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THE BALLAL OF M NIGHT. THE BESTEST DIRECTOR EVER

INT. SHOWER - WATER - DAY

The water shoots down from the nozzle faster than semen shooting out of a pornstar. It lands on some wet black hair, then trails down the red skin of a MAN.

This man is M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN, the most bestest director to have ever been lived. He is happy as the water lands on his wet black hair.

The bathroom is very rich and very cool and it has posters of Bruce Willis everywhere.

NIGHT Man, I wish I had a better mp3. =(

This is because a shitty 2 dollar mp3 is plugged to a dock and it plays "Sunshine, Lollipops, and Rainbows" by Lesley Gore. Night sings along.

> NIGHT (CONT'D) Sunshine, lollipops and rainbows, Everything that's wonderful is what I feel when we're together --

He continues singing and is pretty good considering he's the bestest director ever.

INT. NIGHT RESIDENCE - NIGHT (LOL)

Night jumps out of the bathroom but luckily he is wearing a towel so we don't see his private parts.

He then goes and goes to his bedroom where a hot lady sits on his big bed, she is naked and happy. Night studies her then notices it is no other than Bryce Dallas Howard. He sighs.

> NIGHT Jesus, since when did I get this fucking low! I should have Charlize Theron or something in there! After all, I'm (dramatic pause) M NIGHT SHYAMALAN!

Bryce Dallas Howard begins to baul her eyes out.

BRYCE DALLAS HOWARD Your fucking moves suck! Your twists are outdated, you're not meant to get any better than this pussy.

She jumps up and quickly dresses.

NIGHT Hey, I still want more sex! Where do you think you're going. This isn't the end!

She grins - then kicks him in the balls, he cringes and falls, blood is visible.

BRYCE DALLAS HOWARD There's your ending -

She spits on him.

BRYCE DALLAS HOWARD (CONT'D) - and your twist.

She laughs, runs out of the room.

NIGHT My bingbongs! You red-haired bitch!

INT. M NIGHT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Night now has a very smexy and appealing soot on. He has the phone to his ear as he examines his only partially decent looking office. He waits a moderate to long beat then he is talking on the phone also.

> NIGHT Yeah, so get this. Bryce Dallas Howard the stupid red-haired bitch, I mistake her for Jessica Chastain at this party with famous people cause I'm famous and we have sex at my house. And later on, I discover the bitch is a fucking B-list actress! A B-list actress doesn't get the ShamalamadingdongDick.

The person who answers is Rob Schneider.

ROB SCHNEIDER (SUBTITLE) Gosh, that sucks M Night.

Night's face tightens like a botox patients wrinkles.

NIGHT Wait, who the fuck is this? Rob Schneider?

ROB SCHNEIDER (O.S.) Of course.

NIGHT I thought this was Matt Damon! YOU FUCKING MIDGET CUNT, how dare you try and become friends with M Night.

ROB SCHNEIDER (V.O.) Face it, M Night. You're no good no more, you have to stand for the lowest of the lowest because you're so low. Matt Damon is in your dreams.

Night jumps up like a desperate house wife and starts crying and holding in his tears.

NIGHT That's not true! I'm famous! I'm one of the most bestest directors alive! I made the sixty-ninth sense!

ROB SCHNEIDER (O.C.) 50 fucking years ago you old dickcheese! Face it, you're nothing anymore, NOTHING!

Rob Schneider hangs up.

It suddenly starts to rain in the room, Night falls on his knees, rips his shirt off, he screams while crying.

As we zoom out towards the sky, then pan to and fade to:

INT. BUS STOP - THE NEXT DAY

All seems well. M Night sits at the bus station, looking very sad because of Rob Schneider. Beside him sits JOHN. John looks across from him to the face of Night's sadness.

> JOHN I don't know you but you look sad, why are you so sad?

NIGHT It feels like I'm drifting out of touch, John.

JOHN

Why is that?

NIGHT I'm starting to only get the B-list actresses in bed and all my A-list stars have disappeared.

John's eyes widen so much and he gasps.

JOHN Oh my lordly lord! Are you the one and only M Night?

Night brightens, he smiles his killer smile.

NIGHT

Of course!

JOHN I loved the sixty-ninth sense! It's my favorite film of all time.

NIGHT Tell me something I don't know, you sodden peasant!

They both chuckle.

JOHN

But man, I've gotta say, your movies have gotten so much shitter in the past few years. Like, I could smear shit on a camera and it could produce better shit than the shit you release.

IF ANYONE WANTS TO PRODUCE THIS, YOU NEED TO ADD AN IMAGE AFTER THAT LINE OF THE LAUGHING XZIBIT AND HE'LL BE LIKE "YO DAWG, I HERD U LIKE PRODUCING SHIT" AND THEN ON THE BOTTOM LINE IT WILL BE "SO WE SMEARED SHIT ON YOUR CMAERA, SO YOU CAN PRODUCE BETTER SHIT THAN THE SHIT YOU RELEASE" It will be very funny and people will laugh, I could direct the movie for you also but only if you ask nicely.

Night becomes angry and sad.

NIGHT Wait a minute! I don't even know you! John lets out an evil grin and then he turns into a bloodthirsty werewolf and he smiles and speaks in a very wolfish and demonic tone. JOHN Your movies are getting worse and worse by the second M. Night, I'll be seeing you again soon... John disappears in a wisp of smoke. M Night takes in a gulp. INT. CINEMA - DAY The cinema is surprsingly full for a cinema, M night sits down in the middle of the cinema. Everyone watches The Village playing on screen in the cinema. NIGHT Lol, see, people even come to a rare re-release of my films, they love me. Suddenly, the twist happens. Everybody in the theater groans and they start to rip out their hair and gouge each others eyes out. SOMEONE IN THE CROWD YOU FUCKING SUCK M NIGHT. THAT'S THE WORST TWIST I'VE EVER SEEN, FUCKING DIE NOOB! CLOSE UP ON NIGHT'S FACE: as we see a tear roll down his cheek we fade to: INT. SCARY BRIDGE - NIGHT (LOL) It is a dark and stormy night. Night is standing on the edge of the rail and he is crying and about to jump. Pedestrians walk past him, he looks at them. NIGHT Aren't you going to tell me not to jump? PEDESTRIANS We don't even know who you are. Night sobs like a baby. NIGHT But I'm the Nightster, the bestest director. I made the sixty-ninth

PEDESTRIANS

sense. You don't know me?

Soz brah.

Suddenly, John the werewolf appears behind Night and starts taunting him.

JOHN Yes, jump you dickcheese! All the good actors will be left for me and (MORE) JOHN (cont'd) I'll be the next twist director! JUMP, DICKCHEESE.

PEDESTRIANS YEAH, JUMP YOU DICKCHEESE!

They start chanting like the KKK.

Night screams - he jumps back down to the walking path. John and Pedestrians' happiness descalates.

NIGHT I can't do it, I must have sex with Charlize Theron, I must...

JOHN You're being hated more by the minute, M Night. Quit while you're ahead, or should I say in your case, behind! HAHAHAHAHA *EVIL LAUGH*.

John throws a magic ball down and smoke appears. As the smoke clears, we see him running through the street.

INT. M NIGHT RESIDENCE - NIGHT (LOL)

We do a super with that type writer font like in those cheesy 80s movies. M Night sits at his office and is about to cry. He is nude and masturbating until the phone rings and he picks it up.

> NIGHT Hello, daddy. How you doing, bruv?

> M NIGHT'S DADDY Ur 1 cheeky kunt m8 i swear im going 2 wreck u i swear on me mums life.

NIGHT Fancy shining your shoes, governor?

M NIGHT'S DADDY Please, Night. Now that your films suck ass cracks and ballhairs, I'd like you to become a doctor like I envisioned you to be.

NIGHT But daddy, I made the sixty-ninth sense.

M NIGHT'S DADDY Of course, but perhaps he was wondering why someone would shoot a man, before throwing him out of a plan.

NIGHT Daddy, nobody cared who I was until I put on the mask...

M NIGHT'S DADDY It doesn't matter who you are, what matters is my cause. Now, please, (MORE) M NIGHT'S DADDY (cont'd) please, leave this hollywood bullshit behind and come back to Penis Valley, Pencilvagina where we'll be doctors together.

Night thinks hard for a short to moderatly long best. Finally, he speaks while crying.

> NIGHT Cheerio old chap.

M NIGHT'S DADDY We cool, bruv? You're being a doctor for me, please?

NIGHT Of course... I'll pack now and meet you in Penis valley daddy.

Night begins crying and we do a montage. Sunhine, Lollipops, and Rainbows plays over it.

Night masturbates while crying and eating ice cream.
Night watches the sixty-ninth sense.
Night watches all of his twist films.
Night plays bongos on that little faggot's head from The Last Airbender.
Night packs his shit in his suitcase.

End montage.

Night, a broken man, heads for the door, dragging the bag behind him. Suddenly... There's a knock on the door.

M Night stops in his tracks. The knock echoes through the whole house. M Night tentatively takes another step towards the door, finally reaching it. Another knock, and another.

Night's heartbeat increases, he gets a weapon ready, about to attack when from the outside we hear -

> DELIVERYMAN Open the stupid door, dickface. I can hear you panting. You've got a delivery.

M Night bangs open the door to see the bearded Deliveryman.

NIGHT What a twist! I thought you were John the werewolf.

The Deliveryman gives him a strange look. He holds a small package in his hand. He passes a paper for M Night to sign.

NIGHT (CONT'D) What's this?

DELIVERYMAN It's called privacy, I'm not twelve anymore.

NIGHT You're not my Deliveryman right now...

DELIVERYMAN Leave me alone!

Night looks at the package.

NIGHT I didn't order anything?

DELIVERYMAN Nope, says here you purchased a smart phone.

NIGHT The Nightster doesn't need a smart phone, if anyone wants to talk to the Nightster, they find the Nightster.

DELIVERYMAN Maybe that's one reason why your movies suck donkey dick.

NIGHT My movies don't suck donkey doodle, now fuck off and take that phone with you.

DELIVERYMAN You stupid crying baby, typical, that's one reason why you make piece of shit movies, because you ain't got the balls to take a smart phone.

NIGHT It's not mine.

DELIVERYMAN It's yours! You purchased it you dickcheese!

NIGHT I'm not taking it!

DELIVERYMAN Pussy! Your movies suck!

NIGHT I don't want it!

DELIVERYMAN Take it you chicken shit!

NO !

DELIVERYMAN

NIGHT

YES!

NIGHT

NO!

DELIVERYMAN DO YOU WANT JOHN THE WEREWOLF TO BE BETTER THAN YOU, HUH?

Night thinks, he sighs, unvictorious.

He signs it, and takes the package, then closes the door behind him.

We are outside now, the Deliveryman looks around suspiciously, then pulls out his phone.

DELIVERYMAN INTO PHONE Fire Fox speaking, he has the package, repeat, he has the package. Over.

DUDE ON OTHER SIDE Googlechrome speaking, roger firefox, over.

INT. M NIGHT OFFICE - NIGHT (LOL)

M Night sits at his desk, contemplating whether he should open the package or not.

M NIGHT'S THOUGHTS (some loud, some soft like a shitty twelve year old trying to play the flute at his graduation and all the parents are watching, some trying not to laugh while others are cringing so hard that their eyes are about to pop) Don't open it... Think about what's inside... M Night! It might be a twist... What about being a doctor?

Suddenly, Night gives in and opens the box to find a Samsung Universe S3. Besides it, lies a patch of powdered DMT next to a crack pipe.

Night stares at it, unsure of what to do next. He slowly picks up the phone, tests it and finds it's not working. With caution, he gets the DMT and shakes it into the crack pipe. He gets his lighter... Then burns and inhales.

For a few odd seconds, everything seems fine -- until a colourful explosion bursts through the screen, ungulfing everything but Night.

INT. DMT LAND - TIMELESS

He walks through the colourful expanse of nothingness. Slowly, the expanse begins to solidify and forms into something. It blends into an interview room from a police station.

M Night takes a seat - in front of him sits BATMAN.

BATMAN Do you know why you're here?

NIGHT I'm not exactly sure. Night stares ahead for a moment, he thinks hard.

BATMAN (CONT'D) Are you Christopher Nolan! Answer me!

After a brief moment.

NIGHT Yes, um, I'm Christopher Nolan. I made The Prestige, what a twist! Did you like it?

BATMAN

It was so-so, you kind of felt cheated, similar to The Village. Anyway, you're here now, that's what matters. Did you receive your smartphone?

NIGHT Yes, because I purchased it.

BATMAN

It doesn't matter if you purchased it, that's fucking stupid. Now shut the fuck up and listen. That phone has your next movie idea in it, you got that? Thi" "?:?ljhkhjkljkl;kl' ?"bdfaafaghgfffg '\s (writers note:sorry was cleaning my keyboard) This idea will be the best you've ever seen, it was specifically made for a twist ending. Now, this is only an idea and you need to get a crew together to start filming it. This will make you billions in the box office and you'll win all the oscars you could imagine. Trust me, this is better than that wolf suit thing you got going on to scare that M Night guy.

NIGHT

Wait, Nolan is John the werewolf? I mean! Of course I'm John the Werewolf. M Night is my nemesis, I shall defeat him!

BATMAN

Good, now, go out there and make the best darndest movie, Chris!

NIGHT

Okay, Batman. Sayonara, Amigo!

The whole room suddenly melts back into the colourful expanse and then back into M Night residence.

INT. M NIGHT OFFICE - NIGHT (LOL)

M Night awakens, he throws the crack pipe away.

NIGHT Dat's some good shit, brewskieeeeeezzzzz!

He grabs the smart phone and runs out of the room.