

SEQUELS, REMAKES, & ADAPTATIONS

by

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TITLE CARD:

March 29, 2006, 4:34 pm, Pacific Standard Time.

OVER BLACK:

JR (V.O.)

It is with no false humility that I wish the following script to never be produced into a motion picture of any kind in any universe in our known existence. If you are indeed hearing these words being read back by an overpaid celebrity in a theater, or at home, then please know that the following production has been made without my blessing. I will now display a picture of a black, virile owl for no known reason.

GRAPHIC: a still picture of a black owl.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This story is meant to serve as an obsessive, honest re-enactment of the many years of my life. While it is true that certain details will be embellished, please note that most, if not all, of the false moments that you will surely encounter will be primarily the fault of the filmmakers and the cast, and their inevitable poor execution. I will now display a picture of the early 90's band "The Owls."

GRAPHIC: a still picture of the band "The Owls."

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It is my intention to avoid the rules and regulations often associated with Hollywood and their products. In fact, I consider this more of a Powerpoint presentation than a movie. As a result, you may notice irregular storylines that defy standard narrative structure. You may also notice overly used voice over, random cutaways to scenes or shots, as well as other no-noes dictated by the studio system and the like.

GRAPHIC: a still picture of a middle finger.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thank you, and please enjoy the show.

INT. ROBYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD IN BIG FONT: 1991

JR (V.O.)
It was 1991.

The title card vanishes.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was eighteen years old and smoking reefer for the first time with a girl named Robyn while watching "Blake Edwards' Skin Deep" on basic cable. Old school, where the TV does the channel changing and the digital guide was the shitty local paper.

ROBYN, a beautiful high school junior, finishes her last hit from the bong. She snickers at the badly dubbed movie.

ON A SHITTY TV:

JOHN RITTER
I've never felt this way before. I'm seriously unhappy. This is just not the bush-league blues. We're talking major-league depression here. I can't sleep. I take pills. But they only last a couple of hours and then I'm up at 4:00 in the morning pacing the (flipping) house or walking on the cold (forgetful) beach. I'm so miserable, I wanna (perhaps) shoot myself. But, I can't because I'm afraid to die. How's that for (downtrodden)?

ROBYN
God, they ass-banged this movie.

She looks over at JR, a nerdy senior with dark glasses.

ROBYN (CONT'D)
JR, you are blazed.

JR
Is that what this is?

Robyn giggles.

ROBYN
You're so fucking high.

JR leans back and takes in the gravity of the situation.

JR
I'm so fucking...

ROBYN
What? What are you so fucking...?

JR
(unsure)
In love...

Expecting a joke, she doesn't get it.

ROBYN
With what?

With a little muster:

JR
I don't know. With you.

Robyn shoves JR's knee in a 'cut it out' fashion.

JR takes the plunge and kisses her. FREEZE FRAME.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've been in love with Robyn since
the sixth grade.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A MIDDLE-SCHOOL ROBYN leaves her locker. A MIDDLE-SCHOOL JR timidly slips a note into the locker after she's left.

JR (V.O.)
Instead of acting on it, I used the
only superpower I felt I had: my
writing.

MONTAGE OF ROBYN WITH NITWITS, JOCKS, ASSHOLES, FUCKHEADS, BURNOUTS, AND OVERALL DICKHEADS AS SHE GOES TO HER LOCKER AND PICKS UP MORE LOVE LETTERS FROM JR.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I continued sending my astute love
letters over the years as she
continued to date a menagerie of
nitwits, jocks, assholes, fuckheads,
burnouts, and overall dickheads.

Robyn smiles at one of the love letters as the NITWIT next to her wears a dumb grin.

NITWIT

What's that? Detention slip?

ROBYN

No, it's a love letter from my best friend JR.

NITWIT

Do I need to kick his ass?

ROBYN

Why would you need to kick his ass?

NITWIT

I don't know, you're giving me a headache, let's make out before third period.

INT. ROBYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Out of flashback. Freeze frame on the kiss resumes. Robyn pushes away. She's flattered, but not interested.

ROBYN

That's nice, but I can't.

JR

Why?

ROBYN

I don't know. Because you're not my type. I'm just not attracted to you.

JR (V.O.)

This was true. I am not very attractive, something I'm sure won't be reflected in the casting of this part due to Hollywood's shallow pool of ugly celebrities. Bear that in mind.

With a nod.

JR (CONT'D)

Yeah...I guess I'm not good looking.

ROBYN

It's not that. You are good looking. Just not to me.

JR (V.O.)
I was now the ass-banged.

INT. JR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JR is sitting near the TV wearing headphones. He's watching British porn and handling his business.

MALE BRITISH PORN STAR (O.S.)
(in a British accent)
That's it. Rub those tits. Right on that cock. That's a nice girl.

JR (V.O.)
As I sat pleasuring myself to British porn, I couldn't help but feel a slight tug of depression.

MALE BRITISH PORN STAR (O.S.)
Take the cock, just like that...take it whole...God, your mouth is like a fucking blender, you fucking cunt!

JR finally finishes.

JR (V.O.)
You know that moment after you've rubbed one out to a porno, that moment of self-disgust, of self loathing. That moment of what-the-fuck-did-I-just-do?

MALE BRITISH PORN STAR (O.S.)
You want that cum? Don't you, you fucking cunt? You wanna drink that for daddy? Huh?

JR (V.O.)
I felt dirty, small, ugly. But I couldn't pinpoint why.

JR turns the TV off.

INT. JR'S BEDROOM - LATER

Wide awake, JR lies in bed.

JR (V.O.)
Was it Robyn? Was it the shallow insignificance of my, then, eighteen years of life on this planet? Or was it that I was still high?

His eyes dart around the room.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I went to sleep hoping to wake up
sober.

FADE TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I never did. In fact, that day
was the last sober day of my adult
life.

INT. RANDOLPH KITCHEN - MORNING

Stern old parents, MR. and MRS. RANDOLPH, sit and eat their Honeycombs. JR's slightly older, mentally retarded sister, NANCY, eats her corn flakes. JR, sweating from the perpetual high, tries to eat his bowl of Lucky Charms.

JR (V.O.)
The next morning I was still as high
as the Hubble.

Mr. Randolph shoves his small spectacles up and looks at JR.

MR. RANDOLPH
JR?

JR
Dad?

MR. RANDOLPH
Son?

JR
Mom?

Concerned, Mrs. Randolph stops watching her soaps from the small TV on the counter.

MRS. RANDOLPH
JR?

JR tries to hold onto reality as he finds solace with his leprechaun marshmallows floating in his pink milk.

JR
I don't know how to tell you this,
but I'm high.

Mrs. Randolph quickly gasps and slaps her son.

INT. DOCTOR SCHECKEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The old, bewildered, gray-haired DOCTOR SCHECKEL props up his glasses as he reads over a chart.

He looks at the worried trio before him: JR and Parents.

DR. SCHECKEL
I have to admit, I've never
encountered anything quite like this.

MR. RANDOLPH
Is he brain damaged, Doctor?

DR. SCHECKEL
I'm not entirely sure.

He eyes JR.

DR. SCHECKEL (CONT'D)
Son, was the cannabis peppered with
anything that you know of?

JR looks over at his Mom and Dad, then back to the Doctor.

JR
Peppered?

DR. SCHECKEL
Oh you know, peyote, opium, smack,
crack, Raid?

MRS. RANDOLPH
The roach spray?

She slaps JR again.

INT. ROBYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robyn is getting ready for a big night out. She cakes on make-up as a meek JR sits on her bed, infatuated.

ROBYN
Wait, you're like plowed right now?

JR
Like a Nebraskan corn field.

ROBYN
That doesn't make sense. We smoked
out like two days ago.

JR

I know.

Robyn laughs.

ROBYN

That must have been some good shit.

JR

Actually, the doctor was wondering if it was laced with anything.

ROBYN

I mean, I'm not high. Yet anyway.

She puts away her make-up and tries on a pair of shoes.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Thoughts?

JR closes his mouth and looks her up and down.

JR

Extraordinarily comely.

Robyn rolls her eyes.

ROBYN

Welcome to nerdville.

JR

Was there maybe Raid or something...on the weed?

ROBYN

Are you seriously asking me that? Isn't that like an urban myth?

JR

Well, the doctor said--

ROBYN

Well, the doctor is a cock. Look, JR, I'm sorry I did this to you. I shouldn't have smoked you out. I probably should have known you couldn't handle it.

JR (V.O.)

And if you're wondering if that hurt, it did. A lot. Fucking cunt.

ROBYN

You're as sweet as a Jolly Rancher, I really like you. I just don't know.

She hugs him.

JR (V.O.)

She was still the most amazing girl in the world.

She pulls back.

ROBYN

But I have a big date with Guillermo Ricardo. I've gotta get going.

JR (V.O.)

Fucking cunt.

She goes into the bathroom and throws up. She comes back swishing Listerine.

JR (CONT'D)

Did you just throw up?

ROBYN

I had a big lunch.

She sees that JR is a little distressed.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Look, if you don't want to go home just yet, you're more than welcome to hang out here. Just don't smell my underwear. And I'll know. So don't.

She walks out of the room. JR sits silently on the bed.

JR (V.O.)

As I sat there plagued with the thought of her going on a date with some douchebag named Guillermo Ricardo, I decided to confirm her feelings for me. I needed to know if she felt anything. I knew we were special. There had to be something.

JR rummages through her room, looking for that something. Below her Nintendo, he discovers a George Michael notebook, scribbled on top: "Top Secret: Do Not Read"

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Please, reserve your judgments. I
was in love.

He tears through the notebook. Little letters, drawings, etc.
He happens upon a recent entry. His face quickly saddens.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I found it. I found the
incriminating evidence that was going
to prove the status of our
relationship. I found it right there
in her George Michael pseudo diary
half-hidden below her Nintendo. Like
the battle of Gettysburg, this would
become the significant turning point
of my life.

INT. JR'S BEDROOM - DAY

JR solemnly enters his room. He sits in a chair and miserably
stares into space.

JR (V.O.)
As the years dragged on, as my life
devolved...I would let those words,
those brutal words, paralyze my
existence. My life quickly turned
into a Dostoevsky novel.

JR ages into his late twenties, the room changes into a dreary
apartment resembling a Siberian prison.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT - DAY

JR turns on his small TV. JASON HEWLETT, a pompous soldier in
uniform is smiling from ear to ear as he's being interviewed
on popular entertainment news show "Hard Copy."

ON TV:

NEWS ANCHOR
We're sitting here today with soldier
Jason Hewlett whose heroics in the
recent Gulf War led to a New York
Times Bestseller: T-D-O-W,
exclamation mark?

GRAPHIC: Book cover which reads "TDOW!"

JASON HEWLETT
It's actually pronounced Ta-Dow!

NEWS ANCHOR

Oh, pardon me, my notes say it's an acronym, which stands for "The Day Of War"?

JASON HEWLETT

Yes, that's correct. However, we say it out, sort of a marketing hook.

They exchange obligatory laughs.

NEWS ANCHOR

Well, it certainly has worked for you Soldier Hewlett, the story of your survival during an Iraqi ambush has not only landed you a multi-million dollar book deal, but there are rumors that a movie is in the works starring Corey Haim in what some are saying could be his huge comeback.

JR (V.O.)

As I aged into my twenties, I grew even more bitter at the world. There on a late night episode of "Hard Copy," in between infomercials of the famous Ronco 5-tray electric food dehydrator, I discovered my life nemesis Jason Hewlett. Sure, it's not healthy to despise someone you don't even know, but it happens when that rare combination of talentless dreck and consequent inexplicable success disrupts the very bowels of your being.

GRAPHIC: A still of Steven Seagal.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For some it's Steven Seagal's shocking rise to fame.

GRAPHIC: A still of the band "Good Charlotte."

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For others it might be the incredibly awful band "Good Charlotte."

GRAPHIC: A still of Nia Vardalos.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And yet for others, it might be the famous writer and star of "My Big Fat Greek Wedding," Nia Vardalos which scored 241 million at the box office. W-T-F is right.

ON TV:

Hewlett flashing a huge smile.

JR sadly drinks a beer as he watches on.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For me it was Soldier Jason Hewlett, a Gulf war hero who won the Purple Heart for his meager heroics and consequently sold his story to Hollywood.

JR crushes his can and throws it at the screen.

WINDOWS 95 COMPUTER SCREEN:

Primitive Netscape browser loading up a very primitive Lycos search engine page. JR types Robyn's name.

JR, now in the corner of his room, works on his loud whizzing desktop which is sitting on the floor.

Search result finds Robyn's email.

JR clicks and begins writing a draft.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When the Internet came around in the mid-90s, some saw potential for innovative forms of commerce or communication. I, like most early adopters, used it to stalk a past love.

JR changes his mind and deletes the email.

INT. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

A now older JR is talking to a young, eager BROKER.

JR (V.O.)

I scraped and saved from the jobs I was able to keep as I aged into my late twenties, mostly writing technical manuals for the crap they sold on the home shopping network. Finally, I decided to invest all my savings into the search engine I thought would take over the Internet and set me for life.

JR (CONT'D)

Put it all on Lycos.

BROKER

A wise investment.

GRAPHIC: Lycos' stock graph plummeting.

JR (V.O.)

The rest of the world didn't see what I saw in that cute little dog that sniffed out my late night curiosities. My savings evaporated.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT - DAY

JR, now older, and even more miserable. The apartment, more sparse and empty.

JR (V.O.)

I grew into my thirties without hope for change. Nothing could shake the misery that hugged my soul like an inappropriate uncle. Finally, one day I said...

JR (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY STREET - DAY

JR walks down the side of a very busy street.

JR (V.O.)

Ok, ok, I'm sure you want to know what Robyn wrote in that diary. But it's pretty ruthless. I don't even know if I can say it. I don't even know if I want the actor playing me to say it. That's how painful it was. So, let the actress playing Robyn say it.

(MORE)

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And this was word for word, straight
 out of the diary. Nothing edited.
 If you believe anything in this
 movie, believe these words. This is
 what she wrote:

JR stops and looks at the oncoming traffic.

ROBYN (V.O.)
 JR tried to kiss me. It was awful.
 He's so ugly that it makes me want to
 cry. I've never known what it felt
 like to be so turned off--

JR (V.O.)
 'Turned off' was in all caps. I
 remember that vividly...

ROBYN (V.O.)
 ...so turned off by someone's
 appearance. It makes me want to cry.
 His dead-awful love letters were like
 Milli Vanilli songs, except without
 any of the talent--

JR (V.O.)
 Ok, enough. There was more. But I
 can't share it. Besides, I'm almost
 dead.

JR sees a semi barreling down the street. He steps in front
 of it. Splat. He's dead.

QUICK MONTAGE OF CLASSIC ARCADE GAME CHARACTERS DYING: Q-BERT,
 DONKEY KONG, PAC-MAN, FROGGER, ETC.

THE SCREEN FLASHES: "GAME OVER"

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Before I continue with the story, I'd
 like to say that the following may
 seem fantastical to most of you. The
 majority of you will not believe
 these events to be true. Granted, my
 memory is a little murky when it
 comes to the specifics of said
 events, but I do claim them to be
 true nonetheless. That
 notwithstanding, I hope that you will
 keep an open mind and not simply toss
 this aside as movie magic. This was
 not my imagination. This actually
 happened. Honest.

FADE IN:

EXT. DMV PARKING LOT - DAY

JR awakens in a parking lot of a DMV. He looks around and notices OTHERS waking up just as confused as he is.

They stand in a long line leading into the DMV building.

JR walks past a sign, which is designed in the same vein as a DMV logo, except it reads: "Department of Motionless Vim"

JR (V.O.)

For those who don't know, vim is actually a word that means ebullient vitality and energy as in vim, vigor, vitality. I find it really comes handy in a good game of Scrabble. Sometimes you can get dumbfucks to challenge you. That's the best. Of course...dumbfucks don't really play Scrabble.

JR nervously smiles at his recent dead peers as he waits in the long line.

INT. DMV WAITING ROOM - DAY

Inside, it's a run-down municipal DMV office. Hundreds of seats line the cheap floor with tickers hanging on the walls.

The usual DMV looking TELLERS are behind desks in the middle square, servicing their patrons with apathetic disinterest.

JR notices a ticker tape machine and pulls a number: J7. He sits and watches the clock: 11:43 PM.

INT. DMV WAITING ROOM - DAY

3:57 PM. JR is falling asleep on a FAT BLACK WOMAN sitting next to him. She shrugs him off.

A booming, distraught intercom sounds off:

INTERCOM (O.S.)

J7! J7!

JR looks at his ticket-- it matches.

INT. MILLARD FILLMORE'S OFFICE - DAY

MILLARD FILLMORE, the white-haired 13th President of the U.S., sits in his sturdy leather chair reading Highlights magazine.

His buzzer comes to life:

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Mr. Fillmore, Person J7, JR--

Nervous, Millard coughs loudly and puts his magazine away.

MILLARD
Send him in, send him in.

JR walks into a smaller version of the Oval Office.

Millard walks around his desk and meets him in the center of the Presidential seal with his hand extended.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
How you doin', JR, Millard Fillmore,
13th President of the United States.

He shakes his hand quickly and pulls around a couple of seats.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Sit, sit.

They both sit awkwardly, looking at each other.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Sorry, I'm a little...

He gestures to emote he's spacey.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
I just shot myself up with some Harry
Jones...heroin to the lay.

They sit in silence. Millard picks up a Pepsi fountain drink and sips on the straw until it's drained.

JR
You're the 13th President of the
United States?

MILLARD
Millard Fillmore. I'm your ALA.

JR
I don't know what that means.

MILLARD
I'm your After Life Agent. Let's
take a look, shall we?

Millard stands and walks over to a huge bookcase. He quickly spots the spine with JR RANDOLPH printed boldly on it.

He pulls the book, opens it up to a page, and scans.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

This is no good. Definitely no good.

He sits back down and snaps the book shut.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Says here you killed yourself.

JR

...Is that bad?

MILLARD

No, no, don't be ridiculous. You still have some more chances...

His voice trails as he flips through the book again.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Zounds! Only two more to be exact. You're up to 499,998.

JR

...Is that bad?

MILLARD

You see, in the after-life, you are given a certain amount of chances to live your life and attain vim, the act of achieving personal fulfillment. Each time you fail, you start from the beginning and try all over again.

JR

You're telling me every single time I've tried to live life and achieve personal fulfillment, I fail?

MILLARD

Ahh...it would be appear that way, yes.

JR

And how exactly do I go about achieving this vim?

MILLARD

Glad you asked. I actually produced a little instructional video with the help of a burly woman named Wilma to answer that very question.

Millard walks to the back and sets up a VHS and TV cart. He sticks a tape in and dims the lights.

ON TV:

CHEESY 80s STYLE GRAPHIC: YOUR ROAD TO VIM!

Millard comes on the screen, standing in his office, and addresses the camera as he speaks in an affected tone.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Millard Fillmore, I became the 13th President of the United States after old President Zach Taylor croaked of gastroenteritis while I was Vice-President.

(whispers)

That's gas.

JR looks over at Millard who chuckles at his own joke.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

This video is to help you navigate the treacherous waters of life with hopes that you'll achieve vim and personal fulfillment. Are you ready? Good. Let's get started!

The green screen background dissolves into a blackhole found in space. Millard motions towards it.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

All humans are born with a deep void in their hearts. It's your job in life to fill this void. You might ask yourself, that's a pretty big void Mr. President, I'm just an insignificant nothing with no prospects or potential, how could I possibly fill this void? Glad you asked. The great news is, there are many things out there that will help you. Some use love.

A GRAPHICAL BEATING HEART overlays part of the blackhole.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Success.

DOLLAR SIGNS overlays another part of the blackhole.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Ambition, like yours truly.

A GRAPHICAL MILLARD AT A PRESIDENTIAL PODIUM overlays another part. Millard chuckles at this.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Isn't that cute? The answers are up to you. As you journey through life, you'll discover the virtues that will make up who you are, and help you quickly fill this void altogether.

OTHER GRAPHICAL ELEMENTS: FAMILY, KIDS, BEAUTIFUL HOME fills up the entire blackhole.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
And you'll be on your way to achieving vim and personal fulfillment.

A HUGE SMILEY FACE covers the blackhole.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
The After-Life Committee knows how difficult this is, which is why you get 500,000 tries to reach your vim. But if you don't!

The HUGE SMILEY FACE is set on fire. The sight is gruesome. The Smiley Face begins screaming in agony.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
It's Hell and Damnation! Ouch!

JR cringes at the video.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Wilma can have a morbid sensibility.

JR returns to the video. A picture of Gandhi appears.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Let's take a look at some success stories. Take Mahatma. This Asian Negro failed his first four chances.
(MORE)

MILLARD (CONT'D)

He was a sandal salesman who cheated on his wives and contracted syphilis on his second try. On his third try he was a mediocre badminton player. It wasn't until his fifth try he got it right. On another note, did you know that the object they hit in badminton is referred to as a shuttlecock? I always found that amusing.

Millard laughs at his own joke. A picture of a smiling, late 30s FRANK JEFFRIES now appears.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

But then, there's Frank Jeffries. Your average middle-aged suburbanite with three kids, loving wife, and a dog named Slave. Point is, you don't have to achieve world glory to reach vim. It's a personal journey. You just have to find those special virtues that fills your void.

Cheesy music signals the end of the tape.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Don't mind the music. Wilma isn't very nimble with the synthesizer. Now let's stand up.

JR stands. Millard motions him to the birth door.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Once you go through that door, you will be reborn as you, but you will have no memory of your previous lives. Not in any logical sense. But you will have emotional memory, certain feelings that will help remind you of your past misfortunes.

JR

Like déjà vu?

MILLARD

I never cared much for the French.

JR

How will I know not to kill myself this time around?

MILLARD

You have to listen to your inner voice JR. This is your life story you're rewriting. Create the ending you want.

JR

That's all very sweet and low, but let's cut the shit. If I've done this four hundred odd thousand times, chances are, I'll do it again. My inner voice ain't working. Isn't there anything else that can help?

Millard ponders this, and nods. He lifts a vial of red liquid from his coat pocket.

MILLARD

Take this.

JR takes the vial and holds it up.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Take it and never speak of it again.

JR

What is it?

MILLARD

My dealer handed it to me. It goes for high prices in the after-life black market. Now, it won't assuredly help you remember every detail of your past life, but it will, at some point, flash certain images that may jog your noggin.

JR nods and downs the vial.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! You were meant to take a tablespoon!

JR blanches.

JR

Thanks for the delayed prescription, Mary Poppins! What's going to happen to me now?

MILLARD

I don't know! But more importantly,
how am I going to be repaid the 500
after-life rupees it was worth!

JR starts rubbing his eyes.

JR

I'm tripping balls right now.

Millard shakes his head and points to the door.

MILLARD

Go through that door, JR. You have
no excuses now. This is your last--
well, second to last chance.

Millard squeezes JR's shoulders.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Look for those things that will fill
that void in your heart and I promise
you, you'll reach vim.

JR takes a deep breath, unlocks the door, and walks into a
dark corridor.

FADE TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.)

I will now display a picture of two
mountain lions attacking each other
for no known reason.

GRAPHIC: a still of two mountain lions going at it.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At this point, I was reborn as
myself. I will briefly go into my
childhood, but don't worry, I won't
make it some gay Steven Spielberg
shit about how I loved to pick at my
mashed potatoes or found an alien
that taught me the meaning of life
while plugging Reese's Pieces. I
will attempt to be as concise as
possible for the sake of brevity.

TITLE CARD IN BIG FONT: 1982-1987

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - DAY

Two nine year olds, PHILLIP and YOUNG JR (donning over-sized dark glasses) stand in wide-eyed amazement as they watch two dogs humping on their neighbor's lawn.

Phillip continues their conversation as their eyes stay glued to the spectacle across the way.

PHILLIP

Well, see, girls have a hole. And that's what you use your penis for.

YOUNG JR

It's just a hole?

Beat, as Phillip and Young JR turn their head sideways to observe the new position.

PHILLIP

Ah-huh.

YOUNG JR

So, girls walk around with holes in between their legs?

PHILLIP

Yup.

YOUNG JR

Does it lead anywhere?

PHILLIP

I don't know. I've never put my penis in one before.

YOUNG JR

(incredulous)

And all you do is stick it in? And that's it?

PHILLIP

Ah...yup.

YOUNG JR

How many times?

PHILLIP

Until she gets her period.

YOUNG JR

That seems like a lot. I don't think I could do that.

PHILLIP

Well, you have to. Otherwise, you
won't have kids.

Young JR turns his head to Phillip and addresses him directly.

YOUNG JR

No, there's artificial insemination.
That way, I don't have to have sex
and still have kids.

Phillip rolls his eyes and looks over at his nerdy accomplice.

PHILLIP

Artificial what?

YOUNG JR

Artifi--

PHILLIP

--Shut the fuck up! That's what you
have to do. Don't be a pussy.

A dog bark makes the kids' heads snap back to the yard.

YOUNG JR

Why is she barking? And why is the
other dog sleeping?

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Phillip and his FRIENDS are picking on YOUNG NANCY.

JR (V.O.)

The day before, Phillip and I
officially met for the first time at
our bus stop. He and two of his
friends kicked my ass right there on
someone's lawn. I was defending the
honor of my mentally retarded sister.

Young JR takes a karate stance.

YOUNG JR

I know karate.

Phillip punches him. JR falls to the ground hard.

Mrs. Randolph storms out of her house screaming obscenities at
Phillip and his friends. They split.

Young Nancy leads her mom towards Young JR, laying motionless.

MRS. RANDOLPH
JR, what are you doing?

YOUNG JR
I'm not here.

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Randolph, holding up Young JR, shows PHILLIP'S MOM the black eye. Phillip is pulled to the door by his ear.

JR (V.O.)
Phillip wound up apologizing, under duress from his mother, of course.

EXT. PHILLIP'S HOUSE - DAY

Back to the dog-humping scene. Phillip and Young JR stop staring at the dogs and go back to playing Transformers.

JR (V.O.)
The next day, Phillip invited me over to play Transformers. And there in his front yard, our battle scene took a pause so that he could elucidate, the best way he knew how to fuck bitches and chicks.

EXT. STREETS - DUSK

Young JR walks home alone, clutching his Transformers.

JR (V.O.)
I remember walking home from his house feeling very confused about the world. I kept picturing all these women walking around with gaping holes in between their legs.

WOMEN walk by with huge, black gaping holes in between their legs. Young JR shakes his head.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Young JR sits in the back of a classroom completely entranced by the TEACHER'S visuals on atoms and molecules.

JR (V.O.)
Physical science always eluded me as a child. In first grade, we learned about atoms and molecules.
(MORE)

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was blown away-- completely
astounded at the thought that there
were these little particles floating
around. I was such a moronic fucking
idiot.

INT. YOUNG JR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Young JR sits indian-style on his bed and stares into the air.

JR (V.O.)
I went home and decided to sit in my
living room and concentrate. Sure
enough, I began seeing atoms and
molecules floating around.

Animated atoms and molecules pop up around an amazed Young JR.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I decided not to tell people because
it was too dangerous. Being the by-
product of bad 80s flicks, I knew
full well that the bad people would
have me locked up and experimented
on. So, I saved this secret, and
kept it to myself. I had thought
about telling one girl I knew,
Michelle, but I didn't want any harm
to come to her either. So, it was
just mine, and it made me feel
special that I had this gift. Of
course, you're probably thinking
short-bus special. I guess I would
too, if I were in your shoes hearing
all this crap.

EXT. STREETS - AFTERNOON

Young JR is playing soccer with his FELLOW CLASSMATES.

MICHELLE, a cute 9 year old girl, rides by in a purple bike.

Young JR stares at her and gets hit in the head by the ball.
He lays on the ground still staring at her.

JR (V.O.)
Before Robyn there was Michelle
Powers. She was my Kelly Kapowski,
my Winnie Cooper, my Jordan
Catalano...

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS - DAY

Michelle walks down the hallway with her POSSE, other third graders smile and wave.

JR (V.O.)

She was perhaps the most popular kid at our school. She was also quite beautiful. This led me to my first test in life, could I get a girl like Michelle Powers as a girlfriend?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CONNIE, an awkward third grader with freckles and glasses, stares at Young JR with a look of disgust and says...

CONNIE

No.

Young JR looks down.

JR (V.O.)

After passing the message down the long line of Michelle disciples, Connie, an unattractive minion, gave me the answer one day after recess. I was disappointed, but somehow not surprised. It had to be because I wasn't good looking enough. I asked Connie if that was the reason.

Connie shrugs.

CONNIE

I don't know.

She then holds Young JR's head up by the chin, takes a closer look at him from both sides and says...

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's probably it.

INT. RANDOLPH APARTMENT - NIGHT

Young JR's parents are hosting a party with MIDDLE-AGED BORES. We see photos of Mrs. Randolph's large family on the mantle.

JR (V.O.)

My mom had always been disappointed in my looks. She was very attractive, and came from an attractive family.

(MORE)

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She wanted everything to be as fine-
 looking as possible, the house, the
 kids, the car; if it wasn't, she'd
 cover it up with lipstick and blush.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Randolph is crying as the DOCTOR delivers bad news with
 Young Nancy by her side.

JR (V.O.)
 She was quite disappointed when my
 older sister was born with down
 syndrome. She could never have the
 exploitative Junior Miss she always
 wanted in a daughter.

INT. NANCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Randolph is forcing an awkward Young Nancy in a bad dress
 and tons of make up. Young JR watches from the door.

JR (V.O.)
 It didn't stop her from caking my
 sister in make-up, hairspray, and
 gaudy clothes. It always wound up
 making Nancy look like an awkward
 little girl with a noticeably
 overbearing mother.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Mrs. Randolph, in cafeteria lady get up (hairnet and all), is
 scooping out food and putting it on Young JR's plate.

JR (V.O.)
 At the time, we didn't have a lot of
 money-- my dad worked for the army
 and...well, you know, the ethics of
 those guys are a notch below Kathy
 Lee Gifford, so he got paid shit.
 Consequently, my mom worked as a
 lunch lady in our school cafeteria.

Michelle comes up in line with JR, Mrs. Randolph teases her.

MRS. RANDOLPH
 But you two would be the cutest
 couple!

YOUNG JR
 Mom! What the F?

MICHELLE

Well, Mrs. Randolph, he's not really my type. Can I have a 1% milk?

Mrs. Randolph sighs and hands her a small milk.

MRS. RANDOLPH

I try. I cut his hair. He doesn't exercise.

MICHELLE

Sorry Mrs. Randolph.

INT. YOUNG JR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Young JR lays under his sheets as Mrs. Randolph tucks him in.

JR (V.O.)

My mom would use my looks as the reason why I could never get a girl like Michelle. She'd always wonder, out loud mind you, how she conceived such an unattractive boy. She felt I was a bad seed sprouting downwards to Hell.

MRS. RANDOLPH

JR, I want you to grow up and make your family proud, but you have so many flaws at such a young age. If you keep this up, you're going straight to Hell. I'm being serious now, Ok? Can you tell mommy is being serious?

INT. YOUNG JR'S KITCHEN - DAY

Young JR awkwardly picks up the phone and dials.

JR (V.O.)

Michelle was the first person I ever called on the telephone. I remember thinking the phone was some magical invention, my lifeboat to the outside world.

YOUNG JR

So, I really like your lunchbox.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

JR, how did you get my number?

YOUNG JR
In the phonebook. Is that OK?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Not really.

YOUNG JR
But it's so cool that I can hear your
voice on this thing, isn't it cool
that you can hear mine...hello?

JR (V.O.)
Despite Michelle's reluctance, my
heart would never break for her.
Until one day...

INT. YOUNG JR'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Young JR runs in, locks the bathroom door and starts crying.

JR (V.O.)
We moved away in the middle of fourth
grade.

Mr. Randolph, in military attire, bangs on the door loudly.

MR. RANDOLPH
Open this door now JR!

YOUNG JR
I don't want to move! I love
Michelle! You can't make me move!
Please! I want to marry her!

MR. RANDOLPH
She's not even attracted to you!

Young JR continues to cry. He sees the atoms.

JR (V.O.)
I sat in the bathroom and stared at
the atoms and molecules for comfort.

A faint knock at the door.

YOUNG JR
Leave me alone!

YOUNG NANCY
It's Nancy.

JR lets her in and locks the door immediately. She sits on
the floor next to him and puts her head on his shoulder.

YOUNG JR

I loved her Nancy. What am I going to do without her?

YOUNG NANCY

In Sweet Valley High, Elizabeth Wakefield wrote Todd Wilkins a love letter.

JR smiles.

YOUNG JR

Good tip Nance.

They sit on the bathroom floor in silence, atoms and molecules swirling around them.

INT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - DAY

Present day Randolph house, empty, with some new furniture and boxes. Young JR plays with his toys as he's enveloped by a high volume of atoms.

JR (V.O.)

A month later, we were unpacking all our boxes in our new house. I remember noticing an unusual amount of atoms hovering around.

Young JR then notices his mom dusting in the living room.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I peeked around the corner of the living room to see my mother dusting. It was then that I realized what I thought were molecules from science class were actually dust particles that lingered after my mom cleaned.

The atoms and molecules dissolve away to reveal dust particles. Young JR looks around, heartbroken.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Suddenly, the world made a lot less sense.

CUT TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You start out writing shit about your
childhood, and you think it's not
going to be gay, and then it is, and
next thing you know you're crying to
some old shrink who updates his 'GQ'
and 'The Nation' subscriptions during
your sessions. Let's speed this up,
shall we?

INT. JR'S BATHROOM - DAY

The present day JR is now gawking at himself in the mirror.

JR (V.O.)
Grew up, went through puberty.

INT. JR'S BATHROOM - SHOWER - DAY

JR with his penis in a shampoo bottle, jerking off.

JR (V.O.)
Started jerking off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

JR staring at Robyn as he attempts to open his locker.

JR (V.O.)
Fell in love with Robyn.

INT. ROBYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JR taking a hit off the bong while sitting next to Robyn.

JR (V.O.)
Got perpetually high.

ROBYN
I'm just not attracted to you.

JR (V.O.)
Got rejected.

INT. BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY

JR signing a check for his broker.

JR (V.O.)
Lost my money.

INT. JR'S SIBERIA-LIKE APARTMENT - DAY

JR, mid-thirties, miserable like before.

JR (V.O.)
Wanted to die.

JR (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY STREET - DAY

JR stares at the traffic. He steps in front of a semi barreling down the street.

JR (V.O.)
Then it hit me, that moment.

FLASHES OF THE DMV, RED VIAL, MILLARD SAYING:

MILLARD
This is your life story you're
rewriting. Create the ending you
want.

JR steps away just in the nick of time as the semi keeps trucking down the street. JR laughs at his luck.

JR
I remember! Millard! Millard, I
remember! I have another chance!

Due to his enthusiasm, he neglects to see the other semi coming the opposite way. Splat again. He's dead again.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MILLARD FILLMORE'S OFFICE - DAY

An unshaven, unkempt Millard is passed out in his chair with his head arched back. Some drool has dried on his chin.

JR runs in frantically.

JR
Millard! Millard!

He goes over and slaps him awake.

Millard coming to, tries to get his bearings.

MILLARD

You bastards! She told me she wanted to!

JR

It's me, JR Randolph! Remember? I'm one of your...patients or after-life-ees! Or whatever! You were helping me find vim, fulfillment. Remember?

Millard clears his throat and shapes up.

MILLARD

Oh yes, of course, JR. You have to excuse me, I see a lot of people. Sorry, I'm a bit...

JR

I know, I know, you just shot yourself up with some heroin. Listen Millard, right before I was about to commit suicide, I got a rush of flashes, like you said, except it was very vivid. And everything came back! Our whole conversation! This place! You! Everything!

MILLARD

That's impossible!

Millard finally remembers with bitterness.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Oh, yes! Now I remember. You're the reason why Caroline left me.

JR

What? You're dating? A Caroline?

MILLARD

Not anymore. Now she's going with that hot shot After-Life Agent up on the 37th floor. He just passed Redd Foxx into Heaven.

JR

From "Sanford and Son"?

MILLARD

I don't want to talk about it.

JR

Are you comprehending what I'm saying? I remembered everything! You said it was just going to be a thing to nog my joggin. But it wasn't. I remembered everything with vivid clarity.

Millard, a little tired of JR's enthusiasm, stands up.

MILLARD

Then why in Lucifer's anal fissure are you still back here? I would have been alerted already if you would have gone on to do something outstanding.

He walks over to the bookcase.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Let's take a look at what revolutionary JR Randolph has done with his life!

JR

Wait, you don't understand--

Millard finds the book and begins thumbing through it.

MILLARD

No, no! You come in storming after you've chugged the proverbial red vial of my ever dwindling life, I at least hoped it's paid off so that I may impress Caroline with my...

His voice begins to trail off as he reads.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

...latest success as an After-Life Agent, instead, you've reminded me--

JR

Millard, wait!

MILLARD

-- Of how much of a failure I have become!

JR

You don't get it--

MILLARD

What don't I understand, JR? That even after cheating...

He looks around, and remembers to speak softly for discretion:

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Even after cheating, I couldn't motivate you to not kill yourself at the same exact moment you did once before. If that isn't failure, then what, I ask you, is?

JR

Millard, it was an accident! Another fucking semi came the opposite way!

Fed up, Millard goes over to the rebirth door and opens it.

JR (CONT'D)

What's this?

MILLARD

I want you to go. Go on.

JR

You don't believe me?

MILLARD

By my records, you have killed yourself 499,999 times, all by suicide. I'm sorry, JR, but you're a lost cause. Chances are, you'll go through that door, and be back here burning in Hell like that poor little smiley face.

Disappointed, then angry, JR walks to the door. Before he exits, he takes a look back and sternly says:

JR

Just so you know, the local prostitute fucks people behind a middle school named after you.

He slams the door shut.

CUT TO BLACK.

GRAPHIC: A still of the New York Mets insignia.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought you should know I love the Mets and the Yankees suck my fucking taint. That's all. Ok, so I was reborn yet again, but let's skip the shenanigans, the childhood, the girls with gaping holes, the atoms and molecules malarkey, the jerking off, the bong hit, the mother slap and let's get right to it--

INT. ROBYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JR reading the George Michael diary.

JR (V.O.)

This time the flashes came earlier...

JR rubs his eyes. He remembers.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It hit me precisely the moment my heart was destroyed by Robyn's discouraging words. I remembered everything, how my past life crumbled because of the very memory I was experiencing right then and there. How I was defeated. But this time, I would learn. This time, I would retaliate.

JR throws the George Michael diary on the ground and runs out of the room.

EXT. ROBYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Robyn is making out with sexy GUILLERMO RICARDO in front of his beat-up truck.

JR's runs out to witness this. His stomach sinks.

JR

Robyn!

Robyn pulls away quick and looks at JR.

ROBYN

JR?

JR

Robyn, I have to tell you something.

ROBYN

Oh God, is this going to be embarrassing or some shit?

JR

I'm in love with you and--

ROBYN

Shit. JR, I'm with my boyfriend.

Guillermo Ricardo extends his hand.

GUILLERMO RICARDO

Guillermo Ricardo, singer/songwriter.

JR doesn't take his hand and looks at Robyn.

JR

And I read your George Michael diary and I know what you said about me, and it really stung like a bee.

ROBYN

You what?

JR

I read your George Michael--

Robyn slaps him.

ROBYN

Fuck you, JR! Those were my personal thoughts! Ok? God! You know what JR, at least I have something to say. And you wonder why I don't like you!

JR

You don't like me?

ROBYN

Look at Guillermo Ricardo! He's a singer/songwriter! He's recorded seven albums already and he hasn't even graduated high school. People care about what he has to say. I care about what he has to say. Which is more than I can say for you! You have nothing to say about anything, and if you did, no one would care, including me! I hate you! Don't ever talk to me again!

She goes into her house and slams the door.

JR stands awkwardly next to Guillermo Ricardo.

INT. JR'S BEDROOM - DAY

JR reads his yearbook, looking at Robyn's picture. Next to it, her message: "This summer will rock! I'm gonna get you to smoke weed, just you wait! Luv ya like a brother, Robyn."

ON TV: A press conference with President George H.W. Bush speaking on the imminent victory of the Gulf War.

JR (V.O.)

I felt even worse than I did in my past life. All that bullshit rhetoric that the movies try to tell you about going after the woman of your dreams can suck my sack. It wasn't true. Sometimes it's better to not go for it, especially if you're gonna feel like a complete and utter loser-douche afterwards.

JR watches TV. An ARMY AD begins to run.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then it hit me. Out of all the wars America's been in; World War I and II, Vietnam, Korean, Civil, Revolutionary, out of all them, which one was breezy easy? Which one could I join and come back from without so much as a hickey? Which one could make me a war hero? Which one could make me the hapless hero of a Hollywood movie?

INT. RANDOLPH KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph perform the same morning rituals.

JR stares at his father's old army photographs sitting on the mantle; he's proudly dressed in uniform, being honored.

JR looks to his parents and confidently announces:

JR

Mom, Dad, I'm joining the army.

MRS. RANDOLPH

Remember, JR, you're still high. You really think you should be making any big decisions?

JR

I'm gonna make you guys proud.

They sit in silence, no response.

INT. MILITARY BUS - DAY

JR in military fatigues sits and looks out the window.

INT. MILITARY CAMP - DAY

JR attempts basic training, but performs badly.

INT. MILITARY HEAD OFFICE - DAY

SERGEANT BILKINS stands behind his desk scratching his head.
A beat up JR stares back at him.

BILKINS

Randolph, the army thinks you're better suited for writing, like an army reporter, you know? Reporting on the day's...tactics and whatnot.

JR

A writer? The army has those?

BILKINS

Not really, but, let's face it son, you're not really cutting it as a soldier, and you spelled your name and address right on the application, which is more than I can say for over 50% of the soldiers we got here.

JR

That's...this is a joke, right?

BILKINS

No, believe me, we did the stats.
It's clearly over 50%.

(leaning in and
whispering)

It's actually closer to seventy.

JR

No, I meant...I've never written anything before, professionally.

BILKINS

It's Ok, JR. No one's gonna really read it anyway. The good news is you leave for Iraq in the morning!

EXT. IRAQ US ARMY BASE - DAY

A helicopter lands. JR and his COMPANY jump out.

INT. IRAQ US ARMY BASE - DAY

JR sets up an old Windows 3.11 PC in the corner as the rest of the TROOPS set up camp in the Mosque-turned-Army base hall.

JR begins typing:

JR (V.O.)
Day one. We are stationed in and
desecrating a holy Mosque in Iraq
simultaneously.

Soldier JASON HEWLETT strolls in with confidence. JR eyes him with anxiety. Jason Hewlett catches his stare. He quickly elbows his buddies and yells over at JR:

JASON HEWLETT
Hey writer-nerd, spell
supercaliffuckyourmomma for me!

His BUDDIES join in his laughter. JR keeps typing:

JR (V.O.)
The troops are genuine assholes.
Like a fine wine of assholery. Never
have I encountered this form before.
Their ignorance and arrogance max out
any combination I have ever seen
heretofore.

Their laughter seems endless.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I can say for sure that I will not
feel sorry for these guys should they
die in combat. That there will be no
"Platoon" moment where I would even
rescue them given the opportunity. I
would rather turn and walk away.

COMPANY COMMANDER TURNER walks in. Everyone scurries to stand at attention.

COMMANDER TURNER
Sorry fellas. Looks like we just won
the war ten minutes ago. We leave
0600 tomorrow.

Everyone's disappointed. They begin packing their belongings.

INT. IRAQ US ARMY BASE - NIGHT

The SOLDIERS sleep soundly on their cots. SUDDEN GUNSHOTS and EXPLOSIONS stir everyone awake. Commander Turner runs in:

COMMANDER TURNER
Everyone, this is for real! We're
being attacked by a renegade Iraqi
force! Up and at 'em! Again, this
is for real!

JR and the Soldiers get dressed as Commander Turner repeats his command. He sees JR.

COMMANDER TURNER (CONT'D)
Randolph! Stay behind and...write
this shit up!

JR finishes putting his fatigues on as the rest of the troops rush downstairs to defend the base.

More SCREAMS AND GUN BLASTS as JR nervously tries to load and arm himself with a gun.

A HUGE GRENADE BLAST is followed by more SCREAMS. JR tries to decipher what's happening through the windows, but can't see.

Soldier Jason Hewlett busts back in screaming and limping, his leg bleeding. He falls on his cot.

JASON HEWLETT
Everyone's dead! Everyone's dead!

JR
What?! That was like thirty seconds!

JASON HEWLETT
They're all fucking dead, nerd!
They're fucking dead!

ARABIC YELPS AND FOOTSTEPS are heard coming up the stairs.

JASON HEWLETT (CONT'D)
Oh God! They're coming for us!
Those Sand Niggers are coming!
Ahhh!! We're all gonna die, you
fucking nerd! We're gonna die!!

He starts crying.

JR

What?! Aren't you going to do something? You're supposed to save us!

JASON HEWLETT

Play dead, and maybe they'll leave you alone!! Play fucking dead!!

Jason Hewlett plays dead. YELPS AND FOOTSTEPS get louder.

JR (V.O.)

This was it. My last shot at life and I was going to die in the easiest war known to mankind. I couldn't let that happen. I couldn't die this pussy. I knew I had to do something.

JR runs towards the grenade case, pulls one out, and throws it down the stairs just as he sees the shadows.

BOOM! The voices and footsteps go away.

Panting heavily, JR grips his gun tightly and walks towards the top of the stairway to get a closer look.

A stray shot is fired, hitting JR in the knee.

Now limping and screaming, JR drops his gun and backs up.

Lone IRAQI SOLDIER SHARIF walks up holding his gun. He points it at JR and fires, but nothing. He throws the gun away and gets into a karate stance.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know some of you won't believe this, but if you compared William Zabka, the villain from "The Karate Kid," to this Iraqi soldier, it's an eerie resemblance.

GRAPHIC: A still of William Zabka from "The Karate Kid" is displayed side-by-side with striking similarity.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Even the same hair flop, I fuck with you not.

Not knowing what to do, JR gets into a karate stance as well.

Some basic karate moves are attempted from both parties, with Sharif clearly superior to the limping JR.

The crying Jason Hewlett watches in despair.

JR attempts to kick Sharif in the chest with his weak leg, but Sharif catches it and strikes him down with his elbow.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The whole thing seemed so familiar.
Even the great Bill Conti score was
playing in my head.

As the score begins playing, JR looks around for help. The cocky Sharif walks around yelling at him in Arabic to get up.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I even saw Pat Morita and Elisabeth
Shue as I laid there holding my knee.

Cutaways to the actual Karate Kid film from the final fight.

Sharif kneels down next to him and continues to goad him.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was then that I knew what I had to
do.

Determined but weak, JR stands up. Sharif smiles and takes his stance, ready to fight.

JR makes the famous flamingo stance.

Confused at first, but then cocky, Sharif runs towards him. JR flamingo kicks him in the face and knocks him out cold.

The Bill Conti score swells. JR, limping and delirious, barely stands and begins screaming:

JR (CONT'D)
We did it! Mr. Miyagi, we did it!
We did it!

Curled up on his cot, the crying Jason Hewlett, bedazzled by the spectacle, mutters to himself:

JASON HEWLETT
Mr. Miyagi?

EXT. IRAQ US ARMY BASE - DAY

JR is being put on a helicopter in a stretcher next to Jason Hewlett. The bodies of the rest are being zipped up.

JASON HEWLETT

I can't believe they're all dead. I
can't fucking believe it.

JR (V.O.)

Now I know you might think I'm cold
to say that soldier Jason Hewlett was
still a dick, and will always be one,
even at this point when we're being
taken away on stretchers as we watch
our whole company being zipped up in
body bags, but it's true. My opinion
never changed. This wasn't one of
those dumb fucking "Forrest Gump"
moments, and Jason Hewlett wasn't
some poor gimp like Bubba who you
should feel sorry for. So don't.

INT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - NIGHT

Mom and Dad celebrate the return of JR with their SNOOTY
FRIENDS. Mom is so proud. JR stands, with a cane, in the
corner. He is not proud.

JR (V.O.)

My parents threw me the obligatory
welcome home thing, more of an excuse
for my mom to throw a party for her
Eddie Bauer friends, than for me.

The Purple Heart is in a cheesy gold case, on display atop the
fireplace next to his father's war pictures.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, I got the Purple Heart. But
there was no press or video, and I'm
not going to pull some Zemeckis CGI
bullshit where they take some stock
footage of Bush and put me in it to
reenact it. And if they proceed to
do this, know that it is without my
blessing.

JR turns and looks at the party of strangers, a party
supposedly for him. Nancy, his sister, stands next to him.

JR (CONT'D)

Hi Nancy.

NANCY

Hi.

She smiles.

JR
You have a pretty smile. Anyone ever
tell you that?

Her smile gets bigger, turns into a giggle.

NANCY
No.

She stops her giggling.

JR
You can laugh. It's Ok.

NANCY
Mom says no. She says I don't make a
very pretty face when I do it.

JR shakes his head in contempt. He sees his parents' huge
fish tank standing in the corner.

He walks over to it and without hesitation sticks his head in.
He stares back at the shocked and confused strangers looking
back at him through the fish tank.

Nancy is laughing uncontrollably.

EXT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - DAY

JR stuffs his suitcase in a cab. Mr. Randolph stands at the
doorway with Nancy-- Mrs. Randolph noticeably absent.

JR (V.O.)
The next day, my mom was so
overwrought with embarrassment that
she could no longer have me as a son,
even with the recent accolades I
garnered. She finally disowned me.

JR smiles and waves. Mr. Randolph nods, walks into the house,
Nancy lingers for a bit and waves back. JR gets into the cab.

JR (CONT'D)
I'll be back for you, Nancy. I
promise! Ok?

Nancy smiles as his cab drives off.

FADE TO BLACK.

GRAPHIC: a still of a New York Times Best seller column
showing "ADOW!" on top.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 As predicted, my flimsy one day
 account of my albeit shady war
 bravery turned into a best selling
 book, "A Day of War" or ADOW!

GRAPHIC: a still of coffee mugs and t-shirts with "ADOW!"
 written on it.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Shirts and coffee mugs followed,
 except I think it had more to do with
 the fact that people liked saying it
 more than anything else. It kind of
 rolled off the tongue. You try it.

GRAPHIC: ADOW! in big, bold letters.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 See? It's fun. This dumb
 abbreviation of my most pivotal
 moment in life took the catchphrase
 all the way to Hollywood.

CUT TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Before I move on to Hollywood, let's
 discuss some things for a second,
 shall we? In Hollywood there are
 only a handful of movie studios.

GRAPHIC: Logos of the major movie studios, WB, Universal,
 Disney, Paramount, etc.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Now, it's important to note that
 these studios are owned by other
 companies usually referred to as...

GRAPHIC: all the logos dissipate into new logos; Viacom, Time
 Warner, GE, Walt Disney Corp.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...Media conglomerates. Now, you've
 heard that word before, and to some
 of you it may or may not mean
 anything. But here's what they
actually are.

GRAPHIC: an animated stick figure fucks a brain doggystyle.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mind fuckers. You see, media conglomerates, or mind fuckers, want to fuck the shit out of your mind in an effort to tell you how to feel, think, and act. Why?

GRAPHIC: the stick figure now climbs to the top of the brain and starts taking a dump.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So they can feed and sell the shit they produce back to you. You see, once a certain movie, song, book, or as they like to call it, property, gets popular, the bigger the pile of shit they can sell, the more they can own you.

GRAPHIC: the shit pile fills up the brain.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The more they own you, the more desensitized you'll become, the more they can sell even more to you, the more money they'll make off of you.

GRAPHIC: movie studio logos crash in and fill the screen. They move in formation to outline a vagina.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In essence, the movie studios are the bitches of these big mind fuckers armed with one objective, and one objective only, make shit popular so you'll buy anything associated with it. Sure, they'll do their dumb fucking Russell Crowe movies and boring British dramas to get some street cred at the Oscars, but at the end of the day, they're just banks hellbent on renting space in your brain. And don't let any one of those assholes tell you otherwise.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - DAY

Smog covers the Hollywood sign on an early LA morning.

JR (V.O.)
I took a meeting with one of these
assholes.

(MORE)

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For personal satisfaction, I've
decided to call them MindFuck
Pictures. That isn't their real
name, obviously, but it's what they
should be called.

INT. MINDFUCK PICTURES OFFICES - DAY

A huge, expansive office with movie posters all around. The MindFuck Pictures logo (stick figure humping brain) is displayed from the ceiling.

A fat executive with curly hair named MR. STRADLATTER sits behind his desk. His sidekick, who only goes by CONNECTICUT, sits next to him wearing casual khakis and a flannel.

MR. STRADLATTER
The three movies I laughed hardest at
were "Airplane!", "Caddyshack", and
"The Godfather Part 3". You?

Perplexed, JR sits across from him, searching for an answer.

JR
Umm...I really liked "Roxanne."

Connecticut speaks up:

CONNECTICUT
The one with Steve Martin? The big
nose?

JR
Yeah. I laughed at that.

MR. STRADLATTER
We're not here to talk about
comedies, are we, JR?

JR
No, I don't think we are.

MR. STRADLATTER
What are we here to talk about then?

JR
Umm...I think we're here to talk
about my book.

MR. STRADLATTER
And what book might that be, JR?

JR
Ummm...the one I wrote. About the war. I'm sorry, did your assistant--

MR. STRADLATTER
ADOW!

Awkward silence in the room.

JR
Yes. That would be the title of the book. Stands for "A day--

MR. STRADLATTER
ADOW!

Another awkward silence.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something, JR.

Mr. Stradlatter locks his fingers together.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
Would you like your book, "ADOW!", to be adapted into the film that everyone talks about in 1995. The film that brings home the bacon--

He points to a nearby chest full of cash.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
And the eggs.

He points to a shelf full of popular entertainment awards.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
That's what we make here at MindFuck Pictures.

He points to the above logo.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
We make bacon and eggs.

JR nods.

JR
I'm good. I think I got it.

Mr. Stradlatter solemnly stands and looks at an old painting of his father, Charles Stradlatter II, cooking bacon and eggs.

MR. STRADLATTER

You see, JR, Papa Stradlatter was a revolutionary in his day. He started MindFuck Pictures by selling nudie flip books at freak shows for a nickel. He turned this company into the empire you see today.

Mr. Stradlatter gets weepy.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)

One thing he always wanted was to win an Oscar, but alas, that damn Academy always felt his films never cut the mustard. Old Papa entrusted me with his empire, and on his death bed asked me to win MindFuck that slender, naked gold man-- his words.

Mr. Stradlatter caresses the painting. JR and Connecticut awkwardly look at each other.

Wiping his misty eyes, Mr. Stradlatter blurts out:

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)

This is Connecticut!

Connecticut stands and offers his hand. JR takes it.

CONNECTICUT

Like the state.

JR (V.O.)

You know when you meet someone and you almost immediately realize that at some point they will go to jail. That's how it felt when I met Connecticut.

MR. STRADLATTER

Right north of New York, you know where Connecticut is?

JR

Yeah, actually, yeah, it's just north of...New York.

Mr. Stradlatter smiles and nods.

MR. STRADLATTER

You're a smart guy, JR. So is Connecticut. He's our creative executive.

(MORE)

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
He'll help you with the adaptation,
provide all the tools necessary for
turning that beautiful book of yours
into a movie for all audiences. How
does that sound?

JR sheepishly nods.

JR
Sounds good, Mr. Stradlatter.

JR stands and offers to shake Stradlatter's hand, but he
doesn't oblige.

MR. STRADLATTER
I don't do that.

Connecticut jumps up.

CONNECTICUT
JR, let's grab a drink!

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK BAR - AFTERNOON

The place is mildly busy. Connecticut and JR sit at the bar
and have a couple of beers. JR looks uneasy.

CONNECTICUT
It's beautiful out here, isn't it?
How do you like Los Angeles so far?

JR
I've only been here for a few days,
but what I know of, I hate.

CONNECTICUT
Yeah, me too actually. It's so
shitty. The smog, the weather.
Disgusting. You're from back east?

JR
Yeah, New Jersey.

CONNECTICUT
Mets fan?

JR
Yeah.

CONNECTICUT
So am I. That's cool, cool. Did you
know that I went to jail?

JR
No, but I'm not surprised. No offense though.

CONNECTICUT
None taken.

JR
What did you go to jail for?

CONNECTICUT
I tried to steal the Rodin exhibit from the Met.

He finishes his beer.

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)
Wanna go smoke some weed?

INT. CONNECTICUT'S APARTMENT - DAY

JR and Connecticut are in a heavy duty smoke out session with a big, blue Superman bong.

CONNECTICUT
What's fucked up is when they handcuff you, you feel so powerless. You have this moment where you're realizing that this is society's way of saying we no longer trust you to have your hands in front of you. You know how fucked up that is?

JR
Yeah, that's pretty fucked.

CONNECTICUT
Whatever. By the way, you gotta have a love interest in your movie.

JR
(caught off guard)
What?

CONNECTICUT
Stradlatter is never gonna greenlight a script for production without a hot chick. Otherwise, dudes aren't gonna see it, you know?

JR
But there weren't any girls there.

CONNECTICUT

Just make it some girl back home,
right, you probably had one, right?

JR

Actually, yes...

Connecticut distracted by a sitcom playing on TV:

CONNECTICUT

You know what I don't get? When
fucking sitcom characters pretend to
not see or hear obvious behavior for
the sake of the joke. You know what
I mean? Like, a guy will be hiding a
puppy in his pants, and the person
he's hiding it from pretends that he
doesn't hear or notice this. Is that
fucked or what?

JR

It's pretty fucked.

CONNECTICUT

This is pretty good weed, huh?
Medicinal. They grow it at Skywalker
Ranch, believe it or not. Actually,
that's probably not true.

JR

Well, I should have mentioned this
before, but I got perpetually high at
the age of eighteen. So, I was
already kind of high.

CONNECTICUT

That's kind of cool...wanna do blow?

INT. HILLS HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

JR and Connecticut sit on a sofa in a crowded party doing coke
off of a glass coffee table. After a line, Connecticut yells:

CONNECTICUT

Whose dick you gotta suck to hear
some Blues Traveler?

They continue talking with sniffs of blow interspersed:

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

The thing is, no matter what, this
chick has gotta be hot.

JR

What chick?

CONNECTICUT

The love interest. She can't be interesting looking or anything, she's just gotta be hot. Like Nicole Eggert hot, circa 1987 to 1990. I know it's wrong and whatever, but that's the way it works, end of story.

JR

Should I just write 'hot' in the description line?

CONNECTICUT

No, because, Stradlatter can't think he's just out casting a hot chick. He's gotta think the script has more integrity and it's justified and shit. So, use more subtle descriptors, put her in short-shorts, her hair still wet from the shower, not wearing a bra, shit like that.

JR

Subtle descriptors.

CONNECTICUT

Subtle descriptors. And keep a consistent tone. For example, I wrote this comedy called "The Presidential Pardon" about this deadbeat guy whose polar opposite close friend winds up winning the presidency. So, this guy, in comedic fashion, would break the law, because he knows his friend will always pardon him. Wild antics ensue, learns a lesson at the end, stops breaking the law, etc.

JR

That sounds interesting.

CONNECTICUT

I know. Thing is though, you always gotta elevate the conflict. And when you're talking about breaking the law, after robbing seven elevens, you kinda have to go to rape and murder.

(MORE)

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)
Not good fodder for a comedy, thus,
mixed tones. Doesn't work.

JR
I see your point.

CONNECTICUT
I'm ready for some X, how about you?

INT. TECHNO CLUB - NIGHT

JR and Connecticut are sweating bullets, rolling on ecstasy,
as techno music blares. Connecticut yells at the DJ:

CONNECTICUT
Whose dick you gotta suck to hear
some Nikki French?

DJ doesn't respond.

JR
Be honest, was Stradlatter just
tossing my salad or could this be the
movie of 1995?

CONNECTICUT
No, probably not. No offense, but
that's like a crapshoot. It's like
fucking a hot Brazilian chick without
a rubber, you're probably going to
die or get a weird disease and wish
you had. Just remember, don't ever
write from the heart. Always write
from the checkbook. You can always
add heart later.

JR
Any other maxims to follow?

Connecticut thinks long and hard before responding:

CONNECTICUT
Here's one thing that niggles me:
never use 'fragrant' as a verb.

JR
You can do that?

CONNECTICUT
I fucking won't stand for it.

JR
I don't think I could ever do
something like that.

CONNECTICUT

I like your cane by the way. Is that real wood?

JR

Thanks, and I don't know.

CONNECTICUT

Let's do some shrooms.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

It's early morning, and a tired JR and Connecticut walk zombified down the boardwalk.

CONNECTICUT

What's so fucked about doing shrooms in Venice is that there are so many crazy people and things happening already that it's almost a wash.

JR

You're right, it almost feels sobering. In a bad way.

CONNECTICUT

The whole point of the hot chick thing--

JR

I think I've got that covered. I'll definitely have a subtly described hot chick wearing short-shorts with wet hair just from the shower.

CONNECTICUT

Let me just add some perspective. The point is for the ending. When your protag at the end--

JR

Protag?

CONNECTICUT

Protagonist, main character, whatever. When faced with his maker, at the eleventh hour, moment of truth, turmoil abound, you have to do the quick flashbacks to this hot chick. Fucking beautiful eyes, ass, boobs, the whole nine, but artfully of course.

(MORE)

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

That'll be the thing that motivates the protag to overcome his greatest obstacle and win in the end.

JR

That seems a little clichéd, don't you think?

CONNECTICUT

That's the whole purpose of this town, JR. It's not to be original, but one or two bus stops from cliché avenue. Cuz you're right, you can't make the same shit. The name of the game is to make the same shit a little more current. Throw in a Clinton joke, break some taboos, but still keep it dumb and simple.

JR

Connecticut, you've really helped me out a lot to...days. I'm glad you didn't sugarcoat any of this.

CONNECTICUT

No problem, JR. Now let's go in this bodega on the left and shoplift.

INT. MINDFUCK PICTURES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A room full of executives. At the end of the table stands a smiling Mr. Stradlatter. At the other end sits a timid JR with Connecticut at his side.

Mr. Stradlatter lifts up a regular ballpoint pen.

MR. STRADLATTER

See this pen, JR?

JR

Yes.

MR. STRADLATTER

This pen has been working non-stop for seventeen years.

The rest of the group nods with pride.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)

Some say it's impossible. How could a simple, innocuous ballpoint pen, constantly being used for seventeen years, keep going?

(MORE)

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
It would dry up, shrivel, and die
like all the other shitty ballpoint
pens out there. But not this one.
This pen, JR, is a miracle pen.

The group nods again.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
Now some have asked why not donate
this miracle pen to science, have it
experimented on. Maybe the ink
formed an undiscovered compound, that
can be learned from, thus innovating
the whole pen industry with
everlasting ink. Maybe this
mysterious compound could lead to
solving other problems, like the
world's energy crisis!

Mr. Stradlatter takes a step towards JR and lowers the pen.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
You know what I say to those fucks,
JR? I say no. Wanna know why?
Because when you're lucky enough to
be handed a miracle, you shouldn't be
stupid enough to take it apart,
change it, exploit it, fuck it in the
ass. Accept the gift, as is.

Mr. Stradlatter lifts up JR's script.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
This script is one of the most
profound scripts I have ever read.

Everyone mumbles "yes", "absolutely", "for sure".

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
And I can tell you, from the bottom
of my heart, that we will not take it
apart, change it, exploit it. We
will make it as is, as it should be.
This is the miracle script that my
old Papa has been waiting for.

Everyone waits for JR to respond.

JR
That sounds cool.

MR. STRADLATTER

Cool? That's it? What's the matter, why do you always have such a dopey look on your face?

JR

Oh, that's probably because I've been stoned since I was eighteen.

Mr. Stradlatter nods awkwardly and smiles.

MR. STRADLATTER

Ok, let's get to brass tacks, and introduce the crew. Everyone, please state your name and one thing interesting about yourself.

He points to the squirrely, British guy with glasses at the end named WENDELL THORNDROP. He stands.

WENDELL THORNDROP

I'm Wendell Thorndrop, the director. I'm British and I love the theater.

MR. STRADLATTER

Doesn't seem interesting, but Ok.

The next guy is an angry German man named VIG VOLKEMP.

VIG VOLKEMP

(in German, with subtitles)

A new Hitler will rise, and we shall overcome.

MR. STRADLATTER

He's the cinematographer, for those of you that don't understand German.

The next person, an attractive lady, GENNIFER MILLER.

GENNIFER MILLER

Hi, I'm the producer, Gennifer, and I spell my name with a 'G'.

MR. STRADLATTER

And Connecticut you know. Like the state, just north of New York.

Connecticut awkwardly nods.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
This is the fine group of people that
are going to make this the miracle of
1995. We begin rolling film this
spring. Is that exciting?

JR
I'm enthused.

MR. STRADLATTER
What's that?

JR
I said I'm enthused.

MR. STRADLATTER
For a second there, I thought you
called me a latent homosexual.

JR
Interesting...I don't see how you get
the two confused--

MR. STRADLATTER
Regardless, we also have some
surprising news for you. We've cast
the lead part!

JR
You have?

MR. STRADLATTER
Yes! The person that will be playing
you! A fine young actor by the name
of Paul Walker whom I discovered
while watching "The Young and the
Restless."

JR
You watch "The Young and the
Restless"?

MR. STRADLATTER
Research, of course. Soaps are a
good playground for some of the
silver screen's finest actors. Look
at Grace Kelly and Cary Grant.

JR
Wow, I didn't know...

Behind Stradlatter's back, Connecticut shakes his head 'no.'

JR (CONT'D)
...they came from soap operas.

MR. STRADLATTER
You'll meet him tomorrow at the
Newsroom Cafe. He's a method actor,
so he wants to observe your whims and
mannerisms for authenticity.

Mr. Stradlatter pats him on the back.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
He's the spitting image of you, JR.

EXT. NEWSROOM CAFE - DAY

PAUL WALKER, young and handsome, sits in front of a bashful,
nerdy JR who emphasizes this by pushing up his glasses.

JR
It's hard to believe you're gonna
play me.

PAUL WALKER
Don't worry. I'll do you justice.

He laughs at his supposed unintentional wording.

PAUL WALKER (CONT'D)
I didn't mean that in a gay way.

JR
It's just that we look nothing alike.

PAUL WALKER
It's fine, I'll get a cane just like
yours. Sweet piece, where'd you get
it?

JR
Actually, I got this after the war.
You know, because of the war.

PAUL WALKER
I'll wear your glasses too. I'll
even have them make it with your
prescription. What is it, like -400
or something?

JR
No, that's not even a real
prescription, but why would you do
that? You wouldn't be able to see.

PAUL WALKER

It's more authentic. If you can't see, then therefore that means I shouldn't see.

JR

But I can see.

PAUL WALKER

Ah, but then why are you wearing glasses?

JR

No, I mean, I need the glasses to see. Without them, I can't. See?

JR lifts up his spoon to sip on his soup. Paul Walker does the same with his french fry, copying his motion.

JR (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PAUL WALKER

Method. It's an imitation exercise. Just act natural.

JR continues to sip on his soup, Paul Walker makes a sipping sound on his french fry, then eats it.

JR

So, tell me what drew you to the script?

Paul Walker, in a very over the top nerdy voice:

PAUL WALKER

So, tell me what drew you to the script?

Taken aback, JR takes a moment.

JR

Wow. Is that what I sound like to you?

In an even nerdier voice:

PAUL WALKER

Wow. Is that what I sound like to you?

Paul winks at him and resumes his normal voice:

PAUL WALKER (CONT'D)
 Pretty good, huh? It's method. Went
 to school for it.

He shouts at a nearby waiter:

PAUL WALKER (CONT'D)
 Whose balls do I have to lick to get
 a refill over here?

He laughs and smiles at JR.

PAUL WALKER (CONT'D)
 I didn't mean that in a gay way.

Unimpressed, JR cracks a forced smile and returns to his soup.
 Paul Walker continues imitating him with a french fry.

FADE TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.)
 I will now display a picture of a
 monkey climbing a tree for no known
 reason.

GRAPHIC: a still of a monkey climbing a tree.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Production on my script quickly
 began. Despite Stradlatter's
 intentions, the script did change
 quite a bit. Four short months
 later, production wrapped, and by
 early fall we were premiering at
 Lincoln Center in New York City.
 Early reviews were great, but from
 the cuts I saw, it was a disaster. I
 couldn't stomach sitting in the
 theater. Instead, I walked down to
 Washington Square Park.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

JR sits on a park bench, with his head resting on his cane, as
 he listens to screaming black Israelites.

JR (V.O.)
 My mission seemed on track. I was
 making something for myself. I went
 to war and beat my life nemesis. I
 turned my experience into what
 Hollywood called a slutty Oscar
 virgin waiting to be deflowered.
 (MORE)

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I was getting accolades and respect.
 However, happiness didn't seem at
 reach. In the midst of this newfound
 glory, that same tug of depression
 returned.

JR walks to a pay phone and dials. Robyn's answering machine:

MR. RANDOLPH (O.S.)
 (monotone)
 Hello. This is the Randolph
 resident. No one...is...at the
 house...or can reach the
 tele...phone. Please leav--

BEEP.

JR
 Hey Dad...Mom, it's JR. I know we
 didn't leave things on the best of
 terms, but I wanted to let you know
 that I miss you. The film based on
 my book based on my life is coming
 out soon. Don't see it though, it
 sucks. But...umm...I just wanted to
 check in...Nancy, if you're
 listening...I hope you're doing Ok.
 I should get going. I miss you.
 Remember what I said, Nancy. I still
 meant it.

EXT. LA COUNTY MUSIC CENTER - DAY

A banner hangs: "1995 ACADEMY AWARDS"

Joan Rivers and co. greet stars as they walk the red carpet.

INT. LA COUNTY MUSIC CENTER - NIGHT

Whoopi Goldberg introduces the show.

JR (V.O.)
 ADOW! made it to the academy awards,
 garnering five Oscar nominations,
 including one for me for Best
 Adaptation, and the king of all
 Oscars, Best Picture. Of course, it
 didn't look like we had a shot,
 "Braveheart" was the heavy-on
 favorite.

INT. LA COUNTY MUSIC CENTER - LATER

Christopher McQuarrie wins best original screenplay for "The Usual Suspects." Keanu Reeves steps up to the podium.

KEANU REEVES

And now the nominations for best writing, based on material from another medium. The nominees are...

Cutaways to the nominees in the audience.

KEANU REEVES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

William Broyles Jr.; Al Reinert for "Apollo 13"...JR Randolph, "ADOW!"...Mike Figgis for "Leaving Las Vegas"...Anna Pavignano; Michael Radford; Furio Scarpelli; Giacomo Scarpelli; Massimo Troisi...whoa, that's a lot of Mexicans, ummm...for "Il Postino"...and finally, Emma Thompson for "Sense and Sensibility"!

Everyone cheers loudly for Emma. Keanu fumbles as he opens the envelope.

KEANU REEVES (CONT'D)

God, I think my buddy Dennis would have blown up that bus by now if I were really this clumsy.

Cutaway to Dennis Hopper as the audience chuckles. Keanu looks at the winner with shock.

KEANU REEVES (CONT'D)

JR Randolph for ADOW!

Gasps, followed by polite cheers. Emma is not happy. JR waddles up to the stage with his cane and accepts the Oscar.

JR

This is for Millard Fillmore. I know some of you don't know who he is, but he was the 13th President of the United States, and the inspiration for all of this. So, that's it, I guess. Thanks.

The stunned audience politely claps again.

INT. LA COUNTY MUSIC CENTER - LATER

The famous "Pulp Fiction" Dick Dale song plays as SAMUEL L. JACKSON walks to the podium.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON
All right, here it is. The last and
final award of the evening. Here are
your nominees for best picture!

Cutaways to the nominees in the audience.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brian Grazer for "Apollo 13"...George
Miller; Doug Mitchell; Bill Miller
for "Babe"...Lindsay Doran for "Sense
and Sensibility"...Charles
Stradlatter, III for "ADOW!"...and
Alan Ladd Jr.; Bruce Davey; Mel
Gibson for "Braveheart"!

Everyone cheers for "Braveheart." Samuel Jackson opens the envelope.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON (CONT'D)
Before I announce the winner, I'd
just like to say please check out my
great performance in "The Great White
Hype" coming to theaters this summer.

Everyone chuckles at the shameless plug.

SAMUEL JACKSON
Ok, but seriously folks, the best
picture of 1995 goes to...Charles
Stradlatter, III for "ADOW!"

The audience gasps loudly.

Mel Gibson is pissed.

I/E. THE STANDARD HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

JR, still in a tux from the awards show, sits on the floor while hugging his cane and watches the big Oscar party through the big glass doors.

Connecticut hangs over the ledge and curiously peers down at the gigantic pool below.

CONNECTICUT
Dude, I really think I can fly right
now. I mean, I really believe that.

JR

I promise you Connecticut, it's the acid we just dropped an hour ago.

CONNECTICUT

It is? But it seems so easy. You honestly believe that if I jumped off this balcony with my hands out wide and flapped them like wings, I wouldn't be able to fly?

JR

Yes, I believe that. Again, I'm pretty sure it's the acid we took that's making you think that.

Connecticut holds up an Oscar.

CONNECTICUT

Check it, I swiped this off one of those Spanish fucks that wrote "Il Postino."

JR

It wasn't that good.

CONNECTICUT

What's the matter with you JR? We had a big night! We took home the big quesadilla. Why you so down?

JR

I don't know. You know, when I came out here, I really thought all of this would fill this void I've had my whole life. I thought I'd matter. I thought all of this would really make me happy.

CONNECTICUT

Dude, are you insane? How the fuck aren't you happy? You're the toast of the town. You own this place right now. Everyone's talking about you. You matter.

JR

It doesn't feel like it. I'm missing something.

CONNECTICUT

Oh, I see where this is going.
You're talking about love, aren't
you?

Connecticut sits next to him.

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

All right, let's have a fag moment
for a second. But after this, I'm
gonna prove you wrong and fly off
into the horizon.

JR

Ok.

CONNECTICUT

Here's my theory on dating. You have
all these women out there. Ok, so,
95% of them will never give you a
chance in hell. Actually, no
offense, but you're not that
attractive, so it's more like 98%.

JR

Seems reasonable.

CONNECTICUT

So, now we're down to 2%. Now, 95%
of that...actually, more like 98%,
again, due to the aforementioned
reasons, will most likely be ugly.
Then you gotta throw out all the
crazies, the deformed, and other
unknown ailments. Then you gotta
throw out all the conniving cunts
that only want you for your money,
power, success, etc. And when all is
said and done, you're down to like
five or six chicks.

JR

Again, reasonable.

CONNECTICUT

Well...the odds are stacked against
you, my friend. Basically, there are
only five or six chicks out there
that will be right for you. Out of
however many billion, you gotta meet
one of these chicks. It's almost
next to impossible. I'm a little
cuter, so my number is closer to 13.

JR

Have you ever been in love with one of the 13?

CONNECTICUT

Unfortunately JR, I'm like the movies they make in this town. I'm an entertaining sideshow, an escapist. I'm so detached from society and people that it's hard for me to connect to anyone, what with the drugs and whatnot.

JR

Why not quit the drugs? Why not join society and become a happier person?

CONNECTICUT

That's death in this industry. As soon as you try to become a real person, you lose your edge, you become boring and forgettable. I can't be some fucking no-name in suburbia with meatloaf on Sunday. Even though I do like meatloaf. Sizzler makes a mean one.

JR

I need to be happy Connecticut.

CONNECTICUT

No one's happy. That's why they call it happy. But when you one day meet one of the six, you gotta pursue her. I mean really pursue her. Don't let anything get in your way. Even if she rejects you at first, you gotta be persistent, and not stalker persistent, but confident. You gotta want her like a junkie wants the junk.

JR (V.O.)

It was then that I realized what I had to do. I had to get Robyn back. I had to win her love.

CONNECTICUT

All right, now, are you positively sure I can't fly off this balcony?

JR stands and looks over the edge. He smiles.

JR

I see what you mean, it really does
feel like you can fly off this
balcony.

(with a nod)

Fuck it.

JR climbs over the railing.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As I contemplated experiencing human
flight, it occurred to me that
perhaps this wasn't the best risk to
take. After all, if I died, that'd
be it. It'd be all over. And as
romantic as it seemed at the time
that I could fly into the night like
Superman and Lois in that oddly
narrated scene from the first movie,
I chose the more prudent option and
stepped down.

JR climbs back over the ledge and sits back down.

Connecticut shakes his head in disappointment.

CONNECTICUT

Watch this.

He climbs over the ledge.

JR

You sure, man? I really think the
acid is lying to you.

CONNECTICUT

Like a bird, I'm gonna fly.

Connecticut jumps off.

JR watches as Connecticut's body plummets. His body hits the
edge of the pool and bounces him into the water.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Connecticut, in a full body cast, sips a Capri Sun through a
straw. He's surrounded by executives. JR stands in the back.

JR (V.O.)

I thought long and hard about what to
say to Robyn.

(MORE)

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I felt bad for Connecticut, but I did
my part to warn him of the acid's
tricks on the mind.

He pulls out pen and paper.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I started writing what I thought
would be the most important love
letter to date.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

JR continues to write while crammed in the middle seat.

JR (V.O.)
I had to word what I was going to say
perfectly. I knew now that
professional success was only a small
part of reaching vim. Love would
take me the rest of the way.

EXT. ROBYN'S HOUSE - DAY

JR nervously stands in front of the house carrying roses and
reading his speech. He folds it and puts it in his pocket.

He RINGS the doorbell. ROBYN'S MOM, old and bitter, answers
while smoking a cigarette. She notices JR's glassy eyes.

ROBYN'S MOM
Great, another stoned loser. You
must be here for Robyn. Sorry kiddo,
she shipped out yesterday.

DOOR SLAM!

Dejected, JR walks down the driveway. By the road, he sees
Robyn's old Dodge Dart packed with her belongings.

He walks up to it and peers through the window. He sees Robyn
laid across the front seats asleep. He taps on the window.

Robyn yawns and sits up. Shocked, she lets JR in.

INT. ROBYN'S DODGE DART - CONTINUOUS

Robyn lights a cigarette and turns on the car radio. The
Flaming Lips' "When You Smile" is on.

ROBYN
I suppose you're here to rub your
success in?

JR

No. Robyn. I'm here to tell you that I love you and that--

ROBYN

Wait-- rewind that, what?

JR

I'm here to say that I love you and that--

ROBYN

You love me? Still?

JR

Yes and I want to--

ROBYN

JR, I've been nothing but a fuckface to you. I mean, this is flattering, but seriously, you can do so much better. I'm living in my car.

JR

So did Jewel...I think...your mom told me you moved out.

ROBYN

Mother's a fucking cunt. It's like what Biggie Smalls said: "I wish my mom had a fucking abortion."

JR

I'm glad your mom didn't have an abortion, not that I'm pro-life.

She smiles and gives him a huge hug.

ROBYN

I do love you, JR. You were my best friend.

JR

A moniker I could live without.

ROBYN

When I saw you at the Oscars, I realized I was a huge asshole for giving you up.

JR

You're not an asshole. Besides, I don't think girls can be. You can be a slut or a cunt, if you want.

ROBYN

I am...you know, I never told anyone this, but when I used to babysit my little sister, sometimes I would let her cry in her playpen, you know? Knowing that all I had to do was pick her up to make her stop.

JR

Why didn't you?

ROBYN

I would eventually. But I made her cry first because I wanted to be the reason, the reason, for her to stop. It's so fucked, you know?

She shakes her head at the memory.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

I'm such a slutcunt. And all those mean things I said in my diary, it wasn't true. I just didn't know what I wanted.

JR

What do you want now?

ROBYN

Jeez manganese, who knows? You picture your life going one direction, and then you're living in a Dodge Dart. I just want to be happy.

JR

So do I.

ROBYN

You believe in God, JR? You know, Heaven, Hell, that shit?

JR

Yeah, I actually went to the after-life after I killed myself for you in my past lives.

Robyn smiles in amusement.

ROBYN

That's so sweet, you killed yourself
for me?

They share a moment and a look.

JR

499,999 times to be exact. Because
you're the only one that can make me
happy, Robyn. You're my last hope.

She kisses him.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Three weeks later, we were married.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

JR and Robyn kiss at their wedding. Everyone cheers.

JR notices three empty seats with placards: "MR. RANDOLPH,
MRS. RANDOLPH, NANCY."

INT. RECEPTION - LATER

JR uncomfortably stands by the punch looking at his beautiful
bride, Robyn, drunk dancing.

Mr. Randolph walks up.

MR. RANDOLPH

Hi son.

JR turns around, surprised.

JR

Dad! You made it!

MR. RANDOLPH

Yeah. Sorry for the tardiness. I
had to stop for gas. Goddamn price
gougers. It's up to a buck a gallon.

They coldly shake hands.

JR

Thanks for coming.

MR. RANDOLPH

Sure, son. Beautiful bride.

They both look at her as she continues to drunk dance.

JR

She is beautiful. I can't believe she's my wife. You proud of me?

MR. RANDOLPH

Sure. To a certain extent. Are you still high?

JR

Yeah. Where's Mom and Nancy?

MR. RANDOLPH

Well, son, your mother publicly disowned you, as you know. So, she can't really accept you back. Her word wouldn't be good to the community if she did so. You know how your mother values those things.

JR

Tell her I still love her, despite everything. And tell Nancy...well, I guess tell her that I love her too.

MR. RANDOLPH

I will.

JR

I love you too, Dad.

Mr. Randolph sheepishly smiles and nods.

MR. RANDOLPH

We all care very deeply for you, JR. I know we have a hard time showing it sometime. But it's there in the distance.

With a nod, he walks away. JR fondly looks after him.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A new spacious apartment. Robyn, in interior design mode, is hanging color swatches on the walls.

JR sits in a corner tinkering with an old Netscape 1.0 browser. He's on Amazon's arcane website, ordering a book. Excited, he walks over to Robyn.

JR

Look, I just ordered "The Bridges of Madison County" online!

ROBYN

Why is that so exciting?

Robyn peruses through the swatches.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Buying books on a computer isn't going to help us raise a family, JR. We need a house, income, a Subaru hatchback. You need to start growing up and stop playing computer games.

She sticks a bluish swatch on his shirt.

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

JR sits across from MR. FERRIS, his nebbish accountant.

MR. FERRIS

JR, now that you're married, you'll have to think about investing your money wisely. Maybe even consider buying an estate.

JR

Yeah, actually Robyn and I are looking into that. I'm thinking about buying into the Internet boom.

MR. FERRIS

Internet?

He leans closer for discretion:

MR. FERRIS (CONT'D)

I don't know the lingo, but I will not cover up drug money. Not again.

JR

No, Mr. Ferris, this isn't about drugs. It's about stocks. I've been reading up on this whole Internet explosion, and I'm thinking of buying in.

MR. FERRIS

You mean the thing with the fancy mail?

Mr. Ferris scoffs.

MR. FERRIS (CONT'D)
JR, JR, it's a fad. Here, let me
prove it to you.

He pulls out a pad and pen. He writes a note, then shows it
to JR. It reads: "Hi J.R., How are you?, Mr. Ferris."

He pulls out an envelope and begins writing JR's address.

JR
Mr. Ferris, what are you doing?

MR. FERRIS
Just a minute.

He finishes and stuffs his note in the envelope. He licks and
seals it. He searches for a stamp.

MR. FERRIS (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck me up the anus, I'm out of
fucking stamps. Flo! Flo!

JR
Mr. Ferris--

MR. FERRIS
Ok, ok, but you see my point? If I
had a stamp, it'd be done. You see?
It's a fad, son, just a fad.

CUT TO:

GRAPHIC: a still of Netscape's logo.

JR (V.O.)
Suffice to say, I ignored my
accountant's dimwitted insight and
put all my money into Netscape. By
1998 they had gone up almost tenfold
when they were bought out by AOL.

GRAPHIC: a still of AOL's logo.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
By 2000, the stock went up even more
when AOL merged with, yes, one of
those pesky mind fuckers, Time
Warner.

GRAPHIC: a still of Time Warner's logo.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This pesky mind fucker made me one of
the richest people in Hollywood.

INT. JR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Robyn sits on one end of the couch reading a Vanity Fair, JR sits on the other end with his laptop.

JR (V.O.)
As the money flowed in, our lifestyle
upgraded.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JR'S HOUSE - DAY

Robyn sits on one end of a large couch, doing her make up. JR sits on the other end with a nicer, bigger laptop.

JR (V.O.)
My marriage to Robyn was good, and
slowly my void closed in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - DAY

Robyn sits on an even larger couch watching TV, JR sits at the other end of the room at the house bar, drinking alone.

JR (V.O.)
It wasn't the happiest at times, but
still satisfying. I had the wife,
the money, and the success. I was on
my way.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - NIGHT

A luxurious mansion in the Hollywood Hills. JR has done well for himself, even owning a nicer cane. He opens the door and a longer-haired, older Connecticut stands with a smile.

CONNECTICUT
Whoa brother! You have really let
yourself go. Perpetual munchies?

He pats JR's protruding belly.

JR
Nice to see you, Connecticut. What's
with the Johnny Rzeznik hair?

CONNECTICUT
Is it bad? Fuck. I'll get it cut
tomorrow.

Connecticut walks in and takes in the enormous house.

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

I should have listened to you when you told me this whole Internet thing was taking off. Fucking geeks and their www's. What does that stand for anyway?

JR

World wide web.

Connecticut shakes his head.

CONNECTICUT

Fucking geeks.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - LARGE HALL - LATER

JR and Connecticut stand in a large hall filled with 80s movie memorabilia. Everything from a "Batman" costume to a "Robocop" prototype to the "Back to the Future" De Lorean.

CONNECTICUT

Speaking of geeks. The fuck, JR?
This is a little out there.

JR

I know, I went a little nuts when I got all that money. Hit up every movie auction I could find.

CONNECTICUT

You know what though, I bet this would be cool on some special K. Wanna do some?

JR

Actually, I'm going to pass.

CONNECTICUT

Oh.

Awkward pause. Connecticut puts his head down.

JR

You seem...hurt?

Connecticut insincerely scoffs.

CONNECTICUT

Well, that's fucking stupid, I'm not. Did I tell you I stole a Commodore-64 from a public school in the projects.

(MORE)

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)
It came with "Pitfall." I fucking
love that game.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - BAR - NIGHT

Connecticut sips on a Jack and Coke as he stares at a huge
sexy poster of Robyn in her underwear.

CONNECTICUT
Your wife is one foxy piece of ass.

JR
I'm flattered you think so.

CONNECTICUT
What did she model for?

JR
She's not a model. She just likes
poster-sized pictures of herself.
That was taken on our honeymoon.

Connecticut shrugs.

CONNECTICUT
Nonetheless.

He sees another poster of her, again, in her underwear.

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)
What about that one?

JR
Trip to San Fran.

Connecticut scans the room and points to one with her lying on
her stomach, this time exposing her bare ass.

CONNECTICUT
The ass one?

JR
Her grandfather's birthday, why all
the hurlyburly over Robyn?

CONNECTICUT
Well, JR, I don't know how to tell
you this. I figured I should show
you before it hit geekspace.

Connecticut retrieves a DVD from his inside pocket.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - THEATER - LATER

JR and Connecticut watch Robyn having sex with a BEEFCAKE.

CONNECTICUT
This home theater is fresh. We
should watch "A Few Good Men" after
this--

Robyn moans loudly and exclaims:

ROBYN (O.S.)
Oh! It's like I'm shitting a cock!

Awkward silence.

JR
(re: sex tape)
Where did you get this?

CONNECTICUT
It's been getting passed around at
the parties I've been copulating at.

JR
What kind of parties?

CONNECTICUT
It's interesting. What we do is
dress up as Romans, complete with
sandals and headdress, and partake in
open orgies while listening to sped
up techno versions of Mozart.

JR
That is interesting.

The sex tape continues to play.

JR (CONT'D)
This is horrible.

CONNECTICUT
Well, I don't think they were going
for great cinematography JR. The
sound design is atrocious too. Point
is, you should be upset that she's
fucking some other dude, not at the
production value!

JR
That's what I was referring to.

CONNECTICUT
...Nevertheless.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - BAR - NIGHT

Drunk, JR sips on his drink and notices the time: 7:27 AM.

Robyn, tired and bleary eyed, walks in through the front door.
She's caught off guard by JR.

JR
It's 7:30 in the morning.

ROBYN
I was out.

JR
Where?

ROBYN
Fix me a drink.

JR
Where were you?

ROBYN
Ok, I'll fix one myself.

Robyn goes behind the bar and starts making a vodka tonic.

JR
This isn't Jeopardy, you can't just
not buzz in. Where were you?

ROBYN
Fine...what is an abortion clinic?

JR
You're pregnant?

ROBYN
I was.

JR
You're fucking somebody else?

Robyn sighs. She takes a sip of her drink.

ROBYN
Don't have a period. Who told you?

JR
A video.

ROBYN

On the Internet? Fuck that Goddamn Internet.

JR

No, this was old fashioned DVD.

ROBYN

Yeah. I was going to tell you, but I've just been really stressed out about it, what with the abortion, and the...pregnancy before that...you know?

She lights a cigarette and hides her eyes.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Are you mad?

JR

Yeah. And hurt. Not to mention that I'm slightly annoyed you just aborted what might have been my unborn child without telling me.

ROBYN

I know, I'm a shitty person. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't have a baby, yours...or anyone's...I just...I still love you.

JR

Why'd you fuck this guy?

ROBYN

I told you this would happen.

JR

You never told me you'd cheat on me. In fact, when you married me, I think you explicitly told me you wouldn't fucking shit cocks on the side!

ROBYN

God, JR, I know you're high and everything, but think for a nano. I've been miserable all these years. You're off being a total Hollywood prick, buying up dumb fucking shit for a hallway no one shits about, and you never once cared about me or what I was going through.

JR

What are you going through?

ROBYN

A lot, ok? A fuck lot. Let's face it, JR, you don't love me. You hardly even know me. My therapist said you fell in love with this idyllic movie version of me.

JR

You're seeing a therapist?

ROBYN

This is what I'm talking about, JR. I've been seeing a therapist for two years, and you never bothered to notice.

JR

But you never told me you were seeing a therapist.

ROBYN

Well, we started sleeping with each other, so it was hard to be forthright about that, but you get the gist.

JR

Was that the guy in the video?

ROBYN

I'd have to see it first, but probably. He had dark hair, if that helps.

JR

He was pretty fit for a therapist.

ROBYN

JR, you and I, we were both lonely. We needed each other. But this was never working...I'm leaving you.

JR

He was pretty beefy.

Robyn shakes her head.

JR (CONT'D)

You said you loved me. You married me.

ROBYN

You killed the part of me that loved you.

Like a punch in the stomach, JR takes a moment.

JR

That's it, then? This is over?

ROBYN

You know what, JR? I'm gonna turn on the TV. We're gonna relax, watch some daytime programming and couch potato this for a sec. But yeah, I don't think I can do this anymore. I'm probably going to leave you.

Robyn turns on the TV. She turns away from it to talk to JR.
On the screen, the news reports of the 9/11 attacks appear.

Shocked, JR stares at it. Aloof, Robyn continues:

ROBYN (CONT'D)

I love you JR, Ok? It's just that, I don't know, I've been trying to tell you how depressed I've been, and would it kill you to bench press every once and awhile?

JR is too entranced by the news.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Fine, I withdraw the bench press comment, but at least cardio for fuc--

Robyn turns and sees the horrifying images.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Aliens. I fucking knew it. I knew it!

She quickly hides underneath the bar with her drink.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

This is it, JR. "Independence Day" was right on the money, just like I've been saying!

JR turns up the volume to listen.

His cell phone rings. He answers.

CONNECTICUT (O.S.)
We've got balls of problems here.

Stradlatter can be heard screaming in the background.

JR
Yeah, I know, I just turned on the news.

CONNECTICUT (O.S.)
No, not about the World Trade Center. This is a bigger can of nightcrawlers. Stradlatter is hitting a full-throttled conniption.

From under the bar:

ROBYN (O.S.)
JR! Who are you talking to? Are you ordering the jet?

JR
What's the sitch with Stradlatter?

CONNECTICUT (O.S.)
They're remaking an unauthorized version of "ADOW!"

JR
You do know that the World Trade Center was just attacked and the whole country is in a state of emergency slash bedlam, right?

CONNECTICUT (O.S.)
Doesn't matter. Stradlatter needs you here, rápido...do you know a Private Jason Hewlett?

JR lets out a huge sigh.

INT. MINDFUCK PICTURES OFFICES - DAY

Stradlatter, heated and upset, sits behind the desk. Connecticut sits in his usual seat next to him. The TVs are on continuous news coverage of the 9/11 attacks.

JR, still disheveled, sits across from them.

MR. STRADLATTER
Why do you look like shit? Are you still stoned?

JR

Well, yes, but that's not why I look like shit. I've been up all night. I think my marriage is falling apart.

MR. STRADLATTER

That's not important right now, JR. Connecticut! Show him!

Connecticut hands him a script titled: "ADAW!" written by Private Jason Hewlett

JR

Adaw?

CONNECTICUT

A day at war.

MR. STRADLATTER

That script is being passed around to every major studio. It's getting a lot of heat, JR, we're talking ultra cancer rays. They're saying it's the honest account of what really happened that day.

JR

Hewlett was there, but, Mr. Stradlatter, I was honest in my script. I didn't lie.

MR. STRADLATTER

Well, this assclownfucker is saying you did! There's a fucking bidding war over the script that will supposedly end the credibility of MindFuck Pictures! They're saying once this gets made, we're gonna have to hand over our Oscar. Hand it fucking over! Do you know how many studios, JR, have been asked to hand their Oscars back to the Academy? Do you?

JR

I would guess...zero?

MR. STRADLATTER

Right as a Christian. If this happens, our studio will lose its bacon...

He points to the chest full of cash.

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
And the eggs...

He points to the Oscar sitting on a nearby shelf.

JR
What do you want me to do?

Mr. Stradlatter walks over to his father's painting. He weeps while caressing it. Connecticut continues:

CONNECTICUT
Mr. Stradlatter would like you to pay a visit to this Jason Hewlett. Maybe threaten him, physically and financially.

JR
Look, Mr. Stradlatter, with all due respect, I'm not sure if I'm comfortable--

MR. STRADLATTER
Let me explain something to you, JR. I know you've reached a certain modicum of success, what with your lucky investment into this Internet fad. But once this fad wears away, where will you be?

JR
Sir, I don't think it's a fad. I think it's the future.

MR. STRADLATTER
Be that as it may, son, movies are forever. And sure, maybe I can buy a few books online, but let me ask you this, can I buy a movie?

JR
Yeah.

Stunned, Mr. Stradlatter looks to Connecticut.

CONNECTICUT
I think he's right, sir.

MR. STRADLATTER
Verify it. Now, JR, I need you to put your perpetual stoned aloofness aside and tell me you're going to help us.

(MORE)

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
We were there for you when we turned
your simple life story into a
universal movie for the ages. Now
it's your turn to be there for us.
Papa Stradlatter needs you more than
ever. Please. If this Oscar gets
taken away, I will have disgraced his
good name. I will have failed my
only purpose in life.

JR looks at the painting and reluctantly nods.

INT. HEWLETT PRODUCTIONS - DAY

A small, rinky-dink outfit. Jason Hewlett, now in business
attire, sits behind a desk with a huge grin. JR uncomfortably
sits on a stool in front of him, leaning on his cane.

JR
Do you have a chair I could sit on?

JASON HEWLETT
What's the matter, JR, don't like the
stool?

JR
It's a little uncomfortable, to be
honest.

JASON HEWLETT
You were always a pussy. Tough shit,
those were on sale for \$9.99. Not
everyone could have predicted that
this nerd box was going to hit as big
as you did, you fucking geek.

Jason Hewlett's straight-laced wife, DEBORAH, sternly enters.

DEBORAH
Hewlett, we've snagged another
studio, we'll call them company D.

She posts a sticker of a D on a big white board resembling
military maneuvers, with Companies A-C already posted.

JASON HEWLETT
What's their twenty?

DEBORAH
Burbank, CA. Who's the glassy eyed
grunt?

JASON HEWLETT
Charlie.

Deborah pulls out a gun and aims it at his head.

JR
Is that absolutely necessary?

JASON HEWLETT
It's Ok, Deborah.

She puts the gun down.

JR
Actually, my name is JR.

JASON HEWLETT
You're Charlie Foxtrot to us, nerd.
This is my wife.

JR offers his hand, Deborah doesn't take it.

DEBORAH
What's the ETA on Charlie's
departure?

JASON HEWLETT
I was just about to deep six him as
we speak.

DEBORAH
10-4.

JASON HEWLETT
Roger that.

They coldly kiss.

DEBORAH
India, Lima, Oscar, Victor, Echo,
Uniform.

JASON HEWLETT
Love you too, babe.

DEBORAH
Hoo-Rah!

She leaves.

JASON HEWLETT
Time's up, JR. I have a script to
sell.

JR
You know, Hewlett, if it weren't for
me, your ass would be grass.

JASON HEWLETT
Listen nerd, not a day goes by that I
hadn't wished I died that day. I'd
give anything to die in combat than
to have the whole world know I was
saved by a fucking geek like you.
Now, it's payback.

INT. MINDFUCK PICTURES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A room full of executives. Mr. Stradlatter is at the helm.
JR meekly sits at the opposite end, holding his cane.

MR. STRADLATTER
As we all know, our reputation is at
stake. Folks, we have an enemy out
there hellbent on ruining all our
careers. But we're not going down
without a fight. I present to you...

A overhead projector behind him displays "ALOW!"

JR
ALOW?

Mr. Stradlatter hits another button: "A LIFE OF WAR"

MR. STRADLATTER
ALOW! A life of war!

The executives smile.

JR
What is that?

MR. STRADLATTER
ALOW! The exciting sequel to the
hit, Oscar winning, ADOW!

Connecticut stands promptly.

CONNECTICUT
In the sequel, we follow JR Randolph
as he tries to adapt to life after
surviving a day of war.
(MORE)

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

His success, his trials and tribulations, but at its core, a love story, where he finally marries his high school sweetheart, and live happily ever after.

MR. STRADLATTER

You see, JR, the only way to retaliate, is to push your story even further. This sequel will capitalize on everything the first movie didn't. What numbskull out there doesn't like a good war hero's rise to fame and fortune?

JR

So...this is about me? You want me to write a script based on my life since the war?

MR. STRADLATTER

What do you think?

JR sighs.

JR

Ok, fine, I'll do it, but then that's it. After this, my obligation to you is over. When is this happening?

CONNECTICUT

The way we figure it, Hewlett and company are gonna push for a release next spring, in line with Bush's announcement of the Iraq invasion.

JR

Bush is invading Iraq?

MR. STRADLATTER

That doesn't leave this room.

JR

But Iraq had nothing to do with the 9/11 attacks. How do you know this?

MR. STRADLATTER

JR, I sometimes forget your naivete. Just look at Washington as another movie studio in the Hollywood system. They have their slate of blockbuster releases, just like everyone else. And they've slated Gulf War 2 for spring of '03.

(MORE)

MR. STRADLATTER (CONT'D)
Which means we don't have a lot of
time. It's the perfect storm, JR.
Two hit sequels coming out
simultaneously! One hand washes the
other.

CONNECTICUT
This will legitimize our franchise,
and totally overshadow ADAW!'s
release.

JR
How much time do I have to write
this?

MR. STRADLATTER
Son, you know I respect your work.
And I want this to be the best sequel
since "Superman II." You can have
all the time in the world, I want
this to be perfect. But
realistically speaking, three weeks.

JR
Three weeks?

MR. STRADLATTER
With CGI effects nowadays, we need a
year of post to polish this thing.

JR
CGI?

MR. STRADLATTER
It's the new thing, JR. Every great
movie has it, and so will this. Now,
do what you have to do. But in three
weeks, I need that magical screenplay
on my fucking desk.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Depressed, JR and Connecticut sit in the living room.

JR
Robyn left me this morning.

CONNECTICUT
Fuck her. She was no good, JR. You
deserve better.

JR
I think I'm going to go up to my
cabin for a few weeks to write this.

CONNECTICUT

Good call. Maybe do some peyote and be one with nature and shit.

JR

No, I'm just going to write. Probably longhand since the electricity is spotty up there.

Connecticut gets an idea.

CONNECTICUT

Holy Giuliani! I have an idea.

INT. MINDFUCK PICTURES OFFICES - NIGHT

After hours. JR and Connecticut (in a cat burglar outfit) stand outside the doors of the office, looking in. They see the infamous Stradlatter pen in a glass case on the shelf.

CONNECTICUT

I've been waiting my whole life to do this.

JR

That actually frightens me more.

CONNECTICUT

Stealing is an art, JR. You can't just steal for the sake of stealing, you have to have reason, passion behind it. This, you needing to write longhand in some creepy "Evil Dead" cabin and MindFuck being on the line, it's perfect!

JR

I don't know if you're making much sense, Connecticut. I'm being honest right now.

CONNECTICUT

If I know Stradlatter, he's probably got this whole thing booby trapped with lasers and whatnot. So, we can't just walk in there and take it.

JR

Yeah, but you knew the security code to the alarm. We disabled it.

CONNECTICUT

All right, I see your point. This is fucking exciting.

JR

Really? But you shoplift all the time.

CONNECTICUT

Yeah, but this is the motherload, JR. It's Stradlatter's pen. The pen. This is going to be my greatest accomplishment bar none. I have to do this. For me.

Connecticut opens the door. He hugs the walls and shimmies near the shelf. He opens the glass case, slips the pen out, and slides it into his pocket. He walks back out.

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

The quiche has been baked. Let's go.

EXT. MINDFUCK PICTURES OFFICES - NIGHT

Connecticut is on cloud nine, screaming with enthusiasm.

CONNECTICUT

We fucking did it, JR! We fucking did it! What a rush!

JR

Hopefully Stradlatter doesn't mind.

CONNECTICUT

Are you kidding, that's the point?! He's going to fucking mind, of course he'll mind! It's going to be great!

He hugs JR.

CONNECTICUT (CONT'D)

I love you man! I do! That was greater than any drug experience, than any party, than anything. I feel alive, I feel fucking alive! I did this for you man, I did it all for you!

JR

You said you were doing it for yourself back there, which is probably more accurate since I didn't even really want the pen.

CONNECTICUT

You know what, JR, my life's complete now. That was it, that was my life's mission. I'm done.

JR

Done? Done with what?

CONNECTICUT

This, JR, I'm done. I'm gonna be a real person now, go out on dates, maybe stop using drugs...for recreational use, go to rehab. I'm gonna finally join society. Meatloaf and all.

Connecticut screams with enthusiasm down the street.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - DAY

JR, with a suitcase, begins a hobbled walk towards the door with his cane. Robyn appears in the doorway.

ROBYN

What are you doing?

JR

I'm taking a break. Heading up to the mountains for a little bit.

ROBYN

Are you leaving me?

JR

Am I leaving you? I thought you were leaving me.

ROBYN

No. I said probably, but I didn't mean it. I still love you.

JR

Oh, then to answer your question, yes, I am leaving you.

ROBYN

What?! Why? I told you I wouldn't cheat on you again!

JR

No, you actually never said that. But this is over. Good bye.

INT. LIMO - DAY

JR sits in the backseat, with his suitcase in his lap. Robyn, now upset, sits next to him, pleading.

ROBYN

Please don't leave me! Please!

JR

Robyn, you were right, I married you for the wrong reasons. This was a mistake. I did to my whole life what your therapist did to you in that video.

ROBYN

Please! Don't do this! I need you! I promise, I'll find a new therapist!

JR

You're still seeing him?

ROBYN

You mean for therapy or for sex?

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD LANDING STRIP - DAY

JR walks up the steps to his private jet. Robyn clutches onto his cane, still pleading her case.

ROBYN

Please, JR! I love you! I don't want to lose you! Please need me!

JR

Why Robyn?

ROBYN

Because I'm fucked and I need you. I'm fucked! Ok? Everyone in my whole life used me, even my Goddamn therapist.

JR

Sadly, in a way, I did too.

ROBYN

Why? Why can't you just want me for who I am? Why is that so fucking hard for people to accept?

JR

It's my fault. I went about this the wrong way. I thought you'd give me happiness. I thought all of this would. But it didn't. It just did the polar opposite.

ROBYN

You were never happy with me?

JR

A friend once told me that no one's ever happy. That's why they call it happy.

Robyn struggles to keep from crying, but lets go. They hug as the jet's propellers spin up. They exchange words, but the loud fans keep their dialogue inaudible. They finally kiss.

INT. CABIN - DAY

JR walks in, suitcase and cane in hand.

JR (V.O.)

I arrived at a small desolate cabin near the mountains. I needed to get away, start anew, start fresh. Depression was winning, I had hit a low point. Robyn was right. I was just another Hollywood prick, I was just as bad as that asshole Jason Hewlett. Substitute monosyllabic grunts with articulation, and I was the same douche I had always hated.

INT. CABIN - LATER

JR sits in a comfortable leather chair and stares into space. He pulls the pen out and starts to write. The pen slowly fades, the ink is gone.

JR (V.O.)

The tug of depression became overwhelming. Three weeks turned into three months.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - LATER

JR in the same chair with a beard and a bigger belly.

JR (V.O.)
Three months turned into three years.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - LATER

JR, same chair, long beard and hair, bigger belly.

JR (V.O.)
Three years turned into six years.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - LATER

JR, same chair, longer beard and hair, huge belly.

JR (V.O.)
I stopped receiving phone calls. I
stopped reading the news. I cut
myself completely off from the real
world. The tug of depression had
won. I lost...until finally, I
decided to get up.

Weakly, JR stands up on his cane and brushes himself off.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And go home.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION

JR enters his dusty, empty mansion.

JR (V.O.)
Within minutes of my return, I
discovered that Robyn had moved in
with a Tony award winning dancer from
the musical "Wicked," Stradlatter
moved forward with ALLOW!, then was
outed later for producing an
unauthorized autobiography, thus
dismantling MindFuck Pictures. He
even had to return his coveted Oscar.
He committed suicide by stepping in
front of a semi. A movie is in the
works. But the most startling news
of all came with a phone call...

A PHONE RING.

JR drops his suitcase and scurries towards the living room. He blows the dust off the phone and answers with a cough.

JR (CONT'D)

Hello?

LAWYER (O.S.)

Umm...hello?

JR

Yes?

LAWYER (O.S.)

Excuse my astonishment, no one's answered the phone in the past year and a half. I'm looking for a JR Randolph?

JR

This is he.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Wow! Again, excuse my astonishment, didn't expect you to be the one answering--

JR

May I help you?

LAWYER (O.S.)

Well, Mr. Randolph, we've been trying to get a hold of you, like I was saying. Frankly, the estate you inherited is going to default back to the state if you don't do something about it. It's kind of urgent that you sign the appropriate forms--

JR

My inheritance?

LAWYER (O.S.)

Well...yes...your inheritance, from your parents...oh gosh, did no one tell you?

JR

I haven't spoken to anyone in six years. You're the first.

LAWYER (O.S.)
 Oh, I see, that's peculiar. Well, I hate to be the one that breaks the news, but your parents are dead, Mr. Randolph. They died in a car accident last spring.

Stunned and hurt, JR drops his cane sits on a couch, kicking up enormous dust. He begins coughing hysterically. He looks around and sees his familiar childhood atoms and molecules.

LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Mr. Randolph? Hello? Hello?

JR drops the phone as the floating atoms swirl around him.

INT. GROUP HOME FOR THE DISABLED - DAY

JR sits in a large room talking to his now older sister, Nancy. She quietly sits and reads out loud Judy Blume's "You There God? It's Me, Margaret."

JR
 Nancy? It's your brother, JR.

She continues to read, completely ignoring him.

JR (CONT'D)
 Nancy? I will get the fuckhead who did this to Mom and Dad.

No response, she continues to read.

INT. GROUP HOME FOR THE DISABLED - COUNSELOR OFFICE - LATER

JR sits across from a pretty counselor named AMY FILLMORE. He notices the nameplate and asks:

JR
 Amy Fillmore? Any relation to Millard?

AMY
 Millard?

JR
 The thirteenth President?

AMY
 The President of what?

JR
 I guess not.

AMY

Listen, JR, I can see you're in a lot of pain.

JR

Good. Since I'm perpetually high, I've often wondered if people can read my emotions.

AMY

High? You mean, you're stoned?

JR

Yes.

AMY

Right now?

JR

Yes.

AMY

I see. The past year must have been painful for you, but there are ways around it. I know of a great Narcotics Anonymous group, if you're interested.

JR

It's a little more complicated than that, but thanks for the advice.

AMY

Well, I want to reassure you that Nancy's in good hands here. We all love her.

JR

I can see that in you. That you love her. You're very beautiful, by the way.

Amy blushes and awkwardly smiles.

AMY

Thanks.

JR

You look happy.

AMY

I would say that I am.

JR

That's nice. I'm sure you'll pass this time around.

AMY

I'm sorry? Pass what?

JR

What happened to my parents?

AMY

Oh, you don't...you didn't know?

JR

No, I've been gone for six years. It's been a lot of catching up. I just found out about YouTube yesterday. Interesting idea.

AMY

Yes it is. Pretty popular. Well, your parents died in a car accident.

JR

Someone hit them?

AMY

Drunk driver.

JR

Who?

AMY

They never caught the person. It was a hit and run. I guess it was customary that your mom asked Nancy to read a book when she and your dad would leave the house for an errand. She told Nancy they would be home before she finished it, kind of a way to preoccupy her while she was alone. She hasn't stopped reading the book since.

JR

The guy who did this is a fucking asshole. My sister needed my parents, for better or worse. No one does what this cockface did and gets away with it. No one. He deserves to die.

AMY

You sure you don't want that NA number? I think you should take some time off, clear your head.

JR

I took six years off, and it didn't help. I'm more miserable than ever. But now I know what needs to be done for any shot at redemption. Again, thanks for the advice.

JR leans on his cane and gets up to leave.

JR (CONT'D)

You are very beautiful.

He stammers out.

EXT. GROUP HOME FOR THE DISABLED - DAY

JR stands outside and looks at Nancy through her window.

JR (V.O.)

I needed to get back on course. I was desperately sliding down misery mountain, and I had to climb back up. I'd be damned if I would let my sister rot in a group home without some sort of redemption. Vengeance gave me the purpose in life I needed. I was going to kill my parents' murderer for ruining my sister's life. Revenge, not love or success, would now fill my void. Justice would be my new path to vim.

INT. JAMES FRY PRIVATE EYE OFFICES - DAY

A shabby Hollywood office. JAMES FERNER, a snarky private investigator, sits behind his desk.

JAMES

James Ferner, how may I help you?

JR

It says James Fry, Private Eye outside.

JAMES

Just has a better ring to it, don't you think?

JR
It rhymes, if that's what you mean.

JAMES
That's what I mean. What can I do
for you Mr. Randolph?

JR
I need to find a person.

JAMES
I can help you. Who are you trying
to find?

JR
He was a drunk driver that killed my
parents on March 29th, 2006.

JR lifts an envelope up and hands it to him.

JR (CONT'D)
These are all the newspaper clippings
and police reports surrounding the
case. It was a hit and run.

James sifts through this as he curiously peers at JR.

JAMES
Wait a minute, you're JR Randolph,
aren't you?! The crazy billionaire
guy that disappeared all those years.
I like that beard. Put on a few
pounds I see.

JR
Yeah.

JAMES
You know, I was hired to find you!

JR
Didn't do a very good job. Maybe I
should find someone else.

JAMES
No, no, no. That was a weird period
in my life. I was going through a
crazy divorce, cunt tried to take my
Miata. That's over with now.

JR
Did you get the Miata?

JAMES

No. But I left a decayed human thumb
in the glove compartment.

JR lifts himself up on his cane.

JR

Let me know when you find him. I'm
kind of going through a weird period
myself. I need this right now.

JAMES

Don't you worry, Mr. Randolph. I
will catch this prick or my name
isn't James Fry.

JR

It isn't.

JAMES

You get what I'm saying.

He leaves.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - BAR - NIGHT

JR sits at his bar and gets drunk. He stares at the dusty
Robyn posters on the walls. He throws his drink at one of
them, smashing the glass.

He then goes on a tirade and rips down all the posters,
smashing them up with his cane. He does the same with the
bar, destroying glasses, bottles, everything.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JR attacks the living room next. Trashing everything.

INT. RANDOLPH MANSION - LARGE HALL - NIGHT

With slightly more hesitation, JR continues his rampage on his
beloved movie memorabilia.

A PHONE RING. He answers.

JR

Yeah?

JAMES (O.S.)

Mr. Randolph? It's James Ferner.

JR

Who?

JAMES (O.S.)
James Fry, Private Eye. We met
yesterday. About the drunk driver.

JR
Yeah?

JR slumps against a wall and notices the fallen Batman suit.

JAMES (O.S.)
This guy was pretty easy to find.
Name's a Bob Country. He's a petty
thief, few sentences here and there.
Wound up homeless. He's currently
staying at the St. John Church
Shelter on Willard Ave.

JR
What does he look like?

JAMES (O.S.)
Old, white. He always wears a jacket
with his name stitched on it. It's
in every one of his mugshots.

JR
You sure it's him?

JAMES (O.S.)
Positive. I can come by with some
proof if you'd like, some testimonies
where he actually confess--

JR
No thanks.

He hangs up on him and continues to stare at the Batman suit.

I/E. ST JOHN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Old homeless man BOB COUNTRY, wearing his shirt that reads:
BOB COUNTRY. He sits alone in the bell tower and eats.

In the darkness, he hears a sound followed by a silhouette of
a heavier set Batman using a cane.

Bob stands and walks closer to the figure.

BOB COUNTRY
Who's there?

JR/BATMAN
Have you ever danced with the devil
by the pale moonlight?

BOB COUNTRY
What the heck?

JR/Batman swings his cane and hits him hard in the face. Bob
Country staggers backwards and wipes his nose.

BOB COUNTRY (CONT'D)
Are you out of your heckin' mind?

JR steps out to reveal he's wearing the Batman suit. His gut
stretches it out. His long beard creeps out of the mask.

JR/BATMAN
You killed my parents.

He hits Bob again with the cane, knocking him to the ground.

BOB COUNTRY
Please! Stop! You're hurting me!

JR grabs him by the collar and brings him close.

JR/BATMAN
You made me!

BOB COUNTRY
I have no idea what you're talking
about! Please, crazy person, stop--

He coughs. He can't breath, gasps. A stroke.

JR/BATMAN
Bob?! Bob Country?!

A SCREAM. By the door, a NUN snaps a picture with her cell.

JR/BATMAN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.

CUT TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.)
I will now display a picture of a
swan diving for no known reason.

GRAPHIC: a still of a swan diving.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was immediately arrested and charged for the murder of Bob Country. Although his heart attack was ultimately what got the best of him, they believed they had a case since I declared I would kill him to witnesses days prior. My lawyers said it didn't look good. The death sentence was suggested. They urged me to plead not guilty by reason of insanity on the count of me wearing the Batman suit. When they locked me up, I also claimed I saw atoms and molecules, which furthered my insanity plea. I was sentenced to a federal penitentiary, the mental illness ward, for the rest of my years.

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, MENTAL ILLNESS WARD - DAY

JR sits alone in a white room filled with atoms and molecules.

JR (V.O.)

I later would keep the atoms and molecules to myself, since again, I was convinced they were trying to use my special powers for evil.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, MENTAL ILLNESS WARD - DAY

JR's beard is now gone. His hair turns gray.

JR (V.O.)

As the years passed, the isolation destroyed my spirit. Every Christmas, they would allow me to watch two hours of television as a treat. Things I learned from this limited contact with the outside world: In 2025, designs on ass pockets became a fad.

ON TV: Levis commercial displaying different jeans' ass pockets featuring cartoon characters, Chinese lettering, and ironic Internet chat lingo.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In 2048, baseball replaced umpires with computers.

ON TV: A baseball game. The BATTER lays off a pitch. Behind the board, the digital screen displays: STRIKE 3, YOU'RE OUT! The BATTER charges the screen with his bat and beats it to pieces. His teammates attempt to stop him.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In 2051, green screen mime movies
became a hit in Tinseltown.

ON TV: a MIME, clearly in front of a green screen composited apartment, improvises around the furniture in a corny manner.

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, MENTAL ILLNESS WARD - DAY

JR, old and frail, lays in his bed. The atoms and molecules slowly dissolve away.

JR (V.O.)
In 2057, I died.
(beat)
For the five hundred thousandth time.

The last atom fades away.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DMV PARKING LOT - DAY

JR, old and white-haired, stands in the familiar parking lot. TWO POLICEMAN stand in front of him.

POLICEMAN #1
JR Randolph?

JR
Yeah?

POLICEMAN #1
Please come with us.

JR looks at the other baffled recent dead.

JR
What's this about?

POLICEMAN #1
You have to come with us.

The two Policeman approach him on either side. JR lifts his cane and sweeps one of the Policeman's legs, sending him to the ground hard. He whacks the other policeman across the face and takes off into the DMV.

INT. DMV WAITING ROOM - DAY

JR maniacally runs through the busy DMV room towards Millard's office. Policemen run after him.

INT. MILLARD FILMORE'S OFFICE - DAY

JR rushes into the empty office. No Millard Fillmore. He sees the birth door and has no choice. He runs in.

INT. JR RANDOLPH MUSEUM - DAY

JR walks into a luxurious museum, confused. A MUSEUM ATTENDANT is there to greet him.

MUSEUM ATTENDANT
Hello, welcome to the Museum of JR
Randolph's Life. Step this way
please.

She hands him a program.

JR
This is a museum of my life?

MUSEUM ATTENDANT
Please step this way.

She motions him inside.

JR
So, it's over? I'm already an
artifact. I can't be reborn?

No response.

JR nods and walks into the museum.

He walks past paintings of photo galleries all taken from different periods of his life. He sees one painting of two dogs humping and smiles at the memory.

He continues past films being projected on walls, moments captured from his youth. One film projected is of his younger self and Nancy eating cereal together.

ON FILM:

YOUNG JR
Hey Nancy, wanna hear a joke? It's a
cereal joke!

Nancy laughs.

YOUNG JR (CONT'D)
Why are you laughing, I haven't even
told you the joke yet!

She continues to laugh. Young JR joins in the laughter.

JR smiles again and continues on his walk.

EXT. MILLARD FILMORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Millard is standing with the two Policemen. He sees the
opened birth door and shakes his head.

MILLARD
I'll bring him back. Just stay put.

Millard enters.

INT. JR RANDOLPH MUSEUM - DAY

Millard is greeted by the chipper Attendant.

MUSEUM ATTENDANT
Please step this way.

MILLARD
Hi young lass, I'm looking for a
mediocre looking fellow.

MUSEUM ATTENDANT
He's in the Twilight Hall, sir.

INT. JR RANDOLPH MUSEUM - TWILIGHT HALL - DAY

A sign reads: TWILIGHT HALL

Millard walks in and sees JR sitting alone, looking at a
display of a tattered copy of Nancy's book "Dear God, it's Me
Margaret." Millard sits next to him.

JR
This is what happens when it's over?
I become a relic, a museum.

Millard nods slowly.

MILLARD
It's time to go JR.

JR
Hell and Damnation?

MILLARD

It appears that way.

JR

I tried Millard. I really did.

MILLARD

Do you know why the After-Life committee removes logical memory of past lives in the first place?

JR

No.

MILLARD

Because over the years they've noticed that people with memories of their past failures succeeded less in their subsequent tries. The committee did this to help shepherd people through the After-Life, instilling them with emotional memory and a supposed inspirational After-Life Agent for guidance. Instead, we skirted the system. We cheated.

JR

I just don't get it. I really thought I was on the right path this time.

MILLARD

I know, I read the report. Tell me, JR, when you were this...movie maker, what kind of stories did you write?

JR

I don't know, I guess I wrote about my life.

MILLARD

Did you write from your gut, your heart?

JR

No. I was told to write from the pocketbook, and to add heart later.

MILLARD

Why do you suppose they asked you to do this?

JR

They wanted to sell the movie, and win awards. They had a demographic they were targeting. And they wanted me to tailor the script to those people.

MILLARD

I see. And when you wrote the script, the real script that ultimately became your miserable life, what demographic did you write that for?

JR

I'm sorry?

MILLARD

Going to war, selling your story, marrying the wrong girl, what audience were you targeting?

JR doesn't respond.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

You sold out your life journey, JR. You wrote your life for an audience. For your parents. For your friends. For the public. You wanted to look good on paper. All the story elements you used to fill your void was never for you. You never cared about yourself, you never once realized that the audience you should have been living for was you and you alone.

JR looks down. He slowly nods.

JR

I understand.

MILLARD

JR, do you know what happens if I reject your vim eligibility?

JR

A really horrible, eternal burning sensation.

MILLARD

You'll be shipped to Hell, and those bastards love to pile on the paperwork. Lord knows I hate paperwork.

(shakes his head)

I'm going to approve your vim eligibility. This was as much my fault as it was yours. I should have never given you that drug.

Millard stands.

MILLARD (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get you through.

JR doesn't move.

JR

I'd like to go back.

JR solemnly stands and looks at Millard.

JR (CONT'D)

I need to go back. Please. I know I've been given enough chances, but I just need one more. One more try. I still have that void, even now. I never got a chance to experience vim. I think I know what to do now.

Millard thinks it over.

MILLARD

Ok, this is a pretty big favor you're asking of me, but I think Wilma doubles as an accountant. I'll have her fudge the numbers. Unfortunately, there's no reversal of this narcotic that I so unwisely prescribed to you, so you'll still have the unbearable memory of your past life. You sure you can do this?

JR nods.

INT. MILLARD FILLMORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Millard and JR stand in front of the rebirth door.

MILLARD

Well, this is it.

JR
Was Wilma ok with it?

MILLARD
I think she has a little bit of a schoolgirl crush on me. But, hey, sometimes you have to take one for the team as the vernacular goes.

JR smiles.

MILLARD (CONT'D)
Hey, can you do me favor and stop that prostitute? It's a middle school for crying out loud.

JR
I will.

JR nods. He walks through the door.

CUT TO BLACK.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I will now display a picture of a snake eating its tail for no known reason.

GRAPHIC: a still of a snake eating its tail.

JR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So, I was reborn. Grew up, smoked out with Robyn, but didn't get perpetually high this time. Life didn't seem as hazy. I opted out of going to war. Never believed in it anyway. Went to University of Buffalo, which was founded by none other than Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States. Shortly thereafter, I moved to New York and became a sportswriter for the Mets.

INT. LA COUNTY MUSIC CENTER - NIGHT

Emma Thompson wins for "Sense and Sensibility." Mel Gibson wins for "Braveheart."

JR (V.O.)
"Braveheart" took top honors in 1995. As did Emma for her writing in "Sense and Sensibility."

INT. MUSSO AND FRANK - NIGHT

JR sits across the way from Connecticut and his beautiful, young girlfriend, GEORGIA.

JR (V.O.)
I befriended Connecticut through my ties with the Mets. He seemed to be doing better on this try. Fell in love with a girl named Georgia, like the state, just south of North Carolina.

Connecticut tries to steal the exotic ashtray into his coat pocket. Georgia yells:

GEORGIA
Pillow!

Connecticut puts the ashtray down and looks straight ahead.

CONNECTICUT
Pillow's our safe word.

INT. GROUP HOME FOR THE DISABLED - COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

JR eagerly asks Amy out. Amy grimaces.

JR (V.O.)
I asked Amy out. But she didn't take. I'll try to be more persistent, as Connecticut always suggests.

EXT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - DAY

JR stands in front of his old house.

JR (V.O.)
The morning of my parents' car accident, I waited outside my old house to see my sister.

JR walks in.

INT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - DAY

He hears the sound of Nancy talking upstairs. He walks up.

INT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - NANCY'S ROOM - DAY

Nancy sits on her bed and reads "You There God? It's Me, Margaret" out loud, to her self. JR sits next to her.

He sees a finished bowl of cereal on her dresser.

JR

I can't remember the last time I had cereal. I used to love it. Remember that cereal joke I used to tell you when we were kids.

Nancy continues to read, not responding.

JR (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll tell it to you again. So there's a box of cornflakes. And at the bottom of the box was a flake called Blake the Flake. Well, Blake, dissatisfied for being at the bottom, climbs all the way to the top and exclaims: "I'm Blake the Flake, and I'm the greatest Flake of them all!" Then someone comes by and flips the box over. So, again, he finds a way to climb to the top and exclaims loudly: "I'm Blake the Flake, and I'm the greatest Flake of them all!" Then someone comes by and flips the box over. Again, he climbs to the top and exclaims even louder still: "I'm Blake the Flake, I'm the greatest Flake of them all!" Then someone comes by and flips the box over. So, with a sigh, he climbs back up and at the top of his lungs screams: "I'm Blake the Flake, I'm the greatest Flake of them all!" Then someone comes by and flips the box over.

JR's eyes well. His sister still reads. No response.

JR (CONT'D)

Get it, Nancy? It's a serial joke. Get it?

He starts to cry.

JR (CONT'D)

Mom and Dad are dead, Nancy. They died in a car accident this morning. I'm sorry.

Undeterred, Nancy continues to read.

JR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Nancy. I'm really sorry,
OK? I'm sorry.

JR puts his head down as he sobs.

JR (CONT'D)
I'm fucking sorry. I'm so fucking
sorry.

He hugs Nancy tight. She hugs him back.

JR stands up, quietly crying, and walks out.

INT. RANDOLPH HOUSE - JR'S BEDROOM - DAY

He walks into his old room and turns on his old Windows 3.11
PC. He starts typing.

JR (V.O.)
That's when I started writing this
account. I don't know why, but I do
know that this is for me, and only
me, and no one else. And who knows
what will happen. Who knows if I'll
actually succeed this time around. I
just know that I can't worry about
that anymore. You get told how to
write the story of your life as you
grow up. And it gets hard to stay
true to what you want. Especially
with those mind fuckers out there.
Don't let them take a shit in your
brain. It fucking reeks.

JR turns the monitor off.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END