

Pete's Head

By

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inspired by screenrider's "Polarman" and mcornetto's
"Untitled"

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

PETE (early 50s, an "everyman") and A.J. (30s, devilishly handsome) sit at opposite cubicles. Pete's head is down, intent on his work. A.J. surveys the room.

A.J.
Hey Pete, I'm bored.

PETE
Have some chocolate, A.J.

A.J.
I wish I could work on my story.

Pete looks up, suddenly a bit excited.

PETE
Hey, can I read it?

A.J. frowns, as if searching for something to say.

A.J.
Ah, I don't think it's for you.

PETE
Why not?

A.J.
Well, for one, it has lots of bad language.

PETE
So?

A.J.
So? The other day you turned your head both ways like you were crossing the street before you would utter the word "heck".

PETE
Ah, c'mon. I was kidding!

A.J.
And there's fu- there's fornicating in it.

Pete's eyes light up a bit. He leans towards A.J.'s cube.

PETE

Really? Can you just do that?

A.J.

What?

PETE

I mean, you can just write about two people... you know... doing the nasty? Doesn't that feel... dirty?

A.J. puts his face into his palms and sighs.

A.J.

How many kids do you have again? I don't let you read my stuff because you don't understand the creative process.

PETE

Are you hinting that I'm square?

A.J.

I thought it was more than hinting. Look, writing is, well it's a magical experience, where you create characters that feel like real people. Some you even fall in love with.

Pete is intrigued. He looks left and right.

PETE

Ever think of basing a character on me?

A.J. chokes on a huge laugh. He covers his mouth.

A.J.

I thought we just established that if you were any more square we could pack china in you.

Pete implores A.J. with his eyes, undaunted.

A.J.

(sighing)

You really want to do this?

Pete nods his head furiously in the affirmative.

A.J. snaps his fingers.

EXT. "THE ETHER" - DAY

A.J. and Pete stand against against a smoky, gray backdrop that seems to retreat backwards into infinity.

PETE

Where are we?

A.J.

The ether. Everywhere and nowhere.
Or, you could just call it my
imagination.

PETE

But I'm not really HERE, right? I
mean physically I'm back at my
desk.

A.J. shakes his head in frustration.

A.J.

Hey, literal Pete, you asked me to
do this.

PETE

Okay, okay, I'll play along. What
happens next?

A.J.

Whatever you want.

Pete looks skyward, holding his chin with two fingers and his elbow with the other hand...

PETE

Yeah, I got nothing.

A.J.

(sighing)

Okay, then whatever I want.

A.J. snaps his fingers. PETE'S HEAD falls off. It rolls a bit until it comes to a stop, face forward, resting on its left ear.

PETE'S HEAD

Hey!

Pete's arms grasp air just above his neck. He puts his fists on his hips and turns toward A.J., foot tapping impatiently.

A.J.
I told you this is an experiment in
imagination, right?

PETE'S HEAD
This is a bit much though, no? Hey
wait, why do I care? You're
telling me to say these things. I'm
really back at my desk!

A.J. bends to pick up Pete's head, careful to leave his face
facing the same way. Pete's eyes roll toward A.J., who
points forward.

A.J.
THEY care.

Pete's eyes flick in the direction of A.J.'s finger.

PETE'S HEAD
Who are they?

A.J.
The audience, Pete.

PETE'S HEAD
People are watching?

A.J.
Sure. Why else would we bother?
Jeez, you're heavy. Fathead.

A.J. returns Pete's head to its position on its left ear.
Pete's body steps toward its head, arms outstretched. A.J.
stops it.

A.J.
Not so fast. Still don't get the
power of writing?

PETE'S HEAD
So you made my head fall off. Big
deal. How much worse could it get?

A.J. snaps his fingers. A voluptuous BLOND in a short skirt,
knee high boots and a lab coat walks into view.

The blond puts one hand under Pete's arm and clasps her
hands together. She leads Pete's body out of view.

A.J. whistles absentmindedly. Pete's head sticks its tongue
out. The tongue fulcrums the head into an upright position.

PETE'S HEAD (CONT'D)
Why the lab coat?

A.J.
Shut up, Pete.

Pete's body and the blond walk back into view. The blond coquettishly puts a finger to her lips. Pete's body takes a bow. The blond exits.

A.J. (CONT'D)
You just cheated on your wife.

PETE'S HEAD
What? Wait, no I didn't.

A.J.
Oh yes you did. Trust me.

Pete's head smiles.

PETE'S HEAD
Looks like I was pretty good too,
huh?

The smile turns into look of serious contemplation.

PETE'S HEAD
Hey, wait a minute. It's not
cheating.

A.J.
How so?

PETE'S HEAD
My mind wasn't into it.

A.J. stares at Pete's head with a "you didn't just say that" look.

PETE'S HEAD
Don't look at me, you wrote it. Is
this all we're going to do here?
Because frankly, I'd rather work.

A.J.
Okay, smarty. You know that
fascination you have with all
things Charlie Brown?

Pete's head tries to nod in the affirmative. It falls back down on his left ear.

A.J. (CONT'D)

And how you love boring us with all your knowledge about Linus' baby brother?

PETE'S HEAD

Rerun. You know eventually he was a featured character. And Charles Schultz used the name way before the T.V. show "What's Happening?" did.

A.J.

See, this is what I mean.

A.J. snaps his fingers. Pale imitations of CHARLIE BROWN, who though dressed in his yellow and black sweater has hair, and LUCY VAN PELT, sporting an ill-fitting blue dress and a bored look, walk into view.

Pete's eyes flick about, searching the characters intently. Suddenly his eyes narrow and his brow furrows.

PETE'S HEAD

You son-of-a-bitch.

A.J.

Finally got you to swear.

PETE'S HEAD

Why does he have hair?

A.J.

Bald ten-year-olds cost money, Pete. It's all about the budget.

Lucy kneels next to Pete's head. She puts it upright and holds one finger on top of it. Charlie Brown walks out of view. Pete's head closes its eyes tightly.

A few seconds later Charlie Brown comes running into view. He swings his leg at Pete's head... just as Lucy pulls it away. Charlie Brown goes crashing, back first, to the floor.

CHARLIE BROWN

Arrrrghhh!

Charlie Brown gets up and dusts himself off. Lucy lays Pete's head back down on its ear, then she and Charlie Brown walk out of view. Pete's body bows to them.

Pete's head finally opens its eyes. It looks up at A.J. in disbelief.

A.J.
What, you think I would mess with a
classic?

Pete's body starts toward its head. This time A.J. allows
it.

A.J. (CONT'D)
So, do you understand now?

Pete's body reaches down and picks up its head. It walks out
of view... and returns a few seconds later, intact.

PETE
Much better. And yes, I think I do!
I've got to let my mind go to
different places. Not be so
uptight!

A.J.
And?

PETE
And... literal Pete is boring.

A.J.
Now we're done here.

A.J. takes Pete by the arm. They turn and walk... then skip,
rather gaily, toward the infinity of the ether, getting
smaller as they go.

PETE
You don't have an ending for this,
do you?

A.J.
No, not really.

A.J.'s free arm disappears in front of his body. When it
reappears behind his back he holds what looks to be a huge,
cartoon-like butt plug...

FADE OUT.