

WALKEN ON SUNSHINE

By

MIKE SHELTON

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sunlight peeks through the disheveled blinds that hang crookedly in the window. Garbage is strewn about on the floor and a ratty blanket rests on an even rattier couch.

Behind a desk in the corner of the room sits JEROME WEXLER, late twenties. An envelope is in front of him.

He picks up the envelope, opens it, and takes out a paper, giving it a once over before staring at it in wide-eyed horror.

JEROME

Two thousand dollars?

ALEX, late twenties, enters the office holding two cups of coffee. He hands one to Jerome and takes a seat across from him at the desk.

ALEX

What've you got?

JEROME

A two thousand dollar invoice from Big Bob's Fireworks and Smoked Meats.

ALEX

Big Bob's? Oh yeah. We got some of our effects for that alien movie from them.

JEROME

Two thousand dollars?

ALEX

I might've bought some beef jerky too.

JEROME

Beef jerky?

ALEX

It's the damndest thing. You'd think it'd be a bad idea combining fireworks and beef jerky, but the place was dynamite. No pun intended.

JEROME

I'm sure.

ALEX

Is there a problem?

JEROME

Oh, not at all. It's just that we got a two thousand dollar invoice here for something we purchased for a film that didn't make any money.

ALEX

Yeah, but you gotta spend money to make money. Didn't somebody say that?

JEROME

Yeah, but I think it was the crazy guy outside the seven eleven.

ALEX

Maybe. So what are we gonna do?

JEROME

We need to come up with two grand, and fast.

ALEX

Why?

JEROME

So we can pay this bill.

ALEX

Yeah, cause I'm sure the fireworks and smoked meats place has a crack team of lawyers on retainer, and they're just busting at the seams to get a couple of credit fugitives like us.

JEROME

Are you gonna help me or not?

ALEX

Hey, you're the boss.

JEROME

Fine. Now we need to come up with something that we can do fast and cheap.

ALEX

How bout that zombie movie?

JEROME

I said cheap.

ALEX

What? You buy a couple cases of corn syrup, some red dye, and hire a dozen people to walk around really slowly and moan. Then you hire a girl, put her in a house and have her scream a lot while the zombies bang on the windows.

JEROME

That's the dumbest idea I've ever heard.

ALEX

I just described half the zombie movies ever made.

JEROME

What else you got?

ALEX

Anyone submit a script lately?

JEROME

Just one, but we're not using it.

ALEX

What's it about?

JEROME

Honestly, couldn't tell you. I stopped reading when I saw something about an ass shining in the moonlight.

ALEX

Ok that's out.

They think it over for a moment. Alex leans forward in his chair.

ALEX

Ok, how bout this? You got this guy right, and he's a barfly, no purpose in life at all...

JEROME

I'm listening.

ALEX

...And one day after a bender, he leaves the bar and he's sucked up into a spaceship and taken to another dimension.

JEROME

Why are you throwing out sci-fi ideas? I told you cheap.

ALEX

This coming from the guy who dropped two grand on an alien movie.

JEROME

Hey, I didn't buy that stuff. You might as well tell me that you want to cast Christopher Walken too.

Alex stands up in excitement.

ALEX

My god that's it! I totally forgot!

JEROME

What?

ALEX

When I was at Big Bob's that day, there was this group there buying fireworks.

JEROME

Yeah, so?

ALEX

The group was from the Oakside Psychiatric Hospital!

JEROME

I still don't have a clue what you're talking about.

ALEX

Alright, so I was talking to this guy, right? I guess he was the one in charge, but anyway, I'm talkin' to him, and this other guy walks up, and guess what he says? Go ahead, guess.

JEROME

I have no idea.

ALEX

This is what he says. A man has sixteen different behaviors and mannerisms that give him away when he's lying.

JEROME

So?

ALEX

So? That's Christopher Walken in True Romance!

JEROME

And you're excited because?

ALEX

Because the guy sounded just like Walken! So he walks away and I ask the guy in charge about him, and I shit you not he said that the guy really thinks he's Christopher Walken.

Jerome sits back in his chair, frustrated.

JEROME

Is there a movie idea in there somewhere? Preferably one that'll get us two thousand bucks?

ALEX

That is the movie! We go down to Oakside, film him, and people will line up down the street to buy it.

JEROME

Why?

ALEX

Because everybody loves Walken!

JEROME

I must have missed the memo.

ALEX

You know we don't have any other ideas.

Jerome sighs in frustration.

JEROME
Unfortunately, you're right. Get
the camera.

Alex pumps his fist in celebration.

ALEX
Yes!

EXT. 7-11 - DAY

A car pulls up to the curb and Alex and Jerome get out,
heading for the entrance to the 7-11.

Near the door stands HAYWIRE, mid forties. He wears a neon
green tank top and, and has long hair and a Fu Manchu
mustache. He stares off into space.

ALEX
Haywire!

Haywire snaps to and looks at Alex.

HAYWIRE
Yeah?

ALEX
What's the good word?

HAYWIRE
You gotta spend money to make
money.

ALEX
You already used that one.

HAYWIRE
Doesn't mean it still ain't
true. Now how bout a dollar?

JEROME
Listen, if you're gonna stay here
and chat, let me know what you
want.

ALEX
Just get me a couple of those
taquito things, oh, and a slurpee.

JEROME
What flavor?

ALEX
Anything but coke.

Jerome heads inside.

HAYWIRE
So how bout that dollar?

ALEX
Why should I give you a
dollar? You haven't given me any
new info.

HAYWIRE
I told you, you gotta spend money
to make money.

ALEX
Does that mean if I give you a
dollar, you'll turn around and give
me a dollar fifty?

HAYWIRE
Hell no!

ALEX
Then your logic is flawed.

Jerome exits the store with a bag in hand.

ALEX
Later.

They start heading for the car. Haywire follows slowly
behind them.

HAYWIRE
Where you goin'?

ALEX
Makin' a movie.

Haywire's eyes light up in surprise.

HAYWIRE
Can I help?

Alex looks to Jerome.

ALEX
Whaddya think?

Jerome looks at Haywire.

JEROME
You know anything about crazy
people?

HAYWIRE
Oh sure, those are my kinda people.

JEROME
Alright, get in.

HAYWIRE
It's gonna cost you a dollar
though.

JEROME
I think we can swing it.

HAYWIRE
I mean before I even get in the
car.

Jerome rolls his eyes and reaches into his pocket. He hands Haywire a dollar bill.

JEROME
Here. Now get in.

Haywire marvels at the dollar bill before getting in the car.

Jerome looks at Alex on the opposite side of the car, shaking his head at him.

ALEX
What?

Jerome raises a hand, holding it in the air like a mock puppet.

JEROME
Let's get some food before we go.

Alex and Jerome get in the car and they drive off.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Jerome, Alex and Haywire drive along. Alex eats his taquitos.

ALEX
What kind are these?

JEROME
Buffalo chicken.

ALEX
Nice.

Haywire leans forward.

HAYWIRE
So what kinda movie you guys
making?

Alex turns around.

ALEX
We're doing a documentary on a guy
who thinks he's Christopher Walken.

HAYWIRE
I knew a guy once, thought he was a
house key.

ALEX
A house key?

HAYWIRE
Yeah, he'd go around telling people
"Put me in the lock, put me in the
lock."

JEROME
What happened to him?

Haywire sits back in his seat.

HAYWIRE
Eventually I gave up when nobody
would put me in the lock.

Alex and Jerome exchange uncomfortable glances.

EXT. OAKSIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Jerome, Alex and Haywire stand at the open trunk of the car
retrieving their camera equipment.

JEROME
You think it's a good idea to just
go in there with our stuff?

ALEX

Sure. We won't film anything until we get the ok. We'll talk to the administrator.

JEROME

Hopefully he's an easygoing guy.

INT. OAKSIDE, ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex and Jerome sit across a desk from DR. BOBBO, late thirties. The doctor smiles a wide smile.

Haywire stands near the door, looking around the room and fidgeting.

DR. BOBBO

Certainly. It'd be a pleasure to have two fine young gentlemen like yourself film a documentary in my hospital.

Jerome smiles.

JEROME

Oh, that's great. We were afraid there would be an issue.

DR. BOBBO

Not at all.

JEROME

Could you fill us in on a little bit of background for...what's his name?

DR. BOBBO

Chris.

ALEX

His name is actually Chris?

DR. BOBBO

We try to be understanding of our patients psychiatric troubles. Anyway, he suffers from an issue with his frontal lobe.

Dr. Bobbo taps himself on the forehead.

ALEX
Fascinating.

JEROME
What about some of the other
patients? Any need to worry about
potential violence?

DR. BOBBO
Not at all. We keep the real
crazies locked away.

ALEX
Fascinating.

Dr. Bobbo eyes Alex suspiciously.

DR. BOBBO
Are you alright?

ALEX
Yeah, why?

DR. BOBBO
You're saying fascinating an awful
lot.

ALEX
Really?

DR. BOBBO
Yes. I believe you may have a
problem with your frontal lobe.

Dr. Bobbo reaches into a desk drawer, pulling out a large
scalpel.

DR. BOBBO
Mind if I take a look?

JEROME
Jesus!

HAYWIRE
He's got a knife!

Alex and Jerome fall back in their chairs. Dr. Bobbo slowly
advances.

DR. BOBBO
It really isn't healthy to have a
faulty frontal lobe.

DR. ANDER, early fifties, bursts into the room accompanied by two ORDERLIES.

DR. ANDER
Now Bobbo, what did I tell you
about hanging out in my office and
threatening visitors with a
scalpel?

Bobbo lowers his head in shame.

DR. BOBBO
Not to do it.

Dr. Ander puts an arm around Bobbo's shoulder.

DR. ANDER
That's right. Now why don't you go
out for some fresh air?

DR. BOBBO
Can I keep the scalpel?

DR. ANDER
Im afraid not.

Bobbo hands the scalpel to Dr. Ander, and slowly leaves the room. Haywire puts up two fingers forming a cross as he passes by.

Jerome and Alex lie on the floor in wonder.

JEROME
That guy's a patient?

DR. ANDER
I'm afraid so.

ALEX
What the hell kind of place is
this?

DR. ANDER
I'm terribly sorry. This just
happens from time to time. Funny
thing is that his diagnosis is
always a problem with the frontal
lobe. Now, what can I help you
boys with?

Jerome and Alex get up and retake their seats.

JEROME

We'd like to film a documentary on one of your patients.

DR. ANDER

Let me guess. Chris?

ALEX

Yeah, how'd you know?

DR. ANDER

Every other week I get a filmmaker in here looking to film a documentary on him, and just like I told them, I'm afraid I can't allow it.

JEROME

Why not?

DR. ANDER

Because he's a patient, not a spectacle.

Haywire approaches Dr. Ander's desk.

HAYWIRE

Oh yeah, well did those other filmmakers get a knife pulled on 'em?

DR. ANDER

Not that I'm aware of.

HAYWIRE

So we'd be the first person to sue you?

DR. ANDER

Sue us? For what?

HAYWIRE

Attempted murder and wrongful imprisonment.

DR. ANDER

That's perposterous.

HAYWIRE

And for not putting me in the lock!

Dr. Ander snaps to attention.

DR. ANDER

I remember you. You thought you were a key.

HAYWIRE

Well now I think I'm a lawyer, so are you going to let my clients film their movie or what?

Dr. Ander looks back and forth between Jerome and Alex. Haywire moves his hand in a stabbing motion.

DR. ANDER

Fine, but no disturbances.

JEROME

Oh no, none at all. Just tell us where we can find him and we'll be in and out A-S-A-P.

DR. ANDER

He's in the rec room. You can't miss him.

INT. OAKSIDE, REC ROOM - DAY

CHRIS, late thirties, and GEORGE, late fifties sit across from each other at a small card table.

Chris' hair is slicked back to perfection, his eyes are fixed on George with a deadpan expression.

George looks at the ground, his head rapidly bobs up and down and his lip quivers.

Both wear red bandanas around their heads.

CHRIS

Sorry chief, you lose.

Chris turns his attention downward to a checkerboard, picking up one of his black pieces and jumping all of the remaining red ones.

CHRIS

Well played, sir. Outstanding.

Chris gets up and walks over to George. He pats him on the back.

CHRIS
It's not whether you win or lose,
it's how you play the game, and
you? You played like a champion
today. A real winner.

Jerome, Alex, and Haywire enter the rec room. Alex points
at Chris.

ALEX
That's him.

They quickly make their way to Chris.

JEROME
Excuse us. Chris?

CHRIS
How ya doin'?

JEROME
We're here to do a documentary on
you. Mind if we ask you a few
questions and film it?

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
As long as we're done by dinner.
It's meatloaf day.

JEROME
No problem.

CHRIS
Babies, when we're done you're all
gonna be wearin' gold plated
diapers.

Blank stares from Alex and Jerome.

Chris reaches into his pocket, pulling out a cup of pudding.

CHRIS
Would you like some pudding? I got
plenty for everybody.

JEROME
No thanks.

CHRIS
You sure? It's tapioca.

JEROME
I think we're ok.

CHRIS
It's delicious.

ALEX
I had some taquitos in the car.

Chris raises the pudding cup to eye level.

CHRIS
Now, you're gonna eat some of this
delicious tapioca pudding, or I'm
afraid things are gonna be bad.

ALEX
Bad?

Chris gives Alex an evil stare.

CHRIS
It'll be anarchy.

JEROME
Haywire!

HAYWIRE
Yeah?

JEROME
Eat the pudding.

HAYWIRE
I don't want the pudding.

ALEX
Eat it!

Haywire takes the pudding cup, opens it up and scoops out
pudding with his finger.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
You wouldn't believe what I had to
go through for that pudding.

JEROME
Why don't you tell us about it?

CHRIS

Well --

JEROME

Hold on a sec. Alex, start rolling.

Alex hoists the camera up on his shoulder and begins filming.

ALEX

Go ahead.

CHRIS

You see, when I came here, they tried to take away all my belongings, my possessions. And I'd be damned if those orderlies were gonna get their greasy hands on my pudding, so I hid it.

JEROME

Where?

CHRIS

In the only place I could. Up my ass.

Haywire throws down the pudding cup in disgust.

HAYWIRE

It's ass pudding!

CHRIS

Throwin' down my pudding like that. Very rude.

HAYWIRE

Ass pudding!

JEROME

How bout we just sit down?

CHRIS

Sure.

Chris and Jerome take seats at the card table.

JEROME

So, what were you doing when we came in?

CHRIS
Playin' checkers.

JEROME
What's with the bandanas?

CHRIS
I like to play high stakes
checkers. To the death.

JEROME
The death?

CHRIS
Well, not really, just for fruit
cups.

JEROME
I see. So what's a normal day for
you? What's your routine?

CHRIS
I have a little breakfast in the
morning. Eggs benedict and a
little O-J, freshly squeezed. Then
I'll roam the halls for a couple
hours until the real wackos wake
up. I play some checkers, and look
at the nurses asses.

JEROME
You do this all day?

CHRIS
I wouldn't say that. There are huge
chunks of time, at night, where I'm
just asleep, for hours. It's
ridiculous.

JEROME
I see.

CHRIS
And once a month there's a
fireworks show and a movie.

JEROME
You like the fireworks?

CHRIS
Not so much, but the goofs, they
seem to get a kick out of it.

JEROME

Do you think you belong here?

CHRIS

No, but the government has other ideas.

JEROME

The government put you here?

CHRIS

Yeah, they said I was too convincing as a politician in "Wedding Crashers", and they're trying to ruin my bid for the presidency in two thousand eight.

JEROME

Fascinating.

Chris leans in.

CHRIS

I wouldn't say that too much if I were you. Bobbo might be close by.

JEROME

We've already met Bobbo.

CHRIS

Nice fella. Bat shit crazy, but a nice fella.

JEROME

So, back to the thing with the government.

CHRIS

They said I'm crazy, that I'm not who I say I am, but seriously, how can you deny it? I'm not sick.

JEROME

Not even a little bit.

CHRIS

Well, I got a fever, and the only prescription, is more cowbell, but other than that I'm right as rain, Jack.

JEROME

Jerome.

CHRIS

Whatever.

HAYWIRE

Why did "Envy" suck so bad?

CHRIS

We're done.

JEROME

What? Why?

CHRIS

Get out.

JEROME

What's going on?

CHRIS

Your friend over there with the ugly shirt, he insulted me. This interview's over, and you're not getting any hot Dr. Pepper.

HAYWIRE

Who the hell drinks hot Dr. Pepper?

Chris points at Haywire.

CHRIS

You.

HAYWIRE

Me?

Chris gets up from his chair, dancing a jig on his way over to Haywire.

CHRIS

Buckwheats.

HAYWIRE

What?

CHRIS

Two mice fell into a bucket of cream. One gave up, and quickly drowned. The second mouse, however, kept struggling until he churned that cream into butter. Right now, I am that second mouse.

HAYWIRE

What does that mean? You're crazy!

CHRIS

What was that? Hey your talking to me all wrong, it's the wrong tone. You do it again and I'll stab you in the face with a soldering iron.

Jerome looks to Alex.

JEROME

We have to go.

Alex continues filming.

ALEX

Are you kidding? He's gone rapid fire.

Dr. Ander walks up.

DR. ANDER

I'm sorry, but you'll have to shut it down. Chris is upset.

JEROME

We were just leaving.

ALEX

Just a bit more.

DR. ANDER

Now!

Orderlies walk over and escort Jerome, Alex, and Haywire out of the building.

CHRIS

Use nunchucks. Nunchucks are good.

Dr. Ander puts an arm around Chris.

DR. ANDER

You ok, Chris?

Chris looks at Dr. Ander in wonder.

CHRIS

Bruce Wayne? Why the hell are you dressed up like Batman?

DR. ANDER
I'm not Bruce Wayne, Chris. I'm Dr.
Ander.

CHRIS
Don't hassle me about crumbs,
man! I'm on the edge of the edge!

Chris pulls away from Dr. Ander and walks away.

EXT. OAKSIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Jerome, Alex, and Haywire walk dejectedly to the car.

JEROME
We're screwed, we're so screwed.

ALEX
We still got about five minutes of
footage to play with. We would
have had more if jackass would have
kept quiet.

HAYWIRE
Oh, c'mon! Did you see "Envy"?

JEROME
You know as well as I do that five
minutes isn't going to get us
anything.

ALEX
Hey, you never know, maybe we can
blend it in with something else.

JEROME
Whatever, let's just go home.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jerome and Alex sit at a computer editing footage from their
film.

JEROME
This is ridiculous. I can't
believe we're even bothering to
edit this crap.

ALEX
What else are we gonna do?

JEROME
Maybe work on something that will
make money?

ALEX
Why don't you try to be a little
more optimistic?

JEROME
Optimism doesn't pay the bills.

There's a knock at the door.

JEROME
Who the hell is that?

ALEX
I don't know.

They stare at the door in silence for a moment.

JEROME
Well go answer it.

Alex gets up and answers the door. A crowd of kids are
gathered around.

ALEX
Can I help you?

KID
Are you the guy with the Walken
movie?

ALEX
Yeah, but we don't have much, only
about five minutes.

KID
We wanna buy it.

Jerome heads to the doorway.

JEROME
Who does?

KID
All of us.

JEROME
How did you find out about it?

KID
From the weird guy down at the
seven eleven. So, how much is it?

ALEX
Ten bucks.

All of the kids hold out their money. Alex collects.

ALEX
It's gonna be a bit. We don't have
this many copies ready. Can you
come back in a few hours?

KID
Sure, and we'll probably have more
people with us too so make extra
copies.

ALEX
You got it. See ya later.

KID
Bye.

The kids leave and Alex shuts the door. He turns to Jerome
with a smile on his face.

ALEX
See, man? Everybody loves Walken.

Jerome and Alex share a laugh as Alex counts the money.

INT. BIG BOB'S FIREWORKS AND SMOKED MEATS - DAY

Jerome and Alex walk up to the counter where BIG BOB, early
sixties stands. Big Bob has a long handlebar mustache, and
wears a cowboy hat, a bolo tie, and a flannel shirt.

BIG BOB
Welcome to Big Bob's Fireworks and
Smoked Meats. How can I help you
boys?

JEROME
We're here to pay an invoice.

BIG BOB
Name?

JEROME
Jerome Wexler.

BIG BOB
Oh, right, the two thousand dollar
fella. I was fixin' to get my
lawyers involved with that one.

ALEX
Really?

BIG BOB
I reckon so. I keep 'em on
retainer, and they usually ain't
got much to do, so they're just
bustin' at the seams to get their
mitts on a couple of credit
fugitives.

Alex places a fist over his mouth to fight back laughter.

JEROME
No need, we got your cash right
here.

Jerome hands Big Bob the cash. Big Bob writes up a receipt
and hands it to Jerome.

BIG BOB
Paid in full. Pleasure doin'
business with ya.

JEROME
Same here.

Big Bob picks up a large tub of beef jerky and holds it out
to Jerome and Alex.

BIG BOB
Would you boys care for a sample of
my new jerky? I think it tastes
alright, but nobody ever buys it.

ALEX
Hell yeah!

JEROME
Sure.

They both reach into the tub and pull out a piece, taking a
bite.

ALEX
Not bad. Not bad at all.

JEROME
What kind of jerky is
this? Turkey.

BIG BOB
It's a mixture of things, my own
special recipe. How's it taste?

JEROME
It's good.

ALEX
Special recipe, huh? Whaddya call
it?

BIG BOB
Soylent Green.

Alex and Jerome spit it out. Big Bob looks as if he's
offended.

BIG BOB
What in the sam hell is wrong with
you spittin' on my floor like that?

Alex and Jerome run from the shop.

ALEX
It's people! Soylent Green is
people!

Big Bob scratches his head in wonder.

BIG BOB
I just don't get why people don't
care much for the soy stuff.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Alex and Jerome enter the office.

JEROME
We're never going back there again.

ALEX
Noted. I really didn't expect it
to turn into Motel Hell.

JEROME

I'm sure it was just bad naming on his part, but let's not risk it.

There's a knock at the door. Alex answers it to find Chris.

CHRIS

How ya doin'?

ALEX

What are you doing here?

CHRIS

I was sprung.

JEROME

They let you out?

CHRIS

Well no, I escaped, but I'm here, right?

JEROME

Why are you here?

CHRIS

I wanna finish our movie.

JEROME

We can't be harboring an escaped mental patient.

ALEX

Sure we can! We got ten bucks a piece for five minutes, imagine what we'd get for an hour.

JEROME

He's an escaped mental patient!

ALEX

Which means we get our police chase footage for free!

Jerome stares at Alex for a minute.

JEROME

Good point. Get the camera.

ALEX

Awesome!

Alex goes for the camera.

CHRIS

Hoo-rah!

Alex stops cold. He slowly turns to Chris.

ALEX

That's not Walken, that's Pacino.

CHRIS

Yeah, cause I'm sure that Pacino invented hoo-rah.

Alex and Jerome look at each other and shrug their shoulders.

CHRIS

You kids got charisma, a little panache. I like that.

JEROME

Thanks, Chris, but we should probably get out of here.

CHRIS

Can I confess something?

JEROME

Uh, sure.

CHRIS

I tell you this as an artist, I think you'll understand. Sometimes, when I'm driving on the road at night, I see two headlights coming toward me, fast. I have this sudden impulse to turn the wheel quickly, head-on into the oncoming car. I can anticipate the explosion. The sound of shattering glass, the flames rising out of the flowing gasoline.

JEROME

That's really weird, Chris.

CHRIS

Cock of the walk, baby!

Haywire shows up at the door.

HAYWIRE

Oh good, you found the place.

CHRIS
It's not rocket science. It's
directions.

ALEX
You sent him here?

HAYWIRE
Not only that, but I helped him
bust out too.

JEROME
How?

HAYWIRE
I put myself in the lock, opened it
right up.

Alex and Jerome exchange their uncomfortable stare, yet again.

Police sirens get progressively louder on the street outside.

JEROME
Time to go.

Jerome grabs Chris, and the four rush from the apartment.

ALEX
We're gonna be rich!

The door shuts and they shuffle off down the hallway.

THE END