

Multiplex
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FADE-IN:

INT.BEDROOM.DAY

It's a bright early morning.

Various Movie posters hang on the walls. All types of genres can be seen such as comedies, horror and drama.

Action figures are proudly displayed out of their boxes.

A clock on the wall displays 7:15.

Vigorous TYPING can be heard from a computer keyboard.

We PAN around the room until we see an attractive male in his early 20's, typing away at his desk - This is KYLE.

He continues to type as thoughts seamlessly come to his mind. Yet, pauses for a second as if writers block begins to kick in.

KYLE

No that doesn't make sense.

Kyle grabs a composition notebook sitting on top of his desk. Opens the book and skims through the pages as if he was recalling something.

A car horn BEEPS from the outside of the house.

VOICE (O.S.)

Come on! Let's go!

Kyle looks up at the clock displayed above his desk.

KYLE

SHIT.

Kyle jumps of the seat and exits the frame, taking the notebook with him. A black shirt with a neon green collar can be seen overhanging on the chair.

A brief moment later, Kyle enters the frame to grab that shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT.KYLE'S HOUSE.DAY

Two males are sitting in a run down vehicle outside the house, both in their early 20's as well.

Kyle exits his front door and starts to locks up.

The driver of the vehicle begins to yell at Kyle - This is TODD.

TODD

Holy shit! What took so long!

The second male is in the backseat slumped over holding his head - This is PHIL.

PHIL

I told you, stop fucking yelling!

Kyle flips them off as he walks towards the vehicle. Then proceeds to enter on the passenger side.

TODD

Let's fucking start this day right!

Todd begins to blast HEAVY METAL. The car PEELS off.

CUT TO:

EXT.COFFEE SHOP.DAY

FADE IN:

POV: Wide view of a COFFEE SHOP. Birds are CHIRPING. Every parking space is taken, busy from the morning crowd.

Heavy metal starts fading in the background, gradually getting louder.

The run down vehicle enters the frame, running over the curb as it enters the parking lot.

TODD decides to lower the MUSIC.

TODD

Shit, my head still hurts from last night.

PHIL

Yeah, I'm not feeling too good.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Kyle you should of been there man.
The party was sick!

KYLE
(hesitant)
Yeah sorry guys...just didn't feel
like going out.

TODD is driving around the parking lot looking for an empty space closer to the building.

TODD
What do you guys want to do after
work tonight?

PHIL
Try to top last night.

TODD
Hell yeah! KYLE you in man?

KYLE
Nah, not tonight guys. I might just
head home afterwards.

PHIL
Really? You're going to bail on us
again?

KYLE
I actually wanted to work on
something I've been thinking about
lately.

TODD
What the hell is so important that
you'd rather go home instead of
partying with us?

KYLE
Well...Remember back in high school
we had ideas of writing a movie
script?

PHIL
Shit man, you're still on that?
It's been like what...4 years? I
thought we dropped that.

KYLE
With the amount of movies we watch
at the Multiplex, I figured I'd
give it a shot myself.

(CONTINUED)

TODD sees an empty spot and parks the car.

KYLE

We never completed the script
because we didn't know how it would
end.

TODD completely ignoring Kyle points to a sign in the window
promoting a new "Mocha Latte".

TODD

Fuck yeah! They have a new
mocha-CHOKA-latte!

Saying the sentence nice and slow, emphasizing the choke
part. TODD Shakes his hand in a jerking-off motion while
looking at KYLE. TODD turns the engine off and all three
step out. They proceed to walk towards the entrance of the
coffee shop.

INT.COFFEE SHOP.DAY

KYLE, TODD and PHIL enter the coffee shop.

KYLE

(Looking at TODD)
Don't embarrass me again ok.

They step in-line behind a gentleman currently being served.

CASHIER

Thanks come again. Next!

KYLE, TODD and PHIL step up to the counter.

CASHIER

What can I get you guys this
morning?

TODD

Yeah can I get that new
mocha-CHOKA-latte.

PHIL is laughing in the background.

CASHIER

The what?

TODD quickly points to the menu board behind the cashier.
Cashier turns to see what he is talking about. TODD does a
jerking-off motion again to the cashier again while her back
is turned. Realizing what TODD is doing, KYLE slaps his arm.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Why?...everytime we go somewhere...

KYLE looks back at the cashier.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, just the new mocha latte
and a coffee.

KYLE turns to PHIL to see what he's going to order.

PHIL

(Groggy)

Same.

Kyle turns back to the cashier.

KYLE

Two coffees, sorry.

PHIL

And a muffin!

KYLE

(with an attitude)

Anything else? Seriously?

CUT TO:

KYLE, TODD and PHIL grab their order from the cashier and walk towards the tables to find a place to sit.

TODD

(looking at kyle)

What the hell is up your ass today?

KYLE

I don't know man, I'm just in a rut
right now.

PHIL

What do you mean?

KYLE

I mean working at the Multiplex.
We've been out of school for years
now and I have nothing to show for
it.

PHIL

Probably because you hang out with
us.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

That's probably why.

TODD

(Defensive)

HEY FUCK YOU!

KYLE

No, I mean we do the same thing day-in and day-out. I feel like we should already be doing something with our lives instead of working at a rundown piece of shit theater.

PHIL

Yeah, but like what?

TODD

Let's go rob a bank...no...

TODD pauses for a second, thinking of what else they can do.

TODD (CONT'D)

(smiling and nodding his head in approval)

...We could steal a kid!

PHIL laughs, then decides to throw a piece of his muffin at him.

KYLE

No dip shit, we just need a change, take a road trip or something...Clear our heads. Look around, this town just keeps getting shittier and it's not helping the situation. That's why I wanted to work on the script again or maybe even start a new one. At least I'd feel like I completed something for once in my life.

PHIL

Alright I'm down.

TODD

I mean I guess it'll be fun. The road trip is a bad idea though, I can't just leave. Shits getting good with me and Chelsea.

TODD demonstrates a humping motion.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Yeah but you've only been dating
for like what, three months? It'll
get worse...trust me.

PHIL is taking is time eating his muffin. KYLE looks at his
watch.

KYLE

Shit, we should probably go. Our
shift starts in like a half hour
and your dumb-ass forgot his shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT.COFFEE SHOP- MOMENTS LATER

A car pulls up in the parking lot right outside the window
where they are sitting. A convertible easily reveals an
attractive woman with giant breasts and a low cut tank top.

CUT TO:

INT.COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

TODD

Oh shit guys, check it out.

CUT TO:

EXT.COFFEE SHOP- SAME TIME

The Woman's feet hit the ground as she gets out of her car.
Long legs are shown off from the short skirt she's wearing.

CUT TO:

INT.COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

PHIL's jaw drops in disbelief. The muffin falls out of his
mouth that he was eating.

CUT TO:

EXT.COFFEE SHOP- SAME TIME

The woman opens the back seat door. She begins to unbuckle
her two year old son sitting in the high chair.

CUT TO:

INT.COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

TODD
Come to daddy!

The three of them continue to stare out the window.

TODD (CONT'D)
Look at those tits! Id suck on them
all day!

KYLE
The hell's the matter with you, she
has a kid.

TODD
So! Shit I'd get one titty while he
gets the other. Little fuck doesnt
need both.

KYLE
Seriously...what is wrong with you?

CUT TO:

TODD is acting like he's sucking on the womans breasts,
making suckling sounds out loud.

CUT TO:

EXT.NEIGHBORHOOD.DAY

TODD, KYLE AND PHIL are back in the car, driving to TODD'S
house.

KYLE
Make it quick. We're already
running late.

CUT TO:

EXT.TODD'S HOUSE.DAY

Car quickly pulls up to the driveway, only to see clothing
all over the lawn.

PHIL
You didn't tell us you were having
a yard sale.

TODD
The fuck?..I'm not...

(CONTINUED)

TODD proceeds to jump out of the car in a panic. KYLE and PHIL remain confused in the car.

TODD (cont'd)
CHELSEA! THE FUCK IS GOING ON?

CUT TO:

Exterior shot of the house with the front door open. CHELSEA can be heard screaming within the house.

CHELSEA
YOU FUCK!

CHELSEA continues to throw TODD's belongings out the front door.

CHELSEA
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SLEPT WITH HER!

CUT TO:

KYLE and PHIL sit helplessly in the car.

KYLE
(mumbling under his breath)
Oh shit.

PHIL is in the back seat biting his knuckle, trying to hold in the laughter.

PHIL
Dude, you slept with someone else?
I thought Chelsea would be the only
girl to sleep with your ugly ass.

CUT TO:

Still standing on the lawn, TODD looks back at the car dumbfounded.

TODD
The fuck is she talking about?

TODD looks back at the house.

TODD (cont'd)
Baby I'd never do that to you! Come
out here, we'll talk about this!

CUT TO:

A woman walks out the front door psychically looking exactly like CHELSEA, making TODD talk to her without a question.

(CONTINUED)

TODD (cont'd)
Baby, what is going on with you? I
would never cheat on you.

Woman stands there silently smiling at TODD, making him
puzzled. Another woman steps out from the house and stands
next to her twin sister - This is CHELSEA.

CUT TO:

KYLE/PHIL
OH FUCK!

CUT TO:

TODD
You never told me you had a twin!

CHELSEA
I wanted to surprise you and freak
you out. But no...instead, you
paraded your tiny cock to my
sister.

CHELSEA'S sister, KYLE AND PHIL all chuckle in the
background. CHELSEA quickly smacks her twin sister in the
arm.

CHELSEA (cont'd)
Shutup! I'll deal with you later.

CUT TO:

KYLE
I bet that road trip idea is
looking pretty sweet right now huh?

PHIL is in the backseat laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT.MULTIPLEX PARKING LOT.DAY

Exterior shot of the Multiplex. Movie posters are framed in
showcases outside of the building. A movie called "Slasher"
can be seen in the Multiple showcases with the words "World
Premiere Tonight!" at the very top.

TODD'S vehicle enters the frame.

PHIL
You realize we're never going to
let this down right?

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Seriously, how was I supposed to
know she had a twin?

KYLE
Forget her man. Just hurry up,
we're late.

Vehicle SCREECHES into a parking spot.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

KYLE, TODD and PHIL rush into the Multiplex, jiggling the
little door bells. Directly in the front is THE
MANAGER sitting at the ticket window, reading a Playboy
magazine. THE MANAGER Looks up as they walk through the
front door.

MANAGER
You guys are late...

CUT TO:

POV: 180 degree view of an empty lobby. Employees are doing
nothing but goofing off: reading magazines, cracking each
others backs and playing catch with a handball.

CUT TO:

MANAGER
Nah, like I give a fuck about this
place. Get your shirts on, game
starts in ten.

Manager looks back down at the magazine then proceeds to
flip the page.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER - SAME DAY

KYLE is sitting on the concession stand located in the
lobby, writing down ideas for a script.

TODD and PHIL are at opposite sides of the lobby wearing
hockey masks and holding giant brooms upside down. They are
playing a round of "Speed-Ball" against each other. The
other employees are crowded around watching. THE MANAGER is
standing directly next KYLE looking on.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
(Talking to KYLE)
Would you take a break from that
already. Play a round with us.

A handball flies past PHIL'S face, hitting the wall behind him.

TODD
Point!

PHIL
Fuck! That shouldn't count.

TODD
Three to nothing bitch!
(Talking to kyle)
Yeah take a break from that, you
never play with us. Plus, PHILs
sucking dick today.

MANAGER
(looking at kyle as well)
It's true.

PHIL
Fuck you guys man.

KYLE
Alright, alright.

KYLE places the notebook down and decides to take PHIL'S position.

KYLE (cont'd)
How do I play again?

TODD
Simple. It's basically extreme
handball.

PHIL
Merged with hockey.

TODD (CONT'D)
Use the broom instead of your
hands. Hit this wall behind me and
its point.

KYLE
(Looking at the broom)
Alright, simple enough.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE proceeds to put on the hockey mask. Holding the handball, THE MANAGER gets in the middle of the lobby.

MANAGER

You twats ready?

Manager looks at both KYLE and TODD. Employees get closer in excitement.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Someone keep a look out for the owner, never know when that wrinkle sack shows up.

CUT TO:

An employee sitting on a stool located near the entrance, looking out the window.

EMPLOYEE #1

Already on it!

CUT TO:

Manager then drops the ball to the ground. KYLE and TODD both run after the ball. TODD gets to it first and makes a pass. The handball goes flying towards the wall. It ricochets off a movie poster in the background and hits one of the employees standing on the side lines directly in the face.

EMPLOYEE #2

Fuck! My nose!

CUT TO:

Lifting up his mask, TODD gets closer to THE MANAGER.

TODD

That count?

MANAGER

Hell yeah it does.

CUT TO:

The Employee is holding his head back trying to stop the blood from pouring down his face.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER (cont'd)
Alright. Round two. Although I
don't know how we can top that.

Off screen we hear the employee scream louder in agony.

KYLE and TODD get into position. Manager looks at both of
them, then drops the ball. They both run after the handball
again but slam into each other this time.

TODD
It's mine bitch!

KYLE
Fuck off!

KYLE and TODD continue to slam each other until KYLE sees an
opening and takes the shot. The handball goes flying past
TODD, hits one of lights in the ceiling and smashes it. The
ball continues to bounce past the employees until it finally
hits the wall on TODD'S side.

MANAGER
That's a point! Plus extra for
breaking one of the lights.

KYLE
Eat it!

TODD takes off his mask yet again to look at the ceiling.

TODD
Nice shot!

MANAGER
Alright, who's up nex--

CUT TO:

The employee keeping an eye out for the owner quickly cuts
the manager off as he was talking.

EMPLOYEE #1
Fuck! The Owner's here!

CUT TO:

MANAGER
Hide the masks! Everyone act like
you're doing something...and
someone clean up the glass!

CUT TO:

EXT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

A Jaguar pulls up into a parking spot in the front of the theater. OWNER turns off the car and steps out of the vehicle. Walks towards the Multiplex.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

MANAGER quickly scrambles back to the ticket booth located near the entrance.

MANAGER

(Mumbling under his breath)

I fucking hate when he shows up out of nowhere. Ruined a good game....and fuck!...

MANAGER slams fist against the counter from the stress.

MANAGER (cont'd)

(Again mumbling under his breath)

....I have to take the biggest shit right now.

CUT TO:

Front doors open. OWNER walks into the building, setting off the little bells again. Camera pans from the floor to his head. OWNER takes off his glasses and gazes around the lobby.

CUT TO:

POV: 180 degree view of the lobby again. Only this time every employee can be seen acting busy: cleaning the counters, vacuuming, stocking the candy and making popcorn.

CUT TO:

MANAGER (cont'd)

Hey boss! Didn't expect you in today.

OWNER

Yeah I was in town. Figure I'd check up on the place. Good to see everyone looking busy.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

(Laughing nervously)

Well, when I'm the manager on duty
I make sure things get done.

OWNER

That's why I pay you.

OWNER starts walking towards the employees. He Notices KYLE
cleaning up a small pile of glass on the floor.

OWNER (cont'd)

And what happened here?

KYLE

You know what it is? It's these
damn new fluorescent bulbs, always
breaking for some reason.

KYLE and THE OWNER look up at the ceiling.

OWNER

Tell me about it. Everytime I come
here I see someone cleaning up a
pile.

THE OWNER pauses for a second and looks up at the ceiling.

OWNER (CONT'D)

(confused)

I guess I'll see what I can do with
the next shipment.

KYLE

Yeah that would be great. Ask for
the older style.

OWNER

Had no idea there was an older
style. I'll definitely ask for
them.

OWNER starts to walk away.

KYLE

(mumbles under his breath)

Old style bulbs? Fucking jack-off.

OWNER quickly turns around.

OWNER

Sorry, did you say something?

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Yeah, hopefully switching back to the old style pays off.

OWNER

Let's hope. Keep up the good work...

KYLE

It's Kyle sir.

OWNER

Kyle...right...

CUT TO:

OWNER walks away again. Continues to look around, inspecting everything. Walks near the concession stand where TODD is standing.

POV: OWNER slides his finger across the dirty glass, making his finger covered in dust.

OWNER (cont'd)

Make sure these counters are washed good.

OWNER noticed something on the ground where he is standing.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Why is there a red stain on the rug?

CUT TO:

POV: OWNER stepping in the blood-stained carpet.

CUT TO:

TODD

To be honest...

TODD looks around, leans towards the owner and waves him to come closer.

TODD (cont'd)

(whispers)

We hosted a birthday party earlier today and we think someone got their period.

OWNER'S face shows nothing but disgust.

(CONTINUED)

TODD (cont'd)
Don't worry though, we sanitized
it.

OWNER
Well clean it again!

OWNER walks away towards the front of the lobby with a look
of disgust still on his face.

OWNER (cont'd)
If anyone needs me, I'll be in my
office. I won't be long so don't
disturb me. Just need to grab a few
things.

OWNER walks into his office and slams the door.

CUT TO:

Every employee working drops what they are doing and gives
the finger.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.HOUR LATER

KYLE, TODD and PHIL are behind the concession stand.

TODD is running as cashier. KYLE is writing into his
composition notebook.

PHIL is looking at the popcorn machine likes he's never used
one before. Presses the "ON" button. Picks up a popcorn
seasoning box and reads the instructions on the side of the
box. Adds a little bit of the seasoning to the batch. Still
looking confused, continues to add the entire box to that
one. Powder flies everywhere.

PHIL
Shit guys, I make the best popcorn.

KYLE and TODD keep looking at the OWNER'S office.

KYLE
How long you think he'll be here
for?

TODD
No idea.

Looking at the office with a blank stare.

(CONTINUED)

TODD (CONT'D)

I bet he's jacking one off as we speak.

KYLE nodding his head in agreement.

KYLE

We all know that's all that office is good for.

PHIL

Hey, you ever wanted to see what a person's face would look like if they drank piss?

KYLE

Where the fuck did that from from?

TODD

So, it's just me then?

PHIL walks over to join the two of them.

KYLE

Hey! Keep an eye on that batch, we all know it overflows when you make it.

PHIL

Alright...alright...

PHIL walks back towards the machine.

PHIL(CONT'D)

Hey man if you're dead serious about the script, why don't you ever bounce ideas off of us?

TODD jumps over the counter to sit on top of it.

TODD

Yeah, we can come up with award winning shit. I mean remember that time we wrote that paper together for high school and got an A?

KYLE

You mean the paper I wrote by myself while you guys were baked, playing Call of Duty?

(CONTINUED)

TODD/PHIL

Oh yeah...

KYLE

Besides, you guys would do nothing but ridicule me about my ideas and where I want to go with it.

CUT TO:

Two older looking customers walk out from their moving showing to purchase popcorn.

They walk up to the counter.

KYLE (cont'd)

How can I help you?

CUSTOMER

Yeah, can I just get...a medium popcorn?

PHIL'S in the background with a scared look on his face, like he wasn't expecting anyone to buy popcorn today. Picks up a medium bag and begins to fill it up with the batch he just made.

KYLE

Sure that will be \$8.15.

CUSTOMER

\$8.15? This better be good popcorn. Every time I come here, some jackass always puts way too much butter and seasoning on it.

KYLE

I'm sorry to hear that sir. Not sure who made it last time...

KYLE subtly looks at PHIL.

KYLE (CONT'D)

But of course, if it's not up to your standards, feel free to come back for a refund.

After PHIL gets the popcorn, he decides to add even more seasoning to the top of the bag while KYLE and the CUSTOMER are talking.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
(mumbles)
Fuck you.

CUSTOMER
And hurry up! The movie was getting good.

PHIL
Here you go sir! It's on the house.
She's a heart stopper.

Customer grabs the bag and walks away. TODD can be seen in the background flipping them off behind their back.

CUSTOMER
(Under his breath)
Jackasses.

CUT TO:

TODD
So come on seriously, what's this "big idea" you got going on?

KYLE
I don't know that's the thing. I just know I want something big...bigger than this shit hole.

PHIL
Yeah but who can say they fuck off this much at work and get paid for it?

PHIL points to the employee sitting on the stool from earlier before.

CUT TO:

Employee that was keeping watch for THE OWNER is picking his nose.

CUT TO:

KYLE, TODD and PHIL shake their heads in disgust.

TODD
He's got a point...milk it while you can my man. Plus, we get to see every movie that comes out for free. Just promise me you won't write a shitty a remake.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Or another love story. God knows we have enough of those.

TODD

Speaking of which, isn't Rebecca working later today?

KYLE

(surprised)

Oh, I don't know. I haven't checked the schedule yet.

TODD

When the fuck you going to man up and ask her out?

PHIL

You've had a crush on her since we were in 11th grade, nows your chance!

TODD

Come on dude...hit that shit while you can. Another year or so and her pussy will wrinkle up faster than a long day in a pool.

KYLE

You guys are asses.

CUT TO:

OWNER steps out of the office. TODD quickly jumps down from the counter.

OWNER

Alright boys, I'm out for the night. I'll be back in town next month to check up.

CUT TO:

Employee quickly grabs a broom and starts sweeping the floor. THE OWNER walks past him and heads towards the exit.

EMPLOYEE #1

Have a good one!

CUT TO:

OWNER exits the building.

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE #1 (cont'd)
I'll tell you boys when...

Employee is still acting like he's sweeping the floor while he watches THE OWNER get into his car.

CUT TO:

At the same time, two more customers walk into the lobby from their movie to buy candy.

CUT TO:

Employees hear the engine start and watch the OWNER drive out of the parking lot.

EMPLOYEE #1 (cont'd)
And we're in the clear!

CUT TO:

MANAGER
Fucking a...

Manager quickly runs out of the ticket booth holding his butt and goes past the two customers.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Someone watch the front! I'm crowning!

Showing disgust on their face, they quickly turn back around to go back into their movie.

CUT TO:

PHIL
Alright, fuck face is gone! We're in the clear.

All employees begin to cheer. TODD, who is super excited, decides to grab the handball they were using earlier.

TODD
Game on!

Throws the handball at the wall with excitement. It bounces off and hits the same employee from before in the face again.

EMPLOYEE #2
Fuck! Every fucking time!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24.

CUT TO:

MANAGER walks out from the bathroom holding the Playboy magazine and zipping up his pants.

MANAGER
That was a close one.

Notices the same employee from before with another bloody face.

MANAGER (cont'd)
(confused)
Who threw that? That's a point.

CUT TO:

The employee holding back blood again.

EMPLOYEE #1
Fuck guys! My mom's going to kill me.

CUT TO:

EXT.MOVIE THEATER - LATER THAT DAY

Exterior shot of the Multiplex. Parking lot is empty. Sounds can be heard of the employees playing 'Speed-Ball'.

CUT TO:

INT.MANAGERS OFFICE.DAY

KYLE is in the office looking at the employee shift schedule. Finger points to the day of the week and notices REBECCA'S name listed.

A beautiful woman in her early 20's and blonde hair enters the frame quietly behind Kyle - This is REBECCA.

REBECCA
Expecting someone?

KYLE turns around in a startle.

KYLE
Oh no...was just double checking my schedule for the week.

REBECCA
Yeah, okay.

They both start to laugh. REBECCA smiles.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (cont'd)
I had fun last night.

KYLE
Yeah, it was amazing.

REBECCA
Did you tell them yet about us?

Looks out through the door window from the office at TODD and PHIL.

KYLE
No not yet. Just gives them another reason to make fun of me.

REBECCA'S face drops, taking that as an insult.

KYLE (cont'd)
No no that's not what I meant...

REBECCA sighs in relief.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I'm not good with this.

REBECCA
It's Okay.

REBECCA continues to smile.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What time does your shift end?

KYLE
I still have another hour or so.

REBECCA
Oh, So we get to work together for a bit huh?

KYLE
Yeah...I Guess so...

KYLE smiles back, nervously doesn't know what to say next.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND. DAY

TODD and PHIL are slacking off reading a 'Big Bones' magazine at the consession stand. Magazine is held sideways with a very large naked woman on the cover.

TODD

On a scale of one to gay, how much money would it take for you to suck a fart from her ass?

PHIL

Fuck that, she'd eat me first before I ever get to second base.

TODD flips the page.

TODD/PHIL

(shocked)

Oh God!

Heard from a distance, a car door slams. PHIL looks up.

PHIL

You've got to be shitting.

TODD

What?

PHIL

"It's" working tonight.

TODD perks up at the entrance.

TODD

Fuck!...Is it too late to call out?

CUT TO:

EXT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

Just outside the Multiplex stands BETSY - early 20's, short, overweight and wearing large black glasses whose fashion taste is questionable.

Betsy is getting dropped-off by her parents who are sitting in the front seat of a car. Her Mother is driving as the father sits in the passenger seat.

BETSY'S MOM

You call me at soon as you're done okay?

(CONTINUED)

BETSY

Okay mom, I love you.

Father takes a sip of a beer bottle, shaking his head in regret.

BETSY'S MOM

If I don't pick up after three rings, it means mommy's making her money okay?

Father drunkenly laughs, mimicking a blow-job.

BETSY

Yes Mom.

BETSY'S MOM

Okay, give me some sugar.

BETSY kisses her mother goodbye. Car PEELS off.

BETSY takes out lipstick from her purse and applies it heavily, glaring at the Multiplex. Adjusts her thick glasses.

BETSY

Tonight's the night...I can feel it.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

TODD and PHIL are looking out the windows with a vulgar look on their face.

PHIL

My god...just look at it.

TODD

If we ignore it, it'll go away right?

Front doors open in the foreground, jingling the bells.

PHIL

(hastily)

Trolls can only be killed by throwing them in fire!

BETSY walks up to the consession stand.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY
Oh hey guys!

TODD
Betsy! Didn't know you were working today.

BETSY
Of course, I work most closing shifts you know that.

TODD
Right...right...

PHIL
Is that because the sun kills you?

TODD nonchalantly laughs.

BETSY
Very funny...so is KYLE working today?

PHIL
No he quit a few days ago, didn't you hear?

BETSY face drops as if her heart just shattered.

PHIL (cont'd)
Nah...I think he's just pooping.

BETSY'S suddenly has a foul look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT.MANAGERS OFFICE.DAY

KYLE and REBECCA continue to flirt with one another in the office.

REBECCA
After my shift ends, how about you come over again to my place?

REBECCA playfully touches KYLE's arm.

KYLE
Yeah that would be--actually I wanted to go home and work on a project of mine if you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Oh yeah? What's that?

KYLE

Well unlike most people here, I want to start doing something with my life. But in-order to do that I need inspiration, and lately I think I know what's going to fix that.

REBECCA

...like?

KYLE

Remember back in high school we all took film class together?

REBECCA

(laughing)

You're not telling me you want to work on that god awful script again?

KYLE

...maybe?

REBECCA

Oh my god, I remember when you guys acted it out for the class, it was nothing but TODD humping PHIL for most of it.

KYLE

(laughs)

Yeah that was fun...but no no I just have the urge to write again, to be creative and tell a story from my point of view.

REBECCA

Well, you should've seen my point of view last night.

KYLE

(laughs)

Stop that! That was loud.

REBECCA

Alright, alright...Well if you feel this is what you need then I'm onboard 100%.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Really?

REBECCA

Of course, why wouldn't I be? I want to see you happy. I know how much this place gets to you.

KYLE

Well I told TODD and PHIL my idea and they just laughed.

REBECCA

So fuck them.

KYLE

Hey!

REBECCA

Sorry, didn't mean it like that.

KYLE

They're my best friends regardless how they act.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND - SAME TIME

TODD is humping PHIL'S head furiously while BETSY stands there helplessly.

TODD

YEAH! EAT IT!

CUT TO:

INT.MANAGERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

REBECCA

I know that but sometimes you have to wonder whose setting yourself back, you or them? I think they're great...I really do, but we're not going to be working here forever.

KYLE

I hope not, shit I'm surprised this place hasn't been closed down yet.

REBECCA

(jokingly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (cont'd)
So what's the story about? A prince swoops into town, saving the princess from humanity?

KYLE
I don't know yet, that's why I wanted to go home tonight and write some ideas down.

REBECCA
Well I'm happy for you.

KYLE
Thanks.

REBECCA
Oh shit, we should probably get out there.

KYLE
You're joking right? It's been a ghost town all day.

CUT TO:

INT.MANAGERS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

MANAGER can be seen talking on the phone.

MANAGER
Really?...Your grandma died so you're not coming in?...You realize this is the fourth time you've used that excuse right?

Hangs up the phone in rage.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Fuck!

Looks out the window from the office and notices TODD and PHIL stocking the candy.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND.DAY

Behind the register, TODD is reading the candy boxes as he passes them to PHIL.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Hey this expired two years ago, you think it's still good?

PHIL

I don't know. The customers don't seem to mind.

CUT TO:

MANAGER opens the office door. Walks towards the concession stand.

MANAGER

Hey guys, I'm running pretty short on staff tonight. You guys mind filling in?

PHIL

Yeah I guess so, could use the money.

TODD

(Shoving candy in his mouth)
Yeah...that's fine with me.

CUT TO:

KYLE and REBECCA exiting the office together. BETSY perks up knowing KYLE is working today.

KYLE

(talking to rebecca)
See, no one is here.

BETSY

Hey Kyle!

KYLE

Oh Hey...Betsy...Didn't realize you were in tonight.

BETSY

Why does everyone say that? It's like you guys ignore me or something.

KYLE and REBECCA looks BETSY up in down, shaking their heads in disapproval.

MANAGER abruptly walks directly in front of BETSY as if she was a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

Hey Kyle...

KYLE and REBECCA snap put of a trace.

KYLE

Yeah...

MANAGER

Would you mind closing tonight? A few people called out.

KYLE looks at REBECCA and smiles.

KYLE

No yeah that good with me. Should be a breeze seeing how dead it was today.

MANAGER

Don't fucking jinx it. That new 'Slasher' film premiers tonight. Every theater is expecting a crowd.

TODD

It's going to be a killer man!

REBECCA

Has it really been that dead?

MANAGER

We sold five tickets in the past hour. Three of which were refunded because the movie didn't play on time.

CUT TO:

From around the corner, the projectionist walks into the frame. Shirt off and his hair's a mess as if he just got out of bed.

PROJECTIONIST

What's up guys?

TODD

Oh sit! I didn't even realize you were here today.

PROJECTIONIST

Yeah I got bored in the booth upstairs...so I took a nap.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
(laughing)
What else is new.

CUT TO:

The two customers that were recently sold movie tickets storm into the lobby. Walk up to the counter.

CUSTOMER #2
Hey! Is anyone going to start our movie anytime soon? This is ridiculous.

PROJECTIONIST looks at the MANAGER. Eyes wide open realizing what he did, he quickly reacts.

PROJECTIONIST
YEAH! That's why I'm out here! This is ridiculous!

Employees are trying not to laugh in the background.

CUSTOMER #2
At least I'm not the only one! Everytime I come here there's always a problem.

PROJECTIONIST
You're telling me buddy, this place blows!

MANAGER
(sarcastically)
I'm so sorry...I know we've been having technical difficulties lately. I'll double check with our projectionist to see what the problem is this time.

PROJECTIONIST
Fuck that! Give me something free!

Customer see's how enthusiastic the PROJECTIONIST is, he decides to get on the same level.

CUSTOMER #2
Yeah!

TODD gets PHIL'S attention by pointing to the expired candy.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

No! That I will not do. I apologize
the movie is starting late but I
can't do that.

TODD quickly interjects.

TODD

Non-sense! Here you go sir, take
whatever you want.

CUSTOMER #2

At least someone here knows the
customer's always right.

Customer grabs a box of candy.

CUSTOMER #2 (cont'd)

If the movie doesn't start in five
minutes...I want a refund!

The two customers walk back towards the theater where they
came out of.

CUT TO:

Awkward moment of silence from everyone standing around the
concession stand. PROJECTIONIST is standing there with his
arms crossed.

PROJECTIONIST

I should probably start the movie
shouldn't I?

MANAGER

That's usually how it works.

PROJECTIONIST nods his head in agreement. Starts to walk out
of the frame. Comes back into the frame to grab a box of
candy. Then exits.

CUT TO:

MANAGER is about to storm into his office, walking past KYLE
and REBECCA.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Oh and before I go hang myself...I
need the marquee changed outside
for new movies coming out. I need
two of you idiots up there.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
I'll do it!

TODD
Fuck yeah! Me too!

MANAGER
Kyle, you mind doing changing it
with Phil? I don't trust Todd with
a ladder.

TODD
You have a point, I don't trust
myself either.

MANAGER storms into the office.

KYLE
(talking to REBECCA)
We'll talk more once I'm done.

REBECCA
(smiling)
Yeah...I'd like that.

Looking from afar, TODD gives a disdain look of suspicion.

BETSY standing in the corner glares at REBECCA.

PHIL
To the roof!

PHIL hops over the consession stand walking past BETSY.

BETSY
I'll be waiting for you Kyle!

PHIL
You hear something?

KYLE
Nope.

CUT TO:

EXT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

KYLE and PHIL are carrying a ladder to the front of the
building. They extend the ladder and place it against the
roof.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
You got it?

PHIL
Yup.

KYLE climbs the ladder first, followed by PHIL. Now both of them are on the roof about to change the marquee for tomorrow's showings. They stare at the large letters with a blank stare.

PHIL (cont'd)
I picked last time man, you decide
what you want tonight.

KYLE, still staring, begins to laugh.

KYLE
I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND.DAY

REBECCA and TODD are together behind the counter. REBECCA is getting a cup of soda. BETSY is sweeping the floor in front of the right-hand side of the counter.

TODD
You sly fox.

REBECCA
What are you talking about?

TODD
You know exactly what I'm talking
about.

TODD demonstrates putting a finger in one hand through a hole in the other.

REBECCA
You are such a pig.

TODD
ha! That wasn't denial was it? How
long you guys been spanking the
monkey?

BETSY perks her head up and gets closer to hear better.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

(laughs)

I hate you so much. How did you figure out?

TODD

Oh give me a fucking break! He hasn't smiled that much since he lost his virginity to his cousin.

REBECCA

WHAT?

TODD

...It was a third or fourth cousin...very drunk. We didn't know until months later.

REBECCA

Don't tell him you know. He thinks you and Phil are going to bust his balls over this.

TODD

Are you kidding! He's had a crush on you for like...ever!

REBECCA

(disbelief)

...really? I didn't know that.

TODD

Shit I thought he was always bailing on us to jerk-off at home.

Ignoring TODD, REBECCA looks outside the front window smiling.

CUT TO:

BETSY

I'll show her...

CUT TO:

EXT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

Phil perks his head up, smiling at what they've just done.

PHIL

It's beautiful!

(CONTINUED)

Camera PANS to a wide angle shot of the Multiplex. Instead of displaying movie titles, KYLE and PHIL rearranged the letters to say "Honk For Fat Chicks", visible from the nearby highway.

A CAR HORN can be heard in the distance.

KYLE/PHIL

Thanks!

PHIL

So come on man talk to be about this script. TODD'S not here so you won't be judged.

KYLE and PHIL both sit down to enjoy the view.

KYLE

I don't know...

PHIL

It's me dude. Come on don't be a bitch.

A car horn can be heard in the background again.

KYLE/PHIL

(Waving to the car below)

Thanks!

KYLE

I don't know what I want to do with it. I keep changing my mind, reason it's been taking so long. Everytime I think I have an idea, a month later...a movie is coming out with the exact plot.

PHIL

Like the Notebook?

KYLE laughs.

PHIL (cont'd)

You know what it is, you're trying too hard.

KYLE

Can you blame me? Don't you want something more than this?

PHIL

What...you don't think I do? Shit man, I think about that every day. This town is getting worse...doesn't help our situation.

A car honks again with people yelling.

DRIVER/PASSENGERS

FUCK YEAH! I FUCKING LOVE FAT CHICKS!

PHIL

See what I mean?

KYLE

(laughing)

Yup.

PHIL

Stop trying to force ideas. Let them come to you.

KYLE

You're probably right.

PHIL

Look around, write something based off this town or what we go through every day. I'm sure that would sell for a million bucks.

PHIL laughs from the stupid idea. KYLE looks at PHIL like he just won the lottery. Realizing that might just be the inspiration he was looking for all these years.

Car doors can be heard from below. KYLE looks down.

POV: Parking lot is completely full. People are walking to the Multiplex for the "Slasher" premier.

KYLE

How long have we been up here?

TODD and REBECCA suddenly slam open the front door of the Multiplex and yells up to both KYLE and PHIL.

REBECCA

What the hell is taking so long? We're getting slammed for this premier!

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Yo twat lips! Once we clear the lobby I have the perfect idea to fuck with the audience!

KYLE

(talking to phil)

Alright, let's take this down and get back inside.

A truck passes by, honking a very long horn.

PHIL

This never gets old.

CUT TO:

EXT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

POV: Over the shoulder view of A MYSTERY MAN, wearing a brown trench coat and a black trilby hat, is sitting in a parked car overseeing the Multiplex. He was Watching KYLE and PHIL take down the letters they had just placed. Face cannot be seen.

MYSTERY MAN

This should be an interesting night.

MYSTERY MAN reaches into his trench coat and pulls out a small notepad. Opens his notepad and CLICKS his pen. Begins to write on the paper.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.DAY

KYLE and PHIL rush into the entrance only to notice a very long line of people waiting to purchase tickets.

MANAGER was assisting a few kids just barely in their teens.

MANAGER

Get your asses in here and help!

KYLE

...fuck me...

Kyle and PHIL push their way through the crowd to get to the lobby exiting the frame. The black trilby hat can be seen above the crowd from a man standing in line. The MYSTERY MAN pokes his head out in suspicion. He is wearing sun glasses.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER
(talking to the kids)
You guys are over 18 right?
Otherwise I can't let you see the
movie.

Kids look at each other scared that they might be rejected.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Ha! You should've seen your faces
you! Go ahead you little shits...I
don't care.

MANAGER lets the kids through without paying. MYSTERY MAN
witnesses the transaction. Opens his notepad and begins to
the write again.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND.DAY

Lobby is full of customers waiting to get food and drinks.
REBECCA and TODD are running the cash registers.

A few customers begin to backlash due to the long wait. One
customer, sporting a mohawk, begins to yell.

CUSTOMER #3
Hey come on! Our Movie starts soon!

TODD
Hey! You better relax before you
get sent to the back of the
line!...next!

KYLE and PHIL rush in and hop over the counter.

REBECCA
Finally! Can you believe how packed
we are?

KYLE
I know! We never get like this!

REBECCA
The hell took you guys so long? You
guys making out or something 'cuz
you have me for that you know.

KYLE
I know I'm sorry we lost track of
time.

(CONTINUED)

Betsy is at the register as well trying to assist customers as fast as she can.

BETSY
So just a coke?

TODD
What the fuck are you doing? Go in the back or something we don't need your help.

Betsy rushes to the back storage area located just behind the counter.

CUSTOMER #4
I thought pets weren't allowed in thee types of establishments?

TODD
It's a wild beast, been trying to train it for awhile now.

CUSTOMER #4
Man was it ugly.

TODD
Phil we need another batch going! Pronto!

PHIL
Alright, I'm on it!

BETSY pokes her head out from the storage area.

Phil rushes to the machine passing the doorway where BETSY is hiding. He grabs a very large cupfull of kernels and pours it into the machine, followed by two boxes of seasoning. Hits the ON switch and hurries back to help customers in line. Leaving the popcorn machine unattended.

Standing on line is A SASSY BLACK LADY and HER BOYFRIEND. SASSY BLACK LADY - early 30's, short and long black hair. HER BOYFRIEND - late 30's, attractive, tall, in shape and short kept hair.

SASSY BLACK LADY
Oh baby...

Looks around the crowd building up.

SASSY BLACK LADY (CONT'D)
You didn't tell me this was a white people movie. These fuckers are crazy.

(CONTINUED)

SASSY BLACK LADY'S BOYFRIEND
I know that's why I wanted to see
this! Was told the movie would make
us jump out of our seats.

POV: The popcorn machine starting to KRACKEL and popcorn
begins to fall.

Kyle and Rebecca are working as a team trying to get the
line down.

KYLE
Next!

CUSTOMER #3
Hey come on hurry up already!

TODD
The fuck did I say before! Don't
make me hop this counter...I will
fuck that mohawk of yours!

Customer places his hands in the air as if he wasn't
expecting that type of response.

POV: Popcorn machine starting to fill up.

REBECCA
What can I get you guys?

At that moment, the MYSTERY MAN enters the lobby and waits
at the back of the line. Quickly looks around the place.

POV: Popcorn machine begins to overflow, covering the floor
below.

BETSY notices the popcorn fall but doesn't turn off the
machine.

TODD
What do you guys need tonight?

The sassy black lady and her boyfriend walk up to the
counter.

SASSY BLACK LADY
Yeah can I get two large popcorns
and two cokes?
(looks to her boyfriend)
Baby what you want?

TODD
 (looking her up and down)
 Can I suggest a diet coke?

SASSY BLACK LADY
 Did you really just ask me that?
 (looks at her boyfriend again)
 Baby, aren't you going to say
 something?

The sassy black lady's boyfriend looks her up and down as well.

SASSY BLACK LADY'S BOYFRIEND
 Yeah, a diet would be great.

SASSY BLACK LADY
 Oh nice...real nice!
 (looks back at TODD)
 ..it's our first date....

TODD
 (mouth open)
 Oh!...fancy....I'll be right back
 with that order.

Todd turns around and notices the overflow of popcorn on the floor.

TODD (cont'd)
 (quietly)
 Oh fuck! Dude you didn't watch the
 machine!

Phil doesn't hear Todd because he's talking to two beautiful women with excessive cleavage.

PHIL
 Get out of here, they're real?

The women giggle and twirl their hair.

SASSY BLACK LADY
 Hey what the fuck is taking so
 long?...I swear these white people
 move so slow.

TODD
 Hold on for one second!...fucking
 a...

Todd grabs two large empty buckets. Just as he's about to grab the popcorn from the machine.

(CONTINUED)

SASSY BLACK LADY
I would of made him my bitch in
prison. I'm about to make a review
on Yelp.

Pulls out her phone.

SASSY BLACK LADY'S BOYFRIEND
Baby you can't say that! The fuck
is wrong with you!

Smacks the phone out of her hand.

SASSY BLACK LADY
Oh look what you did! Making a big
woman bend over. You know that
makes me fart.

She bends over to pick up the phone. Her boyfriend's face
shows disgust.

Being fed up with the customers attitude, reaches for the
machine. Since she is too busy picking up her phone she
can't see what TODD is doing. Instead of getting popcorn
from inside of the machine, bends over to the floor and
scoops up the overflowing popcorn. Then returns back to the
counter.

TODD
Here's your popcorn!...It's on
me!...go.

SASSY BLACK LADY'S BOYFRIEND
You see baby...he's nice as hell.

Couple grab their popcorn and go on their way.

Right behind them is the Mystery Man writing down what he
just saw.

MYSTERY MAN
(to himself)
...popcorn on the floor...

Kyle and Rebecca finish up with a customer.

KYLE
Next!

Being so transfixed with writing down his note, the Mystery
Man doesn't hear Kyle.

PHIL

Yo! Inspector Gadget! Move it!

Mystery Man looks up in suspense.

MYSTERY MAN

Right....right..of course
(clears his throat)

KYLE

What can we get you?

MYSTERY MAN

Yes can I get one medium popcorn,
one box of Junior Mints...
(looking at the menu)
...and the nacho combo.

Kyle and Rebecca look at each other confused.

KYLE

Alright...coming right up!

Kyle goes to get his order. Rebecca leans over the counter.

REBECCA

How high are you?

CUSTOMER #3

Holy shit! How long does it take to
get popcorn around here!

TODD

Oh you're fucking dead!

Todd jumps over the counter in front of the Mystery Man. Camera says fixed on the Mystery Man. Sounds of PUNCHING can be heard in the background, followed by someone UNZIPPING their pants.

TODD (O.S.)

I WARNED YOU BITCH!

Mystery Man witnesses the BRAWL and shakes his head. Pulls out his notepad yet again and begins to write.

TODD (O.S.)

OH YEAH!

The Sassy Lady and her Boyfriend also witness the fight.

(CONTINUED)

SASSY BLACK LADY
Oh fuck!...is he...is he fucking
that mohawk?

SASSY BLACK LADY'S BOYFRIEND
Baby let's go, I want to get good
seats.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND.DAY - HALF HOUR LATER

The lobby is completely empty. All customers have gone into the showing of the "Slasher" premier. TODD, PHIL and the MANAGER are behind the counter. KYLE and REBECCA are leaning against the glass. All are exhausted, hunched over. Popcorn is all over the floor and counters.

BETSY is still in the back room peeking out.

KYLE
That sucked...

REBECCA
Yeah I was not expecting that type
of turn out.

MANAGER
God I hope that shit bag isn't
sleeping again and played the movie
this time.

TODD
Fuck it! Let's get a round going.

Pulls pulls out the handball and raises it up.

KYLE/REBECCA/PHIL
NO!

TODD
(disappointed)
Alright...fine...

BETSY, realizing there are no more customers, opens the door.

TODD tosses the ball behind him since no one wants to play, smacking BETSY in the face. She falls down creating a CRASH.

PHIL
The hell was that?

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

No idea.

All pause for a second to listen carefully. Silence.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Whatever it was, it's gone.

KYLE

You guys thinking what I'm thinking?

TODD/PHIL

yeah boy!

REBECCA starts to laugh.

REBECCA

You guys have fun. I'll stay this time to watch the front.

MANAGER

Yeah I should probably get this mess cleaned up...nah who am I kidding.

TODD and PHIL jump over the counter laughing.

TODD

Oh this is going to be epic!

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.NIGHT

KYLE, TODD and PHIL are standing outside in the hallway of packed theater. KYLE opens the door every so slightly to get a peak of the audience.

KYLE

Shit guys. This is crazy!

TODD

I know! So let's take advantage of it.

CUT TO:

TODD and PHIL sneaking behind the large screen where the movie is playing. KYLE is still standing in the hallway just outside the doors of the theater.

KYLE peaks inside at the audience and turns on his walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
(beep beep)
You guys in position?

BETSY seemed to follow the three of them and pops her head out from the corner of the hallway, located behind KYLE.

TODD and PHIL are quietly crawling behind the screen so no one in the audience notices their shadows.

PHIL
psssst!...Watch your head.

TODD is getting so excited that he hits his head on one of the crawl space beams.

TODD
Fuck!

Sitting in the audience is the sassy black lady. She hears the noise Todd made.

SASSY BLACK LADY
What was that?

Tugs on her boyfriend's arm who is sitting next to her.

SASSY BLACK LADY (CONT'D)
You hear that? The fuck was that?

SASSY BLACK LADY'S BOYFRIEND
I don't know but this movies
getting good!

KYLE
(beep beep)
Guys, you there?

BETSY is applying more lipstick.

PHILS crawling behind TODD trying not to laugh from his stupidity.

PHIL
(beep beep)
Yeah, just a minor set back.

TODD
(whispering)
Fuck you dude!

KYLE

(beep beep)

Alright at the very peak of the music, I'm going to flick the lights on and scream.

PHIL

(beep beep)

Yup...and we know what to do.

TODD and PHIL are nodding their heads in agreement, trying not to laugh.

At this point in time KYLE is listening to the packed audience, waiting for the right time to scare them.

He hears the music building up.

KYLE

(beep beep)

Guys this is it. On three.
one....two....three!

KYLE quickly flicks on and off the lights to the theater, slams the entrance doors and screams off the top of his lungs.

TODD and PHIL stand up and start screaming as well. Their shadows take over the screen.

The SASSY BLACK LADY jumps out of her seat and popcorn goes all over her boyfriend.

SASSY BLACK LADY

Oh fuck! This shits interactive!

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

KYLE, TODD and PHIL meet each other in the main hallway of the Multiplex, laughing about what they just did.

TODD

Oh my god! That was awesome!

PHIL

Gets them everytime!

The three of them begin to walk towards the lobby. However, BETSY pops out from the corner where she was watching, startling them.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Oh fuck! It's alive!

PHIL
What the hell are you doing?

BETSY completely ignoring TODD and PHIL.

BETSY
Hey Kyle.

CUT TO:

Manager shows up from around the corner in the direction of the lobby.

MANAGER
Hey shit stains, get back up here and help out. It's worse than we thought.

CUT TO:

TODD
Fuck this dude, I don't want to die.

PHIL
Neither do I!

They both run towards the lobby, leaving KYLE stranded with BETSY.

CUT TO:

BETSY
I've been waiting all night for this.

KYLE
Shit...

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND - MOMENTS LATER

TODD and PHIL return to the lobby only to notice the manager slumped over the counter. REBECCA is sweeping the popcorn off of the floor.

TODD
Damn dude I know it was a rough night but it wasn't that bad.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

No...it's not that. I mean...that
didn't help but that's
not...nevermind.

PHIL

Fucks the matter?

MANAGER

It's a personal thing.

TODD

Well come on tell us already!

REBECCA

Calm down Dr. Phil.

TODD

Hey! Whoa!...Just trying to help a
friend here.

PHIL starts to laugh.

MANAGER

It's the Misses...

PHIL

Oh shit, marriage problems. She
guess it right with the Dr. Phil
reference.

MANAGER

No No...we're fine...it's
just...well you guys are good with
the ladies right?

Rebecca snorts from laughing. TODD, PHIL and the MANAGER
glare at her.

REBECCA

I'm sorry...please continue...I'm
dying to know where this is going.

MANAGER

What else...what can I do...you
know...

TODD

Oh for fucks sake spit it out
already.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

(sighs)

What can I do
differently...sexually.

PHIL

ooh!

REBECCA

On that note...I'm out. I'll go see
what's taking Kyle so long.

Rebecca places the broom against the wall and walks towards
the theaters.

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

KYLE

What did you need Betsy, we have a
mess to cleanup so make it quick.

KYLE tires to walk past BETSY but she blocks the way.

BETSY

Every day you come in here and
ignore me like I'm nothing.

KYLE

We all do, what's your point.

KYLE once again tries to pass BETSY but is quickly blocked.

BETSY

I know what you're trying to
pull...and between you and
me...it's working.

KYLE

Obviously it's not, you're still
here.

BETSY

You're playing hard to get.

BETSY gets closer to KYLE but he slowly walks backwards.

KYLE

(sarcastically)

Wow!...what makes you think that?

(CONTINUED)

BETSY

I've never wanted you more.

KYLE

that's...nice...but I'm taken.

BETSY

By who...Rebecca? She's got nothing against me.

KYLE

You mean besides the great looks, perfect teeth and great hygiene...yeah...you're a pick in my book.

BETSY

Kiss me.

KYLE accidentally walks backwards into a garbage can standing in the middle of the isle.

KYLE

WHAT?

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND - MOMENTS LATER

TODD

Oh...I got just thing to relight the kindle my friend.

MANAGER

Really...what's that?

TODD

The shocker!

PHIL

Oh man, every chick I've been in loves that.

MANAGER

The shocker? I've never heard of that. I have Amazon Prime get I get it their?

The MANAGER starts to pull out his phone from his pocket.

TODD

No no...instead of concentrating just on the front end...

(CONTINUED)

(demonstrates the move with
his hands)
...you get your trusty pinky
ready...and BAM!...the shocker.

MANAGER

Hmm I never tried that before. She
hates anal though. I tried surprise
butt sex once and I was in the dog
house for weeks.

PHIL

Trust us man, when you set the mood
just right...candles...rose
pedals...excessive amounts of
lube....every girl loves the
shocker.

The MANAGER stands there with an astounded look on his face.

PHIL(CONT'D)

(demonstrating with his hand)
'Two in the pink, and two in the
stink'!

TODD

Exactly...wait no...the fuck? It's
one in the stink...

PHIL

No, it's two. That's why they have
the saying 'two in the pink and two
in the stink'.

TODD

The fuck is that? You giving her
the "Spock" treatment?...this isn't
Star Trek. It's two in the pink and
one in the stink.

PHIL

There's no way...it's definitely
two.

The MANAGER stands there looking at his own hand, trying to
perform the move.

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca heads towards the hallway in search of KYLE.

BETSY
Kiss me!

KYLE
Fuck no!

BETSY
Do it kyle! I know you want this!

Rebecca shouts for Kyle to see where he is.

REBECCA
Kyle?

BETSY
I'm so wet right now...

KYLE
Oh Fucking a...

BETSY leans in and kisses KYLE, holding him in close so he can't escape.

REBECCA
Kyle? Where did you go? You're missing the worst conversation right now...

REBECCA turns the corner to where the both of them are standing. She stops in a hult, shocked to see what is happening.

REBECCA (cont'd)
THE FUCK IS THIS?

KYLE pulls BETSY off.

KYLE
Rebecca...it's not what you think I swear.

REBECCA quickly turns back around and heads back to the lobby.

KYLE (cont'd)
Shit...

KYLE runs after REBECCA, leaving BETSY smiling.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE (cont'd)
Rebecca wait!

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND - SECOND LATER

TODD
Dude I'm telling you it's two in
the pink and ONE in the stink.

REBECCA enters the lobby quickly walking past TODD, PHIL and
THE MANAGER. She heads for the exit.

PHIL
Rebecca wait!...How many fingers do
girls like in their ass?

Without a glance, REBECCA raises the middle finger to the
air just before exiting the building.

TODD
See I told you...it's one!

PHIL
Fine...you were right.

CUT TO:

EXT.MULTIPLEX PARKING LOT.NIGHT

KYLE proceeds to chase REBECCA in the parking lot.

KYLE
Rebecca stop!

REBECCA stops and turns around.

REBECCA
What the fuck just happened?

KYLE
I swear to you it's not what it
looked like.

REBECCA
I mean out of all
people...Betsy?...BETSY?

KYLE
Holy shit it's not like that...she
kissed me!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
She did what?

KYLE
She came onto me...she kissed ME!

REBECCA'S body language changes to catch her breath.

REBECCA
So you guys...aren't?...

KYLE
FUCK NO! Why the fuck would I leave you for her? That's like Shrek going for the ogre instead of the princess! ...which By the way...what a shitty way to end the movie.

REBECCA realizing he's telling the truth and starts to laugh.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You have to believe me.

REBECCA
I believe you but if you ever want me to kiss you again...
(laughing)
you better rinse that mouth out.

KYLE
...it tasted like death...

REBECCA
Shit I never thought in a million years we'd be in this situation.

KYLE
You mean the world to me. I would never do that for you. Just promise you don't turn into an ogre.

REBECCA laughs even more.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(comforting)
Come on let's go back inside.

They both heads towards the Multiplex.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
You realized she dead right.

KYLE
Oh yeah...

REBECCA
And really?...your cousin?

KYLE abruptly stops.

KYLE
...how did?...

REBECCA
Todd.

KYLE sighs and begins to walk again.

KYLE
We were drunk, I didn't know till
months later.

REBECCA
Oh you don't have to explain
yourself perv.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND. NIGHT

TODD is sitting on the counter as usual and PHIL is making more popcorn. The MANAGER is with them as well, leaning against the candy showcase with his arms crossed.

KYLE and REBECCA enter the building.

PHIL
Everything alright?

TODD
Yeah the hell was that about?

REBECCA
Betsy's dead, that's what happened.

TODD
(jumping up and down in
excitement)
YAY! THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Not yet...but she will be once I
get my hands on her.

TODD

Oh...

KYLE

Just a misunderstanding.

REBECCA and KYLE lean up against the glass, to relax and
catch their breath.

Moment of awkwardness.

TODD looks at PHIL shrugging his shoulders.

PHIL

Alright, alright..."Fuck, Marry or
Kill?"

KYLE/REBECCA

Oh come on!

PHIL

Optimus Prime, Betty White or
Hitler?

KYLE

Really man? This game is getting
old. We need something new to play.

PHIL

...fine.

Another moment of silence between them.

MANAGER

(quietly)

...I would of fucked Betty White...

TODD

(snaps his fingers)

Got it! "Receive, Steam or Cream?"

REBECCA

What's that?

TODD

(Counting his fingers)

A: Take it in the ass, B: Shit on
their chest or C: Cum on their
face.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Oh dude that's sick!

TODD
Same three people! Go.

KYLE
(laughing)
You got a sick mind. That's why we
keep you around.

MANAGER
(Quietly again)
...I'd let Betty White fuck me....

CUT TO:

INT.MEN'S BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

POV: Close up of the bathroom sink. Hands enter the frame,
faces and body are unseen. They continue to wash.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND.DAY

PHIL
Ok...Ok I got it.

PHIL turns towards the popcorn machine.

The men's bathroom door can be heard in the distance.

PHIL(CONT'D)
Actually this one's hard.

KYLE and REBECCA perk up realizing who just walked out of
the bathroom.

KYLE
Phil...

TODD smacks KYLE to quickly shut him up.

PHIL
No no I got this...Okay...I'd take
it from Optimus Prime, cum on Betty
and SHIT on Hitler.

PHIL quickly turns back around laughing to see everyone's
reaction.

(CONTINUED)

POV: TWO HASIDIC JEWS stand quietly at the counter, blank expressions on their faces - 40's, black attire with black brimmed hats, long curly sideburns.

PHIL(CONT'D)

Oh Shit. I didn't mean that...I'm so sorry.

HASIDIC JEW #1/HASIDIC JEW #2

(Nodding their heads in agreement)

We would of done the same.

They proceed to walk past the counter towards the theater showing.

MANAGER

(Laughing)

I love this game! Ok lets play a new one. "Swallow, Spit or Face"?

KYLE and TODD look at him with disgust.

TODD

...the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The crowd exiting the theater. Popcorn can be seen being thrown into the air.

CUT TO:

INT.CONCESSION STAND - SECONDS LATER

KYLE looks at his watch.

KYLE

Shit they went fast.

MANAGER

Alright let's make this fast so we can all go home. I'll close the doors once everyone leaves.

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

KYLE, REBECCA, TODD and PHIL are pushing through the crowd trying to get to the theater.

TODD
Alright keep it moving.

They arrive at the entrance of the theater.

TODD (cont'd)
Come on let's go we don't have all night.

The end of the crowd can be seen walking out.

REBECCA
I still can't believe the turnout.

KYLE
I know this was crazy.

The doors close behind the last few people exiting.

PHIL
I guess that's everyone.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER -MOMENTS LATER

TODD sticks his head into the dark theater making sure no one else is inside before turning the lights on.

Alone in the dark is THE MYSTERY MAN looking around taking notes, still wearing his sunglasses.

TODD
Hey come on man, shows over.

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

TODD takes his out of the doors.

TODD
Fucking hate people who stay for the credits.

PHIL
Can't blame him. Every movie coming out now has an extra scene at the end of it.

(CONTINUED)

POV: TODD, REBECCA, TODD and PHIL break characters and look directly into the camera.

The theater doors open. THE MYSTERY MAN exits holding his notepad.

MYSTERY MAN

Ladies...

TODD points to KYLE.

MYSTERY MAN(CONT'D)

I've had a pleasant time here tonight.

He closes his notepad and CLICKS his pen.

MYSTERY MAN(CONT'D) (cont'd)

Enjoy the night...

MYSTERY MAN exits the frame.

PHIL

How the hell did a blind guy watch the movie?

All of them shrug their shoulders confused.

CUT TO:

MYSTERY MAN pokes around the main hallway. Looks around to make sure no one is watching then enters an empty theater.

CUT TO:

TODD

Alright you guys ready to do this?

POV: TODD flicks the theater lights on located just outside the doors.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER - SECONDS LATER

POV: Theater doors open. KYLE, REBECCA, TODD and PHIL enter the theater. Their faces drop. Looking around the theater shocked.

KYLE

Holy shit.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

POV: 180 degree view of the trashed theater: popcorn is everywhere, empty soda cups and popcorn buckets are in the seats and in the isle, soda stains are visible on the walls as well as the screen.

CUT TO:

PHIL

This place is a disaster!

REBECCA

We're going to be here all night.

They all walk further in the theater.

TODD

Oh come on!

KYLE

What now?

TODD

Fucking half empty box of
candy...that's just a waste!

TODD starts to eat the candy out of the box.

REBECCA

That's fucking repulsive.

The lights start to flicker.

KYLE

Hey come on we're trying to clean
here!

The lights cut out completely.

An overhead speaker can be heard turning on.

REBECCA

What the hell?

PROJECTIONIST(O.S.)

(clicking sounds)

This thing on?

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN LOBBY - SAME TIME

Manager is standing next to the exit doors as the crowd leaves the building.

MANAGER

Okay lets go, lets go.

Just as the last few people are about to exit, THE MANAGER pushes them from behind to speed them up.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Alright come on. You can talk more once you go back to your mom's basement.

Doors are quickly shut then locked from the inside. MANAGER peaks around the lobby, making sure no one is left. Bites his lips then looks at his watch.

MANAGER

If I'm quick, I'll have just time before they finish cleaning.

MANAGER rushes out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER - SAME TIME

KYLE and REBECCA are standing around dazed and confused, looking up at the ceiling.

Theater screen flickers on to a bright white background.

PROJECTIONIST(O.S.)

Ladies and gentleman, please take a seat for you are about to witness the greatest puppet show ever!

Slapping PHIL in the chest, TODD stands there shocked with his mouth opened.

TODD

Oh fuck yes! I've been waiting all week for this!

TODD quickly hops into an empty seat and grabs a half empty popcorn bucket nearby.

PROJECTIONIST(O.S.)

I'd like to introduce the "Doughnut and Sausage" show!

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
The hell?

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN LOBBY- MOMENTS LATER

POV: Empty lobby. Lights are dim indicating closing time.
BETSY enters into the frame.

She looks around to see where everyone went.

BETSY
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER- MOMENTS LATER

Upon the bright projection screen is a shadow cast of a circular doughnut. Flimsy arms and legs tangle off the object as if it was poorly put together.

PROJECTIONIST(O.S.)
(high pitched)
Well hello boys and girls!

KYLE
What the hell is this?

TODD
I totally pitched this idea.

Stuffs popcorn into his mouth. Phil reaches over to grab some as well.

REBECCA
Wait wait wait...If that's the
doughnut...then where's the
sausage?

Over the loudspeaker, pants can be heard slowly unzipping.

KYLE/REBECCA
NO! NO! NO!

POV: A long shadow the shape of an erect penis enters the projection screen.

PROJECTIONIST(O.S.)
Well hello Mr. Jizzle!

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
There's no way that's to scale.

CUT TO:

INT.MANAGERS OFFICE -MOMENTS LATER

POV: Messy desk filled with pens, movie stubs, calendar and a bobblehead.

MANAGER(O.S.)
Alright let's make this quick.

POV: MANAGER places his cell phone down on the desk with a full screen image of Betty White.

INT.MAIN LOBBY- SAME TIME

BETSY continues to look around for anyone. She walks closer to the consession stand but realizes no one is in front.

Looking around some more she notices a bright light coming from the manager's office.

POV: Light peaking through the bottom of the closed door.

BETSY starts to walk towards that direction.

CUT TO:

INT.MANAGERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

POV: Cell phone is still placed on the desk. Jerking off sounds can be heard coming from the manager.

MANAGER(O.S.)
Oh yeah. You dirty girl. I'd let
you fuck me so good. You were
always my favorite Golden Girl.

A faint knock can be heard just outside the door. BETSY opens the door.

BETSY
Did everyone go home?

MANAGER
Oh FUCK! GET OUT!

BETSY
OH MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER
GET THE FUCK OUT!

BETSY
IS THAT YOUR?...

MANAGER
I'M TOO CLOSE TO STOP NOW!

BETSY runs out of the office in a panic through the lobby.
MANAGER can be heard screaming in pleasure.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY THEATER - SAME TIME

MYSTERY MAN pokes up from the noise. Listens for a bit but doesn't hear anything again. Shrugs his shoulders then continues to inspect the empty theater taking notes.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

KYLE and REBECCA continue to watch the puppet show, heads tilted with disgust on their face. Yet they can't seem to look away.

TODD
Heads up! Here comes the good part!

PHIL
There's more?

CUT TO:

The doors quickly open behind KYLE and REBECCA. They turn around.

BETSY
I thought everyone went home...

BETSY notices the shadows on the screen.

BETSY (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD!

TODD
This is it!

REBECCA
You fucking bitch!

BETSY quickly turns around and heads for the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (cont'd)
She dead!

KYLE
Rebecca wait!

REBECCA runs after BETSY before she can run away.

POV: The shadow of the erect penis enters the doughnut.

TODD/PHIL
OH FUCK!

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY THEATER -SAME TIME

MYSTERY MAN perks up yet again.

MYSTERY MAN
What the hell is going on now?

Starts to walk towards the entrance to the theater he is in.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

BETSY is running for her life. REBECCA is right behind her.

REBECCA
Don't think you can run and hide
again you fucking troll.

BETSY continues to run. She notices the main exit of the Multiplex is in site. She grins, then picks up speed.

REBECCA (cont'd)
Oh no you don't!

BETSY
He wanted me first!

MYSTERY MAN(O.S.)
What the hell is wrong with you
people?

Doors open wide out of nowhere hitting BETSY dead on. Knocks her to the ground.

KYLE
FUCK!

CUT TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER - SAME TIME

TODD and KYLE hear the noise coming from the main hallway. They jolt out of their seats in a panic and go to see what happened.

POV: The erect penis is going in and out of the doughnut.

PROJECTIONIST(O.S.)
(high pitched)
Where did everyone go?

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

TODD and KYLE burst through into the hallway and notice BETSY on the ground. MYSTERY MAN is standing next to her looking down.

PHIL
FUCK! We missed it!

TODD
God I hope she's dead.

KYLE
Hey what the hell are you still doing here? The theaters closed man.

MYSTERY MAN
Oh trust me, I know.

CUT TO:

MANAGER rushes around the corner zipping up his pants.

MANAGER
The whole building shook! What happened!

Notices BETSY on the ground.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Oh fucking a! I thought it was an emergency.

Gives a double take at the MYSTERY MAN.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Hey! I thought all the customers left? Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

MYSTERY MAN

I think that should be the least of your concerns right now seeing how this place is being run. I've been watching all of you tonight.

MANAGER

Were...were you in my office a little while ago?

MYSTERY MAN

No...but I've seen the in's and out's of this place and I have to say, I'm surprised it's still in business.

PHIL

The hell is that supposed to mean?

TODD

(whispers to Phil)

Fuck dude...you think he found my stash of weed?

MYSTERY MAN

All I can say is this will be the last time you'll be seeing me.

He proceeds to walk out towards the exit and out of the building.

TODD

What a fucking lunatic!

KYLE

What the fuck was the about!

REBECCA

I don't know. That didn't seem right.

PHIL

I know! Taking shit from a blind guy.

Still laying on the floor, BETSY starts to moan in pain. Everyone looks down at her.

REBECCA

Bet that feels nice huh?

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER
I'll call her mom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.MOVIE THEATER.HALF HOUR LATER

KYLE, REBECCA, TODD and PHIL are exiting the theater they just cleaned. They are all holding brooms and buckets.

KYLE
I have to say, that was one hell of a night.

REBECCA
You're telling me.

PHIL
So what the hell actually happened?

KYLE
Nothing...long story.

REBECCA
(laughs)
Betsy kissed Kyle.

TODD/PHIL
NO!

TODD
Good luck getting that taste out of your mouth.

CUT TO:

MANAGER pokes around the corner.

MANAGER
You fucks ready yet?

KYLE
Yeah we just finished up.

MANAGER
Alright let's go then.

Starts to walk away.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
Two in the pink and two in the stink...

(CONTINUED)

Everyone proceeds to head towards the exit to leave the building.

CUT TO:

EXT.MULTIPLEX PARKING LOT.NIGHT

Lights are slowly shutting off from the inside of the building as the MANAGER locks up.

Everyone is standing outside of the exit.

A CAR HORN can be heard from the distance.

BETSY'S MOM
Hey sweetie! Mommy's here!

REBECCA
Hey betsy, before you go...

BETSY turns, holding her head from the fall.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Don't ever kiss another woman's man!

POV: REBECCA throws a punch right at BETSY'S face.

KYLE/TODD/PHIL
OH SHIT!

BETSY'S MOM pulls up to the curb they are standing near.

BETSY'S MOM
Hey honey!--

BETSY holding her face in agony.

BETSY'S MOM(CONT'D)
OH! Were you guys playing that hockey game again?

REBECCA
You can say that.

BETSY enters the backseat of the vehicle crying.

BETSY'S MOM
You kids ave so much fun at work.

Car starts to exit the frame.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
bye Betsy!

Everyone begins to wave goodbye to the car.

BETSY'S MOM(O.S.)
Oh aren't they just the nicest
people.

MANAGER
Alright, that's enough drama for me
for one night. I'll see you fucks
tomorrow. And umm guys...I'll let
you know what he wife thinks.

MANAGER walks away. TODD is waving while PHIL gives the
Spock hand signal.

REBECCA
(to Kyle)
Hey don't stay up too late tonight.
I know how transfixed you get when
you works on things.

KYLE
I'll try now to.

TODD
Alright, let's go!

REBECCA
Actually, I was going to drive Kyle
home if that's okay with you guys.

PHIL
No yeah that's good with me. Will
save us on gas you fat fuck.

KYLE
(laughs)
You guys really know how to show
affection don't you.

TODD and PHIL exit the frame giving the finger behind them.

CUT TO:

KYLE and REBECCA entering her car. They sit there gazing
into their eyes.

KYLE (cont'd)
Finally some time alone.

REBECCA smiles slowly leans in for a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

A car pulls up alongside them. It's PHIL driving the vehicle. TODD cannot be seen.

PHIL
GET A FUCKING ROOM!

KYLE and REBECCA quickly stop kissing, not realizing someone was watching. They turn to see who just yelled. Their faces turn away as if they saw the most disgusting thing possible.

KYLE
Oh what the fuck!

REBECCA
REALLY!

PHIL
Bye ladies!

PHIL gives a girly wave goodbye. Vehicle starts to move forward. TODD is in the backseat with his butt out the window, mooning them the entire time.

KYLE
(laughing)
Come on let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT.KYLE'S HOUSE.NIGHT

REBECCA pulls into KYLE'S driveway mid-conversation.

REBECCA
NO NO NO! Bruce Willis was not in
Air Force One...Harrison Ford was
with Gary Oldman...WHO was in
Batman Begin with Christian
Bale...BAM!..Drew Barrymore
directly links to Christian Bale.

KYLE
FUCK!

REBECCA puts the car in park.

REBECCA
You know for a movie person, you
suck at this game.

KYLE
Yeah well...I'm a good kisser.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Oh! Romeo!

KYLE

Come here.

They begin to kiss yet again, this time without any interruptions.

REBECCA

I'll see you tomorrow?

KYLE

Of course. I love working the morning shifts with you.

Gives one more quick kiss, then KYLE exits the car.

REBECCA

Hey!

KYLE

Yeah...

REBECCA

You can always text me with some ideas you're working with. I'll tell you if they suck.

KYLE

Thanks! I'll see you tomorrow.

They smile at one another as REBECCA starts to reverse the car out of the drive-way. KYLE stands there for a second as the vehicle drives down the block.

CUT TO:

INT.KYLE'S BEDROOM.NIGHT

POV: An empty bedroom with with movie posters all of the wall.

KYLE enters his bedroom holding an ice cold beer. He walks to his desk and places the beer down. Sits on his chair facing the computer screen. On the screen is the movie script he's been working on. Begins to stare at it quietly.

KYLE sits back with a big sigh. Grabs his beer and opens the top. Throws the cap against the wall hitting a movie poster titled "Road Trip".

(CONTINUED)

KYLE looks down at his desk which is covered in rejection letters of movie production schools, action figures and a framed portrait of himself with TODD and PHIL.

KYLE stares at that now and starts to laugh.

PHIL (O.S.)

"Look around, write something based off this town or what we go through every day. I'm sure that would sell for a million bucks."

KYLE'S face freezes. Eye's open wide. Looks back at the computer screen. Using the keyboard, he highlights all of the text...hesitates for a second then hits the DELETE button.

KYLE

Let's do this.

POV: KYLE starts to type the title page of the screenplay.

ON THE SCREEN

MOVIE-LAND

BY

KYLE STEPHENSON

MONTAGE

- KYLE typing the screenplay.
- Taking a sip of his beer.
- Pacing across his room.
- playing basketball with a small net setup with his garbage pale.
- Typing again.
- A few more beer bottles fill up his desk.
- Getting exhausted, rubbing his eyes to stay awake.

BACK TO SCENE

CUT TO:

KYLE is passed out on his bed, laying in his stomach.

PAN to the computer screen that is filled with dialogue.

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK SCREEN

A phone begins to ring a few times.

KYLE (O.S.)
(groggy)
Hello?...

PHIL (O.S.)
Hey man, you have to get down
here...

KYLE (O.S.)
My shift starts doesn't for a few
hours...

PHIL (O.S.)
It's closed man....

KYLE (O.S.)
I know it's closed...it's fucking 7
in the morning.

PHIL (O.S.)
No man...it's fucking boarded up...

KYLE (O.S.)
What the hell are you talking
about?

PHIL (O.S.)
You need to come see this. Todd's
freaking out and I don't know what
to do.

KYLE (O.S.)
Slow down. What are you talking
about?

PHIL (O.S.)
They completely shut the theater
down man, it's closed for good.

KYLE (O.S.)
...shit.

CUT TO:

EXT.HIGHWAY.DAY

Kyle is driving erratically trying to get to the theater. He grabs his cell phone to make a call.

REBECCA (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

KYLE

Hey, it's me.

REBECCA

Hey! Want to get breakfast before our shift--

KYLE

Listen, the theater closed down.

REBECCA

WHAT?

KYLE

I don't know what happened but I'm driving there now to see for myself.

REBECCA

Oh my god...Okay I'll meet you there.

Kyle hangs up. Continues to drive in and out of traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT.MULTIPLEX PARKING LOT.DAY

Kyle pulls into the parking lot only to see the Multiplex covered with wood paneling, covering the entrance and windows. Pulls the car directly in front.

KYLE

Holy shit.

He pulls out his cell phone to make another call.

In the distance a car can be heard entering the parking lot. It's Rebecca. She pulls up alongside Kyle vehicle.

REBECCA

The fuck happened?

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

I have no idea! I'm calling Phil now.

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)

Hey man.

KYLE

Where are you guys?

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)

Inside. They completely gutted the place man.

KYLE

How the hell did you get in? The front is boarded up?

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)

The panels were loose at the back entrance.

KYLE

Alright, we'll be right there.

He hangs up.

REBECCA

Where are they?

KYLE

Back entrance.

They both peel out of the frame.

CUT TO:

INT.MULTIPLEX BACK ENTRANCE.DAY

Together, Kyle and Rebecca pulls off the wood paneling to enter the building. They run inside and take a quick peek inside the closest theater.

KYLE

Shit he wasn't kidding, they gutted everything...seats...speakers...

REBECCA

Who the hell would want those seats?

(CONTINUED)

TODD (O.S.)
Mother fucker!

A crash can be heard in the background.

KYLE
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT.MAIN LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Phil is sitting on top of the consession stand, slumped over. Todd can be seen tossing a garbage can across the lobby.

TODD
Those fucking dicks man! Who the fuck closes a business down without telling the people who work here.

Kyle and Rebecca run into the lobby, nearly getting hit by the flying garbage pail.

KYLE
Fucking a! Take it easy!

PHIL
I bet you thought I was joking huh?

KYLE
Yeah.

REBECCA
You guys have any idea what happened?

PHIL
No.

TODD
I bet you my ass it was that fucking blind guy! What a cock bag! Not our fault you can't see.

REBECCA
I'm starting to think he wasn't blind.

Todd grabs another garbage pail and once again tosses it across the room.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

He's been doing this since we got here.

KYLE

Take it easy! My fucking head hurts and that's not helping.

PHIL

Why?

KYLE

Stayed up later than I should working on that script.

PHIL

Well now you'll have all the time in the world.

TODD

Oh enough of that shit already!

REBECCA

Todd stop.

TODD

No it's fucking bullshit, grow the fuck up man. We just lost our fucking jobs, the hell are we supposed to do?

PHIL

File for unemployment like the rest of america?

TODD

And enough of that script bull shit...give it a rest man.

KYLE

Hey what the fuck did I do to you?

TODD

You honestly think you have what it takes to write a movie? You really think you'll get a fucking call out of the blue from Kevin Smith, Christopher Nolan or even fucking Stephen Bradshaw?

PHIL

Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

One of the top executives in Hollywood right now. Every movie has to be approved from him.

KYLE

Hey at least I'm trying to do something with my life.

REBECCA

Alright come on stop this.

TODD

The fuck you just say?

KYLE

You heard me.

TODD

Fuck you dude.

KYLE

You're telling me to grow the fuck up when I'm the only one trying to. What?... you honestly thought we'd be working here forever?

TODD

You're telling me you didn't love this place as much as we did?

KYLE

It was the best fucking job in the world...but take a look around...I'm trying to be realistic here...

TODD

That's all you fucking do.

KYLE

The hell you talking about?

TODD

You got it made man. You got straight A's in high school, graduated college and fuck...you even got the girl!

KYLE

That's what this is all about? That was my choice...just because you're a fuck up doesn't mean I have to be.

(CONTINUED)

Todd pauses for a second.

KYLE (cont'd)
...I didn't mean that.

TODD
I get enough of this shit from my
old man...never thought it would be
coming from you.

Todd storms past all of them and heads towards the back
entrance.

Kyle looks at Rebecca.

REBECCA
I'm...I'm so sorry...

KYLE
Well now we all know how he
feels...FUCK!

Kyle kicks the garbage pail laying on the floor next to him.

Rebecca continues to look at Kyle with despair.

PHIL (O.S.)
Shit, now we have to get real
jobs...I'm not sucking my boss's
dick again for a promotion...

FADE TO BLACK

ON SCREEN: 2 MONTHS LATER

INT.OFFICE.DAY

FADE IN

Kyle can be seen sitting at a cubicle, wearing a dress-up
shirt and tie. He adjusts the tie around his neck. Seems to
bother him since he's not used to wearing one. Very bright
environment compared to Multiplex.

Dubstep music can be heard coming from one of the near-by
cubicles.

Kyle looks around, making sure no one is coming.

KYLE
Time for a little break.

(CONTINUED)

POV: Kyle is going to a screenwriting forum on the web browser. He checks the status of the finished script he submitted to see if there is any feedback.

MOVIE-LAND is shown on the screen. Then PANS to the right to reveal zero likes and 20 dislikes. POPPING sound can be heard from the speakers. Now reveals 21 dislikes in real-time.

KYLE (cont'd)
Oh what the fuck...

Suddenly, a stack of folders is dropped onto Kyle's desk. He scrambles to close the web browser out before anyone notices.

BOSS
New guy, I need these inputted
before five today.

KYLE
It's Kyle sir.

BOSS
Whatever it is...get it done. Get
me a cup of coffee while you're at
it. I'll be in my office.

Boss walks away.

KYLE
Fucking cock.

The music in the background suddenly got louder. Being frustrated, Kyle gets up and leans over the cubicle behind him.

Co-worker - 40's, is rocking out with pencils held in his hands.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey would you mind lowing that?

Co-worker jumps out of his seat a little from being startled.

CO-WORKER
Oh jeez!

KYLE (CONT'D)
I know we can listen to music here,
but not everyone wants to hear what
sounds like you're trying to
connect to a dial-up connection.

(CONTINUED)

CO-WORKER
I am so sorry!

Co-worker lowers the music.

CO-WORKER(CONT'D)
We never formally introduces each
other. I'm Charli---

Kyle slouches back into his chair.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)
Okay yeah, we'll talk later I
guess.

Feeling a little overwhelmed, Kyle looks at the stack of
folders and sighs.

A TAPPING SOUND can be heard near-by but Kyle doesn't
recognize it at first. TAPPING SOUND gets louder. Kyle looks
up at the window, It's Rebecca holding two cups of coffee.
Kyle perks up and smiles.

KYLE
(mouthing)
What are you doing?

REBECCA
(mouthing)
Come outside!

Kyle looks around then jolts out of his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT.OFFICE.DAY

Kyle meets up with Rebecca just outside of his office
building.

REBECCA
No that's cool take your time.

KYLE
What are you doing here?

REBECCA
Well, you've been so stressed with
work lately I figured this would
help cheer you up.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Yeah my boss has been nothing but a real dick lately. I swear, one day I'm going to get up and flip them all off.

REBECCA

Here, it's a double shot.

KYLE

You're the best.

REBECCA

Hey you want to go see a movie after work? Get your mind off of things?

CUT TO:

Kyle's boss can be heard from inside the building.

BOSS (O.S.)

Where's the new kid?

KYLE

Oh shit.

They peak through the window to see where he is.

POV: Through the window, the Boss goes to Kyle's desk. Realizing he's not there, begins to rant.

BOSS

He better have my fucking coffee!

CUT TO:

REBECCA

Guess you should go back huh?

KYLE

What a real piece of work huh?...alright, I'll call you later okay?

Kyle kisses Rebecca goodbye and scrambles to get back into the office before the Boss realizes he stepped out.

CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE.DAY

Kyle rushes back to his desk and places the coffee down.

The Boss walks over.

BOSS
Finally.

The Boss grabs the coffee over Kyle's desk.

KYLE
No no no...

BOSS
Is there a problem?

KYLE
...no...just forgot to add milk
that's all.

BOSS
That's alright. It'll take you
another year. Get back to work. I
want those numbers entered.

KYLE
Yes sir.

The Boss starts to walk away. DUBSTEP from the next cubicle once again becomes louder.

KYLE (cont'd)
(mumbles)
Fucking cock.

BOSS
Sorry?

KYLE
5 o'clock!

BOSS
Don't be a suck up...

Hearing the DUBSTEP in the background, gives a funny look before walking away.

BOSS (O.S.)
When the fuck did we go back to
dial-up?

Being pushed to his limits, Kyle gets up and leans over the cubicle wall.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

What the hell did I say about the music!

CO-WORKER

Whoa! Hey man I'll turn it down--

The music cuts out and the radio host begins to speak.

RADIO HOST

Alright and we're back!

Kyle returns to his chair.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

Just a reminder that tomorrow night at midnight is the last chance for your submissions. This includes costume designs, storyboards, animations and even screenplays.

Kyle's eyes widen. Gets up and leans over the cubicle again.

KYLE

Turn that up.

CO-WORKER

But you just--

KYLE

Turn it up right now!

RADIO HOST

Again, all submissions are due no later than tomorrow night at midnight! Now let's get back to our top 50 hits here on 147-DSI!...

KYLE

What the hell was he just talking about?

CO-WORKER

What you mean the contest?

KYLE

Yeah!

CO-WORKER

This station does it ever year. They help promote local artists for all kinds of stuff.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
What station is it?

CO-WORKER
147-DSI...you want me to turn it--

Kyle returns to his chair and goes straight to the computer.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)
Okay...yeah..good talk...

KYLE
(mumbling to himself)
1..4..7..D..S..I.....holy shit!

POV: Kyle's computer screen displaying the radio station's website. Directly on the page is a banner that says "13th Annual Local Artist Competition"

KYLE (cont'd)
You have got to be fuckng kidding
me.

Kyle takes his cell phone out from his pockets to make a phone call.

KYLE (cont'd)
Come on..pick up...

REBECCA (ON THE PHONE)
You can't enough of me can't you.

KYLE
I know what we need to do tonight.

REBECCA (ON THE PHONE)
I told you we can't, I have my
period.

KYLE
No no...just meet me at my house as
soon as you get off okay?

REBECCA (ON THE PHONE)
Is everything okay?

KYLE
We will be.

REBECCA (ON THE PHONE)
Okay, I'll see you later!

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Bye.

Kyle looks around to make sure no one is coming. Dials to make another call. Phone rings a little more than usual.

KYLE (cont'd)

Pick up, pick up...

TODD (ON THE PHONE)

Hello?

KYLE

Fucking finally dude! Why haven't you--

TODD (ON THE PHONE)

Nah! I'm at work right now but I'll return your call. Just leave your name and number after the beep...and if this is Kyle again you can reach me at my other number...1-800-BLOW-ME!..BEEP

Kyle hands up. Makes one more call. Phone rings.

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)

No no I'm not doing that!

KYLE

The fuck? Where are you?

Over the phone, an unknown voice can be heard.

UNKNOWN VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

You get back in here right now if you want that promotion!

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)

Fuck you!....Hey man what's up?

KYLE

I think I should be asking you that...the fuck just happened?

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)

(hesitates)

What do you mean?...I was just about to get lunch.

KYLE

Yeah I bet you were.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)
You shut the fuck up!

KYLE
Meet me at my house after work, I
have something to work on.

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)
Alright yeah that's cool--

UNKNOWN VOICE (ON THE PHONE)
You get back here right now!

PHIL (ON THE PHONE)
Oh shit...I have to go.

Phil hangs up. Kyle looks at his computer screen, sits back in his chair and smiles. A breath of fresh air releases from his chest.

BOSS (O.S.)
New guy!

KYLE
Shit!

Kyle rushes to close out the web browser.

CUT TO:

INT.BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rebecca and Todd are sitting on Kyle's bed. Both are nicely dressed since they just got off of work. Phil's tie fits loosely around his neck.

Booklets are thrown to each of them.

PHIL
What's this?

They read the cover.

REBECCA
Oh my god! When did you finish
this?

KYLE
A few weeks ago. I didn't want to
tell you guys until it was
finalized, that's just a rough
draft.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

So why are you telling us now?

KYLE

How much do you hate your jobs?

PHIL

Oh, it's the fucking worst.

REBECCA

Yeah I'm with Phil, it blows.

KYLE

I have an idea that could get a us
a ticket out of here.

REBECCA

What do you mean?

KYLE

Apparently there's a radio show
that holds an annual contest for
local artists. First prize winners
are introduced to some of
Hollywood's best executives and
producers...this is our ticket!

PHIL

You think you have a chance?

Kyle sits at his desk chair.

KYLE

That's why I want your help, both
of you. I wanted Todd in on this
but everytime I call it goes
straight to voicemail.

REBECCA

He's been too quiet lately.

PHIL

Can you blame him? Multiplex is all
that he had going in his life.

KYLE

I need your help...so please, if
you don't mind...read the script
and tell me what you think.
Submissions are due at
midnight...tonight.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
Absolutely. I told you from the
start I'm with you 100%.

PHIL
Yeah man.

Rebecca and Phil open to the first page and begin to read
the screenplay.

CUT TO:

INT.BEDROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca and Phil close the last page of the screenplay.
Sitting at the edge of his chair, Kyle waits to hear their
feedback.

KYLE
Well?..

PHIL
Dude...

KYLE
Yeah?...

PHIL
This fucking sucked.

KYLE
What?

REBECCA
Yeah, I'm sorry baby but this is
terrible.

Kyle sits back in his chair.

KYLE
Fuck!...I really thought this
could've been it.

REBECCA
Well like you said it's a rough
draft. Everything's there, I just
feel like it's missing something.

PHIL
Yeah...I just can't put a finger in
it.

Rebecca looks at Phil for that remark.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)
A love interest.

Kyle, Rebecca and Phil quickly look over at the bedroom door to see who said that, it's Todd.

TODD
It's missing a love interest.

KYLE
How...did?..

TODD
I was the one of the forums giving you dislikes.

KYLE
Fucking a...

TODD
But I'm here to help.

Todd walks over to the bed and squeezes in between Rebecca and Phil.

TODD (CONT'D)
Listen, I just want to say I'm sorry for how I acted. You guys are my best friends.

PHIL
You mean your only friends?

TODD
Well that too...no...it was a rough time for me. I never told you guys but I was diagnosed with cancer.

KYLE/REBECCA/PHIL
WHAT?

TODD
HA...no...I lost my job, I was fucking pissed.

KYLE
You're still a fucking dick too.

Phil and Rebecca laugh.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm glad you came back.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Yeah yeah...don't get all sentimental.

PHIL
What did you mean about a love interest?

TODD
Like I was saying, every great movie has some type of love interested in it. It's like a fundamental step or something...

Rebecca looks over to Kyle and Smiles. Todd realizes they locked eyes.

TODD (CONT'D)
...Nope! None of that shit while I'm around.

KYLE
Ass...So what do you suggest?

TODD
Well it's a rough draft so everything you want is basically here. I suggest...we all take part in rewriting it.

PHIL
I can't write for shit though.

TODD
That doesn't matter. We all pitch ideas to make this work.

REBECCA
I hate to say this but I love it.

Kyle stays quiet for a moment. Looks at all three of them.

TODD
You want a change?...We're here to help.

KYLE
We have until midnight to do this.

TODD
Then let's fucking start!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE:

- Kyle is sitting at the computer desk, Rebecca, Todd and Phil are standing around him pointing to the computer screen.
- Phil is holding a sign that says "Honk For Fat Chicks".
- Todd is on the bed ripping away pages from the printed out script.
- Rebecca is wearing a hockey mask and holding a hockey stick. They all point in agreement.
- Todd is humping Phil furiously as Rebecca laughs. Kyle laughs as well then goes back to the computer to add that in.
- Kyle is standing holding a notepad that shows a screenplay hierarchy. Circles the very top which says "Theater Closes".

BACK TO SCENE

Kyle is on the Phone ordering pizza for the night.

KYLE

Anything else guys?...no yeah the
two medium pizzas are fine...oh!
and coke!

Phil taps his nose as if Kyle was talking about the drug.
Phil looks over and nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT.BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

KYLE

Alright we got the main plot, the
love interest, a climax and an
ending...but we never figured out
the first incident.

REBECCA

What do you mean?

KYLE

Every movie shows a beginning and
then an incident that happens to
the main character: a death in the
family, a car accident--

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Twins!

REBECCA
What?

PHIL
(looking at Todd)
The main character sleeps with his
girlfriend's twin sister...and he
doesn't know!

TODD
I fucking didn't know!

PHIL
I told you I wouldn't let that
down.

KYLE
Done!

The doorbell RINGS.

TODD
Fucking asses...I'll get it.

CUT TO:

INT.FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

POV of the door from inside the house.

A few more KNOCKS can be heard.

VOICE (O.S.)
Pizza!

TODD (O.S.)
Hold your fucking horses!

Todd enters the frame, answers the door. A young female
stands holding the pizza, reading off the order - It's
Betsy.

BETSY
Yes I have two medium--

TODD
Betsy!

She looks up from the receipt, stands there shocked.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY
Oh my god Todd!

TODD
Wow look at you!

BETSY
How have you been? Have you been in
touch with Kyl--

Todd grabs the pizzas from her arms.

BETSY (CONT'D)
--umm that'll be \$15.78...

TODD
Guys! Pizza's here!

SLAMS the door on Betsy's face.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kyle is sitting back at the computer desk.

POV: On the computer screen Kyle is typing "END CREDITS".

Feeling accomplished, Kyle smiles and sits back in relief.
Looks up at the clock hanging above the desk.

POV: Clock shows 11:45.

He looks around the room but notices Rebecca passed out on
the bed. He smiles even more. Kyle continues to look around
to see Todd spooning Phil on the floor.

Kyle pulls out his cell phone to take a photo of them
cuddling.

KYLE
(quietly)
Dear Facebook.

The FLASH goes off, almost waking up Todd.

TODD
(groggy)
No...no...use 3 fingers.

Kyle freezes for a moment then turns around back to his
computer.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Alright, let's submit this and call it a night.

PAN out of the room showing Kyle and Rebecca in the frame. Pan further out until we see Todd grabbing Phil closer to him.

FADE OUT

INT.OFFICE.DAY

FADE IN

Kyle is sitting at his cubicle. Dubstep is heard in the background. Feeling antsy, Kyle leans over the cubicle wall to his co-worker.

KYLE

Hey any word on that contest?

CO-WORKER

Nah, probably won't hear anything for a few weeks.

KYLE

Shit, really?

CO-WORKER

Why? You enter or something?

KYLE

Yeah with my friends.

CO-WORKER

Get out of here! I did the same thing! I had this crazy idea for a costume--

Uninterested, Kyle returns back to his desk.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)

No...yeah...it's probably dumb.

Kyle's sits deeply into his chair, staring at the paperwork on his desk he takes a deep sigh. He Looks around the office at the other employee's.

One co-worker - 50's, is filing paperwork. He stops, then takes a sip out of a flask he pulls out from the inside shirt pocket.

Kyle looks around again to see a female co-worker - 20's, getting yelled by a SUPERVISOR- 30'S

(CONTINUED)

SUPERVISOR

I've told you plenty of times to file the paper work by date, not alphabetically!

Kyle looks at a third co-worker slamming his head against his desk.

CO-WORKER #2

I'm so stupid! I'm getting fired, I'm getting fired, I'm getting fired...

Now we focus on Kyle. His eyes gaze upon his co-workers. The background noise getting louder and louder.

The Boss walks over to Kyle's desk, slamming more paperwork down.

BOSS

Get these filed by the end of the day, and make me a cup of coffee while you're at it. I'll be in my office.

Looking pissed off Kyle, agrees to make him a cup.

KYLE

Yes sir.

BOSS

And not too sweet this time!

The Boss walks away. Kyle takes a deep breath in, sits further into his chair.

CUT TO:

INT.KYLE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Todd and Phil are sitting on recliners playing X-Box. SOUNDS of videos games can be heard. Rebecca is on the couch looking on. The radio station playing substep can be heard faintly in the background.

TODD

EAT IT!

Kyle enters through the front door holding a case of beer.

REBECCA

Wow are you home late.

She gets up to greet him at the door.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Had to stay late to finish up paperwork.

PHIL (O.S.)

Oh that's fucking cheating!

They walk over to sit on the couch. Kyle places the beer on the table along with his cell phone and keys.

PHIL

I'm sorry man but did they say when they're going to announce the winners? I don't know how much more of this crap I can listen to.

KYLE

I don't know, could be days or weeks depending on the amount of submissions.

REBECCA

I'm sure we'll hear something soon.

POV: Kyle's cell phone begins to vibrate. Screen says UNKNOWN CALLER.

TODD

(staring at the tv)

You going to answer that? I'm trying to focus here.

KYLE

I'm really not in the mood to talk, it's probably someone from work.

REBECCA

That bad huh?

KYLE

Guys?...What if we lose?

Todd and Phil pause the game and turn to face Kyle and Rebecca.

PHIL

I'm sure we'll win. We busted our asses off on that script.

KYLE

Yeah but what if we don't?...I was looking around the office today and I saw nothing but misery on their faces. I don't want that to be us.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Well then we keep trying.

TODD

Yeah, don't they hold this competition every year?

KYLE

Apparently.

Kyle's phone begins to vibrate again.

KYLE (cont'd)

Fucking a! What don't people get...leave a voicemail if it's that important.

He reaches over to end the call. Everyone sits in silence realizing Kyle may be right.

REBECCA

Hey...I'm sure things will get better.

KYLE

Yeah but what if it doesn't? We need to start--

The music cuts off in the background. The radio host begins to speak.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

Alright! It's that moment you've all been waiting for!

TODD

Oh shit! Turn it up!

Phil reaches over to the radio to higher the volume.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

After sorting through over 500 submissions, we've finally selected our winners for this year's competition! Thank all for sending your materials. Remember...if you weren't selected, there's always next year!

KYLE

Yeah...okay.

Kyle reaches over to crack open a beer.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
Coming in fourth place...Charlie
Ryder from N.Y. for his sci-fi
costume design!

CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE - SAME TIME

Kyle's co-worker, who sat behind him, is still at work
listening to the radio. He just found out he won fourth
place.

CHARLIE RYDER
YES! I WON! I WON!

CUT TO:

INT.KYLE'S LIVING ROOM -SAME TIME

Kyle quickly sits up.

KYLE
That lucky fuck!

TODD
Shhhh!

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
In third place!...Antonio Parker
from L.A. for his short animation
film!

REBECCA
We still have a chance!

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
Alright! Coming down to the final
two! Remember folks, first prize
winner will be introduced to some
of Hollywood's finest executives!

PHIL
Come on, come on!

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
In second place!...We have a movie
script titled Multiplex from four
individuals also located in N.y.!

TODD
Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

I thought we fucking had that!

REBECCA

I'm really sorry baby.

Kyle sits back into the couch.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

And our number one contestant!...

KYLE

Turn that off would you.

PHIL

Yeah, yeah.

TODD

Hey man, I really thought we would
of won, our story was solid!

REBECCA

Well come on! We have another year
to really work on it instead of
trying to complete it in one night.

Trying to get Kyle to laugh, she realizes it didn't work.

REBECCA (cont'd)

Don't let it get you down
okay...I'm going to put these beers
in the fridge.

Rebecca grabs the beers and walks out of the frame.

Todd and Phil decide to give Kyle a little space by going
back to their video games.

TODD

(talking to phil)

Come on, round two bitch.

PHIL

No cheating this time!

They both turn back towards the tv. Their game continues.
Todd looks back over seeing Kyle spacing out.

PHIL (cont'd)

Booyah!

Todd looks back at the tv.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Oh what the fuck! Now that's
cheating.

Kyle stays in his position drinking the beer. His phone vibrates yet again on the table. Being frustrated, he goes to pick it up.

KYLE

The fuck is wrong with
people!...Hello?

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

Hello, is this Kyle?

KYLE

Yeah, who's this?

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

It's Stephe...Brad...

Todd and Phil are making so much noise it's hard for Kyle to hear who's on the phone.

KYLE

Who?...Guys you mind keeping it
down for a second?

PHIL

(talking to Todd)
Eat a fucking dick!

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)

What did you just say to me?

KYLE

I'm sorry the tv is very loud in
here.

Kyle gets up from the couch to walk outside.

CUT TO:

EXT.KYLE'S HOUSE.NIGHT

Kyle steps onto his porch, closing the front door behind
him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that. Who's this
again?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (ON THE PHONE)
It's Stephen Bradshaw.

Kyle freezes for a moment after realizing who he's talking to.

STEPHEN BRADSHAW
Hello? You there?

KYLE
This wouldn't be the Stephen
Bradshaw from...

STEPHEN BRADSHAW
Damn right kid! Listen I wanted to
talk to you about the script you
and your friends submitted for the
contest.

KYLE
I thought only the first place
winners were introduced to the
Hollywood executives?

STEPHEN BRADSHAW
Are you kidding? Don't you watch
reality tv kid?...First place
winners never make it big. It's
always the underdogs. Just look at
Kelly Clarkson! She got huge!...in
more way than one...but still...you
get the point.

KYLE
I'm sorry I'm still trying to wrap
my head around this...what exactly
can I help you with>

STEPHEN BRADSHAW
What do you think! Your script kid!
You guys wrote an amazing story and
after talking with a few other
executives, we feel this would be
an amazing story to put onto the
silver screen.

KYLE
This is a joke right...

Kyle looks into the window smiling at Todd, Phil and Rebecca playing video games.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHEN BRADSHAW

I want to fly you guys out here to get things rolling. I'm talking big bucks!

KYLE

Umm...yeah...definitely! Thank you so much!

STEPHEN BRADSHAW

Give me your email and I'll forward everything you need to know!

KYLE

Hey instead of flying us out...would you mind if we drove there? You know, to save cost and what not.

STEPHEN BRADSHAW

I love it! Trying to save cost already! I knew you guys were gold!...Kyle, we'll be in touch!

KYLE

Thank you!...Thank you so much!

Kyle hangs up the phone and glares into the house, smiling even more.

CUT TO:

INT.KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

REBECCA

Give me the fucking controller, I'll beat his ass if you can't.

TODD

Ha!

Rebecca grabs the controller from Phil.

PHIL

That's bullshit.

Kyle enters the house.

KYLE

So Guys, I was thinking...

(CONTINUED)

TODD

What's he rambling about now?...Oh
come on! You're just as bad as
Phil!

KYLE

How about we take that road trip?

Moment of silence as they continue to be transfixed by the
tv.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Guys?

Todd, Phil and Rebecca all turn around at the same time.

TODD/PHIL/REBECCA

Nah, We're good.

They turn back to continue their game.

KYLE

Alright, guess I'll be the only one
credited for the movie.

They pause the game and all get up from excitement.

TODD

What did you just say?

KYLE

You heard me?

PHIL

But we came in second place?

REBECCA

Who did you just talk to on the
phone?

KYLE

Stephen fucking Bradshaw!

TODD

Get the fuck out of here!

REBECCA

You're joking right.

PHIL

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

We technically lost the contest but said that's not always the case and how the underdogs always make it big.

REBECCA

Holy shit!

KYLE

He wants us to come to Hollywood to get things rolling...We did it guys!

REBECCA

I'll get the beers!

Rebecca exits the scene to grab the Beers from the fridge. Todd and Phil are jumping around in excitement as Kyle watches on.

Rebecca returns with a beer for everyone.

REBECCA (cont'd)

Here.

KYLE

Guys wait, before we drink. I just want to say thank you for this and helping me write the script. Without you guys, this would of never happened.

They all look at each other smiling, except for Todd.

TODD

Now why did you have to ruin the fucking moment.

KYLE

Dick.

They all toast their beers together.

REBECCA

But wait, when do we go?

KYLE

We can leave as early tomorrow, but there's one thing I need do before it's official.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
What's that?

CUT TO:

NEXT DAY INT.OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Kyle is sitting at his cubicle wearing a regular t-shirt, not a dress shirt and tie. He is looking around the office smiling.

BOSS (O.S.)
New guy.

KYLE
Yes sir!

BOSS
Oh, I didn't know it was casual day. Must of missed the email. Get my coffee ready, I'll be in my office.

KYLE
One step ahead of you this morning.

BOSS
Well that's a first.

Kyle pulls a tray of coffee cups from underneath his desk.

KYLE
Figure I'd have it ready for you.

BOSS
About time.

KYLE
Here, this one's yours.

Kyle hands him one of the coffee cups.

BOSS
Nice and warm too, just the way I like it.

The Boss takes a sip. Immediately spits it out.

BOSS (CONT'D)
The fuck is this!...Is this...Is this piss?

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

Yeah, and here's my two weeks.

Kyle flips him off use both hands and starts to head towards the front doors.

CUT TO:

All employees getting up from their cubicles, staring at them from all the commotion.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE RYDER

I never liked him.

CUT TO:

Kyle walking out the office with his middle fingers in the air.

The Boss starts to run after him.

BOSS

That little shit!

CUT TO:

EXT.OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle runs towards a vehicle packed with luggage. Todd, Phil and Rebecca are all inside the car hanging out the windows laughing, knowing what Kyle had just done.

Kyle enters into the driver side.

BOSS

You fuck!

TODD

So was it worth it?

KYLE

Every fucking last drop.

REBECCA

Why didn't we add this to the script!

The car peels off out of the parking lot and continues down the street.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Well we can add it into the sequel...there's going to be a squeal right?

KYLE

Depends how well it does I guess.

The car gets smaller and smaller into the distance.

CUT TO:

We see a close up shot of Todd and Phil in the back seat. Todd is glaring at Phil as he smiles out the window enjoying the scenery.

Phil notices Todd looking at him. Does a double take.

PHIL

What?

TODD

Did you really suck a dick for a promotion?

THE END