

UNTITLED SHORT: A TRUE VOMIT DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A SIGN out front reads: CHRISTMAS EVE CONCERT 5PM

An orchestra of INSTRUMENTS rush to get in tune.

The sign blinks off.

INT. LARGE CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A CONDUCTOR taps his baton on the music stand and the dark hall goes quiet as he raises his hand.

A spotlight highlights: JAKE, male, 20s, a young janitor in a fresh new uniform, hand raised, ready to lead the non-existent orchestra.

The house lights snap on.

MARVIN (O.S.)
You clean up row two yet?

MARVIN, late 70's, as tired and wrinkled as his uniform, leans over the balcony rail, overlooks the empty hall.

Jake slumps from the conductor's stand.

JAKE
It's too gross.

MARVIN
What'd you think this job was,
polishing violins?

JAKE
How about you take the front, I'll
take the back?

Marvin pushes from the rail.

MARVIN
How 'bout we call the Queen of
England, have her do it?

JAKE
You don't have to get smart.

MARVIN
It felt right.

MINUTES LATER

Marvin stands in the main aisle of the hall, hands Jake a bucket of sawdust.

MARVIN

First, you give it a dusting.

Jake glances under the seats of the second row.

He vomits.

MARVIN

Now you're just goin' backwards.

MINUTES LATER

Jake sits several rows back from the offending site.

Marvin tosses him a damp cloth. Jake leans back, places it on his forehead as Marvin plops next to him.

MARVIN

It's just your basic Christmas vomit. Egg nog, maybe an appetizer or two mixed in.

JAKE

Please stop.

MARVIN

That's nothin'. Next week, it'll be caviar and champagne.

Jake leans forward, vomits again.

MARVIN

Jesus, kid. You spew more than the Jet d'Eau.

(off Jake's look)

It's a fountain in Switzerland. Just cause you're a janitor don't mean you can't read.

Jake flops back in his seat. Marvin starts down the aisle, but stops when Jake doesn't follow.

MARVIN

You're gonna need more sawdust.

Jake pushes from his seat, follows Marvin.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Scooping from one of several large barrels, Marvin tops off a second sawdust bucket.

He hands it to Jake, now dressed head to toe in protective gear. Goggles, long rubber gloves, an apron. He even wears a mask over his nose and mouth.

MARVIN

This a concert hall or a Superfund site?

JAKE

I'll do twice as many rows.

Marvin ignores him, turns for the door.

MARVIN

Worst was 1983. Afternoon performance. Class of rich second graders, here for a special Star Wars concert. Money to burn.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marvin and Jake carry several buckets.

MARVIN

Got here an hour early. Ran through the concession stand in minutes. Popcorn. Gummi Bears. And, pickles on a stick. Called 'em Yoda snacks. Topped it all off with cases of that Pop Rocks candy and soda pop.

The men turn the corner, back into

THE MAIN HALL

MARVIN

When the music started --

Marvin mimics the opening theme to Star Wars as Jake very tentatively splashes sawdust along row 2.

MARVIN

Ba, ba, ba, bum, bum... Those little kids -- they got so excited. Started bouncing in their seats -- You ever put your thumb over the top of a soda bottle and shake real hard?

Jake nods, slowly.

MARVIN

First one blew -- started a chain reaction. It was a war zone.

Jake puts his hand over his mouth.

MARVIN

You're a real sensitive one, ain't ya'?

JAKE

You do the first 5 rows, I'll do the last 30. Final offer.

Marvin heads up the aisle.

MARVIN

(over his shoulder)

I'm trying to teach you, kid. You're too busy throwin' up to notice.

LATER

Halfway down the aisle, Marvin scoops a handful of trash into a near-full bag and plops into one of the seats.

Jake mops the second row. Finished, he drops the mop into a bucket and scoots for the aisle.

Something catches his attention, under the seats. He stops, picks it up.

JAKE

Twenty bucks. I found twenty bucks!

Marvin smiles as Jake runs to him.

JAKE

What do I do?

MARVIN

You put it in your pocket.

Jake hesitates.

JAKE

No. You should take it. Being your last day and all.

Marvin snatches the money, stuffs it in Jake's pocket.

MARVIN
I got everything I need at home.

Jake sits next to Marvin.

MARVIN
You're the head guy now.

JAKE
I'm the only guy now.

MARVIN
Naw. Big days like today, they'll
bring in help. But you -- you
always take the front rows. That's
where the money sits. All kinds of
things get dropped up there.

Marvin looks at his watch, stands.

MARVIN
My wife is expecting me.

JAKE
(joking)
How's an old coot like you keep a
wife?

Marvin smiles.

MARVIN
You should see her weddin' ring.

He heads up the aisle.

MARVIN
All yours now, Jake. Merry
Christmas. And, don't forget row
four. Stage level. That's where the
real good stuff is.

Marvin pushes out the door, it swings shut behind him.

Jake dives for row four.

FADE OUT.