

Marilyn & Me
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EXT. PARK - DAY

Children play. People walk their dogs. Everyone is happy.

BERT, 20s, artsy guy. He stands next to an easel with his boring-as-fuck landscape painting.

Bert's attention is fixed on a group of JOGGERS. His eyes light up. Bert spots what he's been waiting for...

BERT (V.O.)
She was like the unlimited pancake
deal at IHop...

Amongst them trots MARILYN, 20s, a stop and stare beauty.

BERT (V.O.)
...because when I first saw Marilyn's
warm, brown complexion, my heart
melted like butter.

Marilyn jogs past Bert, who is lost in her beauty.

BERT (V.O.)
I thought such pure beauty existed
only in my art.

For the first time, we reveal Bert's ill-fitted track suit.

BERT (V.O.)
So the plan was simple. Wait until
she takes a break, then make a move...

Bert keeps great pace directly behind Marilyn.

LATER

The group charges on with Marilyn at the front of the pack.

Bert, yards behind, almost collapses. He can't keep up.

BERT (V.O.)
...but my shoes were too small, which
sadly prevented me from continuing...

Bert is about to heave a lung as he watches Marilyn disappear.

BERT (V.O.)
I was down. But not despaired.

NEXT DAY

The group charges past Bert. He stretches his legs --

Then hops on his bicycle. Bert spots Marilyn in the center.

BERT (V.O.)
 Together, we would view exquisite
 artifacts around the world. Take
 culinary classes. Explore all that
 was new. Marilyn would be perfect.

Bert paces himself behind the group -- but a PARK RANGER
 stops him. He point to a 'NO WHEELS ON THE TRAIL' sign.

Bert is escorted off. Marilyn slows down to catch her breath.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Bert rips down an unfinished painting from his easel.

BERT (V.O.)
 Meanwhile I couldn't finish a piece
 for a rapidly approaching deadline.
 And what do you call an artist with
 no art? A bum.

Bert slumps to the ground in frustration.

BERT (V.O.)
 With no money meant no flat. And no
 flat meant... no place for Marilyn.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bert paints on his easel, still, uninspired.

BERT (V.O.)
 If only I could have just talked to
 her. If only I could have gotten
 one simple hello. If only, she hadn't
 shown up twenty minutes earlier than
 her usual time, accompanied with...

THE DEVIL, 20s, handsome and burly. Definitely belongs to a
 frat. Probably valedictorian, class clown, star quarterback,
 and whatever else cool shit Bert is not and never will be.

Bert stares in shock.

BERT (V.O.)
 Who was he? Who was this hazel-eyed,
 pearly-whites, perfectly-toned bastard
 jogging and chatting with my Marilyn?

The perfect duo jog out of sight.

NEXT DAY

One stroke of paint lies on the all white canvas. Bert stands
 next to his easel, deep in thought, facing the jogging trail.

BERT (V.O.)
It had to be a fluke. The probability
of my Marilyn being in relations
with such an uncultured, insolent
fool was close to none.

Bert's paintbrush snaps in his fist.

He glares at The Devil and Marilyn, jogging together again.

BERT (V.O.)
But it was no fluke. Marilyn had
indeed... broken my heart.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Bert furiously paints on a large canvas.

BERT (V.O.)
I could not think straight. Why did
she stay with this Kanye West-
listening bloke? Was she aware of
the strain she was putting me through?

Bert finishes up a MASTERPIECE.

He sets it to dry next to numerous remarkable pieces of work.
Bert picks up another beige canvas and gets to work.

BERT (V.O.)
No. It was him. He was ruining my
future. Our future. Nothing was
going right for me. Nothing.

INT. ART SHOW - NIGHT

Big fat 'SOLD' labels hang next to every one of Bert's pieces.

Bert, despising his existence, is surrounded by LOVING FANS.

BERT (V.O.)
Everything I worked for, everything
I ever dreamed of becoming, suddenly
all meant nothing to me.

Fans take pictures with Bert. His cold glare never changes.

BERT (V.O.)
I just had to have her.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bert, on the bench, nervous like the first day we met him.

BERT (V.O.)

I only had one chance. One chance to whisk her away to our beach home in the Caribbean. I had to pull her away from Sponge-Bob square-chin, and I was ready. But just as quickly as I was excited, I became confused.

The Devil comes into view -- Alone.

BERT (V.O.)

No Marilyn. He was alone. Had she finally dumped this prick?

Bert stares at the empty path ahead of him, pondering.

BERT (V.O.)

But then it downed on me. What if sweet Marilyn was in danger? What if the captain of all captains hurt her in some sort of way?

Bert stands and takes a long hard look at The Devil.

BERT (V.O.)

Had the poster boy of Abercrombie and Fitch harmed my Marilyn?

INT. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR OFFICE - DAY

Bert hands a SHADY INVESTIGATOR a fat wad of cash.

BERT (V.O.)

Days later, after I personally searched for my soul-mate, a private investigator informed me that Perfect-Paul's background was clean. Clean like a brand-spanking-new toilet seat. If only I could have given him information on her. Anything. But I knew nothing of my Marilyn...

Bert storms out of the office.

BERT (V.O.)

... Not even her real name.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bert, baseball cap concealing his face, stands under a tree.

BERT (V.O.)

I knew what he had done. I knew what he was capable of. So I did what any gent like myself would do.

He eyes The Devil jogging along.

Bert grabs his bicycle from behind the tree and trails him.

EXT. CAFE SHOP - DAY

The Devil stands in line. He sees a friend and chats.

BERT (V.O.)
He disguised himself as an average
citizen, doing non-conspicuous things.
Things like getting a cup of coffee...

Bert watches The Devil's every movement.

EXT. PET SHOP - DAY

Through the window, Bert watches The Devil cradle a puppy.

BERT (V.O.)
...going to work...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The Devil reads a small book. Bert glares from a dark corner.

BERT (V.O.)
...reading...

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Devil climbs in bed. He cuts the light off.

OUTSIDE

Bert pushes off the windowsill and bends down as he ponders.

BERT (V.O.)
He even slept...

Bert peers back up into The Devil's window.

BERT (V.O.)
...all night...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bert works on a brilliant painting, all while keeping a watchful eye on the entrance of the jogging trail.

BERT (V.O.)
But I knew he did something. He did
something cruel to my Marilyn. Evil.
(MORE)

BERT (V.O.)
Marilyn's mother, Jane, must have
been worried. So worried about her
dear Marilyn. Poor, worried, worried
Jane. If only I could give her a
call and tell her. Tell her that I
will avenge her daughter's death.

Bert pulls out a sharp paint scraper.

BERT (V.O.)
Tell her that he will kill no more.
Tell her that I will eradicate this
man from the face of this earth as
soon as he emerges his despicable,
sack-of-muscled self from the gloomy
depths of the jogging trail.

The Devil emerges. Without hesitation, Bert hastens forward.

BERT (V.O.)
I will look him in the eye and tell
him! Tell him why his blood is on
my hands! Why the warmth he once
felt from his soul is now pouring
out from his soon to be carcass onto
the cold, cold, pavement! I was
going to do it! I was going to bring
justice to this mad game we call
life, but then... but then she said --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Nice pic.

Bert snaps his attention toward yet another BEAUTY.

She smiles at Bert and picks up a Frisbee. Bert watches her
trot toward a game of Ultimate Frisbee.

Bert drops his weapon, mesmerizes by the sheer beauty of --

BERT (V.O.)
Nickie...

The jogging group passes behind Bert, but they go unnoticed.

A few feet behind everyone, Marilyn struggles to keep up.

Bert can't take his eyes off of sweet, sweet Nickie.

BERT (V.O.)
She was like the chicken Teriyaki
sandwich at subway...

BLACK