

XXOXIA

Written by

Phil Golub

331 Manchester Rd.  
Northwich,  
Cheshire  
CW9 7NL  
England, UK  
(44)07875825929  
Duckmindmd@hotmail.com

NOTE TO READER: "Xxoxia" is pronounced - (igz-'ZOH-shuh).

FADE IN:

**OVER BLACK**

A logo which reads: "BOK... LIKE A CHICKEN PRODUCTIONS"

A powerful VOICE with an exaggerated New Jersey accent.

VOICE (V.O.)  
BAHK... Like--a--chick--en.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DEN**

XXOXIA (38), the source of the voice. The bearded, scruffy-ish Jew, in a Spider-Man tee-shirt, speaks directly to the CAMERA. We only see from his chest, up.

His wide-eyed, over-the-top facial expressions seem to be a separate entity. He has OCD/Tourette's style tics.

XXOXIA (VOICE)  
H-heyyy! What's up, there,  
fuckerssss? Xxoxia, here, comin'  
atchya liiiive. Today, we're gonna  
be doin' a little erotic towel  
origami. Not paper... Towel. That's  
right, I'm gonna teach you guys how  
to make your very own towel cock...

He flings up a penis made from a folded towel.

XXOXIA (CONT'D)  
(holds in front of him;  
waves up and down)  
Surprise your ol' lady... Say,  
"look at my fourteen inch cock,  
bitch!" Heh heh heh heh heh HAAAA!  
(drops towel cock)  
But first, BRRREAKFAST!

He carelessly jerks up a box of Franken-Berry from somewhere below the screen. Cereal flies out of the box.

XXOXIA (CONT'D)  
...And COFFEE!

He holds up a Pac-Man mug full of steaming fresh coffee. His eyes widen. Some coffee splashes onto his hand.

XXOXIA (CONT'D)  
Oh shhhit, that's fuckin' hot.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Cereal falls into Xxoxia's mouth straight from the box.

XXOXIA (CONT'D)  
(speaks with mouth full)  
Whatever happened to those cereal commercials where the mascots on the Bahckss weren't allowed to eat the cereal? Remember them shits? Bahckss, I like that word, Bahckss. The Lucky Charms guy, the Trix rabbit, Barney Rubble, the fuckin' Cookie Crisp guy got arrested... And his dog. Jesus Christ. And those fuckin' toys they stick in some hidden dimension in the bottom-uh-duh-bag-in-duh-Bahcksss. It's like a tongue twister... bottom-uh-duh-bag-in-duh-Bahcksss... Heh heh hehhhh...  
(his face shoots up to the screen)  
You like that shit?

The sound of a COMPUTER MOUSE being CLICKED. The screen freezes on Xxoxia's crazy face.

We now realize we've been watching this ON A COMPUTER SCREEN.

Seated at the computer -- the man, himself, known as RHYBRISCO in real life, staring at his own silly, frozen face, on screen.

A completely normal personality with very little accent. However, his OCD tics still remain.

A door opens behind him.

TOM LANDIS (34), barges in, sporting his blue Wal-Mart uniform. He stops -- arms raised, absorbing home.

TOM  
Oh, YES!  
(startles Rhy)  
I do not care if I die. I don't ever want to work, again.

He walks over to a fish tank and feeds them. Rhy continues to make edits to his video.

RHYBRISCO (XXOXIA)  
 (not looking away from  
 computer)  
 At least you have a consistent  
 income.

TOM  
 Hey, hey, you're the one who  
 chooses to make You Tube videos,  
 for a living, hiding behind that...  
 tic tac toe guy.

RHYBRISCO  
 Tic tac toe?

TOM  
 X-O-X-O...

RHYBRISCO  
 Xxoxia.

TOM  
 Yeah, that thing.

RHYBRISCO  
 Dude, why can't you say it after  
 all this time?

TOM  
 Cause it's fucking weird, man. Why  
 do you need three "X"'s?

RHYBRISCO  
 Because I wanted to have a name  
 where "X" was used in each of its  
 possible sounds: Cks, Zuh, and  
 Shuh.

TOM  
 Is that the new video?

RHYBRISCO  
 Yeah.

Tom checks out the video clip as Rhy edits.

ON THE MONITOR -- Xxoxia points the camera around the room,  
 making fun of the Christmas decor. He stops on a rather large  
 "MERRY CHRISTMAS" sign, hanging in a window.

XXOXIA (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Heh heh, look at that shit.  
 (MORE)

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

It should say "merry fuckin'  
Christmas, BITCH!" Heh heh heh  
HAAAAA!

The video pauses. Rhy clicks the mouse a few times making edits.

TOM

People actually watch this shit?

RHYBRISCO

Yeah, I got a nice little fan base.  
But you'd be surprised how many  
people hate me.

TOM

Ehhh, not really.

Tom takes off his shirt and throws it on a couch over by his den's main attraction -- the big screen TV.

TOM (CONT'D)

I still don't know why you don't  
just come work with me.

RHYBRISCO

I told you, I tried, already. They  
won't hire me 'cause of my criminal  
record.

Tom takes his pants off revealing his tighty whities.

TOM

Criminal record. You went to jail  
for two months, for a little pot.  
You didn't murder children.

RHYBRISCO

(looks over and sees Tom)  
Aw, come on, man, seriously? Tighty  
whities? What are you, eight?

TOM

Whaaat? Boxers get me all chaffed  
up. You don't even wear underwear!

RHYBRISCO

My balls get all twisted! The left  
one sticks out more than the right  
one. Oh, and it wasn't just pot  
that I got caught with. We were  
making an experimental drug.

TOM  
You were mixing pot and wine!

RHYBRISCO  
Yeah! An experiment to create mari-  
wine-a... Dude, seriously, put some  
fuckin' pants on.

**INT. CAFE - WAL-MART - NIGHT**

Rhy and Tom sit at a table, eating a late dinner with their friend, LARRY SHUKHNBRINE (32), Greek with an American accent.

The cafe is calm and quiet compared to the Christmas shopping CROWD, in the rest of Wal-Mart, behind them.

"The Twelve Days of Christmas" plays throughout the store.

TOM  
Okay, ever since I was a kid, I've  
always wondered... What the hell is  
a partridge? I mean, I know it's a  
bird, but... what kinda bird is it?

Rhy has a confused look.

RHYBRISCO  
(beat)  
A partridge.

TOM  
No, I know, but... what the fuck is  
a partridge?

RHYBRISCO  
Dude... a bird. You just said you  
knew.

TOM  
I DO KNOW!

RHYBRISCO  
THEN, WHY YOU ASKIN'?!

TOM  
'CAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK  
IT IS!

Surrounding patrons look up and stare at Rhy and Tom.

LARRY  
Guys! Come on. People are starting  
to get pissed off.

RHYBRISCO

Fuck them. They don't care that I'm pissed off.

LARRY

Why are you pissed off?

RHYBRISCO

Because this fucking song is bullshit. They're tryin' to tell me that there's a guy out there who would buy someone all this shit. I don't care if it's his true love or not... Five golden rings? Seriously? What kind of gold diggin' bitch is he datin'? And don't get me started on the pied pipers and leaping lords and maids a milkin', I mean... this is practically borderline slavery.

Tom and Larry stare at Rhy like he's crazy.

TOM

It's pipers piping.

RHYBRISCO

Huh?

TOM

You said pied pipers. It's pipers piping.

RHYBRISCO

Whatever, you know what I mean. And how's he gonna put all them people under the tree? I mean, do the maids a milkin' actually come with cows?

TOM

Dude... you are taking this way too seriously.

LARRY

Yeah, you gotta let that shit go.

RHYBRISCO

How does it not bother you guys?! There's a fucking partridge... in a pear tree... under a Christmas tree... IT'S A TREE UNDER A TREE! And what happens if the partridge switches trees?

(MORE)

RHYBRISCO (CONT'D)

Then, it's a partridge in a  
Christmas tree, over a pear tree.  
And that makes the song... that  
already sucks... completely  
defunct!

**INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT**

Parked on a city street. Backseat, BRENNER and CECIL (both mid 30's) clothed in mechanic's uniforms. Hats and sunglasses make them unrecognizable. They seem to be interested in something we can't see, out the window.

BRENNER

Whadaya think?

CECIL

(beat)

I don't know. What time's our ride  
home supposed to be here?

BRENNER

(looks at watch)

Ten minutes.

CECIL

(beat)

I think she's comin' now.

BRENNER

Yeah, you're right. I think it's  
time. Pay the cabbie.

CECIL

How come I have to pay him?

BRENNER

You got the money, dipshit.

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME TIME**

An upscale environment. Glass covered counters full of high end jewels and gems. A MALE CLERK (26), counts the day's earnings behind the counter while the FEMALE MANAGER (49), goes to lock the door.

Before she can set the lock, BAM! The two men, now masked in panty-hose, bust through the door with Glocks.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, behind them, we see their cab drive away.

The woman screams. The male clerk calmly raises his hands, leaving the money on the counter. Brenner sticks a gun in the woman's face.

FEMALE MANAGER

The money's on the counter, please--

BRENNER

Shut up! Shut your fuckin' mouth!  
We don't want your petty cash.  
(moves his gun to male)  
And you. Why aren't you screaming  
more, like her?

MALE CLERK

(shrugs and stutters)  
Uh... I-I, uh...

BRENNER

You scream more, and...  
(gun back on woman)  
...you, shut the fuck up!

Male clerk starts screaming, forcefully. Manager closes her mouth, screaming inside her throat.

Cecil goes around smashing the glass counters with his gun. Glass sprays on the floor and inside the jewel cases.

He sees the clerk reaching under the counter -- shoves his gun into the clerk's face.

CECIL

Hey! Hey hey hey hey! Get your  
fuckin' hands up. You touch that  
alarm, I'm gonna blow your fuckin'  
fingers off.

He raises his hands. Cecil fills a duffel bag with jewelry.

BRENNER

(holds woman from behind)  
Come on. We're gonna open the safe.

FEMALE MANAGER

I can't! It's on a timer!

BRENNER

(laughs)  
You let us worry about that.

**INT. WAL-MART - SAME TIME**

The three friends leave the cafe and walk toward the exit.

RHYBRISCO

At the end of the day, you've gotta  
take control of your life...  
(MORE)

RHYBRISCO (CONT'D)

And if you're letting people buy  
you, as a Christmas present to  
their girl...

Tom realizes where this is going.

TOM

Oh my God, would you please shut up  
about the fucking song?!

RHYBRISCO

Whoa, what the hell's up your ass?

TOM

Sorry man, I've... I've got a date  
tonight. I'm just freaking out.

RHYBRISCO

(distracted by something  
off screen)

Holy shit! Look, look!

They see an OLD WOMAN with her boob out, trying to stick it  
in the Wal-Mart blood pressure machine. Tom runs over to the  
woman.

TOM

Excuse me, ma'am...

OLD WOMAN

I can't figure out how to get the  
mammogram.

TOM

Ma'am, this is a blood pressure  
machine, not for mammograms.

OLD WOMAN

I can't hear very well. You have to  
speak louder.

TOM

You... you put your arm in there...  
It's for blood pressure.

OLD WOMAN

(boob still out)  
Ohhh my Goodness!  
(laughs)  
Silly me.

TOM

Y-you can put your boob away...  
now.

**EXT. WAL-MART - CONTINUOUS**

The three friends exit the twenty-four hour super store, and search the lot for their cars.

TOM  
I can't believe that just happened.

RHYBRISCO  
So, your date tonight... is it with her?

TOM  
You are a sick person.

LARRY  
No, you love her.

TOM  
Dude, her tits hang lower than my dick.

RHYBRISCO  
(to Larry)  
Ohhh, so if she had nice tits, he'd fuck her.

LARRY  
Yeah, it's a good thing he works there, too. He has access to all that lube.

Rhy and Larry laugh.

RHYBRISCO  
Oh, we're just fuckin' with ya. Seriously, who you seein'?

TOM  
Oh, this um... This girl Julie. She's comin' over. We're gonna get drunk and watch your videos.

RHYBRISCO  
(off Tom's sarcasm)  
What? Oh, shut the fuck up.

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - BACK ROOM - SAME TIME**

BOOM! A contained, yet powerful blast. The safe door blows clean off its hinges.

The woman shrieks with fright, covering her ears. We can't see what's inside. Brenner's jaw drops.

BRENNER  
 (to Cecil)  
 Hey C... C!  
 (beat)  
 What the fuck is he doin'?

#### MAIN ROOM

Cecil, engrossed in a game of Super Mario Bros. on the clerk's Nintendo Game Boy. His gun rests on the counter. The clerk, watches over his shoulder, cheering him on.

MALE CLERK  
 Yes! Ooo ooo, get the mushroom!

BRENNER (O.S.)  
 What the hell is this?

Cecil jumps, almost dropping the Game Boy. Brenner, holding the woman at gun point, catches Cecil in the act.

CECIL  
 Jesus Christ! You scared me!

BRENNER  
 What the hell's the matter with you? You put your fuckin' gun down, playin' video games while we're doin' a job!

CECIL  
 I was almost to Bowser's castle!

BRENNER  
 I don't give a shit. Fuckin' idiot. Come check this out.

#### BACK ROOM

The woman and clerk at gun point. Cecil and Brenner stare at us, as if we're in the safe. Brenner laughs in excitement.

CECIL  
 H-holyyyy shit!

#### REVERSE ANGLE ON SAFE

Glistening stacks of fifteen pound gold bars. Brenner walks up and touches one.

BRENNER  
 I hope you been workin' out.

Suddenly, Super Mario Bros. music begins to play.

BRENNER (CONT'D)  
 Hey, you know the secret code to  
 get infinite lives, right?

CECIL  
 No! What is it?

Brenner takes the Game Boy and turns it off. Hands it back to Cecil.

BRENNER  
 There you go. Now, you'll never  
 die.

CECIL  
 What the fuck?  
 (returns Game Boy to male  
 clerk)  
 Here.

**EXT/INT. RHYBRISCO'S CAR (MOVING) - US RT. 30 - SAME TIME**

The beat up, shit-brown Corolla rolls down the main city strip. Silence in the air.

TOM  
 So, whadaya think's gonna happen?  
 ... In court?

RHYBRISCO  
 Eh... It's hard to say, really. It  
 depends on what judge you get  
 and... I don't know. You gonna be  
 there?

TOM  
 Yeah. Yeah, I'm prob'ly gonna ride  
 with the Shuks.  
 (looks at phone)  
 Shit!

RHYBRISCO  
 What's up?

TOM  
 Julie's prob'ly at my house, right  
 now.

He calls a number on his phone.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (beat, into phone)  
 Hey, it's me. Just lettin' you  
 know, I'm almost there. Alright.

He hangs up. Suddenly--

TOM (CONT'D)  
BREEEEEEAAAAAAK!

RHYBRISCO  
Jesus Christ!

Rhy slams on the break, stopping inches away from Cecil whose gun is aimed at Rhy.

Brenner approaches the driver's side window -- gun in hand.

RHYBRISCO (CONT'D)  
Oh, what the fuck?

Brenner opens the driver's door.

BRENNER  
You drive away, I'm gonna kill you.  
Move your seat up.  
(to Cecil)  
Come on. Get the fuck in.

Rhy pulls a lever and leans forward. The robbers take no time to get in the back. Door is left wide open.

CECIL  
Drive.

Rhy takes a second to process what's happening -- shuts the door.

CECIL (CONT'D)  
DRIVE!  
(Rhy slams on the gas)  
Slow down! Drive naturally. We get pulled over, we're killin' everybody. Whataya names?

TOM  
Uh, I'm Tom and--

XXOXIA  
--And I'm eh, fuckin' Xxoxia. You might know me from my vlahhg show on You Tube, I do a vlahhg. Ya like that word? VLAHHG?

BRENNER  
Nah, never heard uh ya.

XXOXIA  
(to Tom)  
Heyyyy, look at 'at. I got some new customers, heh, heh, heh.  
(to robbers)  
(MORE)

XXOXIA (CONT'D)

Yeah, you guys should check that  
shit right out!

Tom puts his hand on Rhy to gesture him to keep quiet.

CECIL

(to Tom)

Hey... what's with this guy?

TOM

(to Cecil)

He's uh...

(quietly to Rhy)

What are you doing?

XXOXIA

(ignoring Tom)

Hey, so where are we goin', yoin'?

Heh heh heh heh heh...

(to Tom)

Ya like that shit?

**EXT. RHYBRISCO'S CAR (MOVING) - ENTRANCE RAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

A large, green arrow points toward an entrance ramp, on a sign which reads: "NJ TURNPIKE". Rhy's car shoots down into the--

**INT. RHYBRISCO'S CAR - TURNPIKE TICKET BOOTH - CONTINUOUS**

He tears a toll price ticket from the machine. The booth's stop arm raises. He pulls through, merging onto the--

**INT. RHYBRISCO'S CAR (MOVING) - NJ TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS**

Rhy nervously stares in the rear-view mirror, at the unwanted company, in the back seat.

XXOXIA

Hey, you guys wanna listen to some  
music? What's some good heist  
music?

CECIL

I like Nirvana...

BRENNER

No. Just -- drive.

(beat)

There's a service station between  
exits 3 and 4. Turn in there.

XXOXIA

Oooo, yeah! We can get some fuckin'  
Roy Rogers burgers. I love them  
shits.

BRENNER

We're not stopping for burgers,  
you're dropping us off.

XXOXIA

(to Tom)

Yeah, but then you and I should get  
some Roy Rogers...

TOM

(quietly)

Dude, what are you doing?

BRENNER

Here. Right up here.

The dreary turnpike scenery, suddenly has color. The service station.

**EXT. TURNPIKE SERVICE STATION - NIGHT**

The Corolla pulls into the parking lot of a mini mall, containing a food court, a few gift shops, and an arcade, next to a twenty-four hour gas station.

CECIL (O.S.)

Pull around the back.

**EXT. RHYBRISCO'S CAR - TURNPIKE SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Creeping around to the darkness behind the building, Rhy stops in front of a small, hidden road with a "DO NOT ENTER" sign.

CECIL

End of the road.

BRENNER

Everyone out.

Everyone starts to get out except Rhy.

BRENNER (CONT'D)

Hey, you too.

Rhy gets out.

XXOXIA

So hey, so uhh, so heyyyy, so what  
the hell're we doin' here, yo, yo,  
yosephine rrrrrabbit?

Brenner and Cecil finish grabbing the stolen goods out of the  
car. Brenner hands Rhy a card.

BRENNER

This is a number where you can  
reach us. We're lookin' for a  
driver. If you're interested, give  
us a call.

XXOXIA

Ohhh man, I really don't think this  
shit's my kinda shit.

BRENNER

Think about it.  
(to Cecil)  
Come on.

The masked men take off down the hidden road.

A long, dark beat.

RHYBRISCO

What the fuck was that shit?

**INT/EXT. RHYBRISCO'S CAR - TOM'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

pulls into the gravel driveway, kicking up a cloud of dust.  
Tires spin -- gravel shoots back, hitting parked cars in the  
street, like balls of hail.

He turns the engine and lights off. Dark silence.

TOM

So, what the fuck was that?

RHYBRISCO

(back to normal)  
What was what?

TOM

Why did you turn into Xxoxia when  
those guys got in the car?

RHYBRISCO

Whadaya think's behind that "do not  
enter" sign?

TOM

Rhy!

RHYBRISCO

I don't know, man, I guess I just figured if they ever got in trouble and tried to describe us to pin something on us, they wouldn't have accurate details.

TOM

Huh... good thinking.

(beat)

So what are you gonna do? You gonna take their offer?

RHYBRISCO

Nah, I don't know. I've already got enough trouble with this court shit, tomorrow.

TOM

Oh shit, right. You gotta go.

(they half hug)

Thanks for the ride. I'll see you tomorrow. Good luck.

RHYBRISCO

Thanks, man.

Tom gets out and shuts the door.

**EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT**

The Corolla enters through a set of iron gates.

**WIDER**

The vast graveyard stretches several football fields into the distance. Fog hovers above rows of stones and statues that would keep most people out at night. Including cops. Rhy parks around the back of the--

**EXT. DIOCESE OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Rhy opens the door to a crawl space in the back of the building and pulls out a sleeping bag.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The sleeping bag is rolled out onto a bench in the middle of the graveyard. Rhy crawls in and zips it over his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

**EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Rhy, still asleep on the bench. Bats flapping by, overhead. Suddenly -- a pair of hands aggressively grab and shake Rhy.

VOICE (O.S.)  
FREEZE, POLICE! Let me see some ID!

RHYBRISCO  
(frightened out of sleep)  
Wha... What? What's goin' on?

VOICE  
Sir, let me see your ID.

RHYBRISCO  
Okay, sorry, sor...

VOICE  
NOW SIR. LET ME SEE YOUR  
IDENTIFICATION, NOW!

PCHH! The SHADOWY FIGURE punches Rhy in the face.

RHYBRISCO  
AGH, what the FUCK?

VOICE  
LET ME SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION!

Rhy squints to get a better look at the shadowy figure.

RHYBRISCO  
Tom?

TOM (VOICE)  
(laughing and mocking)  
You like that shit? You like that  
shit?

RHYBRISCO  
You're a fuckin' asshole!

TOM  
Aw, come on, man. I'm just messing  
with you.

RHYBRISCO  
You punched me in the face!

TOM  
I wanted my character to seem real.

RHYBRISCO  
 (rubs face)  
 Ow, ugh, What the hell are you  
 doing here, anyway?

TOM  
 I couldn't sleep. Let's go get some  
 drinks.

RHYBRISCO  
 Man, I've gotta get up early.

TOM  
 I'll be in your car.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Rhy and Tom are seated at a semi-busy bar, beers before them.  
 A ROCK BAND playing on stage finishes their last song. It  
 rocks! PATRONS clap and cheer.

BAND SINGER (O.S.)  
 Thank you. We are *The Alphabet*  
*Backwards*.

TOM  
 They were pretty good.

RHYBRISCO  
 Yeah. The Alphabet Backwards. Can  
 you say the alphabet backwards?

TOM  
 No, can you?

RHYBRISCO  
 Yeah. I can actually say it  
 backwards faster than I can say it  
 forwards.

TOM  
 Whaaat? Do it.

RHYBRISCO  
 (really fast)  
 Zyxwvutsrqponmlkjihgfedcba.

They laugh.

TOM  
 Dude, what the fuck?

RHYBRISCO

I used to practice it when I was a kid.

TOM

That's crazy, man.

A beautiful female musician gets on stage with an acoustic guitar. We'll know her as JULIE VISCOSI (27). She sits on a stool, moving her long brown hair off the guitar strings.

JULIE

Hi, I'm Julie Viscosi.

RHYBRISCO

(staring at Julie)

Whoa, she is... Jesus Christ.

TOM

Nah. Nah, she's way too fucking hot to be Jesus.

Rhy gives him a "what the fuck is wrong with you" look.

Julie plays. The guitar mixes with her soft, high voice, sounding like fairies using magic wands to make star dust fall to earth. Beautiful. But she doesn't know it.

TOM (CONT'D)

So, how come you don't do your vlogs in different locations? Like, you always do them in my den.

RHYBRISCO

Eh, I don't know... I just...

(beat)

I don't feel comfortable... being around people, I guess. I have a hard enough time with it in real life. Ya know, at least, this way, I don't have to worry about who's listening or who's watching, or whatever. I just do the video, no problem.

TOM

Ohh, so is that why you use a different character? 'Cause you feel like you need to hide behind a false identity?

RHYBRISCO

Pretty much.

TOM

Dude, you should really try getting out a little more with the camera... get a little variety in your videos. Make 'em a little more interesting. It would prob'ly get you more subscribers. You wouldn't even need a character.

RHYBRISCO

Yeah, but this way, at least it's not me getting judged or criticized. It's Xxoxia.

(watches Julie play)

You know what you need to do? Rent your upstairs apartment to her. That would be awesome.

TOM

Actually, I'll tell you what I will do. Would you like to have that apartment? It would give you a chance to stop living in that fucking graveyard.

RHYBRISCO

Oh man, I can't afford that shit, dude.

TOM

No no no, I mean would you like to have it? Completely rent free. All you'd have to pay is your electric and gas.

Rhy stares at Tom for a beat or two.

RHYBRISCO

I'm waiting to hear where this is going.

TOM

Well, it's yours on one condition... You want to hide behind a character? You completely become that character and you go out and record your videos in different locations. Unless you're just around me and the guys, no matter where you go, no matter who you're talking to, you become... that mental patient guy.

RHYBRISCO

Xxoxia.

TOM

Xxoxia guy.

RHYBRISCO

So... basically, embarrass myself in public and I can have a place to live? What happens if I fuck up or forget to do it one time?

TOM

(beat)

You move out.

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

Rhy angrily walks to his car. Tom tries to keep up.

TOM

Look, I just want you to see yourself how I see you in your videos. I'm just trying to help you.

RHYBRISCO

Yeah, that's real fuckin' cool, waving a free apartment in front of a homeless guy and only giving it to him after he jumps in the fucking fire. I appreciate the offer, but earlier, a partridge offered me a branch in his pear tree, so I'm gonna move there, instead.

Rhy gets in his car.

TOM

Wait, you saw one?! What did it look like?

**INT. MUNICIPAL COURT - DAY**

Rhy, with friends: Tom, Larry, SETH ROGEN and Larry's brother, LAAJEL, seated amongst a variety of CRIMINALS, LAWYERS and their SUPPORTIVE FRIENDS AND FAMILY. Rhy's wardrobe, casual, but nicer than usual.

Laajel's squealing, high-pitched voice, resonates throughout the silence. Similar to someone about to cry, with a heavy Greek accent.

LAAJEL

(loudly to Rhy)  
Ohhhh, I'm so worried for youuu.  
What if you get, ehh, the rape?

TOM

(whispering)  
Shhh, would you shut up? He's not  
gonna get the rape.

Suddenly, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... The group of friends know exactly what it is. They all look to Seth. He clicks a lighter, trying to spark up a joint.

RHYBRISCO

(whispering)  
Dude, put that shit away! What the  
hell are you doing?

SETH

(whispering)  
What? I need to be high for this  
shit. I can't fucking stand court  
rooms. I have reoccurring  
nightmares where Judge Judy holds  
me in contempt for not letting her  
suck my dick.

JUDGE WATSON (50's), towers over the room like a king, even while seated. A large, black pile of meat, draped in a navy blue robe.

JUDGE WATSON

(slamming his mallet)  
Order! Gentlemen, one more sound or  
joint, and I will hold you in  
contempt.

The BAILIFF (40's), grabs the joint from Seth -- hands it to the judge.

JUDGE WATSON (CONT'D)

(whispering to Bailiff)  
We gonna spark this shit up after  
work?

BAILIFF

Helllllls yeah.

They fist bump.

JUDGE WATSON

(to stenographer)  
OFF THE RECORD!

The young, female STENOGRAPHER, stops typing. The bailiff grabs the next case file from his folder.

BAILIFF

Okay, docket number H eleven-sixteen. State of New Jersey versus one Rhybrisco Xerra Heisthoosia. Please rise before the honorable Judge Watson.

A nervous Rhy rises from his seat and traipses up to the microphone. The judge looks over his history.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

(to Rhy)

Raise your right hand.

(Rhy raises his hand)

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

RHYBRISCO

I do.

JUDGE WATSON

(beat)

Oh--kay. Mr. Heisthoosia, on the twenty-seventh of October, 2014, charged with being in possession of a controlled, dangerous substance of a schedule one narcotic, to wit: heroin. How do you plead?

RHYBRISCO

Guilty, your honor.

JUDGE WATSON

Mr. Heisthoosia, taking into consideration the charge before you and your history, I hereby sentence you to two years probation at the Camden County probation center, where you must check in within twenty-four hours, and a fine of one-thousand dollars, payable at the window.

RHYBRISCO

Thank you, your honor.

KSHHH! Judge Watson slams his mallet.

LAAJEL  
 (loudly)  
 Nooooo! NOOOOO! HOW CAN THIS  
 HAPPEN? WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

LARRY  
 Chill out, Laaj! He just got  
 probation.

EVERYONE in the room stares at the squealing European. Laajel  
 darts to Rhy, and embraces him.

RHYBRISCO  
 Hey, hey, hey, look at me.  
 Everything's fine.

Laajel squeals and hyperventilates, simultaneously.

RHYBRISCO (CONT'D)  
 Listen to me, calm down. Calmmmm  
 downnnn. Breathe. Say it with me...  
 CALM downnnn. Say it. CALM downnnn.

LAAJEL  
 CON-dommmmm.

RHYBRISCO  
 No, CALM downnnnn.

LAAJEL  
 CON-dommmmm.

RHYBRISCO  
 CALM downnnnn.

LAAJEL  
 CON-dommmmm, ohhhh, CON-dommmmm.

RHYBRISCO  
 Not "condom", CALM DOWNNNNNN.

LAAJEL  
 CONDOMMMMMM.

**INT. PROBATION - WAITING ROOM - LATER**

Rhy, seated amongst the rest of the PROBATION CROWD: MOTHERS  
 with their CHILDREN, WORKING CLASS MEN, and STRUNG OUT  
 ADDICTS.

A RECEPTIONIST opens a door.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Rhybrisco Heisthoosia.

He gets up and follows her through the door.

**OFFICER KABHIR'S OFFICE**

Rhy sits in front of OFFICER BAKI KABHIR'S desk. He is some sort of Middle Eastern or Indian descent. He is tall, with a stern composure.

OFFICER KABIR

My name is Baki Kabir. You can refer to me as Officer Kabhir, or Officer Baki Kabhir, it really doesn't matter. I'll be your officer for the remainder of your time. During this time, you will have one home check, you will not use illegal drugs or alcohol of any kind, you will not live at an address with weapons, drugs or alcohol on the premises, you will not fail to report to me once a month, at the predetermined date, you will have, at all times, an address where we can reach you, unless you move, in which you will not fail to inform us of the changes within three days, you will have full-time employment, you will not leave the state for more than twenty-four hours, without permission, and you will not fail any urine tests. If you fail to comply with any of the above, you will receive a violation and be arrested immediately, for the remainder of the time. Any questions?

RHYBRISCO

Um... Could... Could'ew tell me what I'm not gonna be doing, again?

**INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT**

Tom and Seth, seated in recliners, watching "STAR WARS" on the big screen TV. BZZZZZ! The doorbell buzzes.

**AT THE FRONT DOOR**

Rhy, complete with his bag of clothes and sleeping bag.

**IN THE DEN**

Rhy and Tom, seated in recliners, watching Star Wars. They yell over the TV, to each other.

TOM

So, you have to have a job and a place to live... or you get violated?

RHYBRISCO

Yeah, pretty much.

SETH

(hits a bong)  
Sounds so dirty... violated.

RHYBRISCO

And I definitely can't be around this shit. I get tested every month.

TOM

Okay.  
(to Seth)  
Sorry man, I'm gonna have to give you a designated weed area. Can you take it out on the balcony?

SETH

Oh sure, man. Ooo, then I can spy on the hot chick next door.

Seth heads out onto the balcony. The window is open, so he can stay in the conversation. Random coughing can be heard occasionally.

TOM

(to Rhy)  
Okay, so, here's the plan: The entire third floor is yours. I'm not gonna kick you out, but if you decide you don't wanna do... the thing, then, I'm gonna charge you rent. It's five-fifty a month, but don't worry. I'll help you with the job thing. I just gotta get you a fake ID. But until then...

He grabs a camera from the computer desk and hands it to Rhy. Seth sticks his head in the window.

SETH

Hey, what's "the thing"?

**EXT. STREET IN TOWN - DAY**

THROUGH OF A CAMCORDER