

Clown Hookers or: How I Tried to Make it in Hollywood

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Draft 2

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FADE IN:

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sitting on a bedroom wall, a poster of "The Clown Cluster," a Brady Bunch-esque television show from the 1990's starring clowns. The bedroom desk contains two computer monitors. One monitor with script writing software open, but no script written. The other monitor with a video game paused.

An alarm clock goes off. Stumbling out of bed is HENRY BENOWITZ (26) bearded, scruffy, average body.

INT. HENRY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry walks into the bathroom, and he turns on the shower. Walking back to the toilet, he pees. Derobing after relieving himself, Henry walks into the shower and quickly yelps at the extreme hot temperature. Grabbing his towel, Henry storms out of the bathroom.

INT. HENRY'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coming out of the bathroom, Henry passes his roommate GEOFF MOORE (26) a good looking guy wearing an expensive morning robe.

HENRY

Scolding hot water? Really?

GEOFF

Pay the gas bill, and then I'll tell you where the hot water heater is.

HENRY

Asshole.

GEOFF

Bad tenant.

Henry walks away in a huff. Not stopping at his room, Henry continues down a flight of stairs to a first floor.

INT. HENRY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the kitchen table is LIZA GRAHAM, 24, pretty, confident, unambitious, eating a HUGE bowl of cereal and playing on her tablet. Henry walks in with just his towel covering him.

HENRY
You're up early.

LIZA
Wake 'n bake made me hungry. You
finish your script?

Henry goes for the kitchen pantry.

HENRY
(lie)
Kinda. But, it's more about...

Henry opens the can of coffee in pantry - no coffee.

HENRY (cont'd)
Fuck. Hey Liza, can I have some of
your cereal?

LIZA
Totally. No milk left though. Water
or OJ for you, roomie.

Henry's morning just gets worse.

INT. HENRY'S STAIR CASE - CONTINUOUS

As Henry walks up the stairs, coming down them in a business
suit is ETHAN BAKER, 26, positive, happy, go getter.

ETHAN
Henry! How'd the writing go last
night?

HENRY
What if I told you I didn't write?

ETHAN
I'd say you wasted a day, buddy!

Any positivity Henry had when he woke up is fleeting as he
trudges up the stairs.

ETHAN (cont'd)
...Alright! Good chat! Stay positive!

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walking down the hall, Henry enters into his room, slamming
the door on our perspective.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - LATER THAT DAY

Henry stands attempting to write on a notepad in a packed bus. Leaning next to the content bus driver, RALPH KRAMDEN, 40's.

TIME LAPSE: Twenty bus stops pass as the bus patrons clear out and Henry eventually sits.

RALPH
End of the line! Crick Ave. and
Malcolm X. Way!

Looking down at his notepad, Henry has written nothing but a doodle of a man writing.

INT. BUTCHER FUNERAL HOME PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Unsophisticated, white trash siblings, ROXY SHELDON, 35, and CLEON SHELDON, 38, fervidly argue with the funeral home director, NORMAN BUTCHER, 102, a tall, skinny, passionless undertaker.

Cleon shoves a sexy red dress in Norman's face.

CLEON
Fer the last time, crypt keeper!
Mama's dyin' wish was to look hot in
heaven.

NORMAN
Fundamentally, your birth giver was
lucky I had a hearse that could
transport Goliath.

ROXY
Mama said this dress. Mama gonna get
this dress.

NORMAN
What you ask of me is trying to fit a
square peg in a clearly round hole,
children of the dead.

On the prep table, covered with a white sheet, sits the deceased, JO ELLEN SHELDON, 55, obese, terrible 1980's hair, black and blue.

ROXY
(emotional)
Quit talkin' 'bout shapes 'n shit,
an' make our mama fuckable to Jesus
up in heaven!

CLEON
Amen, sister.

Henry enters the prep room, and everyone turns to stare at him as he approaches.

NORMAN
Henry. You're late.

HENRY
Norman. You should have told me to be on time.

ROXY
(to Henry)
You gonna make our Mama hot?!

NORMAN
(to Cleon & Roxy)
If there is one person who can make the impossible a reality: it's Henry. His skills far outweigh mine.

HENRY
What? No. I just restock tissue, clean toilets, let people cry on my shoulder.

NORMAN
Nonsense. Quit being humble.

Cleon shoves the dress in Henry's chest. Roxy shoves a photo in Henry's quivering hand.

ROXY
You make our Mama look like she did in '85.

CLEON
Make her HOT like she wanted!

Henry looks and compares the photo of the 19-year old Jo Ellen in the sexy red dress, grinding on an ugly roadie at a Poison concert, to the current version of Jo Ellen.

HENRY
(looking at photo)
HER?! Holy...Right. I mean, uh, better times! Is that your father?

CLEON
Who knows?

HENRY

...Oh, I'm out of my comfort zone.

NORMAN

Distractions cloud the mind. Henry needs peace to work his miracles.

Norman totters toward the door and waits. Roxy grabs Henry's hands.

ROXY

Henry, thank you for sharin' yer gift with us.

With disgusting pirate teeth, Roxy kisses Henry. Like a kettle under pressure, Henry nearly blows his lid when Cleon also kisses Henry.

CLEON

Thank you. We're all counting on you.

Norman rolls his eyes, as he stays in the door frame, ushering the siblings out. Closing and locking the prep room door, Norman slowly approaches Henry.

HENRY

This where we switch places, right?

Norman picks up a medieval-looking tool from the prep table.

NORMAN

What did I tell you when I hired you?

HENRY

Death is your only god here?

Norman threatens closer with the tool.

NORMAN

No. About punctuality.

HENRY

...Commas are your friend?

NORMAN

I told you to be on time or bad things will happen. You've been late. So...

Henry cowers in fear of what Norman might do.

HENRY

Please don't hurt me!

NORMAN

Hurt you? Henry, I can barely pee.

HENRY

Right. I always forget you're like a hundred.

NORMAN

Henry. I'm one hundred and two years old.

Norman stares at Henry with dead eyes and hands him the medieval-looking tool.

HENRY

...Where do I even begin?

Norman starts shuffling away, and he stops at the door.

NORMAN

I'd start by plugging the holes.

Norman laughs with evil intentions, opening the prep room door.

NORMAN (cont'd)

(off, to Cleon &
Roxy)

Now! Who's ready to buy a casket?!

Norman closes the door and exits.

Henry carefully walks toward the corpse. He circles around, eyeing the cotton balls in a glass jar on the prep table. Pulling out a wad of cotton to form one giant ball, Henry timidly stands in front of the corpse's feet.

Pulling up the sheet, Henry looks away as he feels below finding his route. Holding back utter disgust, Henry starts stuffing.

INT. THEATER SPACE - NIGHT

Two actors, MUSA BRYANT, 34, and GRACE CAMPBELL, 22, alongside Henry perform an improv show in a scantily populated black box theater.

The actors are midway through reenacting the funeral home scene from before: Musa is the hick; Grace is Henry; Henry is Norman. Grace stuffs her hand in a book bag (corpse).

GRACE
 (Henry)
 AHFFF! HOW DOES SHE KEEP TAKING MORE
 COTTON?!

MUSA
 (Hick)
 I told you my mama's deeeeep.

Grace comically reacts to Musa's line. As if he's been outside, Henry runs into the scene with a box.

HENRY
 (Norman)
 Henry! I found a twenty-four hour
 Costco! We have the industrial sized
 package of cotton balls!

GRACE MUSA
 (Henry) (Hick)
 NOOOOOOO! YAAAAAAAY!

Lights go down, and the audience gives the threesome a light applause as Henry looks frustrated.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

After the show, Henry, Grace, and Musa sit in a booth getting a drink. Mugs of beers litter the table.

In the booth next to Henry is SAMMY ELIJAH, 60, a black man with a yarmulke, and a ton of chutzpah.

Scattered throughout the the bar are a few costumers you can tell are regulars, including the bartender JANICE, 28, a good looking girl killing it on tips with drunk old men.

It's open mic night on the makeshift stage the bar set up. Currently performing is JEREMY, 30, an out of key singer with an out of tune acoustic guitar, struggling to play Oasis' "Wonderwall."

HENRY
 (watching
 performance)
 I swear these assholes could skip the
 whole performance charade and just
 pronounce "who wants me inside of
 them tonight?"

Musa and Grace are clearly annoyed by Henry's negativity.

GRACE
I think he's hot.

HENRY
Singing someone else's song.

GRACE
What's wrong with that? He found something that helps him express himself.

HENRY
I write my own material, and my jokes have never gotten me laid.

MUSA
Dear perspective ladies, who do you want to hook up with more? Sensitive 'wonderwall' guy, or Henry? The guy that might tell you a joke when he's going down on you.

HENRY
(sarcastic)
I love how you save the funny for the bar and not the stage, moose.

GRACE
Calm down. We came here to celebrate tonight's performance.

HENRY
And I told you what's there to celebrate?

GRACE
Henry, they laughed.

HENRY
Barely.

MUSA
Jesus Christ.

HENRY
You got something to say? Because last I checked, you had the hick character. Y'know, the character with ALL the free jokes.

MUSA
Write more. Then your jokes will be sharper, Henry.

HENRY
Doubtful.

MUSA
...I'm going home.

Musa calmly climbs out of the booth and stands up.

MUSA (cont'd)
It could have been a good night,
Henry.

Before exiting, Musa loudly embraces Jeremy who has finished "Wonderwall."

MUSA (cont'd)
(loud enough so
Henry hears)
I really hope you get laid tonight.

Jeremy is surprised by this moment of good wishes.

JEREMY
Thanks, bro! Very chill.

Musa walks toward the exit looking at Henry.

MUSA
Now that's a free joke!

Musa exits.

GRACE
(to Henry)
What was that?

HENRY
Self-consciousness, probably. He is
an actor.

GRACE
No. From you? Stop being an asshole.

HENRY
I'm the asshole? I scratched y'all's
back tonight.

GRACE
Yes. You write good material. But
once every blue moon. Frankly,
produce more, or Musa and I will dump
you.

HENRY

I don't negotiate with terrorists,
Grace.

GRACE

Yeah, make a joke. If I don't see you
at the next rehearsal, I'll assume
that's a "goodbye."

HENRY

Goodbye.

Grace bursts out into laughter. Confusing Henry.

OLIVIA

Have a great night, Henry!

Grace walks away continuing to laugh, further confusing
Henry. Grace exits.

Henry sits alone, taking a drink from his mug. In the other
booth, Sammy with the yarmulke speaks up.

SAMMY

Yousa funny mother fucker, kid. You
write comedy?

HENRY

Excuse me?

SAMMY

Comedy: jokes, satire, sketches?
Stuff to make people laugh.

HENRY

I would say, yes. Despite what you
may have overheard...Stranger?

Sammy gets up and slides into Henry's booth.

HENRY (cont'd)

Oh, you're coming over?

Sammy Elijah, a seasoned, intimidating, no bullshit, black
Jew. Sammy hands Henry a business card.

INSERT

SAMMY'S BUSINESS CARD: Sammy Elijah - Talent Agent -
(555) 555-5555

HENRY (cont'd)

Talent Agent?

SAMMY
The name is Sammy Elijah. And yours?

HENRY
...Henry.

SAMMY
...And does Henry have a last name?

HENRY
...Benowitz.

SAMMY
Ah! A fellow tribesman?

HENRY
No...Not really. Catholic school.
Which made me feel super guilty I'm
not a Jew.

Sammy laughs.

HENRY (cont'd)
But, it's super late and I need to
get home.

SAMMY
That's bullshit. Don't run away from
me.

(to Bartender)
JANICE! TWO SHOTS HENNESSY!

(to Henry)
You want some food? Chicken fingers?
Pizza? Chimichanga? Fried ice cream?

HENRY
Uh...I mean...sure?

Janice serves the table two shots of Hennessy.

SAMMY
Keep 'em comin', and we also gonna
get my man's beak wet on Sammy's
Special!

JANICE
The works coming up!

SAMMY
Thanks, baby!

JANICE
Anything for you, Sammy.

Sammy gazes at Janice walking back to the bar.

HENRY
You're popular here.

SAMMY
I'm popular everywhere I go, kid.

HENRY
I was popular once.

SAMMY
What happened?

HENRY
I was born.

Sammy laughs.

SAMMY
Shit. My man!

HENRY
You really think that's funny?

SAMMY
I got an eye and ear for certain talents, Henry. And, I like you. So quit asking so many fucking questions and take a shot with your new friend Sammy Elijah!

Tapping glass, Henry takes a shot which kick starts the rest of the evening.

MONTAGE

-Sammy and Henry take way too much shots.

-Sammy and Henry eat way too much bar food.

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

-Sammy and Henry at a strip club

-Sammy making it rain with cash

-Sammy snorting lots of cocaine to Henry's surprise.

-Sammy and Henry laugh hysterically with each other getting lap dances.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Stumbling out of the strip club drunk, the night of debauchery has forever endeared Henry and Sammy together.

Charmingly, Henry begins dancing and singing "Thriller" by Michael Jackson. Sammy lights up a two-gram joint.

HENRY

(drunk)

Girl this is thrill / it's thriller
night / and no one something-
something-something / thrilllller
niiiiight!

SAMMY

Hell ya! Makin' MJ look like a
fuckin' amateur. Hit this shit,
Thrilla.

Sammy hands Henry the joint.

HENRY

Jesus Christ, it's as big as Shaq's
finger.

Sammy laughs.

HENRY (cont'd)

This is just weed right?

SAMMY

I would never poison the garden of
weeden, Thrilla.

Henry takes a big hit from the joint, quickly handing it back to Sammy, before he starts coughing furiously. Sammy starts hitting the joint like a champ.

SAMMY (cont'd)

You iite, Thrilla?

Henry catches his breath, standing up straight before the ten-count. Henry gradually begins to black out. A limo pulls up in front of the duo.

HENRY

I'll live. Haha. I feel great.

SAMMY

You want anymore?

HENRY

...Straight.

Sammy takes a few more puffs before putting the joint out on the ground.

SAMMY

You need a ride, Thrilla?

HENRY

...No. I'm - actually I live just down the street actually. And it's, it's just such a nice night out!

SAMMY

You sure you good?

HENRY

No. I'm fucking majestic because of you, Sammy. You're the best. Just the best.

SAMMY

Iite. Make sure to call me, ya hear? Show me your talent, Thrilla!

Sammy hugs Henry, and he gets into the limo. Henry attempts to compose himself as much as a wasted person can, and he begins walking down the street alone singing "Thriller."

HENRY

(singing)

It's close to midnight / something is
in the something in dark / I see a
sight that stops my heart...

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Walking in front of alleyways, a further wasted Henry continues to sloppily walk singing "Thriller."

HENRY

(Vincent Price
impression)

The funk of forty thousand years /
And grizzly ghouls from every tomb /
Are closing in to seal your doom.

BOOM! ATTACK!

EXT. SUNSHINE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wobbly drunk, Henry gets dragged into an alley, and he's held at knife point against a wall.

The assailant appears to be an attractive WOMAN, 30, wearing a skimpy dress and clown make up.

WOMAN

Give me all your fucking money!

Distressed and wasted, Henry throws up on the woman. She reacts by punching Henry in the face, which knocks him out cold.

EXT. SUNSHINE ALLEYWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Henry wakes up in the alleyway in the worst shape he's ever been in. Covered in vomit, cold, hungover, sore, dirty, dehydrated, ashamed, forgetful, black eye, no wallet, and most importantly, late for work.

Henry struggles to get himself up, using the alley wall to slowly prop himself up. Henry catches his breath, limping out of the alleyway.

INT. BUTCHER FUNERAL HOME LOBBY - LATER THAT DAY

Henry hobbles in from the funeral home lobby. Cleon is running into the prep room door with his head, and the door is winning every time. Roxy coaches and encourages Cleon up.

ROXY

(to Henry)

Where's the key, miracle worker?!

HENRY

Where's Norman?

Roxy points to a casket in the lobby. Cleon rams his head against the prep room door, severely injuring himself. Henry cautiously approaches the casket where Norman lays. Henry stares at the very lifeless Norman.

HENRY (cont'd)

(to Norman)

...Norman?

Without opening his eyes, Norman speaks.

NORMAN

...I told you to be on time, or bad things would happen. Why is the prep room key not in the office?

HENRY

I accidentally brought them home with me.

Norman opens his eyes.

NORMAN

Henry...You look awful. Stop moonlighting in show business.

HENRY

About that. I was assaulted last night. My wallet, my innocence, my faith in god. ALL stolen from me, Norman!

Norman doesn't react to Henry's predicament.

HENRY (cont'd)

...Also, the prep room key.

Norman springs up.

NORMAN

Henry, you insolent quipster!

ROXY

Y'all creepy mother fuckers got the key?

NORMAN

(to Roxy)

I understand the situation is extraordinary, but we are finding a solution.

(to Henry)

You have to break the door down.

HENRY

With what? My head? I'll end up like Cleon.

Cleon, conscious, but bleeding profusely out of his forehead, sits stupidly on the ground.

NORMAN

With the fire ax, birdbrain.

ROXY

I'm waitin' fer a fuckin' solution, boys!

Henry leans in to confess to Norman.

HENRY

Norman, the body. I got the dress on...but the Sheldon's are not going to be happy. We can't do it this way.

NORMAN

I understand completely.
(to Roxy)
...Henry has volunteered to break down the door.

INT. BUTCHER FUNERAL HOME PREP ROOM DOOR - LATER

FIRE AXE THROUGH WOOD PREP ROOM DOOR

Henry continues to break the prep room door down with a fire axe. Standing behind Henry is Norman, Roxy, and the heavily concussed Cleon. The group reacts to the awful smells emanating from the newly ventilated prep room.

Henry reaches through the door, and he unlocks the deadbolt. Opening the door, Henry reveals the prep room covered in a cocktail of Jo Ellen Sheldon: guts, goo, a TON of cotton balls and a scattered red dress, that looks more like a popped red balloon.

Henry has moved back to Norman, as Roxy and Cleon freak out moving into the prep room.

HENRY

(to Norman)
I'm fired, right?

Norman stares at the disaster in front of him with a smirk.

NORMAN

...Get the hazmat suit and clean this up, Henry.

HENRY

We have a hazmat suit?

INT. BUTCHER FUNERAL HOME PREP ROOM - LATER

Norman sits in a chair watching Henry, in a cheap looking hazmat suit, transform the once soiled prep room into a beacon of sanitation.

Carrying out the last bag of trash, Norman signals for Henry to take off his mask. Breathing heavy, Henry removes his hazmat mask.

NORMAN
Now, you're fired.

Norman smiles with enigmatic joy.

HENRY
Can I at least take a shower down in
the basement?

NORMAN
No. That shower is for...employees
only.

Norman's smile turns very creepy.

EXT. BUTCHER FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Henry exits, walking toward the sidewalk taking off his hazmat suit realizing leakage occurred. Henry is covered and exposed to the bio hazard he just cleaned up.

HENRY
AHHHHHHH! NORMAN, BUY A REAL HAZMAT
SUIT, YOU BARGAIN-BASEMENT GRIM
REAPER!

Norman mysteriously opens the front door.

NORMAN
See you very soon, Henry.

Norman's very creepy smile turns into an evil laugh as the door inexplicably closes without Norman's force.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - LATER THAT DAY

Covered in stinky bio hazard, Henry stumbles backwards with his thumb out attempting to hitch a ride from the passing traffic.

EXT. OLD TRUCK BED - LATER THAT DAY

Henry gratefully sits against the cab alone with his hair whipping in the wind.

On the other end, against the tailgate, is a group of migrant workers covering their mouths and noses from Henry's stench.

As the truck drives down the city street, Henry notices a woman in skimpy dress and clown makeup walk into a coffee shop.

Henry bangs on the truck cab.

HENRY
Please, stop! Stop!

The truck stops.

HENRY (cont'd)
(to the migrant
workers)
Thank you. Nice to meet you. Nice to
meet you. Have a wonderful evening.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Henry exits the truck and begins to run toward the coffee shop.

INT. THIRD WORLD COFFEE - CONTINUOUS

Henry walks into the coffee shop looking around. A barista, AMOS CHARLES, 65, mans the coffee bar. Two Metropolitan City cops, EXACTO JACKSON, 40, brute, serious, and his partner, TERRY "DEUCE" MCCALISTER, 40, goofy, laid back are arguing.

DEUCE
I'm just saying, when you spend a
month deep in the Amazon with
Mayoruma tribe, you know a thing or
two about a blow dart, old friend.

EXACTO
We're talking pistols, Deuce.

Deuce and Exacto's argument continues to escalate.

Henry catches eyes with the woman in clown makeup, SUNSHINE. Walking up, Henry presents his current awful appearance.

HENRY
...You remember me?

Sunshine sternly nods 'yes'.

HENRY (cont'd)
...Listen, don't run. I'm not going
to hurt you. My name is Henry...

Henry reaches out for a shake. Sunshine doesn't relax. It's awkward between the two.

HENRY (cont'd)
...but you probably knew that from stealing my wallet.

SUNSHINE
Borrowed.

HENRY
Permanently - Semantics. Silver lining: I was beat up by a woman in clown makeup!

Sunshine gives a look of 'duh' to Henry.

HENRY (cont'd)
So...I haven't lost my mind...Did I puke on you?

Sunshine nods 'yes'.

HENRY (cont'd)
(remorseful)
Oh god - That's repulsive. I am so sorry.

SUNSHINE
...I don't receive apologies very often.

HENRY
Normally, I would never apologize to clown. Just out of principle.

Sunshine lets her guard down with a giggle. She motions Henry to sit down.

SUNSHINE
It's even worse for a clown hooker.

Henry laughs.

HENRY
A clown hooker that robs? Seems a little conspicuous with certain eyes watching. No offense.

SUNSHINE
None taken. Why do you think I moved to Metropolitan City?

Sunshine points to Exacto and Deuce still arguing.

EXACTO

Hundred bucks says you can't shoot
that fly on the wall.

DEUCE

You're on, Jackson!

Deuce quickly pulls out his handgun and fires it - hitting
Amos in the gut.

EXACTO

You didn't hit the fly, Deuce.

SUNSHINE

(to Henry)

Metropolitan City's finest.

HENRY

That guy got shot!

Amos crawls, and he props himself up.

AMOS

Ha-ha. It's alright patrons.
Detective McCallister shot me in the
good part of the gut.

DEUCE

You sure, Amos?

AMOS

No, no. The pain is manageable. It's
not like last time, Deuce. Ha-ha.

Deuce and Exacto laugh with Amos.

AMOS (cont'd)

You boys want a coffee for the road?

EXACTO

If it's not too much trouble, yeah.

Amos struggles getting coffee for the two cops because of
his gunshot wound. He spills coffee, but takes care of the
duo. The cops exit.

SUNSHINE

Metropolitan City can be an
inexplicable place. Ideal for a
college educated clown hooker.

HENRY

You finished college?

SUNSHINE

Yeah, and it really shows you how much you can do with a degree in comedy studies.

HENRY

You have a degree in comedy?!

SUNSHINE

Yeah, I know it sounds ridiculous--
(interrupted)

HENRY

That's so awesome! I write comedy myself.

SUNSHINE

Really?

HENRY

Yeah, well I try. Hot and cold, you know?

Sunshine shrugs.

HENRY (cont'd)

You should come over and help me write!

SUNSHINE

You want to continue hanging out with someone that allegedly robbed you?

HENRY

Yeah.

SUNSHINE

And you want to take this person that allegedly robbed you back to your place?

HENRY

Yeah. To my room.

SUNSHINE

You want to take a hooker that allegedly robbed you to your room and...

HENRY

Help me write comedy.

SUNSHINE

...Are you close?

HENRY

Yeah, yeah. My place is just a few blocks away.

SUNSHINE

...Sure, why not? I've done worse jobs. I'm Sunshine.

Henry smiles. He looks happy for the first time in a long time.

HENRY

Sunshine. Henry.

Henry extends his arm to shake SUNSHINE's hand. Sunshine softly shakes back, as she smiles at Henry.

SUNSHINE

Nice to meet you, Henry.

EXT. JOHNNY'S BBQ WINGS - DAY

DEREK CROCKETT, 22, skinny, weak, white trash, walks out of a Johnny's BBQ Wings joint. His face, and ratty beard is covered in burgundy BBQ sauce. Over his shoulder is a large bag of birdseed, as he walks down the sidewalk.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Derek notices Sunshine and Henry on the other side of the street. Derek is out of the Henry and Sunshine's sight line, so he doesn't adjust his pace, but continues to leer toward the duo. Reaching an alleyway, Derek stops, and he pulls out a cigarette. He continues to eye the comedy duo leaving his sight line further down the road.

EXT. KINKY'S MANSION - LATER THAT DAY

Approaching a dilapidated mansion, Derek puts his cigarette out in a giant pile just outside the door. He drops the bag of birdseed next to a prominent pigeon loft.

INT. KINKY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Derek enters the dingy, bird infested mansion. Sitting on the couch are two clown hookers, CAMEL and GIGGLES, both 20's. They snuggle THOMAS "KINKY" DONALDSON, 45, a fat, ugly, no shame, washed up slob. Kinky wears clown makeup and a gaudy pimp's suit, with a large flower on his lapel.

Kinky and the clown hookers are watching "The Clown Cluster" a sitcom that Kinky was an actor on during the early 1990's.

ON THE TELEVISION: Kinky is cooking dinner for his family (all clowns) in the kitchen. Kinky's character is trying to open a can of soup with an over sized, novelty can opener.

Kinky laughs at everything his character is doing on the television.

KINKY

Haha! That's not how you're supposed to open a can of soup!

The clown hookers and Derek laugh. Kinky continues to laugh, wiping a joyful tear from his eye.

KINKY (cont'd)

(nostalgic)

I'm surprised Kinky remember that. During this time period, season two or three...?

DEREK

Two - this is episode 9F10: "A Clown to Watch Over Me."

KINKY

Whatever. The point is, Kinky started relating to people beyond wacky trademarks. Kinky gave the audience mother fucking pathos.

DEREK

The Clown Cluster turned me into the man I am today, Kinky.

KINKY

Then Kinky blew it all. LA in the nineties was an awful place for a manic-depressive clown.

CARMEL

We're so sorry, baby.

GIGGLES

Yeah, Kinky. We're sorry.

KINKY

(to Caramel)

Caramel, as sweet as sugar.

Kinky leans in, and he kisses Caramel. Licking his lips, Derek looks on like a creep.

CARAMEL
Love you, Kinky.

KINKY
(to Giggles)
And Giggles, always making me laugh.

Kinky leans in, and he kisses Giggles.

GIGGLES
Love you, Kinky.

KINKY
You clown bitches are too good to me.

DEREK
Y'know? I love you too, Kinky.

Kinky stares at Derek ominously. After a nervous throat swallow, Derek carefully pulls out an envelope from his jacket pocket, and he extends it to Kinky.

DEREK (cont'd)
It was a good week.

Kinky pulls out a large amount of cash from the envelope. Caramel and Giggles get excited.

DEREK (cont'd)
Nobody was a hard on. Still runnin' a well oiled machine. Let's see...

Kinky counts the cash.

DEREK (cont'd)
...Saw Sunshine on my way over.

Caramel and Giggles roll their eyes and dismissively laugh. Kinky stops counting money.

KINKY
Sunshine?

DEREK
Yeah, she was with some John.

Kinky is noticeably upset and troubled as thinks.

CARAMEL
Kick her bitch ass out, Kinky.

Derek and Giggles eyes grow large as they immediately know Caramel has made a dangerous faux pas. Stretching out his arms and cracking his back, Kinky loosens his hands.

KINKY

What was that Caramel?

CARAMEL

I-I-I just don't like Sunshine, Kinky. Clown bitch doesn't pull her weight around here. She's no good for you. That's it.

KINKY

That's it.

CARAMEL

(worried)

That's it.

KINKY

Good. I'm glad we could have an open and productive dialogue. That's what I like about you Caramel. You hold nothing back.

CARAMEL

Thanks, Kinky.

KINKY

You must be feeling pretty smart today, throwing around your opinions like that?

CARAMEL

I'm sorry.

Kinky stands up in front of Caramel.

KINKY

Why are you apologizing? I was complimenting you. Since you're so opinionated, I wanted to know if you thought my flower smelled good?

Derek moves in to protect Caramel.

DEREK

She didn't know, Kinky. Come on.

KINKY

She your girlfriend, Derek?

DEREK

What?

KINKY

Caramel your sister?

DEREK

...No.

KINKY

Then quit protecting the clown bitch
and let Caramel smell my flower.

Derek backs off. Kinky leans in, and pushes the flower on his suit jack toward Caramel's face.

KINKY (cont'd)

How's it smell?

Caramel takes a whiff of the air.

CARAMEL

I can't smell anything.

KINKY

Lean in closer.

Just as Caramel leans in closer, Kinky grabs the back of her head and begins to waterboard her with the squirt flower.

KINKY (cont'd)

(crazed)

See what I do for you Sunshine?!

To the horror of Derek and Giggles, Kinky sadistically laughs as he drowns Caramel with his squirt flower.

INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Liza brings fire to a bong bowl as Geoff and Ethan argue in the roommate's living room.

ETHAN

That's ridiculous. He's a crazy person.

GEOFF

He's not crazy! It's the liberal media! Tell him, Liza.

LIZA

I'm sure we can find compromise.

GEOFF

Ethan won't budge!

ETHAN

Because you can't give me a good reason why we're throwing a Tom Cruise themed party?

GEOFF

Because it's MY birthday, and I want to celebrate the greatest actor of the 20th AND 21st century!

LIZA

Let's not get carried away.

Geoff gets up, and he lawyerly presents his argument.

GEOFF

Carried away? That ship passed long ago when I spent twelve thousand dollars on an authentic Maverick flight suit from Top Gun.

LIZA

Fine. Holy shit. If you want a Tom Cruise party that much. Go ahead.

ETHAN

...So we're planning a Tom Cruise themed party because Geoff has a trust fund?

GEOFF

SHOW ME THE MONEY! Say it Ethan! SHOW ME THE MONEY!

As Geoff celebrates, Henry and Sunshine walk in from the front door together. Like old friends, the comedic duo are getting along famously. The situation freezes when everyone locks eyes. Geoff is visibly cold to Henry.

HENRY

...Hey roomies.

ROOMMATES

(all together)

...Hey.

HENRY

...This is Sunshine...She's a...

SUNSHINE

...Friend. Nice to meet all of you.

LIZA

Nice to meet you, Sunshine.

ETHAN
Henry, you look awful.

HENRY
Thanks. You should see the other guy.

Henry and Sunshine have an 'inside joke' moment.

LIZA
What happened?

HENRY
I got mugged last night walking home.
But don't worry - it was all a
misunderstanding.

LIZA
You getting mugged was a
misunderstanding?

HENRY
(hurried)
Yes. Apparently it's more common than
you'd expect. Look up the stat. I
know I did. Anyway, it's been a long
day, and all I want to do is retreat
to my room with my new friend.

Henry starts walking toward his room. Sunshine awkwardly waves goodbye to the roommates as she follows Henry.

SUNSHINE
...Nice meeting you.

Henry and Sunshine exit.

ETHAN
Henry and a clown hooker - Who'da
thunk?

LIZA
Especially one I'm pretty sure gave
him that shiner.

Geoff watches the couple exit as he reflects to himself softly.

GEOFF
Tck,tck,tck - looks like Henry has
money for funny hookers, but none for
his landlord.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunshine takes her jacket off, and she puts her purse down. Henry gets the room prepped for a writing session, retrieving a few legal pads and setting up a small whiteboard. Sitting down at Henry's desk, Sunshine sits staring at Kinky in the "Clown Cluster" poster on the wall.

SUNSHINE

I feel like that was weird with your roommates. Do they think we're fucking?

HENRY

I think it was pretty obvious we're writing.

Henry hands Sunshine a legal pad and pen.

SUNSHINE

Right. Guys write with clown hookers all the time.

HENRY

Hey, you're the one that said stranger things have happened.

SUNSHINE

I guess I'm still surprised you haven't tried to stick your dick in me.

Henry is a little put off by Sunshine's crassness as he sits down.

HENRY

Yeah, not that kind of guy.

SUNSHINE

That's cool. You're a writer.

HENRY

...What'd they teach you in school?

SUNSHINE

Y'know. Different kind of jokes. A lot of theory.

HENRY

Perfect. What's some comedy theory?

SUNSHINE

Relief theory. Superiority theory. There's lots.

(MORE)

SUNSHINE (cont'd)
But really it boils down to, jokes
that make people laugh are good
jokes.

HENRY
...That's what you learned?

SUNSHINE
Yeah, four years of school and a
mountain of debt boils down to funny
jokes are - funny.

HENRY
That's disappointing.

SUNSHINE
Tell me about it. But, I'm great at
working off other people's ideas!

HENRY
(put off)
Right.

SUNSHINE
So whatcha got?

HENRY
Here's the thing...I'm kinda the same
way.

SUNSHINE
So you have no ideas?

HENRY
Yes and no. Mostly yes.

SUNSHINE
(put off)
Right.

HENRY
I was really lucky with the last
sketch I wrote. Life inspired art on
that one.

SUNSHINE
So tap from your life again.

HENRY
My life isn't very funny.

SUNSHINE
That's what everyone says. It's
bullshit.

(MORE)

SUNSHINE (cont'd)
 You just gotta pay attention. It's
 literally right in front of you.

HENRY
 I don't know. Maybe there's like a
 sketch about my masturbation habits.

SUNSHINE
 No. What I'm saying is there is a
 sketch in getting robbed by a hooker!

Henry laughs.

HENRY
 Huh. That is a good setup.

SUNSHINE
 Yeah, you could have a character be
 like a drunk foreigner...looking for
 directions back to his hotel?

HENRY
 (likes it)
 Okay...

SUNSHINE
 But the hooker should be torn between
 helping the foreigner and robbing
 him.

HENRY
 Yeah. And it ends with the foreigner
 getting knocked out for vomiting on
 the hooker!

SUNSHINE
 Well, no. That can be part of it. But
 you have to redeem the hooker or the
 sketch is pointless.

HENRY
 (no idea)
 Sure.

Sunshine turns around and starts typing furiously on the
 computer keyboard. Henry grabs a notepad, and he lays down
 on his bed.

SUNSHINE
 (typing)
 ...the hooker could...the hooker
 could feel awful, and she doesn't
 take the money.

(MORE)

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

She stands up, wipes the puke off,
and drags the foreigner to his hotel.

Sunshine continues to type away as Henry rests on the bed.

INT. THEATER SPACE - NIGHT

Musa and Grace are performing the aforementioned scene to a larger audience. Grace, costumed convincingly as a hooker. Musa, costumed with a fanny pack and camera strapped around his neck.

Grace has Musa pinned up against the wall with a knife pressed against his heart. The audience is engaged and laughing.

MUSA

(French accent)

Je ne pas! You have been a terrible
navigateur. Je suis ignorant of HILL-
ton location.

GRACE

Sir, your hotel is just around the
corner, but if you don't give me your
money I will hurt you.

Grace puts pressure on the knife against Musa's heart.

MUSA

(French accent)

Ahhhh! My French heart! Je l'ai
vomis!

Musa has a vomit pack setup, and he throws up on Grace. The audience laughs, but goes crazy when Grace knocks Musa out.

INT. BACKSTAGE THEATER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Confident, Henry looks on satisfied as the scene's climax has hit on all levels.

INT. THEATER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

With both Grace and Musa on the stage floor. Grace slowly gets up, and wipes the vomit off her face. She pulls out Musa's wallet from his jacket pocket, and she reveals a few hundred dollars. Having second thoughts before pocketing the money, Grace puts the money back in Musa's jacket, and she begins to walk offstage.

Walking back on stage, Grace grabs the unconscious Musa's arm. Dragging him offstage.

GRACE
(dragging)
Let's get you to your hotel.

The lights go black. The audience is very supportive and receptive to the sketch. The audience approves as the young artists feel accepted.

INT. SPORTS BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Musa, Grace sit in a booth at bar that is lively. Henry approaches with a pitcher of beer and three glasses.

HENRY
I got us an IPA, I hope that's fine.

OLIVIA
After Musa killed it like that tonight - anything is fine! We are here to celebrate!

Henry pours a beer for Grace and Musa.

MUSA
Are we...Henry?

HENRY
You had a great show. The audience was hooked to you two.

MUSA
Where's the but?

HENRY
No but. It was great. You were great.

MUSA
...Thanks, man. You had good material tonight.

HENRY
(arrogant)
You think so?

MUSA
Like a new perspective or something.

HENRY
A lot of ebb and flow to writing.

GRACE
It's flowing now!

Musa points to Henry's black eye.

MUSA
It sure is. Just don't get killed
over it.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sunshine leans against a brick wall smoking a cigarette as Henry approaches her with a printed script.

HENRY
I got that good news for ya girl!

SUNSHINE
Get out of here, Henry.

Sunshine suspiciously looks around.

HENRY
I was going to tell you your sketch
killed.

SUNSHINE
My boyfriend told me he'd kill you if
you kept bothering me.

HENRY
Boyfriend?!

SUNSHINE
Boyfriend...pimp - it's complicated.

HENRY
Well, then I'm going to go have a
little chat with this boyfriend.

SUNSHINE
That is not a smart idea.

Henry holds Sunshine "heroically."

HENRY
Sunshine, I ran a lawn-mowing company
as a teenager. I know a thing a two
about negotiating.

SUNSHINE
Henry. Kinky will kill you.

HENRY

Like "The Clown Cluster" Kinky? Bird lover Kinky? I thought he dropped off the face of the Earth!

SUNSHINE

Kinky got into the pimp game after he was released from VH1's "Celebrity Jail."

HENRY

Wow. His story just keeps getting sadder for a guy with so much talent.

SUNSHINE

Kinky's a psychopath. Stay away from him.

HENRY

Small world, but is he that fat clown living in that rundown mansion up on Custis Bluff?

SUNSHINE

How'd you know?

HENRY

I used to mow that cheapskate's lawn. I'll sort everything out.

Henry starts walking away.

SUNSHINE

Are you listening to me? No one negotiates with Kinky.

EXT. KINKY'S MANSION - LATER THAT NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette, Derek tends to the pigeons on the front porch. Henry approaches Kinky's mansion with purpose.

DEREK

You the John sticking it Sunshine, ain't you?

HENRY

My name is Henry, and I'm here to see Mr. Kinky.

DEREK

I don't know no fuckin' Kinky's.

HENRY

You're tending to birds outside of a mansion. You might as well be a child in front of Neverland Ranch.

INT. KINKY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Looking deeply miserable, Kinky is just going through the motions doing balloon artistry. Getting pushed into the house by Derek, Kinky stops, and he stares at Henry.

DEREK

Sunshine's John.

HENRY

My name is Henry, Mr. Kinky. If you recall, I used to mow your lawn. I'm here--(interrupted)

KINKY

Is Sunshine nice to you - you enjoy her company?

HENRY

I'm here--(interrupted)

KINKY

She's a catch that's for sure. Not too many of my clown bitches have that fancy education.

HENRY

I'm here--(interrupted)

KINKY

But that education confuses Kinky - make Kinky wonder why such a smart girl is forgettin' to charge working your pole.

HENRY

It's none of your business what Sunshine and I do creatively. You might control her body, Mr. Kinky. But no one controls her mind.

Kinky springs up.

KINKY

Sunshine wasn't riding that nasty little disco stick?

HENRY

No! We're writing comedy!

Before Henry can pull the rolled up printed script out of his back pocket, Kinky snaps and hits him to the ground.

KINKY

Clown bitch!

(to Derek)

Lock the fuckin' door.

Derek locks the front door. Kinky drags Henry by his hair.

INT. KINKY'S STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Violently pulling Henry by his hair, Kinky drags him down a basement staircase.

INT. KINKY'S KILL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kinky pulls Henry into a dark and terrifying clown-centric room. There is no natural light and everything is soundproof. The only furniture in this room is a armor safe and a single chair. The chair sits below a large industrial drain.

Derek blocks the door as Kinky makes his way to the armor safe.

KINKY

Tie his ass up, Derek. We're going to have some fun.

Derek locks the door as Henry begs for his life.

HENRY

Please, Mr. Kinky. I was a big fan of yours! Don't hurt me!

Derek grabs some rope, and he starts tying up Henry to the chair. Kinky opens the safe.

HENRY (cont'd)

I don't know what I did to offend you, but I'm telling you - it's a mistake! I love The Clown Cluster!

Derek finishes tying up Henry, as Kinky turns around from the safe with a handgun.

HENRY (cont'd)
 You were not only the comedic engine,
 you were the moral compass of the
 show...

Kinky toys with the gun to intimidate Henry.

KINKY
 (upset)
 Why you gotta pull at Kinky's mother
 fuckin' heartstrings gettin' creative
 with his Sunshine?

Kinky presses the gun against Henry's knees, who winces.
 Pressing the gun against Henry's hand, Kinky breaks him
 emotionally.

HENRY
 No, no, no - please, just make it quick
 if you're going to kill me.

Methodically revolving back around, Kinky looks Henry in
 eyes.

KINKY
 Kinky the benevolent will grant your
 wish, Henry.

Standing tall, Kinky presses the gun to Henry's forehead.

HENRY
 (last words)
 I wish I had tried the Pepsi
 challenge!

KINKY
 G'night.

Kinky pulls back the hammer on the gun as Henry resigns to
 his fate. Pulling the trigger...a small flag that says,
 'Bang' comes out of the barrel. Peeking his eye open, Henry
 realizes the gun fired and the joke's on him.

HENRY
 (embarrassed)
 ...I think I pooped my pants.

Kinky and Derek laugh at Henry's misfortune.

EXT. KINKY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Derek pushes the tied up Henry on the front lawn. Kinky
 stands victoriously in front of his door.

KINKY

That's strike one, Henry. Stay away from Sunshine, and Kinky won't strike you out!

Finding his tethered balance, Henry walks toward the sidewalk hiding tears and clearly sporting soiled pants.

INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The living room is dark as Geoff gives a PowerPoint presentation to Liza and Ethan. Geoff clicks to the next slide.

Insert: a picture of a party room over decorated in Top Gun themed design. A large title 'THEME' is overlaid on the picture.

GEOFF

Where are we on the theme?

ETHAN

I found a guy that will make Top Gun napkins, cups, plastic silverware - you name it, he can stick Top Gun on it.

GEOFF

I want everything.

ETHAN

Everything?

GEOFF

If I see one inch of this party not decorated to Top Gun, I will kill your first born son.

ETHAN

Jesus.

GEOFF

Even he can't save you from my wrath, Ethan. Next!

Geoff clicks to the next slide.

Insert: picture of food with the title 'FOOD' overlaid on the picture.

GEOFF (cont'd)

Liza, where are we on food?

LIZA
We're ordering Italian, Tom Cruise's
favorite cuisine.

GEOFF
Good. Order enough for four hundred
people. That goes for you too, Ethan.

LIZA
(shocked)
Four hundred people?

GEOFF
Moving on.

Geoff clicks to the next slide.

Insert: picture of a group of Tom Cruise co-star pictures
with the title 'CELEBRITY GUEST APPEARANCE' overlaid on the
picture.

GEOFF (cont'd)
Did we get Nicole Kidman?

LIZA
I didn't talk to her directly, but
the secretary to the secretary of her
agent told us, and I quote...
(doing Australian
impression)
"Ms. Kidman does not make personal
appearances, unless you have cancer
or AIDS or whatever."

GEOFF
Well, did you tell her I have AIDS?

LIZA
Did I tell Nicole Kidman's people
that you have AIDS?...No.

GEOFF
Fine. We got Penelope Cruz.

LIZA
Ha. Keep going down that totem pole.

GEOFF
Renee Zellweger?

Liza shakes her head 'no.' Geoff is not happy.

GEOFF (cont'd)
(disappointing)
...Kelly McGillis?

LIZA
We got Dean Semler, cinematographer
on Cocktail.

ETHAN
Really? Good work, Liza. The lighting
in Cocktail is exquisite!

GEOFF
The lighting? The fucking lighting?!
That's what you get from Cocktail?!
Are you two deliberately trying to
ruin my birthday? Is Katie Holmes
behind this?

Henry comes into the house looking awful - injured, dirty,
and tied up. All compounded by his roommates coldness toward
him.

HENRY
...Hey guys.

No one really responds. Henry looks very helpless.

HENRY (cont'd)
...Cool. I'm good, too.

LIZA
Are you?

HENRY
What do you mean?

LIZA
You look like you've been crying.

ETHAN
Yeah, why are you tied up?

LIZA
I think he moonlights wrestling the
homeless and lost. It would explain
the black eye.

ETHAN
And why he smells like shit.

GEOFF
And just like Demi Moore in "A Few
Good Men" you haven't contributed
anything to my birthday party!

No one understands what Geoff is talking about, making him
feel vulnerable.

GEOFF (cont'd)
...Oh, fuck off - Where's my rent?

HENRY
Really? Look at me!

GEOFF
Are you alive - breathing?

HENRY
Barely.

GEOFF
Then pay up before I evict your ass!

HENRY
It's so easy for you three to judge
me on top of your peak, while I'm
stuck down in the valley with a noose
around my neck!

ETHAN
Whoa, Henry. Buddy.

LIZA
If you need help - tell us.

HENRY
Oh, nuts to your sympathy! All three
of you can go fly a kite!

Henry waddles out of the house tied up walks out of the
house unable to slam the door.

INT. SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in a steamy sauna receiving a back rub from two
beautiful women, Sammy is relaxing when his cell phone
rings. Sammy taps his bluetooth.

EXT. GAS STATION PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

With his hands still tied behind his back, Henry has a payphone pressed to his ear held by a sweet old lady on a motorized cart holding her breath, RUTH, 90.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HENRY AND SAMMY

SAMMY
(into phone)
Thrilla! Where's your scripts?

HENRY
...Yeah, um...that's not why I
called.

SAMMY
You wanna hit the titty club with
Sammy tonight!

HENRY
(into phone)
I think playing with...breasts...is
the last thing I should be doing.

Sammy is bewildered, and he doesn't respond.

HENRY (cont'd)
(into phone)
...Sammy?

SAMMY
(into phone)
...Man don't wanna suck on some
titties, he musta hit the hardest of
times. Talk to me, baby.

HENRY
(into phone)
Where to begin? Um, I'm pretty sure a
clown pimp is going to kill me.

SAMMY
(into phone)
Clown pimp? Like Kinky?

HENRY
(into phone)
You know Kinky?!

SAMMY
(into phone)
Do I - I was that crazy mother
fucker's agent till he fell off the
deep end.

HENRY
(into phone)
So if you know Kinky, tell him not to
kill me!

SAMMY
(into phone)
That ship passed after the whole zoo
incident in '93.

HENRY
(into phone)
So you're telling me I'm fucked just
like that California condor.

SAMMY
(into phone)
Nah. Sammy can help. Come to my
office. Ima send a car to pick you
up.

HENRY
(into phone)
I-I-Just really need a shower.

SAMMY
(into phone)
See you soon, thrillla.

Sammy hangs up.

EXT. GAS STATION PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

The elderly woman lets out her breath, and she hangs up the
phone. Quickly wheeling away toward the gas station mini-
mart.

HENRY
Excuse me, mam! Could I also bother
you to untie me?

RUTH
(driving away)
If I can survive the great
depression, you can untie yourself.

Exasperated, Henry turns around to hide his frustration and desperation. A light car honk is heard. Turning back around, Henry is surprised that a limo is parked in front of him.

HENRY
(mutter)
What the fuck - he wasn't lying.

Unable to enter the limo, Henry awkwardly waits until the driver exits and reacts to his stentch. Still not cutting him loose, the driver helps Henry into the limo.

INT. LIMO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Henry falls into a swanky, cavernous limousine. Sitting at the other end of the limo making out is two scantily clad women, SHYLA and JAYDEN, 20's.

HENRY
...Is this like a limo ride share?
You two going to airport or
something?

The girls stop locking lips, and they seductively slide down the limo toward Henry until they smell him - stopping.

JAYDEN
Sammy sent us to comfort you for the
drive.

HENRY
(rolls eyes)
Can I be honest with you ladies?

SHYLA
Of course, shug.

JAYDEN
Talk to us.

HENRY
Right now emotionally I feel like I'm
somewhere between figuring out your
fiancé is cheating on you and both
your parents dying suddenly.

SHYLA
So you just want to watch us fuck?

JAYDEN
That's fine. A lot of guys like that.

HENRY

No, no, no. I want you to untie me and then I want to be the little spoon to your big spoon.

The girls are confused at Henry's unusual request.

SHYLA

...No sex?

HENRY

I want to take a nap. And you two are going to cuddle me.

The girls don't move in to caress Henry.

HENRY (cont'd)

...Well don't just look at it. Spoon it.

Henry invites the girls into his personal space. Shyla and Jayden oblige by breathing in and helping Henry untie himself. Henry rests and falls asleep snugly between Jayden and Shyla's nose-plugged, loving grasp.

INT. LIMO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Henry wakes up in the limo, wiping his crusty eyes. As his vision comes into focus, Henry realizes Shyla and Jayden are gone. The limo is empty and not moving.

Henry gets up from his resting position and curiously looks out the limo window. The limo is parked outside a row of commercial brick buildings. Catching Henry's eye is the flashing neon sign: Showtime Sammy's Agency.

EXT. SHOWTIME AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

The agency windows are blacked out as Henry approaches the front entrance. Before Henry can knock on the glass door, a buzzer rings and the noise of the door unlocking is clear.

INT. SHOWTIME AGENCY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Timidly opening the door, Henry is surprised to see a smiling beautiful woman, ANNABELLA, 20's, holding a towel and shower kit in a bland waiting room with a secretary desk.

ANNABELLA

Welcome, Henry. I'm Annabella.

HENRY

Hi.

Annabella guides Henry to a door behind the secretary desk.

INT. SHOWTIME AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Henry opens the door to reveal a large work space rooted in a beautiful indoor zen garden. There is a conference room, gym, break space, studio space, etc.

Sammy's voice is heard through an intercom.

SAMMY

Thrilla! Glad you made it! Get yaself cleaned up, and then come see ya boy!

HENRY

...Tha-Thanks, Sammy?

ANNABELLA

He can't hear you. This way.

INT. SHOWTIME AGENCY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annabella opens the bathroom door to reveal a gorgeous, fully stocked bathroom with a large shower.

ANNABELLA

Heated floors, steam shower, you name it - it's in here. If you need anything I will be in the lobby.

HENRY

Thank you for everything.

ANNABELLA

My pleasure.

Annabella exits the bathroom, softly closing the door behind her.

INT. SHOWTIME AGENCY SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Three streams of water and steam cleanse the joyous Henry.

INT. SHOWTIME AGENCY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry exits the shower, and he dries himself off with a towel. Henry notices his old soiled clothes gone, including the script, replaced by new, clean clothes.

INT. SHOWTIME AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Clean as a whistle and dressed in his new outfit, Henry walks into the zen garden area and looks around. Hearing Sammy's boisterous laugh deep in the agency, Henry follows it as it gets louder.

INT. SAMMY'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

In an office that is extravagantly decorated with the walls covered in hollywood memorabilia, Sammys laughs at his desk reading the printed script. Henry opens the door, and slowly walks in as Sammy doesn't immediately acknowledge him. Putting the script down, Sammy takes his reading glasses off.

SAMMY

This is some great shit, thrillla.
This is all you?

Henry doesn't know whether to lie to Sammy as he approaches.

HENRY

...Yeah. Just me.

SAMMY

My people in LA can definitely fuck
with this.

HENRY

Off of this script?

SAMMY

Hell yeah off this script. It's
funny. It's got heart. It's got
vision. Think Chappelle's Show - Amy
Schumer - Henry Benowitz!

HENRY

Ha - I wish.

SAMMY

Bullshit. You can. This right here is
like ownin' land in oil country.

HENRY

Yeah, but I got nothing to extract that oil. I don't even have time to think about that oil.

SAMMY

You got me. I got money. Buckle down, and write, thrilla.

HENRY

Are you commissioning me to write, Sammy?

SAMMY

It'd be bad business not to.

HENRY

(frenzied)

Ha! YES! Suck it Mom and Dad! I'm getting paid for my art!

SAMMY

Be calm, Henry. You got no time to gloat at your parent's expense with a dozen scripts to write.

HENRY

(shit)

Dozen?

SAMMY

Completed and delivered on my desk in two weeks. Five hundred upon commencement, and an additional G upon delivery.

HENRY

Thousand?

SAMMY

That's a total of fifteen hundred dollars per script against ten thousand dollars if your show is picked up.

HENRY

...Based on this script - I could make twenty-eight thousand dollars in two weeks?

Sammy nods with confidence.

SAMMY

And then you and I make a shit ton of money together.

HENRY

Where do I sign?

Sammy puts a contract in front of Henry. Henry signs it, and Sammy pulls out a large wad of cash.

SAMMY

Welcome to the game, thrilla. Where anything can happen in Hollywood!

Sammy proudly laughs as the two shake hands.

EXT. SUNSHINE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Hiding in an alleyway, Sunshine watches from across the street as TYLER CHAD, 35, spray tanned, buff, douche bag - with a blonde bimbo, VANESSA CHAD, 25, park his convertible Mazda Miata. The car is blasting Nickleback music. Tyler exits the car, and he starts yelling at Vanessa.

TYLER

(lightly effeminate)

HELL-O! Get off my fucking ass, Vanessa?! Let's see you be positive when you have dick cancer!

Sunshine screams out loud as if in agony. Tyler reacts, and he runs to help the damsel in distress. Upon entering the alleyway, Sunshine overpowers Tyler who screams in a high pitch. Pulling out a knife, Sunshine holds the weapon against Tyler's neck.

SUNSHINE

Stop screaming like that.

Tyler's macho persona has deflated completely.

TYLER

Screaming like what?! I'm scared.

SUNSHINE

Just shut up, and give me your money.

TYLER

Please, I have nothing! I might as well be homeless.

SUNSHINE

Bullshit. You drive a fancy sports car.

TYLER

It's a Mazda Miata! Girls get them for their sweet sixteen! It's worth more as scrap metal.

SUNSHINE

But what about the hot girlfriend you treat like shit?

TYLER

That's my sister. She suffers from extreme tinnitus and can't hear a thing. VANESSA-HELP!

Vanessa doesn't react - clearly deaf. Sunshine is feeling defeated.

TYLER (cont'd)

See.

SUNSHINE

...And the dick cancer?

TYLER

You heard that?

SUNSHINE

You yelled it to your deaf sister.

TYLER

Me and my big mouth. Yeah, I went dickless last Thursday.

Tyler pulls down his sweatpants to reveal his blank pelvic region - Like a Ken doll. Sunshine jumps off of Tyler.

TYLER (cont'd)

Fingers crossed, but my doctors are hoping it hasn't spread to my anal glands.

Dumfounding Sunshine, walking into the alleyway, happy as can be wearing the outfit Sammy gave him is Henry.

HENRY

Sunshine!

SUNSHINE

(not happy)

Henry!

Henry sees Tyler's pelvic region, and he quickly pulls his sweatpants back up.

HENRY

Whoa! Put your...whatever away...
she's not that kind of hooker.

TYLER

Hooker?

SUNSHINE

Go away, Henry.

HENRY

Yeah, Sunshine's a clown hooker.
(to Sunshine)
Do the bit!..come on! Just do it!

SUNSHINE

(monotone)
...I'll make you laugh and cum!

HENRY

Ohhh!

TYLER

(pleasantly
surprised)
That's hilarious!

HENRY

Exactly! Except Sunshine doesn't like
the whole sex part of prostitution.
So that's why she robbed you!

TYLER

That makes sense.

SUNSHINE

No it doesn't!

TYLER

And that's fine. No one is
complaining. You just need to get
better at who you rob.

HENRY

(friendly)
You got no money, either?

TYLER

Not a dime! Drained the savings
account to get my dick safely chopped
off!

Henry laughs with Tyler as Sunshine breaks the two up.

SUNSHINE

Both of you shut up! What part of
Kinky killing you do you not
understand, Henry?

Henry pulls out the wad of cash Sammy gave him.

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

(to Henry)
Where'd you get that?

HENRY

(to Sunshine)
Don't worry about such things. Worry
about being my writing partner.

TYLER

(amazed)
This just gets weirder.

SUNSHINE

(to Henry)
Kinky's smart. He'll find out. And
then we're both fucked.

TYLER

I could use some of that cash.

HENRY

(to Sunshine)
As long as this keeps coming in -
Kinky won't care.

Henry puts the money in Sunshine's hand. The touch of
physical cash visibly sways Sunshine's morale.

HENRY (cont'd)

No robbing. No sex. Just comedy.

SUNSHINE

(the cash)
This needs to go to Kinky, quick.

TYLER

You should pay your victims for
emotional damage.

HENRY

Okay, but we're writing tonight.

SUNSHINE

That's fine. Your place?

TYLER

I have no money. I got no dick. My sister is deaf.

HENRY

Yeah, just stop by the house whenever you can make it.

SUNSHINE

Sounds good. See you later.

Sunshine and Henry walk out of the alleyway in opposite directions.

TYLER

...And worse of all I don't have any friends.

Tyler sits sadly in the alleyway, alone and friendless.

INT. KINKY'S MANSION - LATER THAT DAY

Sniffing paint thinner, Kinky depressingly sits on his couch. Like a ready ball boy at Wimbledon, Derek kneels beside Kinky, watching clown hooker DESTINY, 22, poorly playing the accordion. Kinky is losing his composure, emotionally.

KINKY

Ahhhhh! Who invented that goddamn stupid instrument?!

DEREK

Friedrich Buschmann, I think?

KINKY

Shut the fuck up, Derek!

Kinky tries to collect himself.

KINKY (cont'd)

What Kinky's trying to say is it's not your fault, Destiny. It's Fuckhead Bachman! Y'know?

Kinky takes a large sniff of the paint thinner. Sunshine walks into the room.

KINKY (cont'd)

(noticing)

...SUNSHINE! Always makin' Kinky's nightmares brighter.

Kinky gets up off the couch with manic energy.

KINKY (cont'd)
You had Kinky worried you'd never
return.

(to Derek, manic)
What the fuck is your purpose if
anyone can get in the house?!

DEREK
You're right, Kinky. I'm sorry.

KINKY
(mocking)
You're right, Kinky. I'm sorry...Go
lock the fuckin' door!!!

Kinky chases Derek off.

KINKY (cont'd)
...Get the fuck out of here, Destiny.
Don't let Kinky hear about you
playing that thang no more.

DESTINY
I'm sorry, Kinky. I'll figure out a
new act.

KINKY
No! Stick to that dumb ass magic show
that gets them dicks hard.

Destiny puts her accordion down, and she starts to walk out.

KINKY (cont'd)
Some clown bitches, am I right? Kinky
hates showing that side to you,
Sunshine.

Kinky goes to grab the paint thinner.

SUNSHINE
It's fine. It's actually me who--

KINKY
Let Kinky make it up to you. We'll
watch Kinky's directorial debut:
Clown Confidential! Jean Claude Van
Dam and Kinky playing two loner cops
that can't play by the rules!

Kinky inhales as Sunshine doesn't know how to respond.

INT. KINKY'S MANSION TV ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bored out of her mind, Sunshine snuggles the pouty Kinky. They are watching the end of "Clown Confidential."

On the TV, Kinky's cop character holds Jean Claude Van Dam (JCVD) cop character who has been shot. The scene is an exterior, pouring rain, highly emotional conclusion.

JCVD

(on tv)

Haha. Three days from retirement, Kinky man. Tell my wife I love her.

KINKY

(on tv)

Haha. Don't take a nap now. You're gonna be alright, Figgs.

JCVD

(on tv)

Haha. Make sure to take down the bad guy. For me.

On the TV, JCVD's character dies in Kinky's arms.

KINKY

(on tv)

Nooooooooooooo!

On the TV, Kinky's screaming fades to black - Credit scroll (Written, Directed, Produced, and Starring Thomas "Kinky" Donaldson).

SUNSHINE

Did you really leave the climax of the first film to conclude in the sequel?

KINKY

Kinky the director was gonna change mother fuckin' storytellin'.

SUNSHINE

Then that gossipy condor flew into your life.

KINKY

The studio axed the sequel even though Kinky took the plea bargain.

SUNSHINE

That's a shame.

Kinky gets up, and he takes a big whiff paint thinner.

KINKY

That's a shame?...Fuck what you say,
bitch. Keep bein' a worthless clown
hooker that brings no fuckin' money
in.

Fed up, Sunshine grabs her purse, and she hands the cash to Kinky.

KINKY (cont'd)

You rob some old fuck at the country
club?

SUNSHINE

Retainer. Call him my SugarDaddy.

Kinky moves in close to Sunshine.

KINKY

Sunshine finally becomin' an earner
gettin' Kinky all wet.

Going in for the kiss, Kinky is denied by Sunshine.

SUNSHINE

I've got a date with SugarDaddy.

Sunshine whispers in Kinky ear, as she makes her way toward the exit.

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

(walking away)

...but, have fun with that cash,
Kinky.

Sunshine pecks Kinky on the forehead, and she walks away toward toward the exit. Throwing the cash on the ground, Kinky pulls out his dick.

KINKY

(to himself)

Make him cum while he laughs...or
whatever.

Sunshine exits. Kinky starts pissing on the cash.

KINKY (cont'd)

Derek!

Unseen this whole time, Derek comes out of his hiding place within the room.

DEREK
Anything, Kinky.

KINKY
Be a good mutt and go follow
Sunshine. Kinky's betting she's
seeing our friend Henry.

DEREK
All the way over in the Little
Albania District?

KINKY
This is your chance to become a man
and throw a real good scare into that
clown bitch.

Kinky finishes peeing - doing the shake. Kinky wipes his
hand on Derek's shoulder.

DEREK
Scare?...Like 'Boo!'

KINKY
JesusfuckinChrist - Rough her up with
a bag of oranges if you have to. Let
her know Kinky is always watchin'.

DEREK
Bag of oranges?

KINKY
Yeah, ya simple fuck. Take some of
this cash to buy a bag. It's on
Kinky.

Derek looks at the piss soaked cash, and he picks up some
wet money.

KINKY (cont'd)
Now don't go spending it all. Kinky
wants change.

Dripping urine from his hand, Derek nods his head.

KINKY (cont'd)
Now get the fuck outta here before
you can't beat Sunshine there!

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE SIDEWALK - LATER THAT NIGHT

In front of Henry's house, Sunshine walks down the sidewalk. Stopping before walking up the house stoop, Sunshine turns around and looks around the street.

EXT. ACROSS STREET HENRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Attempting to be unnoticeable and hidden, Derek holds a sack of oranges behind a car. He watches Sunshine approach him with ferocity in her step from across the street.

SUNSHINE

(to Derek)

Get over here you little creep.

Derek backs up in a panic, and he trips over himself. Sunshine grabs a hold of Derek and his sack of oranges.

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

What'd Kinky tell you to do?!

DEREK

He told me to rough you up if you were with that John.

Defeated and humiliated by a girl, Derek lies in the fetal position. Towering over Derek, Sunshine begins to beat him with the sack of oranges. Derek screams in pain. Sunshine gets back down, covering his mouth and screams.

SUNSHINE

You tell Kinky - I got a SugarDaddy.
And it AIN'T Henry. You understand?

DEREK

(in pain)

I getcha! I understand!

Sunshine takes a breath, and she begins to beat Derek again with the sack of oranges. This time with more wrath. Only until the orange bag breaks open does Sunshine stop. Composing herself, Sunshine fixes her hair, and she tightens her outfit.

SUNSHINE

Don't make me keep reminding you.

Sunshine walks away from the blubbering Derek toward the front of Henry's house.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sunshine walks up the stoop, toward the front door, and she knocks. Henry answers the door, totally unaware of the altercation that just occurred.

HENRY

Nice! You made it. You ready to write some comedy gold, Sunshine?

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

MUSIC CUE: 1980's Clown Hookers montage theme describing something similar to "pushing it to the limit" or gaining the "Eye of the Tiger," but related to clown hookers.

- 1) INT. SAMMY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - Sammy reads a script, and he gives Henry cash.
- 2) INT. KINKY MANSION - CONTINUOUS - Derek looks scared as Sunshine hands the drugged out Kinky the cash.
- 3) INT. HENRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - Henry invites Sunshine into the house while the pissed off roommates watch.
- 4) INT. HENRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS - Sunshine types while Henry isn't helping.
- 5) INT. THEATER SPACE - CONTINUOUS - Musa and Grace perform in front of a large audience laughing, unmakeup'd Kinky sits unamused in the front row.
- 6) EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS - Sunshine throws a scare into Derek, making him spill hot coffee.
- 7) INT. KINKY MANSION - CONTINUOUS - Making a noose with twist balloons, Kinky receives money from Sunshine who eyes the burnt Derek.
- 8) INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS - Henry pushes a script to Sammy, who passes back cash.
- 9) INT. HENRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - Geoff demands Henry's cash as they argue in front of Liza and Ethan. Top Gun merchandise is everywhere.
- 10) INT. HENRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS - Sunshine looks exhausted typing, as Henry sleeps on the bed.
- 11) INT. THEATER SPACE - CONTINUOUS - Unmakeup'd Kinky blankly watches Musa and Grace performing to bigger crowds.

12) INT. KINKY MANSION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - Kinky bathes himself in paint thinner as Sunshine tries to hand him the money, but he defeatdly dips his head below.

13) INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS - Lots of people being directed by Ethan and Liza, setting up Geoff's Top Gun themed party inside the hangar.

14) INT. SAMMY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - Sammy laughs really hard at the script he's reading, as Henry counts more money.

On Sammy's desk sits a pile of the scripts Sunshine and Henry have been working on - Credited solely to: Henry Benowitz.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Off the coast of Malibu, California - Sammy, Henry, and a helicopter pilot fly toward a large house on the beach. Henry is amazed at everything.

SAMMY
(over walkie)
Welcome to Jackie Eisner's weekend home!

HENRY
You know, Jackie Eisner?!

SAMMY
Sammy knows everybody. Just don't fuck it up, thrill!

Henry looks out the window as the helicopter decends under a sprawling beach mansion.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH FRONT MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Opening the helicopter door, KINGSLEY MIDDLETON, 40, Jackie Eisner's tight-assed assistant, greets Sammy and Henry as they exit the chopper.

KINGSLEY
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

HENRY
Hello, my name is Henry!

KINGSLEY
Wonderful to meet you--

Sammy leads the walk, not Kingsley.

SAMMY
(to Kingsley)
It's business time. No need for that
proper bullshit, Kingsley.

The trio walk toward a large, beautiful home.

INT. MALIBU MANSION JACKIE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACKIE EISNER, 50, short, tan, fit, is looking at paperwork while holding a video conference with a scrawny intern, TRISTAN LEWIS, 19.

JACKIE
I thought we settled this cum
dumpster bullshit, Pat. It's
disgusting. I don't like it one bit!

Jackie reacts to Tristan on his screen.

TRISTAN
Patricia is out for the day, sir. My
name is Tristan Lewis. I'm an intern
from the prestigious USC film school.

JACKIE
Remember while your chocking on your
cock that college is for fucktards,
Kristan.

TRISTAN
Yes, sir. But, um. Tobias Lémieux
still is being stubborn.

JACKIE
...Who the fuck is Tobias Lémieux?

TRISTAN
...The director of your production
"The Weeping Peddle," sir.

JACKIE
It's still called "The Weeping
Peddle?"

TRISTAN
Yes, sir. Produced by: Jackie Eisner.

JACKIE

Fuck me. I told that clog wearing, spunk bubble it was fine as a working title. Does "working title" mean "finished title" in Belgium?!

TRISTAN

Denmark, Mr. Eisner, and Tobias emphasized in his native Danish, how much his vision for the "The Weeping Peddle," needs a cum dumpster.

JACKIE

How can a cum dumpster STILL be part of this fuck face's vision?

TRISTAN

An integral part, apparently. Tobias was very firm on this.

JACKIE

Did you tell this Danish fucknut if there EVER was a purge, I would kill him first?!

Sammy enters into Jackie's office with Henry.

TRISTAN

No, sir...I wasn't aware it was part of protocol.

JACKIE

HR won't put it in the fucking protocol. BECAUSE HR IS FULL OF PUSSIES LIKE YOU KRISTAN! NOW TELL TOBIAS FUCKTARD -- NO CUM DUMPSTER!

SAMMY

Cum dumpster? What's Adam Sandler got up his sleeve this time?

JACKIE

Gimmie a minute, Sammy. This two-bit shitfuck director is wasting the studio's money.

SAMMY

On what?

JACKIE

Some artsy fartsy, cum dumpster, Sundance baby...what the fuck was it called, Kristan?

TRISTIN
The Weeping Peddle, sir.

JACKIE
Would you go see that?

SAMMY
Hell no - but I'd go see a movie
called, Cum Dumpster, starring
Sandler and Kevin James. That shit'd
be hilarious.

JACKIE
He's talent management. Don't listen
to talent management ever, Tristan.
Just like that Danish dipshit. No cum
dumpster. Make it happen. Say
goodbye, Kristan.

TRISTAN
Good--

Jackie hangs up on Tristan.

JACKIE
SHOWTIME!

SAMMY
Jackie-boy! Let's make a deal!

Jackie and Sammy embrace as old friends.

JACKIE
(to Sammy)
Is this him?

Sammy nods proudly.

JACKIE (cont'd)
You got a big dick on you, kid. I
like that.

Henry doesn't know how to respond to such a weird comment.

HENRY
...I didn't know I was audtioning for
porn.

Jackie and Sammy laugh.

JACKIE
I can make that happen if you want. I
can open any door you want.

HENRY

Can you open the door to your kitchen? I'm starving.

Sammy quick butts in.

SAMMY

Let's get down to business. We gotta get paid, baby.

JACKIE

Henry is right. Doing business on an empty stomach is bad business.

With purpose in his step, Jackie exits his office into the depths of his mansion.

JACKIE (cont'd)

Get some fucking pep in that step.

Henry follows, but is unsure of his place as a guest. Sammy is the last to follow because he is visibly frustrated shaking his head.

INT. MALIBU MANSION DINNING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sitting at a large table, overrun by a variety of delicious foods. The stuffed trio drink after-dinner coffee. Sammy seems uneasy as Jackie lights a cigar.

JACKIE

...I built Eisner Enterprises twenty years ago with a foundation of tenacity, vision, loyalty, and always listening to my original investor.

Jackie proudly points to Sammy.

HENRY

(to Sammy)

That's how you made all your money.

SAMMY

I know the real deal when I see it.

JACKIE

And Showtime says you're the real deal.

HENRY

Get the fuck out of here! Me?!

SAMMY

I been sending Jackie scripts since the beginning.

JACKIE

You got a great fucking gift, Henry.

HENRY

(arrogant)

...I'm glad you caught that.

SAMMY

It's like thrillers is two people.

JACKIE

Exactly! His mindset is clearly male, but you write with such an empowering female voice.

HENRY

(full of shit)

The duality of my writing is what inspires me.

Jackie starts writing on the napkin. Kingsley enters.

JACKIE

I like you Henry. I think you'd be a great addition to the Eisner Enterprises family.

Jackie gives the napkin to Henry. Henry coolly reads it.

HENRY

My own show?!

SAMMY

Yessir!

KINGSLEY

Sir, former President Bill Clinton has been waiting on the phone for you.

HENRY

(holy shit)

Bill Clinton?

JACKIE

Tell him I'll be there in a minute.

HENRY

No. Please go...I think I need some time to process this.

Sammy looks noticeably irritated by Henry.

SAMMY

No, no, no - Let's get this signed right now.

JACKIE

Listen, being cautious can be a good thing. Get back to me in seventy-two hours and I'm happy.

Jackie gets up from the table.

JACKIE (cont'd)

In the meantime I get to pretend I enjoy talking tail with Clinton.

HENRY

Awesome.

JACKIE

Not awesome. And, don't ever say 'awesome' around me ever again.

HENRY

Yes, Mr. Eisner.

JACKIE

Keep ya dicks up boys. Safe travels back to Metropolitan City.

SAMMY

Thank you, Jackie. You'll have a signed contract on your desk soon enough!

Jackie exits into the depths of his mansion. Sammy stews in anger, while Henry looks at the napkin offer, oblivious of the tension.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sammy's Limo is parked outside Henry's house. Henry stands on the curb, with the door open, talking to Sammy.

HENRY

You sure we're cool, Sammy?

SAMMY

Just do the right thing and sign the fucking contract, thrillla.

Sammy closes the door on Henry, and the limo speeds away down the street. Passing his dresser sitting outside, Henry goes up to the front door of the house. His house keys do not work.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE SIDE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Henry tries using his key on the side door, and it doesn't work.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Henry is on a ladder trying to open his bedroom window on the second floor of the house. The window is locked. The window next to Henry's bedroom lights up. Geoff pokes his head out with a shotgun.

GEOFF

What the fuck are you doing, Henry?

HENRY

My keys don't work, and everything is locked.

GEOFF

Yeah, because I evicted your ass. You can pick your shit up out front.

HENRY

There's nothing out there!

GEOFF

Huh - Shoulda come sooner than, I guess. Now pay up, or get the fuck off my property. I got no qualms shooting you off that ladder.

Geoff pumps the shotgun.

INT. DINER - LATER THAT DAY

Henry sits in a diner alone, eagerly looking around waiting for his guest. Walking into the diner searching for Henry is Sunshine. Henry waves and Sunshine sits down.

HENRY

Hey.

SUNSHINE

Hey...What's up?

HENRY

I've been sick the last few days.
Can't shake this cold.

Henry tries to fake cough. Sunshine has her doubts.

SUNSHINE

I see.

HENRY

Would you like something from the
menu? On me.

SUNSHINE

Not hungry.

Henry reads the menu leaving Sunshine hanging.

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

...Why'd you ask me here, Henry?

Henry puts the menu down, and he looks Sunshine in the eye.

HENRY

If you had the opportunity to leave
Metropolitan City. Would you?

SUNSHINE

What do you mean - for like vacation?

HENRY

No. Like, you move to a whole new
place. And you get paid for comedy.

SUNSHINE

I am doing that.

HENRY

...Right.

Henry goes back to reading the menu ignoring Sunshine.

SUNSHINE

Why are you acting so weird?

Henry lets out a sigh, and he looks at Sunshine again.

HENRY

Because this is over between us,
Sunshine.

SUNSHINE

Whoa! Blindsided.

HENRY

It shouldn't be. I've just never felt a spark with you.

SUNSHINE

You are such a liar.

HENRY

I'm not. I just can't write with you anymore.

SUNSHINE

Okay. First, asshole, you barely write.

HENRY

Prove it because I contributed.

SUNSHINE

You contribute by taking the script from me and then just giving me money. Where does it go?

HENRY

Need to know basis and you don't need to know.

SUNSHINE

Fuck you. This is complete bullshit, and you know that.

HENRY

I don't. But, what I do know Sunshine, is the day I care about some dumb clown hooker's opinion is truly the end for me.

Sunshine is hurt by this comment, and she continues to insult Henry over this slight. Henry's expression goes from taking Sunshine's verbal assault to shell shocked.

Henry is staring at a completely wasted and unhealthy looking Kinky. Derek stands behind Kinky, looking like a kid in trouble with the principal.

HENRY (cont'd)

You got the wrong impression, Mr. Kinky. I was breaking up with her.

Kinky snaps out of his wasted oblivion, and he grabs and throws Derek. Pinning him to the ground, Kinky begins shocking Derek with an industrial sized joy "hand" buzzer.

While Kinky electrocutes Derek, he stares sociopathically at Henry. Derek begins choking on his blood as Kinky internally sautés him to death.

Kinky unceremoniously lifts himself off of Derek's corpse. Sunshine and Henry are completely aghast at the scene that just unfolded. Kinky looks around the horrified diner. Targeting the shocked manager, NATE BENION, 35, young family man.

KINKY

(to Nate)

Well if yer gonna call Metropolitan City's finest. Fuckin' call em. Tell em they lookin' for Kinky.

Nate runs into the back of the diner to call the cops. Derek lays dead on the diner floor.

SUNSHINE

You're a fucking psycho!

Kinky forcefully grabs Sunshine and Henry by the hair. Kinky throws Henry down into Derek's corpse. Henry gets Derek's blood on him. Kinky stands over Henry, still holding onto Sunshine by her hair.

KINKY

(to Henry)

That's what happens when Kinky strikes you out. You've got two strikes, Henry.

Kinky drags Sunshine out of the diner.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Henry knocks on Sammy's front door as the sun is coming up.

HENRY

Sammy! Showtime! Sammy!

Henry continues to selfishly knock louder on Sammy's door. Justifiably angry, Sammy opens the door.

SAMMY

What are you doing, thrillla?

HENRY

We need to talk.

SAMMY

You know how early it is?

HENRY

Are you going to invite me or not?

Sammy grunts, but lets Henry into his home.

INT. SAMMY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In his luxurious kitchen, Sammy is at the closing stages of cooking eggs. There is a pile of perfectly cooked bacon on a plate. Henry sits at his kitchen island counter.

SAMMY

Is this still about Kinky?

HENRY

No. It's about feeling guilty. I don't feel good about any of this.

SAMMY

Fuck your guilt. You gotta see where I'm coming from.

Sammy puts the giant serving of cooked eggs on two plates, and then disposes of the pan. Walking into the kitchen wearing a sexy nighty is VERONIKA PESTOVA, 20, gorgeous brunette that doesn't speak much English.

VERONIKA

(bad English)

Showtime. Why are up?

SAMMY

Veronika, baby. I thought I put that booty to rest.

(to Henry)

Mail order girlfriend. Not a lick of English, but good thing sex don't need a language.

VERONIKA

(bad English)

I smell the pig in resident, showtime.

SAMMY

Go back to bed, baby. SHOWTIME gotta TALK to another MAN. I can't have you eaten bacon. I don't want to fuck a pig, y'know?

VERONIKA

Showtime and man fucking pig?

Veronika clearly has no idea what Sammy is saying.

INT. SAMMY'S DINING TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Having finished their giant meal, Sammy picks at the leftover pieces of bacon as he talks to Henry.

HENRY

...Where I'm coming from, I don't feel like I owe you anything.

SAMMY

Now that's some bullshit, thrilla. Me floating your ass on those scripts doesn't mean anything?

HENRY

It does. I couldn't have finished those scripts without you. But you just gave that to me.

SAMMY

With the expectation my investment will have a return.

HENRY

Fuck you, Sammy. Don't talk to me like I'm just money to you.

SAMMY

Mother fucker. That's all talent is in Hollywood.

HENRY

We never agreed to anything other than delivery of those scripts.

SAMMY

Don't play me like that. I opened the doors. How many times did you meet Jackie Eisner before you met me?

HENRY

You just accelerated it. Who says I wouldn't have done it six months later without you?

SAMMY

Please. My introduction to your ass was overhearing your friends tell you what a prick you were.

HENRY

It's all slander. I'm a pleasant mensch.

SAMMY

You're taking the deal. You might be shrewd, but you definitely ain't stupid.

HENRY

Since the moment Jackie showed me his offer I've felt nothing but grief.

SAMMY

You got a funny way of showing grief, thrill. How was you feeling when I was giving you cash?

HENRY

That was different.

SAMMY

How?

HENRY

I don't know? Hard to explain. That money allowed me to get more of myself involved, I guess?

SAMMY

Bullshit. You was being opportunistic. Now, continue being opportunistic, and take the fucking deal. The twenty percent is just business. If you never wanna work with showtime again, that's no hair off my ass.

HENRY

Thanks, Sammy.

SAMMY

Hey I'm looking out for you because you'll never have a deal this good or an opportunity this real again in your entire life.

HENRY

Really?

SAMMY

I've been in this industry forty years. I guaran-goddamn-tee it.

HENRY
 ...Fine. I'll sign the deal.

SAMMY
 Showtime!

HENRY
 Why do I still feel like I don't
 deserve any of this then?

SAMMY
 Because none of us deserve any of
 this! The houses. The drugs. The mail
 order brides. At this point, I have
 all of this because I produced a show
 about a clown best known for fucking
 a condor. I've never made anything
 that's improved society, yet I will
 live better than any teacher or
 firefighter ever will. So you want to
 talk about deserving. Some would
 argue someone like me doesn't even
 deserve this piece of bacon.

Sammy eats the piece of bacon and starts choking on the
 bacon.

HENRY
 (to Sammy)
 Oh fuck! I don't know CPR, Sammy!
 VERONIKA! Fuck. VERONIKA!

Propping himself against Henry, Sammy chokes. Henry pulls
 his phone out.

HENRY (cont'd)
 Everything is going to be okay. I'm
 calling 911. VERONIKA!

Veronika enters the dining room. She could give a shit Sammy
 is dying. Henry is still holding for 911.

HENRY (cont'd)
 (to Veronika)
 Do you know CPR?!

VERONIKA
 ...нет (no).

Henry rests the clearly dying Sammy on the ground.

HENRY
 Just try to relax, Sammy. 911 should
 connect any second.
 (MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)
(to Veronika)
Maybe comfort him?

Veronika shakes her head in clear refusal. Sammy is on his last ounce of life. Helpless, Henry watches Sammy's face as he chokes on bacon to death.

INT. BUTCHER FUNERAL HOME - THE NEXT DAY

Henry looks at Sammy's lifeless face in a casket at Norman's funeral home. Popping up from behind the casket is Norman himself.

NORMAN
Henry. What in the name of demise's sweet kiss are you doing trying to look sad?

HENRY
Fuck, Norman! How do you do that?!

NORMAN
Like a magician. A crypt keeper never reveals his secret.

HENRY
Now that I'm gone. The dream dies with you. Who will you pass the secrets onto?

NORMAN
Age is just a human construct. I don't feel my age because simply: age does not against.

HENRY
Did you find the fountain of youth?

NORMAN
A wizard never reveals his secrets.

HENRY
Now you're a wizard?! How are you a in anyway, shape, or form a wizard?

NORMAN
I know you were close to the deceased, Mr. Elijah. Even right now, you're trying to look upset about his passing, but in actuality, you're upset you didn't know CPR better.

HENRY

...How'd you know all that?

NORMAN

Wouldn't a wizard know such things?

HENRY

Okay. Tell me about my future.

NORMAN

Of course. Uhh...Twenty dollars..?

HENRY

You're gonna charge me?

NORMAN

Passage to the future doesn't come cheap, Henry.

HENRY

Fine.

Henry pulls out a twenty and Norman pockets it.

NORMAN

What do you want to know?

HENRY

This is stupid. I can't believe I'm doing this with you Norman.

NORMAN

You seem troubled. You're conflicted.

HENRY

...I stole from her. It's her work more than mine.

NORMAN

Do you love this...female?

HENRY

Sunshine? No. I mean. No. Love. No. Eww. God. No. I hope not. I hope that's not how this tale ends for me.

NORMAN

If man's folly, love, is not the source of inner conflict - What is?

HENRY

It's not my work, Norman. It's Sunshine's. She's smarter than me. She's funnier than me.

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)
She's got a stronger drive than me.
And there's nothing I can do about
it, but not take this offer.

NORMAN
And this offer. This offer will make
you a rich man?

HENRY
Beyond my wildest dreams.

NORMAN
Enough to hypothetically fund the
creation of wizard school?

HENRY
Well, yes and no.

NORMAN
Girl...or...tons of money you can
spend on frivolous investments?
That's what you're asking the future?

HENRY
I guess...Yeah.

NORMAN
The future told this wizard to take
the offer, Henry.

INT. LOCATION - LATER THAT DAY

Henry has that moment in all movies where he's hesitating
making the phone call, but then he makes the call.

HENRY
(into phone)
...Jackie, it's me. Henry. Great to
talk to you again.

INT. BANK - LATER THAT DAY

Henry walks up to a teller at the bank, and hands them a
debit card.

HENRY
I'd like to withdraw and drain the
remaining funds on this account
between me and Sammy Elijah.

Teller does some work on the computer.

TELLER

You're going to have to give me about
a ten minutes to round up that cash.
Is that fine?

HENRY

(surprised)
That much, huh?

TELLER

The amount on the keypad, sir.

Henry looks down at the keypad. It reads: Current Balance -
\$28,452.98 - Henry is shocked.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - LATER THAT DAY

The roommates are putting the closing touches on the Top Gun
party. The place is just decked in Top Gun merchandise, but
not to the point of Geoff's liking.

GEOFF

I wish I had known this place would
have looked underwhelming. It feels
like the holocaust in here.

ETHAN

You gotta stop saying that. It's not
even a funny joke.

GEOFF

I'll tell you who's joking, Ethan.
Tom Cruise...Because he'd laugh at
how bad this place looks.

LIZA

You approved everything, Geoff.

GEOFF

I approved for this party to be
fucking awesome. And right now it
looks like Katie Holmes cunt.

Liza punches Geoff in the arm.

LIZA

Don't be a dick.

GEOFF

Ow!

ETHAN

Yeah, don't judge it now. This shit doesn't even start for another eight hours.

Henry comes in. He's wearing a fanny pack. Liza and Ethan look much more friendly and welcoming than Geoff.

HENRY

Hey everybody.

GEOFF

(to himself)

Oh, great. Just what I need.

LIZA

Henry!

ETHAN

How's it going, dude?

HENRY

Hey guys! It looks great in here.

GEOFF

No it doesn't. It looks like Katie Holmes'...

Liza stops Geoff from finishing his crass thought.

GEOFF (cont'd)

...Yeah, it looks like Katie Holmes.

HENRY

I get that. It's very pretty in here.

This innocuous comment frustrates Geoff.

GEOFF

What's with the fanny pack?

Henry unstraps the fanny pack.

HENRY

Paying up.

Henry throws Geoff the fanny pack.

HENRY (cont'd)

Ten thousand. It should cover my debt plus pay for some of this...whatever this is. Happy birthday, Geoff.

Henry starts walking away. Geoff opens the bag, and realizes Henry's gesture being pure.

LIZA
Wait...Where are you going?

Henry turns around and comes back.

HENRY
...LA.

ETHAN
Shit! You're going for it?!

HENRY
I guess. I don't know how I feel about it.

LIZA
I know I'd be a nervous wreck. But that's so cool. We definitely have to talk about it at the party.

HENRY
I'm not going to make it. I'm leaving tonight.

ETHAN
No. You're coming to the party. I'm getting you laid.

LIZA
Yeah, it will be your sendoff.

GEOFF
(sort of to himself)
But it's my birthday.

Henry doesn't commit because he knows Geoff doesn't want him there.

HENRY
I don't know. I got a bunch of stuff to take care of.

LIZA
Come on. It doesn't start for a while. Show up when you're done. Tell him, Geoff.

GEOFF
(genuine)
...Yeah, it'd mean a lot to me if you came to the party, Henry.

HENRY
 (thinking sarcastic)
 Fuck off.

GEOFF
 I'm serious. Tonight I want to be
 surrounded by nothing but my best
 friends.

HENRY
 (to Liza)
 Is he being genuine?

LIZA
 I believe this is the threshold of
 Geoff's humanity.

HENRY
 Okay...Yeah, I'll come to your party.

LIZA
 Yay!

GEOFF
 Your hooker girlfriend, or whatever
 is also invited.

Henry starts walking away. The roommates are a little
 confused that's how Henry ends the conversation.

ETHAN
 Where you going, dude?

HENRY
 I gotta go cleanse my conscience.

EXT. SUNSHINE'S ALLEY - LATER THAT DAY

Henry walks into the alley where Sunshine conducts her
 business. The alleyway is a ghost town, Sunshine is nowhere
 to be found.

EXT. KINKY'S MANSION - LATER THAT DAY

Henry knocks on Kinky's front door, Rainbow, 20, clown
 hooker, answers the door.

HENRY
 Have you seen, Sunshine?

RAINBOW
 Kinky's favorite bitch?

HENRY

Is she okay?

RAINBOW

I hope she's dead. Bitch screwed up everything. Making Kinky go AWOL.

HENRY

When was the last time you saw her?

RAINBOW

I don't know? Earlier this week. I think she was Eiffel towering a pair of midgets.

HENRY

You must be mistaken. Sunshine doesn't hook. She only robs people.

RAINBOW

That's her, too? Fuck. That bitch makes no sense.

HENRY

Well, she does. She's just not conventional. Maybe be more progressive in your thinking.

Rainbow gives a Henry a salty look. She pouts, and yells into the house like it's a major inconvenience.

RAINBOW

Have you seen Sunshine?!

No response is heard, but Rainbow reacts.

RAINBOW (cont'd)

She working the old folks home.

HENRY

...Is Kinky in there?

RAINBOW

Kinky ain't around. Running away from murder'll do that to a man.

Rainbow closes the door on Henry's face.

INT. NURSING HOME FRONT DESK - LATER THAT DAY

Henry walks into the nursing home, and up to the front desk. Servicing the desk is JANISE KEENER, friendly doctor.

JANISE

Can I help you find someone or something, sir?

HENRY

Yes. Hi. I'm looking for Sunshine?

Janise friendly demeanor quickly turns sour as she silently points down the hall.

HENRY (cont'd)

(confused)

Thanks.

Henry walks where Janise points, further into the nursing home.

INT. NURSING HOME COMMON AREA - CONTINUOUS

The nursing home common area is crowded with many old folks. Mostly resorting to high school level social cliques around the room. A crowd of old men, and one old women, surrounds Sunshine who is dressed in a sexy outfit, as she does Al Pacino Scarface impressions.

SUNSHINE

(Scarface)

...I want two toys in my fuckin' happy meal. I don't like my toy to be lonely - jewknow what I'm saying, mang? The only way to play with them in the bathtub, is if you play with two of them. So fix the fuckin' order or how 'boutjew try sticking your head up your ass. See if it fits.

The crowd doesn't care about the performance whatsoever, but they haven't seen a babe like Sunshine since the war. Henry butts into the elderly crowd.

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

That was my Scarface trying to buy a happy meal. Hope you enjoyed that. Now, who'd liked to take me back to their room...Henry?!

All the old men moan like children that have had their toy stolen. Sunshine pulls Henry out of the circle.

HENRY

Funny stuff. You do a good Tony Montana.

SUNSHINE

Oh yeah? Ya gonna fucking steal it?

HENRY

What?

SUNSHINE

Please, credit theif!

HENRY

Who told you that!

SUNSHINE

Despite what you think, I'm not just some dumb hooker.

HENRY

I've never thought that about you!

SUNSHINE

I'm going back to work. 'Cause being a dumb hooker is all I'm good at.

HENRY

I have something to give to you.

SUNSHINE

I don't want anything from you. Don't ever bother me again.

HENRY

If you're not a dumb hooker you'll come to Geoff's party tonight.

Henry walks away, making Sunshine think before she goes back into the crowd.

INT. KINKY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Parked across the street from the nursing home, Kinky watches the nursing home entrance through binoculars.

EXT. NURSING HOME ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Henry exits the nursing home entrance.

INT. KINKY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through the binoculars, Kinky follows Henry walk.

KINKY
(to himself)
Strike three, Henry.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Tom Cruise themed party is in full swing and people are having a great time. The many guests dress in classic Tom Cruise character or famous female co-star costumes. A DJ plays music only associated with Tom Cruise: "Danger Zone," "Old Time Rock N' Roll," "Secret Garden," and Tom Cruise singing anything from Rock of Ages.

Norman, dressed as Valkerie Tom Cruise, is getting funky and dancing on the floor. Henry walks into the hangar with a look of amazement at how lively the party is. Dressed to the nines and a little drunk, Liza greets Henry with an extra big hug.

LIZA
You came back!

HENRY
You know it, roomie. I wouldn't miss this shit show.

Liza starts walking Henry toward the crowd.

LIZA
And by yourself. No Sunshine?

HENRY
I was dumb and now she hates me.

LIZA
It ain't easy dating a hooker.

HENRY
We weren't dating.

LIZA
If your room could talk.

HENRY
It'd say we were writing. Well, she wrote.

LIZA
Wrote what?

HENRY
Scripts. Where do you think that money came from today?

LIZA

You were paying a hooker to write for you?

Liza guides Henry to the bar where Ethan (Risky Business costume) is. Sunshine sits on the other end of the bar, without makeup on her face.

ETHAN

Henry!

Henry and Ethan hug.

HENRY

You're looking good tonight, my friend.

ETHAN

I try. No costume?

HENRY

I don't waste my money on costumes.

ETHAN

Jeez. Drink up. This party is cracking, and it's your last night!

LIZA

(to Ethan)

So Sunshine wasn't fucking Henry. They aren't dating.

ETHAN

That's a good thing. She'd only break your heart.

LIZA

What a sweetheart you are. They were writing.

HENRY

She, was writing.

ETHAN

Is that why you're moving to LA? Did you make it?

HENRY

Yes and no. It's a long story.

ETHAN

That's so friggin' sweet, dude. I'm so happy for you!

LIZA

Our Henry's made it! Don't forget about us small folk when you get to LA.

ETHAN

So where's Sunshine? We gotta celebrate you guys going to LA!

HENRY

Sunshine's not going to LA with me.

LIZA

What? Why would she pass up an opportunity like this?

HENRY

Your guess is as good as mine.

ETHAN

Didn't Geoff invite Sunshine tonight?

HENRY

Hoping for it. I need to talk to her.

On the stage, Geoff talks into the microphone to make an announcement. Everyone begins flocking, and gathering in front Geoff on the stage.

GEOFF

Excuse me. Excuse me. If you could gather around. I'd like to make a toast to myself for twenty-seven wonderful blessed years on this earth.

Ethan and Liza make their way to the flock. Henry hangs back at the bar, along with Sunshine on the other end of the bar. Geoff continues talking about how great he is, as Henry starts eyeing Sunshine. He doesn't recognize her without the makeup, but she looks quite familiar.

HENRY

...Sunshine?

Sunshine nods her head. Henry quickly moves toward her.

HENRY (cont'd)

You look really pretty without your makeup...This isn't some Hollywood, profess your love to me moment is it?

SUNSHINE

I'll slit my wrists over the punch bowl just to prevent that ending.

HENRY

Haha.

SUNSHINE

Tell me I'm not a dumb hooker.

HENRY

I never thought you were.

SUNSHINE

Then why'd you screw me over like I was?

HENRY

Because I could. The opportunity was in my lap, and it was good fucking work. I don't know. Why does anybody do bad shit?

SUNSHINE

And now you're going to LA.

HENRY

I am.

SUNSHINE

Off of my work.

HENRY

...No.

SUNSHINE

Don't be an asshole and keep deny it.

HENRY

I'm not going to LA off your work. But you can.

SUNSHINE

I don't want to work with you, Henry. I don't trust you.

HENRY

That's fine. I'm going to try and make it on my own merit.

SUNSHINE

Not on whatever big, fat cat deal you got?

HENRY

The deal was from Jackie Eisner.

SUNSHINE

Bullshit.

HENRY

Jackie offered me my own television show and ridiculous salary based on the scripts you wrote.

SUNSHINE

Jackie Eisner liked my writing?

HENRY

I might regret this till the day I die, but I couldn't accept his offer.

SUNSHINE

Not enough money?

HENRY

No. It wasn't my work. It was yours. And, I couldn't accept the offer.

SUNSHINE

So you fucked it up for both of us?

HENRY

I fessed up to Jackie and told him it was you one hundred percent. The offer I had with Jackie is now your offer, Sunshine.

Henry pulls out a contract from his jacket pocket and gives it to Sunshine. It's a talent contract with Eisner Enterprises. Sunshine reads it and processes it. It's real.

HENRY (cont'd)

Congratulations, Sunshine. You deserve it.

Kinky voice is heard yelling over Geoff still praising himself.

KINKY

(off)

HENRY! OH, HENRY! KINKY WANNA KNOW WHERE ARE YOU HENRY?!

SUNSHINE

Run, Henry.

HENRY

No.

Kinky walks into the flock of people.

GUEST

Oh my god. It's the guy from Clown Cluster.

KINKY

Kinky, Mother Fucker.

Kinky squirts a few guests with his flower. Joy buzzes a few others.

KINKY (cont'd)

Happy birthday, Geoff!

No one responds.

KINKY (cont'd)

...KINKY WANNA KNOW WHO THE FUCK IS GEOFF?!

GEOFF

I-I'm Geoff.

KINKY

You're Geoff?! Jesus, you like jerkin' yourself off.

GEOFF

I don't remember inviting you.

KINKY

Because you didn't. Kinky invited himself. Now Kinky wanna know WHERE THE FUCK HENRY IS?!

HENRY

I'm right here, Mr. Kinky.

KINKY

Henry!

HENRY

Why'd you come back?

KINKY

Kinky came back for you, Henry. You just couldn't let Kinky's Sunshine alone.

HENRY

She's not yours, Mr. Kinky. She's nobody's.

KINKY

Listen to you. Fallen in love with a clown bitch.

HENRY

Sunshine's smarter and more talented than either one of us. She deserves better than your washed up ass.

Kinky pulls out his handgun from his jacket, and points it at Henry. Sunshine runs up.

SUNSHINE

Don't do something stupid, Kinky!

KINKY

...Sunshine? The fuck happened to your makeup?

HENRY

Sunshine doesn't need it anymore. She's going to LA to great things, Mr. Kinky.

KINKY

You're leaving Kinky?!

SUNSHINE

...Yes.

Outraged, Kinky grabs Henry and presses the gun to his temple.

KINKY

Because of this mother fucker?!

The crowd of people gasps. Sunshine looks away. Henry tries to calm the situation.

HENRY

It's okay. It's okay, everyone. Mr. Kinky doesn't actually have a loaded gun.

Kinky lets go of Henry. Put aback by his boldness.

KINKY

Fuck you talking about?

HENRY

No need to be hysterical. Mr. Kinky did the same thing to me a few weeks ago.

KINKY

Kinky gonna kill you.

HENRY

Everything is fine! When he fires the gun, a flag that says 'bang' will pop out.

KINKY

You're out, Henry.

HENRY

The joke being the flag representing the noise a gun makes when it's fired.

Kinky fires the gun and shoots Henry in the head. Henry falls to the ground as the joyous party turns to nightmare. The crowd flees. Henry is left to die.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sitting in a hospital bed, in a coma, with a cast away beard, is Henry. A large white bandage with a blood spot wraps around his skull. Geoff, Liza and Ethan are watching an episode of The Clown Cluster on the hospital television.

On the TV: Kinky is carrying a heavy toilet down the stairs when one of his clown kids scares him, and he trips all the way down. The scene ends with Kinky hugging his son as the credits roll.

Henry starts making little noises as if he's waking up. The roommates notice and get excited.

GEOFF

(to Ethan)

Go tell the Doctor. He's waking up!

Ethan runs out of the room, as Geoff and Liza go by Henry's side. Henry continues to wake up.

LIZA

You're okay, Henry. It's me, Liza.

GEOFF

Don't forget about me. I'm here, too. Henry. Geoff is here.

The Doctor, TIM FUNK, 30, beautiful and dreamy, and Ethan come into the room. Henry is now conscious. The Doctor immediately runs tests on Henry.

DOCTOR

Can you hear me, Mr. Benowitz?

Henry is still quite dazed and confused.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Mr. Benowitz. It's me. Dr. Funk.
Blink your eyes if you can hear me.

HENRY

...I can hear you.

Relief overcomes the roommates.

HENRY (cont'd)

Where am I?

DOCTOR

You're at the hospital, sir.

ETHAN

You were shot in the head, dude!

HENRY

...Wicked.

DOCTOR

Name everyone in the room, followed
by your birth date, Mr. Benowitz.

HENRY

(searching)

...Uh. Geoff. Liza. Ethan. Henry...
and Doctor Funk? 10/19/86

DOCTOR

Miraculous.

LIZA

What is it, Doctor Funk?

DOCTOR

Mr. Benowitz. You surviving the
gunshot wound to your head was one in
a billion, at best.

HENRY

Rock n' Roll.

DOCTOR
But surviving that wound and
suffering no cognitive damage is one
in a trillion.

HENRY
Freak of nature, y'all.

DOCTOR
You feel no mental strain?

HENRY
Just tired.

DOCTOR
Remarkable for someone that has been
in a coma for seven months.

HENRY
I've been in a coma for seven
month?!?

Henry pulls off his bed sheets to reveal his body ravaged by
heavy muscle atrophy.

HENRY (cont'd)
Jesusfuckingchrist! I look like a
holocaust couple that had an AIDS
baby.

The group laughs.

LIZA
(to Geoff)
That's how you tell a holocaust joke.

HENRY
It's not funny! You know much staying
in a hospital costs? What is it -
four thousand dollars a day?

DOCTOR
With or without health insurance?

HENRY
Without. Come on. My last name ain't
Kennedy.

DOCTOR
Without? Twelve thousand.

HENRY
Ohhhh, why did I live?!

DOCTOR

This is Ronald Regan General. We're the best hospital in Metropolitan City. We saved your life, Mr. Benowitz.

HENRY

And now, I owe millions of dollars I don't have. For a life I now have to work till death to pay back for the life it was given.

DOCTOR

Hey, why do you think I got into health care?

The doctor winks at Henry.

HENRY

Which one of you called 911 to save me?

All three roommates raise their hands. Henry looks so disappointed in their decision making.

HENRY (cont'd)

I hope you all realize what you've done to me.

LIZA

It was actually your old boss Norman who deserves most of the credit.

HENRY

...Norman?

LIZA

He stopped the initial bleeding.

HENRY

Norman takes life! He doesn't give it! Ohhhhhhhh, why spare me death's icy grip, you old piece of shit, Norman!

Henry is very upset. Everyone is very confused.

DOCTOR

...And with that, I think visiting hours have come to a close for the day.

ETHAN

...Glad to have you back, buddy.
Can't wait till you're outta here and
we can do something...wheel chair
accessible.

Ethan tries to non-patronizingly high five Henry. Henry is having none of it. Ethan touches Henry's hand.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Alright!

GEOFF

Glad you're back, man. Keep your dick
up...If you still have one...Yeah.

Henry internal stew of anger is getting hotter.

LIZA

I know it's impossible right now.
But, just like if you had died. I
would have accepted it and moved on.
That's just life. You have to do the
same, but accept that you're alive,
and be grateful for it.

Henry is still cold and upset.

LIZA (cont'd)

I know I'm glad you're alive, Henry.

Liza hugs Henry. Liza goes to pick up her purse, and pulls a card out of it. She hands it to Henry.

LIZA (cont'd)

This was sent to the house a few
months ago. I would have given it to
you sooner, but, y'know. Be well.

The Doctor ushers the roommates out of Henry's hospital room. Henry sits for a moment processing the suffocating debt about to be dropped on him, but decides to open the card. Henry starts reading.

SUNSHINE (V.O.)

Dear Henry,

MONTAGE

- 1) Sunshine after Geoff's party.
- 2) Sunshine in Hollywood doing Hollywood things (Writing/Acting/Directing)

SUNSHINE (V.O.) (cont'd)

If you're reading this - yay! You're not in a coma anymore. So that's good news. By now you're probably aware I was not at your bedside when you awoke. I'm actually in LA doing post production on my show "You are my Sunshine" - it's premiering by the end of the year, assuming you wake up this year.

- 3) Jackie introducing Sunshine to various celebrities.
- 4) Sunshine on the red carpet.

SUNSHINE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Jackie has been great to me. He's put me in touch with some of his best people. It's weird being in charge of people. I'm not sure I'll ever get used to it.

- 5) Kinky post shooting Henry, running away, being on a cramped banana boat to Southeast Asia.
- 6) The Singapore police surround Kinky's shot up dead body in a bird cage at the Jurong Bird Park in Singapore.

SUNSHINE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Just like the way I'll never get used to what Kinky did to you. He deserves what happened to him in Singapore after he fled Geoff's party. It's pretty ironic, he was finally caught and brought to justice in the world's largest bird park. It just makes me sad to think how much talent was wasted in that man.

- 7) Progression of Henry's difficult recovery.

SUNSHINE (V.O.) (cont'd)

But, as one person goes, another stays. You're lucky, Henry. What happened to you wasn't your fault, but you can't give up now. It seems like you're at square one, and maybe you are. But you're going to have to fight. It's going to be hard. It's going to be painful. You're going to win. You're going to lose.

- 8) Henry driving in a car.

SUNSHINE (V.O.) (cont'd)
But, at the end of the day. You can
rest easy knowing you did it, and you
did it alone. No cheating. No
stealing. Just talent and hard work.

9) Henry passes a sign that says, "Los Angeles - 150 miles"

SUNSHINE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Good luck...Sunshine.

FADE OUT:

DON'T STEAL, JERK