

Klineberg and Doberman: Production House

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INT. CASTING ROOM- DAY

The door bursts open. MIKE DOBERMAN stumbles in, arms full of recording equipment. Good looking guy, early thirties, out of date blonde frosted Zack Morris style hair.

MIKE

Dude. Give me a hand.

Mike stares at IKE DOBERMAN, busy on a sudoku puzzle. IKE is the polar opposite of his half-brother. Brown hair, thick mustache, chin like tiny three inch ass.

IKE

I'm busy. Set the stuff up yourself today, I'm takin' it easy.

MIKE

Because?

IKE

You pissed me off last night with that sorority girl on the porch. I could barely hear Samford Knight belt out Little Red Corvette on United States of Talent. Why do you always gotta mess with them on the porch anyways? You know my room is right above it...

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH- NIGHT BEFORE

Mike and a perky CO-ED (19) are going at it pretty hard on a stolen CHURCH PEW that functions as a couch on the porch.

She pulls away for a brief second.

CO-ED

So you guys live here? I always thought this place was deserted or something... Your yard smells like feet.

MIKE

We're just really busy running our production company, you know? We only use this pad to crash when we're downtown. I got a place up on the hill too.

CO-ED

Oh really? What kind of company do you guys run? I wanna do some acting...

She smiles and REMOVES HER TOP. Wow.

MIKE

We're not that kind of studio. We shoot local commercials. (short beat) Did you see the one for Hank's Hideaway Meats? I shot that one myself.

CO-ED

(turned off)

Uhhh, no...

A short beat.

CO-ED

(cont.)

What's that behind you?

Mike turns around. It is pretty dark outside but it looks like a small animal is resting about two feet away.

MIKE

It looks like one of our props or something.

He slowly reaches out to nudge the shadow when suddenly...

"Little Red Corvette" comes blasting through an upstairs window! Not the Prince version but home karaoke style. Dying geese would sound better.

A BAT springs to LIFE. They both scream. The Co-Ed runs away FLAILING her arms as the bat chases her off the porch and next door to a massive SORORITY HOUSE.

The brick mansion makes Mike and Ike's two bedroom split level look like a civil war farmhouse.

She pounds on the door but it's locked. She continues to let out blood-curdling screams.

TITLE SEQUENCE

**ACT I**

INT. CASTING ROOM- DAY

MIKE

I should be the one pissed at you  
for last night, you cost me an  
evening with...

IKE

(interrupting)

Did you get any bagels or anything  
this morning? I'm starving.

MIKE

No. Are any interns here yet? I'll  
send one of them on a run.

IKE

Did you see any when you walked in?  
I obviously came in before you,  
hence my ass in this chair as you  
entered?

MIKE

No I didn't.

IKE

Sooo, how 'bout you wait outside  
then til they arrive? Mokay?

MIKE

Fine, you don't have to be such a  
dick about it.

INT. BULLPEN- CONTINUOUS

Mike leaves the casting room and enters a homely pit of  
despair known as the BULLPEN.

Each intern has their own personal desk/chair/cubby setup,  
think sweatshop combined with high school classroom,  
decorated with generic posters like "Imagine" and "Honesty"  
plastered on the walls along with two PORTRAITS of the  
founders ALEXANDER KLINEBERG and SIMON DOBERMAN.

Mike walks through the bullpen to the--

RECEPTION AREA

The reception area is just like the holding cell at your  
local drunk tank.

A lone desk with a telephone, and benches lining the walls. A single copy of People from 2006 on a rack and a used kids Highlight's magazine. Word searches already finished.

Mike paces back and forth waiting for someone to enter.

INT. BATHROOM- SAME TIME

Ike is SQUATTING over a urinal. Toilet paper in one hand, Sudoku in the other. An uncomfortable looking position.

INT. STAIRCASE- DAY

FIRST PERSON POV:

In what could be straight out of a horror film, we are ascending up an eerie staircase. A tight fit, only about three feet wall-to-wall. Scratches and nail marks line the cracked and dirty plaster. Floorboards creak.

The door ahead reads, "KLINEBERG AND DOBERMAN", etched in black lettering on opaque glass. The "D" in Doberman falling off.

END FIRST PERSON POV

INT. RECEPTION- CONTINUOUS

The door opens. A scared looking INTERN peers in.

RANDY SCHLUMBERGER (21) tall, medium build, zero self confidence. The type that used to be chubby and picked on, but eventually hit puberty and thinned out.

MIKE

Jesus Christ kid, it's *almost* eight thirty, your *almost* late. Get in here... Take this five bucks and head down to that donut shop on the corner. We need some bagels with salmon lox, and two piping hot milks too.

RANDY

(scared)

Hi, Hi my name's Randy, Randy Schlumberger. This is my first day.

MIKE

Want to know what I did on my first day in this business kid? I stabbed a sperm whale in the heart with a harpoon while on a fishing trip with Charlton Heston. That's right *THE* Charlton Heston... I can still taste that delicious whale meat every time I watch Roots.

RANDY

But Charlton Heston wasn't in...

MIKE

GOOO... (As Randy is leaving) And don't forget my hot milk! HOT MILK!

INT. CASTING ROOM- DAY

Mike strolls back in. Sees that nothing has been set up.

MIKE

Hey, thanks for setting everything up.

IKE

Sorry, had to take care of something.

MIKE

What time are we starting today?

IKE

I think the actors are supposed to show up in an half hour or so...

INSERT: 2 hours and 35 minutes later.

INT. RECEPTION- LATER

The room is jam packed with a variety of characters, all MEN. Tall, short, fat, bearded, about twenty or so strewn across the room.

Some reading their lines, a few are snoozing, others huddled around the two magazines.

DORIS is in charge here, set up next to her trusty multi-line phone and ancient MAC computer. She is mid forties, could be attractive if it wasn't for her horrendous teeth, like a beaver crossed with a piranha.

INT. BULLPEN- CONTINUOUS

Randy is huddled to himself at a desk in the back corner of the room. In his own little world, half excited, half petrified.

The room is bustling with ten other INTERNS. Mostly GUYS, and one lovely LADY.

Her name is EMILY (23). A Latina, and she runs the show here. Her straight black hair and luscious curves have gotten her this far, but it's her overachieving attitude that will push her to the next level.

*(Note: The rest of the Interns will be different for every episode except Randy and Emily)*

Emily approaches Randy without him realizing--

EMILY

And you are...?

RANDY

Oh, sorry... Uh, Hi I'm Randy.  
Randy Schlumberger.

EMILY

Hi Randy. Welcome to the Jungle. My best advice, keep your nose up and your eye's clean.

RANDY

Wait what?

EMILY

Keep those blue eyes clean. Things get cloudy around here with all the bullshit flying around. Also, Ike has some phobia with eyes, he'll totally freak on you.

RANDY

Noted. Thanks.

Emily shoots him a flirtatious smirk, then turns and fires off an inaudible sequence in SPANISH toward another INTERN.

INT. CASTING ROOM- DAY

Mike and Ike are seated next to their camera, propped up on a tripod. Trying to get into the creative zone.

IKE  
(into an intercom)  
Doris!!! Send in the first one.

MIKE  
So... What are we looking for here  
for this spot?

IKE  
I dunno, this script is crap... You  
wrote this?

MIKE  
Well, me and Tony did...

IKE  
Oh you and Tony?? Tony the  
tow-truck driver wrote the script?

MIKE  
It's his commercial.

IKE  
He's a damn tow truck driver, what  
does he know about advertising and  
the art of short films? He probably  
doesn't even have a high school  
diploma.

MIKE  
So, he gave me some great input and  
feedback. Who are you to judge a  
script, mister Flashdance is the  
greatest movie ever put onto film.

IKE  
(getting upset)  
No soundtrack has ever moved me  
like that one. It has nothing to do  
with the script.

RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR

A nervous looking ACTOR (30s) has his ear up against the door listening to the argument. Looks confused.

BACK INSIDE

IKE  
 Alright, alright let me handle  
 these first couple... I need to  
 channel my inner Kubrick.

MIKE  
 (under his breath)  
 That always works.

A knock at the door.

IKE  
 Come in.

Mike and Ike are instantly all smiles and welcoming.

MIKE  
 Hi, there.... Thank you so much for  
 coming in for us today. Let me just  
 have your head shot there, and you  
 are?

LARRY  
 Larry Lubenthal.

Larry is early thirties, skinny, balding, a bohemian type.  
 Couldn't be farther from what you would imagine a tow truck  
 driver looking like.

IKE  
 Did you get a chance to read the  
 sides Larry?

LARRY  
 Most certainly. I'm ready.

Mike reaches over Ike and presses record on the camera.

MIKE  
 Action.

LARRY  
 When your broken down on the  
 highway, don't hesi...

IKE  
 Cut! (whispers to Mike) This is my  
 goddamn spot, I'll say action. Ok,  
 that was good Larry, now imagine  
 you are sitting in a tow truck, on  
 a big cushy seat, country music  
 coming through the radio, window  
 down, possibly chewing some kind of

(MORE)

IKE (cont'd)  
 tobacco product. Feel the role.  
 Become (looks at the script) Tony  
 the Tiger. (To Mike) The tiger??

MIKE  
 Tiger Towing... That's what he  
 wanted to go with...

LARRY  
 So, am I a tiger or a driver?

IKE  
 Larry, are you a professional? Do  
 you aspire to act or no? Read the  
 lines... And Action!

LARRY  
 When your broken down on the  
 highway, don't hesitate to call  
 Ton...

MIKE  
 Cut! Larry, I need you to act like  
 you are sitting in a chair. So  
 squat a little, come on man, give  
 me what you got.

Ike just glares at Mike, like he is going to rip his tongue  
 out of his mouth and wave it like a terrible towel.

IKE  
 Okay, Larry... I am just gonna talk  
 you through it ok?

LARRY  
 (hesitant)  
 Alright...

Larry starts ACTING OUT EVERYTHING IKE SAYS.

IKE (V.O)  
 So we are driving a truck... check  
 your mirrors, whoa a Miata in your  
 blind spot, watch out... We're on  
 the highway... Uh Oh, traffic jam  
 up ahead, hit the brakes! I bet  
 there's a crash, cha-ching...

CUT TO:

A different ACTOR up on the stage, a FAT GUY (33) with an  
 amazing mullet, dressed in a black and red karate gui.

MIKE (V.O)

The ninjas are on the roof. Shake  
'em off the truck! Pull Over!  
There's five of them, they've got  
you surrounded... fight your way  
out!

The actor starts doing KARATE MOVES in thin air. High kicks that barely go up past his waist, a pathetic spin kick, several judo chops, topped off with an attempted BACK-FLIP. But he CRASHES into the back curtain, flying off the stage!

CUT TO:

Another actor, this time a LITTLE PERSON (30s) in a MONKEY COSTUME. Resembles an EWOK except his face is cut out of the suit. Cute as a button.

IKE

(to Mike)

There's a monkey in this script?

MIKE

I don't think so.

Mike flips through the pages.

The Little Person is now in full character... Except he is not acting like a monkey, he is doing THE ROBOT. Popping and locking his way from one end of the stage to the other. Usher would be proud.

MIKE

I'm not sure what's happening but I  
like where he is going with this...

IKE

Yea, let's keep him on list.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT II**

INT. BULLPEN- LATER

Lunch time. Most of the interns are brown bagging it. Randy is next to Emily. She is having take out Chinese. Mike and Ike sit in a conference room directly across from them. Watching them eat, also enjoying Chinese.

RANDY

So, is this like the typical daily routine. Just show up and hang out for awhile.

EMILY

Ehh, it depends... We do all the shoots too. Mike usually directs. Ike does the production management. Sometimes they'll switch.

RANDY

Sweet, I haven't been on a real set before.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- SAME TIME

Mike is picking through his beef and broccoli. Contemplating some serious thoughts.

MIKE

You ever think about selling the business and just trying something else?

IKE

Of course. My big break is right around the corner.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MMA FIGHT- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Ike is holding up a giant "ROUND 2" sign.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: He is wearing a red t-back bikini. Walking around the ring as fans CHEER for him.

DRUNK FAN

Shake it honey!!

He finishes the quick lap and hands the card off to a production assistant.

IKE

That was the easiest five grand ever. (To a nearby beer guy) Hey give me a beer!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BULLPEN- CONTINUOUS

RANDY

I'm not quite sure I understand these guys yet.

EMILY

They take some getting used to. If you can put in six months here, they can get you a gig just about anywhere. They have a ton of industry connections. You just have to stay on their good side.

RANDY

Six months?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- SAME TIME

MIKE

I'm serious man. I had an offer from Stackwell and Hoffstein, they want to buy us out. The building and everything.

Ike studies Mike. Stunned.

IKE

Well, what'd you say?

MIKE

I said that we would talk about it.

IKE

I mean, I guess, but... Stackwell and Hoffstein? I would rather watch reruns of "Sister Sister" than spend five minutes in a room with either one of them... And you know how much I hate identical twins. Those unholy configurations bound by the same genetic code.

MIKE

Ugh, I know...

IKE

What do you wanna do? Are you thinking about getting into something else?

MIKE

I dunno, I don't think Dad would want us to just pack up shop and sell.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNERAL- DAY

ALEXANDER KLINEBERG is being buried. Only a select few are at the actual funeral. The same PORTRAIT from the office is propped up on an easel. Creepy.

A cheap grocery store bouquet of flowers, still wrapped in plastic, rests atop the casket. A PRIEST is giving the final rights.

PRIEST

... And let us pray for Alexander Riccardo Klineberg as he begins his decent back into the earth from which he came...

SIMON DOBERMAN (70's) a staunch German, at the wake of his best friend, turns to his son Mike.

SIMON

Whatever happens, don't you ever sell my company... I'll haunt you from the grave.

He then takes off his leather ISOTONER GLOVE and BACKHANDS Mike with it. WHACK! Then continues to pay his respects.

The other funeral GUESTS look on in terror. Tears well up in Mike's eyes.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- SAME TIME

IKE

Dad... How I miss his famous hot chocolate and back rubs.

MIKE

I just don't know yet.

IKE

Don't you want to walk that red carpet one day, at your big

(MORE)

IKE (cont'd)  
 Hollywood movie premier. Just think  
 of it, Michael Adolf van Doberman  
 presents "Top Gun Two: Goose's  
 Revenge"... You still haven't let  
 me read that script yet.

MIKE  
 It's still in revisions.

IKE  
 I know that, but a sneak peek,  
 that's all I'm askin'. Just to see  
 where the story is going. You know?  
 Is that hot air balloon chase still  
 going to be in there? Did Meg Ryan  
 finally get her wings? You need to  
 take MY breath away...

MIKE  
 Consider it done.

A beat as they each shovel Chinese into their mouths.

IKE  
 (mouthful of food)  
 Well, let's just maul the decision  
 over for the rest of the day.

MIKE  
 Maul it over?

IKE  
 You know... think about it?

MIKE  
 You mean ball it over.

IKE  
 Pretty sure it's maul.

MIKE  
 Whatever... Oh yeah, I called Tony,  
 he's just going to do the  
 commercial himself.

IKE  
 Well, that makes things easier.

For a brief instant both brothers look into the CAMERA  
 BREAKING THE THIRD WALL.

(screaming)  
 INTERN!!!

The closest INTERN to the door jumps up. Pulls it open.

MIKE

Let the actors know the position  
has been filled.

INT. RECEPTION- CONTINUOUS

A room full of SWEATY ACTORS still wait in anticipation. Practically sitting on top of each other looking at the Highlights magazine.

INTERN

Guys, I'm sorry the part has been  
filled.

The room collectively groans. One SET OF TRUCKERS start disturbingly MAKING OUT.

The intern grabs a broom, that just happens to be along the wall, and starts sweeping at them like cats whining in an alley behind a prestigious Italian restaurant.

INTERN

(yelling)

No! Not in here!! Not in here you  
don't do that!!

One of the Trucker's HISSES at the Intern as he scurries away.

EXT. TONY'S TOW TRUCK SHOP- DAY

A beautiful spring morning. Sun shining, birds chirping, and-- a crew of INTERNS slaving away, preparing the set.

Rigging lighting around the cab of a tow truck. Getting the cameras in place.

Two directors chairs, each with a star on the back, face the truck.

TONY (35) is in hair and make-up, which just happens to be a chair in the parking lot with Randy holding a hallway mirror and a flashlight while Emily applies the cosmetics.

Tony is a big black guy, full beard, denim vest, tattoos on his knuckles. Probably could eat an entire baby deer if hungry... or provoked.

Emily is batting him with powder, but he is SWEATING profusely. Starting to look like he has chicken pox or shingles from the clumpage.

EMILY

Mr. Tony, I need you to relax a little. It's just a commercial for your very successful towing company. Just think of it like riding a motor cycle along a vast desert highway. Wind in your face, the open road ahead of you...

Randy give her a look like "really?". Emily shrugs her shoulders, not knowing what else to say.

Emily blots his brow with a towel. Then gets some MASCARA out of her bag.

EMILY

I'm just going to put a little bit of this around your eyes so they really pop for the camera.

Tony looks at her like he would rather stick his foot in a blender, but then shakes his head "yes".

TONY

(deep rumbling voice)  
Wouldn't be my first time...

EMILY

Sorry, what was that?

TONY

Wouldn't be the first time I had my eyes done sweetie... I spent a nickel in San Quentin. My she-johns used to prefer my eyes did up.

As Emily continues to apply the mascara--

IN THE BACKGROUND

-- A vintage Subaru Outback skids into the parking lot, CRASHING INTO A LIGHT ON SET. Glass shatters.

Emily jumps and accidentally STABS TONY IN THE EYE. He screams out.

This startles Randy, who then drops the HALLWAY MIRROR.

Which in turn causes Tony to flinch and FALL BACKWARDS out of his make-up chair onto the rocky asphalt. His head hitting the ground sounds like a dropped bowling ball from a third story window. Hollow and gut-wrenching.

Randy STASHES THE FLASHLIGHT IN HIS POCKET and runs to Tony.

AT THE CRASH SITE

Mike slowly opens the door to the Outback. Gets out. Has a white liquid all over pants.

MIKE

Sorry, everyone. Just spilled some hot milk on myself... We ready to work or what?

CUT TO:

TONY'S POV:

Blurriness. Three faces are huddled around ours. Inaudible voices. Something sounding like a TRAIN WHISTLE.

IKE

Tony! Tony! You're lying on the train tracks! You gotta get up! GET UP!

Mike has his laptop open huddled around Tony. Pressing buttons for sound effects. TOOT TOOT!!

END TONY POV

Tony JOLTS up. Out of it. There is already a bandage on his head. He tries to open his eyes but is having a hard time.

TONY

I can't open my eyes.

EMILY

(to Mike and Ike)

I might've accidentally stabbed him with my mascara brush.

MIKE

He could use a little eye work. Make those big browns pop.

Ike, acting like a doctor, tries to open Tony's eye.

IKE

Nice and easy big guy, let's just have a look-see.

Ike DRY HEAVES at the sight of his eyeball. Turns his head away instantly. Looks to Mike in a panic.

IKE

I think a little ice and you'll be good to go.

TONY

Is it bad?

IKE

Nah. You're a trooper aren't you? A big burly truckin' trooper. You aren't going to let a little poke like this stand in the way of your non-refundable deposit on a commercial shoot are you?

TONY

I guess not Mike.

IKE

It's Ike, but good. Glad to see your still game.

Ike gets up from his knees, then forcefully grabs Emily's arm and drags her away.

MIKE

(To Tony)

Let's get you up and into wardrobe okay?

Mike helps Tony to his feet, almost toppling over from all the weight.

WITH IKE AND EMILY

IKE

What the hell was that? I hope you didn't screw this whole thing up for us.

EMILY

It's not my fault your pendejo brother rammed into that light. I jumped. It scared me.

IKE

Ok... Ok. I'm sorry. Just been a little stressful these past couple of days. Literally been working on some new material.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR- NIGHT

Ike is on stage in a dive Karaoke Bar. He's wearing a strikingly bright blue blazer, white tie and pants. Hair slicked back. Putting on a real show.

IKE

(singing both parts)

Living in a material world...  
Material! Living in a material  
world... Material! Living in a  
material world... Material! A  
material, a material, a material  
world.

Ike has his arms spread out like the "King of the World" as he poses for the conclusion of his song.

DRUNK GUY

You Suck!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. TONY'S TOW TRUCK SHOP- DAY

EMILY

Well, I realize that things have been a bit stressful these past few days, but don't take it out on me.

IKE

I said I was sorry alright. Let's go out somewhere real nice after we get this in the can. Whaddya say?

EMILY

Ok, fine...

Randy watches them talk from a close distance. He can't make out any words but watches their body language.

Ike leans in for a KISS on Emily, but she turns away. He only gets cheek.

Randy slouches in disappointment. Back to work.

EXT. TONY'S TOW TRUCK SHOP- DAY- LATER

Mike and Ike are in their prospective chairs watching Tony hoist his way into the tow truck. Still a bit woozy.

The crew of interns are busy running around finishing the set. Randy passes by Ike. Their eyes lock.

IKE  
(pointing)  
Hey you! Run the camera for this first shot.

RANDY  
Me?

IKE  
Yes, you... The kid with the raging hard on. I can't have you running around set with that thing, scaring the neighborhood children.

Randy looks down. The FLASHLIGHT stuffed in his pocket. From Ike's angle, it looks like his manhood. Impressive.

IKE  
Just sit in the chair, press record.

Randy abides. Huge smile on his face. His first taste of show business.

Mike pulls out an OVERSIZED MEGAPHONE. It is loud enough for everyone within a mile radius to hear.

MIKE  
(through the megaphone)  
Places!

Everyone freezes. They look around awkwardly.

MIKE  
Action!

Tony is frozen. Paralyzed. His one good eye darting from side to side. The other barely open.

He swallows hard, then the words just blurt out...

TONY  
I just wet myself...

IKE  
Cut! Jesus Christ Tony, I thought  
you were up for this...

MIKE  
(to Ike)  
I say cut, I've got the microphone.

IKE  
A. That is a megaphone, and B. I  
said I was directing this one.

MIKE  
Your such a baby.

IKE  
Yea, well, no one loves you.

SLOW MONTAGE TO MEATLOAF'S "I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE":

-- Tony starts hyper-ventilating. Emily, in the passenger  
seat tries to calm Tony down, while another INTERN gently  
pats down his crotch with a towel.

-- Mike and Ike continue to assault each other through  
aggressive body language and hand taunting.

-- Randy is still taping everything. Ike keeps glancing over  
at his package. Jealous.

-- Three INTERNS start FLASH MOB DANCING in the middle of a  
busy intersection. A tractor-trailer SKIDS...

-- Simon Doberman gives LITTLE IKE (7) an ice cream cone. He  
then looks to LITTLE MIKE (5) and gives him a pair of dress  
shoes and a cloth to shine them with.

BACK TO SCENE:

Out of nowhere, a stocky JEWISH GUY in a shiny Italian  
business suit with a Texas style bolo tie and native  
American jewelry comes from behind-- MORTY STACKWELL.

STACKWELL  
Guys, guys come on now... I've seen  
more organized than this on an  
Olsen Twins movie.

The Doberman Brothers snap their heads around.

IKE  
Stackwell.

MIKE  
Don't you have some kind of  
reservation or something you aren't  
supposed to leave?

STACKWELL  
Actually, it's a native American  
casino, and I am allowed to leave  
if it is for business purposes  
only.

Pulls up his pant leg to reveal a turquoise encrusted  
TRACKING DEVICE.

IKE  
Yea well, what business purpose do  
you have on my set?

STACKWELL  
I came to see you if guys have  
considered our generous offer yet?

MIKE  
We are in the process of  
considering it. We are obviously  
busy making wonderful commercials  
to promote Tony's thriving  
tow-truck business.

Stackwell glances over towards the shoot.

An INTERN is pulling up a DEPENDS DIAPER over top of Tony's  
soaked TIGHTY WHITEY underwear. Tony then looks to the guys  
and gives them a big THUMBS UP.

IKE  
See, right as rain.

MIKE  
Those are actually stunt underwear.

STACKWELL  
I'm sure... Well the offer is good  
until nine A.M. tomorrow gentlemen.  
You know where to find me.

IKE  
I'm guessing at some kind of Simon  
and Garfunkel fan club event?

STACKWELL

Nine A.M.

Stackwell turns and strolls away, SPURS making metal sounds as he trots back to his Mercedes.

MIKE

Hey Ralph, did you get that? We have to touch base with the lone ranger by nine tomorrow.

RANDY

My name's Ran...

IKE

(whispering to Mike)  
I don't trust that kid.

MIKE

Yea, I think he deuced in my favorite urinal this morning just to spite me.

IKE

I wouldn't be surprised. Look at that package he's got there, it would probably hang down into the toilet water if he squatted. He probably has to go about other ways of getting the job done.

MIKE

Jesus... Anyway, what are we gonna do about this shoot... Tony can barely see out of his left eye, and he's about as camera shy as a sex offender giving out free puppies at a candy store.

A long beat.

IKE

I've got an idea. Just go with it.

**END ACT II**

**ACT III**

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK SHOOT- DAY

Tony is dressed like a PIRATE. Eye-patch over his bad eye, red bandanna around his head, hiding the trauma bandage... and a LITTLE PERSON in a PARROT costume riding shotgun inside the truck.

TONY

... So if you're broken down, don't bother calling triple A, they will just call me and charge you double. Call Tony's Tiger Towing. We'll tow you out of that ditch and bring you a nice bowl of my famous chili in case you hungry. Remember if you ain't bein' towed by Tony, you'll probably die on the side of the road somewhere. Or get shot.

PARROT

SQUUUAAAKKK!!!

Mike and Ike are shaking their heads "yes, he's nailed it".

CUT TO:

INT. CHILI'S- NIGHT

A WAITRESS is trying to balance a serving tray with a GIGANTIC MARGARITA and a pint sized draft beer.

As she walks through the typical crowd of CRYING CHILDREN, DRUNKEN COUGARS, AND UNDERAGE TEENS, she makes her way to a solemn booth where IKE and EMILY are silently waiting.

WAITRESS

So we've got the Imperial head-thumper for the gentleman and a Pabst draft for the lady. Can I start you off with a triple dipper or a guacamole surprise perhaps?

IKE

I think we need a few more minutes, thanks.

EMILY

Chili's huh? This is the dinner plans you wanted to make?

IKE

Ummm, does it really get any better than this? The apps here are delicious, affordable, and enough food to feed a horse if you were allowed to bring horses into Chili's... Maybe the take out side.

EMILY

Right.

She looks away, takes a sip of beer.

IKE

I would've sprung for a Tecate or Corona if you wanted...

Awkward silence.

IKE

(cont.)

What'd you think of that shoot today? We really made some magic happen out there.

EMILY

I stabbed an ex-con in the eyeball with a mascara brush. Then proceeded to soak up his piss. Not really the day I was looking forward to.

IKE

Yes, that was unfortunate. But everything turned out okay, right?

EMILY

My six months working for you is over next week. I need to know if you are going to hire me full time or help me find something else.

IKE

I'm not supposed to say anything to anyone, but we might just be selling the company.

EMILY

Really? Someone wants to buy it?

IKE

Ummm, yes, they obviously see the value in our brand.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES OF STACKWELL AND HOFFSTEIN- NIGHT

Morty Stackwell and THOMAS HOFFSTEIN are seated at the head of an eight person "Legion of Doom" style conference table.

Hoffstein is in his eighties, looks straight out of prohibition era Chicago. Gangster pinstripe suit, cigar.

STACKWELL

First off, I would like to thank you all for attending tonight's meeting.

Seated at the table from right to left are--

INSERT OVER A FREEZE OF THEIR FACES:

-- HENRY SPANKS; Owner of Divulge Marketing, an internet conglomerate that steals personal information for fortune 500 companies. Once tore up a picture of the Pope.

-- DOLLY AND CLIVE HABERNATHY; Owners of Toadstool Ventures, an operation that uses subliminal psychedelic messages to enhance product placements among drug users.

-- MORTY STACKWELL; Owns and operates Turquoise Junction Hotel and Casino. Is 1/24 Apache. Also runs Stackwell and Hoffstein productions, the major player in the San Fernando Valley low budget commercials game.

-- THOMAS HOFFSTEIN; Former gun runner and counterfeiter extraordinaire. Thinks it is 1951. Is deathly afraid of rabbits and small furry creatures.

-- BRICE BILLINGSWORTH; Owner of Thundercats Forever Marketing, the company behind increasing the volume on commercials so you have to get up to turn it down.

-- STEVEN HAPPYTON; Runs environmental campaigns for the Big Oil companies. Has been known to hate children and rainbows.

-- WADE BOGGS; Iconic former third basemen for the Red Sox **and** the Yankees. Enough Said.

STACKWELL

Hopefully the brothers Doberman realize that we have made them an offer they can't refuse. Then collectively we will raise our prices and squeeze out every penny

(MORE)

STACKWELL (cont'd)  
we can from the low budget  
commercial sector, forcing small  
business to use our marketing  
conglomerates or nothing at all!!

Lightning CRASHES through the window behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMILY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The Subaru Outback CRUNCHES over top the remnants of an empty 40oz bottle in a handicapped parking space. Shadowy figures lurk about the car.

INT./EXT. SUBARU- SAME TIME

Ike throws the car into park. Rubs his eyes. Spits out his gum through the open window.

IKE  
Here we are.

EMILY  
Yup. Thanks for the ride.

IKE  
You think I can come in? I am  
either going to vomit or piss  
myself from that margarita.

A beat. She contemplates his elegant words.

EMILY  
I guess.

They get out of the wagon. Walk towards some steps.

EMILY  
Don't you think you should be home  
talking about the deal tomorrow  
with Mike? This is an important  
night...

IKE  
I'm sure he is going over  
everything right now.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Mike is sitting by the window, looking through a pair of BINOCULARS. No shirt on.

BINOCULARS POV:

A couple of barely dressed SORORITY GIRLS are braiding each others hair and putting on tanning cream.

The POV starts rhythmically BOBBING UP AND DOWN along with the faint sounds of rhythmic clapping.

INT. RANDY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Randy is putting the finishing touches on an updated resume. Then turns off his computer.

Picks up the alarm clock. Pushes a button. "6:00" Flashes in red LED. He sets the clock back down.

CLOSE ON: A finger flipping a switch to the "OFF" position.

EXT. KLINEBERG AND DOBERMAN PRODUCTION OFFICE- DAWN

A HOT DOG VENDOR (60's) is pushing his CART past a dilapidated red brick building just as a warm orange sun gleams from above.

He then hits a RIFT in the sidewalk and TOPPLES OVER.

INT. BULLPEN- LATER

The INTERNS are all crowded around a laptop.

ON THE LAPTOP

Footage from yesterday's commercial shoot is being cut and edited together.

INTERN #2

Damn, this is actually some really good footage for once. Who shot this?

INTERN #3

It was that new kid Ralph.

INTERN #2  
The one with the huge dong?

INTERN #3  
Yea... Where is he anyway?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- SAME TIME

Emily, Mike and Ike are seated around the table with a phone placed in the middle. Morale is looking low.

The clock on the wall reads "8:58"

IKE  
We're taking the money right?

MIKE  
I think we should. You know, get on with our lives.

IKE  
Agreed.

Emily can't believe what is happening. Rolls eyes.

The clock now reads "8:59".

INT. STAIRCASE- DAY

FIRST PERSON POV:

We ascend the eerie staircase, but this time there is no pause. No break in stride. We burst--

THROUGH THE OPAQUE DOOR.

Doris is staring at us from RECEPTION. Goddamn those teeth are hideous. She says nothing, merely watches us go by.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- SAME TIME

The clock ticks to "9:00".

Almost instantly, the phone RINGS. Emily answers.

EMILY  
Klineberg and Doberman, this is Emily, how can I help you? Just a moment.

Mike reaches over and hits the "speaker button".

CLOSE ON THE PHONE

MIKE (V.O)

Alright Stackwell, I don't know  
what else to say besides...

A HAND COMES OUT OF NOWHERE AND HANGS UP THE PHONE.

**THE END**