

Bizarre Bazaar or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying About
Trivial Things Like Subtext and Character Development, and
Write A Damn Screenplay

By

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FADE IN:

A black screen. How the hell do you fade in on a black screen? Oh well, too late now.

SUPER:

What you are about to read is complete nonsense, the result of an experiment conducted for the sole purpose of answering the question "What happens when a writer writes just to write?". No goals, no deep thinking, just words on the page. Can something be done in such a cavalier manner and still be entertaining?

I don't know. You tell me.

FADE IN: FOR REAL THIS TIME

INT. HOME LIBRARY - NIGHT

An elaborate library tucked into a dark corner of what can only be assumed as a giant house. Yes, assumed. I'm not about to show you the house just so you can say "Yeah, that's a big fucking house!". Trust me. I'm the writer, and I'm trying to keep this shit low budget.

Large, built in bookshelves made of only the finest rain forest harvested trees line the walls, and each is loaded with books that no doubt killed thousands of other trees. Get a Kindle, you cheap bastard. You're welcome, Amazon.

In an overstuffed leather chair, situated conveniently by a roaring fireplace sits our host, STUFFY ENGLISH BASTARD.

He's an older gentleman, and without saying a word gives off such a pretentious vibe you can't help but want to punch him in the face. The red, crushed velvet smoking jacket he wears doesn't help either.

And like all good stuffy, English bastards, he clears his throat.

SEB

Ahem--

Oh yeah, and there should be music playing. Kinda like the music you would hear on Masterpiece Theater, but not the music from Masterpiece Theater. That would be copyright infringement.

SEB

Excuse me. Are you through yet?

Shut your mouth, cretin. If it weren't for me you wouldn't have a job. It's not like someone else is going to just conjur you up out of my head.

SEB

Yes, but--

Proceed.

Stuffy English Bastard can't believe he just had an argument with lines of prose. How can you film that? You can't, that's how. This script is going to make a million dollars because of its forward thinking.

SEB

Very well. Welcome to Bizarre Bazaar. My name is Stuffy English Bastard, and...is that really necessary? I mean, you can't give me a proper name?

I can't think of anything but Alistair at the moment, and that's being used in another script. Just read the cards.

SEB

I'm sorry. Which cards?

INSERT: CARDS

Those cards.

SEB

Ah, yes. Very well.

SEB retrieves a small set of reading glasses from his smoking jacket. I probably should have thought up a character with proper vision.

He perches them across his wrinkly, penis shaped nose--

SEB

Penis shaped? My word.

Okay, my bad. Cock shaped nose, and reads from the cards.

SEB

Good evening--

No, strike that. Too "Hitch-cocky". Just go with "Hello"

SEB

Hello, and welcome to Bizarre Bazaar. My name is Stuffy English Bastard, and I shall be your host on this psychedelic, yet fantastic journey through the mind of the unhinged writer. Can quality work be done off the cuff, or will the sticklers for format suffer a most dreadful aneurysm?

Most dreadful, I like that. Sounds like something Stuffy English Bastard would say. Keep that.

SEB

Nothing is out of bounds, as we delve deep into the writer's psyche and explore an innovative form of literature known as "lobotomized writing". But is it really lobotomized, or is it just the exact opposite and over thought? Upon first impression, one would assume the latter, but that is most assuredly not the case.

Most assuredly. I like that too. Keep it.

SEB

This is writing without consequence. Nothing at stake, anything goes. Hence the term, "lobotomized writing".

Actually, upon further review, "inconsequential writing" seems better suited. Say that.

SEB

Shall I start over?

No! You've already gone on too long. This is supposed to be in short bursts. Just say inconsequential.

SEB

Inconsequential.

Writing.

SEB

Writing.

Inconsequential writing!

SEB
Inconsequential writing.

"Christ you're dumb. No wonder you didn't appear until this piece of shit script (that's going to make a million dollars). Just intro the first segment and get the hell out of my life."

SEB
But, I'm not in your life. I'm simply a character brought out by your imagination.

Fine, then get the hell out of my imagination. It's taking my whole being to not unleash a swarm of killer bees into that library right now.

Stuffy English Bastard jumps out of the chair like he's got a red hot poker up his ass. Wow, legit prose.

SEB
Our first segment deals with a horrible issue that I'm sure any writer can sympathize with. The loss of the "O" key.

Stuffy English Bastard smiles, stands frozen.

Do it.

SEB
I'd really prefer not to.

Stop fighting it and do it.

SEB
I mean, really, don't you find all of this non-proper screenplay just a bit off?

Bees.

SEB
Oh, alright.

SEB walks to the fireplace and stands mere feet from the open flame.

With a smile and cheerful wave he gives us something we've never seen before:

SEB
Pip Pip, Cheerio.

He farts right into the open flame and sends an inferno (I know someone who likes that word) up the chimney.

You may say that's impossible, but I say it's not, because I just wrote it, and it's my screenplay, damnit.

And besides, who doesn't want to see an old English guy fart into a fireplace? That's right up there with dads getting hit in the nuts on America's Funniest Home Videos. But not the real America's Funniest Home Videos, because that would be copyright infringement.

Anyway, on to the first vignette. In case you forgot what the old guy said. Writer doesn't have an "O" key. One step further, he works for a children's television show.

Oh, and Stuffy English Bastard. You don't have to keep bending over the fireplace like that.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY

A vast studio decorated as you would expect Sesame Street to be, only this isn't Sesame Street. That would be copyright infringement.

At a table containing four ripe, juicy oranges, stands ALUCARD. Alucard's a puppet. Wait, does that mean that I don't have to intro him in caps? He's a damn puppet. Well, I guess he's a character. Screw it. It stays.

Alucard is a puppet that looks like Dracula, but not like The Count, and not like the Dracula puppet from Forgetting Sarah Marshall either, because both of those would be copyright infringement.

Alucard showcases the oranges before him, pleased. He speaks in a heavy Romanian accent, like Bela Lugosi would. I think his stuff is in the public domain, so I'm good.

ALUCARD
Yes! Yes! Cunt with me! Cunt
with me, you little cunt
children! A ha ha! A ha ha!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Cut! Cut! What did you say?

ALUCARD
I'm just reading the script.

Holy shit, is the puppet a real actor, or is the actor just staying hidden? Do you have to pay the actor more if he shows his face on camera? Work it out later.

The director looks at the script. Plain as day, it's loaded with "cunts". A deviant writer? Well, that goes without saying, but this poor bastard has no "O" key. And while we're on the subject, his zero key is broken too. A ha! Beat you to that one, Mister (or Miss) Analytical.

DIRECTOR
Damn it! Why is this script loaded with cunts!

The WRITER shows up. He's an alcoholic nerd, just like every other writer.

WRITER
My "O" key is broke.

DIRECTOR
Well, I'm extremely sorry to hear that, but we can't call our viewers "cunting children".

WRITER
It's counting. "Counting children." C'mon, you should know how repetitive this shit is by now.

DIRECTOR
Just get yourself a functioning "O".

WRITER
I tried, but they don't sell individual keys. I have to buy the whole lot.

The director is agitated over his superior knowledge. And why shouldn't he be? He's a director. They know everything. Us writers are just groundlings at their feet.

DIRECTOR
We'll fix it in post! Go to the next line, Alucard. And...action!

That seemed like an awfully quick turnaround for a take. Ah, screw it. The smart director will handle it.

ALUCARD

Ne! Tw! Three! Fur! Fur
ranges! A ha ha! A ha ha!

The director buries his face in his hands.

DIRECTOR

Oh, brother.

Oh, brother? Christ, that's hackey. Will people get the Oh/O reference? I think so. It stays.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. YOUR LOCAL MALL, SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

I figured it would be better if I put "Your Local Mall" opposed to "Local Mall", because ultimately I would just end up describing my local mall, and why invest all that time and space when you already know what your mall looks like? Go with your local mall. You there? Cool.

Christmas cheer is in the air as numerous kids wait in line to have their picture taken with SANTA, a forty year old alcoholic who makes enough money to buy his entire year's supply of Wild Irish Rose --

Is that infringement? I doubt it. I think the good people at Wild Irish Rose would be happy for the publicity. It stays.

His entire year's supply of Wild Irish Rose in just a few short months.

It didn't used to be a few short months. It used to be a month. From the time you saw Jolly Ol' Saint Nick roll his fat ass down the street at the end of the Macy's parade, to Christmas. That's like a month, tops.

This commercialized bullshit is for the birds. I want my childhood back. Things were simpler. The Christmas season lasted a mere month, and my mom could beat me with a hairbrush without fear that the court might intervene. Ah, memories. Whatever. I don't own a DeLorean, so I can't live in the past. Back to drunk Santa, who I'm sure you've no doubt pictured in your mind as Billy Bob Thornton already. Thanks. Saves me the effort.

Next to Santa is his ELF, but who are we kidding? It's a dwarf. A script like this (that will make a million dollars) needs a dwarf, and this is where it goes.

SANTA

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Should I put a Ho in here for a laugh? Nah, there's kids around. Not appropriate.

SANTA

Merry Christmas!

Wow, this guy's good. You'd never know he'll be face down in the toilet, praying to the porcelain gods after beating the shit out of his liver in a few short hours. Or will he?

No he won't, because my man, JOE KILLER, the epitome of every bad ass you ever seen or read about, steps on to the scene. Remember your favorite movie outfit? Is it one of the Reservoir Dogs, Men in Black, The Blues Brothers? Fuck those are all the same thing, aren't they?

How bout Bruce Lee in Game of Death or Uma Thurman in Kill Bill? Shit!

How bout Bruce Willis, Die Hard style? Who would want to be caught with no shoes on? Damn! This writing stuff is hard!

Okay, last one. Lee Marvin in Point Blank. The gray suit with the white shirt and black tie. Strike that. The 60's, slim fitting, gray suit with white shirt and black tie. Oh yeah. That's pimp. Pop that fucker, Joe Killer.

Joe Killer grabs a nearby plastic candy cane and heaves it like a javelin. It's pointy edge, perfect for sticking into that shitty styrofoam snow at the mall, is also perfect for sticking alcoholic (despite their superb acting ability) Santa Clauses. Game over, Santa. Game over.

Joe Killer walks away, unapproached. Cause really, who would want to approach a guy that just killed someone with a fucking candy cane?

The elf, not sure what to do, reaches into Santa's pocket and steals his wallet. What else would he do? Dwarves are descendants of leprechauns, and everyone knows they're shifty little bastards.

For good measure.

BILLY

Yep.

TIMMY

Okay, drop your pants.

BILLY

What?

FADE OUT:

Yeah, that's a good spot to end it. Don't want to take it too far and end up with some weird lawsuit on my hands because nobody knows what I'm saying. Of course, I really don't know what I'm saying, so I guess I'm in the clear.

I think the reader will be disappointed that there was no tiger mauling though. Note to self. Think of a way to incorporate a tiger mauling later in the script.

FADE IN:

EXT. YOUR LOCAL PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Like the mall, think of your public park. Thanks, reader.

Numerous hot WOMEN clad in bikinis stroll around in the park. Why would bikini clad women be strolling through the park?

Cause you're looking to appeal to the Skinemax crowd, dumbass. And don't forget to write that scene about female empowerment and all that shit for the Lifetime crowd.

Is it copyright infringement to say Skinemax and Lifetime? How could it be? It's not filmable. It stays.

Anyway, bikini clad chicks, the kind you fantasize about (yeah, you) saunter through the park like they don't have a care in the world, because they don't. I don't want them to, and I'm the writer.

But we mustn't (I hate that fucking word) focus on them, they're not the story here. This story is about CLEAVON, late 30's black man, sitting conveniently in the bushes.

To give you a little description of Cleavon, he looks like Cleavon Little. You know, from Blazing Saddles? Haven't seen it? Go rent it, and give the Governor a harumph. I'll wait.

What? The video store didn't have it? What the hell has this world come to when a video store doesn't carry Blazing Saddles? Fine, how bout Vanishing Point? No, nevermind, that's probably not a good bet either. One of the greatest car chase movies ever though, if you like that kinda shit like I do. Kowalski owns you fuckers! I think I'll buy a Challenger once this script makes a million dollars.

Tell you what, go to www.google.com, click the images button, and type "Cleavon Little" in the box. I'll wait.

Got it? Awesome. We can proceed.

Cleavon stands, crouched in the bushes, visible only from the waist up. You know he's only visible from the waist up because I just told you.

And also, from a film standpoint, I think you would see it since a director would be able to decipher that a character is only visible from the waist up. They are far superior beings after all.

Cleavon masturbates ferociously. You know this because I just told you. Listen, I don't have time for all this hoity toity bullshit. Whether I want to take six sentences to describe that Cleavon is jerking off without really telling you he's jerking off, or say "Cleavon's jerking off" or in this case "masturbating ferociously" is entirely on me. I don't want to overload you in getting a simple point across.

With that, up your ass, Captain Format.

INSERT: PICTURE OF CAPTAIN FORMAT, BENT OVER AND READY TO GET A TYPEWRITER STUFFED UP HIS ASS.

Better.

FADE OUT:

Shit. Did I just write a scene that consisted of just a bunch of bikini clad babes walking around followed by a guy masturbating in a bush? Damn, I did. Will the reader know the bit should be called "Cleavon, the Compulsive Masturbator"? They will if I tell them. It stays.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wow, that slugline sucks. No pop. Oh well.

JERRY, 30's, walks around with a box of crackers and sprinkles crumbs on the floor. He wears a suit, which seems odd unless you know that he's actually finishing up a first date with BRIDGET, also 30's, and in the room with him.

JERRY

Here, Lizzie, Lizzie,
Lizzie. Here, Lizzie, Lizzie,
Lizzie.

BRIDGET

Thanks, Jerry. I really appreciate
you taking the time to help me find
Lizzie.

Jerry turns his attention to her.

JERRY

Oh, it's no trouble at all. Happy
to help.

Something catches Bridget's eye.

BRIDGET

Oh, there she is. Here baby.

Jerry turns.

JERRY

Well, hey Liz-- Oh my God!

A TIGER jumps up and mauls Jerry! Ha! Knew I'd get that
fucking tiger in there somewhere.

The tiger claws the shit out of Jerry, and Jerry can do
nothing but release blood curdling screams that, should I
have chosen to write them in the dialogue, would have looked
something like this. GGRRRRRAAAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH! AH! AH!
AH AH! OH! IS THAT MY LIVER! GGGGUUUURRRRGGGG!

Yeah, Jerry's fucked. Nothing else to see here.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

A lunch time date. Unfortunately, they do exist, but only
with the sole purpose of letting a guy think he's getting
laid. Seriously, who screws at noon? Well, I do, but I
often think I might be better than you, so I have to exclude
myself from the audience at large.

The scene. It looks like a Denny's, but not quite Denny's, cause that would be copyright infringement. Unless you don't have a Denny's where you live. Then it looks exactly like a Denny's. Use the "Cleavon Little" method for reference.

At a booth sits BRAD and SUE. Both are in their late 20's, and have given in to the fact that they will never meet anyone unless they succumb to joining the world of internet dating. That should tell you how they look.

Brad sips from a large glass of 2 percent milk. Does it matter if it's two percent? Not really. I just thought you'd want to know. The real story is in why he drinks the two percent milk.

It's an attempt to make himself look wholesome. He desperately wants to give off that "I'm a good boy, should have been on Leave it to Beaver" vibe, while all the while thinking that he'd like to take Sue in the back and bend her over the hot grill for a little "How's your father?". He may or may not be a sex offender.

Sue, on the other hand, drinks a \$2.50 cherry limeade. Does it matter how much it costs? You bet it does! Those bastards know they're the only ones that carry it, and up the price as such. And by those bastards, I don't mean Denny's, because that could be libelous. Or is it slander? Shit, what the hell is it? Wait, Cleavon Little this bitch. Libel is written, slander is spoken. Take that, analyzer!

BRAD

You know, Sue, I had a really nice time with you here. It's good to just have something casual during the day.

Brad is so full of shit.

SUE

I know, right? I mean, I've tried the night time first dates, and things just end up kind of ho hum. You go to dinner, a movie where you can't talk, and then you just go home, not getting a real sense of who the person you just spent four hours with is.

BRAD

I know what you mean.

SUE

And to top it off, you can't even
fuck.

Wait, what? Whoa. Where did that come from? Need to
project it on Brad.

Brad is shocked by what he just heard.

That's better.

BRAD

I'm sorry. Can't fuck?

SUE

Yeah. The only reason I do this is
because I want a little pop in my
top, you know? You're my last hope
before I go the craigslist route.

Craigslist? Is that safe? Will it be "flagged for
removal"? Hahaha. No, that sucks. But, it stays.

BRAD

Uh, well, I don't know, Sue.

There you go. Make Brad a pussy. Don't let the female
audience know what guys really want. Put the female in the
driver's seat. There's your Lifetime angle, Playa.

SUE

Hey, have you ever entered a room
and noticed that the other person
in it didn't see or hear you come
in?

BRAD

What?

SUE

Like they were too busy to know you
were there.

BRAD

I...guess...so?

SUE

And what did you do?

BRAD

I got their attention. said hi or
whatever.

SUE
Right away?

BRAD
Yeah. Isn't that what you're
supposed to do?

SUE
It's not what I do.

BRAD
And what's that?

SUE
Well, I pause, you know? I really
take in the fact that this person
has no idea I'm in the room, and
then I start to wonder what it is
exactly that I could get away with.

BRAD
Ugh...get away with?

SUE
Yeah. I mean, if the person
doesn't know you're there, you
could get away with anything. You
could get their attention, give
them a little scare, sneak up
behind them and snap their neck
like a fucking twig. Whatever you
wanted.

BRAD
Did you just say snap their neck?

SUE
Sure. It's completely possible if
they don't know you're
there. Snap! See ya! Then you
have sex with their corpse.

BRAD
What?

SUE
There's most likely one last load
sitting in there somewhere, primed
for baby making. You wouldn't want
that to go to waste would
you? Would you!

Damn. Sue's pissed. Or weird. Same diff. Pissed women
are weird.

BRAD

I suppose not.

SUE

That's what I thought. It's no different than a praying mantis biting the head off its latest conquest. It's nature. They just want the sperm.

BRAD

I suppose you're right.

An awkward silence. Could be long, could be short. It's entirely on the smart director.

SUE

So, you wanna fly off to Vegas, maybe get married and father one of my children in one last hurrah?

Brad, unsure how to respond, thinks over his words carefully. His reply.

BRAD

Maybe.

There you go, Brad. Don't give into temptation immediately, but don't lose that internet dating stigma either. This is why you rock, and I rock for creating you. I'm done here.

FADE OUT:

And, I think I'm done. Well, I'm not sure. It just seems like a really weird place to end things. Then again, the whole script is weird, so why should now be any different?

I know, I know. A nice neat ending and all that, but what do I care, I stuck a typewriter up Captain Format's ass. Because it's in the subconscious, you're compelled to fabricate a nice, neat ending. What if we go back to the Stuffy English Guy?

FADE IN:

INT. HOME LIBRARY - NIGHT

Stuffy English Guy lies dead on the ground, covered in bees.

FADE OUT.

No, that won't work. I know I said it before, but this writing thing is really hard! Well, what if you take something you remember from before and expand on it? You mean like, make something better? Yeah, that's it. That will do nicely for an ending. Here goes.

FADE, MOTHERFUCKER, FADE!

Fade in on the biggest goddamn gunfight you've ever seen in your life.

Bullets are flying, limbs are flying, and the curse words are flying from three SHOOTERS.

SHOOTER # 1

Fuck you!

SHOOTER # 2

Suck my cock!

SHOOTER # 3

Fellate a curling iron, you no culture having, douchebag sippin', dick suckin, ass eatin', propellor hat wearin', diaper changin', gatorade drinkin'--

Is Gatorade copyright infringement? Ah, fuck it. It stays.

FADE OUT:

THE END