

HOLLYWEIRD SCREENRIDERS

Written by

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INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Loud rock MUSIC. Four long haired middle-aged men rehearse their metal music, prancing and strutting across the room like super stars. Behind the band hangs a black tapestry with the band's name written in lime green spray paint, CIRCUS ZOMBIE.

BLAIN is the drummer. He is a little off beat, but twirling his sticks like a mad man. He is a short, Italian, dark skinned male with long curly black hair. He talks a little fast at times. The bassist, JON, and lead guitarist, ANDY, are both staring at each other with much disgust as they play.

PIPER is the front-man. As he moves across the music pit his long blonde hair flies freely through the air. His animal magnetism is off the charts. He twirls a mic stand that is wrapped heavily with women's bras just like Steven Tyler. The guitarist hits a sour note. The music comes to a screeching halt.

ANDY

What are you looking at? Are you lost again?

JON

I always know where I am at, even with you hitting those sour notes - measure after measure.

ANDY

If it wasn't for me, we wouldn't have any notes to play. Besides, the only wrong note is a note you didn't intend to hit.

JON

Blah blah. If it wasn't for you. We'd probably be on the cover of THE ROLLING STONE. You drag us down, man. You are the iceberg that sank the Titanic.

Piper glances back at Blain, who is still spinning his sticks and sticking out his tongue. Blain has a heavily intoxicated smile.

ANDY

You - you should join the fucking circus. You could be one of those five thumbed freaks that plays with himself in public for money.

The guitarist pinches a note, hinting at sarcasm. Piper spins his mic stand as the two guitarists argue.

ANDY (CONT'D)

All thumbs - you could really get off when you stick your thumb up your ass.

JON

Did you miss the note on purpose just to throw me off? You know I don't get thrown off. I know the material.

ANDY

I do everything in this band. You guys are just circus monkeys. You do what I say when I say.

Piper slams the stand on the floor. Blain climbs out from behind his massive drum kit.

JON

I am not putting up with this shit any longer. Q, one of us has got to go.

BLAIN

It's Piper now. Damn it.

ANDY

It will be you, man. I have the talent. I write the music.

JON

Yeah, right. I am the groove that puts them in the mood.

ANDY

I do! Admit it. Tell him Q.

BLAIN

(Screaming)

PIPER!

ANDY

Who has the talent? What makes this fine machine of metal run?

JON

I can tell you who had your girl last night. That crazy bitch is a scratcher and a biter.

Jon grabs his crotch. Andy tosses Piper his guitar. He jumps across the room violently. Andy and John fight like sissies throughout the rehearsal space. Piper sits the guitar on a nearby stand. The two struggling musicians knock over stands and fall into the drum kit as they continue to wrestle one another. Piper attempts to separate the two misfit rockers. Blain stops him.

BLAIN

You'll just have to do it again tomorrow. Let them get it out.

PIPER

They are tearing apart our gear.

BLAIN

If they don't straighten this out, we won't need the gear.

Blain and Piper shake their heads. Disappointed, they exit the rehearsal space as the delinquents continue to fight.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Blain and Piper shoot some balls and drink cheap beer as they mess with the other bowlers. Blain is heavily intoxicated.

BLAIN

There's got to be something better out there. I feel like we are just stuck in the mud.

Blain picks up a bowling ball.

PIPER

I agree, but we are not going to find it here. The only thing here are rednecks and tree-huggers.

BLAIN

So, what do we do? You got the brains, I got the balls.

Blain holds up two bowling balls.

PIPER

They said North Carolina was supposed to be the next California.

Piper grabs one of the balls.

BLAIN

Gentle now.

Piper rolls the ball toward two pins that are split far apart. The ball rolls down the middle.

PIPER
They - are some lying
motherfuckers.

Blain holds up two arms like a football referee SCREAMING. The ball passes in between the two pins not touching either as it settles in the ball return system.

BLAIN
It's good. The kick is good. The
Bills finally win the super bowl.

PIPER
I was thinking about heading out
west - Hollywood.

BLAIN
Again?

Blain rolls his ball, falling to the ground as he lets go.

PIPER
We are writers. We should be where
writers write.
(beat)
Not where trees get hugged.

BLAIN
Yeah. We are Hollywood - Hollyweird
Screenriders. I feel ya' bro.

Blain slowly stands. He staggers backward. Piper catches him before he hits the hardwood.

PIPER
(laughing)
What?

BLAIN
Hollywierd Screenriders - that's
us. That's - you and me.
Screenriders going to Hollywierd.

PIPER
Are you trying to say Hollywood
screenwriters?

Blain waits for the ball to return up the chute.

BLAIN

No! I mean, yeah. That's what I
said - Hollywierd Screenriders.
Can't be that in North Cack-alacki?

Blain spins the ball in the holder and slowly lifts it off
the conveyor. Blain drops the ball, almost hitting his foot.
He struggles to pick the ball back up. Blain stands
confidently at the stripe.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

If I make this strike...

PIPER

...Spare.

BLAIN

If I make this strike, off to
Hollywierd we shall roam.

PIPER

And if you miss?

BLAIN

Then I'll have to pick up the spare
and that hot chic over there.

Blain makes goo-goo eyes at an attractive woman in the next
lane. He gives her the universal call me sign and giggles. He
throws the ball down the lane. The ball smacks the pins with
a glorious thunder. All the pins fall but one. The last
remaining pin wobbles. Blain thrusts his hip to the left and
the pin reluctantly falls to the ground.

PIPER

Good shot.

BLAIN

I like to call that the wasted
strike.

PIPER

You are a wasted strike.

BLAIN

No, slightly dysfunctional, but
Hollywood bound.

Blain glances at the scorer's card on the TV above their
heads.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Why does that say spare?

MONTAGE - BOWLING NIGHT:

The disastrous duo put up their balls. They go back to the lane and sit on the bench. They put on their shoes. Blain is hammered.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
Okay, so when do we leave?

PIPER
In the morning.

BLAIN
Are you serious? What about our
shit? Our life here?

PIPER
If you want to be serious about our
talent, you have to take a chance.
Our chance is not here. We can get
Danny to watch our gear. He will
love having it all to himself.
Nothing else is keeping us here.

BLAIN
Thank god. I'm happy you're ready
to leave that bitch behind.
Alright. Pick me up, but not too
early. I have to sleep this off. I
didn't get this pretty by partying
all night and not sleeping in late.

Blain sighs deeply. He struggles to get the first shoe on.

PIPER
Are you alright?

Blain scratches his head, wiping the sweat from his forehead. He reaches for his beer on a nearby table, knocking the clear cup onto the floor. Blain struggles with the shoe a little longer.

BLAIN
You have to be smarter than the
shoe.

He holds up his feet. They look small.

INT. BLAIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Blain is asleep on the bed. A set of double windows that are open outward sit directly against the frame. Piper struts into the room with much swagger.

PIPER

Get up man. We gots to go.

He shakes Blain with no response.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Get up. It's time to go.

BLAIN

Ten more minutes, mommy.

Blain pulls the covers over his head. He turns over.

PIPER

I said, get up Mario.

Piper rips off the covers, shakes Blain violently with no response. He exits the room. RUNNING water. Blain smiles as drool runs down his cheek. Piper returns with a glass of water. Blain SNORES face up. Piper steps onto the bed, straddling Blain with the glass of water. Piper pours the water into Blain's mouth. Blain gasps for air. He raises up quickly, springing to his feet. The two stand face to face. Blain has a massive boner.

BLAIN

I thought you were Elisabeth Shue.

The water drips from his face. Piper looks down.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Like I said, I thought you were a naked Elisabeth Shue.

PIPER

I thought you said you would be ready to go.

Blain looks down and smiles.

PIPER (CONT'D)

I don't mean like that.

BLAIN

Nice, huh? I'm Italian. Women dig the spicy sausage.

Blain walks across the bed, trying to step off. Piper shoves Blain backward as he passes. Blain loses his balance, falling backward through the window. Blain quickly grabs the outer edges of the window frame, looking back at the ground, two levels down.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Help me man. I've fallen and I've gotten it up.

Piper quickly grabs the first thing he can: The boner. Blain hangs outward while Piper struggles to pull him in with a fist full of penis. Piper holds on to Blain's penis through the boxers. He is tiring. Blain is in severe pain.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Fuck! That hurts. Let go.

PIPER

Sorry.

Piper lets go. Blain falls out the window, plunging to the ground. Piper waggles across the bed, looking down through the open window. A wince spreads across Piper's face.

EXT. BLAIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Blain lands in a pile of juicy dog shit.

BLAIN

I hate dogs! I hate dogs that shit in my yard!

Blain wipes his face, leaving a trace of brown on his forehead. A BUZZER rings. The sprinklers pump water.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

I hate to waste the morning wood.

He grabs his package, protecting it from the water.

INT. BLAIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Piper stands on the bed, wiping his hand on his pants. He laughs with concern as he looks out the window. Blain is gone. FEET RUNNING up the stairs. Piper sits on the bed laughing. A soaking wet Blain enters. He puts on a pair of acid-washed blue jeans.

PIPER

So - you're up?

Blain sits on the bed next to Piper.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Blain stares at Piper with a look only a mother could love.

BLAIN

Yup, normally I pull my own pork in the morning - but hey, what are friends for. You need to work on the ending. I'm still pretty backed up.

Blain grabs his shoes. He attempts to put them on.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

PIPER

What's wrong, now?

Blain throws the shoe across the room.

BLAIN

I must have grabbed someone else's shoes. Those are not mine. They are way too small. We didn't bowl with dwarfs last night, did we?

PIPER

And you didn't notice that last night while putting the shoes on?

BLAIN

I didn't notice a lot of things last night. Hell, I don't even remember bowling with dwarfs.

PIPER

Like it was said last night - you got to be smarter than the shoe.

BLAIN

Or dumber than the foot.

Piper stands.

PIPER

Finished getting dressed. I'm going to boil my hand in acid.

Piper starts to leave the room.

BLAIN

Don't ever mention this again.

PIPER

Only in therapy.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEVADA - DAY

Blain stares at a map.

PIPER
Not far now.

A sign hangs over their booth

INSERT SIGN: *VEGAS; THE CITY WHERE NOTHING HAPPENED, AND YOU HAVE THE PICTURES THAT PROVE IT.*

BLAIN
I can't believe you talked me into this.

PIPER
Face it. Every time we get new band members, something bad happens. I am so sick of us counting on others for us to become famous. We've got nothing to lose. Besides, we get to see the country the way it was intended on being seen.

BLAIN
In a cheap van, eating greasy road kill. Oh, yeah. This will be much easier. I'm sure the industry has been licking their chops waiting on us.

PIPER
We will have no problem. It will be like taking candy from a baby or a gun from a midget. With all the remakes Hollywood is doing, you know they are dying for something new, something fresh - something saucy.

A waitress sits their food on the table. The food is bloody and greasy.

BLAIN
Like that?

WAITRESS
Enjoy.

BLAIN
Let's get a room tonight. I am getting sleepy and I need a real bed.

PIPER

No way. You still have three hours left on your shift. I want to run over this one more time before we reach the Emerald City.

BLAIN

Do it in the room.

PIPER

That's just it - you do it in the room. I don't see why you have to do it every single night.

BLAIN

It lowers my blood pressure.

Piper holds up the movie script.

PIPER

When this gets optioned, you can hold spankfest 2015 on top of the Hollywood sign for all I care. Can you please keep the beast in your pants for one night?

BLAIN

What more can you put into that thing? You can over think it.

PIPER

It's got to be perfect. No mistakes. Every page needs to make you want to get to the next.

BLAIN

I thought you said it was already the shit.

PIPER

It is, it is. I just have to make sure we don't look like amateurs.

BLAIN

That in itself will prove you are a genius.

Blain forks a piece of meat from Piper's plate.

PIPER

I thought you didn't like this food.

BLAIN

I don't, but if I'm going to be in tip top shape for spankfest 2015, I need my nourishment.

PIPER

We can get a room, but no spanking.

BLAIN

To turn pro I got to practice.

He looks at the palm of his hands and smiles. Piper pushes Blain's palm upward, smacking Blain in the face with his own hand.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Piper stares at the door, trying to get to sleep. Continuous SLAPPING.

EXT/INT. AGENT BOULEVARD - HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA - DAY

Blain and Piper pitch the script to agents. One fat guy skims a few pages and begins to snicker. He lays the script down and rubs his cigar onto the cover. Two security guards toss them out into the streets. KEVIN SMITH and SCOT MOSIER sit at a desk shaking their heads: "NO". They approach Brendan Fraser walking down the street. Piper tries to convince Brendan to read the script. Brendan grabs the script and wipes his ass with it. He then hands it back to Piper. They walk to the end of the street.

BLAIN

Dude, where's the van?

PIPER

It was right here. I think someone stole our piece of shit mini van.

BLAIN

Soccer MILF on crack, perhaps?

Piper playfully pushes Blain away.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Blain and Piper stand in front of a huge iron door. A hand returns the script through the bars. A green door slams in their face. Blain and Piper slowly turn and leave the agency. They walk down the ghost town of a boulevard. Piper sticks the script into a leather binder.

PIPER

Don't get discouraged. We've only been here a couple of weeks.

BLAIN

Face it, dude. We are going to have to get jobs. This place sucks. I've got a sun burn and our van is M.I.A.

PIPER

Maybe, but when this script sells, we will be swimming in the green.

BLAIN

You mean, if the script sells.

PIPER

What do you mean; if? This script is golden. Funnier than Clerks, more action than True Romance, and more suspense than GO. It can't miss. All we need is representation.

BLAIN

You can't get an agent if no one knows you. We can't even pay our rent. We know no one. We can't catch a bus much less get an agent. Now I know how a Mexican feels when he's tossed out of the truck in front of Home Depot.

PIPER

We just got to meet contacts. We have to be original and daring.

BLAIN

I ain't blowing anyone.

A woman strolls up the street, pushing a baby carriage. Traffic on the streets is low. She approaches the two men. Piper leans over to look inside the carriage. He is surprised. The woman is a cross dresser.

SHEMALE

You see anything you like? I like Mexican heat.

She runs her fingers through Blain's hair.

BLAIN

I'm Italian.

PIPER

Who just got kicked out of the truck, now?

Blain is bothered by the weirdness. He quickly bends down to look inside the stroller. A flash comes from within. A Midget with rough facial hair rests inside the carriage. He lights a dirty brown Cuban cigar. Smoke rolls from the cigar. He smiles big as he turns the flash cube to his old Polaroid.

MIDGET

What? You've never seen a midget in a stroller with a camera before?

The Cross-dressing-midget-pusher pulls out a hand gun.

SHEMALE

Give me all your money. I don't want to get freaky up in here.

Blain looks down into the stroller. The midget has the biggest barrel pistol the world has to offer.

PIPER

It's daylight.

SHEMALE

It's Hollywierd.

A man wearing an expensive suit walks by. He talks on his cellphone, paying no attention to his surroundings.

BLAIN

A little help here.

MAN IN SUIT

Yes, yes I am.

The guy nods his head and keeps walking.

MIDGET

You heard my mommy. Now hand over the loot. Don't make me jump out of this chariot and stick my big ole' gun up your tight little asses.

Both men dig in their pockets, but have trouble pulling anything out. The midget crawls out of the stroller. Blain moves toward the midget. He raises his gun.

MIDGET (CONT'D)

Go ahead, punk. Make my day.

SHEMALE

Just give me your wallets and forget everything else. You guys don't look like the type to have anything of value on you, but times are tough. Under Obama, a hard working criminal has a hard time paying the rent. This is Hollywood, love it or like it, it's going to fuck ya. You boys are from the south.

The she-male does a small twerk.

SHEMALE (CONT'D)

I can tell - because you're supporting those backwoods mullets and clothes off the rack of a Walmart. Consider what we are doing as a favor to you. Now you can run back to Mayberry with your heads tucked neatly up your hillbilly asses, saying you gave it all you got, but what you had wasn't worth getting.

MIDGET

Tell Aunt Bee to cook me up some grits.

SHEMALE

You tried Hollywood. You failed!

Piper reaches back. He grabs his wallet. He slowly hands it to the cross dresser. Blain slowly backs up. The midget quickly grabs the wallet from his pocket. The Shemale grabs the leather binder from Piper's hand. Piper tries to reclaim the binder, but the Shemale pushes the gun into his face. Blain looks back at the midget scared out of his mind.

MIDGET

Scram. Before I give you some midget love. Do you know what they say about midget love?

SHEMALE

Once you go midget...

MIDGET

...You go crazy!

Piper slowly backs away

SHEMALE

Hey, lover boy. Don't go away mad
and don't you leave my baby
helpless on the streets of
Hollywood. Someone could get mugged
out here.

MIDGET

Do you have a problem with little
people?

The midget holds up his arms. Blain picks up the midget. He struggles to get him back into the stroller. Blain starts to leave.

SHEMALE

Uh huh. Kisses goodbye.

Blain rolls his eyes. He bends down to kiss him on the forehead. The midget quickly grabs Blain by the head and lays a big wet kiss on his lips. The Shemale flirts with Piper as the midget gets his groove on. Blain pulls away from the stroller. Flash from the carriage. Blain and Piper shamefully rush down the street. They run a few hundred yards, bumping into a crowd of people standing in front of a cafe. Piper walks to a nearby woman standing at a crosswalk. Blain is bent over in front of the coffee shop catching his breath.

PIPER

Can you help us? We just got
robbed.

The woman reaches in her purse and pulls out some change. She hands it to him.

PIPER (CONT'D)

No, can you tell us where we can
find the police?

WOMAN

Leave me alone or I will call the
police.

The woman crosses the street.

PIPER

Shit! What are we going to do now?

BLAIN

Don't tell me you don't have
another copy of the script?

PIPER

Only on the computer.

BLAIN

So, we go to Kinko's and get another copy.

PIPER

I don't have any money. Except the change that bitch just gave me.

BLAIN

How much change do you have?

They both dig in their pockets. They count and combine their change. The crowd of yuppies slowly enter the cafe.

INSERT - SIGN: *Buy one latte, get the second cup free.*

PIPER

Four dollars and twenty six cents.

A sultry woman with a devilish smile slithers toward Piper. She has a delicious tan with long curly black hair. Her eyes are hidden behind a pair of dark shades. Her body wrapped by an extremely tight and tiny black dress. Her tongue glides across her ravishing red lips. Her Hispanic accent is to die for. ANNABELLA looks down into the hands of the two men. She reaches down and pulls out a piece of lint. The world stops spinning as her words slip through the wind.

ANNABELLA

That's just enough to buy me a latte.

The boys GIGGLE and then agree.

PIPER

That's just what I was saying.

BLAIN

I believe it was actually my idea.

PIPER

So can I?

Blain hits him in the back of the shoulder.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Can we - buy you a latte?

ANNABELLA

I thought you would never ask.

Anna leads them into the cafe. Piper and Blain follow as close as they can without touching her. Blain attempts to touch her rear end "accidentally," but Piper stops him.

INT. HOLLYWIERD'S CUP OF GOLDEN BEANS - DAY

A bouncer reluctantly allows Annabelle to pass, but stops the boys. Blain and Piper struggle to get past this muscular, tanned, overbearing body builder. The BOUNCER holds both men in a headlock. Anna gives the bouncer an angry look. He reluctantly lets them free.

BOUNCER

I don't think so. Not today. Not tomorrow. Hell, not ever.

ANNABELLA

It's okay. They are with me. They are not going to bother your precious little guests. I've got them wrapped around my pretty little finger. Just like the gunslinger.

The boys act tough. They straighten out their shirts as the bouncer releases them. They are escorted to the back of the cafe by a waiter very reminiscent of Marc Price from *Family Ties*. Inside the bar are many important people in Hollywood: Agents, writers and directors. Oh' and Lindsey Lohan.

BLAIN

Can you believe we are actually in here?

PIPER

Act like you've been here before. We belong.

Blain points and smiles at Quentin Tarantino.

BLAIN

Did you see me point at Q?

PIPER

Shut the fuck up and act like somebody who knows somebody.

They reach a table in the back corner. It's dark and out of the way.

ANNABELLA

Here we are. Try not to stare and whatever you do, please in any God's name, don't approach anyone.

They sit down. The WAITER waits patiently.

WAITER

What today, Miss Paz?

ANNABELLA

I will have a latte. Bring me the free one later.

WAITER

And for the gentlemen?

ANNABELLA

They really shouldn't be drinking anything strong right now. They are not used to the California coffee bean.

WAITER

I see, Annabella. Out of towners. Keep them on their leash. Don't make Harry dirty again.

The waiter leaves.

BLAIN

What is that all about?

ANNABELLA

The owner hates it when the watchers mingle with the makers.

BLAIN

I take it the owner's name is Harry?

ANNABELLA

Something like that.

PIPER

This is better than Facebook.

ANNABELLA

I understand you are star-struck, but don't act so needy.

PIPER

I told you this would be easy. Rubbing elbows with the silver screen elite. Today coffee, tomorrow - sushi with a Kardashian.

ANNABELLA

Writers, huh?

PIPER
How did you guess?

ANNABELLA
If you were actors, you would
already be under the table
servicing their needs. Writers sit
back and expect things to happen.

Annabella pushes her head toward a table.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
Besides, you're more impressed with
Quentin than Natalie Portman, who
is sitting three tables beside them
with her boobs hanging out. That
say's either writer or fag.

PIPER
Writers! I'd break me off a piece
of Portman any day.

ANNABELLA
Romantic.

BLAIN
I try. If you had the script. POW.
We'd be in.

PIPER
I can pitch the plot.

Piper begins to stand. Annabella stops him. She pulls him
back down just as the waiter brings the latte.

ANNABELLA
No. Don't do that. If you get black
balled, you will never sell
anything in this town. Does the
Hollywood Ten ring a bell?

BLAIN
That was a million years ago. They
actually shoot in color now. So,
what do we do?

ANNABELLA
Nothing, just wait.

BLAIN
Can I at least go piss?

ANNABELLA

No. Players don't piss. They get other people to do it for them.

PIPER

I cannot just sit around and wait. I feel like a John with a fist full of hundreds in a whore house. I got to get my Charlie Sheen on.

ANNABELLA

Look. I am attractive, right?

Both nod their head: "Yes" - attempting to hide their drool.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)

I've been in this town for two years. I still haven't caught a break. I can only get into this latte' shop because I have nice boobs, big brown eyes and a killer tan. Of course, it doesn't hurt that the first week I was here, the owner of this place accidentally ran me over with his Beamer. Instant Hollywood access, but it really hasn't helped yet. You've got to pay your dues.

PIPER

So, what can we do? Who do we pay our dues to?

BLAIN

I ain't blowing anyone.

ANNABELLA

Do you think about anything other than sex?

BLAIN

Bacon.

ANNABELLA

Neanderthal.

BLAIN

Yeah. Help us and we will cast you in the lead. I was hoping for Penelope Cruz, but you will do in a pinch. Can you cry on cue?

ANNABELLA

I really hope you are the silent partner in this partnership. Let me read the script.

PIPER

(ashamed)

We sort of lost it.

ANNABELLA

What?

(laughing)

You are kidding me?

BLAIN

Actually, we didn't lose it. It was stolen by Danny Devito and Tootsie.

Piper slaps Blain in the back of the head.

PIPER

We were robbed by a cross dresser and a midget. Both were packing heat.

ANNABELLA

This is Hollywood. Everyone packs heat in the slums of Hollywood. You guys have another copy, right?

PIPER

It's in our motel room. I guess we could get it.

Annabella finishes her latte.

ANNABELLA

Then let's go get it. And another thing boys, The glam stage of the eighties is over. Unless you are going to audition for a tribute band or trying out for the cast of HAIR, I suggest you cut your hair and buy you some new clothes. What you got going for you now - just ain't happening.

PIPER

Cut our hair? You are kidding me? No one asked Stephen King to cut his hair.

ANNABELLA

Just exactly how many best-selling novels have you boys written?

BLAIN

Buy new clothes! I can't even afford myself a cup of coffee.

ANNABELLA

I have my dad's credit card. Why don't you boys go back to your motel room, grab the script and meet me back here so I can read it. If it's good, I will treat you both to a new look.

PIPER

Okay. You're not going to ditch us, are you?

ANNABELLA

If I like it and I think it will sell. I will help you. Besides, why would I ditch you after giving you my dad's credit card?

PIPER

Why are you giving us his card?

A puzzled look stretches across Blain's face.

ANNABELLA

If I don't make something happen soon, my dad will cut off my funds. For me, it's now or never. I ain't Dorothy. I don't want to go back to Kansas. I've got to invest in something. Consider me a producer.

BLAIN

What if they don't let us back in?

ANNABELLA

Let me worry about that. Now remember, don't bother the guests or we all will get tossed out on our beggar's asses.

The three stand. Blain starts toward Natalie Portman, but Piper is quick to change his direction.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

One half of the room is a disaster area while the other half is spotless. Blain rests on a single bed to the right. The bedding is off to the side and the pillowcases are off in the floor. Piper searches meticulously through his neat and tidy area. His bedding is so tight a quarter could bounce six feet high.

PIPER

Blain, what did you do with the back up? I pray to God that you didn't mistake it for your pocket finger and forgot you left it up your ravioli sauce-seeping chute.

BLAIN

Keeping track of the material is your job. We did not print any extra copies out? We only had the memory stick?

PIPER

We? Why do you keep saying we? I have to do the typing, I have to do the editing - You don't even help make sure we have extra copies. Now, you move my shit when I need it.

BLAIN

I didn't touch it, Piper. I don't mess with your shit.

PIPER

Then where is it? I know the importance of keeping my material safe. You don't even know the importance of knowing the trade. Do you remember the last time you saw it?

BLAIN

Let's see. The last thing I remember I was master.....

PIPER

What's that got to do with the memory stick?

BLAIN

I don't know, Piper. You had it last.

Blain throws up his hands and then points at Piper.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

In fact, I don't ever touch it.
Good writers would have back up
copies printed and ready to go.

PIPER

Right. A good writer? At least I
write.

BLAIN

I help with the ideas.

PIPER

Just silly thoughts. I make it
enjoyable for the ones who paid
their hard earned coin to view it.

BLAIN

We're partners - Blain and Piper.

PIPER

Piper and Blain, the man who farts
does not get top billing over the
man who makes the fart funny.

Blain slowly joins in on the search.

BLAIN

That Annabella, she sure is hot.

PIPER

Change the subject.

(beat)

She's beautiful. Way out of your
league.

BLAIN

But still in yours, right?

PIPER

I was the front man. Face it. You
are so ugly we sit you down and put
a bunch of metal around you just so
the chicks wouldn't see your face.

BLAIN

I did my share.

PIPER

Left overs. I can assure you
Annabella will not be anyone's left
overs.

BLAIN

I set the mood. I set the tone. Everybody wanted to be with the mysterious drummer boy. Let's face it. I can sing. I can dance. I can write. I am the man.

Blain starts to pull Piper's covers back. Piper flashes the look of death at his life long friend.

PIPER

Wait a minute. I do the writing. I did the singing and dude, I have seen you dance. When you dance you look like MC HAMMER on crack, but I see. You think every woman in this world would fall head over heels in love with you, if they would just let you lick them once. You eat pussy like no other man before you. You are the "God of sex" in your eyes. All you need is for them to give you one single shot. You know how to move your tongue like no other before you.

Piper places his hand on Blain's shoulder.

PIPER (CONT'D)

Man, you got to understand women do not base life on sex. But like I said, "I see."

Blain is overwhelmed, scratching his curly hair with disbelief.

BLAIN

See, what?

PIPER

You're crushing on me. Jealous you are going to lose me. I understand. Being around me so long it was only a matter of time before you would realize I am the man you've always wanted to be.

BLAIN

Sure we all want to be like you. If we can't be like you, we must want you.

PIPER

It's good you can finally admit your true feelings. I've enjoyed this Oprah moment, but our shot at having a life that we might truly enjoy relies on one of us finding that memory stick. Your "man crush" will just have to take a backseat.

BLAIN

So, you think you can get with her?

PIPER

Get with her? Hell, Blain. I am going to marry that woman. No thinking - I am a man of doing. I'm Canadian, we can do first - what Americans do last.

BLAIN

What? I'm Italian. What do I care?

PIPER

Can! We *can* first. Americans *can* last.

BLAIN

You wanna bet?

PIPER

Sure. What do you want to bet? For once it's going to be nice to see you put in your place.

BLAIN

I bet you I can get her to kiss me before you, and once you go Italian you never crave another meat.

PIPER

That's just absurd. I thought you were laying off the rock? Your type of woman - is the one I'm done with. Every girl you thought was sexy that I knew - you pined over like a whiny little bitch. Then after I would be with them, you always had to make some stupid comment about how they weren't as good looking as you thought, but only after they dated me. Jealousy ran with road rage through your veins, my brother.

BLAIN

Bet or not?

PIPER

Sure. She won't be as easy as that midget that was eye-fucking you this morning. What's the stakes?

BLAIN

Winner gets their name first on all credits.

Piper picks up one of the pillowcases on the floor.

PIPER

You really do think you can win, don't you?

BLAIN

I intend on it.

PIPER

It's a bet. Stuck in the back and now left on the end - always second fiddle.

They shake hands. Piper finds the memory stick stuck to the side of a nasty jar of Vaseline.

BLAIN

Are you sure that's updated?

Piper slowly pries it off the jar with a look of utter disgust.

PIPER

Yeah. I would really prefer to use the typed version, but this will have to do. Besides, we have all weekend to get this copied and edited.

BLAIN

Okay. Let's get back to the coffee shop. I can't wait to see how this turns out.

PIPER

I only hope this works. Living in these digs is putting a stress on our friendship.

Piper wipes his hands on his pant's leg.

BLAIN
What's wrong?

PIPER
It's sticky. It has Vaseline on it.

Blain looks down at his hands.

BLAIN
Not sure if that's Vaseline. Sorry,
I got to hone my craft.

PIPER
The cleanest bathroom in the world -
that is out of toilet paper - is
the worst place to shit.

BLAIN
Have you been reading self help
books again? What's with the
fortune cookie religion? Fucktard.
I hope Anna wasn't full of shit.

PIPER
What if she is?

Piper smells the memory stick.

BLAIN
I guess I'll have to fuck it out of
her.

PIPER
As long as you keep talking like
that, there's no way you will win
this bet.

BLAIN
I've got the goods. She just needs
to go shopping. She's a woman. That
should be easy enough. Besides,
you're not ready to move on. That
Emma bitch is still on your mind.

Piper flies Blain the one finger salute.

INT. ANNABELLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Annabella's apartment is classic Hispanic. Everything is colored brightly. Catholic items decorate the walls and the tables. A Latin feel dominates the room's personality. Annabella sits at her kitchen table. She slams the phone down and rests her head on the table.

Next to her head is a rejection letter from a casting agency.
POUNDING, REPETITIVE KNOCK.

INTERCUT: Landlord - Anna.

The LANDLORD stands impatiently at the door. He is a tiny elderly man in a sparkling leisure suit.

LANDLORD

I know you are in there. I saw you come up.

ANNABELLA

Only because you're a sick and disgusting perv.

KNOCKING continues.

LANDLORD

I can't continue to cut you a break. I would have to do it for all my tenants. They don't have the body you have.

Annabella slowly stands. She walks to her couch.

ANNABELLA

Alright, give me a second.

LANDLORD

I've given you sixty days and now you want more time.

ANNABELLA

It's just a few seconds. Nothing can happen in a minute.

LANDLORD

At my age, a lot can happen in a minute.

Annabella pulls a credit card from her purse. She reluctantly approaches the door and slowly opens it. The chain is still attached. She hands him the card through the open space.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

No. No. I can't take that card. The last time I used it your father gave me a four hour lecture on how people should stand on their own. I don't need that shit.

Annabella unhooks the chain. The Landlord enters.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)
I need cash.

ANNABELLA
It's all I have until the end of
the month.

LANDLORD
I need something.

ANNABELLA
It's this or nothing.

She holds out the credit card.

LANDLORD
It's like your daddy told me the
last time I used his card - "You
can't live off your looks forever."

ANNABELLA
Can I get by for thirty more days
on my looks?

Annabella flirts with the Landlord something fierce. He
shakes his head in defeat.

LANDLORD
Okay, I will give you two weeks. I
will need two months rent or I will
have to throw you out. I've got
bills to pay too.

ANNABELLA
You are such a good man.

LANDLORD
If you don't mind, tell that to my
Misses. I'd be a happy camper. She
seems to think I'm a wrinkled up
prune with no purpose.

ANNABELLA
She's crazy.

LANDLORD
That's for sure, but I ain't
telling her that.

Annabella kisses him on the cheek.

ANNABELLA

I promise. Two weeks. While you are here, I have a problem. My toilet is running over every night.

LANDLORD

Stop using it and it will quit.

ANNABELLA

Despite popular belief, women do shit.

LANDLORD

I'll look at it first thing tomorrow. Right now, I have to come up with a good reason why I didn't collect your rent.

ANNABELLA

Tell her you didn't see me. I know, tell her you took it out in trade. She can't blame you for that.

LANDLORD

I used that lie last time. It didn't go as well as you think it would.

ANNABELLA

I can write you a check, but you have to promise not to cash it until I say so.

LANDLORD

I will wait for the cash. It gives me a reason to visit you.

ANNABELLA

You don't need a reason.

LANDLORD

At my age, I need a reason for everything.

The Landlord opens the door.

ANNABELLA

Thanks.

LANDLORD

Please, have my rent.

ANNABELLA

I will

The Landlord exits. Annabella returns to the kitchen table and sits down. She throws down the credit card, picking it back up - She nervously taps it on the table, staring at the card, hoping a answer will come to her over-stressed mind.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)

I've got to make something happen.

She quickly stands and goes into the bedroom.

EXT. KINKO'S - DAY

Piper and Blain stand in front of the large window outside Kinko's.

INSERT SIGN: *CLOSED THIS WEEK END DUE TO VANDALS. RE-OPEN TUESDAY. TRY OUR WEST L A STORE.* Underneath the sign is a photo of the Cross-dresser and the Midget. *WANTED; PLEASE REPORT TO AUTHORITIES.*

PIPER

Damn.

BLAIN

Relax, there must be a hundred shops where we can print this.

PIPER

We have no money. I was going to use my Kinko's card and in those hundreds of shops, none of them accept Kinko Cards.

BLAIN

Yeah, a Kinko's card isn't exactly American Express. You should have gotten a Capital One card.

PIPER

You're such a dork. Annabella is going to think we are a couple of amateurs.

BLAIN

That bites. But it is so us. Besides, you had your wallet stolen. I know you don't carry your Kinko's card in a front pocket.

Piper checks his pockets and shrugs. They walk down the street.

PIPER
Last night I had a dream.

BLAIN
Watch that shit.

PIPER
Huh?

BLAIN
Martin Luther King had a dream and
it got his ass killed.

PIPER
Not that kind of dream.

BLAIN
Dreaming about me again?

PIPER
Actually, yeah. It's kind of funny.

BLAIN
You better mean ha-ha.

PIPER
I dreamed you were a doctor. One
day this girl came in and she
needed an emergency surgery in her
rose garden - She was a punk rocker
chick.

BLAIN
Like Jewel?

PIPER
Not really that hot. Aspen Miller
maybe. But anyway, in the dream you
had to shave her pubic hair.

BLAIN
Shaved pubes, sounds like a Craig's
List add or an alternative rock
band.

PIPER
Her curlies were dyed bright green
and she had a tattoo below her
belly button. It read, "*keep off
the grass*".

BLAIN
Lesbian, or man-hating-dike?

PIPER

Carpet Cruncher, maybe - I guess. Anyway, you shaved it - then completed the surgery. The roses were ready to grow again. Being you - you left her a note lying on her bedside table.

BLAIN

Really, what did the note say?

PIPER

Sorry, I had to mow the lawn.

BLAIN

You are really fucked in the head. Do you know that?

They approach the coffee shop.

PIPER

I hate to disappoint beautiful women.

BLAIN

In that case, keep your pants on.

PIPER

You really do think you are the only man alive that can please a woman?

BLAIN

Anybody can please a woman. It takes a real man to fuck her stupid.

PIPER

Karla... I fucked that girl stupid.

BLAIN

No that girl was just fucking stupid.

PIPER

See, that was one of the ladies you said was hot and then after she was with me - you insult her.

BLAIN

She's still hot, but still fucking stupid.

Blain grabs the handle to the door.

INT. HOLLYWIERD'S CUP OF GOLDEN BEANS - DAY

The bouncer pushes the boys out as quick as they enter.
ANNABELLA to the rescue.

ANNABELLA

They are with me, remember?

Annabella pulls them in by the shirt sleeves. The Bouncer completely fed up, throws up his arms.

BOUNCER

We will let anyone in here now.
Who's next; Jeff Dunham, or I know!
Tiger Woods and his entire band of
floozyies. Mister Eastwood should
have backed over you and saved us
all some grief.

Annabella gives him the finger. The three quickly stroll to the table in the back and sit. Straight across from them: Quentin Tarantino, Uma Thurman and Steve Buschemi. They drink multi colored drinks and Kristal. Quentin is loud. He orders another bottle of Kristal.

PIPER

Wow. It must be nice.

ANNABELLA

Be cool.

PIPER

I don't think he wrote that one.

ANNABELLA

Did you bring the script?

PIPER

(holds up memory stick)
Nope. Just the file. Don't have the
money to print it.

BLAIN

Kinko's is closed. We only have
credit on a card.

ANNABELLA

Well, I guess I am going to have to
trust in the fact that it doesn't
suck. After all, you did have the
balls to return.

PIPER

Trust is good, because it does not suck.

ANNABELLA

Okay... first off, we must have a plan. An agent is first on the agenda. I will give you guys some numbers. Don't take "no" for an answer and again, I must insist that you guys get new clothes. Please, I beg you, do something with that hair.

PIPER

Appearance is not what we are all about.

ANNABELLA

Help me, help you.

BLAIN

That movie rocked.

ANNABELLA

What?

BLAIN

Jerry Ma....

ANNABELLA

..Shut up.

Piper looks at Blain and smiles.

PIPER

I wish there was something we could do right now. I hate to wait.

Annabella hands Piper her credit card.

ANNABELLA

Here, take this. Get your hair cut and a new outfit.

PIPER

Are you serious?

ANNABELLA

Only if you are.

PIPER

Point taken, but my appearance doesn't effect the way I write.

ANNABELLA

It just might effect the way your material is read.

He grabs the card. Quentin has left his table. He stands in the corner just a few feet from the group's table. He is on the phone, TALKING loud. Quentin struggles to hear the person on the other end of the phone. Piper scoots back, attempting to get as close as he can without disturbing his idol.

QUENTIN

Okay, Frank. I agree, but not this weekend - I have way too much to do already.

(beat)

I am going out of town this evening and will not be back until Monday night.

(beat)

You still have a key - just put the script on my office desk - when I return, I will check it out. I'm sure if you think it's good I will too. I was just saying how I needed a new project. So, I promise I will get right on it when I return.

(beat)

Okay, Frank. You've done a couple of movies. I have made a butt load of coin from my films. You don't tell me what to do. Put it on my desk and the movie is as good as made, but you owe me big - this time.

He hangs up and then dials a number.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Sarah, Mr. Miller will be dropping off a script - please make sure it is on my desk when he leaves.

Piper listens to the conversation carefully.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I don't pay you to think, I pay you to do what I say - and sometimes to rub my feet when Uma's not home.

(beat)

You know what happened the last time he was there. I swear he stole one of my plants. So make sure everything else is locked up - really tight.

Quentin glances at Piper. He almost falls out of his chair and then looks away from his idol.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

After the bombing of his last flick, I think he might try to steal something else. He is a friend of mine. So, I need to help him out when he is down.

Quentin flips down the phone. He walks past the table, glaring downward at the three. Piper mouths: "help me". Quentin snarls.

PIPER

That's it.

BLAIN

What?

PIPER

That's our big break.

BLAIN

I am not following you.

PIPER

I know how we get our script read. We break into Quentin's house - replace Frank's script with ours and "bam" we are in!

BLAIN

That's a good plan, but breaking and entering is a felony. I don't look so hot in orange and my next lover can't be a smelly rapist named Cruz.

PIPER

Yeah, he prefers midgets.

ANNABELLA

What?

PIPER

You said we have to take risks, big chances. This is big and definitely our chance.

ANNABELLA

You guys have some balls if you even try this.

PIPER
I am going to do it, with or with
out you.

BLAIN
We need a copy of the script.

PIPER
Oh, yeah.

Piper is disappointed.

ANNABELLA
You said a midget and a cross
dresser, right?

BLAIN
Yup.
(sadly)
It don't get any worse than that.

ANNABELLA
If you guys are serious and won't
puss out on me, I will get the
script.

BLAIN
How?

ANNABELLA
Give me the memory stick.

PIPER
No.

ANNABELLA
I trust you with my credit card.

PIPER
Your dad's credit card, and if I
lose it, he can replace it.

Piper holds up the memory stick.

PIPER (CONT'D)
You lose this - we are fucked with
no kiss good night.

BLAIN
The lack of lube will make it hurt
even more.

ANNABELLA

Just take the credit card and have it copied, but get your make-overs first. How do you guys ever expect to get laid looking like Joe Dirt?

PIPER

I'd still like to have the other copy. It had some personal notes scribbled on the back.

ANNABELLA

Okay. Okay. I'll see what I can do.

BLAIN

And what exactly are you planning?

ANNABELLA

I am woman. I have my ways.

PIPER

Great. Then we will do this.

They all agree. She blows onto the coffee.

BLAIN

That's a start - but If I may, you should use your tongue more - and your lips less.

PIPER

Those lips would make a lollipop too happy.

ANNABELLA

Boys, please. The task at hand.

PIPER

How do we find out where he lives?

Annabella is excited.

ANNABELLA

I've got my fingertips on the pulse of Hollywood. Leave that to me. To prove to me you guys are serious, please do something with your hair.

Piper nods: "Yes".

PIPER

Here's my cell phone number. As soon as you have the rendezvous point, call me.

BLAIN

We should get the script first,
right?

PIPER

In a perfect world; yes, but we
only have three days and two
nights. So let's get into the
house. Anna, you make sure you get
us that script.

ANNABELLA

Not a problem.

PIPER

How about a kiss for good luck?

ANNABELLA

Real men don't need luck.

BLAIN

How about a kiss, because I'm a
horny bastard.

ANNABELLA

Get your haircut. You remind me of
Frodo Baggins.

Anna stands and walks off. Piper LAUGHS.

PIPER

You must return the ring. Ignore
the dangers that surround you.

BLAIN

Atleast she didn't say I looked
Mexican.

PIPER

You realize she's Latino.

Anna returns

ANNABELLA

Vamos, por favor.

The boys quickly stand.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HAIR - DAY

Two gay hairstylist chat with their overweight macho
customer. BRANDON and MIKE are wearing matching aprons and
both carry the persona of a flamboyant kind of guy.

Bell JINGLES. Piper and Blain enter. Stylish new threads - Hollywood Miami Vice - Too hip to be square.

BRANDON

Damn, Mikey. Look what the cat dragged in.

MIKE

Poison was old news two decades ago. You two need to be revitalized.

MACHO MAN IN CHAIR

I don't think there is any help for those two.

PIPER

So, do you guys cut hair or not?

MIKE

We do it all. We wash the hair, we cut the hair and we style the hair.

Snaps his fingers.

BRANDON

You two are lucky you walked through those doors. When we get done with you, everyone will be saying, "WOW".

MACHO MAN IN CHAIR

Nope. I am telling you these guys are helpless. You may be able to wipe the ass clean every now and then, but it will always produce shit.

Brandon removes the smock from the man in the chair. The Macho Man moves to one of seats across the way.

MIKE

Don't be afraid. Have a seat.

Piper and Blain reluctantly look at each other. Piper sits. The two gay men cut his hair.

PIPER

Are you not cutting your hair?

BLAIN

No. I don't do what women tell me to do. She will find that manly.

PIPER
You are so behind the times.

MIKE
I can make you more man than you
ever thought you could be.

Blain slowly backs away and sits in a chair next to Macho Man.

FAST MOTION SHOT: *Piper GETTING WASHED, CUT AND STYLED.*

Piper is spun toward the mirror.

BRANDON
Damn. It's a miracle.

MIKE
Hollywood never ceases to amaze me.

Piper stands, stepping from behind the chair. His hair is Hollywood.

MAN IN CHAIR
Damn, you boys really are the best.

MIKE
You should see what I can do with
this.

Mike wiggles his tongue.

BRANDON
That will be forty dollars.

Piper hands him the credit card. Brandon runs it through the machine. DECLINED. Brandon swipes it again. DECLINED. He types in the numbers. DECLINED. Brandon brings the card back with a limp in his hand.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Sugar, this card is like Tiger
Woods - no damn good. Pay your
bills, Mr. Paz

PIPER
It's a friend's card.

BRANDON
Some friend. Leave you hanging in
the wind like that.

Brandon looks down at Piper's package.

BLAIN

You wouldn't accept a Kinko's Card,
would you?

The two gay men shake their head in distrust.

PIPER

I am so sorry. We were robbed. I
have no credit cards. No cash.
Nothing.

BRANDON

Everybody in Hollywood has been
robbed.

BLAIN

By a midget and a cross dresser?

MIKE

No. Now that's original.

PIPER

We have no money. I am so sorry.

MIKE

We can take it out in trade.

The two men flirt with the boys.

PIPER

Ah - no.

BLAIN

I ain't blowing anybody.

MIKE

Not that silly.

PIPER

What do you mean?

BRANDON

What have you got? Bartering is the
new goat trading.

BLAIN

Actually, really - nothing.

PIPER

See, the midget took our
screenplay.

GAY GUYS

Writers.

MIKE

I love the artistic type.

BRANDON

They are such good lovers.

PIPER

We have a back up on this memory stick. We plan on breaking into Quentin Tarantino's house and replacing a script written by Frank Miller with ours.

BRANDON

I just loved that Jackie Brown. That bitch had the stick and the balls.

PIPER

Q will read it, love it, and then we will walk as our names crawl.

MIKE

So, let me get this straight. You are going to break into Quentin's house...

BLAIN

...Stupid. Huh?

MIKE

That is so butch. Okay. Here's the deal. I love playing Monty Hall. I will call it even if you steal me one of Quentin's pillows. One that he sleeps on, still with his pleasant scent.

BRANDON

I want a pair of his undies.

MIKE

Macho Derek, do you want anything?

MAN IN CHAIR

Sure. I heard he keeps the briefcase from Pulp Fiction in the closet. Get me that - so I can see what the fucking big deal was.

PIPER

You guys are serious?

MIKE
You owe us.

BLAIN
Yup.

PIPER
Okay. We will get the shit.

BRANDON
Can you remember all that?

BLAIN
Pillow, undies and briefcase. Got it.

PIPER
This is going to be so hard.

BRANDON
I like it when it's hard.

BLAIN
We are going to jail.

MIKE
You boys would be a hit in prison.

PIPER
Huh huh.

BRANDON
Lights, camera - action baby.

MIKE
Most importantly, do you love your hair or what?

Piper hugs Mike as a tear rolls down his face.

INT. HOLLYWOOD CHOPPERS - DAY

Annabella seductively rubs the seat of a classic Harley Davidson. She is wearing a pair of skin tight red jeans and a breast hugging T-shirt. Her lips are juicy and her hair is tied back. A GOOFY, but attractive MALE enters the sales area from the back room.

GOOFY SALES AGENT
I see you are handling the raw power of a Greek God's sole source of transportation.

ANNABELLA

I love how it feels on a hot summer night.

GOOFY SALES AGENT

Don't we all.

ANNABELLA

Is Slash working?

GOOFY SALES AGENT

No. He don't come in until three. Is there anything I can do for you?

ANNABELLA

I don't think so.

GOOFY SALES AGENT

I think so. I could do anything he can do, but quicker.

ANNABELLA

He actually owes me a favor. I will call him after three. I don't want to burden you with my problems.

GOOFY SALES AGENT

Are you sure. I can do more than just sell bikes.

ANNABELLA

I'll just talk to Slash.

GOOFY SALES AGENT

Okay, but if you change your mind - you know where I am.

Annabella starts to exit, quickly turning.

ANNABELLA

You don't know where I can get a real map to the stars, do you?

GOOFY SALES AGENT

I know where all the stars live.

ANNABELLA

Really?

GOOFY SALES AGENT

Before I became the king of cycles I delivered pizza. Everyone likes pie.

ANNABELLA
You ever deliver to Quentin
Tarantino?

GOOFY SALES AGENT
Sure, his mother-in-law loves the
Italian sausage.

Annabella seductively returns to the sales agent. She becomes
much more aggressive with her flirting.

ANNABELLA
Can I get the address?

GOOFY SALES AGENT
I don't know. You might be some
crazy stalker lady who wants to tie
stars up and make them yodel while
you chew on their manhood.

ANNABELLA
Do I look like a crazy stalker
lady?

GOOFY SALES AGENT
No. But what do I get out of this.
Nothing in this world is free.

Annabella leans over and whispers in his ear. His grin
triples in size. Her hands steadily move downward.

ANNABELLA
I'll give you a hand - if you give
me hand.

ZIPPER sliding downward. The goofy sales agent's eyes roll
back into his head. His breathing becomes extremely erratic.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
Can you write down the address for
me?

He has a hard time communicating. He SCREAMS in pleasure.

GOOFY SALES AGENT
Let me write that down for you.

The sales agent zips his pants up and rushes to the front
counter. Annabella wipes her hands off on the leather seat of
the Harley Davidson. The goofy sales agent returns.

ANNABELLA
You are such a darling.

GOOFY SALES AGENT

Here you go. I don't even care if you are a crazy stalker lady. Stalk me, if you want.

Annabella smiles as the agent hands her the address.

ANNABELLA

I just might. Tell Slash to expect my call after three.

GOOFY SALES AGENT

You guys aren't dating or anything?

ANNABELLA

No, We just fuck when my hands aren't full.

Annabella winks and slowly slithers out of the shop. The agent is smiling ear to ear. Another SALES REP comes from the back room. He has wax and rags in his hands. He approaches an older Night Hawke Cycle.

SALES REP

You wanna' give me a hand?

GOOFY SALES AGENT

I'll help you polish that bike but no, I will not give you a hand.

His eyes get large as he approaches the bike.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Quentin climbs into his limo. Steve Buschemi staggers to the open door, holding a martini. Quentin holds the door open with a look of shame and disgust on his face. Steve's eyes are bloodshot.

STEVE

Hey, Q. Can I catch a ride to my apartment?

QUENTIN

Steve, you really need to pace yourself. You look like shit.

Steve nods his head and slowly closes his eyes.

STEVE

It's been rough. All these bit parts, the alimony and child support.

Steve quickly raises his head and looks Q in the eye.

STEVE (CONT'D)

That whole sleeping with minors thing - I don't care what they say, she told me she was forty seven. She looked every bit eighteen. C'mon man, give me a ride.

QUENTIN

Hop in, but don't spill any of that on my Corinthian leather.

Steve cautiously sits the glass on the sidewalk and gently climbs into the limo like an old man with a walking disorder.

INT. LIMO - DAY

STEVE

Thanks man. You are a gem.

QUENTIN

I'm going to be away this weekend. Try not to get into trouble - I won't be here to bail you out.

STEVE

I'm going to take it easy. Watch some TV and maybe play some Atari.

QUENTIN

Atari? Yeah that's grown up. My mother-in-law is coming to town this weekend. I would love for you to meet her.

STEVE

That sounds like fun.

QUENTIN

You really are drunk.

Quentin glances at his Rolex.

STEVE

I really am.

QUENTIN

Jesus, it's not even noon.

STEVE

I checked the bottle before I started - there were absolutely no time restraints on when I could open it.

QUENTIN

It wouldn't have stopped you if there were one?

STEVE

Thanks for being so supportive.

QUENTIN

You want support, buy smaller underwear. You want the truth, get in my Limo.

STEVE

Why do you have to hurt me like that?

QUENTIN

Next time, you can fucking walk.

STEVE

Next time, I'll be in my own Limo.

QUENTIN

You'll make a great driver.

Steve mocks the last remark.

INT. HOLLYWOOD CHOPPERS - MORNING

Blain and Piper enter the store, excited to the hilt.

BLAIN

Why are we here?

PIPER

I told you. I talked to Anna and she told me that Q's house was on the other side of Hollywood. We need something to get us there quickly, and get us out just as quick.

BLAIN

We cannot afford to rent a Harley.

PIPER

Anna said it was taken care of.

BLAIN

Anna really wants to help us. You don't find that a little odd? And besides, you see how her daddy's credit card worked out. It 'bout got us eliminated from hedro-sexuality. I'm too pretty to be somebody's bitch-sickle.

PIPER

Everybody in Cali isn't self centered. She did get us these fine clothes.

BLAIN

She is helping us commit a felony. That is a little extreme even for Hollywierd.

PIPER

Stop it. We've got a job to do. Keep your mind on succeeding, not failing.

The two browse the handcrafted bikes on the showroom floor. A sales attendant approaches. SLASH is a surfer/skater. His hair is long and hanging out the backside of a Hollywood Chopper's hat. Slash is very animated with his arms and hands when he speaks. His goatee has Cheeto crumbs entangled in the hair.

SLASH

Hey, are you guys looking for a ride of a lifetime?

PIPER

Actually, we are just looking for Slash.

SLASH

You guys should be private detectives. For I - am Slash. I don't just slash prices. I slash every thing. I slash the guitar. I slash the liquor cabinet.

Slash makes a drinking motion and then a balancing motion.

SLASH (CONT'D)

I slash the rails of the world's largest stairwells and when things are really really going my way, I slash the pussy like nobodies business.

PIPER
Great, man. Anna called you - set
us up a ride?

SLASH
Yeah, dude. That chick is
superlicious. She's hands above the
rest.

Slash giggles as he talks.

PIPER
She's a hand full.

SLASH
Yeah, sometimes she has a hand
full.
(scratching his head)
She did call me to cash in one of
her favors, but there has been a
slight adjustment to the original
plan.

BLAIN
What?

SLASH
Sometimes things happen that are
completely out of your control.
Yeah, like I was saying; The two
bikes we had in the back seem to
have been stolen just a few hours
ago.

PIPER
Who would do something like that?

SLASH
A cigar smoking midget thought that
he needed them more than you.

BLAIN
What about one of these bikes?

SLASH
Na', dude. These bikes are worth
more than you two meat puppets put
together.

Slash looks around like he is paranoid.

SLASH (CONT'D)
I would get fired if I let you guys
take one of these out.

Slash throws out his hands.

SLASH (CONT'D)

I can't afford to get fired. Buying weed is more expensive than selling weed.

PIPER

These days are rough.

SLASH

Yeah, Anna told me what you guys are up to. That's fucking raw, dude. You guys have hugo balls. I stole some weed from my little brother once, but nothing that really constitutes a felony. My mom caught me smokin' it - she took it away from me. She said I was too young to learn the ways of the hoogaman. I wasn't really sure what she meant by that. She punished me by sitting me down on the couch and made me watch her smoke the entire bag while watching THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO. Dude, she was Miagi-like for making her kids learn by example, or something like that.

PIPER

Sorry to hear about the bikes. That's going to put a kink in our plans.

SLASH

It's cool. They caught the perps, but haven't released the bikes. Fuckin' A, dude. I wish it hadn't gone down like that. I was going to be an accessory before the fact. I was already working on the outline for the story I was going to tell my surfing buds.

PIPER

What kind of bikes were they?

SLASH

Hurricane 1100's. Purple on Pink. Yeah, that's right - Purple thrusts on pink passion.

BLAIN

What kind of dumb ass would steal crotch rockets with all these classic customs?

SLASH

I couldn't agree with you more, dude. Dumb asses. I don't know how long that midget with the camera is going to last in the slammer. He's just the perfect height for a face mount.

BLAIN

Did the midget with the camera have a cross dresser with him?

SLASH

Dude!. Do you know them? Are they famous or something?

PIPER

We know of them. Well, if we are going to have to take the bus, we better get a move on.

BLAIN

We got no money. We can't even afford the bus.

PIPER

Shit, I supposed we are going to have to hitch. Blain, you are living by the code this time.

SLASH

Dudes. I do have some wheels with a side cart. It's my personal ride. If you guys can steal something for me in Q's house - You can borrow it. It's not as cool as a Honda, but way cooler than the bus. Only wet-backs and fat people take the bus. I need you guys to pull this off, that way I wouldn't have wasted my time on the outline.

PIPER

What would you like for us to lift?

Slash strokes his long goatee. He discovers the crumbs and calmly puts them in his mouth.

SLASH
 Anything from NATURAL BORN KILLERS.
 That movie was my motivation in
 life, dude.

PIPER
 Okay. It's a deal.

They shake hands in a most complicated way.

SLASH
 I will pull it around front.

Slash dances as he walks toward the back.

PIPER
 Did you add that to your list?

BLAIN
 Undies, pillow, briefcase and now
 something from that RDJ flick.

PIPER
 Tarantino would have a printer at
 his house, right?

BLAIN
 Yeah. I would say two or three, but
 knowing him, he might have a couple
 of illegals who sit on a pile of
 corn shells writing down everything
 he says with a violet crayola. He's
 a crazy motherfucker.

PIPER
 Alright, let's skip printing the
 script in town. Let's get to the
 house. We will print it there. If
 Danny and Tootsie were arrested, I
 am sure Anna didn't get the script
 back.

HONK from outside.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Piper locks the strap to a skull helmet with two long
 spiraling horns and then he adjusts his pair of dark shades.
 Blain's hair gently waves through a small crash helmet with a
 silver dragon painted down the side. A huge pair of shades
 and a white scarf cover up his face, cruising down the
 boulevard in a side cart attached to a moped. A homeless
 woman pushes a buggy by them, uphill.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Blain and Piper roll to the rendezvous point. They park across the street in a neighbor's driveway. Anna hides behind a group of bushes, casing the house. Piper gets off the bike, taking off his helmet and gloves. Blain attempts to get out of the side car, but falls to his face. Blain quickly jumps up, hoping no one saw him. He removes his helmet and scarf, laying them in the side car. He brushes his teeth with his finger.

PIPER

What are you doing?

BLAIN

Damn, bugs. They may taste good with chocolate, but on their own - they are only crunchy.

Piper presses his fingers against Blain's lips to keep him quiet. They walk closer. Blain bends over to tie his shoe. Piper sneaks up on Anna, sticking his fingers in her side. Anna quickly jumps and YELLS. She pushes Piper, who tumbles over Blain and falls to the ground.

PIPER

What? I was just playing.

ANNABELLA

I don't like to be scared. I have a urinary tract problem.

BLAIN

What does that mean?

ANNABELLA

When I get startled or excited.
(ashamed)
Sometimes, I can't hold it.

PIPER

Oh, I am so sorry. I didn't know.

Annabella's white pants have a wet yellow stain on them.

ANNABELLA

I shouldn't wear white after labor day. It's okay. I will find something in the house to change into.

BLAIN

Would you like me to kiss you and make it better? Wetter?

ANNABELLA

No - By the way, Piper, I love your hair. It's great. You actually look the part of a hollywood screenwriter.

BLAIN

What about my new cut? Do you not like it?

ANNABELLA

I do. With your complexion, challenged height and dark Afro - you remind me of those hobbits on LORD OF THE RINGS. They were so cute. Clumsy, just like you.

PIPER

Not to mention a little on the feminine side.

BLAIN

Okay. Okay. Make with the jokes. We'll see who's laughing when this is all said and done.

PIPER

Did you get the script?

ANNABELLA

No. I couldn't find Little Mikie nor Brandy, but you did remember the memory stick, right?

PIPER

No, I guess I'll just have to retype the entire thing by memory.

ANNABELLA

You are kidding me?

Piper holds up the stick with a devious smile.

PIPER

We got the memory stick. We figured we can print it inside the house. If I have some time, I will do some quick revising.

ANNABELLA

Yeah. I wish we had it printed already, but we will adapt and overcome.

BLAIN

We can go to the jailhouse and see if they have it in the evidence room.

ANNABELLA

What is he babbling about?

PIPER

The midget and cross dresser were arrested for stealing our crotch rockets. That Slash is a real character.

ANNABELLA

Those two really don't like you, do they?

PIPER

I hate it when people profile. Always hating on the white man.

BLAIN

What is the plan? How do we get in?

ANNABELLA

The limo.

PIPER

What?

ANNABELLA

Follow my lead and please act like you know what's going on.

BLAIN

Okay.

The limo pulls up to the drive way. The gate slowly opens

ANNABELLA

It's show time. It's now or never. There is no turning back.

BLAIN

Any other cliches you would like to spout.

PIPER

We are in this to the end.

Annabella pulls out a handgun. She jumps in front of the limo, pointing the gun like a mafia princess.

BLAIN
What the...?

Piper pushes Blain out into the driveway.

ANNABELLA
(screaming)
Open the fucking door.

The back door to the limo opens. Annabella, Piper and a reluctant Blain pile into the limo. The door shuts.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Piper glances at Blain/

BLAIN
I am not sure about this.

ANNABELLA
Who are you?

Anna pushes the gun into an elderly woman's face. JANICE is an older woman with a large string of pearls around her neck. She sips from a bottle of whiskey in a plain paper bag.

JANICE
My name is Janice. I am Uma's mother.

PIPER
Wow. You are Q's mother-in-law.

JANICE
No. I am Uma's mother.

PIPER
It's a pleasure to meet you.

Piper sticks out his hand. Janice looks at it and refuses to shake. Piper grabs her hand and kisses it like royalty. Janice smiles.

JANICE
I have no money on me.

ANNABELLA
Shut the fuck up! We don't want your money.

JANICE

You want to have me sexually, then make me do things I would never do on my own. You have a camera and a You-tube account?

BLAIN

What kind of things?

ANNABELLA

Driver, take us inside the gate.

The limo enters and slowly drives down the driveway. A small poodle BARKS as the gate closes. It prances down the sidewalk, quickly rushing to the side cart of the Moped. The poodle jumps inside the cart and does his business on Blain's scarf.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Janice and the DRIVER are tied up. Two gags hang around their necks. Blain is behind the chairs, tying the knots. The two captives sit patiently on a bench in front of a huge white grand piano. The piano has hundreds of little candles on the top. All are different colors. Blain finishes the knots.

JANICE

Are you going to rape me?

Blain pulls the gag over her mouth. He tightens it from behind.

DRIVER

Thank you. She was putting my stress level through the roof.

BLAIN

This old woman needs some action. When we get done here, you need to hit that.

DRIVER

Assuming we will still be alive when you finish your little tryst. I have never, how do you say, been that desperate.

ANNABELLA

Okay. First things first - We must find the printer.

BLAIN
 No, more important things first.
 I've got to see a man about a goat.

ANNABELLA
 Excuse me?

DRIVER
 He has to urinate, ma'am.

ANNABELLA
 Can you not hold it?

BLAIN
 Can you?

A disturbed Anna leaves the room.

PIPER
 Just go outside.

BLAIN
 Digs like this and I have to go
 outside. That's just wrong.

Blain opens the double doors. He steps outside.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The outside of the mansion is huge. Animal topiaries and random lawn ornaments are scattered across the grounds. A small playground with a large sandbox sits in the back of the property. Blain walks around, searching for a place to do his business. A large section of dog topiaries catch his eye. He approaches a small iron gate in the middle of the topiaries. He slowly opens the gates and enters.

BLAIN
 This is nice. Really peaceful. I'm
 going to buy a place like this
 after I make my first trillion.

Blain strolls around the house. A large guest house with a huge vinyl door like you would find protecting the cold in a meat locker sits quietly in the back of the lot. Blain peacefully approaches the guest house. He pulls out his equipment. Blain relieves himself in an empty yellow dish. The dish is four times the size of a normal dish. On the side of the bowl is the word, "BEASTS". Multiple SNARLING. Blain turns, looking for the snarling noise. He misses the dish and relieves himself on a large metal chain.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 "Go outside", they say. I'm fucking
 house broken. Who are they to
 request me to go outside like a
 common house pet.

SNARLING louder. Blain turns to the gate. A large black
 rottweiler SNARLS angrily at Blain. Slobber drips from both
 sides of his mouth. Its sharp teeth protrude from his mouth
 as he snarls even more viciously. The dog stands in an attack
 position.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 Nice beast. Pretty little monster.

Blain, still relieving himself, slightly backs away, dripping
 urine on his shoe.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 Damn. How do I continually find
 myself in these fucked up
 situations.

Blain quickly zips his pants, catching his package in the
 zipper. Blain SCREAMS in agonizing pain. Two more rottweilers
 prance out of the guest house. Blain slowly bends down.
 Cautiously, he picks up the chain, slowly pulling the chain
 toward himself. He discovers the end of the chain is not
 connected to anything.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 This can't be good. I hope Q fed
 these beasts before he left.

Blain cautiously steps past the drooling dog. All three dogs
 BARK violently.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Piper reacts to the dogs BARKING and hustles to the front
 door.

DRIVER
 I believe your partner has found
 the hounds of hell.

PIPER
 What?

DRIVER
 The Dawgs, sir. It's your friend
 who - how do you say, "let the
 dawgs out". WHO? WHO?

PIPER
 Shit. Blain and animals don't get
 along well.

Piper runs out the doors. They slowly close behind him.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Piper searches the grounds, checking out the odds-and-ins as he passes them. BARKING, louder and closer. Blain races around the corner, SCREAMING. He runs into Piper, but never slows his roll.

BLAIN
 Run! It's the Illuminati.

Piper peeks around the corner. Three vicious dogs are in hot pursuit of Blain. Piper, asking no questions, follows Blain. He leaps a large garden gnome and scampers up the steps leading to the front doors. Piper runs through the gnome, stumbling and bumbling, but never hitting the ground. The beasts storm around the corner, BARKING and SNARLING. Blain pounds on the doors frantically.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 Let us in. Hell has risen and they
 are hungry.

DRIVER (O.S.)
 I'm a little tied up right now. Try
 back tomorrow.

Piper rushes by the doors.

PIPER
 I wouldn't just stand there if I
 were you. These crotch-sniffers are
 hostile.

Blain darts off the porch, leaping a set of beaver topiaries. He gets his leg caught and stumbles to the ground. He quickly bounces up and falls in line, behind Piper. The three dogs chase the two men around the lot. They are weaving in and around the animal topiaries. They make a quick and hilarious pass through the playground and across the sand box. They move passionately toward the other side of the house, fighting through their lack of athleticism. Piper pulls out his cell phone, dialing as he zigzags across the grounds.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Anna answers her phone.

ANNABELLA (V.O.)

What?

(beat)

You are kidding me, right?

(laughing)

I'm in the kitchen. There is a set of sliding glass door, I will have it open. Don't let those beasts bite off your importants.

She looks through the glass.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Piper runs up the teeter-totter and scampers down the other side.

PIPER

Thank you. You're a doll.

Piper closes his phone. Blain and Piper run around the corner, chugging to the patio. The hounds are nipping at their heels. Blain throws a garden gnome and several lawn ornaments, hoping to put some distance between him and the dogs.

BLAIN

What's the plan?

PIPER

Anna has the kitchen door open.

BLAIN

Great. Is she cooking us something to eat.

They run onto the large patio. The sprinklers come on. Anna stands at the door, holding it open. Piper runs through the open doorway. Blain slips on the wet patio, sliding underneath the patio table. The umbrella falls to its side. Blain attempts to hide behind the large umbrella. The dogs reach the patio. They slowly linger onto the slippery deck. They prowl for the door. Anna shuts the door. The animals stand before the glass, licking their chops. Blain hides underneath the table, holding his ankle. He peers over the umbrella, focusing on a large picture window with a set of monstrous venetian blinds. Piper crawls to the blinds, peeking through the slits. He gently taps on the glass. Blain flies him the finger as Piper silently laughs.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

(lipping, softly speaking)

What do I do?

PIPER
 (through the window)
 Play dead.

BLAIN
 They are dogs, stupid. Not bears.

PIPER
 I saw it on the crocodile hunter.

BLAIN
 What?

PIPER
 I'm sorry, maybe that was the MILF
 hunter.

BLAIN
 You got me into this mess, now get
 me the fuck out.

PIPER
 Run.

BLAIN
 Run. That's all you got, is run.

The dogs sniff out Blain, giving him a warning of what is
 about to go down. Blain stands. He limps to the corner of the
 deck and onto the metal railing of the patio.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 Nice dogs. I'm sure we can come to
 some peaceful arrangement. No blood
 or flesh needs to be shed.

He attempts to balance himself on the rail.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

With a smile, Piper turns to a giddy Annabella.

PIPER
 We've got to help him.

ANNABELLA
 You told him to run, what more can
 we do?

PIPER
 I wonder what the MILF Hunter would
 do in this situation?

Piper beats the glass loudly with his hand. Annabella makes some NOISE. The dogs look at them, but don't buy into the distraction.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The metal rail is slippery from the sprinkler. Blain falls to the ground. The dogs SNARL and then give chase. Blain runs around the front of the house, hauling ass to the front door.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Piper grabs Annabella by the shoulders.

PIPER
Go to the front door. I will stay
here and guard this door.

She softly places her hands on Piper's cheeks.

ANNABELLA
Okay.

Piper blushes.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Blain rushes around the front of the house, darting up the front steps. Almost out of breath, Blain pulls the handle, but they are still locked.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Still got my hands full, but like I
said, I may be free tomorrow.

Blain quickly jumps the topiaries and hustles around the corner to the hounds of hell's lair. Annabella opens the front doors at the same time the dogs pass. One dog darts up the steps. Annabella shuts the door.

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Them dawgs are vicious and appear
very hungry.

Blain runs through the gate, smashing through the vinyl doors and entering the dog's safe haven. The dogs quickly turn the corner, but slow down as they approach their stomping ground. The dogs stalk the area. One beast sniffs the yellow dish and lingers around the vinyl doors, searching for his playmate.

Blain reluctantly peers through the vinyl doors, fighting with himself to regain his composure. He investigates the hellion's living arrangements.

INT. DOGHOUSE - DAY

A sixty inch flat screen is nestled tightly in the corner of the room. Old Scooby-Doo toons play on the TV. The room is pimped out: featuring an overpowering air conditioner, three large leather sofa's - covered with dog hair and various posters of famous dogs spread across the walls. A stereo turned down low plays NIRVANA's, "RAPE ME" through the eight speaker surround sound. A large disco ball spins overhead. A slue of flashing strobe lights transcends a certain seventies vibe to this lavish and completely unusual dog house.

BLAIN

You've got to be kidding me. This place is better than my apartment.

Blain catches his breath. He slowly and cautiously sneaks back to the opening. He peers out. The three dogs sniff and search the area.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Annabella leans against the double doors smiling ear to ear. Piper enters.

PIPER

Where is Blain?

ANNABELLA

I don't know. His junk may be the new chew toy of three very possessed hell hounds. Does he have his cell on him?

PIPER

Good idea.

Piper dials. Anna approaches Janice and pulls down the gag.

ANNABELLA

Are there anymore dangerous animals we need to be aware of?

JANICE

If I don't tell you, are you going to rape me?

Anna pulls the gag back over Janice's mouth. She leans to the driver.

ANNABELLA

When this whole thing is over, I expect you to give this lady some personal driving lessons. Don't stop until she can't talk anymore.

DRIVER

Must I? I'm pretty swamped tomorrow with helping your friend and all.

The driver moves his head in a over worked manner.

INT. DOGHOUSE - DAY

RING TONE: MMM BOP - HANSON

Blain answers his phone. The dogs approach their killer pad.

BLAIN

What? I am hiding.

(beat)

Yes, I can get by them one last time.

(beat)

No. Not the front door. They will be right on my ass. Go to the kitchen door and wait for me. I will be leaving in three minutes.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Piper closes his phone.

PIPER

Anna, hold the front door open and give me a call when Blain passes. I will then open the sliding doors - Blain will finally be safe.

DRIVER

It won't work.

ANNABELLA

Why is that?

The driver sighs and rolls his eyes.

DRIVER

Blain's involved. I have noticed,
 since I've been accosted, but not
 sexually harassed,
 (looking at Janice)
 That your Blain isn't all there.
 He's a few marshmallows short of a
 delicious breakfast.

PIPER

Anna, the door.

Piper runs for the kitchen. She opens the door.

ANNABELLA

Right.

The driver SCOFFS.

INT. DOGHOUSE - DAY

Blain goes through his Catholic rituals, risking a peak
 through the vinyl curtains. He slowly steps from the house.
 The dogs rest in the shade near the back, licking themselves
 and enjoying the sun - paying no attention to Blain's escape.
 Blain quietly sneaks through the yard, stepping in a moist
 pile of dog-poo.

BLAIN

SHIT!

The dogs look up, SNARLING.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

FUCK!

They surge to their feet and round three begins. Blain
 sprints around the corner, leaping the gnome.

ANNABELLA

Run, Forest - Run.

Annabella pulls the double doors shut. She dials her phone.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Piper answers.

PIPER

I'm ready.

INTERCUT:

ANNABELLA

You know, I really do love your hair. You look just like Mark Walhberg.

PIPER

Really? Thanks, I did it just for you.

Piper turns his back to the sliding glass doors. He sashays around the kitchen as he flirts with Annabella.

ANNABELLA

Maybe when this is all done, you and I can have dinner or something. We will get a baby-sitter and paint the town red.

PIPER

That sounds great. I just hope we can find a baby-sitter that can deal with a kid like Blain.

Piper approaches the sliding glass doors. He leans backward and almost falls through the opening.

ANNABELLA

I knew you were special the first time I saw you.

PIPER

I fell in love with you the first time our eyes met. I've never been around someone with so much vigor for life, willing to take a chance on something that could blow up in her face.

Blain scampers up the patio steps, bolting for the open door at full speed. Piper reaches back and slides the door shut. Blain glances over his shoulder. The dogs have not turned the corner yet.

PIPER (CONT'D)

You are so beautiful, you could make a rose jealous and a mirror blush.

ANNABELLA

That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me.

SPLAT. Blain runs into the glass doors.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Blain bounces off the glass and falls to the ground.

BLAIN
Piper, you fuck-head.

The dogs dart around the corner and then up the stairs. Blain quickly jumps to his feet. He climbs the rail and steadily tight ropes the metal. Blain leaps over a weather vane, landing on a bird feeder with a running water mill at the bottom. Blain straddles the pole, hitting his face on the house. As he clutches the pole, the water wheel spins, the paddles continuously whack him in the groin. He slides down the pole. His foot catches a chain wrapped around the bottom of the weather vane. The paddles are now hitting him in the head. Blain shimmies back up the pole, kicking his foot free of the chain. He thrusts off the pole and then tumbles through the yard. He lands in a pile of gooey dog shit. The sprinklers come on. The hounds turn the corner and quickly resume their attack, chasing Blain around the backyard for a few seconds. Blain does everything and anything to keep his pants from the beast's teeth. Blain hurries around the opposite corner to the house. He glances back, checking on the Rottweiler's positioning. He is simultaneously clothes-lined by a neck-high wire, stretched across the walkway. The high tension wire violently slings Blain to the ground. The vicious beasts certainly are toying with their new friend as they disappear behind the house. MMM BOP. Blain answers. BARKING.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
What the fuck?
(beat)
Don't be sorry. Be ready.

He flips the phone down and staggers to his feet. He begins to run again, changing course. Blain rounds the corner, meeting the dogs head on. He flips open his phone and hits redial. A porn service answers. He dials again. Blain fights through the beasts and rushes for the patio steps.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
(adamantly)
I am coming up the steps. Piper,
open the fucking door.

Blain makes a mad dash for the door. Annabella enters the kitchen as Blain runs toward the door. Piper opens it. Blain scurries through the threshold.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

BLAIN
Shut the door!

Piper quickly slides the door shut, allowing the door to catch the back of Blain's long hair. Blain leaves his feet, pulling him straight to his ass. The dogs attack the door, but quickly heel at the threshold, yawning and relaxing.

PIPER
Are you okay, little buddy?

BLAIN
Are the dogs outside?

PIPER
Yup.

BLAIN
Am I inside?

PIPER
Yup.

BLAIN
Then I am fine.

Blain stretches out in the floor, exhausted, but relieved.

ANNABELLA
I guess you wish you had cut your hair now.

Blain stands.

BLAIN
I am like Sampson - My hair gives me my power. Would you like to taste the power?

Blain puckers up to kiss Annabella.

ANNABELLA
Do you have the memory stick?

PIPER
I do.

ANNABELLA
Give it to me. I will find the printer and get started making copies.

PIPER
What should we do?

BLAIN
Split up and find the artifacts on
our list. Got to pay the bills.

ANNABELLA
What list?

PIPER
I'll explain later.

Piper playfully pushes an exhausted Blain and they disappear through the threshold.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blain searches the area for a few seconds.

DRIVER
What are you looking for? Maybe I
can be of some assistance.

BLAIN
Are you not scared?

DRIVER
No. You guys are not dangerous. You
are thrill-seeking.

BLAIN
For your information, we are
writers - trying to get Q a copy of
our script.

DRIVER
Most writers use agents.

BLAIN
Yeah. Well we tried that route and
no takers.

DRIVER
Does your writing suck?

BLAIN
No. We just don't know who to blow.

Janice mumbles something through her gag.

DRIVER
I see. Well, I wish you luck.

BLAIN

You are not concerned we are going to kill you?

DRIVER

Nope. Like you said, you are writers not killers.

BLAIN

Just don't do anything to make us mad. Don't try to be a hero.

DRIVER

Are you serious? I don't even like people like Quentin. He is phony. I only drive for him because he tips large. Take anything you want, it's no concern of mine.

BLAIN

So, you are not going to try to stop us or turn us in. I think that is nice of you.

DRIVER

I am a nice guy. I am from Canada, you know.

BLAIN

I did detect a slight accent. You don't think we are bad people, do you?

DRIVER

Why, no. I find this whole scenario entertaining. I just can't wait to see what happens next.

The driver's eyes light up with excitement.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - LATE DAY

Annabella turns on Q's computer. The ancient computer requests a password. Annabella picks up her phone and dials Piper.

INTERCUT:

ANNABELLA

The computer is asking for a password. Any ideas?

PIPER

You only get three chances and then it shuts down for a couple of hours.

ANNABELLA

What do you suggest?

PIPER

Try - Gecko.

She types it in. Denied.

ANNABELLA

No.

PIPER

Try - dead nigger storage.

ANNABELLA

What?

PIPER

Trust me. Try it.

She types it in. Denied.

ANNABELLA

I already knew that one wouldn't work.

PIPER

Okay. Last one for a couple of hours. Try - Maverick.

She types it in. Denied.

ANNABELLA

It's locked now.

PIPER

Okay, look around the office. Look for a clue to the password. Call me back when the computer resets.

ANNABELLA

Okay.

Anna taps her fingers on the desk while scanning the room. She smiles and begins to type. The box will not allow her to enter any characters. Anna wrings her fist and lays her head on the desk. She yawns. Anna stands and sorts through the papers on the desk.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - LATE DAY

Piper stands in front of a green door. He opens it. The room's flooring is covered with four feet of sand. Three small palm trees stand eccentrically in the corner of the room. A tiny pond rests in the other corner. A pointed glass ceiling supports hundreds of colorful and exotic plants. They dangle auspiciously over the room. A large parrot swings on its perch near the ceiling.

PIPER
What in the world?

Piper slowly enters.

PARROT
Hello, Mister Pink.

Piper locates the bird.

PIPER
Mr. Pink? What is your name?

PARROT
Top Gun.

PIPER
Your name is Top Gun?

PARROT
Mister. Pink - put it back.

PIPER
Damn, even his bird is Coo Coo for
Coco puffs.

A look of amazement settles across his face. He surveys the room. A carefree Blain swaggers in behind Piper.

BLAIN
What kind of room is this?

PIPER
There is a parrot in here, but I
don't think that is what really
lives in here.

BLAIN
Why not?

PIPER
It just seems to lavish for a
parrot. A parrot does not need
sand.

BLAIN
I feel ya'.

A blue door sits cozily in the corner behind a large cactus.

PIPER
Where do you think that door goes?

BLAIN
I don't know. He's your god not mine.

They cautiously stroll through the sand approaching the door.

PIPER
Have you got any of the goodies, yet?

BLAIN
No. Let's see what's behind door number blue.

Piper opens the door.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
Be careful.

Dogs BARK. The door is a hidden entrance to the pimped out dog house. The dogs rush the door. Piper shuts it immediately.

PIPER
Can you believe that?

BLAIN
New rule - be more careful when opening doors in this house.

SCRATCHING behind door. SCREECHING behind them.

PIPER
Did you do that?

BLAIN
No. I think we are about to see what lives in the sand.

They slowly turn: An ostrich lowers its face - eye level to Piper. Its beak slowly opens.

PIPER
Are they aggressive?

BLAIN

What? Do I look like the crocodile hunter, or that chick from the San Diego Zoo?

PIPER

I think if we move slowly - we will be fine.

PARROT

Mister Pink.

BLAIN

What is up with the bird?

PIPER

I don't know.

BLAIN

Slowly, and make no abrupt movements.

I WANT YOUR SEX - GEORGE MICHAEL - Piper's phone RINGS.

Piper stands still. Blain reaches for the phone attached to Piper's belt. The freakishly large bird lunges, biting Blain on the nose. Piper races for the door.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Don't leave me.

Blain grabs the ostrich by the neck, wrestling it to the ground.

PARROT

Mister Pink - bird love.

The ostrich maneuvers its body on top of Blain. Piper rushes the bird, SCREAMING. The bird SQUAWKS at Piper. He grabs a hand full of sand and throws it at the bird.

BLAIN

It sticks his head in the sand and you throw sand at it - like it would effect it or something?

PIPER

I am just trying to help.

Blain releases its neck. The ostrich swiftly stands. It circles Blain, kicking dirt and SQUAWKING angrily.

PARROT

Mister Pink - bird love.

Blain rolls out from under the ostrich. The ostrich buries his head in the sand. Blain's nose is red and bloody. Piper helps Blain to his feet and leads the disoriented Blain to the door. Blain glances over his shoulder: The ostrich has its rear high in the air.

BLAIN

Fuck that! I am tired of Q's animals.

Blain, without thought, charges the ostrich. The Parrot jumps up and down excitedly.

PARROT

Mister Pink - bird love - bird love.

Blain kicks the ostrich in the ass. Feathers fly. The ostrich slams into the ivy-ran wall and SQUEALS. Blain sprints out the door, chased closely by the upset ostrich. Blain drops Piper's phone. Blain scurries down the staircase. The ostrich snapping at his heels. Piper calmly exits the Blue room.

PIPER

I really thought it would have been some kind of large cat.

Piper picks up his phone.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - LATE DAY

Annabella searches the desk drawers. The computer boots.

ANNABELLA

I shall try it on my own.

She types in a password: Wrong. Annabella strikes another password: Wrong. Anna leans back in her chair. A RESERVOIR DOGS poster catches her eye. She smiles as her fingers gracefully walk across the keyboard: Wrong.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)

Damn it! I wish I had my lap top.
I'd hack into this 2600.

She slaps the desk in anger. A PEOPLE magazine falls to the floor. Annabella picks up the magazine and thumbs through it. She tosses the magazine down. Annabella powers off the computer and then powers it back on.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

A figure in black forces open a door in the den using a credit card. He cautiously enters the house. The thief peruses the downstairs den, rummaging through the items in a bookshelf. He moves to a curio with a glass front. He opens the cabinet and then pulls the mask up - uncovering his face. The reflection from the glass reveals: STEVE BUSCHEMI. Steve picks out a few items and puts them into a sack that he had stuffed in his back pocket. He slowly exits the room, tripping over a table that has been turned over in the middle of the floor. The classic Buschemi puzzled look. RATTLING. SQUAWKING. Steve pulls his mask back down, covering his identity. He slowly enters the living room.

LIVING ROOM:

Steve approaches a floor lamp and pulls the string. Steve turns: The driver acknowledges Steve's presence by nodding politely. Janice wildly opens her eyes and struggles to free herself. Steve silently approaches the hostages. He leans down, lowering the gag on Janice's mouth.

JANICE

Are you here to have your way with me? I am in no condition to fight.

Steve shakes his head: "NO". He repositions the gag across her mouth.

DRIVER

Who are you, the fourth Stooge? Did they have episodes with all four of them at the same time.

STEVE

I am the cleaning lady.

DRIVER

Cleaning up at night?

STEVE

It's easier to see the dust at night.

DRIVER

Wearing a mask, no less.

STEVE

It saves my lungs. Do I need to gag you?

The driver smacks his lips, attempting to get rid of the dryness across his lips.

DRIVER

No, sir. I am going back to sleep.
I am a little parched though.

The driver's eyes scream liquor.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Will you be so kind as to get me
some water or even better, a glass
of Kristal?

STEVE

I'm the cleaning lady, not the
maid.

DRIVER

Sir, they are one-in-the-same. I
believe you meant to say - Butler.

STEVE

Belvedere, you are so heading for a
gag.

Steve sneaks to the kitchen.

DRIVER

Be careful. The other Stooges are
running amok.

Steve is puzzled, but continues his quest through the house.

KITCHEN:

Steve pokes his head into the kitchen, pulling off his mask.
The ostrich eats from a fruit tray sitting on the kitchen
table.

STEVE

Lucy Lu? What are you doing out of
your room?

The parrot flies into the room, landing on the table.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Maverick? What are you doing out of
your room?

PARROT

Hello, Mister Pink.

Steve grabs a banana from the fruit tray. He opens the
refrigerator and grabs a Yoo-hoo chocolate beverage.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Piper searches the bedroom, making his way to a set of closets located next to one another. Piper opens the closet to the right. All the clothes are mens and are neatly organized on hangers. Piper sorts through the clothing. He discovers an underwear drawer in the back of the closet. Piper opens it: silk undies and girly night wear. Piper opens the doors to the second closet: beautiful dresses and hundreds of women's clothing hang meticulously on the ivory rails. He opens the underwear drawer in the back of that closet. Piper removes a pair of lavender colored panties. He reaches back down and retrieves a pair of white granny panties. He tosses the lavender undies back in the drawer. He continues to dig through the drawers, finding nothing more that excites him. He exits that closet.

Piper approaches the plush California King sized bed. He grabs a huge silk pillow from the bed. He sniffs it and returns it to its spot. Piper grabs a larger pillow, removes the pillowcase. Again, he smells the pillow. He drops the pillow, keeping the case. He opens a trunk at the foot of the bed: The briefcase from PULP FICTION stares back at him. Piper anxiously grabs the briefcase. He sits it on the bed, setting the combination - 666. Piper opens the case. A Godly golden glow overwhelms Piper. He smiles in amazement.

PIPER

Man. That is truly amazing. That is big. Huge!

Piper shuts the case and then shoves it into the pillowcase. Piper rushes back to the second underwear drawer. He pulls out several pairs of panties and shoves them into the pillowcase. Not yet satisfied, he continues his scavenger hunt. Piper examines an Oak desk. He opens a drawer: storyboards, film gels and index cards attempt to cover up three different size handguns. Piper zips through the storyboards and index cards. He finds NATURAL BORN KILLERS and shoves them into the pillowcase. Finally content, he heads to the exit. A huge mirror calls for his attention at the end of the bed. Piper stares at his reflection. He pinches his nipples. He looks up: A large mirror attached to the ceiling. Piper puts down the loot. He digs into the pillowcase and pulls out two pieces of under garments. Piper steps into a pair of the skimpy undies and pulls them up over his jeans. He sniffs the other pair of undies. He slides them around his neck. Piper poses in front of the mirror.

PIPER (CONT'D)

He mouthed, "HELP ME".

He pulls the undies closer to his nose, closing his eyes and sniffing.

STEVE (O.S.)
A fan, huh?

Piper turns still sniffing the undies. Steve bites the banana, laughing as Piper dances in front of the mirror.

I WANT YOUR SEX - GEORGE MICHAEL.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You might want to answer that. It could be one of those reality dance shows.

Piper, totally embarrassed, answers the phone. Steve finishes his banana.

INTERCUT:

PIPER
Hello.

ANNABELLA
It's booted up again.

PIPER
I can't talk right now. I am in Q's bedroom with Steve Buschemi.

ANNABELLA
What?

PIPER
Yeah. I will call you back.

ANNABELLA
I don't have a lot of time here. Give me something.

PIPER
Try - Mister Pink

She types it. Wrong.

ANNABELLA
Nope.

STEVE
Trying to log into Quentin's computer?

PIPER
Yeah, we are trying to print a script so we can leave it on his desk.

STEVE

Oh, I saw you guys at the cafe. You overheard the conversation with Frank. That's ballsy. Try - Mister Brown

PIPER

Try - Mister Brown, No wait! Try - Mister Shit.

Her fingers stroke in the characters.

COMPUTER

Welcome Master, please feel free to use me in any manner you deem suitable for your personal pleasure.

Annabella is ecstatic.

ANNABELLA

I am in.

PIPER

Okay, get to printing.

ANNABELLA

I am all over it.

Annabella slides the memory stick into the USB port. She slams her hands together like Mr. Miagi and rubs them viciously.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Piper hangs up his phone, smiling at Steve.

PIPER

This isn't what it looks like?

STEVE

It never is.

PIPER

We just want to leave our script.

STEVE

...And take some souvenirs. I know how it is. I rode that bull in the very same rodeo.

PIPER
We have to repay debts we made
along the way.

STEVE
Shouldn't you have already printed
the script?

PIPER
We did. It was stolen by a midget
in a stroller.

STEVE
Little Mikie and Brandy - that's
who I fence most of my stuff to.
I'm actually here trying to raise
enough money to spring them out of
the slammer.

PIPER
Everybody knows them. They are bad
people. They fuckin' mugged us.

STEVE
They can get you things other
people can't.

PIPER
This isn't what it looks like.

Piper removes the panties from his neck.

STEVE
I don't care. I've done worse.

PIPER
You are not going to call the
police?

STEVE
If you don't, I won't.

PIPER
I see what you are saying.

Steve neatly folds the banana peel.

STEVE
Like I said, it takes balls to do
what you are doing. I think it's
great. I don't tell anyone you
guys were here and you tell no one
I was here.

Piper holds out his hand.

PIPER

Wait a minute. You are the one stealing from Q when he is gone.

STEVE

Like I said, I've done worse.

Steve sticks the banana peel under the mattress.

PIPER

Why? You've got money. You're successful and popular - a little weird looking in a normal kind of way.

Steve shakes his head, pushing out that "oh, gee, thanks" smirk.

STEVE

Sometimes. Besides, I'm a clepto. It's safer to steal from Q - then say a department store. I don't want to be like Wynona. You know, big one moment - a convicted felon the next.

PIPER

Do you sell what you steal?

STEVE

You would be surprised what a pair of underwear worn by Mrs. Tarantino brings on Ebay.

PIPER

Really, ever tried to sell Q's?

STEVE

His granny panties? No way.

PIPER

You mean these are not Quentin's?

STEVE

No they are not. They switch underwear drawers weekly. They are strange like that. You mean, you thought those were Quentin's?

PIPER

Well, yeah.

STEVE

Okay. That is strange. You were sniffing Quentin's underwear.

PIPER

I am a fan.

STEVE

Alright. Let's get your script printed and get out of here before his mother-in-law arrives.

PIPER

She is already here.

STEVE

Wait. What?

PIPER

She is in the living room.

STEVE

Oh, that's right. I forgot. The horny woman tied up next to the old guy from 3rd Rock from the Sun.

PIPER

You've never met her?

STEVE

Nope. Every time she comes in - she hooks up with strange men, mostly William Shatner. I don't think I should meet her. C'mon let's get your script printed and get out here.

PIPER

What about Janice?

STEVE

I'll think of something.

Piper removes a second pillowcase and then grabs his loot.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Steve and Piper enter laughing and talking to each other about Steve's movie experiences. Pages shoot from the printer. Anna's pants are folded up next to the printer. Piper retrieves the printed pages.

PIPER
The ink is weak.

STEVE
I hope it doesn't run out.

PIPER
I am sure he has some more around here.

STEVE
No. I heard him tell his personal, Sarah, to pick up some because he had used most of it printing up "THE RETURN OF BILL".

PIPER
It's on page fifty-six.

STEVE
How many pages does it have?

PIPER
One hundred and twenty one.

STEVE
You should be alright.

Blain runs by the door, SCREAMING. The ostrich close in tow.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Is he with you?

PIPER
The bird? No!

STEVE
Not Opy. The Mario looking cat that smells like dog shit.

PIPER
Yeah. That's my writing partner Blain.

STEVE
I can see he's a major contributor.

PIPER
Is he in any kind of danger?

STEVE
Na. Opy is just looking for some affection.

PIPER
Opy the Ostrich?

STEVE
Yeah, he acts vicious, but really -
he's a pussy cat. I call her Lucy
Lu because her profile reminds me
of Opy.

PIPER
Okay.

The famous Buschemi scowl.

STEVE
First shit, now piss. Why do I
smell piss?

PIPER
I don't know but now that you
mention it, I smell it as well.

The printer finishes. Piper takes the remaining pages from
the tray. He straightens them up and then lays them upside
down on a nearby chair.

STEVE
Cool. Let's find your buddy and put
Opy back in his room, then we can
get out of here before something
bad really happens.

PIPER
Sounds like a plan.

They exit as Anna enters from an adjacent room. She is
dripping wet. Her amazing body wrapped with a towel. Anna
sits on a nice yellow couch. A second towel covers her hair.
She unravels the towel and begins to dry her hair. Opy
screams by the door, SQUAWKING. Anna lifts her head. Stares
at the door a few seconds, continues drying her hair. Anna
stands. She goes to the computer. The parrot flies into the
room, crazily flapping its wings.

PARROT
Bird love.

Anna slaps at the bird as it passes. It lands on its post.
Anna smirks at the bird and then retrieves her clothes.

ANNABELLA
I guess you do not know where the
washing machine is, do you?

PARROT
Elvis has left the building.

ANNABELLA
Okay? Crazy bird.

Anna exits, turning right. A few seconds later, Steve and Piper return, both carrying a pillowcase full of goodies.

STEVE
Put yours down beside the chair.

PIPER
Will yours be okay?

STEVE
Yeah. I'm just going to put it down here on the desk. It could get bad with Opy running around. It's better to be safe than sorry.

PIPER
I understand.

Blain blazes by the door. Opy waggles close behind.

STEVE
There they go.

PIPER
Let's get them before the Mexican goes down.

Piper and Steve exit, turning left in the direction of the boy and the bird. A few seconds later, Annabella returns. Anna enters without her clothing. Only the towel on her head and the towel hiding the pleasantries of her body.

PARROT
Elvis is home - Elvis is home.

ANNABELLA
Do you ever make any sense? I found the washer. Thanks for all your help. Silly bird, Elvis is dead.

The parrot WHISTLES. Anna notices the bag next to the chair.

PARROT
Mister Pinks - Mister Pinks.

ANNABELLA
I love the work you did on the Fruit Loops box.

She opens Piper's pillowcase. Anna fingers through the items, pulling out the panties. Anna starts to put them on.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
 What am I thinking? I shouldn't
 wear other people's underwear
 without washing them.

She puts them back into the bag. Annabella then notices the bag on the table. Struck with curiosity, she slowly opens the pillowcase. Without looking, Anna sticks her hand into the sack.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)
 What the fuck?

She SCREAMS, dropping the pillowcase to the floor. A large Boa Constrictor slithers out of the bag.

PARROT
 Elvis has left the building.

The snake slithers toward Anna. She jumps onto the chair, straddling the script - shivering and panicking

ANNABELLA
 Please, please - go away.

PARROT
 Hunk of burning love.

The snake stalks Anna. She turns, watching the snake slither to the other side of the chair. Opy wobbles unnoticed into the room.

ANNABELLA
 Please, be a vegetarian.

Opy snaps at the snake. Elvis, the snake, coils back and prepares to attack the funky bird. Opy SQUEALS and lunges for Anna. She turns and SCREAMS. Opy grabs Anna's towel with his beak and jerks the towel from her body. Blain races past the door. He slowly backs to the threshold and peers inside. A naked Annabella stands scared and bewildered, still a little wet from the shower.

BLAIN
 Do I make you wet?

Opy CHIRPS at Blain and quickly darts for the doorway.

BLAIN (CONT'D)
 We'll pick this up later.

Blain quickly excuses himself. The snake strikes at Anna, but misses. The parrot flies out of the room. The snake slithers away from the scene. Anna glances down.

ANNABELLA

Oh, shit.

The script is covered with urine. Anna steps down. Steve and Piper enter. Anna is startled. She quickly covers herself with the towel that is wrapped around her head. Anna runs to Piper.

ANNABELLA (CONT'D)

I am so fucking sorry.

PIPER

About what?

ANNABELLA

(laughing)

I am so fucking sorry.

STEVE

That laugh indicates a possible problem.

Piper glances at the script. He picks up the script. It's dripping with a yellow liquid.

PIPER

What is this?

Steve walks off, sniffing.

STEVE

I've heard of a script being shit. But I believe this is the first time I've ever smelt one that reeked of piss.

PIPER

What happened?

ANNABELLA

There was a bird, and then a bigger bird, and a snake - one bird was talking and the other was stalking - The snake scared the piss out of me.

STEVE

Literally.

ANNABELLA
All I could think about was Eddie
Murphy singing, "I've got to win
this race".

STEVE
Where is Elvis now?

Anna frowns.

PIPER
Elvis is the snake.

ANNABELLA
It disappeared.

STEVE
There goes my rent for the month.

PIPER
We cannot leave the script like
this.

ANNABELLA
We can print another one.

Steve pulls the cartridge from the printer.

STEVE
Not enough ink for another copy.

ANNABELLA
Can we go buy some?

STEVE
Not at this time of night. Besides,
you would never get back inside the
gate. It locks at midnight and
doesn't reset until six in the
morning.

PIPER
So, what do we do?

STEVE
Maybe you guys should just cut your
losses and exit.

ANNABELLA
We have come too far and have
already risked too much to quit
now.

PIPER

I agree. Once you take a certain amount of risks - it's stupid to just throw it all away.

STEVE

Then you should try to air out the script and only reprint the pages that you cannot save.

The group is startled when the home phone RINGS. Piper starts to answer the phone on the wall. Steve slaps his hand and gives him a funny look. A nervous Annabella chews at her fingertips. The answering machine performs its function flawlessly.

Q'S VOICE

Well, howdy ho. I am not here, so I cannot talk to you. Leave a number, a name and a message - If you don't - I will not call you back. And if you do, I still may not call you back - but it does improve your odds. If this is Harvey, I am sorry man, but no - You cannot have your own lead in a Grindhouse Kung Fu flick. It's just not going to happen.

BEEP.

FEMALE VOICE

Janice, pick up if you are there.
(beat)
Quentin's flight was canceled. He is going to do some TV interview here in town and will be back tomorrow by noon. Don't be scared and please - please, don't have any strange men over there. You remember what happened last time. That poor man had to seek therapy. I love you.

STEVE

And the plot thickens.

ANNABELLA

We still have time. Don't puss out on me.

PIPER

Yeah, we've got a few hours.

Annabella grabs the script from Piper's hand.

ANNABELLA

I will take care of this. You guys do something about Janice and the driver - and for god sakes find Blain.

PIPER

What are you going to do to save the script?

Anna sighs deeply and glances around the room.

ANNABELLA

I'll think of something.

PIPER

What about Frank? He will be here in the morning.

STEVE

Not so sure about that.

PIPER

What? Why?

STEVE

If Q's flight was canceled then Frank knows this. He will just wait until Q is home and drop the script off in person. He can squeeze him more in person.

PIPER

So, we are just wasting our time.

STEVE

No. You can still leave it on his desk. He has a very bad memory. You don't think I could steal this shit and sell it on Ebay if he remembered everything he lost, do you? He will still read it.

ANNABELLA

We don't have much time. We can stand here and talk about doing it or we can just do it.

STEVE

Your girlfriend needs some Yaz.

PIPER

What?

STEVE

Forget about it.

ANNABELLA

Everyone needs to take a deep breath and get hold of themselves.

STEVE

Your girlfriend is right.

PIPER

She's not my girl.

STEVE

Really. How old is she? Never mind, I'm going after my rent.

Steve exits. A tear rushes down Annabella's face. Piper grabs the script and sits it down. He wipes the tear from her cheek.

PIPER

What's wrong?

ANNABELLA

My rent is way over due. Even if this works - We won't see a dime for a long time. My landlord is not going to be so understanding the next he comes to collect.

PIPER

I'll take care of your rent.

Anna giggles.

ANNABELLA

You can't even afford a cup of Jo.

PIPER

This morning I called my friend, Danny - I asked him to sell all my music equipment for me. He is going to wire me the money later this week.

ANNABELLA

It's not enough for your rent and mine. I can't take your money.

PIPER

You believed in us, this stupid plan - I want to help. Besides, I need a new room mate.

ANNABELLA

You gonna' kick Blain to the curb?

PIPER

Nah, I figured we could rent a house and bury him in the basement with a box full of porno mags and an industrial size jar of Vaseline.

ANNABELLA

You'd do that for little ole' me?

PIPER

If you will have me? I've been hurt.

Anna's eyes gleam with passion. She drops her towel. They kiss passionately.

ANNABELLA

I was never a believer of love at first sight. And everyone's been hurt.

Piper SNICKERS.

PIPER

I won.

ANNABELLA

Won?

PIPER

Nothing, are you in love with me?

ANNABELLA

Love? Don't know if I believe in it.

Piper pulls her closer. They kiss. She pushes him away.

PIPER

Something wrong?

ANNABELLA

Plenty of time for us to do this after we move in - we are on the clock.

Anna retrieves her towel and grabs the script. She exits.

EXT. DOGHOUSE - NIGHT

The dogs sleep peacefully on the couches. The secret door slowly opens. Blain quietly creeps into the room. He softly shuts the doors. The dogs remains peaceful. Blain leans against the door, pulling out his cell phone. He dials.

BLAIN

(sotto)

Piper. I am in the dog house. The big fucking bird has me cornered. I can't go back into the bird room. I sure as hell don't want to wake these hounds of hell again. I'm tired. I need help.

(beat)

Steve, who?

(beat)

Why the fuck are you hanging with Steve Buschemi while I am running for my life in this urban jungle?

The dogs move, restlessness sets in.

BLAIN (CONT'D)

Okay, just hurry the fuck up.

Blain angrily shuts his phone. The dogs all open their eyes, but remain subdued as Blain ignorantly waves at the beasts.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The pages of the script are scattered around the counter. Annabella moves a hair dryer back and forth, drying the pages. Steve, Piper and Blain enter.

PIPER

How is it going?

ANNABELLA

Slow, but I think I will be able to salvage it. I'm using my perfume to cover up the smell of the urine.

BLAIN

Urine?

STEVE

Forget about it.

Steve looks at his watch.

PIPER
How much time do we have?

STEVE
About six hours.

PIPER
Anna, you keep working on the script. Steve and I will figure out what to do with our hostages.

BLAIN
What about me?

STEVE
Stay out of trouble.

ANNABELLA
Maybe we should tie him to a chair.

BLAIN
It's not me. It's these goddamn animals.

STEVE
The dogs are outside. The parrot and the ostrich are in their room with the door closed. You shouldn't be attacked anymore. What did you do to piss them off?

ANNABELLA
He was born.

BLAIN
I kicked the ostrich in the ass.

A mysterious smile overwhelms Steve's face.

STEVE
His ass gets a lot of action.

Anna double-takes toward Steve.

PIPER
Go upstairs and get the sack of goodies we have to take with us. Come back down here and touch nothing.

STEVE

If you come across Elvis, catch him
and put him in a sack for me. My
rent is due on Tuesday.

BLAIN

Who is Elvis?

PIPER

Just go.

Blain leaves the room.

STEVE

Those pages are numbered, right?

A worried look appears upon Piper's face.

ANNABELLA

Yeah. Of course, and by the way,
Piper. I've read bits and pieces of
the script. Not bad.

Piper smiles.

STEVE

Let's take care of our problem in
the living room.

Steve exits. Piper moves closer to Annabella. They slowly
start to kiss.

BLAIN (O.S.)

What the fuck is that?

ANNABELLA

I think Blain has discovered who
Elvis is.

They GIGGLE.

PIPER

We better get to work.

Anna softly kisses Piper on the cheek. Piper exits.

LIVING ROOM:

Steve unties the driver. Piper enters.

STEVE

He just got a page from the car
service - Quentin needs his limo at
the Grand in one hour.

PIPER
How long will it take you round
trip?

DRIVER
Forty five minutes.

PIPER
I thought you said we had six
hours?

STEVE
Yeah. I would trust the struggling
actor who breaks into his best
friends house - The only friend who
will give him a job on a decent
movie, I remind you - Steals his
pets and trinkets - sells them on
Ebay to pay his own debts. That's
the way I would go.

DRIVER
Hmm.

PIPER
What?

DRIVER
Everyone thought it was Frank
stealing.

PIPER
Does it matter to you?

DRIVER
Like I said, "I don't like the
exotic bastard."

PIPER
Can you stall him?

DRIVER
I could possibly give you an extra
hour. I can't make any promises.

PIPER
What about her?

Steve pulls the gag from Janice's mouth.

JANICE
You are going to double team me,
aren't you? I am too tired to
fight. I hope you have lube.

EXPLOSION in kitchen.

KITCHEN:

Steve, Piper and the driver rush into the room. Annabella stands frustrated at the counter: Smoke billows from the microwave. Small sparks shoot into the air. The ceiling above the microwave is on fire. Blain scampers down the stairs and barrels into the kitchen. He is carrying two sacks. Elvis is wrapped around his neck.

BLAIN

And you said I would burn down the house.

PIPER

Anna. What are you doing?

Piper checks to make sure Annabella is not injured.

ANNABELLA

I was drying the script, it wasn't drying quick enough. So, I thought sticking it in the microwave for a few seconds would speed up the process. Maybe it was the perfume?

BLAIN

Do you dye your hair?

ANNABELLA

Shut up.
(holding the fire
extinguisher)
Or I will shut you up.

BLAIN

You wouldn't dare.

Annabella sprays the extinguisher fluid. The foam covers Blain and the walls behind him.

ANNABELLA

I told you.

Blain moves toward Annabella aggressively. Annabella pulls the gun from her stocking.

STEVE

You have a gun?

Steve holds up his hands. Blain backs away.

ANNABELLA
Hollywood is dangerous.

STEVE
Put that thing away before someone
gets hurt, mainly me.

PIPER
What part of the script did you
ruin?

ANNABELLA
You laid it upside down on the
chair, so most of my urine dripped
on the ending.

DRIVER
You peed on the script?

EVERYONE
Forget about it.

PIPER
This is a disaster. He will not
expect a script without an ending.

STEVE
Not true. Most big time movie
writers do not reveal the ending
until pre production. He's just
going to think you are smarter than
you really are.

BLAIN
Or expect an amazing ending.

PIPER
Either way, I can re-write it or re-
print it later.

STEVE
You should gather up what you have.
Get it organized, and put it on his
desk.

DRIVER
I have to go.

The driver shakes his head with extreme doubt.

STEVE
What time do you think you will
return?

DRIVER

I will try to stall as long as I can, but I can't promise you more than an hour.

PIPER

Fair enough. Thanks.

Piper and the driver shake hands.

DRIVER

No, thank you. You should write a movie about the adventure you guys are in right now.

The driver exits.

PIPER

What about the old lady?

STEVE

I have an idea. Which one of you guys can drink the most?

Everyone looks at Blain.

BLAIN

I've never won any awards, but I believe I am the world champion of alcohol consumption.

STEVE

Then you get to be the lucky man.

BLAIN

Lucky man? I don't understand.

ANNABELLA

You will.

STEVE

I'm impressed, Elvis hasn't tried to strangle you.

BLAIN

I'm used to handling bigger.

Blain smirks. Steve leads him out of the room.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Blain sits at one end of an immaculate dinner table. A gagged Janice sits oozing with anticipation at the other end.

In the middle of the table sits three large bottles of whiskey. Piper and Steve stand at the middle of the table opening the bottles of spirits.

BLAIN

So, what's my job again?

STEVE

It's simple - get her drunk.

BLAIN

I don't see how getting her drunk will help our situation.

STEVE

I do. You will just have to trust me.

BLAIN

But..

PIPER

Would you rather be cleaning the piss off the script, or better yet, cleaning up the house and running across Q's pet crocodile?

Steve slams down two small shot glasses. Blain reaches across the table, grabbing a bottle and the two glasses.

BLAIN

I am a team player but I ain't blowing anybody.

Blain pours a glass. He takes a swig from the bottle. Steve approaches Janice, pulling down the gag. Janice looks at Steve with a desperate glare.

JANICE

I am about to become a statistic. A victim of a Mexican gang rape.

Her eyes roll with excitement.

JANICE (CONT'D)

All I ask, please, use lube. I'm not as young as I used to be.

Steve smiles and pulls the hair from her face. Her breathing quickens.

STEVE

No. First off, none of us are Mexicans - And secondly, It's not rape if you beg for it - It's just pathetic. The juiciest lube in the world would dry up seeing your wrinkled up vagina.

JANICE

What are you saying?

STEVE

This gentlemen across from you will be your date tonight. His name is Blain. He is going to pour you some drinks. You are going to drink them. What happens in Q's house, stays in Q's house. I promise you, this will be the highlight of your visit. It's going to be better than that time with William Shatner at the mini mart.

JANICE

He looks Mexican.

BLAIN

I'm Italian.

JANICE

I could use a drink or two. My throat is parched. Did you ram something down my throat when I was asleep? You can tell me the truth. There was a sword fight in my mouth. Who was the winner?

Steve raises up, smiling.

STEVE

She's all yours.

Blain scoots his chair next to Janice. They drink. Blain and Janice drink heavily. Annabella brings Blain hotdogs and more booze, sitting two bottles of ketchup and mustard on the table. Steve and Piper clean as much of the house as they can. Annabella lays the script neatly on Quentin's desk.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - MORNING

CUTAWAY: The driver opening the door for Mr. Tarantino.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Janice rests face down on the table. Drool oozes from her mouth as her teeth slowly slide out. Blain LAUGHS uncontrollably, playing with the two condiment bottles. He speaks GIBBERISH, DRUNKEN BABBLE. Elvis rests around Blain's throat. Janice raises her head. Her teeth fall completely out.

JANICE

Is that a snake around your throat,
or is your cock-a-doodle-do really
that big?

Blain rubs the snake in a sexual manner.

BLAIN

I thought I put this thing back in
after I went to the bathroom.

Janice starts to talk, but quickly her head crashes onto the table. Her teeth slide across the table. Piper and Steve enter. Steve helps Janice from her chair, guiding her through the room, leading her into a side bedroom.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - SIDE BEDROOM - MORNING

Steve reluctantly undresses Janice.

STEVE

Damn. I wish I had a couple of
drinks or some heavy drugs.

Annabella enters.

ANNABELLA

Here. Let me do it. Help Piper with
Blain.

STEVE

You don't have to twist my arm.

Steve happily exits. Annabella undresses Janice.

ANNABELLA

I always thought if I was in this
house undressing a woman, it would
be Uma.

Janice does not fight with Annabella. She attempts to kiss her, but Anna just pulls away.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - HALL - MORNING

Piper struggles to keep Blain on his feet as they travel down the hall. Blain BABBLES, holding tightly to the ketchup and mustard bottles. Steve rushes to help Piper. He picks up Blain and then throws him over his shoulder.

STEVE

Go clean up the dining room. Leave the liquor, but get rid of the ropes.

PIPER

What are you going to do with Blain?

STEVE

You heard him. He was willing to take one for the team.

Piper hustles down the hall. Steve turns around. He struggles further down the hall with Blain draped over his shoulders. Blain's front side dangles from Steve's backside. Blain squeezes the two bottles. Aiming them like guns, he sprays the condiments onto the wall as they travel down the hall. - destroying a Da Vinci painting with the sauces.

BLAIN

I'm an artist.

STEVE

What?

BLAIN

It only needed some color. Was the cat who painted this color blind, or did he just have no talent?

Steve struggles to hold Blain on his shoulders.

STEVE

I don't know what you are talking about, but you need to lay off the enchilada's.

BLAIN

I'm Italian.

Blain's head bumps into the wall.

SECOND BEDROOM:

Steve enters, plopping Blain on the bed next to Janice.

STEVE
There you go, big guy.

BLAIN
Oh, wait a minute. I see what's
going on here.

Blain stands up. He turns around. He faces Steve.

STEVE
It's got to happen like this.

BLAIN
No fucking way. I have a reputation
to uphold. I'm Italian. There is no
way the first chick I bed in
Hollywood came straight from a
black and white silent picture.
That shit just ain't funny.

STEVE
There is no other way.

BLAIN
No Fucki...

BAM! Annabella nails Blain in the back of the head with the
pistol. Blain goes down.

STEVE
Now, that's Italian.

Steve and Annabella maneuver Blain into the bed next to
Janice. Piper runs into the room. Annabella pulls Blain's
pants off. Blain struggles to get up.

BLAIN
Now, that's what I am talking
about. You, me - Bella, we are
going to make a Mexican meatball.

Annabella punches Blain in the nose. Blain goes down again.

PIPER
A car just pulled up.

STEVE
Hurry.

They finish posing Blain into the bed. Blain has his arms
wrapped around Janice's body. They run down the hall, then
through the kitchen.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

The Driver gets out of the limo. He walks around the end and slowly opens the back door. Quentin climbs out of the limo.

QUENTIN

Normally, you get me here in good time. Today, I feel something crawled up your ass and died.

DRIVER

Yes, sir. I understand and I apologize.

QUENTIN

Saying I'm sorry doesn't get me in my nice warm bed any sooner. It's made of Oak. You got to love the Oak.

DRIVER

No, sir. I'm sorry. Oak is very exquisite.

QUENTIN

I'm sorry - doesn't get me in my silk jammies, staring at the ceiling with the soft sent of Uma floating through the air. I'm sorry, doesn't make my midnight dreams come true nor my night time fantasies happen in color. I'm sorry never works. Never!

DRIVER

No, sir.

QUENTIN

But I'm sorry does get you one sorry tip.

DRIVER

Sir?

QUENTIN

T. I. P.

DRIVER

I'm not following you, sir.

QUENTIN

If you were following me, we would be even more later.

Quentin takes a deep breath followed by a smirk.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

My tip today - Drive faster next time, motherfucker. I'm Quentin Fuckin-Tarantino. Get my ass home in a timely fashion.

Quentin turns. He walks to the house. The driver delivers the one finger salute. Quentin turns around quickly. The Driver quickly scratches his head.

DRIVER

Anything else, sir?

QUENTIN

I have a meeting at seven. Don't be late or you will be replaced.

The driver nods.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Quentin walks into the house, throwing down his keys. He punches in a code for the door alarm. It BEEPS. Quentin walks to the table. Q checks his mail, throwing it down. Happily, he heads for the kitchen.

QUENTIN

I'm Quentin Taran-fuckin-tino.

Quentin shakes his head with vigor as he struts.

DINING ROOM:

Quentin notices the glasses and empty bottles on the table.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this? Janice out of control again? I hope it ain't Bill again. Maybe, it's Justin Bieber - I'd like to ring his little neck.

KITCHEN:

The microwave door is open. Scorch marks cover the door. The fire extinguisher sits in the middle of the floor. A black stain covers the wall and the foam from the extinguisher is everywhere.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Bill and his role playing.

Quentin opens the refrigerator. He frantically searches the items in the refrigerator.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Who the fuck stole my Yoo-hoo?

Quentin slams the door shut. He storms out of the kitchen. With conviction, he rushes toward the side bedroom. He passes the painting. He is disturbed by the stains on his priceless piece of art work. He touches it. He smells it. He tastes it. Anger overwhelms his attitude.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
Why the fuck are there condiments on my Leo? This is too fucked up - even for Shatner. Star Trek or not, he's going to pay for this. I'm going to beam my foot straight up his captain smokin' ass - where many Vulcans have gone before, and probably come back for more - after extensive STD testing.

Quentin calms himself down as he approaches the door at the end of the hall.

SECOND BEDROOM:

He slowly knocks on the door. NO ANSWER. Quentin knocks on the door again.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Janice, are you in there?

Quentin slowly opens the door. Janice lays in the bed half-naked with Blain's arm draped around her. Blain has no pants on and he has the ketchup bottle firmly in his grip. Ketchup and mustard cover both of them. Quentin storms out of the room. Blain SNORES like a chainsaw. A few seconds pass. Water splashes on the couple. Blain jumps up, sporting a huge boner.

BLAIN
Not again, get your hands off my penis. You're not Captain Kirk.

Janice opens her eyes, smacking her lips. They slowly look around the room. Both are shocked as they stare aimlessly at Quentin. Embarrassment overcomes Blain as he peers over at Janice. Blain and Janice deny the night. They both make excuses for the situation.

QUENTIN
Uma will not be happy.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Annabella and Piper sneak toward the front door, both carrying a sack.

PIPER
Be quiet.

ANNABELLA
Don't worry. We are just about home free.

PIPER
You better knock on wood.

ANNABELLA
Where's Blain's pecker?

They SNICKER. Piper slowly pulls open the double doors. The ALARM kicks on. Annabella and Piper panic. Quentin rushes down the hall and into the living room. Piper starts making excuses. Annabella backs up. Quentin reaches inside his sports coat, pulling out a classic colt revolver. Anna and Piper drop their sacks. Quentin points the gun at Piper. Annabella pulls out her Glock .45, pointing it at Quentin.

QUENTIN
Who the fuck are you people, and where the fuck is my Yoo-hoo?

Janice and Blain stagger into the room. Blain attempts to put on his pants, but stumbles and falls to the ground. Quentin and Annabella are both pretty shaky. Annabella is nervous with the gun, moving it from one person to the next person. Quentin slowly approaches the alarm and shuts it off.

JANICE
They tried to have their way with me, and apparently this one did. I'm not sure what he did with my teeth.

Janice points at Blain and then darts behind Quentin.

QUENTIN
I don't know what is going on, but no one better move, or I will fill you full of holes.

PIPER

We are writers. Just trying to get our script in your hands.

ANNABELLA

That's all. I am going to lower my gun.

QUENTIN

That's cool, but I won't lower mine.

Frank Miller walks into the house holding a package. Steve comes down the steps drinking a Yoo-hoo. Annabella raises her gun again. She randomly points it. Quentin points his gun nervously. Frank drops his package, pulling out a Rugar and wildly points it. Steve drops his yoo-hoo. He reaches into his jacket pocket and quickly removes a pair of purple undies. He crams them back into his pocket and goes into his other pocket, pulling out a banana. Steve shamefully points it like a gun.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Frank, go see what's in the sacks?

Quentin looks around. His Yoo-Hoo lays on the ground, the chocolatey deliciousness spilling onto his white carpet. Quentin looks up at Steve.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

You sick fucker!

Frank walks to the sacks. He bends down and then opens them, pulling out the random items and the snake.

FRANK

It's your stuff - and Elvis.

QUENTIN

So, you are the thieves?

PIPER

This is the first time we've ever been in this house.

QUENTIN

Janice, did they hurt you?

JANICE

No. I think I may have worn down the Mexican.

BLAIN

I'm Italian.

QUENTIN
Shut up - Mexican.

The Police swarm in. They throw Piper and Annabella to the ground, handcuffing them quickly.

COP
What about those two?

Pointing at Steve and Blain.

QUENTIN
The Yoo-hoo thief is with me.

COP
And Rocky?

The cop puts his hand on Blain's shoulder.

BLAIN
See, he recognizes I'm Italian.

COP
What? I thought Rocky was a wetback.

QUENTIN
Take him, as well. Charge him with assault on a horny old lady, or indecent liberties with an antique.

JANICE
Check his ass for my teeth. I haven't eaten breakfast yet. Suddenly, I'm in the mood for a Mexican omelet with Italian sausage.

BLAIN
Hey, my lover, tell me it didn't mean anything to you.

Blain flirts with Janice.

JANICE
Love 'em and leave 'em, that's what I always say.

BLAIN
I can't go to prison. I ain't blowing anyone.

COP

Yeah you are. I got a Shemale and midget with your lips all over it.

Janice grabs the stun gun from the cop, lighting Blain up. Blain goes down. Going into seizures. The police handcuff Blain as he kicks like a fish out of water. The police clear the room, hauling out the three - one by one. William Shatner curiously enters, holding a dozen roses.

WILLIAM

Janice, You told me you were going to stop.

JANICE

You can't stop this. You can only hope to contain it.

QUENTIN

So, what's in the package?

FRANK

It's that script I was telling you about.

QUENTIN

Oh, yeah. Is it any good?

FRANK

I read it. Rich read it. We both loved it.

QUENTIN

Where did you get it?

FRANK

My agents got me a copy.

QUENTIN

Agents?

(snicker)

You still call that midget and his cross dressing friend - agents.

Frank picks up the script.

FRANK

They are a little unorthodox, but they find me diamonds in the ruff. Where do you think I get my ideas?

QUENTIN

So, what's it called?

FRANK
STABAHOLIC.

Frank hands Quentin the script. Quentin thumbs through the pages.

QUENTIN
Written by any one we know.

FRANK
Nah. A couple of hack writers from the south east. It's raw and rough, but funny as shit.

Quentin smells the screenplay.

QUENTIN
What's their names?

FRANK
Blain DoDoreo and Piper Bones.

STEVE
That should be Bones and DoDoreo.

QUENTIN
Why does this smell like Brendan Fraser?

STEVE
How do you know what....

Quentin points his gun at Steve. He becomes silent.

QUENTIN
Do you know how to get in touch with them?

FRANK
No.

QUENTIN
How did your agents get the work?

FRANK
That's funny. They actually stole it, not to mention a couple of crotch rockets, and some other stuff. You know some of my movies haven't been selling good lately.

Frank looks around demanding respect from all.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have to find ways to supplement my income.

QUENTIN

Well, let's see if we can get a hold of these guys. Don't spend too much time looking. If you can't find them, we will just do another Grindhouse film, but don't tell Kietel.

STEVE

I know where you can find them.

QUENTIN

My, you do have your finger on the pulse of Hollywood.

Frank slaps the banana out of Steve's hand. Quentin picks up the peel, slapping Steve across the face with the yellow skin.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

That's for drinking my chocolate flavored paradise, slut.

STEVE

I am people who know people.

QUENTIN

Frank, is it really that good?

FRANK

Better than the crap I've been writing lately.

STEVE

Broken Lizard has written better scripts than the crap you have been putting out.

FRANK

Yeah, like that Lizard Lounge thing was a success.

Steve agrees silently.

QUENTIN

Well, guys. Go get them.

FRANK

You're the king.

QUENTIN

No. Elvis is the king. I am the emperor.

He picks up the empty bottle of Yoo-hoo and peers into the bottle.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The briefcase sits in the floor. Janice squats down. The snake slithers past the old lady. She pushes the snake away from the case. Opy runs downstairs, pestering the snake. The parrot flies down, landing on the piano. The numbers on the lock are set - 666. Janice opens the case. A golden glare surrounds Janice's face. The glare slowly fades.

JANICE

Oh, my. Who needs Shatner now.
I knew Uma was getting something -
from somewhere.

Janice reaches down into the case, pulling out an excessively large golden Dildo.

PARROT

Watch out for Mister Pink.

The parrot dances wildly.

THE END