#### JUST SUPER

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1 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF AN APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON

HOWARD (V.O.)

Here is how it really happened, sure as my name is Howard Turnbuckle.

Typical city row house entrance, with a few steps leading up to the door. A pizza DELIVERY MAN comes up the steps and rings the bell.

The door opens and we see HOWARD, a 29-year-old marketing executive, wearing eyeglasses, a black blazer and a long sleeve shirt that is only partially tucked into his pants.

He's a little "full of himself", but in an innocent way, so it is not offensive. To others, he is clearly a geek.

Howard is holding a cell phone to his ear. Simultaneously, he pulls some money from his pocket, hands it to the pizza boy, while still talking.

Howard takes the pizza box and starts to turn away. He glances back at the boy, as the boy gives Howard a dirty look and spreads his arms questioningly.

HOWARD (almost pleading) (CONT'D) Yea, I know. Its gotta be better than this! Hey, gotta go now.

Howard notices the dirty look, cups the cellphone under his ear, fishes in his pocket for a tip, hands the money to the boy, and pushes the door closed with his foot.

2A INT. HOWARD SITS IN APARTMENT WATCHING TV -- NIGHT

The living room has a big poster of a red Ferrari on the wall and a bottle of bourbon on the table, next to a scattering of empty beer cans and pizza boxes. In the corner is a guitar, and nearby sits a basket of laundry. On the wall is a framed diploma and a smiling photo of Howard in cap and gown.

Howard is sitting on the couch watching TV, the pizza box in front of him.

2B INT. TV STUDIO -- EVENING

A program is being recorded. The TV HOST is like Jay Leno, talking to SUPERMODEL TIFFANY. Tiffany is tall, blonde and beautiful; Attired in a sleeveless red dress, she is the subject of rapt attention by the garrulous host.

HOST

So Tiffany, we hear you're one of the top supermodels in the world today, featured in many high fashion ads and TV commercials.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

I guess.

HOST

Is that something you've always wanted to do?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Oh, for sure. It's fun.

HOST

We've been told that you just bought a new two million dollar mansion in Malibu, is that right?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Oh, how did you find that out?

HOST

Oh, we have our spies! And what are your plans for the future?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Well, I want to learn to surf and stuff...

HOWARD

Are you new to Malibu?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Yes, I am.

# 2A4 INT. HOWARD SITS IN APARTMENT WATCHING TV -- CONTINUOUS

Howard is watching the TV interview of the supermodel. He stops in mid-chew of a piece of pizza, pauses, stares, and then eagerly resumes consuming the pizza. The audio on the TV drops so that we hear:

HOWARD (V.O.)

It started when I first saw her on television. And I said to myself, why not?...

## 3 INT. HOWARD IS SITTING AT KITCHEN TABLE -- DAY

Howard is sitting at table. He takes off his glasses and writes an address on an envelope: "Tiffany Sweet, Malibu, CA"

He puts a folded letter into the envelope, seals it and puts a stamp on it.

### 4 INT. INSIDE HER APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Front door with mail slot. TIFFANY SWEET (not the supermodel) walks to door and picks up mail on the floor, opens it. She is pretty, with long hair and a pleasant demeanor.

She reads the letter from Howard.

Behind her is a couch with a stuffed animal on it. Behind they couch is a framed photo of a beach at sunset. In front is a coffee table with a book on it and a red rose in a vase.

Tiffany turns, walks to couch, sits, and reads the letter again.

TIFFANY SWEET (V.O.)
"I have been a great fan of yours
for quite a while. I think you're
awesome, and I'd really like to meet
you. I will be at the Seaside Bar
and Grill on Friday at 7:00. If you
should happen to go there, I will be
the guy wearing a red rose in my

Tiffany pauses, looks up, and glances over at the rose in the vase.

5 INT. SEASIDE BAR AND GRILL -- NIGHT

lapel"

Howard is standing at the bar in a suit and a red rose in lapel. He turns to see Tiffany Sweet entering.

She looks around, then sees him standing there. She slowly walks over, tentatively looking at him.

TIFFANY SWEET

Hello, you must be Howard.

Howard looks at her. He is puzzled and confused.

HOWARD

Oh,.. Tiffany?

(beat)

I'm waiting for Tiffany Sweet.

TIFFANY SWEET

Yes.

HOWARD

You're Tiffany Sweet?

TIFFANY SWEET

Yes.

HOWARD

Oh.

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

I thought. I mean...

(beat)

You're not.

TIFFANY SWEET

I'm not?

Howard shifts uncomfortably. He takes off his glasses, folds them and puts them in his breast pocket.

HOWARD

You're not the Tiffany I expected.

TIFFANY SWEET

Oh !! But your letter...

HOWARD

Yes, the letter was to Tiffany Sweet, the supermodel...

(beat)

the cover of VOGUE magazine?

TIFFANY SWEET

Oh yes, the supermodel.

(beat)

... that's not me. The same name, but different...

HOWARD

Well, yea, I can see that now... Well of course. Sorry. I took a chance and, you know, mailed the letter... hoping.

TIFFANY SWEET

Yes, I did get your letter; I'm not the supermodel. I'm sorry.

HOWARD

Well, I'm so sorry for the confusion. I mean...It's confusing... the same names and everything.

TIFFANY SWEET

Yes, I know. Well,..t'was nice meeting you.

Tiffany turns to leave. Howard reaches out to bring her back.

HOWARD

For sure. Wait! Wait! Tell me about yourself. What do you do?

TIFFANY SWEET

Oh, I work at Home Depot.

HOWARD

Home Depot.

TIFFANY SWEET

I'm a sales associate.

HOWARD

I didn't realize.

(beat)

That's nice.

(beat)

Would you like to, you know, be a model... or something?..

TIFFANY SWEET (amused)

I don't think so.

HOWARD

No?

TIFFANY SWEET

It's not real high up on my list.

HOWARD (disappointed)

Oh?

(beat)

I mean, you could be... You know?

TIFFANY SWEET

You think??

HOWARD

(beat)

Well, hey, it's nice meeting you... maybe I'll see you again. Sorry about the confusion.

TIFFANY SWEET

Yes, nice meeting you too, Howard. Bye.

Tiffany pulls out the letter and hands it back to Howard.

She turns and leaves. He stands holding the letter awkwardly, looking uncomfortable. The BARTENDER approaches behind the bar and hails Howard.

BARTENDER

Can I get you another one, buddy?

HOWARD (V.O.)

Yea, some days nothing goes right. That was embarrassing.

6 INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Howard is sitting on the couch reading "Modern Paintball" magazine.

He tosses the magazine down abruptly, compulsively grabs his cell phone and dials. It rings briefly.

HOWARD

Hello, Tiffany?

PHONE TONE (O.S.)

"No one is home now, please leave a message."

HOWARD

Tiffany, I want to apologize for last night. I was surprised, and.. I may have been, ahh,..rude,.. how I acted.

(beat)

Sorry.

Howard hangs up very slowly.

Fade to black and fade in again ...

7 INT. DAVE CALLS HOWARD -- DAY

DAVE is talking on the telephone. He is a junior exec that works with Howard and is also his friend. Early 30's.

DAVE

Hey, Howie. Dave here.

(beat)

You were looking for Tiffany Sweet's address? Did you ever think to look in the phone book?... Yea. Here it is.... Sure. Got a pencil?

8 EXT. BIG HOUSE ON BEACH ROAD -- DAY

HOWARD (V.O.)

Now that I've got the address, looks like things may work out all right after all.

Howard walks up to the door, glasses on. He is carrying flowers. He pauses. Looks around. Pauses. Knocks. (3 long beats)

The door opens. Supermodel Tiffany is standing there. She is beautiful, except that she is dressed in a bathrobe with a towel around her head. She is wearing bunny slippers and has no makeup.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Come in !!

Howard is dumbstruck.

HOWARD

I...

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Come in... am I glad to see you!

She is impatient. Howard enters tentatively.

9 INT. KITCHEN IN BEACH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

She leads him into the very large kitchen that has smoke drifting around.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

I was just, you know, cooking, and, shit... look!

She throws up her hands. Howard stares.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Then the smoke started... shit! WhadidIdo?

Howard puts the flowers on the counter; he opens the oven and smoke pours out.

HOWARD

You were cooking?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(impatiently)

Well, yea!

Howard grabs a potholder, reaches into the oven and pulls out a pan with burnt toast on it.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY (CONT'D)

My damn French toast is ruined!!

Howard puts the pan in the sink. He turns off the oven.

HOWARD

You cook it in the oven?

She looks dumbfounded.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

How else do you make it?

HOWARD

Tiffany, I'm a fan...

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

I can't believe this happened. Shit! And I have to be in Cleveland by 4.

HOWARD

It's really nice to meet you.

She grabs a cigarette, lights, up and takes a big drag.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY (musing about the fire)

Why me?

HOWARD

I wanted to meet you.

She takes another big drag and promptly snuffs out the cigarette in a nearby ashtray.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Yea, thanks.

She grabs the phone and speeddials. It tones briefly as she walks into the living room.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM OF BEACH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

She pushes the cat off the couch and sits down. Howard picks up the flowers and follows her. He stands tentatively.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(into phone)

Wally.. Tiffany... I can't make it by 4:00 I had a fire here.

(beat)

No. But I need you to reschedule.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(to Howard) (CONT'D) Why does shit always happen to me?!

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(to Wally) (CONT'D) No, that won't do. Jesus, Wally, would you help me on this??

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(to Howard) (CONT'D) What am I paying the sonofabitch for??

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(to Wally) (CONT'D) Wally, won't you please, pretty-please just this time do it for me?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(to Howard) (CONT'D) Ever have an agent? Don't bother; they're a lot of work.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(to Wally) (CONT'D) JUST DO IT, ALREADY!!!

She shuts off the cellphone and throws it into the chair where the cat is sitting. The cat jumps.

She stands up.

HOWARD

So I brought you some flowers.... I'm a fan...

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

You're what?

HOWARD

a fan of yours.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

Shit, that's all I need.. a fan! Look, thanks for the help, fan-o-mine.

She looks around for another cigarette, grabs it absent mindedly and lights it, taking a very big draw on it.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

HOWARD

Sure, I understand.

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY

What's your name?

HOWARD (hopefully)

Howard Turnbuckle

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY (abruptly)

Bye Harold.

## 11 INT. FRONT DOOR OF BEACH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

She gets up and walks toward the front door, stops, turns and looks at Howard. Howard gets up and follows. He goes out. She waits at the door, takes another big puff on the cigarette, looks around, and appraises her nail polish as Howard exits.

HOWARD

Thanks. Can we do this again some time?

SUPERMODEL TIFFANY(mumbling facetiously) Yea, any time, Harold.

She shuts the door.

Fade to black and fade in again ...

### 12 INT. SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT

Howard has a half-full shopping basket and is buying groceries. He picks a jar from the shelf, starts reading the label as he walks forward toward a corner. At that moment, the other TIFFANY SWEET (not the model) comes around the corner fast and bumps into Howard, almost spilling a cup of coffee on him. He jumps and almost drops his groceries. Another SHOPPER passes in front of them.

TIFFANY SWEET

Oh, I'm sorry!

HOWARD

Hi! How are you doing?

TIFFANY SWEET

Oh! Hi!

HOWARD

You're Tiffany, right?

They stand up.

TIFFANY SWEET

Yes... Yes, I am.

HOWARD

Yea, that was so funny, ya' know. ...three months ago.

TIFFANY SWEET

Funny.

HOWARD

Yea,.. I mean, same name and all....!

TIFFANY SWEET

Most unusual.

Tiffany Sweet looks slightly impatient.

SHOPPERS are walking past them and behind them, oblivious.

HOWARD

Actually, I've been thinking about you lately.

TIFFANY SWEET

Really?

HOWARD

Yea... I have.

Howard gets serious, less goofy.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I wanted to call you.

TIFFANY SWEET

But you didn't?

HOWARD

Well, I didn't have your phone number. I mean, I couldn't find it.

TIFFANY SWEET

Oh.

She looks around.

HOWARD

I wanted to call you because, I thought, you know, maybe we could, like, go out or something.

Howard shifts uncomfortably.

TIFFANY SWEET (beat)

Did you ever find the other Tiffany Sweet?

HOWARD

Yea, I did actually...

(beat)

But, you know, it didn't really...

(beat)

work..

(beat)

I mean...

TIFFANY SWEET

She wasn't that great?

HOWARD

Well, no. Not that..

(beat)

It's just that...

(beat)

Would you like to go out with me...

sometime?

TIFFANY SWEET

I work odd hours.

(beat)

At Home Depot,..?

HOWARD

Oh, sure. I understand. Well, that's

fine...

(beat)

I mean, I guess we can figure

something out.

Howard takes off his glasses and squints at them.

TIFFANY SWEET

You're sure?

HOWARD

Well, yea, I'm sure. Of course.

TIFFANY SWEET

Okay, let's give it a try.

HOWARD

That would be great.

She takes Howard's glasses, cleans them with a tissue and gently hands them back to Howard.  $\,$ 

Fade to black: