

ACTION

A PILOT BY CHRIS THOMPSON

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EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

E.C.U. SIGN ON A STAND READING

This space reserved for
EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH
Todd Peterson

The front end of a BLACK LINCOLN NAVIGATOR smacks the signage knocking in down and crushing it under it's wheels.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOT - CONT.

WE POP WIDE TO REVEAL WE'RE ON A STUDIO LOT.

The door of the Navigator opens and out spills PETER DRAGON, oblivious to the carnage. He chatters into the Star Micro-Tac

PETER

Who else?...uh-huh, he can wait, no he
can wait, she can wait...

SFX: Horn Honking. There is a TOYOTA pulled up at the tail of Peters Navigator. The driver is DRESSED LIKE A CHEF.

MAN IN CAR

Hey!!!!

PETER

...he can wait, wait, wait, he can
wait...

MAN IN CAR

Hey...I'm Todd Peterson.

PETER

(ignores him)
...he can wait, she can wait...

MAN IN CAR

That's my space.

PETER

(still shining him)
She can wait, him you better call back
but I don't want to talk to him so if
he's there...hang up.

MAN IN CAR

Hey dude, that's my space. I'm the
employee of the month asshole!

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Hold for a second, Gina...

For the first time he turns and acknowledges the guy in the car.

PETER
You're the what?

MAN IN CAR
I'm Todd Peterson. I work in the commissary... I'm the employee of the month man.

PETER
So what is that Todd, some kind of award for not jerking off in the Cobb salads?

MAN IN CAR
I never did anything to the Cobb salads.

PETER
(beginning one of his trademark eruptions)
Well you better be able to prove it? Cause I can plant your semen in the blue cheese. That's right. I have those kind of resources Todd. I'm Peter Dragon.

MAN IN CAR
(he's heard the tales)
Oh shit.

PETER
Oh shit is right Todd, while you've been deep frying chicken fingers for dolly grips I've made ten motion pictures that have earned this studio over two billion dollars. So while I may indeed be an asshole Todd I am unfortunately for you, THE EMPLOYEE OF THE FUCKING CENTURY!!!

And as he continues to talk in the phone and head to his office we:

CUT TO

INT. OF THE RECEPTION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The entrance to the offices of DRAGONFIRE FILMS. An elaborate CHINESE PARADE DRAGON hangs from the ceiling. It is a couple of days before Christmas and there are some decorations, a Christmas tree, and as befits a big producer, Hundreds of

(CONTINUED)

"Duty Gifts", the shit you have to give agents and execs, lying around. Adorning the walls are posters from past projects of Peters. They range from early cheap schlock, "First she sucks, then you die!" - VAMPIRE WHORE...to the recent really expensive schlock like, SLOW TORTURE. "Dying is easy" (which features whatever huge stars Joel can get to pose for the poster shot, hopefully including Kurt Russell because he calls back later.) Peter walks through, still on the cell phone...

PETER

...no, listen, he can come to the pre-premier-party, the premier, and the post-premier-party, but he can't come to the post-premier-party, party. Why? Please! Have you ever seen Mickey Rourke eat?

Two men sit on the absurdly low and hard to get out of couches that some Hollywood folk put in their offices to intimidate guests. One is a pale, haunted, geek, (obviously a writer,) named ADAM RAFKIN, (think Steven Wright) and one is a young guy who could have stepped out of a Hugo Boss catalogue, (obviously an agent) DODI EMMENTHAL, (think Ari Emmanuel).

DODI

Peter...

PETER

(recognizing him)
Yeah, Dodi, gimme two minutes.

ADAM RAFKIN

Peter...

PETER

(no idea)
Heyyyy....buddy.

ADAM RAFKIN

I'm done.

PETER

Fantastic.

ADAM RAFKIN

I'm going to the premier tonight.

PETER

Fantastic.

ADAM RAFKIN

Is there a party after?

CONTINUED: (2)

He struggles out of the couch

PETER

Uhhh...no.

ADAM RAFKIN

It says there's one on the invitation.

PETER

That's a misprint.

ADAM RAFKIN

Okay. Well, I just wanted to say Hi.

PETER

Fantastic.

ADAM RAFKIN

And I hope you'll like it.

PETER

Are you kidding? I love it already!!!

ALAN EXITS as Peters president of production JAMAAL (J.J.) JONES, a bitter, caustic, cutthroat, young black queen. He carries a relentless ambition, a complete lack of morality, and the talent for verbal cruelty that in Hollywood passes for wit. He is destined to be a player.

PETER

Who the fuck is that?

CAMERA FOLLOWS AS:

They walk through the OFFICE BULLPEN toward Peters office.

JAMAAL

Adam Rafkin.

Peter stops at his secretary GINA'S desk throws her his phone and she quickly changes batteries in it and hands it back. Gina is an imperious English beauty. 35, single mom.

PETER

Help me.

JAMAAL

The (MAKES QUOTES SIGN) "writer".

PETER

Of what?

(CONTINUED)

GINA
THE BEVERLY HILLS GUN CLUB.

PETER
Help me.

GINA
You bought his treatment for BEVERLY
HILLS GUN CLUB? Rich vigilantes? You
assigned him to write the script? Adam
Rafkin.

PETER
Wait, wait...you mean Alan Rifkin.

JAMAAL
No, Adam Rafkin, Alan Rifkin is a
different writer. He pitched us something
else...you passed.

PETER
No I didn't! That's the one I wanted...I
love Alan Rifkin, Adam Rafkin on the
other hand is a sitcom hack who couldn't
write his name in the snow with his dick.

GINA
(looking through datebook)
I think you saw them on the same day...

JAMAAL
I really thought you said Rafkin.

PETER
We bought the wrong script?

JAMAAL
Well we've bought shitty scripts before.

PETER
Yes, but that was on purpose!

JAMAAL
Adam Rafkin/Alan Rifkin, they're very
similar sounding names...

PETER
What'd we pay?

JAMAAL
Two hundred and fifty thousand.

PETER

Jesus H. Christ, are you seriously telling me that we paid a quarter of a million dollars and got the wrong fucking Jew!!!

JAMAAL

What am I supposed to do?

PETER

Don't pay! Give him ten thousand for the treatment...and take his name off the guest list for the party.

He exits and we

CUT TO:

INT. PETERS OFFICE - HALF HOUR LATER

It is an elegantly decorated office. Important paintings, rare and expensive tapestries, beaux artes furniture. Peter is a man who (perhaps in compensation for the formulaic and exploitative films he produces?) surrounds himself with exquisite things of true artfulness and beauty. He is in a meeting with the agent, DODI EMMENTHAL whom we saw in the reception area earlier.

DODI

How's slow torture look?

PETER

It tested through the roof.

DODI

I'm going to the premier.

PETER

It's gonna blow you away.

DODI

I wanna talk about the sequel.

PETER

Which title do you like, Slow Torture 2, "it still hurts" or Slow Torture 2, "now it's unbearable."

Peter is eating Chinese food.

DODI

Pete, suppose I could deliver you a star so big, that his face is recognized by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

DODI (cont'd)
little children on the feces ridden
streets of Calcutta.

PETER
Jesus Dodi, I'm eating spring rolls.

DODI
Sorry. But suppose I could deliver you
this huge star, I mean a guy better known
than Tom Hanks, and you'd only have to
pay him scale.

PETER
Who is it?

DODI
I'm not at liberty to say.

PETER
Don't jack me off Dodi.

DODI
Well he's a very complicated client.

PETER
Dodi what are you asking me for?

DODI
Compassion.

PETER
What?

DODI
Forgiveness.

PETER
For who?

DODI
I can't tell you.

PETER
Give me a hint.

DODI
He had some legal problems.

PETER
Drugs? Is it Robert Downey?

(CONTINUED)

DODI

No. He's a clean liver Pete, straight arrow man. Healthy, strong...

PETER

Dodi, give me a bigger hint.

DODI

Well he was falsely accused of a double murder.

PETER

Oh my god!

DODI

You didn't hear it from me.

PETER

You're pitching me O.J. Simpson?

DODI

Pete, little children in Calcutta know his face.

PETER

Yes, they know to run away from it.

DODI

The name is more recognizable than Tom Hanks.

PETER

Yes, but to be fair, Tom refuses to go that extra mile and...HACK HIS WIFE TO DEATH!!!

DODI

He was acquitted man! Pete, with all due respect, somebody is going to put him in something and people are going to want to see him. Sure at first as a curiosity, but I think they're going to be pleasantly surprised by his acting chops. He's been studying with a coach. I recently saw him do a monologue from "Raisin In The Sun", and it was quite moving.

PETER

Get the fuck outta here.

Pete stands and begins escorting the idifatigable agent to the door.

DODI

What about a villain? He'll play a villain. Come on who's scarier?

PETER

You're scarier.

DODI

Come on Peter, just the shock value sells a million tickets and he's going at bargain basement rates. You could reinvent him, like Tarantino did with Travolta.

PETER

Okay I'm getting sick now.

DODI

You really oughta at least see him. He's lost weight. How about drinks?

And Peter closes the door on him. He walks back toward his desk and stops.

PETER

Jesus he's a good agent.

He continues eating and we.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EVENING

Hollywood blvd.

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - CONT.

Manns Chinese. A premier in progress. Perhaps Kurt Russel is getting his handprints in the cement.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR LIMO - CONT.

Peter is in the back of his limo. His chauffeur/errand boy/bodyguard, LONNIE VALIANT, drives down Hollywood Blvd. toward Manns Chinese. Lonnie is an ex-stand up comic in his fifties, a throwback to the Rat Pack culture of the early sixties. His less than stellar career (opening for Al Martino et.al.) was interrupted by an 11 year stretch in Folsom for

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

manslaughter. He is also Peters' uncle, so he can occasionally connect us to Peters' past.

FYI... (THE SHOTS OF THE THEATER AND THE FOLLOWING PREMIER PARTY SCENE CAN MAYBE BE SHOT NEWSREEL STYLE AT AN ACTUAL PREMIER, WITH SOME STARS AGREEING IN ADVANCE TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT OUR FICTIONAL PICTURE, SLOW TORTURE. THE MARQUIS ON THE THEATER CAN BE PAINTBOXED IN.)

LONNIE

You ready boss?

Peter is washing down some Xanax with Crystal.

PETER

No I'm not ready, I got a 150 million dollar movie opening, how do you get ready for that? Look. I'm down to my last eight Xanax.

LONNIE

You want me to call Dr. Nick?

PETER

I think I'm gonna throw up. Pull over.

The limo pulls over. Peter opens the door and sticks his head out. He is immediately accosted by a 35-40ish whore.

WHORE

Hey, you wanna date?

PETER

I'm gonna puke on you.

WHORE

Okay, but that's an extra \$200.

PETER

Boss, that's too much money.

WHORE

Fuck you.

LONNIE

No fuck you. My friend Corbett Monica used to shit on whores and pay half that.

WHORE

(to Peter)

Hey, I know you.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(to Lonnie)
Get me outta here.

Lonnie PUNCHES THE GAS as Peter slams the door. The TIRES SQUEAL as the LIMO PULLS AWAY from the curb. Sadly, the whores LONG CHIFFON SCARF is caught in the door. She is YANKED OFF HER FEET as the big caddy begins to DRAG HER down Hollywood Blvd.

PETER
OH CHRIST!

LONNIE
(oblivious to the situation)
Almost there.

PETER
The hooker...pullover.

LONNIE
Forget her, lemme make some calls, I know an Asian girl...

PETER
Lonnie!!!

LONNIE
...only girl who could get Don Simpson hard when he had a belly full of percodans.

PETER
Lonnie, pull the fuck over!!!

He does. He is however at the RED CARPETED ENTRANCE TO THE MANN'S CHINESE THEATRE. An usher opens the door and JOHNNY GRANT stands there with a microphone as CAMERAS FLASH AND VIDEO ROLLS.

JOHNNY
Ladies and gentleman, ever the showman, the producer of SLOW TORTURE, Peter Dragon.

Peter waves to the cameras.

PETER
...And how bout a big hand for stuntwoman, Vickie Cox.

Crowd applauds. He then kneels down to whisper to the hooker lying on the curb. trying to save the situation.

PETER (cont'd)
I got 500 dollars...you wanna see a
movie?

CUT TO

INT. THEATRE - HOUR LATER

A row of people watching the movie. Peter is sitting with the
hooker, next to her is ARNOLD SCHWARTZENEGGER. All we can
hear from the screen is gunfire and explosions.

PETER
Arnold.

ARNOLD
Yes.

PETER
You like the movie?

ARNOLD
Yes Peter...very exciting.

PETER
Having a good time? Got candy?

ARNOLD
Oh ya, I have goobers...plus your date is
playing with my dick.

WHORE
I'm a big fan.

ARNOLD
Thank you very much.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR THEATRE LOBBY - LATER

The movie is just finishing up as Peter stands talking with
JAMAAL, GINA & LONNIE and the WHORE.

JAMAAL
Fantastic, just a fantastic picture boss.

PETER
Jamaal, do me a favor, don't pump
sunshine up my ass right now, Okay?

LONNIE
I hadn't seen it with the music in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Yes, James did a fabulous job with the music.

PETER

Don't talk about the fuckin' music.

GINA

What'd I say?

JAMAAL

Whenever your friends hate your movie, and can't say anything nice about it, they compliment the music.

PETER

Jamaal, I want you to go into a toilet stall...listen to the buzz on the picture.

JAMAAL

Jesus Pete, I'm the president of production, make Gina do it.

PETER

Jamaal, I don't give a fuck what they're saying in the ladies room. I've got an actress who's having cigarettes put out on her tits by Harvey Keitel...it's not exactly a "woman's" picture.

JAMAAL

I hate loitering in the toilet like some desperate queen.

LONNIE

You are a desperate queen.

PETER

Come on, think of it as a focus group...that's crapping.

We hear the crescendo and people start coming out of the theatre. As Jamaal exits, MATT DILLON & CAMERON DIAZ (or some appropriate Hollywood couple) enter the lobby from the theatre and try to slip unobtrusively past Peter.

PETER

Matt...Matt...MATT!!!

MATT

(feigning discovery)
Oh, hey Peter.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Hey Cameron.

CAMERON
Hey Peter.

PETER
Hey.

A discomfiting silence.

MATT
Jesus, I was blown away in there.

PETER
Really?

MATT
Hell yes.

CAMERON
Oh me too. Who did that music?

MATT
Great music.

CAMERON
Can I get that on C.D.?

MATT

Peter is crestfallen, this is his nightmare, to be patronized by the "Young Hollywood" set. The whore gets this, and steps in to take them down a peg.

WHORE
You know I really liked, in that movie, when you had jizz in your hair.

CAMERON
Uh, thank you.

WHORE
Lemme ask you a question, was that Adam Sandler's jizz on your head, or jizz from some stuntman?

CAMERON
It was fake for gods sake.

WHORE
Yeah, you assume that, but how do you really know?

MATT
I woulda known.

WHORE
It looked real to me. And I'm a girl who
knows her jizz.

CAMERON
Fuck you...and nice dress.

And as they walk away.

MATT
It was fake.

CAMERON
I know, but did you actually see them
make it.

They exit.

WHORE
Little punks.

Peter looks her over. He smiles, he likes how she handled the
Movie Stars, unintimidated, sassy.

PETER
Hey what's your name?

WHORE
Oh, lets say...Wendy.

PETER
Okay...so Wendy, you wanna go to a party?

WENDY
I'd love to.

They link arms and begin to walk out with their entourage.
The camera is on their backs as we hear.

WENDY (cont'd)
It's another five hundred bucks.

PETER
Yeah, I assumed.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR STUDIO - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE - CONT.

We are at the premier party. People drink, eat, schmooze. We see the despised writer ADAM RAFKIN trying to get into the party and being turned away by the security guys...

ADAM RAFKIN
...but I'm on the list.

ANGLE ON

One corner of the room where E.T. has set up an INTERVIEW AREA. Cameras roll on an ACTRESS, the presumed star of SLOW TORTURE, who is chatting away with the PRESS, while nonchalantly BREAST FEEDING A NEW BABY. (It would be fantastic to stunt cast this part with a "new mother" ala Jada Pinkett, Uma Thurman, etc.)

PETER
(TO REPORTERS) Can you give us one second fellas. (TO ACTRESS) What are you doing?

ACTRESS
I think..."Access Hollywood".

PETER
I mean in the breastal area.

ACTRESS
I'm feeding Vonnegut.

PETER
Nice..but ahhh, and I mean no disrespect to you and...Vonnegut, but I don't think this is appropriate here.

ACTRESS
My god Peter! Are you embarrassed? How jejeune.

PETER
Jejeune? I'm fucking jejeune? Lemme tell you how fucking jejeune I am. When I was negotiating with you for this picture, I had a deal at a million five, and then you show up on the set and say no nudity, even though it's in the fucking script you agreed to do for the million five. Well I go into your trailer and I beg and I plead, but no go, so I call your agent and we negotiate an extra 5 hundred thousand dollars for you to show your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (cont'd)
tits and bingo-bango-bongo, your top
flies off and we're making movie magic.

ACTRESS
Peter, you don't own me for five hundred
thousand dollars.

PETER
No...but with all due respect...I own the
tits, and jejeune as I may be, I know
that no 14 year old boy is going to pay
7.50 to see em' in my movie if he can see
em for free on entertainment tonight, or
www dot celebrity juggs dot com.

ACTRESS
You know what Peter. you're a monster,
you think you can bully people, and get
what you want, thank god I'm going back
to New York tonight and out of this
cesspool.

PETER
Really? New York? You flying commercial?

ACTRESS
Yes?

PETER
How'd you like to go in the studio jet?

She looks at him for a moment, he stares back, smiling. This is who Peter is, he will scream, bully, beg or bribe, it doesn't matter to him, all that matters is he gets done what he want's to get done.

ACTRESS
The big jet...the G-5?

Peter nods, she pulls up her top and fastens her bra.

ACTRESS
That'd be great..

PETER
Good, have a good flight...cute kid.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER TABLE AT THE PARTY - CONT

Peters table. Lonnie, Gina, JJ, Candy and KURT RUSSEL. They are eating, drinking, chatting.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAAL
Where's Goldie?

KURT
Africa.

GINA
She loves animals.

KURT
Yeah...and colored guys...I'm kidding...I think.

WENDY
You were excellent in the movie.

KURT
Thank you. I don't believe we met.

WENDY
Actually we have.

JAMAAL
(nervous)
Oh shit.

WENDY
I was only about ten years old.

JAMAAL
(cringing)
Any one want to dance?

WENDY
You were maybe 15, 16, I think you were under contract with Disney, but you did an episode of my TV show..."Elephant Princess"?

KURT
Oh my god, Elephant Princess? You're shitting me...you're Wendy Ward.

WENDY
Uh-huh.

JAMAAL
Who?

KURT
Wendy Ward schmuck, the Elephant Princess. She played this little girl uhhhhh...

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDY

Tina, no last name.

KURT

Right, cause she's an orphan, raised by elephants in the deepest darkest jungles of....

WENDY

The Warner Bothers backlot.

KURT

Right, right. You wouldn't remember. This is like thirty years ago, but Elephant Princess was huge. Every boy in America dreamed of being with Wendy Ward...

LONNIE

And now that dream has nearly come true.

KURT

So what are you doing now Wendy?

WENDY

I suck cock for money.

He looks at her a second and laughs. Accepting this metaphorically...

KURT

Ha! Baby in this town...don't we all.

CUT TO

THE STUDIO EXECUTIVE TABLE - CONT.

Peter approaches the table. Sitting there in a suit, is the spectacularly short, BOB GIANOPOLIS, president and CEO of the studio surrounded by ONE OTHER GUY EXEC, FOUR FEMALE EXECS, His wife JANE, and his stepdaughter GEORGIA, who happen to be Peters first wife and daughter.

PETER

Bob.

BOB

Peter. You know Barney, have you met all the ladies from marketing?

PETER

I don't think so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

This is Kathrine Campbell-Weinstein, and Madeline Rogers-Goldbaum, Penelope Mitchell-Silverberg, and Corinthia Von Krupp-Needleman.

PETER

Hi.

BOB

And of course these two.

He points to his wife Jane and stepdaughter Georgia.

GEORGIA

Merry Christmas Daddy.

He kisses them both.

JANE

Are you coming over Monday. For the party?

PETER

Yeah, I have presents.

BOB

Do you know what I want for Christmas Peter?

PETER

You already have my wife, don't be greedy.

BOB

I want a 50 million dollar opening.

PETER

(laughing nervously)

Well, Bob, that's a lot of money, but I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

BOB

I hope you are Peter, since we're already 30 million into the sequel on pay or play deals.

PETER

Be the best money you ever spent Bob, trust me.

BOB

Oh I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Peter leans over to his ex-wife.

PETER

(soto)
Hey Jane.

JANE

Yeah?

PETER

What the fuck does jejeune mean?

CUT TO:

STOCK SHOT OF PETERS MANSE - NIGHT

We see a LIMO pulling away. (I thought maybe for the house we use footage of the restaurant Yamishiro. Maybe Peter is into Asian shit, maybe the whole interior of the house is very minimalist, Zen, light wood and white paper walls, very low furniture with fabulous modern art pieces scattered around...just a pitch)

DISSOLVE TO

EXTERIOR POOL AREA - CONT.

CHINESE LANTERNS throw dim spots of light on the pool and cabana area. The LIGHTS OF THE CITY SHIMMER in the BG. The detritus of a party, glasses, plates, bottles, butts, etc. litter the patio. Peter and Wendy are in the Jacuzzi, unclothed. Lonnie is behind the bar smoking a cigar and having a drink.

PETER

You want anything else to drink?

WENDY

No, thank you. (SOME SILENCE) Swell party.

PETER

Yeah...hey I'm sorry you had to see Nic Cage behave like that.

WENDY

Yeah, well...actor.

PETER

Yes. (SOME SILENCE) So why did you quit acting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY
They stopped asking me.

PETER
When?

WENDY
When I was about 19.

PETER
Why?

WENDY
Well, I had a bad attitude, a cocaine habit, I was unreliable, didn't know what the fuck I was doing but thought I was an expert on everybody else's job, and I had an enormous sense of entitlement...

PETER
Well there's the problem, see...that's a director.

Lonnie comes over,

LONNIE
Boss...you gonna need me any more tonight?

Peter, although a bulldozer in the business, is still, at heart, an awkward 15 year old around women.

PETER
Uh, hold on Lonnie. (TO WENDY) Uhhh, I can have Lonnie take you home now...if you want...or...you could, I don't know if you have plans later or what, I mean even though it's quite late...but if you didn't want to go home, you could stay over maybe, if you wanted...although please I don't want to pressure you, I mean I know we just met tonight and...

Wendy is kind of touched by his ineptness. She affectionately holds his face and moves it close to hers.

WENDY
Peter?

PETER
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDY

I'm a whore.

PETER

Right.....so you'll stay?

She nods, stands grabs a towel and walks into the house. Lonnie brings a towel to his boss and Peter steps out of the jacuzzi...

PETER

I think she likes me.

LONNIE

Yeah you're bewitching...

PETER

Hey...do you have any cash?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR BEDROOM - MORNING

Peter and Wendy are asleep. A clock reads, 6 am, the Alarm rings. Peter bolts up. (JOEL...I AM NOT ENTIRELY SURE HOW THE TRACKING WORKS, WHEN WE TALK WE'LL ADJUST THIS FOR ACCURACY)

PETER

Numbers!!!!

WENDY

Wha...

PETER

Tracking! On Slow Torture, they keep track of the box office numbers numbers over the weekend...Jamaal...yeah, it's Peter...You got New York?. Uh-huh...uh-huh....Okay. (HANGS UP)

WENDY

How is it?

PETER

Bad.

WENDY

Really?

PETER

Well it's nor Avengers bad, but it's bad.

He's clearly shaken, she tries to comfort him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

Well, what the hell, it's New York right,
and this is an action movie, New York is
not your audience, they watch Woody Allen
movies for gods sake.

PETER

That's true.

WENDY

You need to get to the heartland baby,
Atlanta, they're gonna eat this picture
up in Atlanta.

PETER

You think?

CUT TO

EXTERIOR POOL - DAY

They sit in robes drinking coffee and mimosas. SFX the
telephone.

PETER

Hello...(TO WENDY) Atlanta.

She gives him the high sign, he returns it smiles listens to
the phone, and winces.

PETER

We're fucked.

WENDY

It's Atlanta...bunch a sheep fucking
hicks.

CUT TO

INTERIOR LIMO - LATER.

Peter on the phone.

PETER

Detroit?...Yes, good?

He gives her the thumbs up sign.

PETER (cont'd)

I love black people.

WENDY

You da man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
Hey you wanna stay over again tonight?

WENDY
Uh, sure.

PETER
Great...hey Lonnie, stop at an ATM.

CUT TO

INTERIOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Wendy having sex, PHONE RINGS, Peter rolls over and answers it.

PETER
Hello....San Francisco....Oh Christ,
completely tanking.

WENDY
Fags...they're all home glued to HBO for
all the assfucking on OZ.

PETER
I'm running out of real estate.

CUT TO

OUT BY THE POOL - NEXT MORNING

Wendy is by the pool in her robe. Peter comes out dressed.

PETER
Merry Christmas.

WENDY
Merry Christmas Pete.

PETER
I got you something.

He hands her an envelope. She opens it.

PETER (cont'd)
Look, I gotta go to Malibu, see my
family.

WENDY
(COUNTING MONEY) Hey, 2500 in cash.

PETER
Well, you're hard to shop for.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

I didn't get you anything.

PETER

That's okay. Look this party is at my boss's house, Bob Gianopolis, Bobby G, he's gonna try to kill the sequel, SLOW TORTURE 2.

WENDY

I heard he was a fag.

PETER

He is a fag, but Alexander the Great was also a fag, and he conquered... (HE HAS NO IDEA)... whatever it was he conquered.

WENDY

So what do you do if he wants to kill it.

PETER

I don't let him, I got too much money wrapped up in it... he's gonna try to intimidate me, but I don't intimidate that easy, he'll scream, I'll scream, but in the end, I'll get the picture picked up... I don't back down.

WENDY

Well, good luck.

PETER

Thanks. Hey you wanna do me a favor.

WENDY

Sure.

PETER

Read that stack of scripts there, see if there's anything you think is decent.

WENDY

You want my opinion?

PETER

Hey, I really trust your instincts and respect you.

WENDY

Thank you.

PETER

Don't steal anything while I'm gone.

CONTINUED: (2)

He kisses her on the head and we.

CUT TO

STOCK SHOT DOWN THE SAND OF THE MALIBU COLONY - DAY

CUT TO

EXTERIOR TEAHOUSE, PATIO, BEACH AREA - CONT

This is Bobby G's beach pad. There is the odd juxtaposition of Christmas decorations and beach party. The majority, if not all, of the guests are BUFF YOUNG MEN IN SPEEDOS.

ANGLE ON

Peter and his ex-wife Jane at the rail of the patio looking out to the water. Jane, not the happiest of women, is always slightly toasted.

PETER

Has he said anything?

JANE

Who?

PETER

Bob.

JANE

About what?

PETER

About Slow Torture. The numbers aren't so hot.

JANE

We don't talk about business.

PETER

What do you talk about.

JANE

Stuff we have in common.

PETER

Like the love of young cock?

JANE

Yeah, sometimes.

PETER

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

He gives me a good life, and I give him someone to take to dinners, and parties, and awards...He dotes on Georgia.

And indeed Georgia approaches, bikini top, cut-offs. She hugs him.

GEORGIA

Daddy.

PETER

Baby-cake, you look so good, I brought you a present, it's in the...(SHE HITS ON A JOINT)...What the fuck is that?

GEORGIA

I think it's sinsemilla, you want some?

PETER

Hey, come on. (TO JANE) See, this is no environment for a 17 year old girl.

JANE

Jesus. don't be such a hypocrite Peter, you've been in and out of Betty Ford more than Gerald Ford.

GEORGIA

I love this beach. I saw Tom Hanks today, and yesterday, Barbra Streisand, and Ben Afflec, and Gwyneth Paltrow...You never know who's just gonna walk up and say hi.

ADAM RAFKIN

Hi.

And we indeed widen to reveal the despised writer ADAM RAFKIN.

GEORGIA

Hi.

ADAM RAFKIN

It's me, Adam Rafkin..if that's all right.

GEORGIA

Merry Christmas.

ADAM RAFKIN

And Happy Chanukah...Not that I practice. Hey Peter, there seems to be some problem
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM RAFKIN (cont'd)
at the studio with my script, Beverly
Hills Gun Club.

PETER
(trying to get rid of him)
For Gods sake Adam, I'm trying to
celebrate the birth of Christ with my
family...and a hundred fags.

ADAM RAFKIN
I'm sorry, it's just that they don't seem
to want to pay me...Look, I know I'm only
a TV guy, but I'd assumed that a deal was
a deal, I mean if you want me to do more
work on it I'd be hap...

PETER
How dare you, on this, the holiest of
days...

ADAM RAFKIN
A queen approaches, breaks a capsule and sniffs, and offers
in to Peter.

QUEEN
Popper?

PETER
No thank you. (BACK TO ADAM)...the
holiest of days, think that I would
interrupt this day with business chatter.

JAMAAL APPROACHES WITH THE SMALLEST OF THONGS ON.

JAMAAL
Peter.

PETER
Jesus, what are you doing here.

JAMAAL
I have a life...Bob want's to talk to you
inside.

PETER
Ah, yes, probably about...Jesus. Or the
Maccabees...excuse me.

He takes the joint and ambles away as we

CUT TO

INTERIOR BOBS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

As Peter is walking in, a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN is walking out drying his hair from the shower. Under his breath Peter is rehearsing his argument.

PETER

(soto)

...no fuck you Bob, you know this picture will recoup on foreign, we're making this sequel! It's my summer picture! Bullshit Bob, I swear to Christ, I'm not leaving this fucking house until you agree that we make this...

BOB

(VO)

Peter.

PETER

Yes Bob.

BOB

(VO)

In here Peter.

We follow Peter into the bathroom. Bob is in the shower, we can see his head over the frosted glass of the shower door, and we can see his body very clearly in silhouette. Peter is not comfortable with his boss' nakedness.

PETER

Merry Christmas Bob.

BOB

I didn't get the present we talked about.

PETER

No...I got you a Karaoke machine...they're fun.

BOB

Peter, I'm sure you've been following the numbers on SLOW TORTURE.

PETER

Well, They're not terrible, and I think they're really gonna build on word of mouth Bob.

BOB

Really? Because I think they're shit and they're gonna get worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
 (with bravado)
 That's bullshit Bob, this pictures got
 legs, and if you think you can...OH MY
 GOD!!

Bob has turned sideways in the shower, and although he is a
 small man, we can see from the silhouette that he is in
 possession of one of the largest penis's in the world.

BOB
 Peter?

PETER
 Yes?

BOB
 You were saying?

Bob is now obviously washing his freakish appendage, lovingly
 stroking and soaping it. Peter is hypnotized, as if by a
 cobra...which it resembles.

PETER
 I....I don't remember.

BOB
 Pete, here's the deal, I'm pulling the
 plug on the sequel, we'll take a write
 down on the pay or plays, and next week
 I'm gonna pull half the theaters and put
 in Art Linson's new picture, and we're
 all gonna forget this piece of shit ever
 got made at my studio...

He turns off the shower, opens the door, and stands, hands on
 hips, pointing his monstrous tool directly at Peter, who
 can't take his eyes off it.

BOB (cont'd)
 You got any problem with that?

PETER
 (totally intimidated)
 Nope. Can I go now?

CUT TO

INTERIOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits on the bed with Wendy.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

I swear to god, It was the biggest thing I'd ever seen in my life...it was like a fuckin anaconda!

WENDY

It's always the little guys.

PETER

Really?

WENDY

Yeah, I had a trick once, an actual midget, had a dick that could get friction in a mayonnaise jar.

PETER

Well anyway, I totally freaked, I just collapsed under the weight of that Brobdingnagian schlong.

WENDY

So now what?

PETER

So now I got no summer picture.

WENDY

I don't know, I read those scripts.

PETER

Yeah?

WENDY

And they're shit.

PETER

Great.

WENDY

Except one. One is, I swear to god Peter, one is fucking fantastic.

PETER

Really...which one?

CUT TO

INTERIOR STUDIO COMMISSARY - DAY

Peter is sitting having lunch with despised writer ADAM
RAFKIN

PETER

What can I say, we love the movie Alan.

ADAM RAFKIN

It's Adam.

PETER

Sorry.

ADAM RAFKIN

It's a common mistake.

PETER

So we're putting this picture on the fast
track, I want you to come in next week,
meet with my staff, we've got a few
notes, nothing dramatic, a polish, and
then we're gonna get it out to directors.

ADAM RAFKIN

Wow, so fast, I don't know, this is,,,you
know, I really thought you hated me.

PETER

What are you a fucking Lunatic? I've
admired you work forever...what was that
great thing you did?

ADAM RAFKIN

Sabrina the Teenage Witch.

PETER

Uhhhh, yes.

ADAM RAFKIN

Thank you.

PETER

So...welcome to the wonderful world of
feature motion pictures.

Peter takes a bite of his salad, there is a voice behind him.

MAN

(VO)

So you enjoying your Cobb Salad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We WIDEN to reveal, TODD PETERSON, EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH, in his little chef outfit, standing behind Peter with a rather disturbing smile on his face.

TODD
I made it myself.

Peter pulls the empty fork out of his mouth as we

FREEZE FRAME

THE END