

MR. BUG

By

Mark Alberici

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rivercardZ productions inc.  
8499 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 17  
West Hollywood, CA 90069  
323.650.4320 Fax: 310.362.8820  
rivercardz@yahoo.com

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FADE IN:

Scroll disclaimer:

"In no way do the creators of this film condone violence. If you construe from this story that we are telling you that you should commit violence and/or otherwise harm someone, you're a fuckin' idiot. We are not telling you that. Got it? For the second time, WE ARE NOT TELLING YOU THAT. In fact, we are telling you to never do anything that harms another person. Don't be a fuckin' asshole."

EXT. CORCORAN -- MORNING

A line of cars waits at the parking gate. Every 15 seconds, to the second, an arm sticks out the car, keys the laser, the gate rises, the car enters, the gate closes. Car after car after car after car...

INT. BUG MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- MORNING

Bug Man sits in his beat up old car, waiting in the line to enter his Corcoran. The car is ancient, a disaster, barely able to pump the gas through it's own veins.

An empty baby seat is attached in the back seat.

EXT. CORCORAN PARKING GATE -- CONTINUOUS

When Bug Man reaches the gate, we see there is the most unbelievable, hottest, sexiest chick standing next to the keypad. Naked. Bald ass, beautifully naked.

BUG MAN

Oh fuck off cunt!

When he wags his key card in front of the laser to open the gate, we see the "Thought for the Day" posted next to the keypad by the friendly building management, which the hot chick dutifully reads in a seductive, sexy, teasing, mocking way.

WVOA

"Today is the first day of the rest of your life." By Anonymous.

BUG MAN

Blow me.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CORCORAN -- DAY

Bug Man enters the elevator, was about to key the laser, but someone has already done it, and also pressed "35," which is his floor.

The elevator fills to capacity. The doors close. All 15 people raise their eyes to the far upper corner and the video monitor which pipes in the news.

GRACIE, about 35, out of shape, cheap business suit, and Bug's most immediate boss, stands a few moslaves away from Bug Man.

GRACIE

Well, how was your weekend?!

STUD MAN rips out his chain saw, fires it up, shouts over it's roar as he cuts all 14 fellow passengers into tiny pieces, leaving Gracie deliciously for tortuously last. Fat secretary after boring suit, dead weight after dried out twig, panicked, clawing at each other to get away from Stud, screaming in terror!

STUD MAN

DON'T YOU EVER FUCKIN' ASK ME ABOUT  
MY FUCKIN' WEEKEND AGAIN YOU FUCKIN'  
EVIL SMELLY CUNT! YOU DON'T GIVE A  
FUCK ABOUT MY WEEKEND AND I CERTAINLY  
DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT YOUR FUCKIN'  
WASTE ASS WEEKEND!! FUCK YOU YOU  
DRIED UP PUSSY, YOU FUCKIN' PIECE OF  
SHIT ROTTED CAT INTESTINES CUNT!!!

Stud, in blissful ecstasy, finishes with Gracie, first chain sawing her face, then cutting off her stupid head, then her arms, tits, cutting out her guts, then ripping right through her fat stumpy legs, when suddenly the doors open for floor 35.

Bug Man steps out, stepping over dripping body parts (he even has to kick a leg or two out of the way) keys a security door, enters Corcoran.

INT. CORCORAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Bug Man walks past row upon row of cubicles, phones, monitors, fat chicks, till he reaches his pod, his desk in his pod, his chair at his desk in his pod, only to find his computer decorated for his birthday! Make him 26, and a rather handsome, athletic, intelligent lad.

CO-IRKERS

SURPRISE!! HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

STUD MAN

A party? I'll kill ya! Ha ha ha ha!

Stud Man promptly pulls a monstrous ugly CLAW HAMMER from his drawer, and slams it into the head and brains of each and every one of Bug Man's co-losers, his fuckin pod mates.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- LATER

While Bug Man types nonsense into his computer, the mail boy drops a stack of mail in Bug's in box. Stud stands, rips his keyboard from his computer, and WHACKS the mail boy in the back of the head about 5 times, crushing the asshole's skull, and destroying the keyboard.

Bug sits back down. Reaches for the letter opener that sits in the holder between him and his pod mate, an equally youthful, beaming guy. Stud quickly jabs the letter opener in both eyes of Bug's pod mate, wipes the blood off on the asshole's shirt and tie, then sits back down, proceeds to slice open the letters.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- LATER

Bug Man continues to slice open the fuckin' mail, read the pieces of worthless, stupid paper.

But a young woman walks by the pod. A team mate, sure, a member of the same team, as they say in Human Resources, and certainly not a raving beauty, no sirree, but she's got a moving ass, that's all Stud cares about.

Stud follows her to her pod. She turns, looks at him with all the lust of all the whores in Turkey and Greece combined. She rips open her shirt. Stud rips off her bra, grabs her tits, her big, wagging, floppy, pink and beautiful tits.

Then he rips off her business skirt. He bites her panties, rips them off with his jaws. He slams her down on her desk, shoving her pod mate out of the way, and fucks her into the next galaxy, she screaming louder than any wailing goddess of the heavens who ever fuckin' invented cunt cums.

INT. CORCORAN MEN'S ROOM -- LATER

Bug Man pisses in the urinal next to a team member, who's pissing in the other. Stud Man silently slips back, around the urinal guard separating them, and pisses all over the loser's butt and legs. He even gets a few squirts up on the fuck's back, when he can score a really good thrust.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- LATER

Bug Man types dutifully in his computer. Gracie's scary head shoves itself above the cell wall.

GRACIE

What are you working on right now?

STUD MAN

I'm mixing the contents of these two beakers, which will combine to form a particularly nasty and painful chemical compound, which I'm gonna slip in your bottled water while you're away from your desk.

Three total dweebs creep around the cell walls to present themselves to Bug Man.

GRACIE

Oh, good. These are the new hires. Can you please give them an overview of the department, and start them on the greetings.

BUG MAN

Sure, let me just make this call, and I'll be right on it.

GRACIE

10-4rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Bug Man puts his phone on speaker, dials a number. After a few rings, during which Bug and the New Hires exchange glances, dweeby smiles, the machine on the other end picks up.

PHONE MACHINE

Hi! This is Deadwood River Securities, serving your security and retirement needs. Please leave a message after the tone, and we'll get RIGHT back to you!

BEEEEEEEP!

STUD MAN

Yeah, this is SuckAmerica licensing in Los Angeles. We're calling about your recent application for an appointment with our company. I'm processing your application, and I can't fuckin' read your fuckin' hand writing! I can't read your fuckin' address dumbfuck, nor your birth date. And I see here that you more than likely were born in the '50s or something, in the last fuckin century, so if you're too fuckin' old to be writing, you're too fuckin' old to be working and trying to sell insurance policies you fuckin' old fart, so stop trying to fuck up everybody else's lives with your fuckin old age disease, you fuckin'

(MORE)

STUD MAN (CONT'D)  
 fucked up piece of shit old age cock  
 sucking bird shit stained crumbling  
 decrepit statue.

INT. CORCORAN CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Bug Man stands before the dweeb new hires.

STUD MAN  
 Why the fuck you here? Are you such  
 losers that this existence is actually  
 an improvement over your previous  
 ones?

All the New Hires nod in unison. One is actually close to  
 being a hottie little sexy number, which of course has not  
 slipped by Stud. She speaks up.

HOTTIE NEW HIRE  
 I rather like being here.

STUD MAN  
 If you had a million dollars would  
 you be here?

HOTTIE NEW HIRE  
 Of course not!

STUD MAN  
 Then shut up. You don't wanta be  
 here. We'll fuck later.  
 (to all)  
 Ok, this hell hole sells life  
 insurance. It's one of the largest  
 insurers in the world. You idiots  
 all know this?

They all nod in unison.

STUD MAN  
 For some fucked up, psycho reason  
 only you and maybe your whore mom  
 knows, you've elected to join the  
 death claims division.

BUG MAN  
 When a policy holder dies, a claim  
 is made through us on behalf of the  
 policy holder's beneficiaries.  
 Usually, it's the beneficiary him or  
 herself calling. So, we've devised a  
 script for you to follow.

Bug points to the Power Point projection of the script.

BUG MAN  
 Repeat after me: "Oh, I'm so sorry."

NEW HIRES

Oh, I'm so sorry.

BUG MAN

You have to put a little more feeling into it. Sometimes these people are even crying on the other end. We find it helps if you imagine someone close to you dying. Do you have anyone close to you, maybe your mom, or a brother, or sister?

Some nod yes, some nod no.

BUG MAN

You don't have anyone close to you?

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

Well, my grammy, but she's already dead.

BUG MAN

Then can you think of her please?

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

I'm supposed to think of my grammy dying all day?

BUG MAN

It would help with your phone work. I know, it's not the most pleasant of tasks, but you must think of the customer first. And remember, your phone conversations are recorded. Ok, once again: "Ohhhh, I'm so sorry."

NEW HIRES

Ohhhh, I'm so sorry.

BUG MAN

Good! "That's awful/terrible/so sad." Use whatever you feel comfortable with.

NEW HIRES

That's awful/terrible/so sad.

BUG MAN

Good!

Points to the various notes on the Power Point screen, while the New Hires write notes on their legal pads.

BUG MAN

Now it's time for you to be "Upbeat 100% of the Time!"

(MORE)

BUG MAN (CONT'D)

Repeat after me: "Thank you for calling, this is [state your name]. How may I assist you today?"

NEW HIRES

Thank you for calling, this is [various names]. How may I assist you today?

BUG MAN

Excellent.

(pointing again to screen)

Be Upbeat 100% of the Time! Use NAMES frequently. Some other things to keep in mind: Please AND Thank You, ALWAYS. Certainly. My Pleasure. I'll Be Happy To. Absolutely. Now, your close: "Is there anything else I can help you with?"

NEW HIRES

Is there anything else I can help you with?

BUG MAN

"Thanks for calling, have a nice/great/incredible day!"

NEW HIRES

Thanks for calling, have a nice/great/incredible day!

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- LATER

Bug Man dutifully types nonsense into his computer. While we watch him do this, we overhear a conversation between two of his pod mates, and these two are exceptionally stupid and ugly young ladies.

STUPID POD MATE 1

And my thing is oil stains on the carpet. And my boyfriend is a spiller. He spills everything. If he's gonna eat in front of the TV, he's gonna spill. And I just don't see why. I mean, every time, like he's got a hambooger or something, and he's gonna watch TV, every time, he sets it on the arm of the chair, and every time he knocks it off. And you'd think he'd just learn or something.

STUPID POD MATE 2

Especially if he's done it before.

## STUPID POD MATE 1

And it irks me to no end.

During all this, we've watched Stud Man search about his desk for a good weapon, settle on a nice heavy, spiky paper weight, get up, walk over to both Pod Mates, and beat their skulls into bloody pulps, beat them into mashed, bloody mounds of broken bones and pulverized brain matter, what little they had, and do it with glee.

Then he returns to his desk, where he finds he's got new email, which he opens. Right away, the sex babe WWOA from downstairs at the parking gate appears, nude as always, sitting on his desk, mocking, laughing at him.

## WWOA

Here is your Quote of the Day to empower you to live the life of your dreams and become the person you've always wanted to be! "We live in a wonderful world that is full of beauty, charm and adventure. There is no end to the adventures that we can have if only we seek them with our eyes open. Jawaharlal Nehru, 1889 - 1964, Indian Nationalist, Statesman."

## STUD MAN

Fuck you and your fuckin' curry dick licking fucks.

He instantly deletes the email, and WWOA vanishes.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- AFTERNOON

Co-irkers bring Bug Man a birthday cake, singing a very desultory, embarrassed version of "Happy Birthday."

But ohhhhh, that knife they brought along is lovely, a work of art, actually, something a true Achilles or Charles Manson could appreciate. Nice and long and shiny, and oh so very sharp...

Stud first slices the noses off each and every one of his co-losers, then, as they're racing about in pure terror, slamming into each other, trying to escape, he hacks into their backs, their chests, their tits, he slices open their jugular veins, he shoves that long beautiful knife in and up their gut, all the way to the hilt, and whips their heart tissue into a nice bloody puree.

## STUD MAN

Now I'll have what I really want for my birthday!

He lifts the Hottie New Hire, who he's spared, off the floor, ripping at her blouse and bra, and carries her to the pod

with the other chick he fucked earlier. Both sluts rip off their clothes, tear at Stud's, fight over his dick, clawing and scratching each other for his dick, lick and suck it, lick and suck his balls, smother him with their tits, their ass cheeks, their cunt lips, and fuck the living daylights out of him in a psycho orgy that tumbles from one desk to another, that smashes over computer monitors, shoves dumb ass co-losers into walls, out of pods, knocks them on their fat smelly asses.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CORCORAN -- EVENING

At the end of the day, Bug Man enters the elevator to leave Corcoran. Gracie jumps in, just beating the doors as they were closing.

GRACIE

Well, another day, another nickel!

Bug Man simply smiles at her, a fake, totally meaningless smile.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

You're letting her get away with that?!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

I'm just too beat man. Another day, another piece of my dick cut off.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Kill her! Tear the cunt to pieces!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

They've beat me again man.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Shit you disgust me.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Well you're the asshole who got us in this fuckin' mess you fuckin' piece of shit loser!

INT. WORK OUT CLUB -- NIGHT

Stud furiously pumps chest presses, 2 plates on a side.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Must purge the evil spirit of the evil Corcoran! Purge the evil! Purge the evil! Purge the evil!

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Bug Man pours a tall glass of Ralphs Generic Bourbon, drops in two ice cubes.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Purge the evil! Purge the evil!

He takes a long drink of the bourbon, closes his eyes as in prayer or meditation.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Purge the evil...purge the  
evil...away, evil...begone....You're  
a man. Be a man...be a man...Time to  
be a man again...Be a man....

Stud moves to his computer, taking another long gulp of the bourbon, opens up a graphics program, like Flash, and an animation project he's working on.

He plays what he's got so far of the animation. It's a children's story, something light, fanciful, playful, with animals for main characters.

Stud hits his phone message machine. He has one message.

LOLLY (O.S.)  
Happy Birthday daddy! Happy  
Birthday...

Lolly's not even 3 yet, so she doesn't really have the whole phone thing down yet.

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)  
(to Lolly)  
It's his machine honey, you have to  
talk into it.

Now we notice on Stud's desk pictures of his darling little daughter. Stud smiles, listening to this exchange. Lolly doesn't say anything more.

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)  
Well, I guess she's done. She just  
wanted to wish you a happy birthday.  
We'll see you Saturday.

Stud watches his animation, which abruptly ends. He seems pleased with it. He thinks on it a while, drinking the bourbon. Then opens a Flash stage, brings in one of the characters we've already seen, and begins animating it.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- MORNING

Bug has been sleeping in his chair at his computer, his head hanging back over the back of his chair, his mouth wide open, snoring, his left hand still gripping the almost empty bourbon glass, his right hand still on his mouse.

Suddenly he wakes, checks the time on his monitor.

BUG MAN

Fuck!

He bolts out of the chair, somehow not spilling the bourbon, but bends over in pain, and massages the back of his neck. He quickly saves the animation he was working on.

BUG MAN

(re muscle pain)

Fuck...

He stretches a little, coughs up some bourbony phlegm, takes the bourbon glass to the fridge where he stores what little's left for later, then races to the shower and jumps in.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- SHOWER --  
CONTINUOUS

Bug is about to lather up his face to shave, but stops himself.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

What the fuck y'doin? Fuck the fucks.  
Y'don't got time.

Bug soaps his body, rinses, frantically twists off the water, grabs his towel, quickly dries himself. He reaches for the tooth brush:

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Fuck your breath man! What the fuck's  
the matter with you?! Fuck the fucks.

He jumps to his tiny closet. His hand reaches for a nice pair of boxer shorts.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Get in the fuckin' game man! Shit!

Instead of the nice, clean boxer shorts, Bug puts on some VERY OLD shorts that are ripped with holes. He puts on an old t-shirt that's frayed at the collar, stained. His old socks also have holes. He puts on the exact same shirt and pants he wore yesterday. Then, next to a few pairs of newer shoes, grabs his Corcoran shoes, which are old and scuffed, and again, have a few holes in the bottom, and mismatched laces.

INT. BUG MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- LATER

Bug Man frantically rips through traffic.

STUD MAN

(shouting in his car)

I see there's a special on LOBOTOMIES  
this morning! Get outta the fuckin'  
way you fuckin' fuck!

(MORE)

STUD MAN (CONT'D)

You move as slow as your cunt juices  
ya fuckin' cunt!!!

He races through more traffic.

STUD MAN

(shouting)

Eat the whole fuckin box of "dumb"  
flavored Cheerios this morning you  
fuckin' asshole piece of shit cunt  
licking fag?!!! Uh, excuse me here  
but the purpose of gettin' in a car  
and turning on the ignition and  
getting on a road is to DRIVE you  
fuck!

EXT. CORCORAN PARKING GATE -- LATER

Stud's wreck of a car reaches the gate, and as always, the  
babe Wicked Witch of Advice greets him.

WWOA

The biggest mistake people make in  
life is not trying to make a living  
at doing what they most enjoy. Malcolm  
S. Forbes, 1919 - 1990, American  
Publisher and Businessman.

STUD MAN

Well they're not gonna pay you to  
play with your fucking cunt lips--  
actually, they probably would. Fuckin'  
psycho society...

INT. ELEVATOR -- CORCORAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Bug races to the elevator and jumps in right before the doors  
close. It's packed as always, and everyone is again looking  
at the news monitor, like they do every time they ride the  
elevator. Bug sees that his floor is already pressed.

After a few interminably tortuous moments, Stud lets out a  
LOUD and LOOOOOONG FART, a real elephantine blast.

Moslaves look at him in astonishment. Then he bends over a  
little and fires the volcano in the opposite direction. Pussy  
ass office workers look at him in astonishment and disgust.

STUD MAN

You gotta problem you fuckin' dickless  
wonder?!

The elevator reaches his floor, he steps out, but turns back  
quickly and spits on a few of the moslaves staying on the  
elevator, and kicks one in the chest.

Others have gotten off, and he shoves them forward, towards the security doors, actually shoving one fat slob BAM into the door.

STUD MAN

Get out of the fuckin' way you fuckin' fat cows.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- CONTINUOUS

Bug sits just as his MALE POD MATE turns to him.

MALE POD MATE

Well look what the cat dragged in!

BUG MAN

Anybody say anything?

MALE POD MATE

I don't think Gracie's in yet.

BUG MAN

Fuckin figures.

MALE POD MATE

Better do somethin' about your breath chief, it smells like you spent the night at the brewery.

STUD MAN

Yeah, I'll do something about my breath you pencil dick.

Stud jams a pen in the guy's ear, scrambles his brains, then another in his jugular, leaving it there like some cheap Frankenstein bolt or something.

EXT. PETIT FOUR RESTAURANT -- SUNSET STRIP -- DAY

Lunch among the hoity toity of Hollywood. Stud has raced over on his lunch hour to meet with a very successful producer type, an A-list kind of guy, HARVEY.

HARVEY

Well, Showtime passed.

Stud is crushed.

STUD MAN

Fuck. Did they say why?

HARVEY

Some liked it, some didn't. I hate these committee type of situations. This one needed a unanimous vote, and we didn't get it. Linda loved it.

All Stud Man can do is shake his head, utterly defeated.

HARVEY

You're a terrific writer. Sit down and write something that will sell.

STUD MAN

I thought I did. Many times. What will sell, you tell me?

HARVEY

I don't know. Something good.

STUD MAN

THIS is good.

HARVEY

It's terrific, but they're just not doing children's stories at the moment.

STUD MAN

You buy it. You gotta discretionary fund, right?

HARVEY

I've never put my own money into a film. I get money. Write something that people will buy, that I can sell.

STUD MAN

Ok, just tell me what to write, and I'll write it. Should I ask Show fucking Time what they'll buy?

HARVEY

They don't know ahead of time what they'll buy. It just has to knock their socks off.

STUD MAN

So what we actually do see on the screen at one point in its history knocked people's socks off?! I find that hard to believe Harvey, because it's all shit.

Harvey has paid for lunch, and they get up to leave, walking over to Harvey's NIIIIICE new convertible Rolls parked right in front of the restaurant.

STUD MAN

Can't you just option this one for ten thousand? I can live for 7, maybe 8, months on that, quit my stupid job, and devote full time to making something that will sell.

Harvey shakes "no."

HARVEY

We have to regroup. I'm not giving up on this script. Give me a few days...

STUD MAN

(walking away)

You spent more than ten thousand on the sound system for this car!

HARVEY

And it's a great sound system! I'll call you, give me a few days!

EXT. GAS STATION -- LATER

Bug Man fills his radiator with water. An attendant stands next to him. It's clear Bug is a regular customer, and the two know each other.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

You need a new radiator.

BUG MAN

First I need \$300 for a new radiator. I don't mind doing this. The priority is getting it serviced. It might need a tune up. It hasn't been touched in about 8 months now.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Yeah, you gotta have it checked.

BUG MAN

Well, I need \$100 to have it checked.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Yeah, it'll cost that, maybe more. Depends on what we find.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CORCORAN -- LATER

Bug Man enters the elevator on the ground floor, finding two mousy, office women inside.

MOUSY OFFICE WOMAN

Come on in! We're driving! Ha ha ha ha ha!

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud steps out of the elevator. We can hear moans and cries of tortured death moment anguish coming from the elevator. A tiny waft of smoke even drifts out before the doors close behind Stud.

INT. CORCORAN CONFERENCE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Gracie addresses the entire department:

GRACIE

I have got unbelievable news! A couple of months ago I submitted our department for the Department of the Year Award, which rewards the department which exhibits the greatest improvement in work accomplishment and quality over the year. And guess what! We won!!

All co-irkers look at themselves in amazement.

BUG MAN

What do we win?

GRACIE

Well, we win a \$3000 department celebration! We can have a fancy dinner, or a ball, or a dance with a DJ, the works!

BUG MAN

Well, can we just like, take the money?

GRACIE

Well, that's an option, but--

BUG MAN

We can just split the money? That's \$300 each!

GRACIE

That's an option, but not one we should pursue.

Stud looks at Gracie with murderous plans.

GRACIE

We're being rewarded for working and improving as a team, and the company encourages us to use the reward to further improve our team spirit.

A quick look around the department reminds us it's composed of a few flaming homosexuals, some very angry young black women, some desultory fat women, a couple of young men, including Bug Man, NONE of whom wants to be where they are.

GRACIE

Now, I've listed a few options we can all vote on by email.

(MORE)

GRACIE (CONT'D)

1: a fancy smancy dinner at the Cheesecake Factory in Redondo Beach, with a DJ, the works. 2: A fancy smancy dinner for us and our spouses and dates, at the China Club, right here in Century City. 3: A day trip on a Saturday to Catalina Island, which would include a lunch at a seafood restaurant on the island.

All the co-losers look at each other. It's clear nobody wants to spend any time with each other outside the office. NONE. ZIP. Most of all, they would never subject their spouses or dates, if any, which is unlikely, to such torture.

GRACIE

I personally prefer option number 1, the dinner at the Cheesecake Factory.

BUG MAN

Um, what about simply distributing the cash?

GRACIE

Well, like I say, the award is recognizing our work as a team, and should be used for a team activity.

BUG MAN

Well, can we at least put "cash distribution" as one of our options?

STUD MAN

I'm sure all of us here except you you fuckin' mindless twit would prefer the cash since we're so fuckin' poor we can't even get our cars fixed!

GRACIE

Well, yes we can include that, but I'm sure all of us want to use the money for a team activity. I can include that in the email I will send around for a vote. All nonvotes will revert to me.

STUD MAN

Uh, excuse me...

GRACIE

And please keep in mind: this reward is intended to continue our efforts in building productive team spirit!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Dude, don't worry.  
(MORE)

STUD MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

None of these assholes want a dinner either. Fuckin' A! You're looking at a \$300 windfall! Tits! You can get the car tuned, with green to spare!

EXT. GAS STATION -- MORNING

Bug's wreck pulls up to the water hose at a 76 gas station, just as another car pulls up. Bug pops the hood, begins filling the radiator, like he must do several times each day.

His ex-girlfriend, mother of his child, jumps out, with his child, LOLLY. Lolly is the cutest, most adorable, liveliest, best 3 year old little girl ever born, and Stud loves her to no end.

LOLLY

Daddy!

She jumps in his arms and Stud holds her tightly, smothering her with kisses.

STUD MAN

I missed you I missed you I missed you I missed you who's the best little girl in the whoooooooooole world?!

LOLLY

You are!

STUD MAN

(laughs)

You are! I'm not a girl! You're the best little girl in the whooooole world! Here, help me, wanta!

LOLLY

OK!

Lolly knows the routine: Stud holds open the valve to the radiator, and Lolly joyfully squeezes the handle to shoot the water in. (Remember, she's just 3.)

Stud looks up at Lolly's mom.

STUD MAN

Hey, how's it going?

LOLLY'S MOM

It's goin'.

STUD MAN

(chuckles awkwardly)

That well, huh?

LOLLY'S MOM

It's been slow. I haven't placed anybody in a while.

Stud can only nod, concerned. He doesn't know how to help, except to make some serious dough himself, that eternal quest for the Grail.

LOLLY'S MOM

We gotta get her in preschool.

STUD MAN

I know. How much?

LOLLY'S MOM

225 a month.

Stud's jaw metaphorically drops. He turns to Lolly.

STUD MAN

Wanta drive?!

LOLLY

Yeah!

Stud carries her to the drivers seat, plops her in, and lets her play with the steering wheel, the horn, the blinker. He closes the door on her, and turns quickly to her mom.

STUD MAN

225?! That's 112.50 each. Where are we gonna get 112.50?

LOLLY'S MOM

(shaking her head)

I dunno. And that's just for two days a week. Meals are extra. And there's supplies we gotta get.

STUD MAN

(still stunned)

Fuck...damnit...Is that like one of the most expensive?

LOLLY'S MOM

It's the cheapest.

STUD MAN

Y'gotta be kidding.

(pause)

They've discontinued overtime, y'know.

LOLLY'S MOM

(nodding yes)

I haven't placed anybody in...3 months now. I haven't made a cent in 3 months.

Lolly's honking the horn, having a grand time. Of course, nobody else is, especially her mom.

LOLLY'S MOM

(shouting)

Stop it will you!

STUD MAN

Don't yell at her. It's not her fault we're total fuck ups.

LOLLY'S MOM

What about a weekend job?

STUD MAN

If I work on the weekend, when will she ever see me? When will I have time to write?

LOLLY'S MOM

(shouting again)

Well she's gotta go to school! She's gotta go to the dentist too y'know!

STUD MAN

Lets not fight in front of her.

Lolly's mom nods, paces around. It's clear these two people have fought like cats and dogs in the past, that they don't get along at all, but are stuck with each other as parents, and have now reached a struggling peace, for their child's sake.

STUD MAN

I really hate to suggest this, but, y'know, it's for our child. What about your parents?

LOLLY'S MOM

(shaking no)

I can't ask them for any more. Of course I've thought of it. My mom will pick her up from school. That's all we can ask, don't you think?

STUD MAN

Yeah...It helps.

(chuckles sarcastically)

First her loser parents gotta get her in the school.

Lolly's mom chuckles too.

LOLLY'S MOM

(leaving)

Tomorrow morning?

Stud nods yes as he opens the door to his own car.

INT. BUG MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- LATER

Stud and his daughter have the greatest time when they're together. Total fooling around.

STUD MAN

(singing)

Who's the best little girl in the  
entire world?!

LOLLY

Daddy daddy daddy!

STUD MAN

I'm not a girl!

LOLLY

Yes you are!

STUD MAN

I'm a boy. I'm the daddy, and you're  
the daughter!

LOLLY

No, I'm the mommy and you're the  
baby!

STUD MAN

That's right! I'm the baby, and you're  
the mommy, and what I say goes!

LOLLY

No, I'm the mommy, and you're the  
baby, and what I say goes!

Stud pulls up to park.

STUD MAN

Look honey, Holmby Park!

EXT. HOLMBY PARK PLAYGROUND -- LATER

Holmby is situated in the heart of Bel Air, and is a very nice, beautiful park, for all the gazillionaires in the neighborhood. It even has a man made waterfall and creek, along with a pitch and put golf course.

Stud and Lolly play in the sand with her buckets and shovels, making sand castles and stuff. They have a great time together, but every once in a while, Stud takes note of some of the other families around them.

He notices other dads playing with their toddlers, these guys who also have nannies to help out. Even some of the dads and moms who are together here still have a nanny to help them out.

He notices the top of the line strollers, and children clothes, and big electric dump trucks and earth movers that their kids can ride around in.

And he notices these families getting in and out of big, new SUVs, Rolls, Beemers.

There's even a catered birthday party behind them, at the picnic tables.

INT. CREATIVE LEARNING PRESCHOOL -- DAY

Stud and Lolly drop in, unannounced. The school is unimposing from the outside, but inside is very pleasant and full of kids. GLADYS has been owner and operator of the school for over 30 years. She's a very pleasant, sharp, elderly woman.

As soon as Lolly and her dad enter, Lolly quickly jumps in with the other kids, while Stud talks with Gladys.

STUD MAN

We drive by this school all the time and decided just to pop in. Is that alright?

GLADYS

Of course! You're interested in enrolling your daughter? What's her name?

STUD MAN

Lolly. Yeah, we'd like to check it out.

GLADYS

Well hello Lolly, aren't you the most darling little girl?! How old are you?

LOLLY

Three.

GLADYS

Three? Are you sure? Maybe you're almost four?

LOLLY

I'm three!

She runs off to play with some other children.

STUD MAN

She just turned three this month.

GLADYS

Well, I must say, I would have taken her to be close to four. At the least, three and a half.

Stud's chest swells with fatherly pride.

STUD MAN

Really?

GLADYS

Just the way she interacts with the other children, and see there, how she knows that game. She acts much older.

Stud is like a little kid, all excited watching his daughter in school.

STUD MAN

This is the first time I've ever taken her to a school. It's very exciting, like it's her first day of real school.

GLADYS

Well, let's take a tour. We do this all the time, so the children are used to it. A lot of parents come in during the day. I must tell you though, we have a waiting list, and it's quite long. People have waited for years to get their children in the school. We keep the classes fairly small, we feel it's better for the children.

STUD MAN

Oh I agree. How do we get on the list?

GLADYS

Just fill out our form, and there's a \$25 deposit.

Stud hides his reaction to that pretty well.

GLADYS

My, she really is a wonderful child, something very special, I can tell. I've been owner of this school for 33 years now, and well, I can tell, she just has a great quality. You're very lucky.

STUD MAN

Thanks. What's the tuition?

GLADYS

\$560 per month. That's for five days each week, all day.

(MORE)

GLADYS (CONT'D)

8:30 in the morning until 6:30 at night, if you like. But of course, you can bring her and pick her up according to your schedule. My, I've been watching her, and I'd really like to get her in the school.

INT. PAVILIONS SUPER MARKET, AISLE -- LATER

Stud and Lolly have run into a woman in the aisle who has another girl about Lolly's age, and who plays a little with Lolly, and who they know from the local parks.

STUD MAN

Do you have her in preschool yet?

MOTHER WITH CHILD

(nodding)

Westwood Preschool. It's very nice.

STUD MAN

We just came from the Creative Center, on Santa Monica.

MOTHER WITH CHILD

Oh, that's a wonderful school! The best kept secret on the Westside. Everybody wants to get their children in there. She was on the waiting list for 2 years, and we were never able to get in. And we just couldn't wait any longer.

STUD MAN

How much is Westwood?

MOTHER WITH CHILD

\$600 a month. Not too bad. It's a very good school.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- LATER

Stud and Lolly enter to the ringing phone, which Lolly quickly grabs.

LOLLY

Hello?

She listens for a second then hands the phone to her dad.

STUD MAN

Hello, sorry about that.

GLADYS (O.S.)

Oh that's OK. This is Gladys from the Creative Center, and well, I've made a place for Lolly.

STUD MAN

Really?

GLADYS (O.S.)

Yes. We really want her in here. We were all very taken with her, and well, so, we just made a place for her. So, if you just come back, you can bring back that application, you don't have to fill it out, and we can just get started on enrolling her.

STUD MAN

Um, Gladys, I have to discuss it with her mom. I haven't even talked to her about it yet.

GLADYS (O.S.)

Why of course! Take some time to talk about it, and call tomorrow, ok?

STUD MAN

Sure. Do you guys offer financial aid?

GLADYS (O.S.)

No, sorry. Is money going to be a problem?

STUD MAN

Maybe. Let me talk about it with her mom.

GLADYS (O.S.)

Please do, and her mom of course is welcome to come in, tour the school. We would really like Lolly in the school.

STUD MAN

Ok. I'll talk with mom, and get back to you.

He hangs up, and looks at his precious little daughter playing on the floor.

LOLLY

Who was that?

STUD MAN

That lady from the school. You're, um, she was just calling about something.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Shit asshole! Fuck you and you're fuckin poverty! This poor little girl is depending on you, and you're failing her. You're failing her, fuck face.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

(weeping)

I know. I know.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

We went to good schools. Hell, we were the best student, and a great athlete. We even went to a fucking great college! What the fuck has happened?!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW! This poor little girl is suffering because of us! You fucking loser piece of shit shit-job-worker fucking paycheck fuck!

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- EVENING

Lolly rummages through her dad's clothing drawers while Stud cooks in the kitchen. She takes a pair of boxer shorts to him.

LOLLY

Daddy, your underwear has holes in them.

STUD MAN

Yes honey. That's ok, those are for Corcoran.

It's clear the darling little angel doesn't understand.

STUD MAN

Right now, your dear old dad's in kind of a bind, and I have to suffer through a hellish job, which I call Corcoran. Corcoran is the worst prison in the state, way up in Northern California. It has the highest security, and was built for the worst of the worst criminals. My job is worse than that prison. A thousand times worse. That underwear, and the t-shirts with the holes, and the old socks, and shoes, it's all my Corcoran uniform. I don't waste my good stuff on it. Just like I would never take you to the dump.

(MORE)

STUD MAN (CONT'D)

I would never put you through that.  
I would never foul your spirit like  
that. You are a good, good, so pure  
and good little girl, and as long as  
I can help it, you're NEVER suffering  
one moment of a place like my  
Corcoran. Not now, and not when you're  
all growed up. Never.

Stud has been telling Lolly this as he cooks for her, but stops and gives her a strong hug, grips her in pure love and strong, mighty fatherly protection.

STUD MAN

I love you very much honey. I am NEVER  
letting the evil of a Corcoran happen  
to you. EVER.

EXT. BUG MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- MORNING

Bug Man sits in traffic watching a couple who's obviously in love try to cross a street, and they get confused by the light, and totally love it, and are so giddy and happy and in love.

Stud Man bursts into tears:

STUD MAN

Oh be in love angels! Be in love  
always! You're angels and gods and  
special blessed beings!

He picks up a letter he was reading but had laid aside to watch the blessed creatures.

LETTER (O.S.)

Thank you for your recent submission.  
While we found the story compelling,  
it is not right for us at this time.  
Best of luck with your project.

INT. CORCORAN PARKING GATE -- MORNING

WVOA

If we had no winter, the spring would  
not be so pleasant; if we did not  
sometimes taste adversity, prosperity  
would not be so welcome. Anne  
Bradstreet. 1612 - 1672. British  
Puritan Poet.

Stud doesn't even acknowledge her. He just blandly holds up the ol' middle finger as he putters past her.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CORCORAN -- MOMENTS LATER

As about five fellow passengers watch in total shock and disgust, Stud takes a shit on a paper plate. He calmly stands, rips a satin shirt off a woman, wipes his butt, flings it back in her face. He buttons his pants, then heaves the shit logs on the moslaves, and smears the plate on all their nice clean suits.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- MORNING

Bug reaches his pod only to find his co-irkers, as well as Gracie, hanging stupid little hand drawn signs, like "Death Claims is on Fire!", "We Can Do It!", and "Death Claims Rules!" There's one even pasted to his monitor, which Stud immediately RIPS off and flings at Gracie.

STUD MAN

We're not in fuckin grade school you fuckin cunt! We're grown men and women! Do you understand?! I'm a MAN! A MAN!

GRACIE

Isn't it exciting! I still can't get over the fact that we won! Here, make up some signs. Make a sign that says "Deat Claims Rules!!"

She hands him some scissors and paper. Instantly, Stud SHOVES some of his co-irkers off the desks they were standing on, hanging these fuckin stupid signs. The blobs tumble into each other, knocking each other into computers and cubicle walls, which of course collapse.

STUD MAN

You wanta a fuckin sign you big fat smelly elephant cunt?!

He quickly jabs her eyes out with the scissors. Then he stabs his other podmates in their necks, and finally grabs the hottie new hire, bends her over, rips off her panties, and fucks her in the ass.

STUD MAN

Yeah, we're on fire all right! Fire from my monster balls! Here's your fire you fuckin cunt, flames shooting from my monster dick! My monster dick rules, you fuckin mindless cunt!

Just then two older men walk up, ELI SLOAD and JAY WINTHORP, CEO and President, respectively.

JAY WINTHORP

Is this Death Claims?

Gracie is stunned, awed, stammering, as if Elvis himself just dropped in from heaven.

GRACIE

Yes...

JAY WINTHORP

We just wanted to congratulate you all on a job well done. Do you know that your department's improvement in efficiency has saved the company 1.8 million dollars?

Bug Man is sitting at his desk, cutting out a sign. He and all the co-irkers just look at each other, oblivious, and like Gracie, a little stunned these two mythical figures have even appeared before them.

GRACIE

(to the department)

Isn't that wonderful!

JAY WINTHORP

(both meandering on)

Well, keep up the good work. We're very proud.

GRACIE

(still in gleeful shock)

The CEO and President themselves...

Stud keeps fucking the hottie in the ass as his co-losers continue to stumble around, blinded and dying.

STUD MAN

Why don't those dried up old dicks spread some of that 1.8 mill around?!

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

I don't want any money I just want your big huge cock in my cunt all day long!

Stud slaps her butt cheeks.

STUD MAN

That's right slut here it comes feel my flaming hot cum shoot up your cunt!

Hottie screams in ecstasy.

INT. BUG MAN'S CELL (CUBICLE) -- CORCORAN -- LATER

A woman walks by, her skirt tucked up in her panties and hose.

So, she's walking, and from her fat rear, you see her fat white panties, the dark hose covering them, and her long skirt tucked up in it.

BUG MAN

Guess who just took a fuckin dump...

His monitor tells him he just got new email, which he opens. Instantly the naked babe WWOA pops up:

WWOA

Nothing can stop the man with the right mental attitude from achieving his goal; nothing on earth can help the man with the wrong mental attitude. Thomas Jefferson. 1743 - 1826. Third President of the United States.

STUPID POD MATE 2 (O.S.)

(from the other side  
of the pod)

I once burped and sneezed at the same time so hard I hurt my head, and I got a really bad headache.

STUD MAN

What, you want fuckin attitude? You want the right fuckin attitude, you fuck? Working in this fuckin hell hole 10, 12 fuckin hours a day, living like one of your fuckin slaves?! Jobs are for losers, you fuck. I notice you never had a fuckin job like this! This is an occupation where people survive by the barest of margins, you fuck. We're not land owners and slave owners. We're the fuckin slaves, master. We make a fuckin meager living, you fuck, but we don't live! Fuck you man!! Money makes all the difference! Your fuckin slavery wasn't abolished! There are more slaves now than ever! Modern man has figured it out! Simple, really. We just have the fuckin intermediary paycheck, the fuckin middle man paycheck. That makes it allllll nice and deceptive and fuckin legal. All you ever had to do you fuck was provide food and housing directly to your slaves. Now the fucks are much more insidious.

STUPID POD MATE 1 (O.S.)

I once sneezed and coughed and hiccupped at the same time, but it hardly hurt at all.

WWOA

The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy. Martin Luther King, Jr.

STUD MAN

Oh fuckin blow me. THIS is not a fuckin challenge! Curing cancer is a challenge. This hell hole, life, does not have to be like this!

WWOA vanishes because DONNA, one of Bug's co-losers, one of the humongous fat ones (she weighs at least 300 pounds), pops her head over Bug's cell wall, scaring him.

DONNA

You're a writer aren't you?

BUG MAN

Sometimes I wonder.

DONNA

Well, you've got to watch Oprah, uh, Wednesday, I think she said.

BUG MAN

Why?

DONNA

Do you watch Oprah?

BUG MAN

No.

DONNA

Well, you gotta watch Wednesday. I was watching yesterday--I tape the shows--and she said that if you're a writer, or ever wanted to write, or ever dreamed of writing, you have to watch Wednesday's show!

BUG MAN

Did she say why?

DONNA

No. I guess it's a surprise.

BUG MAN

I'll look into it.

INT. BUG MAN'S CELL (CUBICLE) -- CORCORAN -- LATER

Bug dutifully types away when suddenly his counter top and keyboard rattle, his monitor shakes, and his chair rumbles. The "Donna Roll."

He peeks over his cell wall to see Donna the humongous monster waddling past, and down the row of pods, heading for the bathroom.

Using his teeth, Stud Man grips a beautifully vicious looking machete, with jagged razor teeth on one side, as he stalks Donna, over cubicle walls, under mail carts, using desk after desk for cover, monitor after monitor, birthday balloon after birthday balloon...

He catches her just as her hand is about to turn the handle to the bathroom. He rips the machete down on her arm, cutting it off easily at the elbow like it was warmed whale blubber. Blood spurts out in a long stream, spraying the wall, then right in the face of another co-loser cunt who's just coming out of the bathroom. She yelps, and jumps back in the bathroom.

STUD MAN

Here, let me get the shit out of you  
the fast way!!

He hacks her open, hacks and hacks through all of Donna's blubber till finally her guts spill out.

STUD MAN

You'll never talk to me about your  
fuckin Oprah or your fuckin' fat  
lunch specials again!!! Die you fat  
fuckin' watermelon!! You fat potato!!!  
Die! Die! Die! Never talk to me  
again!!!!

With his bare hands he takes gallons, buckets of her shit from her bowels and shoves it all down her throat as she screams in death approaching agony!

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- DAY

Bug Man sleeps on his part of the cubicle desk.

INT. CREATIVE LEARNING PRESCHOOL -- MORNING

As soon as Stud Man enters, Lolly runs up to him.

LOLLY

Daddy!

GLADYS

You know that you are the only dad  
who drops off and picks up his child  
every day? It really warms my heart.

Stud hugs Lolly, and merely smiles shyly to Gladys, acknowledging her emotion.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK PLAYGROUND -- MORNING

Stud plays with Lolly in the sand. They make sand castles.

Now Stud has a NANNY to help out, a foreign young hottie who's terrific with Lolly, and children in general. She brings Lolly a sipping cup of milk.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK PLAYGROUND -- LATER

Stud, Lolly and the Nanny are climbing in a stretch limo. Lolly says goodbye to all her friends.

A well dressed man pulls up in his Rolls, jumps out to shake Stud's hand.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Have a good trip. I think you'll win, my money's on you. Call me as soon as you settle in.

INT. PLANE -- FIRST CLASS -- NIGHT

Lolly and the Nanny sleep next to Stud, who's banging away furiously at his laptop, caught in the creative frenzy. The rest of the plane is dark, and all the other passengers too are asleep.

A stewardess walks up.

STEWARDESS

(awed, nervous)

Can I get you anything else sir?

STUD MAN

No, I'm fine, thank you.

STEWARDESS

I don't want to interrupt your work, please tell me if I am, but I just want to say really quickly that I've read all your books and seen all your movies, and, well, I just wanted to thank you. Your art, and your outlook on life, really inspires me, and it's changed my life. That's all I wanted to say, and please, I'll let you get back to work now.

She quickly retreats before her god can even reply, which he was going to do. But as soon as she's gone, he dives right back into his work.

EXT. CANNES MAIN THEATRE -- RED CARPET -- NIGHT

This is opening night. Crowds and press are everywhere. The night is beautiful and electric.

Stud walks up the red carpet, holding Lolly in his arms. Photographers continuously shout at him for a shot. When he reaches the top of the stairs, he gives his daughter a big hug and kiss, and hands her to their Nanny, who's dressed to the nines for the occasion.

STUD MAN

Bed time honey. Get some good sleep.  
Daddy loves you more than anything.  
Just think, in a few years you'll be  
able to stay up with me!

INT. CANNES PARTY -- NIGHT

Hollywood A-list type of producers and execs crowd Stud, slap him on his back, laugh and joke, shake his hand.

PRODUCER

Wonderful! Your best yet! It's sure  
to win, no doubt about it.

Harvey the hot shot producer walks up.

HARVEY

Wonderful film. I laughed, I cried.  
You working on anything new?

STUD MAN

I'm always working on something new.  
I write 10 hours every day, Harvey.  
I'm the happiest guy alive.

HARVEY

Anything I can look at?

STUD MAN

You know I got that deal. Y'shoulda  
got me when you had the chance. That  
was the most expensive 10,000 bucks  
you never spent.

INT. CANNES PARTY -- LATER

A hot French babe drags Stud Man into a bedroom of the suite, immediately rips off all her clothes, and jumps on him.

FRENCH BABE

Nothing turns me on more than success!

EXT. CANNES BEACH -- MORNING

Stud and Lolly play in the sand and the waves, while their Nanny watches from a towel. Their Nanny is from Europe, so she lays on the beach topless.

EXT. YACHT -- CANNES HARBOR -- AFTERNOON

Stud sips champagne amidst a large crowd of industry types, models, and tons of topless girls. Stud discusses a deal with a studio exec, and looks over a faxed contract.

STUD MAN

Looks good. Let me use your pen.

Stud leans on the bar and signs the contract. The studio exec takes the contract, folds it in his pocket, and hands Stud a check.

INT. YACHT -- CANNES HARBOR -- LATER

Two topless babes pull Stud into one of the cabins, lay him on the bed, and smother him with kisses and their breasts. They take off their bikinis, and pull off Stud's shorts. One sucks his dick, while the other rubs her tits all over his face. Then...then...then they...

GRACIE (O.S.)

Are you praying?

INT. BUG MAN'S CELL (CUBICLE) -- CORCORAN -- CONTINUOUS

Bug Man lifts his forehead from the smooth, crushed particle board desk top.

BUG MAN

What?

GRACIE

Praying again? It looks like you were praying again.

BUG MAN

Uh, yeah, sorry.

GRACIE

Oh, don't be sorry! The lord is everywhere all the time! Here's your paycheck...

BUG MAN

Yes, he is.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

What's the matter with you asshole?! Kill her! She deserves acid down her throat, anthrax up her cunt, for that false god bullshit! Oh man, oh man, what a pussy you're becoming. Why don't you just jump out the window now?! Save yourself the next 50 years of this fuckin agony. You disgust me man.

INT. CENTURY CITY PLAZA -- BANK -- DAY

While Bug Man walks across the plaza, he looks again at his puny check, and is clearly defeated. While he enters the bank and deposits the check in the ATM:

STUD MAN (O.S.)

So, asshole, we fuckin loser piece of shit, we just got our most recent paycheck, and this one's smaller than usual, because we missed those two days two weeks ago, out sick, and because the amount is less, it's dropped us to a lower tax bracket, and the fucks only took out 8.5%. Fuckin 8.5% man!! It fuckin pays NOT to work. We make more money keeping our hours low! Fuckin sap, fuckin mark, we're a fuckin sap you fuckin dick, totally being scammed. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me a million fuckin times, fuck me in the ass!

INT. ELEVATOR -- CORCORAN -- AFTERNOON

Bug Man enters the elevator with one other person, a big, fat ugly black woman, the kind that looks like she can really belt it out at church choirs.

They get on, she scans her card, and presses the floor. To Bug's great distress, they're going to the same floor. They ride the elevator, silently, until the woman finally sighs merrily:

FAT CHOIR SINGER

What a beautiful day!

Bug Man can only smile, nod fakely, look up at the numbers of the floors, or the piped in news.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Oh, I'm just too tired and beaten lady. I just got my paycheck, and my dick's been cut off, again. Every two weeks, masta suhhhhh. You should know about that.

They ride silently, the awkward air thick as sewer sludge.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

You're letting her get away with it. They're killing you. They're winning. They're WINNING!

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Oh, not right now, man. You're sooooo right. But all I wanta do is go back to sleep.

They thankfully reach their cell block, and both safely exit the elevator...

INT. WORK OUT CLUB -- NIGHT

Stud Man pumps weights on the bench press, but you can tell his heart's just not in it.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
...purge the evil...purge the evil...

INT. WORK OUT CLUB -- LATER

Stud Man runs on the treadmill.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
...purge the evil...purge the  
evil...aw, fuck it...

He stops short of his goal, gets off the treadmill, mopes back to the locker room...

INT. ROCKER RALPHS SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT

Stud Man wanders the liquor aisle.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Ralphs generic whiskey...Ralphs card  
discount, \$4.99. Not bad. Coors light,  
18 pack, discount, \$7.99. Let's see,  
that's ummmm, roughly less than 50  
cents per can. Not bad...but...you're  
starting to look bloated man. We're  
really looking worse.

He grabs the whiskey on special.

INT. ROCKER RALPHS SUPERMARKET -- 15 OR LESS CHECK OUT --  
MOMENTS LATER

Stud Man waits to buy the whiskey, Ralphs discount card at the ready.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
This isn't really working anymore,  
is it fuck face? Maybe we should go  
back to pot. Fuck, what we really  
need is X or acid, maybe blow. Just  
no dough man, no fuckin dough...the  
rich get richer, the poor get  
poorer...

INT. BUG MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

Stud is solemnly driving along Sunset when he hears a HUGE CLANK in the transmission, and the engine starts to smoke. Then the car just stops, right in the middle of Sunset. A car behind him screeches his brakes, stopping just in time.

Then it rips around him, honking.

CAR DRIVER

Fuck you asshole!

Stud turns the ignition. Nothing. He tries again, but all he gets are these little ticking noises. Meanwhile, cars keep swerving around him, honking and yelling at him.

He tries to put it in neutral, but the shift won't budge. He tries slamming it in neutral, repeatedly, but it just won't move. He uses all his strength, and the shift arm snaps off in his hand.

And the cars keep swerving around him, honking.

He gets out, tries to push the car, but it's stuck in gear. He can't budge it.

Stopping traffic, he crosses to the sidewalk, and just stares at his car. After a while, as cars continually go past, a tow truck pulls up, and Stud scampers back out to the car.

STUD MAN

How much to go just down the street,  
can't be more than a mile?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

(Middle Eastern)  
85 dollars.

STUD MAN

Are you crazy? It's just down the  
street.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

That's the basic price. Anything  
over 5 miles is more. And it has to  
be cash.

STUD MAN

I don't have the cash on me. I have  
my check book, though.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Cash only.

STUD MAN

Can you give me a fuckin break here  
it's blocking traffic some asshole's  
gonna hit it.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

I don't like language like that.  
Cash only. Go to ATM.

STUD MAN

Aw fuck. Can you fuckin drive me to the ATM then?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

I said I don't like language like that.

STUD MAN

Can you be so kind as to drive me to the ATM? It's just about five blocks that way.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

(shaking no)

I go that way. I will come back a little later, and see if you have the money.

STUD MAN

You can't fuckin drive me five blocks that way?!

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

(getting in truck,  
pulling away)

I go the other way. And I don't like talk like that.

He tears off. Stud immediately and furiously starts stalking off in the direction of the ATM.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Stud furiously stalks down the sidewalk, and of course, this being Sunset, and at night, there's a few hookers around.

HOOKER

Like a date handsome?

STUD MAN

Believe me, if I had the money I'd jump all over it. Can you give me a charity one, or maybe a student discount?

HOOKER

You're no student!

STUD MAN

Just make believe will you!

HOOKER

(smiling)

Nice try Stud. Get some money, and we can talk.

STUD MAN

Yeah. I know. What a fuckin shock.  
Money.

EXT. ATM MACHINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud tries to withdraw \$100 cash, but the machine tells him he's only allowed \$40.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

I just deposited the check today you  
fucks! Fuck!

He takes the \$40, stalks back down Sunset.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- MOMENTS LATER

He runs into the same hooker.

HOOKER

Got some money now Stud?

STUD MAN

Look, I just deposited a check, but  
it hasn't gone through yet. If I  
wrote you a check for \$60, could you  
give me the cash.

HOOKER

Are you crazy?

STUD MAN

Look, my car broke down down there,  
and I need \$85 cash to get it outta  
the street. Can you just do me this  
favor?

HOOKER

Why?

STUD MAN

(exasperated)

I don't fuckin know! How about if I  
got a blow job from you, I write you  
a check for that, plus the \$60, and  
you give me the cash back. Like a  
supermarket, ok?

HOOKER

A blow job's \$100.

STUD MAN

A \$100! Are you out of your mind?  
Ok, I don't have \$100, I mean, I  
can't spent \$100 on a blow job. Can  
you just give me the 60 bucks? The  
check's good, believe me.

HOOKER

Yeah, whatever.

STUD MAN

You will?! Really?!

HOOKER

It's just 60 bucks, geesus! Are you that much of a loser? I make two hundred in 15 minutes.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Oh, are you right or are you so right you angel?! I get fucked in the ass, all day, every day, ten hours a day, and make only 10 fucking bucks an hour.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD --AT STUD'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud has reached his car and is now waiting for the tow truck to return, or for any tow truck, actually. But what shows up is a cop car, which hits its yellows, and parks behind Stud's car, to block and direct traffic.

Stud reaches the cop.

STUD MAN

I'm just waiting for a tow truck.

COP

Don't worry, I already called one.

STUD MAN

Great!

Stud goes to his car, looks inside, then jumps inside, scrambles all around, then jumps back out, and races to the cop.

STUD MAN

Somebody stole my groceries! I had some groceries in there, and someone just stole them!

COP

Well, I'm not gonna go looking for some groceries. Forget it man.

Just then a tow truck pulls up. This one's different from the first. The driver immediately starts hooking Stud's car.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Fuckin shit man! All my whiskey's gone!

COP  
(shouting to driver)  
Just get it on the side of the road  
for now!

Stud cuts through the cars and reaches the sidewalk, then watches the driver hook his car, wait for the cop to stop traffic, and pull it to the side of Sunset. Stud reaches him.

DRIVER  
Where to bud?

STUD MAN  
It's just down the road, about a  
mile.

DRIVER  
110 bucks, cash.

STUD MAN  
What are you talking about?

The cop has pulled over, and now reaches both of them

DRIVER  
It's a 110 bucks, what can I say?  
You got it?

STUD MAN  
A guy came earlier, and it was \$85.  
I just went to the money machine and  
got a hundred bucks. His was 85!

DRIVER  
Well, our company is 110.

COP  
Yeah, these guys are a little more  
expensive. They handle all the police  
business. You got the money?

STUD MAN  
I gotta 102 bucks on me.

COP  
Can you go back to the money machine?

STUD MAN  
It's maxed out.

COP  
Ok, well, we'll have to impound it  
then. There'll be an impound fee,  
and a daily charge for as long as  
it's there.

STUD MAN  
You're fuckin kidding.

COP  
What you say?

STUD MAN  
Uh, nothing, forget it. Fine. Do you  
need me for anything else?

COP  
Well, yeah, where you think you're  
going? I need some info from you,  
and you gotta sign the form. License  
please.

Stud slowly pulls out his license.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Why don't you just fuckin pull out  
your fuckin gun and put me out of my  
misery.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Stud Man paces furiously about his one room.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
You're a fuckin artist!

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
I know I'm a fuckin artist!

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Then start thinking like a fuckin  
artist!

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
It's so fuckin hard! Why do they  
make it so hard?!

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Fuck you you whiny ass pussy fag!  
Stop your fuckin whining! You're  
lettin' them beat you, you fucking  
disgusting piece of pussy fag bumshit!  
Bandit, y'fuck! Start thinkin' like  
a bandit again, a fuckin bandit! You  
fuck, you fuckin pussy ass fuck,  
you're fuckin thinking all this  
straight fuckin shit Corcoran rules  
fucked up bullshit, this fuckin jail,  
religion, traffic, tie, paycheck  
evil bullshit!

BUG MAN (O.S.)

(viciously)

We're turning into Travis Bickle,  
y'know that?! We're gettin' worse  
than Fight Club, American Psycho,  
Bickle!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Yeah!! Fuckin A!! Yeah!! We gotta be  
a million times worse than those  
fags! Got it?! Understand you fuckin  
pussy! That's the fuckin ticket!  
Those fucks are pussies next to us!  
Bickle's a fuckin fag next to us!

BUG MAN (O.S.)

That's right, you're right, you're  
fuckin right, so right man. That's  
the ticket, man. That's the fuckin  
ticket.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Stud works on his art project at his computer, when suddenly he starts to hear a grinding noise come from the area of his hard drive. He leans down to his tower, listens more intently, while it keeps grinding away. Then he gets an error message, a hardware failure.

STUD MAN

You're fuckin kidding me.

Then, the Blue Screen of Death. His hard drive has failed, and his computer has now crashed.

STUD MAN

No way man. No fucking way!

INT. PUBLIC BUS -- MORNING

Stud rides the bus, one of LA's busses, the worst public transportation system in the world besides Afghanistan's. He's crammed in with all the rest of the poor, dying, filthy, coughing, sneezing vermin of LA. One bum even throws up on himself in a seat, near where Stud's standing and holding on to the greasy pole.

While standing there, the bus has stopped at a light, and next to them is a huge, nice, brand new Cadillac SUV, being driven by a young black guy.

BUG MAN

What, your fuckin' violent rap lyrics  
are worth more than my stories, homes?

EXT. GAS STATION -- LATER

Stud tumbles out of the bus to find Lolly and her mom waiting at the usual place of exchange. Lolly runs to her dad and jumps in his arms. He smothers her with kisses, and holds her tight. Stud speaks to her mom in a cheery tone, so as not to upset Lolly.

STUD MAN

I just spent an hour on the bus. You can't drive a little closer to my area?

LOLLY'S MOM

It's not my fault you don't have a car.

Stud looks at Lolly's mom, then covers his daughter's ears.

STUD MAN

I thought we were going to keep it pleasant in front of her.

LOLLY'S MOM

Well that's a little difficult when you don't even have a fuckin car anymore!

She gets in her car, slams the door, and tears out of the parking lot.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Say goodbye to your daughter, cunt.

LOLLY

Daddy!

She playfully pulls his hands from he ears. He tickles her.

STUD MAN

We get to go on a bus honey! We get to take a bus ride!

INT. PUBLIC BUS -- MORNING

Lolly and Stud ride the bus. It's packed, of course, hot, smelly, loud. Bums are everywhere. Lolly's actually in shock, and is scared. Stud holds her tight.

STUD MAN

It's ok honey, it's ok. Daddy's here, Daddy's here...

He puts her in a seat, and stays crouched low beside her, holding her. After a few moments, she speaks up.

LOLLY

Daddy, this seat's wet.

Stud pauses just for a moment, then quickly lifts her out of the seat, and smells it.

STUD MAN

Oh fuck man!

LOLLY

What's the matter?

STUD MAN

(long pause)

Uh, it's ok hon, everything's ok.

He pulls out a disinfecting hand wipe from his back pack.

STUD MAN

Here, turn around. Don't touch anything, ok?

He scrubs the back of her shorts, legs, and shirt in a futile effort to clean the piss off her.

INT. COMPUTER STORE -- LATER

Stud and Lolly walk among the hard drives along with a store floor assistant.

STUD MAN

Our hard drive failed. Total failure.

COMPUTER ASSISTANT

Well I hope you backed up, if you didn't back up you're gonna--

STUD MAN

I did back up, don't worry about that. I do need another hard drive, though. 40 or more gigs, 7200 rpms. And, money is an issue.

COMPUTER ASSISTANT

Well, hard drives are sooooo cheap nowadays. Here they are. See, this is a great one. 110 bucks. Can you believe that? They're nothing nowadays.

STUD MAN

Do you have anything less expensive?

COMPUTER ASSISTANT

Well, they're all gonna be around that price. This one's, 95 bucks, but it's speed is 5400.

STUD MAN

Um, what about used hard drives, demo ones?

COMPUTER ASSISTANT

We don't sell that stuff. You can try one of those mom and pop stores, but you don't want to go that route. You never know what you're getting, that's why we don't sell them. I can't think of anybody who does, actually. I mean, why would you? New ones are so cheap.

STUD MAN

That's right. Ok, thanks.

COMPUTER ASSISTANT

Well, um, do you want one? I have to unlock the case, if you want one.

STUD MAN

Another time, we're just looking around right now.

(O.S.)

Fuckin shit fuckin shit fuckin shit!

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- SHOWER -- EVENING

Stud gives his daughter a thorough bath, really scrubbing her.

STUD MAN

Public transportation usually isn't that bad honey. In other cities, it's great, but since this is LA, it's awful.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Lolly sleeps peacefully in the bed while Stud argues with her mom on the phone, pacing back and forth furiously.

STUD MAN

Whoa whoa whoa slow down slow down. Slow DOWN! Fuck. I can't keep arguing money with you! You know my job, you know my finances. You certainly know your fuckin job.

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

YOU NEED A FUCKING CAR YOU FUCKING LOSER!

STUD MAN

I need a fuckin hard drive before I need a fucking car! I can't access any of my work right now!

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

You don't need that shit. Give up on that bullshit.

STUD MAN

Fuuuuuuuck you.

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

That's worthless shit. You need a real job, and you need a fucking car!

STUD MAN

I'm going. Thanks for reminding me why I never fucking married you. This is bullshit. I'm not talking to you any more about money. And we NEVER talk about any of this in front of her, right?

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

Fuck you.

STUD MAN

Right? We agreed...

She has hung up. Stud Man hangs up, paces furiously.

STUD MAN

Unbelievable!

He sits on the bed next to Lolly, who is simply a little angel, sleeping peacefully and securely.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

You are NEVER gonna suffer through this unbelievable bullshit!!! You are never going to go through moments like these, not like your Dad, not like your Mom. You're gonna work for yourself. Yourself. Not the fuckin man, not the fuckin Corcoran. Not the fuckin bullshit. For yourself! You are NOT gonna be some dumb, naive 25 year old, wasting her youth in a Corcoran, in moments like these! You're gonna have the world by the nards, at that age, AT THAT AGE. At age 20. Hell, at age 15. You're gonna know the deal.

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- MORNING

Bug Man is on the elevator alone, reading the news on the monitor. Just as the doors were about to close, CEO Sload, President Winthorp, and a couple of pencil neck Vice President types get on, yabbering away.

JAY WINTHORP

So after we give the quarter's results, and the pro forma, I'll  
(MORE)

JAY WINTHORP (CONT'D)  
close with, I was thinking of, "It's  
truly a magical time for our company."

ELI SLOAD  
Magical?

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Magic fucking cull?

VICE PRESIDENT  
(brown nose)  
Special? Happy?

JAY WINTHORP  
I'm more concerned with the press  
here, than the shareholders. We've  
hit them with another banner year.  
We've hit them with record profits,  
record revenues, profit margins that  
are the highest in our history, and  
costs that are 12% less than last  
year. I want to see on CNN tomorrow  
me being quoted with "magical."

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
MAGICAL?!

Just then WWOA appears, hovering near the monitor, which she  
dutifully reads:

WWOA  
The most potent weapon in the hands  
of the oppressor is the mind of the  
oppressed. Steve Biko.

She hovers there until the next news item flashes on the  
monitor, whereupon she vanishes.

VICE PRESIDENT  
Tremendous. Superlative. Magnificent.  
Magnificent sounds a little like  
magical.

Every once in a while, these suits glance at Stud. He's  
passing his floor. He's gonna hang with them a while. They  
pass floor 35, then 37, and stop at 40.

ELI SLOAD  
Magical. Go with magical.

VICE PRESIDENT  
I agree. Our results call for it.  
And it's the truth.

Everybody steps out of the elevator to the opulent executive  
offices, coming upon the receptionist almost immediately.

The suits at first wonder who Stud is, and why he's getting off with them, but quickly dismiss him, knowing the receptionist will handle the problem.

Winthorp leans down to a card the receptionist has displayed on her desk, reads it, and chuckles.

JAY WINTHORP  
 (to receptionist)  
 Ha ha good one today. Good one.

The VP also reads it, and chuckles, and all the men continue on to their offices, leaving Stud with the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST  
 May I help you?

Stud leans down to read the card. WWOA instantly appears, reading it for him.

WWOA  
 I don't suffer insanity. I enjoy every minute of it. By Anonymous.

WWOA vanishes.

STUD MAN  
 I work here.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Ok, what can I do for you?

STUD MAN  
 I just came up to look at the art work.  
 (O.S.)  
 Is that OK you fuckin ugly cunt? I do work at this fuckin hell hole, y'know?

The receptionist hesitates just for a moment, wanting him to go back to where he belongs.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Of course. It's quite an extensive collection though. I don't think you can take it all in during your break.

STUD MAN  
 I'll be quick.  
 (O.S.)  
 And I'm not on break you fuckin cunt.

Stud wanders along the walls of the reception area. It's true, the CEO is quite an art patron, and has installed a large portion of his collection on the executive floor.

The art tends toward the modern, but there's a few Impressionist works, such as Renoirs. Stud comes upon a Jackson Pollock.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

This is a Jackson Pollock. It must be worth several million. Hmmm. Edvard Munch. Rothko... No fucking way: a Picasso?

The offices truly are majestic. There's a lot of glass. For example, CEO Sload's office takes up one quarter of the floor, and the outer secretary area is enclosed in glass. He has two secretaries, BTW.

There are small conference rooms next to his office, also enclosed in glass. And the large one, which seats about 100, is also enclosed in glass, and sports a terrific view of downtown LA.

The execs Stud rode the elevator with are poring over documents in this room, along with some other VPs who've joined them. They all look at Stud for a moment or two, wondering what he's doing up here, but then return to their work.

Stud meanders back to the elevators, hands clasped behind his back.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Thanks so very much, cunt. You can go in and suck their dicks now...go on...go on...

INT. CORCORAN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

The entire department is assembled in front of Gracie, and she is reading from a certificate.

GRACIE

In Recognition for Superior Achievement, for perfect Quality Assurance scores for three months running!

She hands Bug Man the certificate. He looks at the stupid thing, and at all his co-irkers as they wildly applaud him. This is obviously not the first time he's won this award.

STUD MAN

STOP COMMENDING ME FOR THESE STUPID, MINDLESS TASKS!! Do your fat ugly stupid husbands give you a fuckin award when you clean the toilette with your brillo pad cunt hairs!!!

BUG MAN

Is there any bonus or anything that comes with this?

GRACIE

You've never gotten a bonus.

BUG MAN

I thought, maybe because I've won this three months in a row now...

Gracie shakes her head.

GRACIE

It's not in our budget. You know that. It's the spirit of the thing. You can mount it in your pod area.

Bug smiles and nods, a happy, happy clam, so fuckin grateful for this fucking certificate.

Gracie nods to fat Donna, who pulls herself up and begins handing out red t-shirts to all the team members.

GRACIE

Next. I've got terrific news! The company is starting a new national ad campaign. It starts next Saturday night, during prime time, and it centers around a retiree who wears this shirt. I've seen some of the spots, and they're quite funny.

Bug holds his up in front of himself. It's bright red, and in big white letters across the chest, it reads "RETIREMENT."

GRACIE

So, to get in the spirit, and help kick it off, marketing is asking all employees to wear this shirt on the Friday before the Saturday. It will be so cool. All of us will be wearing these shirts, when we ride the elevators, and go to lunch, so there'll be all these red shirts all over the plaza and everything. Isn't that cool?!

Stud Man is fucking the Hottie New Hire mightily, when she speaks up to Gracie.

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

What are we supposed to wear with them?

GRACIE

Well, it'll be a Friday, so it's normal business casual. I think a white skirt, or slacks, would look good, to match the lettering. And for the men, nice slacks, of course, white if you have them. I think marketing would prefer white.

The Hottie New Hire cums like a wailing whore, but Stud isn't done with her, and he keeps ramming it in her cunt.

GRACIE

Now, next order of business is, what you've all been waiting for, the results of our vote! And I'm happy to report that the fancy smancy dinner at the Cheesecake Factory won!

Bug's jaw actually drops. He looks about his team mates, most of whom also look disappointed, but are trying to cover it up.

BUG MAN

Uh, Gracie, are you sure? Who voted for the Cheesecake Factory?

GRACIE

Well, there was one vote for the Chinese dinner, one vote for cash, two votes for the Cheesecake Factory, and the rest didn't seem to vote. I think we're all too busy. So, those reverted to me, as we agreed, and so, I voted for the Cheesecake Factory.

BUG MAN

Ok ok ok wait a second here. What if we can't go? We still just get the money you would've spent on us at the Cheesecake Factory, right?

GRACIE

Yes, some of you have expressed this concern to me privately. But let me remind you, the company really would like us to use the money to improve team moral, team spirit, and cohesiveness. So, if you can't make the dinner, and I know some of you can't, for whatever reason, I'm sure they're legitimate, we've decided to open up your spots to the other managers on the floor, first, then to the other team members on the floor, if there are any more spots available.

BUG MAN

Well, who is going? Let's see who is actually going?

Only fat Donna, Gracie, and an angry young black woman happy to get the free grub raise their hands.

GRACIE

(to another girl)

You can't go now? I thought you were going.

BLACK FEMALE TEAM MATE

(total lie)

My cousin's wedding's that night. I just found out.

GRACIE

You can come after.

BLACK FEMALE TEAM MATE

It's in the Valley. I'd never make it to Redondo Beach.

STUD MAN

Three?! Three?! Three?!!! Three of you fucks are going to this fucking dinner, and the rest are going to be these fucking assholes on the floor who didn't even earn it?! They're gonna be eating some big fuckin piece of shit 300 dollar dinner on our dough?! And their fat fucking loser spouses?!!

Stud takes out his aluminum baseball bat and clobbers Gracie right in the skull.

STUD MAN

I NEED THAT FUCKING MONEY YOU FUCKING STUPID CUNT!!! I NEED A FUCKING HARD DRIVE!! I NEED A FUCKING CAR!!! I'VE GOT A DAUGHTER TO SUPPORT!!!

While he's screaming this with all the visceral hate that ever existed in humanity, he's bashing in the skulls of fat Donna, and the other assholes in the department. They're trying to make a run for it, but Stud's whacking that bat around like some psycho Babe Ruth.

Then he rips out his chain saw, fires it up, and starts cutting up his team mates, some of whom are still trying to run and even crawl away.

INT. CORCORAN CONFERENCE ROOM -- OUTSIDE THE ROOM --  
CONTINUOUS

We hear the blood curdling terrified SCREAMS of the massacre going on inside. Through the frosted glass of the doors, we can see fat faceless bodies and body parts flying through the air, blood spurting up to the particle board ceiling.

One fat co-irker actually makes it out the door, collapsing in the threshold, clawing, scraping to get out. But noooooo, she's dragged back in by Stud Man's super human strength to meet her just fate!

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- DAY

But man is awakened by his pager. He checks the number, dials.

STUD MAN

Yeah Harvey, you just paged me...Right now? Yeah, ok!

Stud races out of the cubicles to the elevator.

EXT. CORCORAN -- GROUND FLOOR LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud races through the lobby to the car drop off area in front of the building. Harvey is there, leaning against his gorgeous Rolls. Golf clubs stick up from the back seat.

Stud reaches him, excited, expecting good news.

HARVEY

Bad news. I try to tell this to people as often as I can in person, and since I was in the area I thought I'd drop in. So this is your building huh? Gorgeous! I love the coloring.

STUD MAN

What's the news Harvey?

HARVEY

Lifetime passed.

STUD MAN

(pummeled)

Shit...Did they say why?

Harvey begins to reply.

STUD MAN

You never ask. I know.

HARVEY

(checking watch)

I gotta go.

(MORE)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I'm playing golf with the head of production at Paramount, and some agent guys. At the LA Country Club. Don't get disappointed. There's other places to try.

STUD MAN

Harvey, just option the fucking thing yourself!

Harvey just gives him a look, like don't take that tone with me.

STUD MAN

I know. You never use your own money. Can I be your caddie then?

HARVEY

Good! Keep up the good spirits. Don't let it get you down. Every writer's gone through this.

He's getting in his Rolls as he says this, starting to pull away.

HARVEY

I'll call you! Don't give up! We're not giving up! The battle continues! When the going gets tough, the tough get going!

And so he goes.

INT. BUG MAN'S CELL (CUBICLE) -- CORCORAN -- AFTERNOON

Bug Man was sleeping on his desk, but suddenly awakes.

MALE POD MATE

Dude! Too much blood in your caffeine system ha ha ha?

STUD MAN

Dude! I may be rude to you, but don't think that just because I am that you in actuality are still not a complete moron and insignificant. Since you're so good at being a complete idiot, all I can muster to match you is a reaction off you, the reaction of course being complete contempt and rudeness. It has to happen that way. Like a chemical reaction. I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I'm merely inadequate to rise above the juxtaposition of you and me.

Bug Man then opens new email.

WVOA

Two in this one! Enjoy! "When a man  
angers you, he conquers you." Toni  
Morrison. And: "Don't compromise  
yourself, you're all you've got."  
Janis Joplin, American Folk Singer.

Bug Man deletes the email and the always sexy and naked and  
lovely WVOA vanishes.

All the while his two stupid other podmates have been carrying  
on one of their usual Cal Tech conversations:

STUPID POD MATE 1

I have to get more Pine Sol.

STUPID POD MATE 2

Me too.

STUPID POD MATE 1

Well don't get the fake kind I got  
the fake kind at the 99 cents store--

STUPID POD MATE 2

The one on Exposition, right at--?

STUPID POD MATE 1

La Cienega.

STUPID POD MATE 2

Yeah.

STUPID POD MATE 1

Yeah. And believe me, it was not  
worth the 99 cents.

STUPID POD MATE 2

It cost 99 cents?

STUPID POD MATE 1

I think it was like 79, or 82,  
something like that.

STUPID POD MATE 2

And it didn't work?

STUPID POD MATE 1

Nooooo way it didn't work and it  
didn't even smell good, y'know? It  
didn't have that same good Pine Sol  
smell.

INT. CORCORAN -- KITCHEN -- LATER

Bug Man brings his coffee cup to rinse in the sink.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Why? Why the fuck does every writer go through this? What's the purpose? What fucking purpose does it serve? No wonder artists hate society. Look how society treats them!

He turns on the water in the sink, but it comes out brown and thick.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Oh man fucking disgusting are they ever gonna get this fixed the fucking fucks the fucking loser bullshit lazy ass fucks?!

(pause)

Why the fuck you getting this caffeine drug anyway?

BUG MAN (O.S.)

I need it, ok?

STUD MAN (O.S.)

We're turning into one of them!

Stud has been filling his cup with the boiling caffeine liquid from the machine's spout, just as two fat fucking co-irkers enter, yabbering about Oprah or some such nonsense.

Stud calmly tosses the boiling caffeine liquid in their ugly faces, and they bump and stumble out of the kitchen, screaming to their false gods.

Stud fills his cup again. He carries the steaming liquid out the kitchen where he immediately finds more co-irkers cackling like parrots in the aisle. Stud pours the boiling caffeine liquid on the head of the one nearest him.

He returns to the kitchen and grabs an even larger container, a pot that's been sitting in the sink, waiting to be washed in the brown water. He fills that with the boiling caffeine liquid, then plops it in the microwave a few seconds to get it even hotter.

Then he goes a hunting. He sneaks up on some fat fuck typing away at her workstation. He pours some of the boiling liquid on her head, and down her fat back. He turns to her podmate, does the same to her. Both walruses of course run screaming down the corridor looking for the nearest burn unit as their skin drips to the floor.

Stud returns to the kitchen, opens the fridge to find it overflowing with junk that's been in there for weeks, if not months. A couple of cans actually have tumbled to the floor when he opened the door.

STUD MAN  
 Let's see...Slim Fast Strawberries  
 and Cream Drink. Diet!

He heaves both cans, nailing a couple of fat co-losers right in their eyes, knocking them unconscious.

STUD MAN  
 YOU'VE WEIGHED 270 FUCKING POUNDS  
 FOR 8 YEARS NOW YOU FAT FUCKING COW!  
 IT'S NOT WORKING!

He grabs more junk from the fridge, reading and hurling the bottles and cans and containers at co-losers as they type away at their workstations, nailing each and every one right in the skull, cracking their plastic craniums, the empty domes, and the bottles and cans in the bargain.

STUD MAN  
 HERE'S YOUR FUCKIN WISH BONE DIET  
 THOUSAND ISLAND, AND YOUR JUST 2  
 GOOD 2 GRAMS OF FAT CREAMY CAESAR  
 DRESSING...and let's see...ENSURE  
 DOCTOR RECOMMENDED ORANGE CREAM DRINK!  
 DON'T FORGET YOUR FUCKIN APPLES AND  
 THE FUCKING DIET WATERMELON SLICES  
 THAT HAVE BEEN SITTING IN HERE FOR  
 WEEKS!

He's throwing strikes each and every time: Cottage Cheese containers, moldy old cream cheese, rank 2% non-fat milk sail into fat, wide, idiotic mouths, poisoning the buffoons, or splatter all over their greasy hair, and drip into their eyes.

By now, Stud's pretty much emptied all the bottles and cans and hard fruit and sloppy food containers from the fridge, and distributed them nicely on his nearest team mates.

He finds a big bag from Noahs Bagels, tears it out of the fridge, grabs an old, hard, green moldy bagel.

STUD MAN  
 Right fucking on!

He hurls it at the microwave, and it's so hard it smashes right through the window.

STUD MAN  
 Tits!

He tears open the freezer door, dumps all the Lean Cuisine Frozen Meals in the bag, grabs a few nice hard caffeine cups that were sitting in the sink, then goes a hunting again.

He stalks the aisles, pod after pod, ripping salvo strikes at each and every fat, dull skull bobbing stupidly at their workstations.

Caffeine cups smash into yabbering, braying, wagging heads. Hard, frozen meal packages spin 1000 rpms and slice into necks, decapitating the stooges. Their dumb, heavy heads tumble on their keyboards, spray their wasted, worthless blood all over their desks, bounce and thud to the carpet.

As he walks the aisles, he calmly pulls out more ammunition. Green and white and black moldy bagels slam into eyes, smashing eyeballs, blinding the monkeys forever. A few of these missiles smash into computer monitors, starting small fires which quickly engulf the wailing and panicked oxen trying to escape. These hyenas scamper away, smashing into walls and windows, their ugly faces and hair burning like cheap torches.

Stud nails one dull minded team mate right in the temple while she was standing at the copier, and she collapses, killed instantly, on the machine.

He's got only a few bombs left just as he reaches his own pod. He creams each of his stupid podmates.

Then joy upon joy, who's walking toward him but fat, dumb Gracie. With his last bullet he beans her right in her thick, Neanderthal forehead. Her fat, unconscious body tumbles backwards, her skirt shoved up, revealing her fat thighs and ugly stockings.

Stud slams the bagel bag over her head. He rips a phone chord from the wall, whips it about her neck, pulls it tight and tugs closed a strong, tight knot, sealing the bag air tight, and leaves her to deservedly choke and suffocate, while he sits back down at his workstation and calmly takes a sip from his caffeine cup.

EXT. GAS STATION -- MORNING

Lolly's in her mom's car. Her mom stands outside with Stud. She is weeping.

LOLLY'S MOM

I'm so, we're so broke. So poor. I'm so scared. Please, can't you just hold me. I have no one. I miss you.

STUD MAN

I...so much has happened between us...all the stuff you did, all the stuff in court...

LOLLY'S MOM

...please...

She holds him. Lolly looks like she's in total shock, since she's never seen that before.

LOLLY'S MOM

I just don't understand. I've got a business and a law degree, and I'm so broke. I hate my job so much...

Stud holds her also, but it's very awkward. Finally, she lets go, nodding.

LOLLY'S MOM

Forget it. You don't mean it.

STUD MAN

I can't help how I feel. I can't fake it. Look, we need money.

LOLLY'S MOM

No shit Einstein.

STUD MAN

Money. That's what we gotta focus on. Money, money, money. 99% of our problem is based on money.

Lolly's mom nods in agreement.

STUD MAN

I can try robbery. You gotta gun?

LOLLY'S MOM

(chuckles)

Of course not...

STUD MAN

Crooks are the smart ones. Only problem is I'd be such a newbie at it.

Stud opens her car to get Lolly, lifts and holds her tightly. He starts to meander to the bus stop.

STUD MAN

Well, say goodbye to mommy, honey.

LOLLY'S MOM

Um, hello..?

STUD MAN

What?

LOLLY'S MOM

Aren't you forgetting something?

Stud turns to her, hanging his head.

STUD MAN

I wanted to talk to you about that. I simply don't have it.

(MORE)

STUD MAN (CONT'D)

I spent 120 bucks on the impound charge, and didn't get a single cent for the car, and my paycheck was smaller anyway, because of those two days I missed, remember, and...

LOLLY'S MOM

I need it.

STUD MAN

I know. But I don't have it. I don't know what to tell you.

LOLLY'S MOM

When will you have it?

STUD MAN

You know as well as I do. It's gonna be months till I can save it up.

LOLLY'S MOM

Fine.

She tries to grab Lolly out of his arms.

STUD MAN

What are you doing?!

LOLLY'S MOM

No child support, no child.

STUD MAN

Knock it off!

Of course now Lolly's screaming, and her mom continues to pull at her from her dad's arms.

STUD MAN

You're hurting her!

LOLLY'S MOM

YOU'RE hurting her!

Stud let's go of his daughter, for her safety. Now Lolly's really bawling, and it's just an awful, ugly scene. His child's crying rips his heart apart.

STUD MAN

This is OUR time together!

LOLLY'S MOM

You violated the court agreement. I don't have to give her to you.

As she's saying this she's slamming their poor child in her car seat. Stud goes to grab her mom.

STUD MAN  
You're hurting her!

LOLLY'S MOM  
You touch me asshole and I'll call  
the cops and get a fuckin restraining  
order on you!

STUD MAN  
Don't do this in front of her you  
complete psycho--  
(stops himself short)  
I'm not arguing in front of her.

LOLLY'S MOM  
Fine with fucking me!

STUD MAN  
Don't be like that in front of her!

While Lolly bawls in the back, her mom jumps in the car and  
starts it up.

LOLLY  
Daddy!

LOLLY'S MOM  
Shut up!

STUD MAN  
Don't take it out on her!

Lolly's Mom SCREAMS onto the road, yelling at her child.  
Stud furiously stomps around the station.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
FUCKIN CUNT BITCH CUNT CUNT CUNT...Oh  
Lolly, Lolly, I'm so sorry I'm so  
sorry, you poor little girl...

Now Stud starts bawling, the tears just erupt from his eyes,  
as he stumbles back to the bus stop.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
I'm so sorry honey, I'm so sorry,  
please get through this, please please  
please don't let it hurt you, please  
honey, be a good girl, a big girl, a  
brave, big girl...

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Stud's screaming on the phone.

STUD MAN  
She needs to see her dad! She needs  
her daddy!

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

Instead of seeing her you can get another job and pay me what you owe me!

STUD MAN

Do you realize you're hurting your own daughter? Do you realize that? You're using her as a weapon against me, and the one you're hurting the most is your own child!

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

Oh and you're not hurting her by not being able to pay child support?! How is she supposed to live?!

STUD MAN

Listen you got to understand--

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

You fuckin understand! You get an extra waiter's job or something and start supporting your child!

STUD MAN

I've been supporting her since she was born you fuckin cunt!

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

Don't you swear at me I'll fucking get a restraining order on you so fast.

STUD MAN

Is she there? Is she listening to this?

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

She's right here.

STUD MAN

I can't fuckin believe you! Can I talk to her please, can I at least say hi?

LOLLY'S MOM (O.S.)

Of course not loser. Give up on this fuckin artist pipe dream, get a fuckin real job, and support her.

She slams the phone down.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Fuckin cunt! You fuckin evil evil evil cunt!

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- SHOWER -- MORNING

Bug Man is just finishing drying himself from the shower. He looks awful, crazed. He leans in close to the mirror, looks deeply at himself.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

What are you doing? Why are you doing this? You used to be such a happy guy? The ol' college try. What the fuck has happened?

INT. PUBLIC BUS -- MORNING

Bug Man stands again, holding the greasy pole. The bus is packed. It's the morning crowd, the morning rush. It's steamy and humid, smelly, loud, and miserable.

Bug Man examines the skin, the faces, the noses, the eyes of the others on the bus.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Are you just like them? Maybe you really are. Maybe all these scum see you as you see them.

Bug Man can see the pores in the skin of others. The dirt in the pores. The grease, and the red and brown, ugly acne.

He can see the stubble. The stubble is greasy and wet too, sweaty. The sweat collects in the deep crevices of the old people. A thick, hard stump of hair sticks out of a mole, here, a wart there.

INT. CORCORAN -- GROUND FLOOR LOBBY -- MORNING

Bug Man peers closely at the security guards in the main lobby. They are older men, but still young, out of shape, soft, well groomed and in spiffy uniforms, but spiritless. They steal glances at women as they walk buy.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

What are you guys doing? What are you men doing?!

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- MORNING

Bug Man peers closely at his fellow passengers. He has singled out a particularly somewhat pretty girl, not a beauty, but pretty. His stare is so unnerving she actually has to turn away from him.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

You haven't gotten fucked lately, have you? You should get fucked many times a day. Why aren't you, have you asked yourself that?

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- MORNING

Bug Man leaves his pod, wanders through the aisles of pods, through all the workers in the pods. It's almost like he's on LSD or something: he can see their skin with bright clarity.

He can see the blood worming through their skin, he can see the cells, all the individual cells, and all the ugly blemishes and discolorations, the sharp, sagging crevices, the little ugly hairs sticking out of their nostrils, the faint little hairs matted down by powder makeup.

He sees their lifeless eyes, and the dull reflection of their computer screens off their dull eyeballs. WWOA has come to some of them. Hell, some even have screen savers of her:

WWOA

Catch on fire with enthusiasm and people will come for miles to watch you burn. John Wesley, 1703 - 1791.  
Founder of Methodism.

Bug Man passes blob after blob, thick heavy mass, pure, motionless mass, one after another, on and on, pod to pod.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

You're all dead aren't you? You're just severed tails, ugly twitching tails, left to jerk stupidly on some old road.

At another:

WWOA

In the arena of human life, the honors and rewards fall to those who show their good qualities in action.  
Aristotle, Ancient Greek Philosopher.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Stop it! Stop it you cruel wench!  
You evil, evil phantom! You evil,  
evil false god!

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- NIGHT

Beat, head hanging, drained of all life, Bug rides the elevator down.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

What a fucking waste of life, you fucking loser. You fucking asshole.  
Pure fucking misery. Fucking loser...

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- ANOTHER NIGHT

We can tell it's a different night because the fellow passengers have suddenly changed, and Bug looks different, worse.

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
Ten hours of evil fucking wasted  
life, and for what, for fucking what?

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- ANOTHER NIGHT

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
Nine and a half hours of ...

INT. PUBLIC BUS -- NIGHT

Bug Man rides the bus after another wasted day at Corcoran.

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
You fuckin loser you fucking piece  
of shit loser.

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- NIGHT

Again, as always, and for the rest of his life, Bug rides the elevator down, beat as all hell, beat as the worst beat sap on some beat rail tracks out in the middle of nowhere.

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
Eighty eight bucks, after taxes...

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- SHOWER -- MORNING

Bug looks at himself in the mirror. Another shitty morning, another worst, WORST, day of his life.

INT. BUG MAN'S CELL (CUBICLE) -- CORCORAN -- DAY

STUPID POD MATE 1 (O.S.)  
(from other side of  
pod)  
I had a condom in my purse so long  
it expired. Never got to use it.

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
...after the fucking SDI, and whatever  
else the fucks wanta take out...

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Bug lays on his bed, drinking whiskey, watching 3 am TV bullshit.

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
We could tie a bag around our neck,  
a plastic bag.  
(MORE)

BUG MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 That's what the guy down the hall  
 did, remember...Jump off Corcoran?

EXT. CORCORAN ROOF -- DAY

From Bug's POV, we approach the ledge of the high rise, lean over, look all the way, all the way down 40 floors, to the plaza below.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Back to Bug on his bed, drinking the whiskey.

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
 We were so happy once...

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- NIGHT

Bug watches Gracie as she merrily watches the news piped in to the elevator. They reach the ground floor, and as they walk through the lobby at the end of the day, she waves cheerfully at Bug.

GRACIE  
 Have a nice night! See you tomorrow!

Bug drags himself through the lobby.

GRACIE (O.S.)  
 (from a previous  
 conversation)  
 No, overtime just can't be squeezed  
 into our budget at this time. Sorry.

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- NIGHT

Bug Man rides the elevator down again, beat as all hell. This time, he's alone.

INT. PUBLIC BUS -- NIGHT

Bug Man struggles through the lifeless masses, finding a pole in back to hang onto.

The bus jerks down the street, bumping and jerking in traffic. It has stopped at a light.

Outside, Bug can see passengers waiting at the bus stop on the corner. They're not getting on. This is not their bus. They need the next.

They are maids, day workers, office workers, clerks. They hold bundles, clutch them to their chests. Since they've realized this is not their bus, their eyes have become dull and plain again. They must wait, but they are used to it. This is what they do every night at this hour. They sit at the bus stop. They lean against the wall. They wait.

They wait and wait and wait, as the soot from the street coats them, and the night grows darker.

INT. NORMS DINER -- LA CIENEGA -- NIGHT

Bug Man sits at the counter, waiting for his dinner. He's gotten much worse. He can barely hold up his head. Any moment, snot will drip from his nose, drool dribble from his lips.

He looks about himself, at all his fellow diners. This is the type of place where a body can get a steak dinner special for \$4.49, which includes a potato, vegetable, salad and soup. Most everyone sits alone.

Bug scans the construction workers, secretaries, phone company field workers, Department of Water and Power workers, plumbers, desk guards too beat to even hide their uniform or remove their name tag, real estate agents, Post Office workers, retirees getting their retiree special. They either read the paper, or stare into space.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

You're scared, aren't you? You're terrified, aren't you?

A beat, old Vietnamese women goes from customer to customer, trying to interest them in buying socks. None take her up on her deal. Finally, the security guard catches up with her, and makes her leave.

Bug turns his attention to the cooks. From the counter, he can see the cooks. They work furiously. They slam a slab of meat on the grill here, clank down a plate of dinner on the counter there. There's three of them, and they work expertly, rapidly, never getting in each other's way.

The waitresses scurry about. They grab the plates from the counter, sprint off to a table. They sprint back, jam an order in the clip on the shiny wheel for the cooks.

And in the background, moving silently, invisible, the bus boys sweep the plates and cups and forks and knives in their pans, and wipe down the tables, and move on to the next.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

This isn't what you planned, is it?

A worker shifts uneasily in his seat, adjusts his paper.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

You're scared, aren't you?

A waitress pauses in her step for just a moment, then hurries on to a customer.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Admit it.

(MORE)

BUG MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're one paycheck away from death,  
and you know it. You're one paycheck  
away from total poverty, homelessness,  
disease and death, aren't you?

An off duty security guard maws his food and stares at Bug Man.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

You're angry and miserable, aren't  
you? You're angry and miserable and  
tired and scared, aren't you?

Bug Man watches all the beat people in the restaurant. He watches a long time. Some are watching him too. Then he hangs his head, hangs his head over his plate. After a long, long time:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes...

Bug Man looks up.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm so scared...

A waitress in front of him grabs a plate, runs off to a customer.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm so fucking poor and scared...

Bug whips about, searching for the source of the voice. All about him, all he sees are people going about their business, eating sadly, reading the paper.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

What am I going to do..? What in  
hell am I ever going to do..?

Bug twists his body and neck around, looking for the voice, but can't find her.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(crying now)

I'm so fucking broke. What in hell  
am I ever going to do?

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Bug Man has gotten a small bottle of generic whiskey. He sips it as he makes his way home down the dark and dirty street.

He passes a building on the side of which is a dumpster. Next to the dumpster, a whore sucks some beat guy's dick.

Bug Man watches a little of it, swigs the whiskey, continues on.

A ways further down the street, he passes three homeless guys shouting at each other, fighting over a bottle. Bug continues on, hiding his own bottle under his shirt.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

That's us in a year, asshole.

Bug Man passes a couple of hookers who look to him as a potential customer, but he quickly and sadly just waves them off, shaking his head.

INT. BUG MAN'S ONE ROOM APARTMENT, LA -- NIGHT

Bug Man has been laying in his bed all night and into the late morning hours, polishing off the whiskey, watching stupid TV, and he looks it. On his TV some blond babe is getting fucked from behind by two black dudes. Her huge tits wag in the wind, slam into each other.

BUG MAN (O.S.)

What a fuckin loser you are. Fucking asshole. Fucking fucking fucking fucking loser piece of shit jerk off asshole piece of shit loser!

He clicks through the channels, running over a rerun of Oprah, then a news program, then an early morning financial show, another porno, where he holds for a while, then some celebrity profile show.

Stud Man stands, paces about his room.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Get a fuckin grip asshole!

BUG MAN (O.S.)

Fuck you.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

You're fuckin wasting your life away!

BUG MAN (O.S.)

I know! I know!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

THEN FUCKING DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

BUG MAN (O.S.)

WHAT?! WHAT, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE?!

STUD MAN (O.S.)

GOOD!! GET ANGRY!!! GET FUCKIN PISSED MAN!!! NOW FUCKING GET TO WORK!! GET TO FUCKING WORK!!

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
THAT'S ALL I FUCKING EVER DO!

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
NOT FOR THE MAN YOU ASSHOLE! NOT FOR  
THE FUCKING CORCORAN!! FOR YOURSELF  
MAN, FOR YOURSELF!!

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
And what the fuck are we gonna live  
on you piece of shit dreamer?! How  
are we gonna make the bills, how are  
we gonna eat you fucking pipe dream  
all talk bullshitter?!

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK! LIE,  
CHEAT, STEAL, KILL!! I DON'T CARE!!  
JUST GET OFF YOUR FUCKING ASS AND  
TAKE IT!!

BUG MAN (O.S.)  
Oh that's just fucking great. I can  
really move on that. Can you be a  
little more specific?

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
Yeah, I can be more specific. FUCK  
YOU YOU FUCKING PUSSY!! YOU DISGUST  
ME!! GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!!! GET  
FUCKING LOST LOSER!! GET OUTTA MY  
FUCKING SIGHT!! GET THE FUCK OUTTA  
HERE!!! I NEVER WANTA SEE YOU A-FUCKIN-  
GAIN!!!

Stud TEARS the TV from the desk, RIPPING the chord from the wall, opens his front door and HEAVES the fucking machine against the opposite wall of his apartment corridor.

He slams the door shut again. But then finds the empty whiskey bottle. He rips open the door and SMASHES the bottle against the wall. SLAMS the door again. Dogs now bark in his building. He can even hear someone say: "What the fuck..?"

Stud rips open his curtains to find it's daylight, and in fact, quite late in the morning. He races out his dive apartment again, passing a guy dressed for work who was inspecting the heap in the hall. As soon as he sees Stud STALKING out of his apartment, CRAZED, A PSYCHO, he scoots back into his own apartment, terrified of all death.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Stud Man stalks down the street. Rush hour is nearing its end. However, vehicles are still stacked all along the street, smoldering in their lanes.

Stud actually is moving faster than the cars.

INT. OFFICE HIGH RISE, OFF SUNSET -- LATER

Stud Man enters a high rise lobby, blowing right past the dickless security guard at the lobby desk. Stud enters an elevator.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The offices are gorgeous and opulent, high up in the 9000 Sunset tower, with a brilliant view of LA from downtown to the ocean.

Stud Man bursts into Harvey's office, with Harvey's babe secretary chasing behind.

SECRETARY

Sir he just burst right in here!

STUD MAN

I need to talk with you.

HARVEY

(to secretary)

It's ok.

She backs out of the office. Harvey just looks at Stud, like, "what do you want?"

STUD MAN

Sell the fuckin script.

HARVEY

I'm trying.

STUD MAN

Try harder.

HARVEY

It's at Disney, and they're looking at it. The head of acquisitions is looking at it right now.

STUD MAN

Call him up.

HARVEY

He's on a plane to London right now, I believe.

STUD MAN

Call him on the fuckin plane!

HARVEY

We'll have to wait till--

STUD MAN

Fuck you you no talent piece of shit  
fucking cock sucking fag cunt! Sell  
the fucking script! I need money!

Harvey sits back in his chair, and smiles broadly at Stud.

HARVEY

I like this new you. Y'go to the  
ball deli and get a couple?

STUD MAN

To-fucking-day. Got it?! You don't  
sell the fucking thing today, I'm  
coming back here and bashing your  
fucking head in!

Again, Harvey smiles broadly.

HARVEY

Right on. I'll call him today.

STUD MAN

That's not fucking good enough. You  
shove it down his throat today. Got  
it? Down his fucking throat. He's  
buying it today!

HARVEY

Good job. That's right, he's buying  
it today.

Stud RIPS the lamp off Harvey's desk, smashes it against the  
bookcase, then the wall, then back on Harvey's desk. Stud  
takes Harvey's Golden Globe that always sits on his desk.

HARVEY

Not that!

Stud smashes it against the wall, cracking it in 10 pieces.

STUD MAN

That's your fuckin skull if you don't  
sell it today.

Stud stalks out of his office, slamming the door.

EXT. CORCORAN -- MORNING

Stud Man stalks across the plaza into Corcoran. Surrounding  
him are red "RETIREMENT" shirts pecking about like red, bloody  
stupid birds.

INT. CORCORAN -- 35TH FLOOR ELEVATORS -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud rides the elevator surrounded by these red "RETIREMENT"  
monkeys, these cackling little pigeons.

Stud is sweating, furious, mean.

INT. CORCORAN -- BUG MAN'S POD -- MOMENTS LATER

Everywhere he looks, Stud Man sees these flaming red shirts, these stupid, ridiculous red bats flitting about.

He reaches his pod where his pod mates are all giddy about their shirts, and cackling with Gracie, who's also stuffed her fat belly and tits in a shirt.

GRACIE

Where's your RETIREMENT shirt?!

STUD MAN

I'M A MAN!! FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU!!

Stud lifts his surface to air shoulder launcher, aims at the cunt's head.

STUD MAN

YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND!! I'M A MAN!!

He fires the rocket, destroying her dull head, and blowing out a couple of windows of the building.

Stud grabs his nearest stupid podmate and hurls him out the window. The two brainless girls collide into each other like panicked mice, trying to get away. Stud and his superhuman strength easily grips them by their hair, drags them to the window and flings them to the sky.

EXT. CORCORAN PLAZA -- CONTINUOUS

First glass shards rain on the hard concrete plaza, then a body, then the other two stupid, wailing bodies wearing their red "RETIREMENT" shirts. One of the bodies lands on a pedestrian, saving the world from yet another stupid, blobby fat fuck.

INT. CORCORAN -- CONTINUOUS

Stud struts through the aisles like some monster Rambo, ammo strapped around his bare chest, holding the Hottie New Hire in one hand as he FUCKS THE SHIT out of her, firing his Uzi with the other. Fucking and shooting, shooting and fucking.

STUD MAN

DIE YOU MOTHER FUCKERS!! DIE!! YOU STOLE TWO YEARS OF MY PRECIOUS YOUTH!!!

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

YES!! YES!! KILL THEM!!! FUCK ME!!! KILL THEM!!! FUCK MEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

He's blowing out all the windows of the 35th floor. Smoke is everywhere. These fucking stupid red flapping monigs race around in total RAVING panic.

STUD MAN

Ohhhhh, I guess I have the wrong fuckin attitude! I'm not a TEAM PLAYER! Maybe I should be grateful I gotta job at all!! I'm the asshole, right?! I'm barely breathing, barely keeping my daughter alive, and I should be skipping down these fuckin halls?!!!!

Stud, still fucking away at Hottie, kicks the fat red RETIREMENT elephants out the blown out windows. They scream maniacally as they are flung into the void.

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

KILL THEM FUCK ME KILL THEM FUCK ME  
KILL THEM FUCK ME!!!!

Stud strafes the floor with automatic fire. Computers explode, fire erupts everywhere, smoke pumps throughout the burning pods, smothers the workstations, chokes the monigs crawling to escape.

Stud pumps millions of hot missiles into the monigs scrambling to get away, battering, pummeling, ripping their fat, ugly red bodies, pummeling them backward and out the blown out windows.

STUD MAN

I HATE THIS FUCKIN HELL HOLE! I HATE IT I HATE IT I HATE IT! YOU DESERVE TO DIE! YOU'VE STOLEN MOMENTS, ACTUAL MOMENTS, OF MY PRECIOUS LIFE! YOU FUCKERS! YOU FUCKERS! YOU FUCKERS! DIE! DIE! DIE! THIS HELL HOLE MUST BE DESTROYED TO THE GROUND!

He flings the Hottie New Hire to the burning floor.

STUD MAN

I'm finished with you. Go and fuck and suck as many dicks as your cunt and mouth can handle. That's what you're here for!

HOTTIE NEW HIRE

YES! YES!! THANK YOU!! THANK YOU  
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!!!!

But Stud Man has already moved on. He tosses a couple of grenades to clear the area, then heads towards the stairs, flinging another grenade in the stairway to clear it.

EXT. CORCORAN PLAZA -- CONTINUOUS

"RETIREMENT" bodies continue to smash to the ground. Glass pours like hurricane sheets. Flaming office chairs, monitors, file boxes, file cabinets rain on the plaza, crushing more monigs who are scrambling about like crazed flies, trying to escape the onslaught.

INT. CORCORAN STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Amidst all the smoke and rubble, Stud has reached the next floor up. He keys the door, charges in.

He hurls a couple of grenades to clear his path, then charges in firing both automatic rifles.

STUD MAN  
DIE MOTHER FUCKERS!! DIE!!

Near Human Resources, five Young Women stand and worship Stud.

YOUNG WOMEN  
KILL THEM FUCK ME KILL THEM FUCK ME  
KILL THEM FUCK ME!!!!

Stud flings one of his assault rifles to the floor, grabs the hottest of the women, rips off her clothes and starts to fuck the shit out of her as he advances on, through the aisles, past the pods, firing at will. The remaining Young Women rip off all their clothes, tear the fucking stupid red "RETIREMENT" shirts to shreds, and follow him in awe.

YOUNG WOMEN  
YES! YES! KILL THEM KILL THEM KILL  
THEM KILL THEM KILL THEM KILL THEM  
KILL THEM KILL THEM!!

Stud BLOWS out all the windows of the floor, riddles more fat fucking red blobs with white hot bullets, flinging them backwards out the windows and their deserved agonizing deaths.

HOT WOMAN  
YES YES YES YES YES YES KILL THEM  
ALL FUCK ME KILL THEM ALL FUCK ME  
KILL THEM ALL FUCK ME!!!!!!!!!!

Stud finishes with her, flings her to the ground.

STUD MAN  
Go now and fuck until you die!! FUCK  
UNTIL YOU DIE!!!!

HOT WOMAN  
YES! THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!

He grabs the next Hot Woman, and fucks the shit out of her, while taking out his flame thrower, sweeping the floor with fire.

HOT WOMAN NO. 2  
 YES! YES! YES! BURN THEM FUCK ME  
 BURN THEM FUCK ME BURN THEM FUCK  
 ME!!!

EXT. CORCORAN PLAZA -- CONTINUOUS

Flaming fat red elephantine bodies bomb the plaza area, smash into the rubble that's piling high about the evil prison tower.

INT. CORCORAN CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Stud and the Hot Woman No. 2, fucking like lions, enter a conference room packed with suits and secretaries.

STUD MAN  
 DIE EVIL FUCKS! DIE!

Stud sprays the entire room with fire, then lobs grenades and finishes them all off by strafing the entire room with armor piercing bullets.

He turns, flings the Woman to the floor. The next Hot Woman jumps on his pelvis and fucks him like crazy.

HOT WOMAN NO. 3  
 YES YES YES YES YES YES YES YES FUCK  
 ME TILL I DIE FUCK ME TILL I DIE  
 FUCK ME TILL I DIE!!!!

Bullets explode in the wall next to Stud's head. He turns to find hundreds, thousands of Security Guards, dickless \$6/hour security guards firing upon him, advancing timidly, shitting their pants.

STUD MAN  
 DIE DICKLESS BUGS DIE YOU FUCKING  
 DICKLESS BUGS!!!

Stud strafes the entire column with automatic fire, killing hundreds with each sweep. He hurls grenades in the center of the uniforms, blowing bodies against the walls, out the windows.

Body parts, intestines, brain sections, blubber chunks, splatter the walls, splatter the stunned, frozen faces of the few red monigs still alive in the kill zone.

YOUNG WOMEN  
 DESTROY THEM DESTROY THEM DESTROY  
 THEM DESTROY THEM!!!!

Outside the windows, security helicopters now have moved into position, and begin firing automatic weapons at Stud.

Stud fires a shoulder to air heat sinking missile at the first helicopter. A direct hit. The helicopter explodes and crashes to the street below, taking out still more monigs on the street.

Stud hits another helicopter, and another, sending them all to fiery explosions on the plaza below, killing more and more crazed and terrified monigs fleeing from the fire balls.

Stud tosses the woman he's fucking. Another tries to jump on him, but he knocks her away.

He must continue on alone.

He stalks towards the lobby of this floor, where he finds a long, white, crystal, circular staircase to the executive floor, one floor up.

Stud moves up the stairs, stalking, silent, a panther, his eyes GLOWING. The twinkling golden light from the chandelier twinkles of Stud's sheen of sweat that soaks his body.

He reaches the executive floor. It's still, and eerily, ominously, silent. He takes a few steps onto the floor.

Nothing. Not a movement. Not a sound.

All the walls are glass. He can see inside the offices, in the conference rooms. There isn't a soul.

He steps further onto the floor, creeping along the perimeter, the walls, all the art. He stops, listens for any movement, any life.

Nothing.

Stud steps out to the center of the offices, and FIRES automatic fire at all the glass, sweeping the floor from end to end, using slow, steady sweeping action, EXPLODING and DESTROYING all the glass of the walls.

STUD MAN

THIS IS NOT LIFE! THIS IS HELL! THIS  
IS DEATH! THIS IS THE MOST EVIL PLACE  
IN THE UNIVERSE!!!

Stud STEADILY STRAFES the floor with his automatic fire, back and forth, end to end, exploding every glass wall, every window, every desk, chair, monitor, printer, phone.

He stops. The shattered glass settles, and smoke and dust rises.

From out of the smoke and dust, from the President's offices, steps FIVE GUARDS.

But these guys aren't your regular piss ant guards the workers on the other floors get. These guys are pros, huge, oxen, weighing at least 300 pounds, all muscle and bone, 6'8", and look like they're out of Hong Kong, or mainland China.

They raise their automatic weapons to blow Stud away. Stud hurls a knife at one, splitting the bull's forehead, piercing his brain.

He fires a shot at another, hitting his nose, exploding his head off his spinal column.

The remaining three fire at Stud. He hits the ground, rolls out of the line of fire, comes up firing again, hitting one in the chest, blowing him back and out a blown out window.

The last two FIRE FURIOUSLY at Stud, pump the metal at him, strafe the floor and walls all about him, ripping and destroying all the art work on the walls, exploding sculptures, cutting the chandelier behind Stud, crashing it to the floor below them.

But they do not hit Stud. Stud struts towards them, blazing away at them, pumping glowing metal into their big bull stomachs, their chests, their heads, ripping gaping holes in their flesh, shattering their ribs, their vertebrae, their skull plates.

Both oxen tumble back, and disappear through a blown out windows.

Stud shoots open the door to the President's office, kicks it open. The office is empty.

He creeps the perimeter of the office. Checks the private bathroom, finds nothing, closes the door.

He rips open a closet door.

Winthorp cowers in the corner, TREMBLING, SHITTING HIS PANTS.

JAY WINTHORP  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!!

Stud grips him by the neck, lifts him out of the closet, slams him against the wall, CHOKING him.

STUD MAN  
Where's the other fuck?

JAY WINTHORP  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

Stud smiles at him, a predator's smile, a smile of a predator who just caught his meal.

STUD MAN  
Die, thief.

Stud shoves his blade up, under Winthorp's sternum, into his heart. Winthorp can only grunt as the air and blood escape his organs.

Stud watches Winthorp die slowly in his hands. He watches with pure joy, pure, animal, natural, universe-true, joy.

Still holding him by his neck, Stud blows out a window, then flick's Winthorp out, flicks his body to the wide, empty void.

He turns to Winthorp's desk, struts up to it, kicks it over. Sload was cowering under the desk, but now tries to crawl away, backwards, staring at Stud in sharp, severe, body engorging, trembling terror. Shit and piss spread down his pants, and it streaks the plush carpet as he pushes himself backwards, away from Stud.

ELI SLOAD  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

STUD MAN  
My life back.

ELI SLOAD  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!

STUD MAN  
The life I've wasted in this evil  
hell hole!

Sload can only shake his head in terror.

ELI SLOAD  
WE GAVE YOU MONEY!!

Stud smiles to himself. He takes out his 12 inch blade, just sticks it far enough in Sload's ear so as to pin him there without cutting him. Stud takes out his 9mm handgun, tries to work it in Sload's mouth, but Sload resists.

ELI SLOAD  
NO!

Stud works and shoves it in, and smiles, a great, grand, joyous, glorious smile.

But then he gets a page.

STUD MAN  
Hold on a sec.

He looks quickly at his pager. Then about the office, finds a phone laying on the floor, and punches in the number.

STUD MAN  
(to phone)  
You paged me.

HARVEY (O.S.)

Are you free? Can you meet me?

STUD MAN

Yeah.

Stud hangs up, walks towards Sload, steps over him, and leaves the office.

EXT. PETIT FOUR RESTAURANT -- SUNSET STRIP -- DAY

Harvey hands Stud Man a check.

HARVEY

I deducted the amount of the damage you caused.

Stud Man looks at the check.

STUD MAN

Best 475 bucks I ever spent.

HARVEY

You didn't have to do that, y'know.

STUD MAN

Yeah, actually, I did Harvey. I did, I do, and I will.

HARVEY

Maybe what I mean is you don't have to do it in the future.

STUD MAN

Oh, I'll do much worse if I have to, you can count on it.

HARVEY

Y'know I gotta apologize. Before, I'd always thought you were kind of a pussy. Will you forgive me?

Stud shakes "no."

HARVEY

Well, Fox is gonna make an offer on the Christmas one, and it looks like they want to offer a rewrite job on a project they've had in development for a long time. It's a good project, but it's been a problem for them. It's a ton of money.

The waiter drops off the bill.

STUD MAN

The next sale is double this.

HARVEY

(nods)

I don't think that'd be a problem.

Stud picks up the restaurant's bill.

STUD MAN

I'll get this.

INT. STUD MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- MORNING

Stud Man now drives a BMW M3 Convertible. The top is down on this glorious, blessed morn. A new baby seat is attached to the back seat, and the corn is as high as an elephant's eye.

He wears simple but elegant sunglasses, and a beautiful linen shirt. Nothing flashy, he's not that type of guy. A simple, elegant, manly watch, the watch of a man of means who doesn't want to show it off.

He has a car phone, but does not use it much. The car has a terrific sound system, on which he plays Mozart. While he drives nowadays, he mostly listens to Mozart, and makes story notes to himself using a small digital tape recorder.

STUD MAN

(into tape recorder)

Ahhhh, money doesn't buy happiness.  
What a scam. Their biggest scam of  
all.

He passes a dump truck, one of those big models with the prongs in the front that lift dumpsters over the cab and topple them into the back load. He watches the trash guys struggle to get a dumpster in position on the prongs, then lift and dump the load in the truck.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

That's it guys. Good job. Somebody's  
gotta pick up the trash. Can't have  
it fouling the streets of this  
wonderful city now, can we?

He passes some road work, guys laying and smoothing boiling tar and steaming asphalt.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Good job guys. Looks great.  
Somebody's gotta maintain our roads!

Stud is now travelling behind a rather slow old car, while listening serenely to a lovely Mozart melody. He easily changes lanes, passes the car, finding it to be driven by an old, dainty lady.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

That's it ma'am. Safety first y'know.  
You know your own limitations. No  
reason to put you and others at risk.  
You're driving wonderfully!

EXT. FOX LOT -- SECURITY GATE -- LATER

After being inspected, the security guard waves Stud on the lot.

FOX SECURITY GUARD

Have a good morning sir.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

You too my man, you too. Doing a  
wonderful job.

EXT. FOX BUNGALO (STUD'S OFFICE) -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud parks his car, waves to a couple of producer types as he enters his office.

INT. FOX BUNGALO (STUD'S OFFICE) -- CONTINUOUS

As he enters, we hear the phone ringing. His secretary, a pleasant looking young ambitious girl, was typing furiously at her work station. She pauses for just a second, answers the phone, then dives right back into her typing as she talks quickly on the phone.

She waves to Stud as he passes, hands him his messages. He doesn't miss a step, continuing on into his office, where he plunks down in his chair, looks through his messages, then looks up at his secretary who he can watch through his open door.

She has now hung up the phone, written a quick note to herself, then jumps back on her work station, typing furiously.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Yes, maintain those files hon. Mail  
out those letters. Somebody's gotta  
do it.

He pauses, watches her a while longer.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

It's sad but true, hon. For me to  
live well, others must live miserably.  
But I have confidence in you, that's  
why I hired you. You'll get out of  
this job soon enough. You're a sharp  
girl, sharp as a tack, as they say.

He pauses again. A janitor has come in to collect the trash, wipe down the office.

Stud watches this OLD OLD MAN clean his office, then move to Stud's private bathroom, where he'll clean the toilet.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
 (ruminating to himself)  
 For some to live well, others must  
 live miserably. Hmmmmmm. Now that's  
 an idea.

Stud watches the old janitor clean his toilet.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
 Wait. Ok. What if...that wasn't  
 the case? What if, ok, make it a  
 sci fi, make it where all  
 these...ok...

Stud turns to his computer, starts getting this down.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
 Say, a society, or a planet, maybe  
 this one, maybe this planet, has  
 reached the point where all these  
 tasks are performed by machines, or  
 sub-species. Wait! Sub-species!  
 That's it!

EXT. BANK -- MORNING

A beggar sits near the entrance. This one's gimmick is signs. He has signs that he rotates, and that give advice, little thoughts of inspiration for the day.

So when Stud Man passes him, and glances at the beggar's signs, his old friend WWOA appears, naked and sexy and beautiful as ever. And she is crouched down low with the beggar, talking to him more than anyone else.

Stud is actually a little glad to see her, as one might get with an old nemesis defeated long ago, and that's been in hiding for a long time, and he smiles to her as he passes.

WWOA  
 Go confidently in the direction of  
 your dreams! Live the life you've  
 imagined! Henry David Thoreau.

STUD MAN (O.S.)  
 Huh. Still around huh.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

A teller at the VIP counter finishes counting a couple of thousand bucks out for Stud. He scoops it up, slips it in his pocket.

EXT. BANK -- DAY

Stud Man comes out.

WVOA

Just to be is a blessing. Just to  
live is holy. Abraham Heschel, 1907 -  
1972, Polish Educator and Author.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

(somewhat dismissive)

Keep plugging away hon. Don't give  
up the ship. OH NO!!!!

Suddenly death and retirement and disease and taxes and  
poverty and misery are coming towards him in the fat body of  
his old tormentor, fuckin' Gracie. She is just now coming  
towards the bank herself, in her slow, waddling way, and  
lord knows why 'cause she certainly wouldn't have any dough  
to speak of.

GRACIE

Well hello! Fancy meeting you here!

STUD MAN

Oh, hi Gracie.

GRACIE

Counting all your moneyyyyyyyyyy?

STUD MAN

Uh, yeah, whatever. Um Gracie, I  
wanta say, I mean, uh let me apologize  
for how I acted while in your employ.

GRACIE

Apologize?! For what?! You were the  
best employee! You did the most work,  
of the highest quality, you never  
wasted time talking or fooling around,  
you just came in, did your job and  
left. We always felt we were on the  
same page with you. Golly geesus!  
OK, you were a little odd, sure, you  
kept a little to yourself, sure, a  
little quirky, ok, but you're an  
artist. We understand. And, well,  
you did leave rather abruptly, without  
much notice, but we understand, you  
hit the jackpot for golly heaven's  
sake! FYI, all of us managers really  
miss you, believe me, and wish more  
of our team members were more like  
you. You just keep in mind that if  
you ever want to come back, we'll  
have a spot ready for you.

Stud Man faces her, his jaw literally hanging to his chest. All extraneous noise has faded away to just some low level white noise. In his shock, he can't hear all the traffic, he can't see all the people hustling and bustling about. The world has deteriorated to some obtuse, white, menacing cloudy thing engulfing him.

Slowly he emerges from his shock. Slowly his bare hands, trembling with rage, rise, rise, rise towards Gracie's thick and dumb neck.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

I was never GOOD at that hell hole.  
I was the worst fuckin prisoner you  
ever had! Solitary! No exercise!  
That was me! Face guards! Triple  
shackles!

But suddenly Stud stops his hands.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Wait man, what are you doing?! Don't  
fall for it, oh wonderful man, don't  
play her game. Walk away, just walk  
away. Say goodbye, just say goodbye,  
thank her, and say goodbye.

STUD MAN

Why thank you Gracie, I'll keep that  
in mind...

STUD MAN (O.S.)

That's it, that's right, they're the  
enemy. Don't fall for it. They will  
NOT destroy you. "On the same page."  
Oh, they're good. They're very good.

STUD MAN

I'll give you a call first thing. I  
must really run, though, I have to  
make a meeting.

GRACIE

Really! How exciting!

INT. STUD MAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- MOMENTS LATER

Stud Man waits in his new Beemer for the light to change, absently watching an old, ancient, feeble couple make their way across the street in front of him.

STUD MAN (O.S.)

Ohhhhh, that was a wicked, insidious  
attack. A full nuclear assault. The  
entire force of the Super Power  
offensive war machine, to the  
millionth power.

(MORE)

STUD MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I must admit, an EXCELLENT EXCELLENT try. But you handled it beautifully, you fuckin stud man. You are now whole, yes you are now finally whole, in top form. They will never threaten and destroy you again, because you won't let them! YOU WON'T LET THEM. They threw their best at you, and you swatted it away like some old, dumb tired fly. You do what you want, you make for yourself. It is all the difference. Yes, all the difference. Yes, YES, life is beautifullllllllll. You're on top of it, once and for all, to stay, to stay, to stay, to stay, to stay, to stay, to stayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.

The light changes, but the old couple are still trying to make it across the street, and so far have made it only about half way.

Some asshole next to Stud Man screeches out, able to get around and beat the rickety old couple. The next asshole honks like's he's wanking off and there's no tomorrow.

Stud Man gives the honker a look. A calm, mature, tough look, as the calm, mature, tough guy he now is.

Then he puts his car in park, gets out, and assists the old couple across the street, holding up his hands to the irate drivers.

OLD LADY

Why thank you young man!

STUD MAN

Wouldn't want you to get hurt ma'am. There's some pretty crazy people out here.

BEGIN END CREDITS OVER --

Idyllic shots of Stud Man playing with his beloved little daughter Lolly on the jungle gym at Holmby Park, in ritzy Holmby Hills, in the heart of Bel Air, their new neighborhood... Life is goood, life is now sooooo goooooooooood...

THE END