

SimplyNoir

An incendiary fantasy conceived and written in good fun

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&
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FADE IN:

EXT. THE CITY OF SPECTOWN - NIGHT

Raining, of course.

A MAN in a trench coat and fedora walks down the sidewalk dodging puddles. The collar of his coat is turned up, concealing his face in shadow.

A car drives by, hitting a puddle and dousing the man. He stops for just a moment, looking after the car.

The man is startled by A HUGE CRASH O.S.

He turns to find a large grand piano smashed on the pavement right next to him -- where he would have been had he continued walking for just a moment more.

The man looks up. A sweet-looking four-year-old girl waves down a high window in the building next to him.

LITTLE GIRL

Sorry!

LIGHTNING FLASHES, finally revealing the man's face -- the grim, chiseled features of WESLEY, PRIVATE DICK.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I knew it was going to be one of
those cases right from the start haha.

Wesley turns and continues down the street, pulling a note from his pocket and glancing at the paper.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I'd received a note from a man known only as "Don" right before SimplyScripts went straight to hell you know the routine first it's just a couple of newbies but soon everything is "we see" this and "the camera shows" that and then its all downhill from there.

Another car drives by hitting another puddle, dousing Wesley once more. He continues walking as if nothing happened.

WESLEY (V.O.)

They say that Don can take away your existence without leaving his living room but something had him spooked pretty bad and he would have to be spooked to ask for my help haha. So that's what I was doing down here in SpecTown...

Wesley stops and looks around.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...and I hate coming to SpecTown.

A half dozen Freddy Kruegers wander along the sidewalk. One is walking a dog. Another is reading a newspaper. A large ad on the back page proclaims "#747: Coming January 2006!"

Several incarnations of Michael Myers and Jason Voorhees can also be seen, in addition to a wide assortment of zombies that lumber aimlessly down the center of the street.

WESLEY (V.O.)

There are plenty of lost souls down here in SpecTown. There is a little drama sometimes and occasionally a little comedy...

Wesley watches a moaning zombie walk past, carrying a bag of groceries.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...but mostly it's a horror show.

Another car drives by dousing Wesley in another flood of water.

EXT. A TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

Wesley stops in front of a building that looks like Trump Tower. Five bright gold stars sit above the entrance.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Don lived in the only nice building in SpecTown. I couldn't imagine what such a powerful man would be so frightened of, but he was scared that's for sure...

Wesley knocks at the door -- and it swings wide open on creaking hinges. Unlocked. Wesley frowns. Another LIGHTNING FLASH, followed by RUMBLING THUNDER.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...and something smelled rotten... rotten like a fresh episode of "The A-List" on a hot summer day.

Wesley continues inside.

INT. SIMPLYSCRIPTS CONTROL CENTER

Blinking consoles and the gentle whir of computer drives.

Wesley makes his way between row after row of computers. He turns a corner and makes a disgusted grimace.

WESLEY

How freakin' cliché!

Don is slumped across his keyboard. Murdered. A pencil is jammed between his shoulder blades.

This pencil has been speared through a note. Wesley steps over and rips the note from Don's back.

INSERT NOTE

"You camp band me script masters my golden chance I no mask burns out my writing grows looks goon right?"

BACK TO SCENE

Wesley studies the note intently.

WESLEY (V.O.)

A note from the killer toying
with me their identity cleverly
concealed in this note the genius
of the mind behind this diabolical
plot was indisputable haha.

Now Wesley pockets the note. With a last look at Don's
carcass, Wesley turns to leave.

EXT. SPECTOWN - NIGHT

A belching VW minibus with a Bruce Lee mural painted on the
side rattles down the street.

A shredded poster that reads "#747: Coming November 12th"
has been stapled to a nearby lamppost.

WESLEY (V.O.)

This criminal mastermind was
shrewd indeed but they were no
match for my razor sharp intellect...

INT. WESLEY'S VW MINIBUS - NIGHT

Wesley pulls a handful of CDs from the glove compartment.

He frowns at a 3.5" diskette mixed in with the discs.

INSERT DISK

It is labeled "The only copy of #747 in the world -- really!
Love, Olga."

BACK TO SCENE

Wesley flips the disc out the window.

EXT. ROAD

The disk clatters onto the pavement. A young boy peers out
from the bushes beside the road. It is CURSE.

He creeps into the road and picks up the disk. A look of
sheer ecstasy crosses his face, like Gollum with his ring.

He leaps with joy and exultation.

CURSE

Yes! I found it! My precious...

Suddenly -- headlights! A bus BLARES its horn.

The bus SMASHES into Curse, and he is gone. The disk sails through the air and clatters onto the sidewalk.

A MAN walking a PUG stops at the disk. The Pug sniffs the disk for a moment. Then eats it. They continue onward.

INT. WESLEY'S FLOWER POWER VAN - NIGHT

Wesley slides one of the CDs into his sweet sound system.

WESLEY (V.O.)

... "looks goon" the note had said
but I know better and looks Goonie
is more like it...

Wesley grins as Cyndi Lauper's "Goonies Are Good Enough" blares from his 2.5" electrical-taped-to-the-ceiling speakers.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The VW pulls up to the curb. With a cough and sputter, it diesels off.

Wesley steps out of the van and makes his way to a nearby house -- a strange house -- in that it has been modified so as to resemble a pirate ship under full sail.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I'd seen this dame around she
was quite a dish with raven hair
and hazel eyes that would make
a grown man beg for an egg
salad sandwich haha.

Wesley rings the doorbell, which SQUAWKS like a parrot.

The door swings open to reveal ANDY PETROU, a woman wearing an eye patch and a pirate's hat.

WESLEY (V.O.)

It's too bad the broad was
completely insane.

Andy raises a gleaming cutlass.

ANDY

Ahhr! I'll be buying none of
yer scurvy magazines tonight!

She swings the cutlass. Wesley ducks. The sword sails wide, burying itself deep into the wood of the doorframe.

Andy tugs at the sword, now stuck in the wood.

Wesley looks up in horror at Andy before leaping up and running away, screaming like a little girl.

ANDY

That's right! Run! And if'n
I ever catch ye round the
Goon docks again, it'll be a
keel-haulin' fer ye.

INT. WESLEY'S SWEET VAN - NIGHT

Still sweating, Wesley steers the van down the street. He pulls the killer's note from his pocket.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I figured that a pencil didn't
exactly figure as her style so
I figured that maybe I'd figured
wrong but what a figure haha.

Wesley sees something in the note. He slows the van and pulls over, stroking his chin as an idea takes form.

WESLEY (V.O.)

No...I saw it now..."golden chance"
it said but it wasn't golden at all
it was more like a banana color...
a banana chance or not even that
but more like a Banana Chan!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Wesley bangs on the door of an apartment.

WESLEY

Open up, Mr. Holman. We need to
talk about Don.

The door opens and ALAN HOLMAN pokes his head out from inside. He is eating a banana.

Wesley punches an accusatory finger into Alan's chest, driving him back.

WESLEY

So where were you last night, Alan?

ALAN

Banana Chan.

WESLEY

That sounds pretty convenient and I suppose somebody can vouch for that story?

ALAN

Banana Chan. Banana Chan.

WESLEY

And you expect me to believe that?

ALAN

Banana Chan!

Alan slams the door.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Well, his alibi seemed pretty airtight so maybe I needed to have another look at that note.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Wesley's ninja mobile is rolling slowly between the units.

WESLEY (V.O.)

As I drove past the trailer park it occurred to me that it was Saturday night. "No mask" the note said but no Masquerade is what it meant so it could only be one girl and the killer seemed so obvious now because she could do it too haha.

Wesley pulls up to one of the units.

EXT. WESLEY'S NINJA MOBILE

As Wesley steps from the van two teenage girls race past him, chased by a snarling German Shepherd.

Wesley gives the dog a friendly smack on the rump as it races by.

WESLEY
Go get 'em boy haha!

EXT. TRAILER

Wesley steps up and bangs on the door.

WESLEY
Ms. Keller? I am here to ask
you a few questions about a man
named Don.

The door opens abruptly. A cantaloupe flies out, striking Wesley in the head.

Then the door slams shut.

WESLEY (V.O.)
I figured maybe I would get back
to her later haha.

INT. WESLEY'S FINE-LOOKIN' RIDE - NIGHT

Wesley is steering the van, still deep in thought, when something catches his eye.

He slams on the brakes.

EXT. ROAD

Wesley's van skids to a stop. A secluded trail cuts off from the road deep into the trees. A flickering bonfire can be seen in the distance down this path.

INT. WESLEY'S SWEET RIDE

Wesley lifts a pair of binoculars, looking towards the fire.

WESLEY (V.O.)

How did I miss it that "camp band" is an obvious reference to American Pie full of underage drinking and sex and breasts hopefully in even numbers haha.

EXT. WOODS

Wesley pulls up to the bonfire, which is at the center of a keg party in full swing -- a veritable army of staggering teens, not unlike the zombies seen earlier.

EXT. WESLEY'S WHEN-ROCKIN'-NO-KNOCKIN' MACHINE

Wesley steps out of the van. HIGGONAITOR rushes over and vomits on Wesley's shoes before collapsing to the ground.

Wesley wipes his shoes on Higg's shirt before walking off towards the party.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Goddam that Jack Black you know he can't hold his liquor haha.

EXT. KEG PARTY

Wesley approaches the keg, where ANDREW ROMANCE, HERETIC, AND TOPHER are standing guard with several girls draped across their shoulders.

WESLEY (V.O.)

It was a pretty ugly crew at this party with uglier dames you know the type gum-snapping bare-midriff waifs that would look right at home working the counter at an independent used record shop in Transylvania and I think one has three breasts so much for even numbers haha.

They all turn as Wesley approaches the keg.

ANDREW

Hey...you got a cup?

Wesley glances down at his pants and then looks at Andrew.

WESLEY

No...

HERETIC

You need a yellow cup.

WESLEY

Those have got to be the ugliest girls I have ever seen.

They all frown at this. Topher pulls a Glock from his jacket.

TOPHER

I don't think I like this Private Dick's attitude.

WESLEY

Oh did I say that out loud haha?

Now Andrew and Heretic exchange nods. Andrew pulls a Model 500. Heretic pulls a Desert Eagle.

HERETIC

He's needed an attitude adjustment for years.

ANDREW

And we're just the ones to give it to him.

Wesley puts up his hands and backs off.

WESLEY

Hey OK settle down I see they're actually cute now it must have just been the light from the fire haha.

One of the Butt-Ugly Girls slinks up to him and hangs on him. Wesley's expression drops to one of horrified disgust.

BUTT-UGLY GIRL

Tell me I'm beautiful.

WESLEY

Uh...

TOPHER

Tell her!

CLICK! goes the hammer.

WESLEY

Uh, well...there's no one
like you it seems haha.

Wesley continues to back away, but then hears BANGING from the trunk of a nearby car.

Wesley narrows his eyes at the group surrounding the keg, suspicious now. He pushes the Girl away.

WESLEY

(nods to the car)

So what's going on here I don't
suppose this has anything to do
with Don's murder does it?

ANDREW

What? No way! Don's been
murdered?

TOPHER

We don't know anything about it.

WESLEY

So what's with all the banging
going on in this trunk it sounds
pretty suspicious to me.

HERETIC

(tosses Wes his keys)

You tell me.

Wesley snags the keys, wary now, and turns to the trunk. He inserts the key and pops it open.

INT. TRUNK

Inside the trunk is BIGWHOOOP, hog-tied and terrified, with his eyes as big as saucers.

BIGWHOOOP

Oh, thank God! You gotta' help
me, man! These guys are-

BAM! Wesley slams the trunk closed.

He turns back to the guys. He tosses the keys back to Heretic.

WESLEY

I guess I misjudged you guys you seem pretty cool and everything seems to be fine here so you guys just keep on having a good time.

With a nod of approval, Wesley turns to leave.

EXT. WESLEY'S PADDY WAGON

Returning to his van, Wesley snatches a flier from off his windshield. The flier reads "#747: Coming Summer 2006!"

Wesley crumples the flier and drops it onto Higg, who is snoring quite loudly now.

INT. THE WESLEYMOBILE

Wesley inserts another CD into the player. Tom Jones singing "Thunderball".

WESLEY (V.O.)

So once more I return to the mysterious letter and its unfathomable clues but then it hit me of course "golden chance I" and I suppose there was no chance that meant Golden I as in Goldeneye and that could only mean one person.

EXT. A DARK PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Wesley parks, exiting his Ninja Mobile.

Above him, a person hangs onto the side of a wall leering down at him for a moment before skittering away.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Nobody comes down here because sometimes his imagination reaches too far beyond the written page yeah this guy's crazy haha.

EXT. THE DARK FORTRESS - NIGHT

Wesley approaches a large seven-story fortress reaching like a stacked pyramid into the sky.

He depresses the doorbell and the James Bond theme plays loud and long. All of it. About a minute and a half. Wesley appears bored and annoyed.

The door swings open. A man of about 45 stands in the doorway, dressed in a long black coat, dark trousers and shirt, metal gauntlets on his wrists and ankles, and a sword strapped to his back. This is DAVID TAYLOR.

DAVID

Yes, what do you want?

WESLEY (V.O.)

This guy had killer written all over him and who wears gauntlets anyways I mean that is so 70's and he looks like he wants to kick my - aaaaaaaaah!

INT. THE DARK FORTRESS - NIGHT

David grabs Wesley and tosses him inside the building. Wesley thumps against a wall. David stands close to him.

DAVID

What is your purpose here?

Wesley glances to one side. In a dark room lit by candles sits a lone person, chained to a desk containing a computer. The fierce CLATTER of a keyboard being typed to death sounds across the room.

WESLEY

Is he ok?

DAVID

He doesn't like to be disturbed.

Wesley approaches the fierce typer and circles the desk. The typer is breathing heavily. His eyes glow bright red, unblinking as words trail across the screen.

He appears to be around 30, with day-old whiskers and a month-old haircut. He is dressed in a ragged T-shirt and dirty jeans. This pathetic creature is GEORGE WILLSON.

WESLEY

George Willson somehow I pictured more well no I guess this is probably about right haha.

George swings around and HISSES at Wesley -- inhuman. He immediately returns to typing. Wesley backs up and stands next to David, wide-eyed.

DAVID

He won't be disturbed when he writes about my people. Come back later. Maybe then he will speak to you.

WESLEY

Uh, sure no problem maybe then haha.

EXT. THE DARK FORTRESS - NIGHT

Wesley exits the building, then waits about five seconds before turning around and pressing the doorbell again. This time, it gives a resounding "ding-dong." The door swings open.

DAVID

Ah, you're back.

WESLEY

Is this a good time?

DAVID

Yes, he's waiting for you.

INT. THE DARK FORTRESS

Wesley enters and walks into the study, now lit with overhead lighting. The computer is off. George Willson is sitting in a highback chair with a cocktail glass.

Dressed in a black suit with a fresh haircut and shave, he reads from a book of Poe. He looks up as Wesley enters.

GEORGE

Ah, Wesley, Private Dick. Welcome. How are you?

WESLEY

I've had Better Days but how did you change the...?

GEORGE

What can I do for you?

WESLEY

It's Don. He's dead.

GEORGE

(emotionless)

Goodness, that's terrible.
Vodka martini?

WESLEY

No thank you but do you know
anything about it?

GEORGE

No, why would I? Mint Julep?

WESLEY

No thanks I'm fine but were you
here all night?

GEORGE

As far as I know. Piña Colada?

WESLEY

No thanks but have you heard
anything about any uprisings
in SpecTown?

GEORGE

The cost of Vodka went up.

WESLEY

No I mean about the case.

GEORGE

Yes, cases are expensive. I
have to buy it by the bottle.

WESLEY

No about Don.

GEORGE

Corleone?

WESLEY

No our Don I mean the admin.

GEORGE

The admin? I don't know that
one, but perhaps a Daiquiri?

WESLEY

No thanks but I can't stand any more of this so just kill me now.

GEORGE

I know that one! Three ounces each of Tequila, 151 Proof Rum, Vodka (which is still expensive), and Gin, along with 2 ounces of Amaretto.

Wesley regards George with a cold stare.

WESLEY (V.O.)

This guy was clearly too scatterbrained to have done anything no way he could have pulled off such an insidious crime.

GEORGE

Don't be so sure of that.

Wesley blinks at this. David appears behind Wesley.

DAVID

It's time for you to leave.

WESLEY

(turning)

It is?

DAVID

Yes.

Wesley turns back to the study. It has returned to its former state. George is disheveled once more and chained to his computer.

DAVID

If a crime occurred, you can trust that he had nothing to do with it.

Wesley walks around David, never taking his eyes from him.

WESLEY

Excuse me for saying exactly what I'm thinking but this is messed up!

DAVID

Welcome to his world.

Wesley exits. David slams the door behind him.

EXT. THE DARK FORTRESS - NIGHT

Wesley walks down the street at a hastened pace towards his van. He glances overhead. The person sits on the wall again, staring...smiling.

Wesley breaks into a run.

INT. WESLEY'S LOVE MACHINE

Wesley leaps into his sweet ride, slams the door and nails the gas. It screeches off into the night.

WESLEY

Note to self remind me never
to go back there again I mean
some people are better off left
alone and in fact that sequence
was so long it really feels more
like self-promotion more than
anything else and he should
probably be ashamed of himself and
now I'm so disturbed I'm not even
using my cool internal dialogue.

(V.O. now)

Ahh...that's better haha.

EXT. SPECTOWN - NIGHT

The rain continues as the van heads towards a large wooden structure -- an enormous windmill sandwiched between the brothels and liquor stores.

The blades spin wildly in the storm.

INT. WESLEY'S MAGICAL MYSTERY MACHINE - NIGHT

Wesley skids to a halt as the pavement turns into gravel.

WESLEY (V.O.)

The note said "my writing grows"
and writing that sick probably
grows on a Farm and so now the
meaning buried in the note was
clear...

Wesley exits his magic machine and approaches the windmill.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...and don't even get me started
on pencils haha.

EXT. BERT'S WINDMILL - NIGHT

Wesley knocks on the door. The blades churn madly over his head. The door creaks open and a haggard-looking man, BERT, peers out.

BERT

You should never have come here.

WESLEY

I've come to see the girl and
don't try to give me the
runaround either because...

Suddenly, ANGEL springs from the bushes beside the door and stabs Wesley in the ass with a pencil.

WESLEY

Ahh!!

Then she runs inside, disappearing into the windmill.

Wesley winces as he pulls the pencil from his butt.

WESLEY

Man you know that really hurts!

BERT

I told you that you shouldn't
have come.

Bert snatches the pencil from Wesley.

BERT

That's mine.

Bert slams the door.

INT. WESLEY'S MAGIC BUS - NIGHT

Wesley gingerly lowers his butt into the seat.

WESLEY (V.O.)
 Ouch man that is probably going
 to need a Band-Aid maybe I'll
 check back with that creep but
 over the phone next time haha.

Wesley starts the van and blasts away.

INT. WESLEY'S CHICK MAGNET - LATER

The windshield wipers struggle against what has now become a driving rain.

WESLEY (V.O.)
 Another dead end but I knew the
 clue that would crack this case
 had to be right in front of me...
 (hits a pothole
 and winces)
 ...and now I've got a dead end
 next to my crack haha.

Wesley slams on the brakes.

Lights flash in his eyes. And on the windshield.

The lights are from a garish sign, blinking off and on through the rain-soaked night like a malevolent beacon.

The sign reads "DOGGLEBE'S".

WESLEY (V.O.)
 Of course when the note said
 "burns out" it could only have
 meant Burnout and there was only
 one person evil enough to pull
 this off like a dark tocsin on
 the very soul of SpecTown.

INT. DOGGLEBE'S

The O.S. SOUNDS of a car driving past are by followed by a loud splash from outside.

Wesley steps through the revolving door into the exclusive club, shaking water from his coat and fedora.

Fine art adorns the walls of this swanky establishment, and patrons dine on exquisite fare at candlelit tables.

Wes weaves between the tables, heading towards the back.

But he pauses at one table, recognizing the occupants.

DER SPIELER and BREANNE swirl their wineglasses, staring dreamily into each other's eyes over plates of braised duck and Swiss chard, oblivious to Wesley.

DER SPIELER

You know...you're the greatest
writer in the world.

BREANNE

No, you're the greatest writer
in the world.

DER SPIELER

No, you're the greatest...

They continue this conversation throughout the remainder of the scene.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I could feel it coming what might
have been the biggest vomit of my
life but then I heard it...

The strains of Meat Loaf's "Two Out of Three Ain't Bad" waft through the lounge, drowning out the conversation.

UNKNOWN SINGER (O.S.)

*Baby, we can talk all night...
But that ain't getting us
nowhere...
I've told you everything I
possibly can...
There's nothing left inside
of me...*

WESLEY

Not Meatloaf again.

Wesley turns to find MIKE SHELTON dressed in a tux and warbling away on a karaoke machine in the far corner of the room to a less than appreciative audience.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Sure this place was crawling with potential suspects but they weren't who I was here to see that would be the guy in the back room...

As the music continues, Wesley turns to a set of double doors at the back of the club. He walks towards them.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...through those doors was the guy I was looking for and some people might call it suicide but I just didn't care anymore because I'd had about enough of this case haha.

Wesley pushes through the doors, disappearing into the back of the club.

INT. BACK ROOM

The music back here is sleazy bump-and-grind. Lava lamps supply the only light.

The floor is littered with beer bottles that clink and clatter as Wesley kicks his way towards a large table.

Sitting at this table is DOGGLEBE, chewing on a fat cigar and grinning -- at a nubile young DANCER wearing only a thong on the table before him, her back towards Wesley.

Dogglebe's grin melts away as he spots Wesley.

DOGGLEBE

What the hell do you want, Dick?

WESLEY

I'm here about Don he's been murdered and I thought you might know something about it.

DOGGLEBE

Well, that's a shame. But I don't know nothin'. Now get outta' here cuz I'm busy, see?

Dogglebe lifts his beer bottle and takes a deep swig.

WESLEY

Well, I just thought since he ran
SpecTown you might...

Dogglebe slams his beer down on the table, spitting foam and
interrupting Wesley.

DOGGLEBE

Don...running SpecTown? Don't be
a fool! Everybody knows that I
really run SpecTown!

(to dancer)

Turn around, honey. Let's have a
little backside action now.

The dancer turns her back to Dogglebe, facing Wesley now, to
reveal that she has THE FACE OF A PUG.

Her tongue lolls from her mouth.

DOGGLEBE

(to Wesley)

She's a real beauty, ain't she?

Now Dogglebe shakes his beer bottle and sprays Wesley with
the foam.

DOGGLEBE

Now get the hell out from
under my lava lamps! This
is a private show!

Wesley backs away from the table as the MAITRE-D steps to
Dogglebe and leans down to him.

MAITRE-D

(low)

That Curse gentleman is here
again, sir.

Dogglebe throws his bottle across the room, crashing it
against the far wall.

DOGGLEBE

Get him out of here! I won't
have Edsel-writers in my club!

INT. WESLEY'S HIPPIE-MOBILE

Wesley stares at the note, looking very perplexed.

WESLEY

What am I missing? What is it?

Wesley looks at the note and suddenly rolls his eyes.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Suddenly I knew...I knew I recognized this style this isn't a cleverly written note jam packed with clues leading me to the author the writer's grammar is just that bad and his writing is just that incomprehensible...

Wesley throws the van into gear.

EXT. WESLEY'S BITCHIN' VAN

The Flower Bus screeches off into the night.

WESLEY (V.O.)

..and I knew just where to go.

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The Wesleymobile pulls up in front of an abandoned movie theater. The marquee is empty. The windows have been boarded over long ago.

Wesley gets out of the van and pulls a flashlight from his trench coat. Then he steps over to one of the doors.

When he tugs on it, it opens easily.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Just as I thought.

Wesley enters the darkened theater.

INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER

Wesley flicks on the flashlight and plays it around. Rats and roaches skitter away from the light.

A tattered poster on one wall reads "#747: Coming Christmas 2006!"

Wesley steps over to the concession stand and reaches into the shattered display, pulling out an ancient box of Goobers.

He rips open the box and shakes a few into his mouth.

WESLEY

Man, chocolate and peanuts you
just can't beat that even if it
is 20 years old haha.

VOICE (O.S.)

So found me and old candy chocolate
covered treat rules to eat but too
late for runs!

Wesley whirls to face the voice behind him -- the voice that could only belong to -- SECURITY.

Wesley pockets the Goobers and pulls a revolver.

WESLEY

I knew it was you and you've gone
too far this time Security posting
all that gibberish is one thing but
killing Don is crossing the line.

Wesley raises the revolver.

WESLEY

Consider yourself banned.

Wesley pulls the trigger -- but the hammer falls on empty chambers.

WESLEY

I guess I should have checked
that first instead of worrying
about the candy I suppose that
was pretty stupid haha.

Security turns and runs through a doorway, up the stairs that lead to the projection room.

SECURITY

Can't catch runs! Budda-Bing!
Trailer runs and runners RULE!
Wakka wakka whoot whoot!

Wesley gives chase.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM

Wesley enters to find Security loading a film onto the ancient projector.

WESLEY

What are you doing?

SECURITY

Movies rule and runners know
what goes but you script
masters don't know what runners
know...

Security bends down and lifts one of the heavy cases used for transporting film reels.

SECURITY

(a different
voice now)

But you made one big mistake,
Wesley...

Now Wesley watches in shocked disbelief as Security reaches with his free hand and rips his face off -- A MASK -- to reveal the grinning visage of KEVIN REVIE.

KEVIN

...you forgot that things are
not always as they appear!

Kevin now lifts the heavy case and smashes Wesley in the skull. Everything goes black.

INT. THEATER

Wesley is unconscious, tied to one of the chairs.

Kevin holds a giant cup full of soda. He flings the soda into Wesley's face.

KEVIN
Wakey-wakey!

Wesley begins to rouse.

WESLEY
Oh man Dr. Pepper why did it
have to be Dr. Pepper?

Wesley begins to notice his surroundings. He tugs at the ropes, realizing now that he is tied to the chair.

Kevin stands before the screen, and spreading his arms he now addresses the empty seats.

KEVIN
Welcome...to the first official
screening of...A-List: The Movie!

Kevin lifts a remote towards the projection booth and depresses a button.

And the film begins.

INSERT THE SCREEN

The following titles appear in succession on a black screen:

"A Kevin Revie Production"

"Of A Kevin Revie Film"

"Written by Kevin Revie"

"A-List: The Movie"

"Starring Paris Hilton"

END INSERT

Wesley's eyes grow wide with horror. He struggles against the ropes and shouts to Kevin.

WESLEY
I've done some pretty bad things
in my life but I don't think
anybody deserves this you should
have a heart and just let me go!

But suddenly the images on the screen begin to skip and stutter. Then they freeze.

Black-tinged rings now form on the screen, growing larger as the film begins to melt.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM

The ancient projector begins to shimmy and shudder as the clogged film jams its gears.

Then the projector bursts into flames.

INT. THEATER

Smoke pours from the projection room. Kevin looks at the screen in horror, then drops to his knees.

KEVIN

NO!! My film! My beautiful
film!!

Now Wesley pulls his arms free of the ropes that bind him to the chair.

WESLEY

Hey you know these weren't really
that tight after all haha.

Wesley steps over to Kevin, who is now curled into a fetal position, blubbering on the sticky theater floor.

Wesley kneels beside Kevin and ruffles his hair.

WESLEY

Hey don't feel so bad I mean
I'm sure that Paris will still
be able to find work if...hey,
wait a minute...

Now Wesley grabs Kevin's hair and tugs. It is ANOTHER MASK, which Wesley rips off to reveal -- STIFLER!

Stifler now turns, looking up at Wesley with wild, crazy eyes that have clearly gone quite insane.

Stifler screams with maniacal glee.

STIFLER

HUGE TWIST! LOL!

Stifler then leaps to his feet and begins running in circles around the theater.

STIFLER
HUGE TWIST! LOL!
HUGE TWIST! LOL!
HUGE TWIST...

Stifler continues to scream.

Wesley settles back into one of the seats.

He pulls a cell phone from his coat and dials, watching with amused detachment as Stifler continues to race around the theater.

WESLEY (V.O.)
I decided to just take it easy
and wait for the guys in the
white coats haha.

Wesley pulls out the Goobers and shakes a few into his mouth. He holds the box out to Stifler as he races by.

WESLEY
(to Stifler)
Goober?

EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Wesley watches as the men in the white coats load Stifler, now in a straightjacket, into the back of a van.

They slam the doors closed, but Stifler can still be heard from inside the van.

STIFLER
(muffled)
HUGE TWIST! LOL!
HUGE TWIST! LOL!

Wesley shakes his head as he watches the van pull away.

Then he turns to us.

WESLEY

If there's a lesson here it is probably well actually I guess you probably already know what it is so just read about it on the thread it originally appeared on even though it's actually on the wrong board anyway because people are idiots haha.

Then he turns away.

He shakes a few more Goobers into his mouth and heads off into the night until he is swallowed by shadows.

A car drives by silhouetting Wesley in its headlights just before dousing him in a sheet of water.

A poster blows along the ground behind him.

It reads: "#747: Coming Christmas 2010!"

FADE OUT.