SPEAKER
In front of you is the first
sample.

TODD
Okay.

WALL SPEAKER
Please drink the contents and let
us know what you think.

Todd stares at the translucent BUBBLY BLUE LIQUID in the cup then looks at the reflection of himself in the two-way mirror.

TODD
Why is it blue?

WALL SPEAKER
Because of the...blue...

The speaker cuts out, then comes back.

WALL SPEAKER
...berries.

TODD
The...blueberries?

Todd picks up the glass of blue liquid and stares at it. We FREEZE FRAME on his distrustful expression through the glass.

TODD (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking. I
probably shouldn't be drinking a
mysterious blue liquid in some
government lab. But it's either
this, or...

CUT TO:

INT. TODD PARENT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FANTASY

Todd, wearing his Chuck E. Cheese uniform, is smushed in between his parents on their sofa as they all watch *Jeopardy* together. Todd, stoned out of his mind, yells out answers.

TODD
Edward the Third! No! Richard the
Third! Eighth! Third!
(Beat)
Wait, no. *What* is Richard. Hold up.
Who is Edward the Third!

Todd's Dad stares at his son disapprovingly.

DAD
You reek of pot.

On TV, we hear the CONTESTANT say...

CONTESTANT (O.C.)
Who is Ronald Reagan?

ALEC TREBEK
Correct.

CONTESTANT (O.C.)
US Presidents for \$400 please...

Suddenly, Todd breaks the FOURTH WALL, and turns to the CAMERA beseechingly.

TODD
Just drink it man. We need that
cash. And we can't deal with
this...

BACK TO:

INT. STERILE TESTING WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We UNFREEZE on Todd staring at the drink.

TODD
Okay, okay! Fine!

Todd chugs it down then grimaces.

WALL SPEAKER
Reaction?

TODD
It doesn't taste like blueberries.

Todd smacks his lips.

TODD
And the bubbles seem too big or
something.

Todd smacks his lips and spaces out.

WALL SPEAKER
Anything...else? Reaction?

TODD
Uh...no.

Time seem to be slowing down.

WALL SPEAKER
Re...re...re...re...action?

TODD
You just said...

Todd, suddenly feeling a bit woozy, looks up at the two-way mirror. It begins to STRETCH like taffy. The Wall Speaker voice SLOWS DOWN to a crawl as the room seems to breathe.

WALL SPEAKER
Reeeeeeeee-aaaaaaaccccccccc-
ssssssshhhhhh-uuuuuuuuun?

Todd stares at himself in the mirror. SCARY CLOWN PEOPLE rise up from behind him. He jolts and looks behind himself. Nothing is there.

WALL SPEAKER
Onythong melse...?

TODD
Huh?

Todd looks at his FIST and inhales deeply as he opens up his hand.

A small CIRCUS TENT sits on his PALM. Mini-balloons fly upwards. CIRCUS MUSIC plays. He closes his hand and the music stops abruptly.

A smiling CLOWN puts his face on Todd's shoulder, smearing WHITE MAKEUP on his robe. In the same voice as the speaker, the clown says.

CLOWN
Onythong melse...?

Todd opens his palm again and we ZOOM in through the front door flap of the tent.

INT. PSYCHEDELIC CIRCUS - HELL

We are in a trippy nightmare circus hell. The CIRCUS PERFORMERS are wretched and violent, the CLOWNS sinister, and the CIRCUS ANIMALS resemble hybrids of lizards and insects.

The speed of the Circus Music FLUCTUATES strangely.

Todd stands in the middle of all of this, a RINGMASTER of sorts. As Todd observes the Psychedelic Circus we begin to SPIN round and round him until he finally screams at the top of his lungs...

TODD

STO...

We ZOOM backwards out of the tent as Todd'S FIST closes shut.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

Todd's fist. We WIDEN OUT to reveal Todd, a shaken wreck, lying on the sidewalk, his head resting on a TRASHCAN.

TODD

...OPPP!!!!

Todd opens his eyes and slowly and carefully opens up his fist. Lying in the palm of his hand is a SLIP OF PAPER. Todd smooths it out and reads it aloud.

Todd (cont'd)

*"Thank you for your participation
in our market research. You earned
\$100.00 and will be receiving a
check in 4-6 weeks."*

Todd stares at the paper and turns it over. He seems to have no recollection of where he got it. He puts it back in his pocket.

Todd (cont'd)

Ok...I gotta pull myself
together...Need \$85. Right. Just
gotta get some money together. How
much I got...

Todd reaches into his pocket, pulls out a few crumpled bills and all of his change, and begins to count the change up.

TODD (cont'd)

...sixteen...seventeen cents...and
a nickel. That's seventeen plus
five. What is that? Twenty six...

A group of YOUNG I-BANKERS walk past. One of them, LARRY (who we met earlier in the story), approximately Todd's age, recognizes Todd.

LARRY
Todd? Dude, is that you?

Todd is momentarily distracted from his counting and looks up.

LARRY
Dude! It is you. It's Larry.
Larry Cooper. From school?

Todd smiles at him briefly, but has other things on his mind.

TODD
Hey, man...Twenty seven...Oh!
Whoa...twenty eight.

Larry gives Todd a longer once over.

LARRY (cont'd)
Wow. Nice robe. Casual Tuesday,
dude?

Larry and his friends chuckle. Todd looks at his robe. There's WHITE CLOWN MAKEUP on it. Todd touches it and rubs it between his fingers.

TODD
Is this clown makeup?

The Group exchange concerned looks. Todd examines his closed fist, opens it, and then jolts away from it in fear.

LARRY
So, uh, everything okay?

Todd stands up and dusts himself off in an attempt to make himself presentable.

TODD
I'm just a little weirded out right now. I got involved with this market research company for this...soda. But they weren't soda people! They were like these Government people...

LARRY
...Government people?

Larry's friends laugh.

TODD

No it's true! They even had a robot!! The robot didn't work, see. So the main guy brought in the blue drink. Said it was blueberries. Tasted like rusty grapes. Then the clown people came and took me into my palm.

We CUT BACK TO Larry and his friends. They are SPEECHLESS. A very awkward moment.

LARRY

Wow. Yeah. I hear you dude. It happens.

Larry fake checks his watch.

LARRY

Whoa. Listen, I'd love to chat and catch up, but I gotta head out. You going to be at the reunion?

Todd Panics.

TODD

Reunion?

LARRY

I'm sure a lot of people would love to see you there.

TODD

Really? You think?

LARRY

Yeah. Seeing you would make a lot of people **feel** good about...themselves.

*

This is a blow to Todd's ego.

LARRY

Whatever. Maybe we'll cross paths again?

This one stings.

TODD

Yeah. Sure thing. Cross paths.

Larry reaches into his wallet and pulls out a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

LARRY

Hey, listen man. Here's a hundred.
Seriously. Try and get back on your
feet.

Todd stares at the Hundred for a second before he faces Larry
and says...

TODD

Actually, I'm good.

Larry shrugs his shoulders, puts the bill back in his wallet,
and heads out. As they walk off we hear Larry snicker...

LARRY (O.C.)

I always thought that guy smoked
too much weed.

Todd, clearly ashamed of himself turns his head to find a
HOMELESS MAN sitting next to him. Todd nearly jumps out of
his own skin.

TODD

Jeezus!

HOMELESS MAN

Don't worry, son. It's just first
day jitters.

TODD

First day? First day what?!

HOMELESS MAN

First day being *apartmentally*
challenged.

TODD

No. I'm just locked out.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah. I hear ya. Locked myself out
of my car back in '03. Wallet was
in the car. Car got towed. One
thing led to another and some bad
luck...that was my first day.

TODD

Yeah? Jeez, I never thought it
started that...

HOMELESS MAN

Then the government gets at you,
right? Start messing with ya. They
tinker with your brain. Scramble up
your thoughts. Right?

Todd looks scared.

HOMELESS MAN
Don't worry. You ain't alone. You
ain't never alone. Not anymore.

The Homeless Man motions to the alley behind him. A bunch of HOMELESS PEOPLE rummage through garbage bins, push carts, etc. Todd turns back to the Homeless Guy.

HOMELESS MAN
We're all locked out of
something...

Todd looks up at a CLOCK on a bank. It says '3:46'.

TODD
I gotta go. *Shit!*

HOMELESS MAN
Wanna use my jar?

Todd runs off in disgust.

EXT. GLOBALTECH INC. - LATER

An ESTABLISHING of this very scary-looking corporate building.

INT. GLOBALTECH INC. - MOMENTS LATER

We're in an antiseptic corporate office lobby. We START on a polished-looking APPLICANT who wears a three-piece suit, hair slicked. The Applicant stares at something OFF CAMERA. We DOLLY along a row of other equally polished APPLICANTS who also stare at something Off Camera.

The CAMERA finally lands on the object of their attention...Todd.

Todd notices the Gawkers and crosses his legs. He grabs a 'FORBES' from off the side table and holds it up. The cover reads, "DRESSING FOR SUCCESS."

A RECEPTIONIST walks into the room while examining her clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST
Todd?

Todd stands up.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Schreiber will...

She looks up from her clipboard and sees Todd for the first time. She's a bit thrown.

RECEPTIONIST
...see you now?

INT. SCHREIBER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An ALL GLASS OFFICE. Todd sits across from BILL SCHREIBER, (50's) sharply dressed. Todd has a view of the waiting room and the other Applicants.

Schreiber examines Todd's resume before placing it flat on the desk. Schreiber gives him a long and uncomfortable once over.

SCHREIBER
Is this a joke? Am I on camera?

TODD
I can explain. It's sort of a long story.

Schreiber looks at his watch.

SCHREIBER
Well, make it a long story short.

TODD
Ok, I accidentally locked my self out this morning without my keys and wallet...

SCHREIBER
I'm listening.

TODD
And I wasn't able to get back in and change before the interview.

SCHREIBER
So it seems.

TODD
But I didn't want to lose this opportunity. I want this job. It's right for me. And I hope we could move past...this.

Todd points at his robe. Bill stares at him.

TODD
...and these.

Todd holds up one foot and displays his slipper.

Bill is not amused.

INT. GLOBALTECH INC. - ELEVATOR BANK - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open, and we focus on a pair of HIGH HEELS. We TILT up to reveal Claire in corporate attire. Slightly harried, she walks off frame towards the lobby.

BACK TO:

INT. SCHREIBER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Schreiber listens attentively to Todd as he finishes.

TODD

But, after all that, I *had* to be here. This job is just right for me. I know it. I can feel it. As you can see, I'm obviously the type of guy who goes above and beyond and takes risks to make things happen.

Schreiber stares at Todd for a few moments, taking all of it in. He leans back in his chair and puts his hands behind his head before smiling broadly at Todd.

SCHREIBER

I gotta tell you, that was the most convincing sales job I've ever heard.

Todd's baffled.

TODD

But it's not a sales job. It's all true.

SCHREIBER

True. Not true. I personally don't give a shit. The fact is the most important thing in sales is convincing someone that they want something they shouldn't want.

Schreiber peruses Todd's resume.

SCHREIBER

Well your resume agrees with you. You are more than qualified. A three hundred percent sales increase is rare these days! How'd you do that!?

Todd lies with ease.

TODD
Initially I had a hundred percent
as a goal. But I figured why stop
there? Then I went two hundred
percent. Three hundred...

SCHREIBER
So you ended up tripling your
initial goal!?

TODD
You know what, Bill. I don't
believe in setting goals. Setting
goals is like setting limits. I
never set goals for myself.

Schreiber smiles.

SCHREIBER
I can't believe I'm actually saying
this to someone in a bathrobe, but
would you be able to start on
Monday?

TODD
Start what? Here?

SCHREIBER
Yes, here! I mean there's other
candidates, but I think I found my
guy.

TODD
That's...

Todd looks over Schreiber's shoulder into the WAITING ROOM.
Claire has a cup of coffee and she dribbles some on her white
blouse.

TODD
...not good.

SCHREIBER
What?

Todd snaps back.

TODD
Nothing.

BILL
Well, I think you're going to fit
in well here at GlobalTech.

Todd finishes his sales pitch.

TODD
Well, it's time I accepted my fate.
This job is my *thing*, Bill. I think
it's time for me to really dig in.
No more bouncing around. No more
dreaming. Focus on my future as
a...umm...

SCHREIBER
Data Sales Associate Manager!

TODD
Right. Data sales associate man...

Todd stops short as he glances out at Claire once more. She's
wildly shaking a pen to try and get it to work before writing
in her notebook.

TODD
That thing.

SCHREIBER
Alright, let's get into some of the
details of the...

Bill continues, but the SOUND DROPS OUT as Todd stares at
Claire. We PUSH IN ON Todd as we...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - EARLIER

CLAIRE
Yes. I know I'm two months behind!
Yes...Well, if I had \$1300 I'd give
\$1300!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - EARLIER

CLAIRE
If I wasn't about to get totally
evicted I wouldn't care. It's like
no one wants to hire me.

Things begin to SPEED UP as we FLASHFORWARD to...

A QUICK SHOT of Claire trying to key into her apartment.
However, the locks have been changed, and she grabs an
eviction notice on her door.

A QUICK SHOT of Claire wandering the streets in the rain with
luggage.

A QUICK SHOT of Claire as she's splashed by a passing cab. The force of the water knocks her into a pile of garbage bags next to a DUMPSTER in front of a Chinese restaurant. A CHINESE RESTAURANT WORKER comes out and dumps lo-mein on her.

CHINESE RESTAURANT WORKER
You no sleep here!

The Homeless Man notices the Chow Mein on Claire's head as he walks out from behind the dumpster.

HOMELESS MAN
You gonna eat all that?

BACK TO:

INT. BILL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Todd continues to stare over Schreiber's shoulder at Claire.

TODD
Fate.

BILL
I hope so. It would be great to have you aboard. So? What do you think?

Todd snaps out of it as Bill extends his hand for Todd to shake. Todd looks at Bill's hand, and then out at Claire one last time. Todd makes a decision.

BILL
Let's do this thing!

Todd smirks as he vigorously shakes Schreiber's hand.

TODD
Appreciate the offer, but I'm really not your guy, Bill.

BILL
What?

TODD
Trust me. I'm not the guy for this job.

BILL
Reverse psychology. *Interesting.* Is this a salary play?

TODD
No seriously.

Bill listens.

TODD
I should be honest with you. Once
you hire me, I'm gonna be the guy
that'll sit out there with pen to
paper looking like I'm deep in
thought.

Bill stares at Todd. He's not amused.

TODD
But I won't be deep in thought.
I'll be in deep in sleep.

Todd laughs at his own joke as he slaps Bill on the shoulder.

BILL
Okay.

Todd makes his voice HOARSE.

TODD
And I'm an expert at calling in
sick.

Todd FAKE COUGHS. He confidently puts his leg up on the desk,
revealing his NUTSACK to Mr. Schreiber.

TODD
I'll expense strip clubs.

Todd finds a skittle in his boxers and offers it to
Schreiber.

TODD
Skittle?

SCHREIBER
Do I have to call security?

Todd turns the doorknob.

TODD
I'm the guy who will buy pot off
security!

SCHREIBER
Out!

INT. WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Claire looks up as Todd walks by. Todd has a look of relief
on his face. Claire is stunned to see him.

CLAIRE
You? I? We? Are we...

TODD
We are....I guess.

CLAIRE
Wow. We actually crossed paths!
How'd it go in there?

TODD
Not great. But it's okay. This
corporate stuff just isn't my...
thing.

CLAIRE
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. You
really needed it...

TODD
Not *that* badly. I'll be okay.
Besides, my Mom makes really good
cookies.

The Receptionist enters.

RECEPTIONIST
Claire? All set?

CLAIRE
Okay.

TODD
Good luck in there. Just be
yourself.

CLAIRE
I'm not sure if that's the best
advice...

TODD
It is. It feels good. And I know
you. You can get this job.

CLAIRE
You think it's my thing?

Awkward silence.

RECEPTIONIST
Claire?

The elevator opens with a *ding*, revealing TWO SECURITY
GUARDS.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Sir...

TODD
Um...I better go. Good luck...

CLAIRE

...wait!

Claire rips a piece of paper from her notebook and hands it to Todd.

Claire follows the Receptionist, but watches Todd strangely as he gives her the THUMBS UP sign. And then, she's gone.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Sir...

As Todd is escorted into the elevator, he opens the piece of paper. It reads:

Snail Haiku

*Snails aren't good crooks
They can't carry anything
Plus they leave slime trails.*

There's a PICTURE of a cute snail with a burglar mask drawn underneath. Todd turns it over. There's nothing on the back. He looks at it again.

The elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Todd stands between the two security guards.

TODD (V.O.)

As I rode down in the elevator I
started to feel really good about
everything.

Todd watches the elevator numbers tick down one by one.

TODD (V.O.)

I just did a great thing for a
great girl by throwing that
interview.

The elevator doors open and Todd walks into the lobby.

TODD (V.O.)

And on top of it, most importantly,
I wasn't coming back to this
GlobalTech place to sit in a cube
for 20 years! I dodged that bullet!
And I was free! Free! Free!!!!

EXT. GLOBALTECH INC. - MOMENTS LATER

Todd bursts out of the building through the REVOLVING DOOR. An UPBEAT POP SONG kicks in. Todd struts down the street; he's practically dancing.

Todd beams at PEOPLE who pass, gives a few salutes, and flicks a quarter in the air, spins and catches it.

Then he stops short. The music SCREECHES to a HALT.

TODD (V.O.)
Wait a sec...What the fuck am I so
happy about again?

Todd looks around at the various business people passing him by.

TODD (V.O.)
I *still* didn't know how the hell I
was gonna get the hell back in my
place. No job. No money. No
unemployment check. No cable. No
solution. Not even her phone
number. I realized I wasn't happy!
In fact, I was finally officially
a...
(Sotto)
...loser.

HOMELESS GUY (O.C.)
Need a place to stay for the night?

Todd looks over to find the Homeless Guy from earlier holding a CARDBOARD BOX in one hand. He smiles a toothless smile at Todd as he offers him the Box.

TODD
Thanks, but I'll be okay.

The Homeless Guy starts to leave, but Todd stops him.

TODD
Wait...

Todd digs into his pocket and pulls out a handful of BILLS. He gives the remainder of his money to the Homeless Guy except for a single QUARTER.

TODD
Here. You need this more than me.

HOMELESS GUY
I'm not so sure about that.

The two have a moment. The Homeless Man, clearly moved by Todd's display of generosity seems to have clarity in his eyes. He solemnly addresses Todd as **INSPIRATIONAL Music** swells.

*

HOMELESS GUY
Thank you. Your kindness has moved me. I promise I'll use this wisely. From this point forward, I'm gonna clean up my act. This money will change my life forever.

Todd shakes his head proudly as he walks off frame.

We stay with the Homeless Man, who proceeds to head straight into a LIQUOR STORE.

I/E PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW Todd's QUARTER as he drops it into the slot of the PAY PHONE. He picks up the receiver, and dials a number. We can hear a FEMALE VOICE on the other line pick up.

TODD
Hello, Mom? Remember when you said if I ever needed to move...

Suddenly, a HAND VIOLENTLY comes into frame and SLAMS THE RECEIVER BACK DOWN. Todd turns around to find...

VLAD staring back at him. Todd is shocked.

TODD (CONT'D)
Jeezus. Vlad. Hey, I can expla...

Vlad holds up his watch.

VLAD
...It five and twenty.

TODD
I um. Oh. Right we were...At five. I...

VLAD
Vlad waited in park like park dog.

TODD
I'm sorry 'bout that, I...

VLAD
...Vlad not park dog! Vlad owed twenty hundred five ten and six twenty minute times ago!

Todd stares at Vlad, absolutely clueless as to what he just said.

TODD
What?

VLAD
Vlad now take testeballs and...

Todd gets an idea.

TODD
Holy smokes! Look behind you, Vlad!
It's a Chern...Oble!!! Monster!

Vlad doesn't move.

TODD
Okay, you know what? I have your
mon-ay. I have Vlad's mon-ay.

Vlad gives Todd a distrustful look.

VLAD
Where ees Vlad money?

Todd spots the Homeless Guy approaching, a bottle of MD 20/20 Fruit Flavored Wine in his hand. He calls to Todd.

HOMELESS GUY
Hey, Kid! Thanks again for all the
money!

Vlad turns to see who's talking to Todd. Sensing that this is his only chance to break away, Todd clears past Vlad and takes off in a FULL SPRINT as HIGH ENERGY ACTION MUSIC kicks in.

We begin a CHASE SEQUENCE through the city streets as Vlad runs after Todd. Todd has difficulty running in his slippers but manages to leap over a garbage can as he flies right past Larry Cooper and his friends.

LARRY
What you running from, Todd? Clowns
or giant robots!?

Larry and his friends laugh.

Larry turns to face his friends and is STEAM ROLLED by Vlad, who knocks him into the TRASH BAGS lying on the side of the street.

EXT. CHEESESHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A WIDE SHOT of the exterior of the Cheeseshop. Todd screams by with Vlad in tow. The Frenchman stands out in front with a tray of free samples.

FRENCHMAN
Zanzibar Cheddar? Free samples...
Zanzibah...

As Todd flies by he grabs a sample and eats it on the run. He yells back to the Frenchman.

TODD
Z! I knew it!

FRENCHMAN
Sacre-bleu!

Vlad enters frame and knocks the tray of cheese out of the Frenchman's hands. Cheese flies everywhere.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Our CHASE MUSIC is in full swing as we START on Todd's slippers as they barely hold traction on the cement. We WIDEN out as Todd continues to run wildly.

Todd turns a corner and frantically looks for a place to hide. Something OFF CAMERA catches his eye. Off his look we see a STRIP CLUB. The sign in front reads, "**UNCLE KYLE'S DISCOUNT STRIP CLUB - NO COVER CHARGE!**"

Todd makes a beeline down the alley for it.

EXT. UNCLE KYLE'S DISCOUNT STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Todd rushes under the awning of the club where a STEREOTYPICAL ITALIAN BOUNCER, dressed in a dirty tuxedo, blocks his entrance.

STEREOTYPICAL ITALIAN BOUNCER
Hand.

Todd, clearly out of shape, pants heavily.

TODD
What?

STEREOTYPICAL ITALIAN BOUNCER
Gimme your hand.

Todd looks over his shoulder and sees Vlad closing the distance. He faces the Bouncer and holds out his hand. The Bouncer uncaps the SHARPIE and draws a large SLASH across Todd's FACE.

STEREOTYPICAL ITALIAN BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Welcome to Kyle's.

Todd, still holding his hand up, is speechless. Todd pushes through the beaded entrance to find himself inside...

INT. UNCLE KYLE'S DISCOUNT STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

This place is beyond awful. Old STRIPPERS covered in tattoos sway on dirty poles. On a second stage, a STRIPPER WITH A COLD blows her nose, and then stuffs the tissues into the front of her G-String. Most of the girls appear to be strung out.

The place is filled with other unemployed types. All of the men in the club have MAGIC MARKER SLASHES across their faces.

A STRIPPER with an eye-patch walks by Todd. She smiles and WINKS at him. An DJ announces the girls on stage.

DJ
Gentlemen, give a round of applause
for Baggdalla! Baggdalla on the
main stage!

BAGDALLA, overweight with a baggy thong, and easily in her mid-fifties, strips while a cigarette dangles from her lips.

Outside we hear Vlad off camera.

VLAD (O.C.)
Is what write on Vlad face?

Todd rushes towards the main stage and away from the door.

Vlad, a large black slash across his forehead, enters the club and immediately spots Todd. Todd seeing no other available options, jumps on stage.

DJ
Now, on the main stage...some guy
in a blue robe. Put your hands
together everybody.

We CUT TO Phil in the crowd as he sips from an umbrella drink. Unlike the rest of the patrons, who have a single slash across their faces, Phil's face is covered in scribble.

PHIL
Todd?

TODD

Phil?

PHIL

How'd the interview go?

Vlad swings at Todd's feet from the bottom of the stage. Todd ducks the blow and rushes behind the back curtain.

As Todd races through the dressing room of freakish strippers we hear the DJ announce.

DJ (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Now on the main stage...some scary looking Russian guy. Put your hands together...

Todd bursts out the back door.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Todd sprints across the heavily trafficked street towards CENTRAL PARK. Cars swerve and honk.

Vlad bursts through the back door, and continues to give chase.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Todd races into the park. It's crowded with commuters heading home and families wrapping up for the day.

Robot Guy is still working for dollars. He stands frozen. His **"MAKE ME MOVE \$1.00"** sign is still there.

As Todd turns his head to see Vlad gaining on him, he doesn't notice that the Robot Guy is directly in his path. Todd turns back and slams right into him, knocking him off his feet.

In an attempt to not break the 'Robot Rules,' the Robot Guy falls robotically. As he hits the ground he mumbles from the side of his mouth.

ROBOT GUY

You owe me a dollar!

Todd's keeps on running. In an attempt to avoid a CHILD, Todd's tractionless slippers force him to partially skid into the side of the THREE-CARD MONTE table.

Cards and money fly everywhere. The THREE-CARD-MONTE GUY scrambles to collect his dollars from the ground.

Todd continues his skid, but is stopped as his shin slams into the FOUNTAIN wall. Todd bellyflops into the fountain, HARD CUTTING the MUSIC.

Todd gasps for air as he stands. Vlad reaches the edge as a crowd of people gather around to see the spectacle in the fountain.

The CROWD slowly begin to point and giggle, and Todd turns beet red. The giggling soon builds into LAUGHTER.

Todd looks over at Vlad, who laughs heartily. The Robot Performer laughs robotically.

Todd snaps.

TODD
ENOUGH!!!

Vlad pipes in.

VLAD
You owe twenty hundred and...

TODD
I know what I owe you Vlad!! And
I'm ready for you to smash my
testeballs out my anus...but just
give me a second...

Todd looks out at the growing crowd of people. They stare at him expectantly.

TODD
What!? You want me to say
something? You're wondering why a
guy in a blue bath robe is in the
middle of a fountain?

A TALL MAN in the crowd shrugs his shoulders.

TALL MAN
Not really...

Todd stares back at the Crowd in disbelief.

TODD
...Okay, I'll tell you! You see,
all I wanted to do this morning was
just step outside for an ice cream
then lay on the couch all day and
watch Tyra...

The crowd continues to grow.

TODD
But instead I'm standing in a
friggin' park fountain looking like
a...like a...

Another GUY chimes in.

GUY
...wet douchebag?

TODD
Okay...Fine! That'll do. Douchebag
in a robe! An unemployed douchebag
in a robe.

GUY
Wet unemployed douchebag...

TODD
Whatever! Today my plan was to get
my unemployment check and do
nothing. Right?

An OLDER BUSINESSMAN yells out.

*

OLDER BUSINESSMAN
Maybe instead of doing nothing, you
should make yourself a useful
member of society and get a job!

Some people in the crowd agree.

TODD
See, that's the thing. I've had
jobs but they never go anywhere for
me. I can't get excited about them.
They just aren't my thing.

A JOGGER calls out.

JOGGER
Dude, I see your thing! Poking out
of your boxers!

The Crowd laughs. A MOTHER covers her KID'S eyes. An
embarrassed Todd fastens his robe before continuing.

TODD
All my life I've seen people find
their *thing*. They become a doctor.
Or a musician. Or they like
gardening. Or are great cooks. Or
they make... things, out of things?
I don't know! Me? I never found *my*
thing!

Todd looks into the crowd. He points at Robot Guy.

TODD
That guy! He has his thing. He does
robot...stuff.

The Robot Guy smiles and does a few robot maneuvers.

TODD
And look at him. He's good at it.

Todd points to a RANDOM WOMAN.

TODD
Ma'am. Yes, you? What's your thing?

RANDOM WOMAN
I like knitting hats?

TODD
See! That's a great thing. And
you...

Todd points to a SHADY LOOKING GUY.

TODD
What's your thing?

The Shady Guy shrugs.

SHADY GUY
I like doing crystal meth.

TODD
Alright, that's not a great thing.
But it's a thing.
(Beat, then to the guy)
Get yourself some help.

A DRUG COUNSELOR excitedly shouts out from the crowd.

DRUG COUNSELOR
I'm a drug counselor! That's my
thing!

PEOPLE begin chiming in on their own.

PEOPLE
I collect baseball cards (NEXT) I
play violin. (NEXT) I work at the
animal shelter.

VLAD
I good at kick testeballs up in
mouth. Then smash teeth out anus!

This quiets the crowd for a second.

A WOMAN calls out.

WOMAN

I have nice breasts.

Todd looks. Indeed, BREAST WOMAN has nice boobs.

TODD

Yes. Yes, you do.

(Beat)

But guess what everybody! After today, I finally know what my thing is!

Todd looks at all the faces in the crowd as they stare back at him expectantly.

TODD

Nothing!

The confused Crowd exchange looks.

TODD

You see, I ran around all day today and achieved nothing! Zero. Like, I wanted to get ice cream today. Instead I got *nothing*. I wanted my unemployment check. Y'know what I got? *Nothing*. I wanted to turn \$8 into \$85. You know how much I made?

The crowd chimes in.

CROWD

Nothing!

Todd throws his hands up.

TODD

Right! Great! See that's my thing! That's me! An expert at *nothing*! The Great Nothing! El Nothings Greatonde! My
(Makes Quotes)
"talent!" My thing! Nothing!

Claire, at the back of the crowd, pushes her way in to see who's causing the commotion. Todd continues to ramble on.

TODD

Everything I do amounts to nothing! My screenplay, my inventions, my "business ventures!" Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! And I threw a job away today. My last hope of a normal life...I threw it away to help this girl! The most amazing girl!

Claire is clearly moved by this. As she pushes forward, she politely says to someone blocking her path...

CLAIRE
Excuse me.

Todd continues his rant.

TODD
But did I get a phone number from her!? Anything!? Take a guess. What did I get? *Nothing!* See a pattern here?

Claire's almost to the front of the Fountain.

CLAIRE
Excuse me.

Todd, wallowing in self-pity, gets a little choked up.

TODD
Brilliant, right? That's why I like staying home! Nothing happens there! I'm in my element! No pressure to do something I know I'm not good at! Whenever I try to do something...anything. It's always all for nothing.

Todd hangs his head in defeat. Claire approaches the fountain. Todd lights up upon seeing her.

CLAIRE
You think today...was for nothing?

Claire kicks off her heels and steps into the fountain with Todd. Todd stares open-mouthed; he is speechless.

TODD
Hey! I...Umm...

CLAIRE
Looking real sharp...

TODD
Not for nothing but...this has been one of the worst days of my life...

CLAIRE
Worst?? I thought it was a great day! The best day I had in a long time.

TODD
You got the job?!

CLAIRE
That? Um no. I thought you needed
it more than me so I was...myself.

INT. SCHREIBER'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Claire reads from her notebook as she counts syllables on her fingers.

CLAIRE
I don't want this job
It seems boring and pointless
Plus this place smells weird.

Bill stares as Claire shuts her notebook. Claire points one eyeball toward her nose.

CLAIRE
I can put my fist in my mouth.

BACK TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Todd laughs. The crowd continues to listen.

CLAIRE
It was *you* that made my day. The
job wasn't my thing anyway.

TODD
But what are you going to do?

CLAIRE
I don't know. Nothing. Right now
I'm standing in a fountain...with
you.

TODD
Doing nothing...

CLAIRE
And stop putting nothing down! We
met doing nothing! We walked around
and had fun doing nothing! If we
weren't doing all of that nothing
we wouldn't be here!

RANDOM MEMBERS of the CROWD chime in.

RANDOM GUY
Yeah dude. Stop knocking nothing!

RANDOM GUY #2
Yeah man! What has nothing ever
done to you! Nothing!

RANDOM MOM
I'd love some nothing time. I can't
remember the last time I did
nothing!

OLDER BUSINESS MAN
I have a wife, three kids, and a
job. I haven't done nothing for
thirty years. I miss nothing.

Back in the FOUNTAIN, Claire continues...

CLAIRE
Nothing is one of my favorite
things!
(Beat)
I really like you, Todd. In all
that nothing, you're something
special. I know it.

The crowd 'Awwws.' Claire steps toward Todd.

TODD
You know, I don't have a job.

CLAIRE
I know.

TODD
And I don't have any money.

CLAIRE
I know. Neither do I.

TODD
I don't even know how I'm going to
get the \$85 to get back into my
apartment to keep my cable.

CLAIRE
We'll figure something out.

Todd turns to the Crowd and addresses them confidently.

TODD
Okay! So nothing is my thing! But I
guess there's a lot of good things
in nothing! The little things. The
real things. The fun things!

Todd struggles for a second.

TODD
The noth...things?

The crowd is eating this up.

GUY #2
Yeah! Who doesn't love nothing!?

SOME LADY gets overly-enthused and screams out.

SOME LADY
I LOVE NOTHING!!!

Once again the crowd is silenced. People standing directly next to the Lady give her a wide berth.

TODD
We should all stop being busy doing something all the time, and save some time for nothing at all! A day! An hour! I mean if you find that you're spending all day doing stuff you don't want to do, do something about it! Absolutely nothing! Because doing nothing... might just lead to something. Which might lead to someone...

Back in the fountain, Claire turns to Todd.

CLAIRE
You're a lot more than nothing. I know it.

Todd and Claire KISS as the fountain turns on, drenching them. The crowd bursts into APPLAUSE.

As we CIRCLE Claire and Todd in their embrace, the Crowd begins to throw COINS and CRUMPLED BILLS at them.

A COIN hits Todd in the head, and he breaks the kiss.

TODD
Ho snap! I think I just thought of something. Whoa. I think it's a great idea! A *great* idea!

CLAIRE
Really what is it?

TODD
I think I just found my thing...in my nothing! And I'm gonna get crackin' on it right away!
(MORE)

TODD (cont'd)
First thing tomorrow!

HARD CUT TO:

BLACK

A TITLE CARD reads: "SIX MONTHS LATER..."

EXT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT

The MARQUEE on the small theater reads, 'THE IMPORTANCE OF NOTHING: A DE-MOTIVATIONAL SEMINAR - \$1.00!'

We MOVE into the theater to find Todd on stage speaking to a CROWDED ROOM. Also in the audience is Phil, Claire and Todd's parents. On the SCREEN behind Todd, a CARTOON BLUE-ROBED GUY lies on a sofa while holding a TV REMOTE.

TODD
...I know it's hard just to shut everything off. To block everything out. But if you just make 'nothing' a bigger priority in your life. I think you'll be a happier, healthier, more productive person. Thank you.

On the A/V screen, the Cartoon Blue-Robed Guy clicks the remote and the house lights go down. The crowd applauds. Todd's Mom, Dad, and Claire beam.

As the lights come back up, Todd takes his bow.

TODD (V.O.)
So in the end I found out being an expert in doing nothing sort of worked out for me. And I liked the fact that I could help people with my umm...expertise.

Phil claps wildly before giving Todd the THUMBS UP.

TODD (V.O.)
All the money people threw at us that day gave me plenty to pay the locksmith, Vlad, and Cablevision.

SHOTS of Todd paying the Cable Guy, Locksmith, and Vlad.

TODD
In fact, Vlad and I still cross paths from time to time.

EXT. UNCLE KYLE'S DISCOUNT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Todd's POV

We walk up to Vlad who wears a dirty Tux as he works the door at the strip club. We step up, and draws a black slash across our face with a magic marker.

VLAD
Come well at Kyle's!

Vlad smiles at us.

TODD (V.O.)
Things worked out pretty well for Ed, too. He won the friggin' powerball lottery! Bastard doesn't even remember buying a ticket. I go over to his house a lot to do nothing.

EXT. ED'S MANSION - DAY

Todd lies in a GOLD SPEEDO on a raft in the pool.

On the deck of a pool, Ed sits on a REAL-LIFE GIRAFFE as he smokes a giant cigar-sized joint. He yells to Todd.

ED
How many lobsters do you want!?

TODD
Four?

ED
Okay!

Ed turns to a ROBOT chef; in fact, this is the same robot from the Government test facility.

ED
Four more.

Ed clicks a HANDHELD DEVICE and the Robot wheels itself directly into the Pool. As we watch it sink to the bottom, we hear Todd continue...

TODD (V.O.)
Claire and I have been going pretty strong. Turns out she ended up getting a book of haikus for kids published!

INT. BOOKSTORE - CHILDREN'S SECTION

Claire reads from her book, '**Frogs Hop and other Haikus**' to a congregation of kids and parents. Todd watches proudly from the back.

CLAIRE
Mouse is in the room.
He just ran over my foot.
I don't mind. He's cute.

Claire holds up the book and shows an ILLUSTRATION of a funny looking mouse scampering over a bare foot. Claire looks up and smiles at Todd.

CLAIRE
Fish aren't too smart
But they know a thing or two
How to swim for one.

TODD (V.O.)
Turns out she's a great writer in
her own way. It's her thing. I made
some progress on my script too.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We're back with Russell Crowe, Tom Hanks and Hilary Swank as they stand around waiting for dialogue. We hear the faint sound of TYPING.

HILARY SWANK
Sometimes...

TOM HANKS
A monkey...

Long pause.

RUSSELL CROWE
You...

RUSSELL CROWE
How...

Russell Crowe pulls his pants down and does a little dance.

RUSSELL CROWE
Aw, bloody hell!

Russell continues to shuffle around with his pants down.

Hilary does jumping jacks as Tom Hanks does a Cameron Diaz inspired 'butt-dance.' Tom, clearly irritated, turns towards to the CAMERA.

TOM HANKS
I won two Oscars. Please, stop!

Hillary Swank squeezes her boobs and begins to pull up the bottom of her shirt. She looks at the CAMERA angrily.

HILLARY SWANK
Quit it!

CUT TO:

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the screen Todd BACKSPACES over the words, 'Hilary decides to show us her boobs...'

TODD (V.O.)
I said *some* progress.

Todd shuts off the computer, walks across the room and climbs into BED. Todd addresses the CAMERA directly.

TODD
But at least now I feel like I've finally found what I'm meant to do. Like I have some *thing*. And I'm really helping people, too.

Todd pulls up the blanket and snuggles in.

TODD
Yeah, maybe I'm still broke. Maybe I'm still technically unemployed. Maybe I did make a fool out of myself that day. But I got my health, I got a roof over my head, a girl I'm crazy about. And for the first time ever I'm making *money* doing something I like doing.

*

Todd's Mom yells from downstairs.

MOM (O.C.)
Toddles! Do you want Eggo's for breakfast?

*

TODD
Okay, maybe I'm not exactly making *enough* money to pay my rent, but I've got free room and board.

We PULL BACK see that Todd has moved home to his parents house and is back in his old room.

TODD

People always say do what you love
and the money will follow. And for
the first time, I believe that if I
just have faith and be positive,
that maybe one day I'll find a way
to make a living doing this. But
for now, for what's it worth, it
beats freakin' working.

*

Todd *CLICKS* off his NY GIANTS FOOTBALL BEDSIDE LAMP. And we
immediately go to...

BLACK

OVER END CREDITS

Once again, SINISTER DARK UNDERSCORE begins.

FADE IN

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A vast expanse of stars. Loud RUMBLING is accompanied by the
dull metal underbelly of a ENORMOUS SPACE CRAFT which fills
the frame. The ship is seriously damaged.

A PHOTON TORPEDO slams into the ship.

INT. TODD'S SPACESHIP - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The ship shakes as it takes another hit. The bridge controls
are on fire. A CREW MEMBER puts it out with a FIRE
EXTINGUISHER.

A DEAD MAN is slumped over the smoldering captain's chair.
Todd squeamishly and delicately pushes the man off his chair
and onto the floor

The ship rocks once more as it takes another hit.

TODD

Umm... status update?

The FIRST LIEUTENANT responds.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Your chair is on fire. Dead guy
right there.

Todd pats out the small fire on the arm of his chair.

TODD

Right. Right. So maybe we...

The ship is walloped again.

HAL-9000
We're being contacted by the Mep
commander sir.

Mep, with Elf Up still perched on his shoulder, appears on
the giant screen. Mep looks smug.

ELF UP
Elf up!

MEP
Mep!

Hal translates.

HAL-9000
He's demanding we turn over plans
for the Alpha Zeta Project.
(Beat)
And also, he wants you to tell him
that he's the champion of the
universe.

MEP
Mep!

HAL-9000
Or he says we have one minute or
he's gonna make with the
explodification.

TODD
I...

Todd sweats as he looks around desperately.

TODD (cont'd)
Can we have more time?

MEP
Mep!

Another torpedo rocks the ship.

FIRST LIEUTENANT
Sir! We can't just sit here doing
nothing! We need to do nothing and
surrender or do something and
fight.

We PUSH IN on Todd as he thinks.

TODD
Surrender or fight...Surrender or
fight...Hal?

HAL-9000
According to my calculations...the
surrender survival rate is 88%

MEP
Mep...

HAL-9000
But if we fight, we only stand a
10% chance.

MEP
Mep.

HAL-9000
12%
(To Mep)
Thank you.

MEP
Mep.

Todd stares into Mep's eyes. Mep stares back. The tension
builds...

TODD
Gotta fight.

HAL-9000
But the odds sir...

INSPIRATIONAL MILITARY WAR MUSIC begins as Todd resolutely
says...

TODD
I know the odds, damn it! Just
because the odds are against us,
that doesn't mean we give in! They
say the Universe is fucked. Well I
say they're wrong! The Universe is
not fucked. Not on my watch. You
gotta take a shot...and fight!!!

The MUSIC builds to a CRESCENDO.

TODD
Fire!!!

Nothing happens. Todd looks around.

TODD
Um, why are we not firing?

1ST LIEUTENANT
The button's stuck.

Through the window, Todd watches as a PHOTON TORPEDO comes right at the bridge.

TODD
Aww, for fuh...

END MOVIE

**FOR THE AUDIENCE MEMBERS WHO STUCK AROUND TILL AFTER THE
FINAL END CREDITS ROLL...**

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We're back with Russell Crowe, Tom Hanks and Hilary Swank. CIRCUS MUSIC plays as Tom Hanks spins plates and gyrates his hula hoop. Russell Crowe juggles as he balances on a unicycle.

TOM HANKS
Seriously, I have a two friggin'
Oscars. Two!

RUSSELL CROWE
You're gonna count Forrest Gump?
You didn't even die in that movie!

Hilary, dressed up like Daisy Duke, bends over a brand new Porsche and soaps it up with a big loofah.

HILARY SWANK
Oh, shut up Russell! I have two
Oscars also, AND I died in both
movies!

Suddenly, from out of nowhere all THREE are TRAMPLED by a
HERD OF UNICORNS that are soon followed by a blur of FORMULA-
1 RACE CARS...

THE END...FOR REAL