

Pyramid Scheme
by
C. Stephen Foster

C. Stephen Foster
2087 Ivar Ave
Hollywood, CA 90068
323 465-5677
Divaworks@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

Tight on a TV Screen. A beautiful bejeweled woman sparkling from tit to toe with diamonds and lame smiles broadly as she spins around like a prize. a MAN'S V.O. plays.

MAN'S V.O.

She made one million dollars in 60 days on real estate. It can happen to you, but act fast.

CUT TO:

A bright computer screen glows in a home somewhere. a slick fortune 500 Man in a satin suit stands beside a flow chart of million dollar figures.

MILLION DOLLAR MAN

All this and more can be yours...

CUT TO:

A quick montage of a life of luxury flashes across the screen. Jet skies, swimming pools, mansions, tropical beaches, leer jets, jewelry, Limos, Sexy men and women, red carpets..

MILLION DOLLAR MAN (CONT'D)

If you ACT NOW!

CUT TO:

A giant billboard in times square blinks neon against the manhattan skyline: "You can look a like a model and make a fortune doing it. MIRACLE MILKSHAKE!"

CUT TO:

Very fast clips of various spots from Get Rich Schemes: "no money down!", "Work From Home", "Be Your Own Boss", "I can get you in on the ground level". Pan out of the tv/computer world to the larger world to the sounds of a concophanie of sounds growing increasingly frantic and kinetic.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

A cluster fuck of business men sit behind a glass wall fish tank in heated video conference. They all yuck it up as the slick, grease-ball CEO, HUNTER O. CARROL makes a lame brain joke. Suddenly, there is blip on the and the screen goes black and there is a loud BUZZ emits from the speaker phone.

Hunter, furious rushes to the door and swings it open and shouts to the receptionist, DICK PARSONS who is engaged in his own screenplay on his computer monitor. DICK PARSONS is a slight, nebbish man with the smile of Jesus and the attack of a panther.

HUNTER

The TV! THE TV. You (he tries to remember...) YOU...

DICK

Dick.

HUNTER

Yeah, Dick! This thing is broken...Fix it, NOW! We are in the middle of the sales meeting from NEW YORK!

DICK

Got it, Chief.

Slam! He goes back into the fish bowl with the other disgruntled faces...Dick, not in a hurry at all...Picks up the phone and pretends to dial but first finishes typing his last sentence of his script before calling IT.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT HOLLYWOOD - AFTERNOON

Madeline O' Flannigan, a red-headed, plump woman of 45 wears a pair of pajamas has just rolled out of bed. She sits in front of her computer screen which shows her sales figures in a slump. Undaunted, she picks up her list of contacts and clicks on the blue tooth. She waits while the phone rings, and rings....

MADELINE

(animated)

Connie, it's Madeline, it was so GREAT to see you coming out of Trader Joe's. Listen, I have an opportunity that I thought you might be interested in. I'd love to get you enrolled. Give me a call ASAP!

She hangs up the phone. Her eyes narrow in on a slogan on her computer typed on a piece of paper: FOCUS! and other self-help "pitches".

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 FOCUS, Madeline! Follow One Course
 Until Successful!

She picks up her list and her finger moves down, down the list until she finds a name marked with a star: Dick Parsons. She dials the phone, clears her throat and picks up her "script" and begins to "pitch".

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

At Dick's desk, his fat roly poly supervisor, EDWIN, lectures to him. Dick pretends to listen to his rant.

EDWIN
 ...and, I need you to keep your head focused on the job. We hired you out of everyone and we want you to succeed! I need you to pay attention...

Dick makes a series of "uh huh, yeah" and nods his head in agreement while forced smiling while his boss "blah, blah's" on...The moment is killed when Dick's cell phone begins to ring. He puts it on silent.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
 See, that's what I mean! Look, I know you don't want to be here. You'd rather be acting and writing, but we all have to do things we hate.

DICK
 I'm sorry, Edwin. I think it might be my mother. She's sick with Hopskin's disease and she's needs me to pick her up from the hospital.

EDWIN
 Dick, I don't want to write you up, so cool it.

Edwin walks away. He spots ONE chair in the conference room out of place and he snaps his finger and points to the chair.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
 The CHAIR!

Dick rushes into the conference room and pushes in the chair. Meanwhile, he secretly checks his messages and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. WAFFLE HUT GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN- 4 AM

IRENE DUNN, a slightly dowdy woman in her early 30's clears the tips off the table and moves to the next set of customers with her pad. She takes their order in a flash and wheels around to see a man who has commanded a huge round table and set up a "work station". This is CLARENCE BROWN, a sharp-looking man slick as owl shit wearing a two dollar grin and a 700 suit. Irene, unimpressed, moves to his table.

IRENE

Good Morning, Sir. Can I get you started with some coffee?

CLARENCE

I'd like a pot. I'm just took the red eye in from Duluth. I'm expecting some associates.

IRENE

Thanks.

She walks a few steps to the counter where another waitress, Pam, butters toast.

PAM

I see Donald Trump has decided to join us for breakfast.

IRENE

Lots of work, no tip...

PAM

Think you can pick up my shift on Saturday?

IRENE

Pam, I already work in the morning...

PAM

You'll make double time plus tips. I'm taking my son to the state fair.

IRENE

I guess...I could use the cash.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP LEGUENE MARINE BASE N.C. - DAY

A tiny, square of a monopoly house stand in a cul de sac. The front lawn is practically dead. SUZY BUTTERWORTH stands on the front porch smoking a marlboro light 100 and drinking a glass of iced tea. She is a very serious looking woman with chestnut brown hair wearing a pair of blue jeans, an "I love Jesus" t-shirt and a gold cross around her neck. She looks down the street where the postman's truck drives slowly up. Suzy rushes to the edge of the driveway where the lonely mailbox stands where she meets Merve.

MERVE

Merve is going to make Suzy a happy girl. From Iraq to Camp Leguene

He hands her a letter from her husband. She smiles and begins to open it immediately.

SUZY

God, bless you, Merve.

She opens the letter and pulls out a \$20 bill. She moves into the house and slams the screen door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Suzy enters the house which is a shrine to Jesus Christ. Each wall contains a picture of him and around the cramped quarters are figurines of praying hands and bibles. There are over-stuffed pillow with the lord's prayer and other quotes from the good book. Suzy flips the letter down on the coffee table and drops to her knees.

SUZY

Dear Lord, I'm a good girl. I do right. I pray. I don't understand why you can't bring my Frankie home. And I'm mad at you! Frankie get paid every week from the Government and he sends a lousy \$20. I can't live on this! Jesus Christ, I need money! Amen.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Dick sits at the head of the table with his large yellow legal pad making notes. He's surrounded by three "Hollywood" types: GLEN, ALICE and TONY who give him "feed back" on his script.

GLENN

Well, it just needs something in act 2...

ALICE

EXACTLY! The character needs a bigger arch!

DICK

Can you be more specific??

TONY

You're the writer, buddy! You should know this...

GLENN

It just doesn't add up, you know, like...

ALICE

Like "Legally Blonde"?

TONY

Oh, God! I love that movie!

GLENN

That's what we want from your script, Dick.

DICK

(thinking)

But my work is about a dysfunctional southern family, not a dump twat....

Alice nearly spits up her grande latte with no foam.

ALICE

What?!

DICK

Nothing...

ALICE

No, what did you say?

DICK

Listen, I don't get the point of these "feedback" sessions that we have. I write and you criticize, I rewrite and then you find more and more wrong with it! I have a play in production right now. Don't you think I know something about my own work?!

TONY

Ah, don't be discouraged! All writer's go through this.

GLENN

Yes, we believe in you and your work and we only want to HELP.

DICK

Fine, butt out! If you want to "help" start selling my work..

They all bristle at his outburst in shock. Dick gathers up his notes, his script and stuffs them into his bag.

DICK (CONT'D)

While we're at it, let me give my "constructive criticism" of you: you're all a bunch of "anal" yzers! You haven't written a script, you just criticize mine, so you don't have to work!

GLENN

Dick, sit down! We know what it takes to sell a script in Hollywood.

ALICE

Don't be offended. You're too sensitive.

DICK

Right! RIGHT. You're all RIGHT. No. NO! You're ALL dead wrong. I'm the writer! So, I'm right! No more "rewrites" until you have a deal on the table!

He slings his bag over his shoulder and storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Madeline is in a state of frenzy. She is near the bottom of her list and has not made any head way! The camera pulls out to reveal her surrounded by products from "get rich quick schemes" of the past. Lithographs, Avon samples, knives, perfume, encyclopedias, prepaid legal...there is a knock at the door. She peeks out the curtain and sees her LANDLORD tape a 3 day notice on the door. She begins to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTING DIRECTOR WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Inside a very small room, a casting director, BRIAN WEBSTER, sits at a table with a huge pile of headshots in front of him. The seats are filled with hopeful, eager ACTORS. Dick stands in front of the table reading from a side with a busty ACTRESS. Brian watches without interest.

Dick and actress finish the scene while the casting director gathers his thoughts...

BRIAN

Ummm...well, that was something...(he looks at the headshot) Dick, you were okay.

DICK

Thanks...

BRIAN

But you know your chances of being cast are about 1%...

DICK

Sorry?

BRIAN

You're just too "out there" to be on prime time...now, maybe if you followed my techniques...

DICK

What are they?

BRIAN

You have to take my intensive weekend workshop.

He hands Dick a flyer to his workshop. Dick takes the flyer and sits down. Brian turns to busty Actress.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 You're going to be the next Marilyn
 Monroe...

Actress smiles broadly. Dick, leaving the flyer in the
 chair, leaves the workshop.

CUT TO:

INT. WAFFLE HUT - MID-MORNING

Clarence and his associates are all business in their little
 corner of the world. Irene works her other sections in the
 background.

CLARENCE
 We need to hit 500 markers by the
 end of the week. Can we do it?

The "team" nods "yes".

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 Come on your heads aren't filled
 with rocks, can we do it?

They all shout an astonishing "YES". The entire restaurant
 looks at them. Irene's boss motions her to come over to him.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 Now, we have a great product,
 "Miracle Milkshake!" It sells it's
 self. You have to expose! EXPOSE!

WOMAN
 But I've used all my contacts.
 None of my friends talk to me
 anymore.

CLARENCE
 Do you care about those losers?
 You're going to be a millionaire in
 less than a year. This product is
 about to blast off...it's going to
 be the next Herballife, kids! I
 can sell this crap to anyone!

Irene steps up to their table.

IRENE
 Mr. my boss has asked me to tell
 you to hold it down...

CLARENCE
 REALLY? You're boss? Who is he?

Irene points to a man who eyes the table with hatred and scorn.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 I'll talk to him.

CUT TO:

INT. WAFFLE HUT - LATER

There are now signs all over the little restaurant advertising "Miracle Milkshake" Clarence now stands in front of his astonished group of associates the "winner"

CLARENCE
 Did you see how I turned him
 around? This is not brain science!
 Now, I've got him working for me!
 Now, go out and multiply.

The associates now fired up file out of the waffle hut filled with dollar signs in their eyes and get into their cars which have magnet sticker on them. Some even hit up people in the parking lot. Clarence plops his ass into the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. N.C. CHURCH - MORNING

A PREACHER stands at the lectern giving a rousing speech to a half filled congregation. Suzy sits among them dressed in an obvious second-hand dress. The Offier's wives are dressed in their finest. The preacher drones on and on...

PREACHER
 And I'm here to tell you good
 people of Camp Leguene, the Lord
 will provide IF you BELIEVE. All
 you have to do is lift up your
 empty cup to him and he will FILL
 IT UP! But you have to give first!
 Now when they pass that basket, I
 want YOU to be as GOOD to the Lord
 as he's been to YOU! Amen. Join
 us in "God is My Strength"

The congregation squeezes out an off key rendition of the song which sounds more like a death rattle than a hymn while the ushers pass the gold plates down the aisles.

When the plate gets to Suzy, she opens her purse and fishes out a 20 and a dollar and pauses to decide how good the lord has been to her and just as she's about to drop a dollar in the collection plate the OLD BITTY next to her hisses.

OLD BITTY

Don't you dare skimp on God!

Suzy drops in the \$20.

CUT TO:

INT. PREACHERS LAVISH OFFICE - AFTER WORSHIP

Suzy sniffles into her wadded up kleenex while the preacher looks at her with fake sincerity.

SUZY

And I don't have enough money to pay my phone bill this month...Can I please get my \$20 back?

PREACHER

Now, Suzy, I know you're faith is being tested. We all have our faith tested. That's how God reaches us....

SUZY

But I don't have any gas money. Frankie has cut me off...

PREACHER

I understand. But we don't give out money. We don't run a charity....Here, I'm going to give you something that helped me in my time of need.

He reaches into his desk drawaer and pulls out a card with a saint on it.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Say this prayer 100 times a day and you'll see a miracle.

She stares at the saying on the card: "Believe in him and he will give." She stares blankly at the preacher

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH SOCIAL HALL - LATER

Suzy stands at the elaborate buffet table filled with delicious food. While no one is looking, she sneaks some of the goods into her pocket book. A noise maker of a woman, NADINE, across the hall makes eye contact with Suzy just as she's about to slip a salami inside her purse. Nadine is a long legged lanky woman with a poodle perm and a wide grin.

NADINE

Good, Gracious, girl, you stocking
up for the winter?

Ooops! Suzy is caught. She puts the salami back on the table.

SUZY

Sorry.

NADINE

Hell, go ahead and take it. You
need it more than these heifers.

SUZY

I'm hungry...

NADINE

You're robbing Peter to pay Paul?

SUZY

I just put my last \$20 into the
collection plate and now I can't
afford cigarettes...

NADINE

Stop by my house tonight, sweetie.

SUZY

I don't want a hand out.

NADINE

And I'm not offering you one. I
think I have something you might be
interested in.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

Dick walks briskly while he talks on his cell phone.

DICK

They completely trashed my script. Wanted me to change my LIFE STORY into something 18 year old virgins can relate to. Pathetic. Stupid! Hey, I don't need to take a god-damned "inventory". Fuck all that 12-step shit! I know what I've got \$34 and a script I can't sell. Why can't they just...

As Dick is walking into the Starbucks Madeline who is storming out talking on her phone knocks him over.

MADELINE

This is my life! I don't want a day job!

Bam! They crash into each other. Dick's cell phone smashes in bits on the floor.

DICK

God-Damned it, watch where you're going, dip shit!

MADELINE

Hey!

Madeline recognizes Dick. She helps him up.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Dick? Oh, my god are you okay?

DICK

Madeline. I thought you moved to Vegas...

MADELINE

Nah, that dream went bye-bye Miss American pie. Did you get my messages? I've been trying to call you?

DICK

I've been busy. I work all day and I work on my script all night.

MADELINE

Still playing the Hollywood game?

DICK

What other "game" is there?

MADELINE

Honey, we need to talk. Let me buy
you a latte...

She hooks her arm around his and drags him to the counter.

CUT TO:

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tight shot of Nadine give her testimonial. Her eyes are
glasses over and she's in a state of euphoria as she speaks
to Suzy who is "trapped" on the couch.

NADINE

I was in your exact same shoes. My
old man, Rusty, got shipped
overseas and I didn't hear hide nor
hair of him. I had no money and
mouths to feed and he's off playing
"war". I met Hank who told me to
get up and change my life. He told
me to stop waiting for a miracle
and make one. And now I make more
money than Rusty ever dreamed of!
I'm going to show you something
Suzy and I still want you to know
I'm a Christian!

She throws open her bedroom door and inside is King Tut's
tomb. There is a treasure trove of "adult toys" (whips,
handcuffs, vibrators, dildoes, ticklers) Suzy is astonished.

SUZY

Are you one of them lessies?

NADINE

No! I don't use the crap, I peddle
it or should I say paddle it...

The light begins to switch on.

SUZY

Oh...oh....

Nadine picks up a leather paddle and a dildo.

NADINE

These tow little puppies alone have
mane me a thousand a week. AND we
are introducing our new line of
products next week.

(MORE)

NADINE (CONT'D)

I want to get you started on your way to financial freedom! Wait till you meet Hank...

She drags Suzy by the hand and begins to show her the toys.

(note the new line is "Christian Porn")

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The sound of two people going at it full throttle. Panting, heaving, sighing and moaning fill the night air. Camera pulls back to reveal Clarence banging a chick doggy style. He rides his faceless woman like a wild bronco.

CLARENCE

That's power! I'm giving you power! Can you feel it? Work for it! Come on, show me you mean it!

She screams in ecstasy. He flips her over on her back and it's IRENE. She grabs him by the back and pulls her to her.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

Madeline has her little table all set up for "business". She had a huge binder of facts about the company which she is explaining to Dick.

MADELINE

And if you go ten deep, you start to make a profit. It's that simple. It practically sells itself...

DICK

I don't know...I'm sorta busy right now...

MADELINE

How long are you going to try to sell that screenplay and work a day gig? Don't you want to work for yourself? Be your own boss?

DICK
I am. I write scripts. I'm not a
very good salesman.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DICK'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A 12 year old Dick sits at his desk and watches the SALESMAN give a pitch to the kids to sell candy bars. He has a barometer with a sales goal on it and surrounding him are all the prizes that you can win from selling candy: a radio, a skate board and the top prize: a brand new red dirt bike.

SALESMAN
The one who sells the most candy
bars for new gym equipment will get
this brand new Schwinn bike!

The kids gasp in excitement! The TEACHER applauds like a cheerleader stepping forward.

TEACHER
Oh, look at that boys and girls.
Thank you Mr. Peterson...Now, come
up and get your boxes of candy.

The kids made a mad dash toward her desk.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Dick in 6th grade selling boxes and boxes of candy. He peddles them on street corners. He sells them door to door. He sells them to his family, at his church. He counts the money that he's made and dreams of himself on his brand new bicycle.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The kids are all excited because today is the big day! They are going to announce the winner of the grand prize. Dick sits at his little desk in excitement as he knows he's won.

TEACHER
Now, kids, the winner of the brand
new bike is: Kevin Barnes!

The richest kid in school, Kevin Barnes, smug and sure of himself goes up to the desk to retrieve his prize.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Kevin, here is your brand new bike!
We are so proud of you aren't we
class? Now, how did you sell 40
boxes of candy?

KEVIN

(unimpressed)

Easy, my dad bought all the boxes
to give as Christmas presents to
his law firm...

Dick is completely defeated. All the other kids clap their hands, but Dick is sullen and angry and glares at Kevin with daggers.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATER

Dick's MOTHER stands in front of the stuffy PTA board ranting and raving. Dick stands beside her in shame.

MOTHER

And it's a disgrace that my son who
busted his ass for this school
didn't win the prize because some
rich ass lawyer bought his son's
boxes! I'm not leaving this stage
until my son is riding that bicycle
that he won fair and square.

The principal steps forward...

PRINCIPAL

Now, Ms. Parson's there's no need
to blow this out of proportion....

He tries to lead her off the stage.

MOTHER

Get your cheating, fat hands off
me! I'll scream bloody murder. I
want that bike and I want it NOW!

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

MADELINE

You don't have to be good at sales.
I'll train you! Any moron could
sell this.

DICK

I don't know...

Madeline pulls out a CD.

MADELINE

This is the "Magic" key! All you
have to do is show this to 10 of
your friends....

DICK

I don't think this is right for
me...

MADELINE

Come to the meeting tomorrow night.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT

Clarence and Irene are tangled in sheets after making love.
Irene is sipping from a tumbler of juice.

CLARENCE

Isn't that the most delicious stuff
you've ever tasted.

IRENE

God, yes!

CLARENCE

It's filled with vitamins and
expands your lifespan. It's the
wave of the future.

IRENE

It's like nectar from the gods.

CLARENCE

I could teach you to sell "Miracle
Milkshakes".

IRENE

I...I....

Clarence gets out of bed and begins to hastily dress.

CLARENCE

I can't force you to be a
millionaire....

IRENE

I tried selling Avon once, but....

CLARENCE

Avon, Amway, those are all tapped
out...this is revolutionary...

IRENE

I know....

CLARENCE

Tell me, how much do you make at
that grease pit?

IRENE

I manage.

CLARENCE

Do you want to scrape by all your
life or do you want to be in
control of your destiny?

IRENE

I want to be rich....who doesn't?

CLARENCE

This opportunity won't be around
much longer. If you decide to work
for me, give me a call. And no
hard feelings if you don't.

He hands her his card. And just as quick as he walked into
her life, he walks out. She gingerly sips the remains of the
milkshake.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dick's opens the door of his apartment to find his roommates
KAREN and KEVIN screwing on the couch. He tiptoes past them
carrying his mail in his hands. He moves to his bedroom and
unlocks the door. His roommates never cease their action.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dick's room is a Spartan creative workspace. He has a writing desk by the window, a futon. A photograph of Ayn Rand hangs about his desk. There is an enormous bookshelf with hundreds of books about writing and acting. Beyond the door the sounds of the panther's rise and fall. Dick turns on the CD player to drown them out. Dick throws his book bag across his futon and looks quickly through the mail. He spots a letter from an agent and tears it open in excitement. He reads the opening sentence and his hope fades....

DICK

Another form letter...Great.

He tosses the letter into an "in" box on his desk that contains hundreds of the same type of letter. He sits down at his desk and looks at his notes from yesterday and begins to type. His cell phone rings. He checks to see if it's a number he knows and it is! He picks it up.

DICK (CONT'D)

Hey, Charlie...

CUT TO:

INT. AGENTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE LESTER sits in his rat's nest of an office and talks on the phone. He's a crust of bread of a man in his early 50's.

CHARLIE

Dick, I have an audition for you tomorrow at Julie Ashton Casting. She LOVED your demo reel. I'm emailing you all the info. Go get 'em tiger.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Suzy has spruced herself up since we last saw her. She has a new perm exactly like Nadine's who stands beside her smiling broadly. Suzy stands in front of a gaggle of WOMEN demonstrating "naughty toys".

SUZY

And if you really want to heat things up in the bedroom, try some of this heated clitoral cream.

The women gasp in excitement and Suzy continues to read from her "pitch" cards.

SUZY (CONT'D)

This will liven up the stale action...

Nadine cuts in.

NADINE

Now, I know a lot of your men are overseas...now that's no reason YOU should miss out.

Nadine holds up a dildo. A large black women, WANDA, gets very interested.

WANDA

You got THAT in black?

SUZY

(shuffling through her cards.)

Ummmm....

NADINE

Yes, black, white, Indian, Mexican...

A very prudish looking woman, SHARON, who has been sitting with her arms folded throws her disapproval around the room.

SHARON

This is disgraceful. I'm disgusted at how you are all acting. We're supposed to be keeping our minds on God! I came here for a reading of the word, not to get roped into a sex web.

Wanda turns to her.

WANDA

Why should our men be the only one's gettin' the action? I've baked my last batch of brownies. When Buster gets home his head's gonna spin.

NADINE

Sharon, I understand your discomfort with sex...we ALL have these kind of hang ups...That's why we're introducing our new line.

SUZYU

Now, you can either buy product from me or you can sign up under me to make your own fortune...with just a small start-up fee...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN CONFERENCE ROOM- NIGHT

A crowd of sales associates sit watching a demonstration video of "Miracle Milkshake" with rapt attention. Madeline is among them. They all have that "I'm going to make a million dollars" look on their faces. The video finishes with a flourish and the MC steps up to the microphone.

MC

We are so pleased to have tonight our co CEO here to offer his award-winning techniques to you. Mr. Hank Adams.

The crowd goes nuts as if Jesus were in the room. Hank Adams a slick hollywood looking man in a pin striped suit takes the stage. He is the epitome of multi-level marketing success. He probably wears money smelling after-shave.

HANK

I make more money working part-time than I ever did full-time. I sat in those same chairs 5 years ago and look at me NOW! I have home by the sea, drive a BMW and vacation ANYWHERE I want to! How many of you can say that? I was stuck in the rut of working 7 days a week and was still poor! I was a slave to wages until I met Clarence Brown and tasted my first "Miracle Milkshake"! (applause) Clarence came to my office peddling and I was about to toss him out on his rump when he offered me a taste and it CHANGED my life! Do you want YOUR life to change, too! (wild applause.) I know you do!

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

We are going to be featured on Oprah next month! If we can make HER take off the weight, we've done something right! (He looks at his card...) Now, I'm going to announce the winner of the fully paid trip to Las Vegas for being top executive associate with 500 markers..

The crowd applauds.

HANK (CONT'D)

The top salesman in Southern California is William Mason!

WILLIAM MASON, a squirt of a man, takes the stage. He's an exact knock off of Hank. He smiles like a snake. Madeline eyes him with envy.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'd like to personally thank you for your service and commitment to "Miracle Milkshake". You and your associates have done us proud. What is your secret?

WILLIAM

I came to the training sessions, I exposed myself to everyone I came in contact with. I kept my eyes on the prize and did not take "no" for an answer.

HANK

You are AWESOME, buddy! I'm going to announce the next prize and it's a honey. Anyone who gets 10 associates under them and who sells 500 markers will get a fully paid cruise to the Caribbean for you and a guest. Now I want each of YOU to get your "team" motivated and expose! This ground-breaking product sells itself.

The crowd goes nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN CONFERENCE ROOM- LATER

Madeline sits with her "team"--a grab bag of losers that she's cabbaged on to. There is GABBY, TINA and RYAN and her "newbie" ALEX who looks as if he's seen a ghost.

MADELINE

Now, all we need team is 5 more associates under us and we can all be on that cruise.

GABBY

I'm sorta feeling burned out...

TINA

Me, too!

MADELINE

What kind of talk is that? Huh? Don't you want to never work again?

RYAN

I haven't made a single dime off this crap and I work 24 hours a day peddling it.

MADELINE

See, that's it! You're talking to the wrong people! How many exposures do you do a day?

RYAN

A lot....

MADELINE

A lot doesn't cut it! You've got to expose to AT LEAST 100 people a day!

GABBY

I thought this would be easy...

TINA

You told me if I showed this to 10 of my friends I'd make money in a matter of hours.

MADELINE

IF you sign them up! Now, look, we have a newbie here! Everyone, this is Alex. He's thinking of being an associate. Now, Tina, I want to put him under you!

TINA

Okay...

Alex looks more and more nervous...

ALEX

Um...Can I say something....

MADELINE

Oh, yes, sure...feel free. Here I am monopolizing the entire shooting match! Always listen to your guests. Rule #1 in the handbook. What's on your mind?

ALEX

This sounds like a pyramid scheme to me...

Madeline recoils in shock.

MADELINE

This is NOT a pyramid scheme. This is about changing your life. (She points to William's table.) You see that man over there? He won because he got folks under him who worked for him and now he doesn't have to work!

ALEX

I'm not sure I can go along with this.

MADELINE

Gabby, tell him the benefits of our product....

GABBY

Well, it sells itself....

ALEX

I know all that...Listen, I don't mean to be offensive, but I can't do this!

MADELINE

Fine. I can't force you to be a millionaire.

Alex leaves.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Some will, some won't. So what?!
NEXT!

Her team laugh!

RYAN
What we need is a plan!

Hank comes over to their table.

HANK
How are things on your team
Madeline?

MADELINE
I'm having trouble keeping
associates and we don't feel
motivated....

HANK
Ah, come on! I think about
quitting about 1,000 times a day,
but do I? Hell, NO! How can I help
you?

TINA
How do we make money?

HANK
Exposure! BELIEVE that you have
the best product in the world and
you will! Have you made a list of
everyone you know and asked them to
come to a meeting? How many new
people did you bring tonight?

GABBY
My friend was going to come, but
she flaked at the last minute.

HANK
The secret to this is: you got to
get them to a meeting. You need at
least 5 people with you each week.

As Hank talks, they all hang on every word he utters.

HANK (CONT'D)
Do you think you can commit to
that? All of you?

ALL
Yes!

HANK

You each bring 5 people here next week and I'll give you a prize.

He walks away. Madeline turns to them glassy eyed.

MADELINE

WE CAN DO IT!

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - LATER

Suzy is looking over her order list while Nadine packs the novelties into boxes.

SUZY

I got a few orders, but no one under me.

NADINE

Honey, don't be discouraged. My first party was a nightmare. If it weren't for Hank holding my hand, I swear I would have croaked.

SUZY

What is this new product line?

NADINE

Oh, that's top secret.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTING DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Dick is in mid audition for Nutter Butter Cookies. He is crawling on the floor like a squirrel. The casting director, JULIE ASHTON, sits eating her lunch while 3 PRODUCERS half watch and half type on their blackberries.

DICK

(squeak)

I'm saving my Nutter's for winter...

Dick finishes his performance and SILENCE. JULIE smiles and looks at his headshot and talks to him with her mouth full of salad.

JULIE

Thank you. What do you guys think?

The producers look up.

PRODUCER 1
That was interesting...

PRODUCER 2
I thought it was boring.

PRODUCER 3
He was funny!

PRODUCER 1
But do we want funny?

JULIE
He can do it again for you, less
funny...

PRODUCER 2
I don't need to see it AGAIN.

PRODUCER 3
I'd like to see him do it again.

PRODUCER 1
Less funny...

PRODUCER 3
But don't kill the joke.

JULIE
Do it again, this time more "real".

Dick does this performance again of crawling around on the floor looking for nuts and speaking in a squeaking voice.

DICK
I'm saving my Nutter's for
winter...

Producers all whisper to each other while Dick stands there staring at the clock.

PRODUCER 1
There was something missing from
that. I didn't buy it.

PRODUCER 3
Yeah, it seemed more raccoon this
time rather than squirrel.

PRODUCER 2
He's NOT right.

PRODUCER 1

Yeah, you're right, he's too
raccoon. Julie, he's raccoon not
squirrel.

PRODUCER 2

He couldn't sell a Nutter Butter to
a starving man in Africa.

JULIE

Right. Ummm....Dick, thank you!

Dick leaves the office.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, guys...

PRODUCER 2

Why don't we call Ricky Schroder...

PRODUCER 3

Oh, that guy from "Silver Spoons".
He's real squirrel.

CUT TO:

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank has just gotten back from California. Nadine has her
sales charts out and is reviewing them with Hank.

NADINE

Suzy was a bit skittish at first,
but I think she'll get into the
swing of things.

HANK

Our products are really selling.

NADINE

How was California?

HANK

A bunch of losers! Just a bunch of
squirells looking for nuts.

NADINE

That bad?

HANK

Unmotivated, undisciplined,
scattered.

NADINE

I can't wait to start our new line of products.

HANK

Yes, it will blow "Miracle Milkshake" off the map.

NADINE

Oh, baby, I'm hot just thinking about it.

She wraps her arms around him and they start to make out.

CUT TO:

INT. WAFFLE HUT - NIGHT

Irene is working the midnight shift dead on her feet. Pam is running the cash register. The place is empty.

IRENE

The only thing that seems to sell in this place is "Miracle Milkshakes".

PAM

I think it's a laxative.

IRENE

I wonder if he really makes one million per year...

PAM

Who?

IRENE

Clarence.

PAM

Oh, that Elvis reject?

IRENE

I'd like to make a million a year...

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Clarence is soaking in a hot tub talking to Hank on speaker phone.

CLARENCE

Sales are up. "Miracle Milkshake"
is a winner.

HANK (V.O.)

My team is bringing in the dough...

CLARENCE

You're my bread and butter Hank.
How was Los Angeles...

HANK (V.O.)

I motivated them, gave them some
booby prizes...

CLARENCE

That's good! Keep the hooks in
those fish! Oh, I've got another
call. (he pushes the button) Oh,
hey honey, I was just thinking of
you.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Edwin sits in Dick's chair looking at the clock fuming mad.
Dick rushes in the door.

EDWIN

You're 30 minutes late!

DICK

Sorry, mom's dialysis went over and
the traffic through Westwood...

EDWIN

You seem to be taking advantage of
our good graces.

DICK

My mom is sick! What else can I do?

EDWIN

One more time, and I write you up!

Edwin begins to walk away.

DICK

I'll stay late if you want or come
in early.

EDWIN

No...it's okay. Just don't let
Hunter find out.

He's gone down the hall. Dick's cell phone vibrates. He
picks up the land line and dials....

CUT TO:

INT. AGENTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is doing yoga on a mat in his office while he talks
on the phone.

CHARLIE

Dick...(grunt) You didn't get the
Nutter Butter spot....(grunt) which
is a shame....(grunt) it was
perfect for you....(grunt) but
after thinking about it...(grunt)
we are dropping you...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Dick is stunned.

DICK

Dropping me? That commercial
wasn't me! I'm a person, not an
animal! The producers were
retarded! Come on, can't you keep
me and see what happens?
Fine...no, just burn my headshots.

Dick hangs up the phone and sits down. Behind him Edwin
stands with a form.

EDWIN

That was your 5th personal call
this week. I have to write you up.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER O. CARROLL'S OFFICE - LATER

Dick sits sullen next to Edwin in front of Hunter's huge ass
mahogany desk. Hunter looks over the form.

EDWIN

And I warned him about using the phone for company time.

HUNTER

This is unacceptable, Dick.

DICK

(pathetic)

My mom is sick...

HUNTER

We are NOT running a free clinic here.

EDWIN

(brown-nosing)

That's what I told him.

HUNTER

You're the most important person in this company! You steer this ship! We need you to show up big or stay home!

DICK

Can I help it if my mother is ill and I have to help her.

HUNTER

That's your bees wax. We all have problems. I have problems. You think it's easy being the CEO of this place? I work 24/7. My wife never sees me, I don't even know my kids names. (He laughs at his joke. Edwin snorts like a pig.) It wasn't that funny, Edwin.

EDWIN

Oh.

Hunter tears up the paper work.

HUNTER

Now, I'm going to forget this entire episode. We're starting with a clean slate. All you have to do is show up big!

Hunter extends his hand to Dick, who shakes it, happy he is out of the hot seat.

CUT TO:

INT. MADELINE'S HOVEL - NIGHT

She holds the 3 day notice in her hand and talks on the phone.

MADELINE

Can't you give me one MORE day? I told you I have a check coming in the mail!!! I know I'm 2 months behind. PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE???? (pause) Oh, thank you! I'll have the money to you tomorrow before 5pm. (pause) Arif, have you ever thought of leaving the apartment management racket and become your own boss...

CUT TO:

EXT. MADELINE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

Madeline pounds a make-shift sign into the ground that reads "impromptu yard sale". Camera pulls back to reveal the yard filled with all the junk that she tried to peddle over the years: avon, lithographs, knives, perfume, Amway. A noisy NEIGHBOR walks up and begins to rummage through the junk.

MADELINE

Hey, Patsy...

PATSY

Neat stuff...

MADELINE

Everything must go.

PATSY

Hey, look an Avon sample bag...How much?

MADELINE

\$50.

PATSY

I can give you \$20. My daughter would love it to play "dress up" with.

MADELINE

Alright.

PATSY
Hey, it's Amway. Didn't you used
to be my distributor?

MADELINE
Yeah...

PATSY
I wanted to buy more stuff. You
should have stuck with it...

MADELINE
It was passe...I've got this new...

Patsy's eyes catch something shiny and bright and she follows
it.

PATSY
Knives! Oh, my! How much?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - AFTERNOON

Madeline, carrying an oversized purse and wearing a large hat
covering most of her face looks left and right before
entering the seedy looking building.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Madeline pretends to browse while an old goat of a PAWNBROKER
reads the "funnies" behind the cage. Madeline looks at
radios, guitars, and rings before working up her nerve to
walk up to the cage.

MADELINE
(whispering)
Excuse me...

PAWNBROKER continues to read.

PAWNBROKER
Hold on, sister...this is a good
one...

He finishes reading the strip and busts a gut laughing.

MADELINE
I don't have all day.

PAWNBROKER

That Archie cracks me up! What can I do for you, sweetheart?

MADELINE

Well, I have some jewelry.

She pulls out a huge box from her bag and sits it on the counter.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

My mother was a burlesque queen...

PAWNBROKER

Oh, you gotta sell the goods?

MADELINE

Only until the end of the month.

PAWNBROKER

That's what they all say.

MADELINE

I'm going to be rich! (she pulls a cd from her purse.) Have you ever heard of "Miracle Milkshake"?

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clack! Clack! Clack! Dick types like a crack whore on his script while listening to headphones. He's liking the process very much when he hears a scream from down the hall.

KEVIN (O.C.)

Where is my stash?

KAREN (O.C.)

I smoked it.

KEVIN

You fucking, crack whore!

KAREN

You said you were going to get more!

KEVIN

You smoked it with Ted, didn't you?

KAREN

Fuck you, bastard.

Slap. Slap! SLAP! Dick gets up from his desk and opens the bedroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dick steps into the living room where Karen starts screaming bloody murder. Kevin has her pinned into a corner. Her face is beat red with hand marks.

KAREN

Don't you hit me, you cocksucking
motherfucker!

Karen begins to kick, punch and slap Kevin who is built like a brick shit house and is not phased by her insults at all!

KEVIN

Bring it on, bitch!

He grabs her by the head of the hair and flings her across the room where she lands like a limb rag doll on the floor. Dick is paralyzed. He can't move.

DICK

Hey, guys, stop it!

KEVIN

Go back to your cave, freak.

Kevin starts to move violently toward Dick. Karen rallies.

KAREN

Leave him alone, Kevin!

DICK

You know it's not nice to hit a
woman!

KEVIN

What the fuck do you know about it,
fuck face? Do you know she smoked
my rock with some shit ass she was
fucking.

KAREN

I did not.

Kevin wheels on Karen and pushes her violently against the bookcase.

KEVIN
Shut the fuck up!

DICK
Hey

Dick moves toward Kevin and suddenly, Kevin kicks him right in the stomach with his combat boot. Dick tumbles to the ground.

KEVIN
I told you to stay out of it!

KAREN
NO! Dick!

Karen attempts to race to Dick but Kevin grabs her. While he does, Dick runs into his bedroom and locks the door.

DICK
I'm calling the police! You better
be out of here in 5 minutes!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE.

Suzy begins to make a killing from her novelty items! She hosts party after party each one more successful than the rest. She counts her profits, she pays all of her bills! She no longer waits by the mailbox any longer for letters from Iraq. Nadine is extremely pleased for her.

CUT TO:

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nadine sips a glass of red wine with Suzy while Hank stands near the TV.

HANK
Suzy, this is top secret what I'm
about to reveal to you! Nadine and
I are EXTREMELY pleased with how
you've taken the bull by the horns
and have just sold the snot out of
our toys...

SUZY
Teach a woman to fish....

NADINE
Amen, sister! Amem.

They clink their wine glasses together. Hank, who has no sense of humor when it comes to sales, gets right back to business.

HANK
We are introducing something that is going to blow things through the roof...Are you ready?

NADINE
This is so exciting.

HANK
Dim the lights....

Nadine turns down the dimmer switch while Hank pushes play on the remote control. On the TV screen, sounds of a hymn and then a shot of two people reading the bible and THEN SEX, full throttle lusty sex! It is revealed that the people in the video are Hank and Nadine. A voice over plays.

V.O.
Introducing Christian Porn. Who says sex has to be a nasty secret anymore. We are taking the guilt out of sex and putting it in the hands of our lord. To become a liscener and distributor, call (505) 987-4523.

Suzy is shocked. She stares blankly at the screen.

HANK
It's GREAT isn't it?

NADINE
It was completely Hank's idea.

SUZY
Oh, my god....that's you...

NADINE
This is just the demo to get people interested.

SUZY
Aren't you embarrassed?

HANK
Lord, no! Sex was invited by God!
That's the whole point!
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

We want to tell every Christian that it's okay to have sex! And not just to make babies.

SUZY

I can't believe this! You want me to be IN those?

NADINE

Oh, no...sweetie...no, we are going to hire professional actors to do the movies, but we need someone who knows sells to help us market them....

HANK

You are truly on the ground floor of this...

SUZY

How?!

NADINE

You continue to sell your novelty items and then you just slip them in. You already have the customer base.

HANK

Suzy, you are the only one that is on board right now...

CUT TO:

INT. CLARENCE'S SWANK HOME - DAY

Clarence stands in front of a giant screen TV and plays a demo DVD which displays all the facts and figures of this "mutli-media" marketing to Irene who takes quick notes.

CLARENCE

Irene, I'm so happy you decided to join me in this! I'm putting you right under me. You will start making a profit today!

IRENE

It seems too good to be true.

CLARENCE

I'm going to use you as my success story!

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 YOU are going to be all over the
 internet, all over the world!

He kisses her.

IRENE
 I've never sold anything but
 waffles to anyone. I'm just a
 frumpy nobody from Cleveland.

CLARENCE
 That's perfect. The public will
 eat that up. You are going to
 travel in first class! You have
 waited your last table.

IRENE
 So, I don't have to sell anything?

CLARENCE
 No! You just stand beside me and
 I'll do all the work!

Clarence picks up his cell phone and speed dials a number.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 Listen, Hank, I've got the new face
 of "Miracle Milkshake". What do
 you mean you can't come over? I
 need us to get a whole campaign
 built around this. Alright, I'll
 see you in 10 minutes.

He hangs up the phone and wheels around to Irene in
 excitement.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 Shall we take the BMW or the
 Mercedez?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dick is doing rewrites on his script when in walks Karen
 looking sheepish.

KAREN
 Dick...

DICK
 Oh, hey...I'm at work...

KAREN

I know. I just wanted to come by
and say "I'm sorry" in person.

He gets up and tries to walk her to the door.

DICK

You're going to get me in trouble.

KAREN

Kevin didn't mean to hurt you.

DICK

What was he thinking? What were
both of you thinking?

KAREN

We were just having some
recreational fun...that's all.

DICK

You were smoking crack...

Ring! Ring! The phone begins to ring on his desk. He walks
behind it and picks it up.

DICK (CONT'D)

Bolton, Klemper, Meltz and
Stein...yes...yes...(he can't get
them off the line) I believe he's
in a meeting...Let me transfer you
to his voice mail...No, I can't
page him....

While he's on the phone, Edwin comes around the corner and
sees Karen standing there.

EDWIN

Hello, have you been helped?

DICK

(covering the phone)
She's my mother's nurse.

Edwin eyes Dick suspiciously.

DICK (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll give him the message.
Thank you! (He hangs up the phone.)
Edwin, this is Karen, my mother's
nurse.

EDWIN

Nice to meet you. I hope she's doing okay.

KAREN

She's getting stronger by the minute.

DICK

Well, let me get her prescription for you to fill...

Edwin, walks away toward the kitchen.

DICK (CONT'D)

OUT! I'll talk to you later.

KAREN

(turning on the water works)

Just don't call the police, Dick, please.

Dick ushers her to the door.

DICK

I won't.

CUT TO:

INT. MADELINE'S HOVEL - NIGHT

Madeline is hosting a "Miracle Milkshake" business reception. She has her regular cohorts with her along with 5 more stragglers who are not really buying the pyramid scheme.

MADELINE

It's as easy as A, B, C. You call up 10 of your friends, invite them to a party like this and expose them. We are all going to go executive this month and go on a cruise for getting 500 markers.

Deena who is a little chihuahua of a woman raises her hand.

DEENA

I have relatives. They are so FAT!

MADELINE

That's perfect. Can I sign you up?

DEENA

Si! Yes!

MADELINE

Tina, I want you to train her. All
is need is \$50 start up fee.

DEENA

\$50????

MADELINE

It's to get your account activated
and then you can start selling it.

Madeline pulls out a folder with a bunch of papers.

DEENA

Can I write you a check?

MADELINE

Yes. Now, who else wants to sign
up?

GIRL #1

I have to ask my husband...

MAN #1

It's not the right time for me.

CUT TO:

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - NIGHT

Dick sits at a long table while ACTORS rehearse his play.
The director, CARLA, sits at the table looking bored. Did
has his head buried in the script and takes notes while they
do the show.

ACTRESS

"I was born to act!" (breaking
character) Excuse me, Mr. Writer,
how should that line be delivered.

Dick looks up from his script.

DICK

Huh? Oh, I'm not the actor.

ACTRESS

Carla, I just don't think my
character would say she was born to
act. I mean, isn't it a given.

Carla who has been sucking on her hair, smiles weakly.

CARLA

Let's just cut it. It's retarded anyway...

DICK

Wait a minute....this is my play!

CARLA

I'm the director.

ACTRESS

And I'm the one who has to say these stupid lines.

DICK

How do you know they are stupid unless you give them a chance.

ACTRESS

Fine! FINE. You don't respect me!

She slams down her script and walks off in a huff. Carla glares at him with steam coming out of her ears and her glasses almost fogging up.

CARLA

Why did you do that?

DICK

Do what? She's a head case. She stormed off!

Carla gets up.

CARLA

Now, I've got to go win her back....I don't think you should come to rehearsals anymore. You are upsetting everyone.

Carla slinks off in the same direction the actress did. Dick looks at the other actors.

DICK

Am I upsetting you?

The rest of the actors shrug like trained monkey.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dick opens the front door and flips on the lights only to discover that half the room is empty.

DICK
Karen! Kevin! Hello!

He moves through the house and notices pictures are missing. He walks down the hallway to the Kevin and Karen's bedroom door which hangs wide open. The room is completely empty.

DICK (CONT'D)
Shit!

He walks into the kitchen and flips on the light. On the Melita coffee pot there is a note taped to it written in Magic Marker that reads: "We are sorry! We moved back home to Kevin's parents. Thanks for understanding. Love, Karen"

DICK (CONT'D)
God damn it! Flaky bitch!

He crumples up the note and tosses it in the wastebasket. He storms to his bedroom and dials his cell phone.

DICK (CONT'D)
Karen, what the hell? You can't just move out? You owe me rent. Sorry? I can't live here all by myself. You should have given me some warning. See your side? Are you crazy? This is the worst day of my entire life! (she hangs up on him) Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. CLARENCE'S SWANK HOME - DAY

Irene has completely been given a super-model make-over. She looks shockingly different with her hair frizzed out, a form fitting dress, high heel shoes and jewelry. She is surrounded by a "team" of professionals who prep her for her "promo" shoot. She holds out a milk shake in her hands. Clarence smiles like a little boy while Hank stands with his arms folded across his chest. A director finishes setting up the camera...

DIRECTOR
Let's do one.

IRENE

I'm so nervous. They are going to see right through me.

Clarence rushes to her side.

CLARENCE

Do it exactly like we rehearsed...

DIRECTOR

ACTION!

IRENE

Hello! I'm Irene. People often comment on how YOUNG I look. I've been stopped on the streets and asked why I look like a teenager...and I tell them, it's this little genie in a bottle "Miracle Milkflake"! (she begins to laugh.) "Milkflake!" Oooops. Sorry.

DIRECTOR

No, troubles, my dear, just give up a pick up line.

IRENE

I blew it...Clarence, I can't do this.

Clarence rushes to her and puts his arms around her.

CLARENCE

Sweetie, you're a natural!
Everyone is going to love you.

HANK

I don't know why she's been chosen to do this in the first place!

CLARENCE

Now, you stop that right there, Hank! I won't have you talk like that in front of the new face of our product.

DIRECTOR

Time is money, people. Are we going to bicker or are we going to shoot?

CLARENCE

Right! Let's go!

They get the shot lined up. Irene smiles brightly.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARENCE'S STUDY - LATER

Hank is hurling abuse at Clarence.

HANK

She's just a country bumpkin that you picked up on the side of the road and now you are giving her a cut of the profits.

CLARENCE

Who the hell are you? YOU WORK FOR ME, HANK!

HANK

There are so many people who are better qualified to do this! Real people who have worked day and night to make you a rich man.

CLARENCE

Who?

HANK

Huh?

CLARENCE

Who would be better qualified than me to make that decision. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I am the one who started this. It was my master mind.

HANK

But we've supported you! We sold this shit day and night making you a very rich man.

CLARENCE

I don't see you living in a cardboard box.

HANK

That's not the point.

CLARENCE

What is the point?

HANK

There are better faces...like
Nadine.

CLARENCE

Nadine...oh, your wife...now we get
to the TRUTH.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH OF RELIGIOUS SCIENCE - MORNING

A new-age woman MINISTER stands in front of a rapt audience.
Dick sits in the audience listening to every word.

MINISTER

The TRUTH shall set you free. Let's
do a treatment on this! We BELIEVE
that this word is the word of God
and it is spoken into the Mind and
is Law....

CUT TO:

INT. NEW AGE MINISTER'S OFFICE - LATER

The new age minister counts out the offering from the day's
service. There is a knock on the door and she opens it to
reveal a very upset Dick.

DICK

Can I talk to you.

MINISTER

Oh, yes, come in! Who's the matter
with you?

DICK

Everything in my life is just
awful.

MINISTER

Well, you're attracting a lot of
what you don't want...

DICK

Yes, my roommates moved out and I
can't pay the rent...

MINISTER

Easy! Stop right there. You don't want to keep DRAGGING that junk into your future do you?

DICK

No, but....

MINISTER

You have to speak in opposition...Now, why don't we set an appointment and work one on one.

DICK

How much?

MINISTER

I charge \$100 a session, but think of it as putting money into the Universe and you'll be rewarded.

DICK

How about tomorrow night?

Minister pulls out her calender.

MINISTER

I can squeeze you in right before my Wednesday night prosperity workshop. If you're new to New Thought you should check it out.

DICK

Thanks, Rev. Pam.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Madeline sits with her sales associates and goes over the books with Gabby, Ryan, Deena and Tina.

MADELINE

Guys we are going to make it!

RYAN

I don't see how! It's near the end of the month and we have only signed up Deena and I've only sold one "Miracle Milkshake" package.

GABBY

My friends who originally signed up
are all cancelling.

TINA

My husband thinks I should look for
a day job....

MADELINE

Come on! What's wrong with you
people? "Ye of little faith!"
Don't you BELIEVE?

DEENA

I do! I've got 5 people under me
and every day I get money in my
computer.

MADELINE

See, why can't you have faith like
Deena here? She's the only one who
is taking this seriously!

GABBY

Madeline, how long are you going to
keep this up? We're all starving
to death here. I have bills to
pay?

MADELINE

You think I'm a quitter? A quitter
never wins! I know this product is
great! I'm going to go on that
cruise with or without you! If
you don't want to help out, you are
wasting my time.

Madeline begins to gather up her lap top computer, her notes
and toss them into her handbag.

RYAN

You're supposed to be the leader.
You don't give us any support.

MADELINE

That's it, Ryan! I'm done with
your negativity....

RYAN

I'm just stating the facts...

MADELINE

Facts, smacks. Gabby, Tina, Ryan
you are all fired from my team.

GABBY

But...

MADELINE

Your BUTT is standing in my way!
OUT! Come on, Deena!

She pulls a reluctant Deena out the door.

RYAN

She's nuts.

TINA

Nuttier than a fruit cake.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - NIGHT

Suzy has a group of 10 women glued to the TV set. The room is dark, the shades are pulled down and they are watching the demo for "Christian Porn".

V.O.

We are bringing the "bang" back to
the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUZY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A taxi pulls up to the curb and a very handsome man, FRANKIE BUTTERWORTH, dressed in a Marine uniform steps out of the taxi, pays the driver and tiptoes up to the porch with his duffle bag slung over his shoulder. He quietly turns the key in the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie swings open the door and through the darkness he sees the TV screen filled with porn.

FRANKIE

Suzy...I'm home.

Suzy fumbles around in the darkness, turns off the TV and flips on the lights.

SUZY
Son of a bitch!

Frankie sees for the first time the living room filled with "adult toys" and DVD's of "Christian Porn" AND a sea of unfamiliar faces.

FRANKIE
What in the hell is going on here?

SUZY
Frankie, I can explain.

WOMEN instinctively get up and clear out leaving Frankie and Suzy to face off.

FRANKIE
What in the world are you doing,
Suzy?

He walks closer to her. She is no longer the self-confident contained woman she has been.

SUZY
It's my business...

FRANKIE
Your what?

He picks up a whip.

SUZY
I didn't have enough money, Hank.

FRANKIE
So, you started selling porn.

SUZY
I had to! Hank, I'm making more
money right now than you are.

FRANKIE
Not anymore you aren't.

SUZY
I'm not quitting.

FRANKIE
Yes, you are. Don't you know people
on this base talk? What if my
Chief finds out about this?

SUZY

It's your fault in the first place.
Why wouldn't you send me money?

FRANKIE

I did!

SUZY

Not enough...

FRANKIE

You didn't say you needed more! My,
God, Suzy! I'm so embarrassed. My
own wife peddling porn. Don't you
know it's a sin?

SUZY

No, that's what I'm selling
"Christian Porn" the path to God
through sex.

FRANKIE

No woman of mine...

SUZY

I'm NOT your WOMAN. You don't own
me. I'm not a piece of furniture
or a car!

Frankie tries to grab her, but she picks up a mace and stands
toe to toe with him.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Take a step closer and I swing.
You either let me sale my wares or
we're through.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Onstage, the play that Dick wrote finishes and the crowd goes
wild. Dick, who is huddled in the last row, is pleasantly
surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER LOBBY - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Dick is surrounded by friends and well-wishers congratulating
him on his success. He smiles humbly at them. Across the
room, Carla, the director talks to her group of friends.

They exchange a quick, but icy glare at each other. The actress who was such a problem child comes banging into the lobby, dressed to the nines.

ACTRESS

Hey everyone!

The circle of friends turn around and greet her. Dick stands motionless not wanting to miss this moment for all the tea in China. The crowd congratulate her.

ACTRESS (CONT'D)

Thanks. And it was all Dick. He wrote the part for me. Well, he wrote the basic character, but I added so much of my own material, it was if I had written it.

Dick turns away from the scene and moves to the bar to get a refill on his wine glass. Carla at the other ends saddles up next to him all smiles.

CARLA

We did it!

DICK

Too bad you didn't believe in my work to include me.

CARLA

Huh?

DICK

You kicked me out of rehearsal and now that the show works you want to be my friend?

CARLA

I'm sorry, but I'm bi polar.

DICK

And I'm bi sexual. What the hell does that have to do with the price of tea in China?

CARLA

It's the business...

DICK

Right! And you let Miss Diva over there run rehearsals. What qualifications does she have besides a big mouth.

CARLA
Don't be bitter.

DICK
Bitter? Oh, you are mistaken. Not bitter, but justified. I know MY show is great.

CARLA
It's our show, our baby...

DICK
Could have been. If Big Mouth's talents were as wide as her ass, she might have something, until then I suggest you tell her to shut up at rehearsals and do her fucking job.

CARLA
Come on, Dick...

Splash! Dick covers her passive aggressive ass in red wine and walks out of the lobby. Actress, who has witnessed the scene moves to a stunned Carla.

ACTRESS
What was that about...

CARLA
He just freaked out.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S DESK - DAY

Dick reads the reviews of his play off the computer screen.

DICK
"A sure-fire triumph! Witty, well-crafted characters..."

Edwin walks up to Dick.

EDWIN
Dick, will you forward the calls to Heidi? I need to talk to you.

Dick pushes a button on the control panel and follows Edwin into the conference room.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Edwin pushes a white envelope across the table to Dick.

EDWIN

I hate to do this, but we need to
down size...

DICK

What?

EDWIN

We have to cut corners...

DICK

Well, who is going to answer the
phone?

EDWIN

Sandra in production...

DICK

Hunter's Sandra....

EDWIN

They are liquidating that
department....

DICK

I'm being fired so Hunter's
girlfriend can have a job?

EDWIN

She has kids...

DICK

Great. GREAT!

EDWIN

I just want you to know, you've
been a wonderful employee. We hate
to lose you! I really fought for
you! If you need a letter of
recommendation or anything, don't
hesitate to ask.

DICK

How about a loan...

EDWIN

What?

DICK

Nothing....

Dick storms out of the conference NOT pushing in his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S DESK - LATER

Dick tosses the last of his personal belongings into a mail tub in a hasty manner. Several employees stop by to say their farewell.

EMPLOYEE #1

This is so shocking. I'm really going to miss you?

DICK

Thanks. I'm sure I'll see you around.

EMPLOYEE #2

What happened?

DICK

(a little too loudly)
They had to give Hunter's GIRLFRIEND a job.

Edwin walks up to Dick.

EDWIN

Lower you voice, Dick.

DICK

What are you going to do fire me?
Ha!

He throws the last piece into his crate. He walks through the office speaking in a loud voice.

DICK (CONT'D)

I wanted to say goodbye to you all!
It was so much fun working here.
Answering your phones, sorting your mail, making coffee for you all!
Thank you for the peanuts you paid me! I am so thankful I had time to work on my own scripts! I only wish I had done less. I only wish I had stolen more office supplies. I only wish I had made MORE copies on your copier, but alas my good people, we must part.

People are shocked by his behavior and say things like "call security!" Finally, Dick makes it to Hunter's office and slings open the door. Hunter is in the middle of a pow wow with some "big wigs" from NYC.

DICK (CONT'D)

Chief, I just wanted to say, what a distinct pleasure it was working for you and putting another toupee on your head!

Hunter touches his hair by instinct.

DICK (CONT'D)

That's right I said toupee! Come off it, everyone knows it's a rug!

HUNTER

Get this...(he can't remember his name)

DICK

Dick.

HUNTER

Yes, get this DICK out of here.

DICK

That's right! I am a Dick and my Dick will always be bigger than YOUR dick.

Dick turns around and walks through the office and into the elevator and out.

CUT TO:

INT. ACOA MEETING - DAY

Dick sits in a folding chair and speaks to his group.

DICK

And I went crazy. I'm tired of being pushed around like a pull toy. I don't think I can take this anymore. I'm about to go postal on someone. I think everyone is full of absolute shit! Has the world complete lost it's rocker or is it me? I think I'm losing my mind! I tell everyone off at the drop of a hat. I feel like a walking freak show!

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

I try to follow the rules that everyone says but I feel like I'm having an out of body experience or something.

The tiny little alarm clock goes off and the FACILITATOR cuts Dick off.

FACILITATOR

(happily)

Woof, that's all the time we have for shares, today. Please join me in the 7th tradition.

He pulls out a wicker basket which begins to circulate around the room.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Clarence and Irene on the "Miracle Milkshake" campaign. The stand in front of thousands of people who eat them up like candy! They are the king and queen of the multi-level marketing. Shots of the checks coming in the mail. Shots of pie charts, graphs and stocks rising, rising, rising! They are living a cushioned life.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dick talks on the phone to his mother.

DICK

Mom, I only need \$500 till the end of the month. Kevin and Karen left me high and dry. Mom, I told you, I don't want to sell Herbalife. It's not me! I'm not a salesman. Don't you remember when I tried to sell those candy bars....Mom, I've never asked you and Dad for money, but I'm desperate...\$100...that's better than a stab in the eye with a sharp stick.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Dick looks through the want ads for a job. He has several circled. A FRIEND comes up to him looking starry-eyed. He pulls up his chair and begins his "pitch"

FRIEND

Dick, Buddy, it's so GREAT to see you! I saw of Facebook that you lost your job...

DICK

Yes, I'm on an NEA grant...

FRIEND

Huh?

DICK

Unemployment, but it's not enough to live on.

FRIEND

Well, have I got a deal for you. Have you ever worried about your identity being stolen?

DICK

If someone wants my identity they can have it.

FRIEND

I'm very serious here. I've had my identity stolen 13 times and this company that I work for can prevent this from happening to you!

Dick stares at him as he babbles on and on and on about his new service...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Everywhere Dick turns someone is trying to get him enrolled in a multi-level marketing pyramid scheme. He answers his front door to someone peddling Jesus. He turns on the computer and his emails are filled with "act now". As he walks down the street folks try to pitch him stuff. At his church, people hit him up with samples, pamphlets, and CD. He throws them all in a wicker basket in his bedroom. He ends up back in his room alone typing.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

Dick stands alone on a tiny stage and finishes reading from a script. The director, DAVID, watches him and there is a long silence before he speaks. He talks to Dick very slowly and deliberately as if he's a therapist.

DAVID

You are very eager, you have a lot of energy... but there seemed to be something missing....I just didn't buy your entire package.

DICK

That's why I came to you. I heard you can really draw out the essence of a person. I feel like I've been in a shell my whole life and I need someone to help me crack it.

DAVID

(ponders)

Ummmm. Yes, I see. Listen, here's what I can do for you! I can start you in the introduction class...and we can hook you up with one of our special trainers who can help YOU to change your life. Come here, young man...

Dick advances to David with apprehension.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you the "secret" to success.

He pulls out a copy of L. Ron Hubbard's "Scientology"

DAVID (CONT'D)

This will help you become more "clear". Now, let's sign you up.

CUT TO:

INT. ENROLLMENT STATION - LATER

David stands beside Dick in front of a young, fresh "Hollywood" type of girl, MAGGIE. She has a plastic smile and a very high annoying voice that makes each statement sound like a question.

DAVID
Maggie, darling, we want to get
this young man signed up on the
ground floor.

MAGGIE
That's simply great? Here are the
forms?

DICK
Thanks I'll look them over.

DAVID
Spaces fill up really quickly.

DICK
How much is enrollment?

MAGGIE
\$325 a month?

Dick nearly falls over.

DICK
That's more than my rent...

DAVID
You have to make a choice. How
badly do you want to act? How
hungry are you? How bad do you
want it.

DICK
I can't afford it.

DAVID
We offer an intense program here at
the Beverly Hills Playhouse. We
start you on your course to
success.

DICK
I need to think about this.

DAVID
If you're serious, you'll make the
right choice.

DICK
Thanks Obi Wan...

DAVID
Huh?

DICK
Nothing...I was making a joke.

MAGGIE
We don't make jokes here!

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie sits on the couch sullen while Hank and Nadine work on him. Suzy sits in a chair opposite him.

HANK
Frankie, you need to open your mind on this!

SUZY
He won't he's just a bull-headed as his mother.

FRANKIE
Shut up, Suzy.

SUZY
Don't tell me to shut up!

NADINE
Now, Frankie, we know you are shocked, but Suzy was desperate, she was stealing from the church.

FRANKIE
I can't get wrapped up in this...I could get court marshalled.

CUT TO:

INT. EST MEETING - NIGHT

A stuffed shirt EST TRAINER stands at a dry erase board which has a bunch of "things I know that I know" written on it:
"I'm a man, I'm a woman, I'm a failure, I'm lucky.."

EST TRAINER
Now, I want you to take all you know and erase it.

He takes the eraser and quickly erases them.

EST TRAINER (CONT'D)

That is your past! It is done! I want you to join up with someone and I want you to create a new script starting NOW!

Madeline seizes this moment and plops down next to Dick.

MADELINE

I've had my eye on you all night, Dick. I'm going to make something out of you come hell or high water.

She pulls out her EST TRAINING manual and flips it open.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - DAY

Suzy, Nadine, Hank and Frankie are in a pow wow meeting. They are now all cohorts in the selling of "Christian Porn". The kitchen table is filled with products.

HANK

All we have to do is get this into every Christian's hands.

SUZY

I believe we can...

NADINE

I found a whole web of horn dogs on facebook.

FRANKIE

Wait, a second, I have an idea.

Everyone stops their busyness and turn to him.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

They all should have real married couples like us!

SUZY

What?

FRANKIE

In the pornos! We're attractive and young. If we want to sell good old fashioned values to Christian's, we should be IN them.

HANK

That's a great idea. We get them involved in making them and distributing them.

NADINE

We can get the whole religious right behind us!

SUZY

Frankie, you are brilliant.

HANK

We are sure going to give that goat, Clarence a run for his money.

CUT TO:

INT. LEER JET - NIGHT

Clarence and Irene speed through the night air drinking champagne and eating a 4 course meal.

IRENE

We were a smash in Spokane!

CLARENCE

Next stop, Los Angeles.

IRENE

I never dreamed life could be so good.

CLARENCE

Irene, marry me.

Irene nearly chokes on her prime rib.

IRENE

Marry...

CLARENCE

Look at this life! Don't you want a piece of the pie?

IRENE

I got burned on my first marriage. He offered me the world and I ended up in Big Rapids, Michigan.

CLARENCE

I'll bet he didn't have a leer jet...

IRENE

True, he had a gambling habit and credit card debt.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP OFFICE - DAY

Type! Type! Type! Dick frantically takes a typing test on a computer. The screen shuts off signaling the end of the test.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP OFFICE - LATER

Dick across the desk from PATRICIA who is a bullfrog of a woman. She is a slightly plump woman in her mid-50's with a Judy Garland look to her complete with penciled in eyebrows.

PATRICIA

Mr. Parson's these are lean times and you're scores are pretty low.

DICK

I can get better. I wasn't asked to do mail merges and spreadsheets at my last job.

PATRICIA

I have clients (she indicates her overwhelming stack of applications) with 10 years experience. You really don't have an edge.

DICK

I'm only looking for something to bridge my unemployment...you know 2 or 3 days a week...nothing long term.

PATRICIA

I'll keep my eyes open for something for you, but it's a rough time out there. People send me gifts and flowers every day thinking it will give them a leg up on others.

She reaches into her desk and pulls out a folder.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Well, is your Friedman starter pack with time cards. Call in available on Monday and we'll see what turns up.

DICK

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dick is typing on his lap top in the living room when a loud banging comes on the door. He looks out the blinds to see Madeline standing on the porch. He opens the door.

DICK

Madeline...

She breaks down sobbing.

MADELINE

Dick, I'm so glad you are home!
You're the only one I trust.

DICK

What's wrong...sit down.

Madeline flings herself onto the sofa and weeps like a 14 year old girl.

MADELINE

My life. My whole fucking life is over.

DICK

Did someone die?

MADELINE

Yeah, my life!

DICK

What happened did you kill someone?
What?

MADELINE

I'm dead. Dick, I can't go on!
Everyone has turned their backs on me. I'm ruined.

DICK

I'm sure it's not as bad as all that. Let me make you some coffee and we can figure it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DICK'S FRONT PORCH - LATER

Madeline sit with cups of coffee at a little table on the front porch.

DICK

So, what happened?

MADELINE

I got kicked out of my apartment...

DICK

What happened to all that money you were making from that pyramid scheme?

MADELINE

It's not a pyramid scheme. It's my life! That's it. I know it's going to make me me a millionaire, but it takes time. Rome wasn't built in a day.

DICK

No, it took about 750 years.

MADELINE

Don't be cute. It's taking me longer than I thought. My associates are lazy, good for nothing. I can't work if I don't have a place to stay.

DICK

I would let you borrow some money, but I got fired from my job.

MADELINE

Can I stay with you?

DICK

Huh?

MADELINE

Your roommates don't live here anymore....

DICK

I don't think that's a good idea.

MADELINE

Just until I get something going.

DICK

Why don't you get a job, Madeline?

MADELINE

I have a job. "Miracle Milkshake" is my job. If I can only get the right associates to start working instead of flaking.

DICK

Madeline, this makes me feel uncomfortable.

MADELINE

I thought you were my friend. I thought you cared!

DICK

Okay, but we have to lay down some ground rules. I'm working on my new script.

MADELINE

You saved my life.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

In a speed up fashion, Madeline moves all of her ratty second hand furniture into Dick's apartment. She orders people around as to where to put stuff. Dick carries heavy boxes into the living room and into her bedroom from her car and borrowed pick up truck.

Dick's cell phone rings, he recognizes the number and flips it open.

DICK

Hi, Patricia.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEWISH TEMPLE - DUSK

Dick stands among several ethnic TEMPS (African American, Spanish, Indian). He is dressed in an oversized gray shirt with the word "security" on it. He has a walkie-talkie hooked to his belt with an earpiece. A bossy SECURITY GUARD gives them the low-down.

GUARD

This is Yom Kippor and a high holy day for the Jewish people, but they are only allowed to come to this temple if they pay! And they can ONLY park inside the structure IF they are on the list.

Dick is looking very uncomfortable. Very doubtful.

GUARD (CONT'D)

So, be prepared to be yelled at, but you must handle it with grace. Now, I'll assign your stations...

CUT TO:

EXT. JEWISH TEMPLE - LATER

Dick stands at the entrance of the parking structure with a clipboard. A line of BMWs, Lexus', Jaquar's wait impatiently in line. Behind Dick, Jewish people with their yamika's walk down the side walk. Dick waves a car past.

DICK

Shalome.

A shiny candy apple red BMW Z4M rolls up and a gnarled up JEWISH MAN rolls down his window and glares at Dick. Sitting beside him is his blonde TROPHY WIFE.

DICK (CONT'D)

Shalome, name please?

JEWISH MAN

(hurried)

Irving Morkwitz.

Dick scans the list, scans it again.

DICK

Sir, I don't see your name on the list...

JEWISH MAN

What are you talking about? I'm Irving Morkwitz. Don't you know who I am?

DICK

Do you have your registration card?

JEWISH MAN

What registration card?

DICK

The one the temple sent out to those who PAID to get in...

Meanwhile the folks in line have started to honk their horns.

JEWISH MAN

I didn't register. I want to spend Yom Kippur HERE!

DICK

I'm sorry, sir, only those

JEWISH MAN

Are you telling me you're keeping me OUT of MY temple?!

The man does NOT wait to hear an answer instead starts screaming at the top of his lungs at Dick. Dick tries to get someone on the walkie-talkie but is of no use. A crowd begins to form around the situation and they begin to comment on it.

JEWISH MAN (CONT'D)

He won't let an old jewish man into his house of worship!

OLD WOMAN

This is just like in the old country.

DICK

(into walkie talkie)
I need some assistance....

The crowd begins to go crazy as the noise level gets more and more frantic. Dick, takes a step back, and clicks open his cell phone and dials. The security guard walks up.

GUARD

What's going on? Get off that phone, right NOW!

DICK
 Hey, Patricia, this job sucks! I'm
 leaving.

Dick leaves the scene of the crime. He walks down the sidewalk, gets into his dusty VW Cabriolet, with duc tape holding the convertible together and drives away from the screaming mess.

IRVING (V.O.)
 I don't know who he is, but he'll
 never work in this town again.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT LATER

Madeline on a chushion in front of a Buddhist's Gohonzon chanting like mad. She has pictures of money and her goal affirmations taped to the alter.

MADELINE
 Nam-myoho-rence-kyo. Nam-myoho-
 rene-kyo!

Dick walks into the room and slams the door still dressed in the gray "security" shirt. He stares at Madeline who is in her own world. She finishes her chant and turns to Dick.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 I thought you were working?

DICK
 I quit.

MADELINE
 What?

DICK
 I walked out. The bitch at the
 temp agency told me it was a
 convention, but it was being a
 security guard for a jewish temple.

MADELINE
 Oh, vey. Did they give you a gun?

DICK
 I wish!

MADELINE

Listen, I want you to come with me tomorrow night to the meeting.

DICK

Madeline, I already told you, I am not a salesman! I can't even sell my screenplay, what makes you think I can sell "milkshakes"?

MADELINE

I'm not asking you to sell anything, I'm just asking you to come to the meeting as a favor to me!

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN CONFERENCE ROOM- NIGHT

Dick and Madeline sit in among other shady looking characters who would do better doing extra work on a film, but have got sucked into peddling "Miracle Milkshake".

Clarence and Irene stand on the platform giving the keynote address.

CLARENCE

And if I can take Irene Simmons of Big Rapids, Michigan and make her a top sales executive, YOU can do the same! Nothing is stopping you, but YOU!

The crowd claps like a bunch of wild hyenas.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I'm going to let Irene tell you her story.

Irene steps to the stage in mock humility.

IRENE

My husband left me without warning and I took the only job I could get: waitressing at the waffle hut...

As her story grows, it turns into a very Joan Crawford in "Mildred Piece" story.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I was happy for the tips and glad to get them. I slung hash selling greasy sausage to truck drivers. I was scraping by on a wing and a prayer and one day, I met Clarence and he said, "What is a woman like you doing here? Don't you have a brain, woman?" And he showed me the way out of my darkest self-created hole....

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN - LATER

A giant screen TV shows the life of luxury to be had from selling "Miracle Milkshakes". Jet skies, leer jets, diamond rings...as the movie unrolls, Madeline, sits glassy-eyed next to Dick.

CUT TO:

INT. MADELINE'S FANTASY WORLD - CONTINUOUS

Madeline's head is superimposed on the skinny woman in a string bikini drinking champagne on a 50 foot yacht.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S FANTASY WORLD - CONTINUOUS

Dick is on the red carpet with pockets filled with cash. The cameras crowd around him and JOAN RIVERS pushes a microphone into his face.

JOAN RIVERS

Darling, Dick, you are the hit of the season!

DICK

Thanks, Joan!

JOAN RIVERS

How does sudden success feel? You won the Tony, the Emmey, the Cleo, the, Nobel peace prize and now you might win the grand daddy of them all the Oscar! How does it feel?

DICK
Just great.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN - CONTINUOUS

Madeline assumes the sell with Dick. She has her folder out.

MADELINE
I can sign you up right now!

DICK
Alright!

MADELINE
You can be my associate. We can
work as a team. We'll win that
trip to Africa.

DICK
Remember I'm only doing this part
time.

MADELINE
Of course! That's what it's for! To
make more money part time than what
you make full time.

DICK
I still want to act and write.

MADELINE
Absolutely.

Clarence comes up to their table and Madeline practically has
a shit fit.

CLARENCE
Good evening.

MADELINE
Oh, Mr. Brown. You are my idol.
I'm so looking forward to the day
when you pin one of those
"executive" medals on my laple.

CLARENCE
Just keep exposing.

MADELINE

Oh, OH! Mr. Brown, I want to
introduce you to my new associate,
Dick Parsons.

Clarence extends his hand and shakes Dick's.

CLARENCE

Welcome aboard, may your prosper
beyond your wildest dreams.

Dick withdraws his hand and wipes it on his pants leg.
Madeline sits Dick down.

MADELINE

Let's sign you up!

DICK

Okay.

MADELINE

I need a major credit card.

DICK

I thought it was free...

MADELINE

It is, but there is a \$50 seller's
fee.

She pulls out a slew of forms in triplicate.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Sign here, and here and here and
here....my brand new associate.

CLARENCE

Well, we wish you all the luck in
the world here at "Miracle
Milkshake".

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A camera crew is set up to capture Frankie and Suzy doing
"Christian Porn" Nadine and Frank watch from the sides. They
are on opposite sides of the bed on their hands and knees
reading from the bible around lighted candles while a hymn
plays.

SUZY

And the Lord says, "Be fruitful and multiple..."

FRANKIE

Shall we?

SUZY

Yes!

They begin to passionately kiss.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

A huge whirlwind of success begins around "Christian Porn". Shots of Bible-bet men and women getting the plain brown packages and ripping them off and going for it. Shots of the news reporters saying that "Christian Porn" is sweeping the nation.

Clarence reads the paper and sees Hanks face on the cover and fumes.

CUT TO:

INT. NADINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clarence and Irene face off with the porn "crew" Hank, Frankie, Suzy and Nadine.

CLARENCE

How dare you undercut me!

HANK

I wanted to do more in life than peddle you laxative shakes.

CLARENCE

How could you do this to me? I had noticed that your sales had been slipping.

NADINE

That's because you used this slut to push the product.

IRENE

Hey...

CLARENCE

I did what I felt was right for the company!

FRANKIE

Well, we've started our own company!

CLARENCE

I can't believe you betrayed me. Let's go honey! I'll bury you guys! Just wait!

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Madeline and Dick are setting up a "work station" in the living room. Madeline finishes hanging a dry/erase board on the wall. She takes the eraser and she erases the names of her old sales associates from it.

MADELINE

Dick, I think I finally have the right and perfect partner in this.

DICK

I hope we make a profit.

MADELINE

Trust me. You don't know what you're in for!

DICK

So, all we have to do it 100 exposures a day.

MADELINE

It's easy as pie. Now, what we need to do is get some associates under us.

DICK

All my friends are flaky actors and writers.

MADELINE

But they want to make some extra money don't they?

DICK

Sure.

MADELINE

All we have to do is follow the "magic ladder" to success! Now, Dick, I want you to keep me to my work! I want you to get me up at 8:30 and I want you to keep me motivated to sell people on this!

DICK

And I want you to do the same for me.

MADELINE

Let's have our first meeting on Wednesday.

DICK

Let's fill this living room.

MADELINE

I'm so happy we are working together.

She hugs him tightly.

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dick stands at Madeline's door and knocks. He waits a few seconds and knocks again this time louder.

DICK

Madeline....

Inside the room there is the sounds of someone rustling around like a rat and Madeline opens the door a crack. She red eyed and looks haggard.

MADELINE

What?

DICK

It's time for our meeting...

MADELINE

What?

DICK

We scheduled a meeting together this morning.

MADELINE

What time is it?

DICK

It's 8:30.

MADELINE

8:30? I didn't go to bed till
6...God, I'm so tired....

DICK

Madeline! Come on! This is the 3rd
day in row.

MADELINE

Can I help it if I can't sleep?
Stop judging me!

DICK

Hey you're the one who said you
wanted to start getting up early...

Madeline in a huff, slams the door in Dick's face.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dick has all of his paperwork out to sell his "Miracle Milkshakes" to his friends. He has his computer open, he has a list of "contacts". He dials the phone.

DICK

Hi, Janet, it's Dick
Parsons...Listen, I have something
I want to show you. It's this
amazing new product called "Miracle
Milkshake" and I'd like you to come
over to the house on Wednesday for
a demonstration...You will? Oh,
and feel free to bring some
friends.

He hangs up the phone in victory.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dick types like lightning on his new script! He stands up and walks about the room. He's a demon. He finishes typing and add the new scene to a stack of papers. He looks at the clock and it reads 11:30. He hears footsteps coming down the hallway. He waits...there is the knock on the door.

He opens it and Madeline stands there.

MADELINE

Hey, I'm really sorry for snapping at you.

DICK

I thought you wanted to change and start off early in the morning...

MADELINE

I know, I did, but I was up all night. I was worried about my life condition. I watched that old Hepburn and Tracy movie on Turner Classics.

DICK

Shall we get started, now?

MADELINE

I need my coffee first.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Madeline sits at the kitchen table across from Dick. Dick is completely organized and Madeline is an array of papers and envelopes and business cards.

DICK

What are your goals?

MADELINE

To wake up...

DICK

Come on, it says in the handbook to set your goals early in the day.

MADELINE

I have a MILLION things to do today. I can't sort all of this out...

DICK

Well, what are we shooting for?

MADELINE

Did I tell you I dreamed about Karen Carpenter again?

DICK
Focus...remember FOCUS?

MADELINE
You're right....

DICK
Let's repeat our goals to each other...

MADELINE
I Madeline am now an executive director at "Miracle Milkshake" and I am winning the cruise.

DICK
Great! I see that for you!

MADELINE
Now, what do you want?

DICK
I Dick Parsons am now making my living acting and writing....

MADELINE
Hold the phone!

She stands up highly annoyed.

DICK
Huh?

MADELINE
This is about "Miracle Milkshake" not those airy fairy dreams you have of being an actor.

DICK
I told you when we started this that I was still going to write and act.

MADELINE
FOCUS remember! Follow One Course Until Successful!

DICK
I don't want to argue...

MADELINE
Well, then do it right!

DICK
Alright. I Dick am a TOP executive
at "Miracle Milkshake"...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Madeline and Dick are in the throws of "pitching" together on the phone. Dick is "pitching" the costumer and Madeline is listening on the speaker phone.

DICK
That's right, Amy, all you have to
do is train, get 10 associates
under you and you can be making an
additional \$5000 a month.

AMY (V.O.)
And I don't have to quit my job?

DICK
Not at all!

Madeline scribbles a note on a piece of paper and wags it under Dick's nose. He reads it.

AMY (V.O.)
I dunno...

DICK
This opportunity won't be around
long!

Madeline gives him a thumbs up!

AMY (V.O.)
Well, I guess I could stop by on
Wednesday night....

DICK
GREAT. We look forward to seeing
you there.

He hangs up the phone. Madeline smiles at him.

MADELINE
See, I knew you could do it!
You're taking to this like a duck
to water.

DICK
Now, how many did you get?

MADELINE

None! No one has returned my phone calls. Lame brains. I'm hungry. Let's eat.

DICK

Come on, Madeline. I'm doing all the work here!

MADELINE

That's not true! I'm training you!

DICK

But we are supposed to do this together.

MADELINE

We are! It's called team work.

DICK

Okay. Let's go have lunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO BELL DRIVE THROUGH - DAY

Madeline and Dick are among the line of cars ordering lunch. Madeline talks into the speaker.

MADELINE

And I want the 2 taco combination with a diet dr. Pepper. What do you want, Dick.

DICK

A Chicken Taco and an iced tea.

MADELINE

A chicken taco and an iced tea.

TACO BELL WORKER

That will be \$15. 95 at the second window.

Madeline pulls forward. The passenger in the car behind them suddenly gets out of his car and walks to Madeline's window.

REPO MAN

Madeline O'Flannigan...

MADELINE

Yes???

REPO MAN
I'm from Capital One and I'm
repossessing your car.

MADELINE
What?

REPO MAN
You are 3 months behind in your
payments.

MADELINE
I paid that bill...

REPO MAN
Please step out of the car.

MADELINE
No! I refuse! I have my rights!

A tow truck pulls up behind them with a police car. Madeline
and Dick get out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

Madeline and Dick are on the over-crowded hot bus.

MADELINE
This is my ex husbands fault! He
told me he paid the bill!

DICK
Madeline, what are you going to do?

MADELINE
I'm doing the best I can here!

DICK
Maybe we need to get jobs.

MADELINE
Are you nuts, we are about to break
through on this.

DICK
You just got your car repoed!

MADELINE
I told you it's NOT MY FAULT! You
need to adjust your 'tude.

DICK

My 'tude?

MADELINE

Yes, you're 'tude! You're really dragging me down.

DICK

Well, we're supposed to be working together on a day by day plan and all I hear from you is talk, talk, talk....

MADELINE

Are you saying I'm a talker and not a walker?

DICK

I'm just saying that your "plan" might not be working!

MADELINE

I got in a little over my head with bills. Everyone in America is in debt. How dare you criticize me!

DICK

I'm not criticizing YOU. I'm supposed to be your partner...

Madeline, in a complete huff, stands up and pulls the chord for the next stop.

MADELINE

Shut up!

DICK

Let's talk this out...

Madeline stares ahead of her ignoring him completely and the bus stops and she gets off on the next stop.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Madeline and Dick tiptoe around each other. Dick plays his music really loud. Madeline has a cluster of friends over and she talks really exaggerated while Dick tries to write. They avoid each other in the kitchen and in the living room. Dick leaves the toilet seat up in the bathroom.

Madeline chants like a fiend in the corner. Montage ends with Dick driving to the meeting and they sit in cold stone silence.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S VW - NIGHT

The radio is the only noise in the car as they buzz down the road. Madeline turns to Dick.

MADELINE

I'm sorry.

DICK

You're alive.

MADELINE

I snapped! I don't know what I was saying...

DICK

I was only trying to help you.

MADELINE

I know...

DICK

You know, we are wasting so much time.

MADELINE

I feel like a jerk.

DICK

We have a bunch of people coming to the exposure meeting on Wednesday...

MADELINE

I know...

DICK

But we don't have anyone coming with us tonight.

MADELINE

We're both discouraged. I think I might know what will help...

CUT TO:

INT. BUDDHIST MEETING - NIGHT

Dick looks really uncomfortable at the Buddhist meeting. They are in the middle of a melting pot of Buddhist freaks. Madeline explains dramatically the troubles in their business to the bearded GURU.

MADELINE

And we are not in sync...

GURU

You must become one with your idea and the Universe will support you.

DICK

How can we do this?

GURU

You MUST chant Nam-myoho-rence-kyo.

MADELINE

Oh, I knew you would have the answer. You always know exactly what to say...

DICK

But I don't understand it. It's not even English...

GURU

It's not the words...it's raising your vibration to be at one with God.

DICK

This sounds screwy.

An anorexic looking woman in a caftan pipes up.

TOFU WOMAN

It works! I cured my Cancer. Are you vegan?

MADELINE

I am...mostly...

TOFU WOMAN

A vegan diet might help you.

GURU

But chanting....

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madeline and Dick sit in front of the Gohonzon chanting. Madeline is really loud and Dick can barely say the words.

MADELINE

Nam-myoho-rence-kyo. Nam-myoho-
rence-kyo!

They say it together for another time when Dick's cell phone goes off. Madeline gives him a "Don't you dare pick up that phone!" look. Dick is puzzled by the caller ID and flips open the phone.

DICK

It's a customer (into phone) Hello?
Hi, Charlie...Tomorrow? Okay.

He clicks the phone down.

MADELINE

That better be important.

DICK

It was.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTING DIRECTORS OFFICE - DAY

Dick dressed in a vintage looking costume of the 1930's reads from a script in a small casting office. The director, ORSON CONNOR, stares at him with curiosity.

DICK

"I want to return Hollywood to it's
glory and greatness!"

Dick stops. ORSON talks to him.

ORSON

That was nice. It had a lot of
passion. Can you maybe play it
less angry and more hopeful.

DICK

I'll try...

Dick, now excited picks up the script.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Madeline stands in a thundercloud of anger and tears aimed at Dick.

MADELINE

Where in the hell were you?

DICK

I told you, I had an audition.

MADELINE

You were supposed to wake me up!
You are ruining my life!

DICK

I'm ruining YOUR life? You're a mess Madeline! You sleep till crack of noon, you chant peanut butter for hours on end...

MADELINE

Don't you DARE judge me? Who do you think you are big mouth? You take all this stupid acting and writing crap WAY to seriously.

DICK

I just had an audition for the lead in a movie...THE LEAD, honey!

MADELINE

So, what. In my day, I used to be up for leads all the time. You won't get it.

Dick's phone rings. He knows who it is before he answers. He picks it up.

DICK

Dick, here...

ORSON (V.O.)

Well, out of everyone in New York, Chicago and Hollywood, you are now the lead in my movie. I'll call you tomorrow.

DICK

Great. I look forward to working with you.

He hangs up the phone with glee in his eyes. Madeline shoots daggers through him. Dick jumps for joy.

DICK (CONT'D)
I got the part! I'm the lead in a
movie.

He goes into his bedroom and slams the door leaving a vexed
Madeline.

CUT TO:

INT. SUZY HOUSE - NIGHT

Suzy, Frankie, Nadine and Hank are celebrating with a toast.
From the window, two Military Police walk up to the front
door and knock violently.

HANK
Oh, shit...

NADINE
Our goose is cooked.

Suzy opens the door to the police.

SUZY
Good evening.

MP #1
We have a warrant for Frankie
Butterworth...

FRANKIE
I'm Frankie...

MP #2
You are charged with the making and
distributing porn in connection
with Hank...

HANK
That's me...arrest me, too!

Meanwhile, outside a huge group of protestors have gathered.
The news van has pulled up.

MP #1
Now, let's go peacefully...I don't
want to have to rough either one of
you up...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUZY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie and Hank are lead down the stairs to the Paddy Wagon. The group of religious demonstrator is lead by Clarence and Irene wearing disguises. The mob shouts at them.

INSERT:

Shot of newspaper HEADLINE: "Miracle Milkshake" tycoons die in fatal hot air balloon accident" followed by a picture of Clarence and Irene.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Dick is on the sound stage making his movie with Orson directing him. He is dressed in a vintage 1940's costume and reads a scene with a very sexy blonde bombshell.

DICK

And I think it's best we leave our
love at this...

BLONDE

If you leave me, I'll die. I swear
I'll drive my car off a cliff...

DICK

Sweetheart, it's up to you! I need
to save myself.

Dick turns away and leaves the bombshell weeping into her hankie.

ORSON

Cut!

A bell goes off. Various people move around the set and Dick moves to the director.

DICK

Can we do it again?

ORSON

No...no...it was perfect. I knew
you were magic. Go to your trailer
and rest up for the next shot.

DICK

Thanks, Orson.

Dick turns to his ASSISTANT and they move to the trailer.

ORSON
 (to crew)
 Let's set up the scene in the wax
 museum.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S TRAILER - LATER

Dick's assistant hands him a cup of coffee and a list of phone calls to return. He scans down the list and on the list of names next to Madeline it says "URGENT" beside all of them.

DICKS ASSISTANT
 Madeline keeps calling you. She
 says half crazy.

DICK
 She's a wreck on two legs...

He dials the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Madeline sits at her prayer alter chanting away. She has tears streaming down her face. Dick turns the key in the lock and he carries the mail with him. Madeline jumps on him like a chicken on a cheeto.

MADELINE
 Dick, you're home!

DICK
 Where's the fire?

MADELINE
 Dick, Clarence and Irene have
 disappeared...

DICK
 Who?

MADELINE
 The owners of "Miracle Milkshake"
 have DIED in a hot air balloon.

DICK
 So...

MADELINE

The entire company has gone belly up! We're completely broke.

DICK

Correction, Madeline, YOU are completely broke.

MADELINE

You are my associate...

DICK

No, I'm not! I haven't worked for you in months.

MADELINE

Don't you care about me?

DICK

Madeline, I care a great deal about you, but you are a mess....

MADELINE

Huh?

DICK

You heard me! You say you are the owner of your business, you stay up watching movies on Turner Classics, you are hours late to appointments...

MADELINE

I...I...

DICK

You have more excuses than an Octopus has tentacles.

MADELINE

Don't you care about those who helped you? I guess you have grown too big for your britches NOW. Mr. I'm a movie star and I can forget about all the small people.

DICK

I guess...

MADELINE

What am I supposed to do?

DICK

I suggest you get a temp job. I can give you a nice reference. I'm moving out.

MADELINE

Moving out?!

DICK

Yes, I'm in the winning circle now.

Dick moves past the mountain of drama, Madeline, and slams the door. Madeline stands in the middle of the room and starts to stomp her feet like a little girl.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKS BEDROOM - NIGHT

All of his belonging are packed into boxes and labeled neatly. On a box is a pile of mail. He picks up the letter and tears it open and reads it.

DICK (V.O.)

Mr. Parson's we would love to publish your script...

He tucks the letter into his pocket. Still hanging on the wall is a picture of Ayn Rand. He removes the picture and carries it with him as he leaves the room for the last time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

A huge red carpet affair is in mid swing! Cameras are everywhere. A limo pulls up and Dick steps out. He is dressed in the finest suit money can buy. Two BODYGUARDS flank him. The fans on the stands go crazy. They are wearing "I love Dick" t-shirts and carry pictures for him to sign.

FANS

We love dick! We love dick!

Dick with 2 bodyguards moves to them and signs autographs. It's a huge mob scene. The flash bulbs pop and the din of accomplishment is everywhere.

DICK

Thank you all so much for the support!

FANS
We love you, Dick!

Bodyguard starts to steer Dick toward the eye of the storm. JOAN RIVERS stands on the Red Carpet next to her daughter Melissa and they approach Dick with their microphones.

JOAN RIVERS
Now, Dick, chances are pretty high that you are going to win the Oscar tonight. How do you feel?

DICK
This is all so flattering, but I'm just an average actor who got lucky.

JOAN RIVERS
What do your friends think of your whirlwind success?

DICK
They are happy...most of them.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Various shots of people in Dick's past watching Dick as stands on the red carpet. Each one is filled with envy.

CUT TO:

INT. AWARDS SHOW - LATER

MERRYL STREEP stands at the podium and reads the envelop.

MERRYL
And the Oscar goes to, Dick Parsons!

The crowd goes crazy as Dick mounts the stage. Dick holds the award.

DICK
To quote Ruth Gordon, "I can't tell you how encouraging a thing like this is!" (He looks straight into the camera) I'd like to use this time to thank the ones who didn't believe in me!
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you for making my resolve stronger, making my hunger grow, for learning that I never needed you in the first place! And to all the losers out there, I want to say, "Believe in yourself, listen to no one and be a dick!"
Peace!

The crowd goes nuts.

CUT TO:

FANTASY SCENE

Noah's arc sit on a rock while biblical rain pours down around it. People from Dick's past are up to their necks as the water rises higher and higher. They begin to bang on the door.

PEOPLE

Let us in! Let us in! We'll be good! WE BELIEVED IN YOU! Let us in! Let us in!

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DAY

Dick stands at the top of his Malibu Mansion which is an exact duplicate of a castle in Europe. He is dressed like Mozart with powdered wig and fancy breeches and jacket. He stares down below where a costume party is in full flight. Orson, also dressed in "mozart" attire, walks up behind it.

ORSON

You did it, buddy.

DICK

I owe it all to you!

ORSON

Horseshit! Your guests are waiting.

He claps Dick on the back and they turn and walk down the stairs.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Very quick shots of people in Dick's past make comments to the press.

CARLA

I new he had something special. He was a wonderkid. He wrote scenes that melted my heart.

BRIAN

He has all the elements to be a star. I helped in fine tune them. If you want to sign up for my casting course...

MADELINE

And we were room mates and he just thought the world revolved around him....I wrote a book about him, "Give him an inch and he wants 8"! I'll be at Walmart this weekend...

CHARLIE

Oh, he had raw talent, but I took him and made him something and as soon as fame hit, he went to CMA. I ask, where is the gratitude? Actors...what can you do?

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Clarence and Irene sit basking on the beach sipping mixed drinks. On their high-powered lap top, they watch Dick's fame rise.

CLARENCE

Now, that's a winner.

FADE TO BLACK.

