

THE INCREDIBLY,
ALMOST MADE UP TRUE STORY OF THORTON T. THORTON

by
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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Immaculate decor. Over decorated marble floors, huge windows
an internal spiral staircase at it's center.

If it were a church only the super rich would be allowed to
worship there.

THORTON T. THORTON, (50), sits at his desk on the phone.
Even through his exquisitely tailored suit he's all muscle.
Could easily make the cover of G-Q Magazine.

THORTON

I love your tits. They're so huge
and succulent. I love the way your
nipples get hard. Are you nude now?
Just panties? Yeah, oh yeah. I
like that... take them off for me.
That's it. You turn me on. You
know that?

(looks at his
wristwatch)

Look, babe, I gotta go. I'll be
home around nine. See you then.
Keep that pussy warm. Okay, bye
mom. Say hi to dad for me.

FREEZE FRAME

Thorton's image FREEZES in mid-blink. He looks drunk.

VOICE (V.O.)

That's Thorton T. Thorton. He's
the C-E-O of the Thorton Television
Network. He also happens to be the
richest man in recorded history.
Oh, and he's also a complete
degenerate.

FREEZE FRAME ENDS

INT. THORTON OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

MARSHALL MOSKOWITZ (45), timid in appearance with a receding
hair line. It's topped off with a bad comb over that covers
his right ear.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I'm Marshall Moskowitz. I'm the sad
sack waiting for my interview with
Mister Thorton. I've been to fifty-
six interviews and this is the only
job I applied for that called me
back.

SECRETARY

Mister Thorton will see you now.

(beat)

Loser.

MARSHALL

Did you just call me a loser?

SECRETARY

I'm sorry?

MARSHALL

I thought I heard you say something.

SECRETARY

No, sorry. Better hurry. Mister Thorton doesn't like to be kept waiting.

MARSHALL

Yes, of course.

INT. THORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Marshall enters. He stands before Thorton who eyeballs his resume.

THORTON

Impressive resume.

MARSHALL

Thank you, Sir.

(V.O.)

Please, Jesus I need this job.

THORTON

Top three percentile in your class at Yale.

MARSHALL

Yes, Sir.

(V.O.)

Please, Jesus I need this job.

THORTON

I'm, looking for a man with passion. A man who has a hard on for getting things done.... job... long hours...

His voice trails off. Marshall eyes thorton's tie. His suit. His mouth with perfectly white teeth.

THORTON (CONT'D)

A man like... me.

He drones on and on...

MARSHALL (V.O.)

My wife has metastasized breast cancer. I have a ten year old son with autism and childhood schizophrenia. He has to wear a football helmet because he bangs his head against concrete and opens his skull like a walnut and my wife's pregnant. Oh, did I mention my bank's about to foreclose on my home?

(V.O.)

Please Jesus, I need this job.

THORTON

You listening, Mister Moskowitz?

MARSHALL

I'm your man, Sir.

THORTON

Really? Well, Marshall, I like what I see on paper. You seem... fairly intelligent.

MARSHALL

I like to think I am, Sir.

THORTON

Our criminal background check turned up quite a bit of information. You have a long history of domestic abuse. You've been arrested on six different occasions for public drunkenness and assault of a police officer. Served a year in jail for spousal abuse and since then your life's been pretty much in the toilet. Did I miss anything?

MARSHALL

No, Sir.

THORTON

Lastly, it states you're an alcoholic.

MARSHALL

Not true, Sir!

THORTON

Look me straight in the eye and tell me: are you drunk now?

MARSHALL

No, Sir., I haven't touched a drop in six months, Sir.

THORTON

So, if I ordered a blood test as part of your hiring requirement, would I be disappointed?

MARSHALL

No, Sir. I can assure you I'm sober. I'll swear on a stack of bibles there's not a drop of liquor in me.

THORTON

Well, here's the thing champ: I'm not a religious man. A stack of bibles just doesn't do it for me.

The door to the office opens. A MEDIC AND NURSE BARGE IN.

THORTON (CONT'D)

A surprise blood test, however, does.

The Medic shoves a stunned Marshall down onto a chair. The Nurse pulls out a pair of industrial medical scissors.

MARSHALL'S JACKET

The nurse cuts from the sleeve up.

MARSHALL

Hey! That's a new jacket!

MEDIC

Just shut up. It won't take a sec.

The Nurse rips open the rest of Marshall's sleeve.

She exposes Marshall's forearm. She sticks a needle in his vein. She draws blood.

The Medic grabs the blood sample. He inserts it in to a palm-sized medical device.

Its colors change from red to blue to green,

MEDIC (CONT'D)

He's clean.

He and the Nurse leave. The door slams hard behind them.

THORTON

Well, champ. Welcome to the Thorton family.

Still stunned at the unexpected medical assault, Marshall stands -- just barely.

MARSHALL

Th-Thank you, Sir.

He holds out his hand. Thorton grabs it.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I won't let you down, Sir.

THORTON
I won't let you let me down.

MARSHALL
Yes, Sir.

THORTON
And cut out that "sir" shit. I may be the boss but I'm a hard working, every day joe just like you.

MARSHALL
Okay, Thorton.

THORTON
Mister Thorton.

MARSHALL
Mister Thorton.

Marshall heads for the door.

THORTON
Oh and Marshall?

MARSHALL
Sir?

THORTON
Just one minor point to keep in mind. It's just something I mention to all my new workers.

MARSHALL
Yes, Sir?

THORTON
I believe in absolute, unquestioning loyalty from my employees. So don't ever betray me. Don't ever even think of thinking you can outwit me, outsmart me or take anyone else's side against me. Because if you do, You'll be fucked so hard it'll feel like having a cattle prod shoved up your ass during a prison riot. We clear, champ?

MARSHALL
Yes, Sir, Mister Thorton.

He heads toward the door.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that's how it came to pass that
I was hired by Thorton T. Thorton.
I could finally take care of Annette's
cancer and afford the proper treatment
for my son Jeremey's autism and
schizophrenia. I was now an executive
at the T-T-T Network.

(beat)

And all it cost me, I would soon
find out... was my soul.

EXT. NETWORK BUILDING - NIGHT

The building has the T-T-T television network logo above.
It consists of a huge breasts covered with floating Cherubs.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

That's the T-T-T Network building.
Wait a sec. Listen, before I go and
let this story unwrap itself you
need to know a few things. One: the
T-T-T Network was owned and operated
solely by Thorton T. Thorton. Second:
the T-T-T Network was not an
advertiser or ratings driven network
like A-B-C, N-B-C or C-B-S the big
three at the time. That means T-T-T
could air any kind of programming
regardless of its content.

He looks up at a massive antenna that reaches past the clouds.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And they had the most powerful
television transmitter in the world
to prove it. Rumor had it during
the first Apollo missions, as a
courtesy, Thorton Industries allowed
NASA to use it when their own
transmitters were technically inferior
and couldn't contact the astronauts
during their three day mission.

(beat)

Like I said. It's just a rumor,.

He heads toward the building entrance.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

How was this all possible? Because
the Thorton family had an estimated
fortune of two-hundred trillion
dollars. Yes. That's Trillion with
a "T".

INT. THORTON BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Crowded with employees. Could pass for Grand Central Station.
Marshall walks along the lobby.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

The Thortons achieved their fortune
by owning thousands of gold, diamond
and platinum mines in the world.

EXT.MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

SUPER: BAKKIE SOUTH AFRICA

Construction crews have arrived. Drilling equipment lie
strewn across its landscape.

A MINER

He raises his pick-ax. He slams it into the ground. Bits
of shiny, yellow fragments kick back.

He picks up a softball-sized chunk of gold.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Turns out the mountain itself was
made out of a single, solid piece of
gold. It was three thousand feet in
height. This of course invited
illegal mining.

The miner falls to his knees. He picks up pebble sized bits
of gold. He shoves them in to his pockets.

A bullet rips through his head. He falls face down, dead.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For those caught, justice was swift.

INT. THORTON STUDIOS - CIRCUS SET - DAY

Children and their mothers pack the seats. A spotlight
illuminates the RINGMASTER.

RINGMASTER (O.S.)

Hello kids!

The children cheer.

RINGMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's that time again to have fun!

The children hoot and holler.

RINGMASTER (CONT'D)

And who better than to make us all
laugh is the prankster of pun! The
chuckle of chucklers! The giggle of
gigglers! He's Uncle Purvey!

The children cheer and applaud.

UNCLE PURVEY

He rides in on a miniature bike.

He comes complete with a clown face, oversized bow tie and
super huge red feet.

He hops off the bike to the applause of the children and
their mothers.

UNCLE PERVEY

Hi ya boys and girls!

KID AUDIENCE

Hi, Uncle Purvey!

UNCLE PERVEY

Are we ready to have a super duper,
absolutely, wacky-wacky, honka, honka,
holler of a good time!?

KID AUDIENCE

ShoooooooooBetcha!

UNCLE PERVEY

Well, that's great! Today we're
gonna learn how to play the flute!
Play with puppies and best of all
one lucky, sexy, blonde haired little
boy in the audience will get to play
Uncle Pervey's favorite game called
"What's that I'm sucking on in the
dark!"

INT. THORTON STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - DAY

STU PHELPS (30), producer with a receding hairline and thick
eyeglasses rushes up alongside Thorton.

STU

Mister Thorton!

THORTON

Hey, Kevin, how we doing this glorious
Monday morning?

STU

I'm Stu Phelps and it's Friday.

THORTON

Right, right. Sorry. So, how are the wife and kids these days?

STU

My wife died in a car accident eight months ago, if you recall, Sir.

THORTON

Really? Sorry to hear that..

STU

You gave the eulogy.

THORTON

Yes, I remember now. So, how are your kids?

STU

They died in the accident too.

THORTON

Right. I remember now. They were both decapitated, right?

STU

Yes, Sir.

THORTON

Aha! Tell me, they ever find little Mary's head?

STU

No, Sir.

THORTON

Damn shame. No surprise when you think about it.

STU

Sir?

THORTON

I mean a head as small as a ten year old's would have been crushed to a pulp. Wouldn't leave much. Maybe a stain-

STU

Sir! Please! Can we stop talking about my dead wife and kids?? I need to speak to you! It's important!

THORTON

Sorry, Kevin.

STU

It's Stu.

THORTON

Right. Sorry. What's up?

STU

It's about the show you dropped on my plate.

THORTON

Which show would that be?

STU

The show about the Civil War. You know, "History Comes Alive", remember? There's a problem.

THOR

Well, you're the producer, Andy. Producer's solve problems.

STU

It's Stu. This one's a bit out of my league, Sir.

THORTON

Oh?

STU

The script calls for black slaves attacking white women and shouting-
(a quick look at the script))
"Where all dat white pussy at?"

THORTON

I knew it'd pay to hire R. Kelly to do a rewrite on the script.

STU

The Screen Actors Guild refuses to send any more black actors to audition for the parts. In fact, the guild's blacklisted us. No union actors are allowed to set foot on our lot or work on any of our productions due to what the union considers racist elements that reinforce negative and minority stereotypes.

THORTON

Wow. Hard not to take that personally. Okay, here's what you'll do. Go to the nearest homeless shelter. I'm sure you'll have no problems finding a group of blacks there. Just make sure you use those that are mentally ill. I don't want any alcoholics or drug addicts on the set. We have standards after all.

STU

Yes, Sir.

He pats Stu on the back.

THORTON

Now, if you'll excuse me. I have to meet with my wife and her blood sucking attorney.

STU

Yes, Sir.

Smiling, Thorton merrily strolls off.

THORTON (O.S.)

Oh, and stop by with your wife and kids, Sunday! I'm having a barbecue!!

INT. TTT NETWORK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ELLEN THORTON, Thorton's soon to be ex-wife sits at a table with a team of lawyers lead by GREG GARRISON(60).

They wait quietly. Impatient, Ellen looks down at her wristwatch.

THE SECONDS ARM

Its tip has Ellen's face carved in rubies.

THORTON

He walks in. He sits at the opposite end of the conference table.

THORTON

Sorry, I'm late. But I didn't think you people were important enough, so I thought I'd just take my sweet ass time getting here.

ELLEN

Classy as always, Thorton.

THORTON

Fuck you, Ellen, you malignant cunt.
By the way, how've you been? You
look great.

ELLEN

Of course I do. I've been working
out and staying away from you.

THORTON

Well, it must be working because for
the first time since I dumped your
sorry ass nine months ago you actually
look like you're worth fucking.

GARRISON

Mister Thorton this was to be a civil
meeting to discuss terms of you and
my client Miss Brooke's separation
of assets.

THORTON

Assets? Before I bought her a new
pair of tits, her old ones were so
small they couldn't generate enough
milk for a cup of coffee.

GARRISON

Where are your counsel to advise
you?

THORTON

I fight my own battles.

GARRISON

I see. As you wish.

ELLEN

Let's just get this over with. I
have a brand new triple-decker, custom
made Lear Jet waiting for me on the
tarmac at my private airstrip at my
private airport with my private pilot
who's hung like a Boeing jet.

GARRISON

Very well. I'll make this brief.
My client, Ms. Brookes expects that
upon completion of the divorce
settlement she receives the following:
Ten million per month in living
expenses, ownership of all property
including the six diamond mines in
South Africa, ownership of the three
major hotels in New York, Paris and
Hawaii.

THORTON

That it? Jesus, Ellen, why not just finish me off and take my balls?

GARRISON

I convinced her your balls had very little monetary value.

THORTON

Lucky me.

ELLEN

Well, that's it, Thorton.

THORTON

All right. Let me make a counteroffer.

GARRISON

I'm listening.

THORTON

The two of you get on your knees and suck my dick. You can each pass it back and forth until I reach a climax. Just a fair warning, Counselor, my semen according to many women taste like Ajax.

GARRISON

Mister Thorton, if you're not going to take these proceedings seriously we'll just have to file with the court a petition regarding your extremely hostile, adversarial response. Either way, my firm gets a nice, big, fat check.

ELLEN

We're both wasting our time. I say drag this fucker's ass in court. When I'm through, you'll be sleeping under a bridge, jacking off strangers for a bottle of scotch. Jesus, if your children could see you for the loser you really are.

She rises from the table with the attorneys. They leave. Thorton continues to sit quietly alone. He snaps a bewildered glance.

THORTON

I have children???

INT. TTT NETWORK STUDIO - NIGHT

Lights and camera breathe to life. Three NEWS ANCHORS sit beside each other.

NEWS THEME MUSIC PLAYS.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This is the T-T_T Network evening news with Mitch Mellon! Deborah Skies! And Negro weather man Tony Bronka!

MITCH

This just in. A school bus in Atlanta, carrying fifty blind, quadriplegic children overturned and sank into the icy waters off of Grand Lakes. There were no survivors. In an amusing twist, another bus carrying man eating great white sharks to a local aquarium also crashed and sank in the same lake.

(laughs; to Deborah)

Lets hope those man eaters leave something for parents to help I-D their children with! Deborah.

DEBORAH

(giggles)

In another tragedy, a Boeing Seven forty-seven carrying three hundred and fifty blind passengers from the World Wide Church of God collided with another jet over Helsinki, Finland. An F-F-A spokesman was quoted as saying "it's good all those passengers were blind. At least they didn't see it coming."

The background changers with a chevron of clouds.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

And now here's Tony Bronka with the weather. So, Tony, what's the weather going to be like today?

TONY

It's gonna rain, bitch.

DEBORAH

(cheery)

Thanks, Tony!

INT. THORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Thorton sits at his desk. He carefully examines various photographs. Standing over his shoulder is OLGA IOVANOVA (60). Russian with shocking white hair and a super tight vinyl skirt accentuating an ass that isn't there.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Thorton didn't waste time looking for another wife. With his divorce complete he spent time searching through a catalog of Russian brides with Olga Iovanova, a Russian matchmaker. She also used to be an assassin for the K-G-B. Thorton always believed himself a hopeless romantic.

(beat)

I always thought of him as hopeless.

THORTON

What about this one?

OLGA

Good choice. I put her on list.

THORTON

Wow. This one looks like a real winner. She's got it all. Gorgeous, fluent in eighteen language including both dialects of Mandarin and she has a Master's degree in Theoretical Physics.

OLGA

Not good match for you.

THORTON

Why not?

OLGA

She has penis.

Thorton squints his eyes. He takes another look at the catalog photo.

THORTON

I'll be damned. So she has. Well, that's definitely a deal breaker. I could never marry a woman with a penis larger than mine.

FULL BLACK SCREEN

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I should mention before I move on
that Thorton T. Thorton was as stupid
as he was evil. Consider this point
in the story an interlude:

INT. THORTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: A BRIEF EXAMPLE OF PROFOUND STUPIDITY

Thorton turns on the lights. He rubs both eyes.

THORTON

God damn itch! Damn allergies..

He hops from the mattress. He rushes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Both his eyes are blood shot. He rubs them. He grabs a
tiny bottle with a dropper attached to its tip.

He squeezes two drops in his left eye. Two drops in his
right. He screams out in agony.

THORTON

Oh my God! Oh God! Sweet fucking
Jesus I can't see! I can't see!

THE BOTTLE

It's not eye drops. It's marked "SUPER GLUE."

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

An Indian DOCTOR walks over to Thorton who's had both eyes
bandaged.

DOCTOR

And how are we doing this morning
Mister Thorton?

THORTON

What's the story. You can tell me!
Am I permanently blind?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid so. You'll never see
again. You're blind for life.

Thorton cries out.

THORTON

Oh God! Please no! Please not me!
Not me!!

DOCTOR
Feeling bad, Mr.Thorton?

THORTON
Huh? Of course I am!

DOCTOR
Good.

THORTON
Good?? How can that be good! What're
are you! A sick fuck??

DOCTOR
Did you ever date a girl named Rums
Karash?

THORTON
Sounds familiar.

DOCTOR
Let me refresh your memory. You
dated her for over a year.

THORTON
I remember her now! How's she doing
these days?

DOCTOR
She's not. She committed suicide a
week after you left her.
(beat)
I'm her brother.

THORTON
Karash, that you? Hey buddy! Long
time no see!

DOCTOR
Damn right, you sack of shit.

He slugs Thorton across the jaw.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Thorton sits on a sofa across from his shrink DOCTOR MARIA
PRESSOVER (40), gray hair, thick glasses and polyester
sweater.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER
So, how are things?

THORTON
Not too good. I still keep having
that dream.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER

You mean the dream where you're in a bakery and the cook's shoving white chocolate fudge through your pee hole?

THORTON

No, this one's new. I'm on a farm. I'm watching a pig and a cow having sex.

AN ANIMATED PIG

Appears in the room FUCKING A COW. It beams a lethal stare at Thorton.

THORTON

Then the pig looks over at me and says:

PIG

What the fuck, bro? You ain't ever seen a pig fuck a cow?

It vanishes in a puff of smoke.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER

Sex seems to be a major aspect of your psychological make up. Why do you suppose that is?

THORTON

That's why I'm paying you. To tell me why I have a sexual addiction.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER

I told you before Thorton. My job isn't to give you answers. My job's to help you to find them on your own.

THORTON

Is it possible, I'm incapable of giving or receiving love? Am I that far gone?

DOCTOR PRESSOVER

We're creatures of love, Mister Thorton. Without love we wither and die.

She looks at her watch,

DOCTOR PRESSOVER (CONT'D)

Our sessions about over. Would you like me to suck your dick now?

THORTON

Sure thing.

Doctor Pressover falls to her knees. She unzips Thorton's fly.

THORTON (CONT'D)

I think I should mention I haven't showered in three days.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER

Lucky for you I like my balls salty and sweaty.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Marshall races past a crowd of doctors, orderlies and nurses.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Thorton had taken off what could only be described as a sex safari. He traveled the globe looking the best food and the best sex. As for me, I was an executive. I could take as much time off or as little as I wanted. I went every day to be with Annette. She was still having to go through chemotherapy despite her pregnancy. Her cancer had spread to her liver, brain and spleen and I had to look her in the eye, lie and tell her she was gonna pull through. I had never felt more ashamed of myself.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marshall enters. He stops dead in tracks.

THORTON

Sits in a chair beside Marshall's wife ANNETTE (40). They're in mid-conversation, laughing.

Despite Annette's emaciated appearance from her cancer she still glows with the smile of an expectant mother.

She spots an astonished Marshall who steps over to her and Thorton.

MARSHALL

Mister Thorton?

THORTON

Hey, champ!

MARSHALL

What are you doing here? How did you know my wife was even here??

THORTON

Wasn't too hard. You see, I own the hospital.

MARSHALL

You-You own this hospital??

THORTON

This one and another twenty thousand around the world. Good investment. People die every day and you still wouldn't believe the profit margin.

MARSHALL

Sir, I appreciate your kind gesture but in all honesty you have no right to intrude in my private life.

ANNETTE

Honey-

MARSHALL

I'll handle this sweetie, you just rest.

THORTON

I was talking with Annette about her cancer. I spoke to her doctors. You know her cancer's so rare they're thinking of naming it after her?

MARSHALL

That's enough! Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to keep out of my family's lives-

THORTON

All right. You said your part. Now it's my turn.

(to Annette)

Tell me, darling. Are you in pain?

ANNETTE

Every hour of every day.

THORTON

And that's despite the doctors pumping enough morphine and God knows what else to make you a walking pharmacy.

Tears pour from Annette's eyes at the brutal truth.

ANNETTE

Yes...

THORTON

You're dying kiddo.

MARSHALL

I said that's enough!

THORTON

In addition to the hospitals I own all over the world, I also own research labs. There's one in Finland. Now the team there are working on the same type of cancer your wife has. They've had a ninety-five percent cure rate.

MARSHALL

You said... cure?

THORTON

I'm surprised your oncologist never brought it up the option.

MARSHALL

Doctor Bharatt's is a good doctor-

THORTON

He's from fucking Pakistan. If I want a doctor, I'll go American. If I want the recipe for a spicy Masala sauce he's on my speed dial.

ANNETTE

Go ahead, Thorton, finish telling him.

THORTON

Mister Thorton, sweetie.

ANNETTE

Sorry, Mister Thorton.

THORTON

Anyway, I called my clinic and arranged to have Annette put at the top of the priority list.

MARSHALL

But these experimental drugs cost money-

THORTON

Eight hundred thousand bucks a treatment. So what? I spend that much in underage Vietnamese prostitutes. Anyway, there's a private jet waiting for you at my private airport. Consider your trip to Finland a second honeymoon.

MARSHALL

Who'll take care of our son Jeremey while we're away-

THORTON

No problem. I've already made arrangements to have him come with you along with a team dedicated to his special needs.

MARSHALL

Mister Thorton. I don't know what to say.

THORTON

Nah, champ. Glad to do it. See? I can be your best friend.

MARSHALL

Yes, Sir.

THORTON

(dead serious)

Or a raging fucking storm in your life.

(beat)

We clear, champ?

MARSHALL

Crystal as always, Sir.

THORTON

Anyway, once you come back, I'll have a special project for you.

He pats Marshall on the back. He walks off.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

After we arrived in Finland, Annette began her cancer treatments.

(beat)

Six weeks later she was cured.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Still in Finland, Marshall sits with Annette, beside her in bed. Her hair is full, skin vibrant, glowing -- cancer free.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

And now I owed this man. The man who saved the life of my wife and unborn child. A man I didn't like or respect. A man who made it a point to ingratiate himself into my life. For what purpose? What was going on in that rat maze of a mind of his? I only know I was the cheese at the end.

INT. DESERT - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

A helicopter flies over a thick stretch of distressed arid landscape.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Thorton, with his infinite wealth didn't just own a network. He invested in massive projects around the world. One in particular was located in some third world shit hole.

SUPER: SOME THIRD WORLD SHIT HOLE.

THE HELICOPTER

Lands on a makeshift, dirt incrustated helipad.

SCORPIONS

A cluster are crushed under the enormous weight of the landing gear.

A BOOT

Crushes one. It belongs to Thorton.

THORTON

Before I showed up, most of the villagers never heard of a toilet let alone use one.

MARSHALL

Yes, Sir. They're very fortunate to have someone with your expertise to show them how to correctly take a shit.

THORTON

I know sarcasm when I hear it, Marshall. It's unbecoming of you. I'll let it go this time only because I know it's the heat talking.

He pats Marshall on the back. He walks on..

MARSHALL (V.O.)

It wasn't the heat talking. It was my own sense of disgust of having to work for a man who I was firmly convinced was the devil incarnate.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - GENERAL STORE - DAY

A long line of black workers runs the length of the store.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

When the government declared war on the rebels, Thorton stepped in and convinced both sides to take a break trying to butcher each other out of existence.

(beat)

They were better off killing each other.

TWO BLACK WORKERS

They tumble out of the store. Each one slugs the other.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thorton decided to build a bridge from his newly acquired diamond mine. This created hundreds of thousands of jobs.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Thousands of black workers toil in the hot sun.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

There was a catch. The employees were paid with a method known as scrip. When payday came, they were issued credit instead of outright cash. The scrip could only be used at the company store where food prices were outrageously high. The company also owned where the employees lived, effectively making the company their landlord. By the time all the deductions owed to the Thorton's mining company were deducted, an employee was left with roughly twenty-three percent of his paycheck intact.

THE TWO BLACKS WORKERS

They continue to fight. It ends with one worker slashing the side of the other's face open with a switchblade.

Blood and screams of agony perform a repulsive duet for everyone to see.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And Thorton? He just stood there and watched those two poor miners tear each other to pieces. Later, I found out the fight was over a last can of powered milk. A popular item when your child is ill.

The black worker picks up a blood stained can of powered milk. He limps away -- wheezing in victory.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

And that's why the third world sucks.

INT. THORTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thorton lies in bed with a vacant expression -- and voluptuous, beautiful, Hispanic, ANDROGYNOUS PROSTITUTE.

PROSTITUTE

Meester Tor-ton? You all right my little popi?

THORTON

Huh? Oh, sorry.

PROSTITUTE

Somet'ing bothering you?

THORTON

It's this employee of mine, Marahall. I hired him, I pay him three times more than what he's really worth and I helped save his wife from cancer not to mention is unborn kid.

PROSTITUTE

Wow. You a great guy my little popi. So what's the problem?

THORTON

The fucker never once said "thank you." I should have let his wife rot away with cancer.

PROSTITUTE

Listen, honey, forget dis guy. You just lay there and let me take good care of you.

Thorton looks under the sheets down at the prostitute's crotch. He nods in disbelief.

THORTON

Amazing.

PROSTITUTE

What is, my little popito?

THORTON

I never had sex with someone who had both male and female genitals. I'm curious. You pee through your penis or vagina?

PROSTITUTE

Actually, I pee out of my ass.

Thorton takes another look.

THORTON

Sitting or standing?

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Marshall enters. He stops dead in his tracks.

A MANUSCRIPT

Lies on his desk.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I hadn't heard from Thorton in almost three weeks. Then this. Out of the blue an e-mail. It simply said I was to give priority to a new show. It was a sitcom and I was named the executive producer.

He approaches his desk with caution.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Something inside me told me something big was going down at the triple "T" network.

(beat)

I prayed to God that feeling inside was just gas.

(beat)

Or colon cancer.

(beat)

Or the chest burster from Alien.

He sits down at his desk. He reaches for the manuscript with a trembling hand.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're wondering why would any adult male would be scared of a manuscript? You're thinking -- and I know you are; that I suffer from some form of mental illness. That I'm sick in the head and I ramble on and on and on and on-that I can't stop my streaming consciousness-that-I-can't-stop-thinking-of-the-worse-possible-outcome-of-every-fucking-event-in-my life.

He grabs the manuscript. He leafs through the first few pages.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I read the opening scene. I new then Thorton had crowned me king.

(beat)

Because I was royally fucked.

INT. THORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

The doors burst open. Marshall storms over to Thorton who sits at his desk masturbating to an issue of "Reader's Digest".

THORTON

Hey! Dont' you knock, asshole!

MARSHALL

Why me! Why'd you do it!

THORTON

Why'd I do what? You mean assigning you the new sitcom? Well, I felt you were the right man for the job.

MARSHALL

The hell I am! At best I'm a mediocre producer with minimal talent! Or vision!! This is revenge, isn't it! Isn't it!

THORTON

I'm assuming you have a problem with the new sitcom?

MARSHALL

Problem?? Problem?? It takes place in a Jewish concentration camp during world war two for Christ's sake!

THORTON

So, what's the problem?

MARSHALL

It's immoral! The very notion that you could make something funny out of man's inhumanity to man is sick!

THORTON

So what are you trying to say, Marshall? You won't do it?

MARSHALL

That's right! I won't! You go and find yourself some heartless cretin to produce this steaming piece of shit!

THORTON

You disappoint me.

MARSHALL

Get in line. My life's full of disappointments, pal!

THORTON

If you're thinking of resigning, I'd think twice if I were you.

MARSHALL

Well, there it is. The eventual Thorton T. Thorton threat. I was wondering when you'd get around to it. All right let's have it.

THORTON

You signed a three year contract.

MARSHALL

Sue me.

THORTON

Oh, believe me I will. Hell, I'll sue you into the next life.

With a superior smirk, he rises from behind his desk. He stands face to face with Marshall.

THORTON (CONT'D)

Any company you work for, I'll just buy it. Then fire your ass. And I have the means and wealth to do it, champ. You'll have nowhere to hide. Hell, you could be selling The New York Times on a street corner and I'd buy the fucking newspaper and shut it down.

MARSHALL

... You're an evil man.

THORTON
Come now, Marshall. I'm not evil.

MARSHALL
Then what are you.

THORTON
Just a business man.

MARSHALL
You go to hell, business man.

He storms out.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marshall sits quietly at the table as Annette storms in.

ANNETTE
You can't do it!

MARSHALL
I don't have a choice!

ANNETTE
The hell you don't! Baby, don't you see? The man's insane! I can't believe you're going through with it- and you're Jewish!

MARSHALL
We owe him.

ANNETTE
I'm grateful he helped us, baby! And I'll always be grateful for him saving my life but that doesn't mean you're his slave!

MARSHALL
He did more than save you from cancer.

ANNETTE
What do you mean?

She sits, gingerly with a concerned look.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)
What do you mean he did more than save me from cancer? What does that mean?

MARSHALL
You were in remission. The cancer had chewed up your liver. The damage was too severe. So, you needed a transplant.

Annette stares at Marshall with a blank expression.

ANNETTE

Oh my God.

MARSHALL

You needed a liver. So he found you one.

Annette's eyes swell with tears.

ANNETTE

... Where did they... he find it...

MARSHALL

Some family in China. At least that's what he told me. They were poor so the father offered his liver. The family was starving. Thorton paid them five hundred dollars.

Annette struggles not to faint at the truth. She fights back her tears. She breaks down.

ANNETTE

Five hundred dollars. Sweet Jesus almighty... a man gave his life for his family for five hundred dollars...

MARSHALL

If I had said no, you'd be dead. You and the baby.

ANNETTE

But we'd both be clean.

MARSHALL

I couldn't lose you! For Christ's sake you're my wife! What was I supposed to do?? Just let you die??

Annette places a consoling hand on Marshall's shoulder.

ANNETTE

Yes. That's exactly what you were supposed to do, my love.

Despondent she walks out of the kitchen.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

And so it came to pass, I was to produce a show which would in all likelihood result in the destruction of my career as a producer of television and film entertainment.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And lets not forget thanks to the miracle of organ transplants a possible accessory to murder.

(beat)

Man, what I wouldn't give for a massive stroke right about now.

INT. MARSHALL'S SON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marshal enters. He watches his son, asleep -- wearing a crash helmet. He plants a gentle kiss on his cheek.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

With Thorton's massive transmitters the show would air around the world uninterrupted. He'd even sent up eighteen more satellites to insure there'd be no signal degradation.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - JEWISH CONCENTRATION CAMP SET - DAY

Actors dressed in Jewish prisoner costumes sit around reading the script.

TWO ACTORS

Sit across from each other. Each one reads pages from their scripts.

ACTOR#1

I thought this was supposed to be a world war two drama?

ACTOR#2

Me too.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

We didn't give the scripts to the actors until the first day of shooting. There were no rehearsals. Even the director was denied a complete version of the script. Oh, and if you're wondering, the title of the sitcom was called "Naughty Nazis." Thorton thought up that one. The pilot episode aired on Sunday right after "Jake Hunter: Faggot Cop".

INT, CONCENTRATION CAMP - BARRACKS - DAY

TWO JEWISH PRISONERS are shoved inside. They resemble Abbott and Costello.

VOICE

(on loudspeaker)

Attention all prisoners, I am Erich Von Krappen Kummerspeck and I shall be your sadistic camp Commandant during your brief stay here. Please note, if you have any suggestions on how we can make your stay here more pleasant, please feel free to drop comments in our suggestions boxes. They can be found right beside the crematoriums. Thank you and have a pleasant day. Oh, please note there is a beatings and humiliations seminar at six a-am tomorrow.

JEWISH PRISONER#1

I can't believe this! This is horrible!

JEWISH PRISONER#2

Things could be worse.

JEWISH PRISONER#1

Worse???

JEWISH PRISONER#2

They could be charging us for room and board!

WAHA! WAH! WAH! -- FOLLOWED BY CHEAP CANNED PRERECORDED LAUGH TRACK AND APPLAUSE. HOOTS AND CHEERS FOLLOW.

FULL SCREEN BLACK

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Reaction to the show was swift. Everywhere in the world it aired riots broke out. Israel wanted to have Thorton extradited to have him stand trial for what they called "Fanning the flames of a second Holocaust." Even Egypt, which wanted Israel wiped off the map declared the show an offense to humanity.

EXT. THORTON STUDIOS - NIGHT

Rain pounds the streets. Protesters try to block the entrance to the studio.

FREEZE FRAME

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I decided to do a little checking on the ratings for Naughty Nazis. It was mostly out of my own morbid curiosity. Just to see what type of people had watched the show. Turns out a total one point two billion tuned it. That's billion with a big fat fucking "B". This gave Thorton and idea: What if all the shows on the Thorton network were as offensive? It didn't take long to see other shows that were cringe worthy. A war was about to unfold. The war against Thorton T. Thorton -- and humanity.

FULL SCREEN TV

A tough, macho voice booms through its speakers:

ANNOUNCER

(on t.v.)

Coming this fall on the Thorton Network! He's a tough cop on the beat! He's Trent Steel! Also known as flaming faggot! WITH A BADGE!!!

REMOTE CLICK

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

She's a slut! Like all women! And she loves it! She'll swallow her vomit and French kiss the ass of a monkey with diarrhea! She's the WHORE FROM OUTER SPACE!

REMOTE CLICK

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Meet the Wellingtons. They're you're ordinary, every day inbred family. They also enjoy wholesome fun like cannibalism, kidnapping, rape and yes! EATING THEIR OWN SHIT!!

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I applied for a gun permit. With any luck I'll have my three fifty-seven Magnum in two weeks and I can blow my head clean off.

INT. WHITE HOUSE- THE OVAL ROOM - DAY

PRESIDENT CHARLES SILVERMAN (70), a mix of stately and grandfatherly appearance sits with his cabinet:

FCC CHAIRMAN RONALD COLE (40) black, bald with a wrestler's build.

CIA CHIEF FRANK VERMONT (50), bespectacled, with a fixed, grim demeanor.

N-S-A CHAIRMAN EDGAR VAN KLEIN (80), tall, wide shoulders with chiseled features topped with salt and pepper hair.

FBI CHIEF STEVE TRAVANTE (40), greasy hair, muscular chest -- complete steely-eyed macho type.

President Silverman tosses a newspaper onto his desk.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

That sitcom is responsible for thousands of riots around the world! In parts of Europe whole cities have been burned to the ground! And for reasons I still don't understand it was a hit in New Jersey! What do we have on this Thorton T. Thorton?

N-S-A KLEIN

Thorton T. Thorton is the world's richest man. We estimate his current wealth at seven hundred trillion dollars.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

So this son of a bitch thinks just because he's rich he can do anything he wants?

F-B-I TRAVANTE

That's the cut and dry of it, yeah.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

I want his F-C-C license revoked.

F-C-C COLE

That's a no-can-do, Mister President.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Oh? And why is that?

F-C-C COLE

For starters he hasn't committed any crime. Airing crap isn't sufficient justification-

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

I want him off the air!

C-I-A COLE

I'm afraid we can't, Mister President.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

What kind of cabinet of pussies did I appoint here??

C-I-A COLE

Thorton is no longer broadcasting from the United States.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

What?

C-I-A COLE

He dismantled his transmitting tower and moved everything to a small island in southern Asia. Our intelligence indicates he also owns the surrounding dozen islands as well. In addition he generates his own power using his own nuclear reactor and solar panels.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

From the way you describe him this Thorton sounds like some villain right out of a James Bond movie,

C-I-A COLE

Which one, Sir?

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

The one that had a hidden base on the island.

C-I-A COLE

If you recall, Sir, several Bond villains did in fact have hidden island fortresses. Doctor No, Francisco Scaramanga, known as the Man with the Golden Gun-

F-B-I TRAVANTE

Love that one. He's the villain with the midget from Fantasy Island, right?

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Knock it off! I want this Thorton! I want him subpoenaed and his ass in front of a congressional committee! I want this country to know we will not tolerate indecency!

F-C-C COLE

You don't really believe he'll show up do you, Sir?

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

He'll show. He'll show because he's arrogant and rich.

(grins)

If we can nail Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein we can certainly nail this little prick.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Thorton was in for a fight. He wasn't worried. If he didn't show, the next time he'd set foot on U-S soil he'd be arrested on the spot.

(beat)

I'm sure he tried really hard to care.

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - AIRPORT - DAY

A helicopter lands on to a helipad. The hatch opens. Marshall steps out onto the tarmac.

He looks out at the sea of private jets that come and go.

TROOPS

In gray uniforms march past Marshall. The soldier's uniforms have metal insignias on their berets that read THOR.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

The windows of my helicopter were blacked out. I didn't know where I was. I only knew I had stepped into a new reality that would challenge even Rod fucking Serling.

A jeep stops in front of Marshall.

DRIVER

Mister Marshall Robinowitz?

MARSHALL

Yeah?

DRIVER

I've been instructed to take you to President Thorton.

MARSHALL

President Thorton? Did I hear you correct, soldier?

DRIVER

If you'll get in. Please. Let me help you.

Marshall hesitates. He climbs on board, The jeep screeches off.

INT. JEEP - MOVING

Marshall catches a glimpse of island residents -- all dressed alike in tropical shirts and shorts.

They walk along the perimeter of the base with an eerie robot-like demeanor.

MARSHALL
Where is this place?

DRIVER
I'm afraid that's classified, Sir.

MARSHALL
How long has this place been here?

DRIVER
It's always been here, Sir.

MARSHALL
Really.

DRIVER
Yes, Sir. Since the beginning.

MARSHALL
Since the beginning of what?

DRIVER
I'm afraid that's classified, Sir.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

The jeep comes to a halt at the lobby.

DRIVER
You're to go to the eightieth floor,
Sir.

MARSHALL
I have to call my wife.

DRIVER
I understand she'll be coming right
along.

MARSHALL
My wife?? Here? When.

DRIVER
I'm afraid that's classified, Sir.

Marshall climbs out of the jeep. He enters the lobby.

INT. CORPORATE LOBBY - DAY

He walks up to the desk. He stands before the concierge.

CONCIERGE

Welcome, Mister Robinowitz.

MARSHALL

How do you know know who I am?

CONCIERGE

I'm afraid that's classified, Sir.
Eightieth floor. Here's your building
I-D. Please keep it visible on you
at all times or you'll be shot and
killed on sight without warning.
(smiles)
Have a pleasant day.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Marshall steps inside. The doors close and open instantly.

COMPUTER VOICE

Welcome to the eightieth floor. You
have just traveled twenty-thousand
feet in one tenth of a second without
the force of gravity crushing you
thanks to Thorton industries inertia
dampening field.
(beat)
Have a pleasant day.

INY. CORRIDOR - DAY

Marshall walks along the length of a vast walk-way expanse
with moving floors. He spots a WOMAN who walks past him.

MARSHALL

Excuse, where would I find Mister
Thorton's office?

WOMAN

The entire building is Mister
Thorton's office.

MARSHALL

Right, I see. Well, could you tell
me where Mister Thorton is?

WOMAN

Room three-two-seven.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE THORTON'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Marshall stands before the door to Thorton's office. He
knocks. He enters...

INT. THORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

The office has no furniture except for two chairs and a desk.

A stories-tall windows reveals a vista of the island with Thorton's footprint of buildings and transmission towers.

THORTON

He stands with his back to Marshall. He looks out at his vast empire.

MARSHALL

Mister Thorton.

THORTON

(with his back still
to Thorton)

How big would you say your penis is,
Marshall?

MARSHALL

I'm not sure I heard you right.
You're asking how large my penis is?

THORTON

No need to be bashful, Marshall.
We're two grown adults here. For
example my penis is roughly six
inches. Not gargantuan by any stretch
of the imagination but still a
respectable length.

MARSHALL

I'm not sure what the point of this
conversation is, Sir.

THORTON

We equate that the bigger something
is the better. That's not necessarily
true. Wouldn't you agree?

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Terrific. He's fucking gone Howard
Hughes on me.

THORTON

I have what some people would define
as an empire. Perhaps even as
royalty. That I have a life and
wealth I didn't earn.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Man, I gotta piss real bad.

THORTON

That I'm somehow detached from the average employee.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Holy shit. My bladder's so fat it could qualify as a standard issue N-F-L football.

THORTON

I have a vision, Marshall. I want you to be a part of it.

MARSHALL

Me, Sir?

THORTON

Yes. That's why I had your wife flown here. I want you and your family to consider a new life. A life here.

MARSHALL

Excuse me, Sir. I don't mean to sound impertinent but I really need to use the men's room.

THORTON

Basement.

MARSHALL

Toilet's in the basement?

THORTON

Where would you put it?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Marshall gets in. The doors open and close.

COMPUTER VOICE

Welcome to the basement. You have just traveled twenty-three thousand feet in one tenth of a second without the force of gravity crushing you thanks to Thorton industries inertia dampening field.

(beat)

Men's room is to your left. Ladies room to the right. Transgender and other freaks of nature may use the porto-toilet in the center.

A GAVEL SLAMS THREE TIMES

INT. SENATE CAUCUS HOUSE - DAY

Packed with reporters and Senate officials...

CONGRESSMAN'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Order please. I'm congressman Benjamin Cappella. These hearings are now in session. Where is the witness?

MARSHALL (V.O.)

A quick history of the animal kingdom. The Fintlehoff. You never heard of it. It is, or was a kind of yak. Half camel, half goat. Its fur gave off an almost God-like sheen. The cloth made from it's fur was prized by kings in Asia-minor for centuries.

(beat)

Thorton had the last one killed so that he could have a three piece, custom made suit which he could wear at his hearing. Of course that meant the Fintlehoff was now extinct. With apologies to Charles Darwin.

An empty chair waits for Thorton. A CNN REPORTER stands before a camera.

CNN REPORTER

In a show of arrogance, Thorton T. Thorton is expected to arrive in a few moments to answer questions and possibly see prison time for his transmission tower which has systematically taken over the airwaves and broadcast offensive programming. Programming which has led to riots not only in this country but around the world. Riots which have led to the deaths of hundreds and thousands of American men women and children. And quite possibly a few Hispanics.

The doors to the chamber open. SENATOR CHARLES GOODMAN(80) enters. A bespectacled, bearded, elder scholar who resembles a Greek statue only pigeons could love.

He slowly makes his way to his seat. Two aides ease him down in to his chair.

CNN REPORTER

Also setting a historic first is Senator Charles Goodman, son of a holocaust survivor himself, who despite having retired from congress, was appointed by the President to head up the Committee on Decency and Accountability.

THORTON

He enters the Caucus House. He strides proudly to his seat.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I have to admit he did look fantastic in that suit.

Thorton waves and smiles at the press as he's drowned in a sea of clicking cameras and flashing bulbs.

CONGRESIONAL AIDE

Raise your right hand. Do you affirm that the testimony you are about to give is the truth and nothing but the truth?

THORTON

Yep.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

The witness will answer with a "Yes".

THORTON

Yes.

He sits.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

For the record, please give us your full name.

THORTON

Thorton T. Thorton.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

What's the "T" stand for?

THORTON

Thorton.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

Am I to understand your full name is Thorton, Thorton, Thorton?

THORTON

That's right, Chuck.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
What did you call me?

THORTON
Chuck. That's your first name, isn't it?

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
I'm Congressman Charles Goodman,
You'll address me as "Sir" or
"Congressman". We clear?

THORTON
(arms crossed)
Yeah? Then if I have to call you
Congressman Goodman then you have to
call me Super Dude.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
I'm not calling you Super Dude you
little shit!

THORTON
Then I'm not calling you Congressman
Goodman.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
You're one word away from a charge
of Contempt of Congress you asshole!

THORTON
Whoa, let's not say things we can't
take back.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
And where in the hell is your legal
counsel, Sir?

THORTON
I fight my own battles, Chuck- I
mean, Congressman.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
Very well. Thorton T. Thorton, you're
charged with inciting riots through
you programming empire. You have a
total of one hundred violations of
F-C-C rules. At last count you have
a network in excess of eighteen
hundred individual channels, yes?

THORTON
Nine hundred.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
You transmit via a tower I'm told is
so powerful it can reach Mars? Is
this true?

THORTON
Yes, that's true. You can also
microwave an eighteen pound turkey
with it in thirty seconds.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
I have a brief list here of the
channels that are currently running
on your network: The vomit channel.
Twenty-four hours of people-

THORTON
Vomiting, yes.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
The Making fun of children dying
with cancer channel.

THORTON
Yes.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
The Making fun of the Parents of the
children dying with cancer channel.

THORTON
You'd think that wasn't funny but
you'd be wrong.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
You also have a hidden camera show
where actors pretend to be doctors
and tell terminally ill patients
they're going to live.

THORTON
Yeah. The show's called "Flip Flop
Docs".

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
Right. Later on in the show the
actors pretending to be doctors
finally tell the terminally ill the
truth that they're really going to
die.

THORTON
I admit that one's not as funny as
it should be.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN
Then explain this channel.

He aims a tv remote and turns on a parked television display. There's no picture. Only a black screen. He turns up the volume.

VOICE

(from TV speaker)

Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you..

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

The Fuck You Channel.

THORTON

What about it?

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

It's a black screen with a voice saying "Fuck You" twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

THORTON

Your point being?

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

You disgust me, Sir.

CONGRESSMAN WALDO BROCKKMYER (50), a cross between Mister Rogers and a combat, squared jawed Marine raises his hand.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

If the Congressman will yield to the Congressman from Louisiana?

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

I yield my time to my esteemed colleague from the great state of Louisiana.

(to Thorton)

Sack of shit.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

Mister Thorton, I have only one question: why.

THORTON

Why what, Congressman?

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

You are at last reports wealthier than any human being in the recorded history of the human race. You have-- and I'm reading from our intelligence reports, currently have an accumulated wealth in excess of seven hundred and ninety-three trillion dollars. I'm told that amount is expected to double in the next two years.

THORTON

Really? My accountant told me one year.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

My point is you have all this wealth and you use it to bring out the worse in people. So, I ask you again, Sir. Why?

THORTON

You're going on the assumption I'm doing some wrong congressman.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

You turned a concentration camp during world war two into a sitcom. The result were riots around the world. The deaths of men, women and children by the thousands. I myself am friends with constituents who are survivors of the the Nazi death camps. I can assure you, Sir, they never chuckled once. Especially when they saw their wives and children stripped naked, raped and humiliated before they were gassed and shot to death. Just for the record, both my grandparents were murdered at Triblinka. It was through the grace of God that both my parents managed to escape and flee to this great nation we call America. And you soil the memories of all who died defending this great land with every kilowatt of filth you broadcast.

The crowd applauds and cheer. Thorton's genuinely surprised by the reaction around him.

THORTON

Wow. That's one hell of a speech, Congressman. Beats anything I have to say. It was well written. It had... what's the word I'm looking for... yes! It had panache. It achieved it's intended purpose of making me look like an absolute douche bag. Well done, Sir. My compliments to you.

He claps weakly his hands in defiance.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER
 So, I ask a third time. Why? What
 in God's name made you think that
 you could make light of the suffering
 of millions of Jews who were cold
 bloodily murdered? Who had to endure
 hell on earth at the hands of an
 evil dictator? What gives you the
 right to make a mockery of human
 suffering?

MARSHALL (V.O.)
 Thorton just sat there. He kept
 thinking and no one made a sound.
 They all held their collective breaths
 and waited for his answer.
 (beat)
 GOD he looks good in that suit. Oh,
 right. Here was his answer:

THORTON
 Congressman, millions of people die
 from acts of God each day. How come
 you don't subpoena him?

The crowd laughs. Brockmeyer slams his gavel.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER
 Silence! I'll tell you why, Mister
 Thorton! God is the creator! It is
 by his will we came into existence!
 And it is by that same will he decides
 when to invoke upon us to join him!

Thorton nods -- as if agreeing.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
 Fuck. He's about to go on a roll.

THORTON
 I own some two hundred car factories.
 Did you know that, congressman?

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER
 Yes, so? What's your point?

THORTON
 They make up about about eighty-
 percent of the world's vehicles on
 the road all over the world.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER
 Your point if you please, Mister
 Thorton.

THORTON

God isn't the only creator. I create vehicles that take hundreds of millions of people back forth to their destinations each day.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

I don't follow.

THORTON

Wouldn't being a creator myself allow me to decide which vehicles I create? And in doing so, allow me to dictate who lives and who dies in them?

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Slam fucking dunk.

The crowd laughs.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

The congressman assumed he was dealing with some stupid, spoiled rich guy. The fact is:

A PHOTOGRAPH

It shows a young Thorton holding a trophy with the caption: CHAMPION DEBATE TEAM CAPTAIN YALE 1962.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They never saw him coming.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

Thorton T. Thorton, will you shut down and cease transmitting your vile programs or not?

THORTON

I choose not to, Brocky. Do your worst.

CONGRESSMAN GOODMAN

Did you just call me Brocky?

THORTON

I apologize. I didn't mean to call you Brocky. I meant to call you Asshole.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER

Thorton T. Thorton, this body holds you in contempt of congress for your reckless disrespect of its authority and for your arrogant behavior.

He slams his gavel.

CONGRESSMAN BROCKMEYER (CONT'D)
Sergeant at arms, arrest that man.

A team of eight Senate Police surround Thorton. They handcuff him.

THORTON
Hey boys, how'd you fellas like to
come work for me? I'll give each of
you a five hundred million dollar
signing bonus.

The eight senate police laugh at the offer.

SENATE OFFICER#1
Yeah, sure, Mister Thorton! Tell ya
what! Toss in a private island for
each of us and ya got a deal!

They laugh even harder.

THORTON
Done.

CNN ANCHOR
(on senate monitor)
In breaking news, eight senate police
officers abandoned their posts and
helped Thorton T. Thorton flee the
United States-

INT. THORTON'S ISLAND - MARSHALL RESIDENCE - DAY

Annette sits at a table. A MAID places a hot cup of tea
before her.

ANNETTE
Thank you.

MAID
We live to serve.

ANNETTE
Excuse me?

MAID
Ma'am?

ANNETTE
What's with the "We live to serve?"

MAID
I apologize if I offended you, Ma'am.

ANNETTE

No, no. I'm not offended. It just seems odd you'd say "We live to serve" instead of a "Your welcome."

MAID

Really, Ma'am? Well, then "You're welcome, ma'am,"

She bows then walks off with a crooked smile.

ANNETTE

Fucking weird.

A knock AT THE DOOR.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

MAID

No, ma'am. I will.

ANNETTE

It's no trouble, really-

MAID

Please ma'am. Don't make me hurt you.

ANNETTE

What did you say?

MAID

I'll answer the door.

Annette's taken aback by the Maid's threat.

ANNETTE

Did you just threaten me?

MAID

We live to serve.

She opens the door. Out in the corridor is Thorton.

MAID (CONT'D)

Ah. Mister Thorton.

Thorton spots Annette behind the Maid.

THORTON

Can I come in?

ANNETTE

Sure why not.

Thorton steps inside. The Maid closes the door. She walks off.

THORTON

You all right? You appear, dare I say, tense.

ANNETTE

Everything's peachy except for the fact my maid just threatened to kill me if I answered the door myself.

THORTON

Oh, that. I spoke to the boys in the lab about fixing that software glitch.

ANNETTE

Glitch?

THORTON

Your maid's a robot. Or Thorbot as I like to call them. Very lifelike. You mean you didn't know?

ANNETTE

No, I didn't!

THORTON

I wouldn't worry. She's harmless, despite her threatening you. She's designed to shut down in the event she shows any aggressive behavior.

ANNETTE

Thanks for the tip.

THORTON

Hey, I've seen all the Terminator movies. You can't watch them all and not learn something. Skynet can kiss my ass.

INT. MARSHALL RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Thorton sits across from Annette who beams a suspicious glance.

ANNETTE

Anything to drink?

THORTON

I'll have a Bochi Ball with a twist of lime.

ANNETTE

I have Doctor Pepper.

THORTON

Close enough.

(eyes the apartment)

So where's your better half?

ANNETTE

It's Sunday. Marshall's in the park with Jeremy.

THORTON

Yes, of course. That retard child of yours.

ANNETTE

You call my son retard again and I'll smash your face in.

THORTON

My mistake. I apologize. I meant he's with your "special" boy.

ANNETTE

Condescending but I'll accept your apology.

She sits across from him.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

So. What do you want.

THORTON

Direct. I respect that. Well, I came to see you.

ANNETTE

Let me guess. You wanna sleep with me. You're going to offer me wealth and anything I could ever want if I let you fuck me, divorce my husband, keep the baby and get rid of the "retard."

THORTON

Anything I miss?

ANNETTE

Only that you're a complete, slimy, stinking pile of goat shit.

THORTON

There's more.

ANNETTE

Of course there is.

THORTON
Let me suggest an alternative
scenario.

ANNETTE
By all means. Don't let me stop
you.

Thorton gets to his feet. He stares past the window.

THORTON
I'm dying.

ANNETTE
Thank God.

THORTON
What?

ANNETTE
I said thank God you're dying. You
did say you were dying, didn't you?

THORTON
Of loneliness you asshole.

ANNETTE
(disappointed)
Oh.

THORTON
As I was saying. My offer is this:
I turn over everything to your
husband. Right down to my last penny
if you leave him and become my wife.

Annette stares at Thorton. She eyes him up down --
unimpressed. She lights up a cigarette. She exhales a puff
of smoke in his face.

ANNETTE
Marshall gets it all, huh.

THORTON
In writing of course. All legal.

ANNETTE
My answer's no fuck face. So beat
it.

THORTON
Holy shit lady do you actually eat
with that mouth??

ANNETTE
It comes easy when you're in the
same room.

THORTON

You know, I could just as easily fire Marshall and send you two packing back to that rancid, flea infested, tupperware infected, mid-west, dog shit cesspool you came from. You see, Annette-

ANNETTE

That's Mrs. Moskowitz to you, you asshole.

THORTON

May I suggest, you fucking cunt that you turn down the hostility just a tad?

ANNETTE

Or what? You're going to spank me? Listen you asshole. Just how many times have we met?

THORTON

Seriously, you really think I keep track of how many times I meet someone-

ANNETTE

We have met a total of three times. This being the third. You act like we're old drinking buddies. Then you threaten me and my family. I don't get you. I don't want to get to know you or anything else about you. Are we clear? Do you read me? Do you get it? You're my husband's employer. That's it.

Thorton clears his throat. He struggles a smile despite the humiliation of the moment for a man of his wealth and stature.

THORTON

I've done good by you and your family. Mrs. Moskowitz. I took Marshall, who we both know was a weak, frightened alcoholic of a loser and gave him not a job mind you but a new life. A life that made him stronger, more confident, more creative and I'm sure a real rocket in the sack. And what is my reward? Not so much as a thank you. Not even the courtesy of a blow job.

He heads toward the door.

THORTON (CONT'D)

In other words my dear, I gave him back his manhood. Something you took from him the day he had the misfortune of meeting you and saying "I Do".

MAID

Let me see you out.

THORTON

No thank you-

MAID

I said I will see you out. Please don't make me hurt you-

Thorton grabs the Thorbot maid from the back of her head. He slams it into the door cracking the cranium in half.

The machine falls to the floor -- dead.

THORTON

I'll get my people on fixing that glitch. Lickety split.

He walks out.

EXT. THORTON ISLAND - CHURCH - DAY

The sign outside reads: THORTON CATHEDRAL

INT. THORTON CATHEDRAL - DAY

Empty except for Marshall who sits in a pew up front before the Tabernacle in prayer.

MARSHALL

God, I know it's been a long time since I spoke to you. Fact is, I've no one else to turn to. I need your help. I need your strength. I need your-

A DING.

PEW (V.O.)

Please deposit one dollar to continue sitting in this pew and praying to the Almighty.

MARSHALL

Excuse me? What?

PEW (V.O.)

Please deposit one dollar to continue sitting in this pew and praying to the Almighty.

MARSHALL

A dollar to pray? That's insane, I won't pay it.

PEW (V.O.)

Please be advised that this pew as with all pews within this church are electrified. Refusal to pay the prayer fee will result in the discharge of fifty-thousand volts in eight seconds, killing you instantly. Eight, seven-

MARSHALL

Shit!

He fumbles through his pockets. He pulls out his change.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Hang on! I'm almost there!!

PEW (V.O.)

Five, four, three-

Marshall succeeds. He's shoved the dollar fee down the coin slot in time.

PEW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thank you. Please note, all prayers are not guaranteed. All prayers are at the discretion of God, The Son and The Holy Ghost.

Marshall's cell phone rings.

MARSHALL

Marshall. What's wrong honey? Thorton did what?? That son of a bitch!!

PEW (V.O.)

Please deposit and additional five dollars for violating church verbal sanctity.

Marshall reaches in to his pocket. He pulls a dollar from his wallet.

MARSHALL

I don't have a five dollar bill,
okay!? All I have is a twenty! Do
you have change for a twenty?!

PEW (V.O.)

Please deposit-

MARSHALL

Kiss my ass!

He leaps from the pew. He races toward the exit.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Annette had told me about Thorton's
visit. His fixation with her had
gotten worse. Now he wanted me gone.
Jeremey too. It was time to leave.
No, not leave, flee. No, escape.
Escape from the world Thorton T.
Thorton created.

He storms out of the church. He slams the door behind him.

PEW (V.O.)

Fucking jerk.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

President Silverman sits at his desk. Across from him are
his members of the cabinet.

The phone rings.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Yes.

THORTON (V.O.)

Well, hello there.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Who's this?

THORTON (V.O.)

Forget me already? You wound me.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Who is this?? Is this you, Marty?
Isn't it too early in March for you
boys in the Treasury Department for
a prank phone call-

THORTON (V.O.)

It's Thorton T. Thorton.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Thorton T. Thorton??

THORTON (V.O.)
What're you? A parrot?

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN
My God. How did you get this number?

THORTON (V.O.)
I own the companies that manufacture
the phones the chips in them and the
software. How's the First Lady?

The President puts Thorton on hold.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN
Get me Brubaker! I want this phone
call traced!

He switches back to Thorton.

THORTON (V.O.)
Doing a trace are we?

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN
You don't mind, do you? I mean,
after all, you're a fugitive now.

THORTON (V.O.)
Not at all. Get it out of your
system. Although the trace will
show I'm calling from an opium den
in the Hindu city of Kakaroruk in
India.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN
Let me ask you a question, Mister
Thorton.

THORTON (V.O.)
Shoot.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN
How good were you at math in high
school?

THORTON (V.O.)
Not very good, I'm afraid.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN
Well, I was what you'd call a math
prodigy.

THORTON (V.O.)
Really.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

I don't mean to boast but I hold a
P-H-D from M-I-T in Analytical
Analysis and I can assure you with a
mathematical certainty you're days
are numbered.

(smiles)

I've got you nailed down to the last
decimal point you arrogant prick.

THORTON (V.O.)

And I wanted us to be friends.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Sorry, sport. You're the bad guy.

THORTON (V.O.)

Am I, indeed.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Anything else?

THORTON (V.O.)

Nothing off the top of my head.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Then I look forward to your capture,
sentencing and execution. You have
a nice day.

He hangs up on Thorton.

A macho, well built SECRET SERVICE AGENT (30), charges into
the Oval room.

AGENT

We got him! We traced Thorton's
call! He's in an Hindu opium den in
Kakaroukt, India!

The phone RINGS. The President answers it.

PRESIDENT SILVERMAN

Yes?

THORTON (V.O.)

See? Told you that's where the trace
would end. You have a nice day.

Thorton hangs up much to the astonishment of President
Sterling.

INT. THORTON AIRPORT - DAY

Marshall waits with an anxious Annette and Jeremey in the
ticketing line.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention, Thorton employees heading back to the United States. Please be advised not to touch your windows on the flight. They have been painted black to prevent knowledge of the location of this island and its airfield. Any attempt to violate your security oath will result in your immediate termination and those of your immediate family.

(beat)

Enjoy your flight. Please note the in-flight movie is Deep Throat.

Marshall reaches the cheery, fixed-grin TICKETING AGENT (20).

TICKET AGENT

Destination?

MARSHALL

America, New York.

TICKET AGENT

Employee name?

MARSHALL

Marshall Moskowitz and family.

The Agent smiles. He has a chipped tooth. He taps away at the computer booking system.

TICKET AGENT

Oopsy. Seems we have a widdle problem.

MARSHALL

What's wrong?

TICKET AGENT

There's been a tag.

MARSHALL

Tag?

TICKET AGENT

Your wife. You and your son can leave but your wife's flight status has been revoke indefinitely.

ANNETTE

Oh my God... he's trying to keep me and the baby prisoner-

MARSHALL

Untag her.

TICKET AGENT

No can do-skee. Sorry. Here's your
ticket, Sir. Enjoy your flight.

Marshall snatches the ticket from the Ticketing Agent's hand.
He tears it up.

Still smiling the Ticketing Agent punches up another ticket.

TICKET AGENT (CONT'D)

Here's your ticket, Sir. Enjoy your
flight.

Marshall grabs the second ticket. He tears it up just as
fast as the first.

The Ticketing Agent smiles. Punches up a third ticket.

TICKET AGENT (CONT'D)

Here's your ticket, Sir. Enjoy your
flight.

ANNETTE

Jesus, he's a fucking robot!

TICKET AGENT

Please step aside.

Marshall grabs the Ticketing Agent by the neck. He slams
his head onto the counter.

MARSHALL

I am leaving with my WIFE AND SON!

TWO SECURITY CARDS charge at Marshall. They tackle him to
the floor.

Jeremey screams out.

JEREMEY

Mama!!!! Bad man!! Baaaaaaaad!

He charges at both Guards as they struggle to handcuff
Marshall.

ANNETTE

Jermemy! No!

SECURITY GUARD#1

Get off me, kid!!

JEREMEY

Naaaaaaahh!!!

The Second Security handcuffs Marshall. The First guard
grabs Jeremey. He tosses him off like a rag doll with no
thought that this is a child.

MARSHALL

Jeremey, it's okay, son!!

Jeremey foams at the mouth. He charges at the guards again.

The Guards unleash multiple tazers at Jeremey.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

No!!

ANNETTE

Stop it!! Get away from him!

The electrified wires hit their mark. They strike Jeremey in the chest. He falls to the floor.

Jeremey convulses from the thousands of volts of electricity that coarse through his body.

MARSHALL

You motherfuckers!!

GUARD

We live to serve.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Marshall, Annette sit quietly. Thorton arrives outside the jail cell.

THORTON

I heard what happened. Sorry your kid had to get zapped.

MARSHALL

Where's Jeremey.

THORTON

At the Thorton Medical Center. He'll be fine. He's sedated for now though.

ANNETTE

You're an evil fuck, you know that?

THORTON

I'll let you both in on a little secret. You know the saying "Absolute power corrupts absolutely?" Well it's true. Absolutely power makes you do some pretty fucked up shit, let me tell you.

MARSHALL

You can't keep us here!

THORTON

And I won't. You can leave anytime you want.

ANNETTE

But I can't. That it?

THORTON

Marshall, listen to reason. Take your son and leave. Go and live your life. Please.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Did Thorton just blink? Was that a plea? Did he just beg? Did I finally discover a chink in the Thorton armor?

ANNETTE

Mister Thorton, you have infinite wealth! You can have any woman you want!

THORTON

And I choose you.

MARSHALL

You're out of your deranged mind if you think I'm leaving my wife and unborn son behind!

ANNETTE

He we go again...

THORTON

I know you don't love me. So what? There's friendship. Mutual respect.

ANNETTE

Neither of which you'll ever get from me.

Thorton smiles. He swipes a card across a plate on the cell door. It slides open.

THORTON

Annette, I'd like to borrow your better half. Marshall?

MARSHALL

Honey, check up on Jeremey. Make sure he's okay.

ANNETTE

Damn right I will.

She rushes out of the cell.

THORTON

I want you to see something.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Thorton drives up in a jeep with Marshall.

MARSHALL

Where are we?

THORTON

You'll see.

An elevator descends, The doors open. Thorton and Marshall step inside, The doors slide shut.

THE ELEVATOR

It ascends higher and higher past the trees.

EXT. TRANSMISSION TERRACE - NIGHT

The view extends for miles. Around it a circular, metal structure.

The elevator arrives. The doors slide open. Thorton and Marshall step out onto the deck.

It's a satellite dish. It's width extends into a surrounding mountain range It's height reaches past a thick patch of clouds that barely eclipse a full moon.

Welding sparks in the distance illuminate hundreds of Technicians.

They appear ant-size, which exposes the enormity of the structure.

MARSHALL

My God in heaven.

THORTON

Ain't she a beauty?

MARSHALL

What in the name of holy God is it?

THORTON

The largest, most powerful
transmission tower in history.

MARSHALL

I thought you already had one.

THORTON

The design of this one makes my previous one look like an erector set. Not only does it transmit waves of programming, it blocks all other channels around the world. It scrambles every satellite in orbit except mine!

MARSHALL

Leaving only the Thorton Network as the single channel all over the world. Sweet Jesus.

THORTON

It's been under construction secretly for eight years. Like I've always said the future is where it's all at.

MARSHALL

I don't get it. Why show me this?

THORTON

I wanted you to see that I'm a man who plans for the future. I'm always one step ahead of everyone.

(beat)

Even little ole you.

MARSHALL

You'll be stopped. Every government will put a price on your head-

THORTON

And I'll pay every bounty hunter, every assassin, every government and punk on earth hundreds of millions of dollars each not to hunt me down. You really believe they'll all come knocking on my door if they can turn their heads the other way at five hundred million dollars a pop?

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I had to hand it to Thorton. He really did think one step ahead of everyone.

INT. THORTON HOTEL - MARSHALL'S SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annette lays in bed watching the Thorton channel. She gently rubs her pregnant belly as she munches on wine and cheese.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You're watching the Thorton Television Network! And we're going global in seventy-two hours!

ANNETTE

No shit.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tonight, get ready for fun and laughs! At eight, watch starving Ethiopian children fight for food on The Starvation Olympics!

TELEVISION SCREEN

Starving children crawl their way across dirt, insects and broken glass to reach a large wedding cake.

The sounds of canned laughter bleed through the speakers.

ANNETTE

Sweet God almighty...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And action now comes in four sizes! Small, medium, large and Thorton Network size! Get ready for the first rapist super hero! Captain Rapist!

A man with a large "R" and wearing a green cape and orange leotard flies over a metropolitan city. He looks down at the population below.

CAPTAIN RAPIST

Hark! There are women below who need my big fat, throbbing c-

Annette changes the channel. This one carries a reality cop show.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You've seen police shoot unarmed minorities! Now we follow without them knowing it, police officers from every state! They're incompetent! They have no business carrying a badge let alone a gun! They're called THE IN-COP-O-TENTS!

TV SCREEN

They show three POLICE OFFICERS. They charge over to a black pregnant WOMAN holding a baby.

OFFICER#1
Get on the ground now!!!!!!

PREGNANT WOMAN
I can't, I'm holding my baby and I
got me a hip replacement, so I can't
bend down-

OFFICER#3
Put the weapon down!!!

PREGNANT WOMAN
Weapon?? What weapon you talking
about?

OFFICER#1
Don't make us shoot! Put the bazooka
down!! Now!

PREGNANT WOMAN
You motherfuckers on crack? I ain't
gots me no bazooka!

OFFICER#1
She's speaking some foreign language,
I think it's Arabic!

OFFICER#2
We got ourselves a terrorist threat!

PREGNANT WOMAN
Y'all can just kiss my black ass-

All three officers open fire. The bullets tear through the
woman's body.

THE BABY

It's hit in the leg and back. Blood explodes from the woman
and her child.

They're blown away in a blood bath. They fall to the ground
dead.

The officers approach the bodies with caution. The one
officer radios headquarters.

OFFICER#2
Yeah, we have two individuals. What
appears to be a back female in her
thirties. We also have what we
thought was a bazooka but it turned
out in fact to be a six month old
infant child-

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

They'll find any reason to shoot!
Especially the old tried and true
excuse like:

OFFICER#1

I felt threatened when she aimed the
baby at me.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

They're the In-COP-O-TENTS! Week
nights at ten on the Thorton Network!

Annette switches off the television. She feels a kick in
her stomach. She rubs it gently.

ANNETTE

I know little guy. I can't wait to
get away from this nightmare too.

EXT. FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Thorton and Marshall stroll casually along the fountain.
There a massive, nude statue of Thorton looms over the area.

Water shoots from his gold plated penis.

THORTON

Not bad, huh? It's made from eight
tons of solid gold, imported from
Spain. I had the best artisans from
Italy make a cast of my entire body
just to get the proportions one
hundred percent accurate.

MARSHALL

Very impressive. So your penis is
three feet long?

THORTON

Okay, so, I had them make a few
adjustments.

Thorton steps away from Marshall.

He looks out at the spectacular view of moonlight beams that
give the ocean surface below an almost phantasmagorical
appearance.

THORTON (CONT'D)

It's quite something.

MARSHALL

What is, Sir?

THORTON

It's a beautiful evening. Feels right. Here we are. Two men at odds. And we can still be civil to each other. I mean, I intend to take your wife and unborn son, raise him as my own and leave you in the proverbial dust. You lost and you stood there and took it like a man. I must confess Marshall, I was right to hire you. You're a man of high moral character. You fight until the bitter end and more importantly you know when to give up. I respect that.

Laughter greets Thorton's back. He turns to find that it's Marshall laughing uncontrollably outloud -- at him.

Thorton's momentarily stunned. Not sure how to react. Marshall falls to his knees. He laughs even harder.

THORTON (CONT'D)

What the hell's so funny?

MARSHALL

You!

THORTON

Me?

MARSHALL

Yes, you! You morally bankrupt jerk off!!

THORTON

You lost me.

MARSHALL

The plan! Your plan! It can't work!

THORTON

You know, your consistent negativity is starting to irk me. My plan is fool proof.

MARSHALL

Tell that to Hitler! Stalin! Napoleon! Ghengis Khan! Pol Pot! And that's the short list of megalomaniacs! They all failed and you know why?? Because they believed their own bullshit!

THORTON

They didn't have my wealth--

MARSHALL

No! They had something better! They had the loyalty of their people! The love of their people! Even the fear of their people! People willing to die for them! What about it, Mister Thorton? Everybody ready to bite the proverbial bullet for you??

He laughs even louder.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I can't believe all this time, I actually thought you could pull it off! That cockamamie taking-over-the-world's-airwaves-domination-plan! I must have been nuts! To think of all the fear I wasted on you! All the sweat! Not to mention the night tremors! Sure! You might be the wealthiest man in history but take away your money and you're nothing but a slick, used car salesman selling third rate imports with missing brakes and shitty gas mileage!

(smiles; stands nose to nose with Thorton))

In fucking New Jersey.

Thorton remains silent. His smiles back at Marshall. He stands nose to nose with him.

THORTON

Well, well, sport. It seems your balls have grown considerably. How's it feel? Pants feel tighter? Underwear keeping the old family jewels snug as a bug in a rug? Tell you what. Let me tuck them in for you.

He knees Marshall in the groin. Marshall falls to the ground in agony.

THORTON (CONT'D)

I'm Thorton T. Thorton you ass wipe! Who the fuck are you? I'll tell you! Just some two-bit, ex-alcoholic who should be sucking my dick in gratitude for the opportunities I've given him!

He kicks Marshall over and over. He unzips his fly. He starts to piss all over Marshall.

MARSHALL

Say ahhhh!

MARSHALL

Some piss manages to hit him in the mouth.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

It's over... your plan... believe
me...it's going to fail...

THORTON

When someone's pissing all over you
it means they won, you moron!

He laughs. He coughs. He clutches his chest. He stops
pissing. He falls to the side -- unconscious.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

An armada of destroyers, aircraft carriers and various other
vessels plow through waves that pound against their hulls.

INT. US WARSHIP - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

The CAPTAIN lays down in his cot. There's a knock at his
cabin door.

CAPTAIN

Yes?

RADIOMAN (O.S.)

Captain, I have a dispatch from
Washington.

CAPTAIN

Let's have it.

The doors opens. The Radioman hands the Captain the dispatch.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

My God.

RADIOMAN

What is it, Captain?

CAPTAIN

It's official. It's from the
President. Congress has declared
war on Thorton T. Thorton. We're to
proceed with our objective and knock
out that transmission tower of his.

(beat)

In addition the navies from Russia,
Britain, Japan, Germany and a hundred
other nations are coming to destroy
Thorton.

RADIOMAN

Permission to speak freely, Sir?

CAPTAIN
What's on your mind?

RADIOMAN
I don't get it.

CAPTAIN
What don't you get, son?

RADIOMAN
We're not going to war the way we did with Germany or Japan. I mean, we're going after just one guy. Can you imagine if this coalition were used where it was truly needed the most? We could wipe out famine, disease even turn the worst deserts into a paradise. Instead, war's been declared against a guy who's biggest crime is that he's guilty of bad taste. It's a complete waste. It's like using a hammer to swat a fly. Am I makin' any sense, Sir?

CAPTAIN
We don't choose where we're sent, son. I don't have an answer except this Thorton's managed to tap into all the hate in this world with his television shows. They show mankind at its worse. He's taken the still-healing wounds of humanity and peeled back the scab. This is a U-S warship. We go where they point us at and follow orders, however questionable they may be. We clear?

RADIOMAN
Yes, Sir.

He salutes and marches out. The Captain gazes at a map.

THE MAP

Circled are the words: THORTON TRANSMISSION TOWER.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
And I'm the hammer that swats the fly.

INT. THORTON HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall sits alone. Annette rushes in. She wraps her arms around him.

ANNETTE
You okay?

MARSHALL
I'm fine, fine.

ANNETTE
And Thorton?

MARSHALL
Nothing yet.

ANNETTE
Was it a heart attack?

MARSHALL
I don't know. I gave him c-p-r-

ANNETTE
Hang on. You performed c-p-r on that guy?

MARSHALL
Well... yeah. I mean, what was I supposed to do? Just let him die?

ANNETTE
Yes. That's exactly what you were supposed to do!

MARSHALL
How can you say a thing like that?? For better or worse he's still a human being-

ANNETTE
No he's not a human being! He's a fucking freak of nature! He's the missing link of asshole!

MARSHALL
Sweety-

ANNETTE
Don't sweetie me, Marshall! You took a perfectly good opportunity like letting that prick die and you let him piss all over you!
(sniffs him)
Speaking of piss you stink.

MARSHALL
Long story.

A DOCTOR enters the waiting room.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Doctor. How is he?

DOCTOR
It was a major stroke.

ANNETTE
Yes!

DOCTOR
It's over.

ANNETTE
Thank you, Jesus-

MARSHALL
Knock it off! A man's died! Whatever
he's done to us he's paid for it and
then some!

ANNETTE
Yes, of course. You're right,
Marshall. I was being cruel-
(laughs LOUD)
The fucker's dead, yes! Yes! Yes!

MARSHALL
Can we see him?

DOCTOR
Yes. There is something I should
mention before you go inside.

MARSHALL
What is it?

DOCTOR
You see, his body is dead. However,
his uh... penis... well it's fully
erect. We don't know why but I
thought I should mention it.

INT. THORTON HOSPITAL - THORTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall, Annette and the Doctor enter.

THORTON

Lies dead. His bed sheet appears like a pop-up tent the
result of his still freakishly erect penis.

ANNETTE
Amazing. Even in death he still
mocks us from beyond the grave.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
I didn't want to admit it to Annette
but I prayed long and hard for this.
Yet, it wasn't a feeling of victory.
(MORE)

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was something else. Like the conclusion of a satisfying meal. No, that's a bad analogy. Like an extended orgasm. No. That's tacky. Whatever, the point is he died. And I don't feel joy or sadness. Only indifference, Yes, that's it. Indifference.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mister Moskowitz?

Marshall turns to find an elderly, Asian gentleman. FRANKLIN PFFERBIEFFER(60) who stands beside him. He wears a gentleman's derby and coat.

He tips his hat to Marshall and Annette.

PFFERBIEFFER

Mister Moskowitz, Mrs. Moskowitz.
I'm Franklin Pfferbieffer.

MARSHALL

Listen, Ferarri-

PFFERBIEFFER

It's pronounced Fe-fer-beef-er.

MARSHALL

Whatever your name is we'd like to be left alone-

PFFERBIEFFER

Oh, no, Sir. I'm afraid I can't leave. Mister Thorton prior to his death gave specific instructions that I'm to remain at your side until you're settled in.

ANNETTE

Settled in? Just who the hell are you?

PFFERBIEFFER

I'm the butler... no, more than that. I'm your man servant. I cook, clean, wash, insure all needs are served. I smile on your sad days, I rejoice at your victories and lament at your defeats.

ANNETTE

Holy shit, Marshall. We've formally entered the Twilight Zone.

PFFERBIEFFER

I'm here at the request of Mister Thorton.

MARSHALL

He hasn't been dead an hour. How did you find out?

Pfferbiefer holds up his wrist and smiles. A watch-like device wrapped around his wrist flashes white and blue.

PFFERBIEFFER

Mister Thorton had one just like this. Both were in sync with each other. Mine was to be activated upon his death.

MARSHALL

One step ahead...

PFFERBIEFFER

Now, Mister Moskowitz we need to speak on a matter of colossal importance.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall's eyes bulge along with Annette's...

MARSHALL

That son of a bitch left everything to me??

PFFERBIEFFER

Indeed, Sir. Mister Thorton was adamant that should anything happen to him or he become mentally incapacitated that you were to inherit his entire empire.

MARSHALL

Jesus...

PFFERBIEFFER

Now, time as they say is of the essence. I have here several documents, which upon your signature will make you the richest man in the history of well... history.

He walks over to Marshall and lays down all three documents.

MARSHALL

What's this?

PFFERBIEFFER

This first legal document transfers all of Mister Thorton's nine-hundred and eighty-seven trillion dollars to you. The second document transfers all his gold, copper and diamond mine holdings around the world.

MARSHALL

And this third document?

PFFERBIEFFER

That's to have the Coke machine in the lobby fixed.

ANNETTE

Hang on. Marshall, you're not seriously going to put your signature on those things??

MARSHALL

Why not? Don't you see, Annette? This is it. Thorton's gone. For once some good can come from his wealth-

ANNETTE

Spare me the altruistic bullshit, Marshall! You saw what all the wealth and power did to Thorton! It turned him into a monster!

PFFERBIEFFER

Not to insult the dead but Mister Thorton was in fact a complete and utter douche bag long before he became wealthy.

MARSHALL

I don't understand. Don't you trust me to do the right thing?

ANNETTE

Al I want is to take Jeremey, you and me off this island and back to New York and forget this nightmare ever happened.

MARSHALL

I can't do that. If I leave, every nation's going to fight over who controls Thorton's empire. Eventually it'll lead to war.

PFFERBIEFFER

I see now, why Mister Thorton chose you to inherit his fortune. He was wise to keep it in the family.

MARSHALL

Family?

PFFERBIEFFER

Oh, dear. I've made a colossal boo boo, haven't I. I assumed you and he reconciled.

MARSHALL

Reconciled? What reconciled?

PFFERBIEFFER

Mister Thorton didn't tell you he was your father?

ANNETTE

What?!

MARSHALL

But he was only five years older than me!

PFFERBIEFFER

I'm ashamed to admit it but he started his sexual promiscuity at a very early age.

ANNETTE

My god. Marshall, you're a Thorton...

PFFERBIEFFER

The situation, I must admit does have a bit of an "Empire Strikes Back", Darth Vader "I-am-your-father" kind of vibe.

MARSHALL

Annette, just think of what I could do with Thorton's-my money-our money!! I could change the world! I could make things the way they should be! For once, people will look to me for the answers to the world's problems! And I could solve them!

ANNETTE

My God. Thorton isn't dead. He's still alive. In you.

MARSHALL

Pffer-burger, gimme a pen.

PFFERBIEFFER

It's pronounced Fefer-bifer.

MARSHALL

Just give me a fucking pen, please?

ANNETTE

Marshall, I'm warning you!-

MARSHALL

And I'm warning you!! You've made me pay for every inch, every mistake I've ever made! You've fed me enough guilt to last me a lifetime! Well, I'm happy to tell you that as of my first act after of year of sobriety, I hereby accept the family name of Thorton!

ANNETTE

I'm leaving and I'm taking Jeremey with me. You wanna play king? You go right ahead. As for myself and MY SON I'm heading on the first plane back to reality.

MARSHALL

Like hell. You're going to be the perfect wife. For starters, I decide what happens in this marriage from now on.

ANNETTE

Fuck you, Marshall. How's that for starters? No, wait. Here's another update: Fuck you. Fuck your wealth. Fuck whatever power you think you have and fuck this robo-infested island of misfit toys.

Marshall slugs her across the jaw, She drops to the floor hard. She spits out a tooth. A mixture of blood and saliva drools from the side of her mouth.

PFFERBIEFFER

Oh, my Lord! Really, Mister Moskowitz! That was uncalled for!

He rushes to her. He hands Annette a handkerchief.

PFFERBIEFFER (CONT'D)

I'll get some ice...

ANNETTE

Don't bother.

(MORE)

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

(to Marshall)

I see the dormant Thorton gene is starting to rear its ugly head. How was it? Was it everything you hoped for?

She gets to her feet.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

The first one was free. You lay a finger on me again and I'll cut out your heart and feed it to you.

She storms out of the conference room.

INT. THORTON BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Annette enters. She cries. She kicks the elevator walls with anger. The elevator doors close. It descends.

ANNETTE

Motherfucker! Piece of shit!

ELEVATOR (V.O.)

You have traveled three thousand feet in less than half a second thanks to the Thorton inertial dampening field which prevents the human body from being crushed--

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

A DING. They slide open. Annette's eyes widen in terror. A terrifying sight in the lobby greets her.

ANNETTE

Oh my God!

INT. THORTON BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM

Marshall leans down. He picks up from the floor the tooth he knocked from Annette's mouth.

ANNETTE'S TOOTH

Stained with blood.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I knocked the tooth out of the only woman who ever loved me. A woman who had put up with my alcoholism, emotional abuse, gambling and unfaithfulness.

He looks over at Pfefferbier who stares at him.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you looking at?

PFFERBIEFFER

I'm interpreting your current expression of guilt for your feelings at striking your wife. I'm returning the gesture with my expression of sympathy.

Marshall beams a lethal gaze at Pfferbieffer.

MARSHALL

Know what I'm feeling now?

PFFERBIEFFER

Yes. Amazing how with a single gaze you can tell someone to fuck off. Most impressive, Sir.

THE DOORS TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM

They burst open. Commandos charge inside. They're lead by by CAPTAIN CHAZ PALZINI (40), brutish in demeanor with the American flag tattooed across his entire face.

CAPT. PALZINI

Okay! Listen up! I'm Captain Chaz Palzini! By order of the President of the United States and it allies, I am hereby authorized to arrest Thorton T. Thorton!

MARSHALL

Shit. That's a relief. For a second I thought there was a KISS concert on the island and nobody told me.

Annette shoves her way past Palzini and over to Marshall.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Annette!

He tries to embrace her. Annette shoves his arms away.

ANNETTE

Back off! Just because I'm on your side doesn't mean I'm on your side!

PFFERBIEFFER

My Dear Captain Palzini, I'm afraid you're too late. Mister Thorton has past in to the next dimension and now resides within the metaphysical realm.

CAPT. PALZINI
He's in fucking New Jersey!?

ANNETTE
He's trying to tell you, you bargain
based Rambo, what I already told
you! He's dead!

CAPT. PALZINI
Yeah? I'll be satisfied when the
body's been identified. Where's
Thorton's body now?

PFFERBIEFFER
He's still in his hospital bed.
Happily decomposing.

Marshall falls to his knees. He wraps his arms around
Annette's legs.

MARSHALL
Look, honey, what I did to you. I
know I don't deserve your forgiveness
and I know we'll never be together
again. The shame I feel, I'll take
with me to my grave. And for every
day I draw breath, I'll do whatever
it takes to earn back not only your
trust, but maybe... some day your
love.

CAPT. PALZINI
What the hell's his problem?

PFFERBIEFFER
The couple is having marital problems
at the moment. There was a physical
altercation. However, I'm sure they
will reconcile in due course.

ANNETTE
Like hell! You saw him punch me in
the mouth and knock out my tooth!!

CAPT. PALZINI
Oh? So, you're one of those wife
beaters, huh? Lousy piece of shit.
(to Annette)
If you like, ma'am. I could shoot
him dead right here, right now.
Wouldn't be any trouble at all.
Anyone asks just tell them he was
killed by friendly fire.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Captain! Message coming on on secure
channel alpha!

Captain Palzini switches on his radio.

CAPT. PALZINI

Talk to me!

JET PILOT (O.S.)

This is Tingle One!

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET/THORTON CONFERENCE ROOM

JET PILOT

All coalition fighters have hit that
transmission tower with everything
we've got and it isn't scratched!

THE TRANSMISSION TOWER

It's hit with multiple strikes of missiles from hundreds of
jets.

JET PILOT (CONT'D)

It's as if it's made from some sort
of impregnable alloy! Permission to
sacrifice my life via Kamakazi method,
Sir!

CAPT. PALZINI

Self sacrifice is authorized! Repeat!
Self Sacrifice is authorized!

MARSHALL

You're going to let that pilot commit
suicide?? That's insane! This whole
invasion is nuts!!

CAPT. PALZINI

God be with you Tingle One!

JET PILOT

For God and Country!

THE JET

It rams the tower. It explodes. Pilot's dead. The tower
remains intact.

MARSHALL

That pilot didn't have to die!

CAPT. PALZINI

We're not playing Chinese checkers
here, mister person, man person!

PFFERBIEFFER

Captain Palzini the transmission tower was constructed using an alloy Mister Thorton discovered twelve years ago in the Peruvian mountains. He named it Thortonite and rest assured, it's quite indestructible.

MARSHALL

How do you know so much about the tower??

PFFERBIEFFER

Because, I was the engineer who helped design and build it.

ANNETTE

You're the lunatic who helped that other lunatic build that fucking thing??

PFFERBIEFFER

In my own defense, I assumed we were building an advanced popcorn maker.

ANNETTE

If you were such a hot shot engineer how come you took the job of butler?

PFFERBIEFFER

Mister Thorton was a close friend who gave me a job when no one else would. That is why I vowed to remain in his servitude even upon his death.

MARSHALL

That's taking friendship a bit far, don't you think?

PFFERBIEFFER

When the tower was completed, I had no purpose left in life. That was until I discovered you were a Thorton.

MARSHALL

Listen, Pfferffe-rr-

PFFERBIEFFER

Perhaps it would be easier if you use my first name.

MARSHALL

Elliot, you don't owe me a thing. So go home. Start a family. Drink beer. Binge on Game of Thrones. I release you from your vow.

PFFERBIEFFER

I'm so sorry to say that is the one command I cannot obey. As I told you, I'm your man servant for life. Rest assured the days of wiping your own ass are over.

CAPT. PALZINI

All right! Enough chit you! Chief Engineer Scotty! You built it! You can turn it off!

PFFERBIEFFER

Mister Thorton added security features. If anyone has a chance to shut it down it shall be Thorton Junior.

MARSHALL

Don't call me Junior.

PFFERBIEFFER

My most profound, conciliatory acquiescence.

CAPT. PALZINI

Fuck, even his sorries sound like he's sucking up. Let's move out!

The commandos charge toward the elevator.

COMMANDO

Excuse me, Sir?

MARSHALL

Yeah?

COMMANDO

Just thought I'd let you know the Coke machine in the lobby's broken.

MARSHALL

I'm working on it.

EXT. THORTON BUILDING - NIGHT.

Soldiers and Thorbots continue to fight.

THORBOT CLOWN

I'm only trying to bring joy. Please don't make me hurt you.

He breaks the arm of a soldier. The bone pops out. The soldier screams out in agony.

CAPT. PALZINI
Bullets! Bombs! Tanks! They're
like toys against them!

PFFERBIEFFER
You'll find they're quite
indestructible, Captain! They're
also made from Thortonite!

ANOTHER THORBOT

In a three piece suit. He's shot. Bullets bounce off his
artificial body.

THORBOT THREE PIECE SUIT
You look alone and sad. I just want
to hug you. Please don't make me
hurt you.

ELDERLY WOMAN THORBOT

Holds out her arms to Captain Palzini.

ELDERLY WOMAN THORBOT
Let mommy hug you. Please don't
make mommy hurt you.

CAPT. PALZINI
Fuck you ma!

He fires. The impact only knocks her out of his path.

EXT. TRANSMISSION TOWER - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

He and his commandos blast away at more Thorbots who continue
to function despite multiple impacts.

CAPT. PALZINI
Let's move! Let's move!

INT. TRANSMISSION TOWER - LOBBY ENTRANCE

Captain Palzini leads the charge inside. He bolts into the
elevator with the rest of his commandos -- all of whom don't
fit.

CAPT. PALZINI
There's no room! You men stay here
and wait for the next elevator!
(to Marshall, Annette
and Pfferbieffer)
You three! Let's go! Let's go!

Marshall, Annette and Pfferbieffer get in. The elevator
doors slide closed. The elevator ascends.

The commandos look at the elevator floor indicators then at one another in awkward silence.

COMMANDO#1

So... how's the family doing?

COMMANDO#2

Huh? Oh, doing fine. Thanks for asking. How's yours?

COMMANDO#1

Not good. I caught my wife in bed with her sister.

COMMANDO#2

Dude, that's fucked up.

INT. THORTON TRANSMISSION TOWER - POWER GRID CONTROL
CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elevator doors open. Marshall, Annette and Pfferbiefer rush out -- all coughing. Captain Palzini exits the elevator with an embarrassed expression.

ANNETTE

(still coughing)

My lungs feel like they inhaled the exhaust from the tail pipe of a eighteen wheeler!

CAPT. PALZINI

I said I was sorry! I ate sushi and a banana split before the mission okay?? It didn't settle well, okay!

MARSHALL

Where to?

PFFERBIEFFER

This way. Look around for anything marked with the words "Main" "grid" or "Relay!"

MARSHALL (O.S.)

I think I found it.

PFFERBIEFFER

You sure?

MARSHALL

He stands in front of metal door with the words MAIN GRID RELAY printed on it.

MARSHALL

I'm sure.

PFFERBIEFFER

It appears to require a hand print
to access it.

ANNETTE

You don't really think Thorton gave
you access??

MARSHALL

Let's find out.

He slams his hand on the plate.

A LIGHT BEAM APPEARS

It takes the form of THORTON.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Hey Champ!

MARSHALL

Sir? Mister Thorton!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Call me dad! Actually, on second
thought let's go back to Mister
Thorton. Anyway, champ, surprise!
Just before I went brain dead from
the stroke, I had what was left of
my consciousness downloaded onto my
computer's main frame. Pretty cool
achievement don't you agree?

PFFERBIEFFER

May I say, Mister Thorton that you're
an inspiration to the team, Sir?
That your selfless sacrifice will
inspire generations to come?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Thanks Pfferbieffer. Although you
might want to throttle back just a
tad on the sucking up.

PFFERBIEFFER

Yes, Sir. My most profound apologies.
I'll make a mental note to have my
tongue nailed to a two-by-four.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

(to Marshall)

You think he's kidding but this nut
case actually nailed his tongue to
my desk on the day of his interview
to prove his loyalty. Brought his
own hammer too. Isn't that right
Pfferbieffer you sick fuck?

PFFERBIEFFER

Yes, Your Most High Exhaulted Ruler.

THORTON

Anyway, champ. What can I do for you?

MARSHALL

This is some trick. There's no way you could download your mind into a computer!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

I admit, there were some minor technical issues to contend with. I mean, just how much hard drive space does the human soul take up? Am I right?

ANNETTE

I'm amazed you could fit your ego.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

My Dear, when you finally leave this island, it won't be on a boat. It'll be on a broomstick.

ANNETTE

Fuck you!

Marshall waves his hand through Thorton's hologram

MARSHALL

It's true. He's a hologram.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

So, what can I do for you kids?

MARSHALL

Dad, there's no time to explain!! The whole world's at the front door ready to flatten this place! Now you've got to shut down the tower before they hit us with nukes!

Captain Palzini's Commandos arrive. They pour out of the elevator and race over.

COMMANDO#1

Jesus, who took a dump in the elevator??

CAPT. PALZINI

Never mind that! What's our status!

COMMANDO#1

Captain! Washington on the line!
They say North Korea's launched nukes
at the island!

ANNETTE

What!

CAPT. PALZINI

God damn those trigger happy,
kim-chee commie cocksuckers! They
weren't even invited to the war!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Guys-

CAPT. PALZINI

We'll have to evacuate now while we
still have time!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Gentlemen, if you just calm down.

ANNETTE

It's over. My marriage the birth of
my baby... never to be a grandmother-

THORTON HOLOGRAM

You know, missy, Christ did less
whining on the cross.

ANNETTE

We're all going to die! Why should
you care! You're already dead!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

No nukes are going to strike the
island. Trust me. I know,

CAPT. PALZINI

And just how is it you're so sure
mister f-future predictor, future
hologram person p-predictorer!

A NUCLEAR MISSILE

It has the North Korean red star emblazoned on its fuselage.
It roars across the night sky.

THORTON HOLOGRAM (V.O.)

All brutal communist dictators have
one thing in common: They're
cheapskates.

CLOSER - THE MISSILE

It has the Thorton T. seal of approval -- and a large, red tag sale ticket that reads: REFURBISHED AS-IS. NO REFUNDS!

THORTON HOLOGRAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You get what you pay for.

The missile runs out of fuel. It tumbles. It plummets toward the open sea.

EXT. ANOTHER ISLAND - SAME TIME

SUPER: Meanwhile at a starving village somewhere in the Pacific....

Two island natives, NARUNGA and KUMBA pull their fishing nets to the shoreline.

Note: Their conversation is in their native tongue.

NARUNGA

(subtitled)

Empty fishing nets again! Our village is starving! We need fish! Huge amounts of fish! Tell me, Kumba. You are the high priest! Did you not pray to the great God Kotunga to deliver food for our people!?

KUMBA

(subtitled)

Yes! Most earnestly, Narunga!

THE NUCLEAR MISSILE

Strikes the ocean.. It detonates. The blast unleashes a massive eruption of sea water.

NARUNGA & KUMBA

Tons of fish fall from the sky courtesy of the nuclear blast. Both men are left neck deep in fish.

NARUNGA

(subtitled)

Did you also remember to pray for wine coolers?

KUMBA

(subtitled)

Fuck!

INT. TRANSMISSION TOWER - NIGHT

Pfferbieffer leans over to Annette.

PFFERBIEFFER

Madam, if it isn't too presumptuous,
I would gladly wish to court you
once your impending divorce from
Thorton Junior is complete.

ANNETTE

Take your dick and fuck your ear
with it.

PFFERBIEFFER

You would be amazed how often women
say that to me.

COMMANDO#1

Hey!! I Just got word from the
U-S-S Kennedy! According to their
tracking radar the Korean nuke fell
and detonated half way to the target.
(relieved)
Sweet Jesus! We're okay!

Everyone breathes a collective sigh of relief. It's followed
by applause.

CAPT. PALZINI

Knock it off! This mission isn't
over yet!! We still have to shut
down that tower!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

I think, son it's your turn up to
the plate.

MARSHALL

My turn? What the hell can I do??

THORTON HOLOGRAM

You're a Thorton. Start thinking
like one.

MARSHALL

I'm sorry but I'm not up to thinking
about porn twenty-four seven.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

You have the ability to shut down
the tower. Use your common sense.

MARSHALL

Okay! I know! How about I use the
Force Obi-Fucking-Wan Kenobi!!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

The door to the main grid requires a
two code pass key.

MARSHALL

So give it to me!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

I can't. It's lost in the damaged part of my brain that couldn't be downloaded after my stroke. Hey champ, it's only a two code key. It can't be difficult. Hey champ, you know me. Think. What two code words would I use?

MARSHALL

Mother fucker?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

That's actually one word.

ANNETTE

How about "Shit Face?"

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Nope.

ANNETTE

Scumbag Prick.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

That a statement or a comment?

CAPT. PALZINI

I know! I've seen enough Mission Impossible movies-and I might add I have several autographed photos of Tom Cruise and me by the way-to know the key to any secured villain site!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

All right shit for brains. Give it your best shot.

CAPT. PALZINI

Golden Poodle!

Captain Palzini's squad groan disapprovingly.

COMMANDO#3 (O.S.)

Jesus what an asshole.

COMMANDO#4 (O.S.)

Can't believe they promoted him...

CAPT. PALZINI

Who said that!!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Hey champ, times almost up. I have things I have to do.

MARSHALL

Times up? You have things to do?
Like what? Checking how many Watts
you're sucking up?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

No, I have to go and release my ships.

MARSHALL

You have your own fleet??

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Ten thousands ships to be exact.
Most powerful fleet of ships ever
created. It's going to send a message
to the entire world.

MARSHALL

All right! Enough! Give me the
code dammit!!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Hey champ, I told you, I don't know
it or have it.

ANNETTE

He's lying.
(beat)
And he's just given it to you.

MARSHALL

I don't understand...I..

His eyes widen. He shoves his way past Captain Palzini's
men. He stands before the palm identifier with an expression
of a man having a profound religious moment.

He places his hand on the scanner.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Two code key required to access main
power grid. Please enter or say it
now.

MARSHALL

"Hey, champ."

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Code accepted. Thank you. Have a
pleasant day.

The doors to the main power grid unlock. They slide open.

PFFERBIEFFER
Well done, Sir! Well done!

CAPT. PALZINI
All right! Let's move! Move! Move!

The group charge inside.

INT. TRANSMISSION TOWER - MAIN POWER GRID - NIGHT

Captain Palzini and his men stop dead in their tracks.

CAPT. PALZINI
What the fuck is this??? Marshall!
Get your ass over here!!!

Marshall, Annette and Pfferbieffer stand beside Captain Palzini. They all beam stunned glances at:

THE OFF BUTTON

It's round. It's also the size of an NFL gold post with the word OFF printed in candy-red letters.

COMMANDO#1
This is so fucked up, I just want to
cry.

ANNETTE
What do we do?

MARSHALL
What you do with any button.

He tries to push the mammoth button.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Somebody wanna give me a hand??

CAPT. PALZINI
Stand aside! Finally, a scene even
Sylvester Stallone couldn't pull off
even in his prime!

He charges at the button. He pushes it.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Main grid shut down. Congratulations.
Would you like a victory march?

CAPT. PALZINI
Okay with you guys?

MARSHALL

Hey, go nuts.

CAPT. PALZINI

One victory march please!

Music blares through the speakers. The commandos cheer.

PFFERBIEFFER

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I believe
this premature victory is...
premature. Attend.

He points to multiple monitors on the wall. News feeds pour
in from all over the world.

NEWSCASTER IMAGE

The evil Thorton T. Thorton has
according to preliminary reports
been stopped thanks to the over twelve
hundred coalition forces in
cooperation with the United States.
However, there is word that a fleet
of ships numbering at nearly ten
thousand are heading at flank speed
toward every nation of earth.

MARSHALL

Dad! Mister Thorton!

A beam fills the room. It's Thorton.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Hey champ. Well done.

MARSHALL

Call off your ships!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

That's a no-can-do kimosabe. They're
what I would call "outside my purvey
of influence."

MARSHALL

So if you can't control the air waves,
humanity goes down in flames! That
it! You unleash your fleet of death
ships!!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Flames? Death ships? What the hell
are you talking about? Those aren't
warships.

MARSHALL

Then what the hell are they!

THORTON HOLOGRAM
You want the long version or the
short version?

MARSHALL
I want the version that makes sense!

THORTON HOLOGRAM
All right. Turn on the monitor.

Marshall switches on the jumbo monitor. A NEWSCASTER appears.

NEWSCASTER IMAGE
This just in. According to the
military there are approximately ten
thousands ships, all are non-military.
Let me repeat they are none combative.
They are unarmed.

THORTON HOLOGRAM
Starting to get the big picture,
champ?

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Then it hit me. Thorton had spent
his entire life building up to this
moment.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

White, oil-tanker size ships by the thousands fill the sea.

CLOSE - THE SHIPS

They're marked with the RED CROSS.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
They were right. They weren't
warships preparing to do battle with
the world.
(beat)
They were medical ships. Also known
as Mercy Ships. Designed to travel
the world and care for the sick, the
dying, the poor. They were crewed
by doctors and nurses -- all of them
Thorbots, made to look human. Unlike
people they could help and never
grow tired. They could work
non-stop with a smile of compassion.

MULTIPLE NATIONS -- THORTON THORBOT DOCTORS

AMERICAN THORBOT DOCTOR
Don't be afraid. We just want to
help you.

AFRICAN THORBOT DOCTOR
Moenie bang ewes nie. Nos wil jou
net help.

CROATION THORBOT NURSE
Ne bojte se. Samo ti želimo pomoci

FRENCH THORBOT ORDERLY
N'aie pas peur. On veut juste t'aider.

The languages go on and on.

They repeat the desire to help. Their compassionate tone is such that "let me help" is understood regardless of whether one speaks their native tongue.

MARSHALL

He cracks a smile at Thorton's hologram.

MARSHALL
You're not evil are you.

THORTON HOLOGRAM
Nope.

MARSHALL
So you never wanted my wife or child.

THORTON HOLOGRAM
Nope.

MARSHALL
And you were never hell bent on taking
over the airwaves of the world.

THORTON HOLOGRAM
Nah. To be honest my tower isn't
all that powerful. The best it can
do is transmit Mexican wrestling.

MARSHALL
So why the disguise? Why have the
world think you're some evil genius??

THORTON HOLOGRAM
Having infinite wealth lets you see
past the bullshit. I traveled and I
saw wonders you couldn't even begin
to imagine. I also saw the nightmares
too.

His hologram flickers with static.

THORTON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

I saw men, women and children
decimated through starvation, war,
disease and indifference. I saw
families have their arms cut off
because some piece of shit warlord
was worried they'd fight back. How
does a ten year old fight back?
Then it hit me. If there was a new
world threat, Maybe whole countries
would unite. They'd see past their
own selfishness and see the profit
in working together.

MARSHALL

That's when you decided to create
the so called evil Thorton persona.

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Took me decades. I went through
eighteen failed marriages, ruined
whole companies, destroyed the lives
of thousands of people just to be
the ultimate prick.

(grins)

Personally, I think I should win an
Oscar for Biggest Douche Bag.

MARSHALL

It was one hell of a performance,
I'll give you that.

ANNETTE

You're a saint, Mister Thorton. You
know that?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Thanks for the compliment but I'm a
grandfather, remember? So how about
we call me gramps?

ANNETTE

Sure thing, grandpa Thorton.

CAPT. PALZINI

So no war?? No shooting! God dammit!
Now I'll never get my Purple Heart!
What a jip!

THORTON HOLOGRAM

It's assholes like him I won't miss
after I'm gone.

MARSHALL

With all the nations of the world
now united against you, what's next?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Keep the story going. Let them figure it out. There's peace now. How long will it last? That's what the future's for.

His image flickers again. This time with more static.

THORTON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

This is where I exit, champ. Now I go home.

MARSHALL

Home? You mean heaven?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Or the afterlife. Whatever you want to call it. I'm looking forward to a new challenge.,, and to be together again with Margaret.

MARSHALL

Who's Margaret?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

Your mother. She died giving birth to you.

MARSHALL

If you were still alive why'd you abandon me?

THORTON HOLOGRAM

I blamed you for so long for her dying. Having a woman that loves you more than her own life was my real treasure. My real fortune.

His image begins to fade.

THORTON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

Please forgive me, son.

MARSHALL

I forgive-

Thorton's image dissipates with an electrical discharge.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Forgive you.

ANNETTE

He heard you, Marshall.

COMMANDO#1 (O.S.)

Hey! Get a load of this!

THE TV MONITOR

A NEWSCASTER images switches to video clips of various parts of the world -- with people cheering in the streets.

NEWSCASTER IMAGE

They are celebrating across the world!
Thorton T. Thorton was defeated! He
died of a massive stroke.

CAPT. PALZINI

Promotion.... come on promotion...

NEWSCASTER IMAGE

Those brave soldiers who went and
confronted the evil despot all
certainly will be promoted for their
bravery.

CAPT. PALZINI

Fucking "A"!

MARSHALL (V.O.)

And you'd think that would be the
end of the story, right? You'd be
wrong. Very wrong.

A CHILD

He walks through a slum area. Thousands of Thorbots with
the RED CROSS on their sleeves land in jetpacks.

Frightened the child ducks behind a collapsed wall. The
Thorbot sees him. He holds out his hand,

THORBOT

No worries, child. Your new life
begins today. Let me help you.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

The world woke up to another of my
father's legacy: He paid off the
national debt. Not just the United
State's but of every nation on earth.
No one country owed the other. The
small countries that had an economic
knife to their throats for decades
got even a bigger bonus. They were
given hundreds of trillions of dollars
in solid gold to jump start their
economies with no one to take
advantage of them.

MASSIVE TRUCKS

Arrive outside economic banks with signs that say: LATIN
AMERICA, PERU, GREECE, BHUTAN...

TRUCK CONTAINER

Solid gold bars are quickly moved from the vehicle.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

That was my father. He just loved to fuck big business. Now the abused countries of the world could share one vision... on an even playing field.

EXT. BELGIAN CONGO - FOREST - DAY

African soldiers flee from an enemy. They turn and fire then make a run for their lives.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Oh, and that Warlord and his soldiers who Thorton mentioned? The one who had been cutting off the hands of men, women and children? Well, they were wiped out eighteen minutes after the Thorbots arrived.

(beat)

Every warlord, every dictator, every tyrant who crushed without mercy their own people around the world were put on notice: You're out of a job.

THORBOTS

By the thousands walk calmly through the forest -- smiling. All repeat the words: "SURRENDER OR DIE."

The African Warlord and his soldiers open fire. The bullets bounce off the Thorbot's impregnable skin.

INT. THORTON HOSPITAL - DAY

Marshall and Annette race through the corridor.

INT. THORTON HOSPITAL - JEREMEY'S ROOM - DAY

Marshall and Annette bolt inside. The room is empty. All except for:

JEREMEY'S HELMET

Used to protect his head during his autism seizures. It lays innocently on an empty bed.

ANNETTE

Where is he??

A TOILET FLUSHES

The door to the bathroom opens. It's Jeremy.

JEREMY

Oh, hey mom. Hey dad.

MARSHALL & ANNETTE

They gaze in astonishment at Jeremy who stands cured.

ANNETTE

You can speak?

JEREMY

Of course I can. You know, I had this weird dream. Some guy came into my room, said he was my grandpa.

MARSHALL

Did he say anything?

JEREMY

Only that when the doctor came around to make sure I took my new medicine. Then I woke up.

Annette grabs Jeremy. She holds on to him tight.

ANNETTE

My baby... thank you God. Thank You God for giving back my child.

JEREMY

Mom.

ANNETTE

Yeah, sweetie.

JEREMY

You've cut off my oxygen.

ANNETTE

Sorry.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Annette and I never did remarry. We share custody of Susan, our daughter. In fact a few years later she wound up marrying Captain Chaz Palzini. I don't know what the attraction was. I have to assume she has a death wish.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

He sits at his desk typing away on a laptop.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

So to get out of my depression I decided to write my memoirs. Eighteen hundred pages. I typed eighteen hundred pages. I had over a hundred publishers in line who wanted to bid for the rights.

(beat)

I couldn't think of a title. I thought titles were easy. I mean, come on, "Gone with the Wind", Casablanca" hell even 'Deep Throat.' All well known. Then it came to me.

He types away..

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The title appears: THE INCREDIBLY, ALMOST MADE UP TRUE STORY OF THORTON T. THORTON.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eat that "Gone With the Wind."

He rises from his chair. He walks over to the window and gazes up at the blue sky.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Well, dad. I hope wherever you are, you found mom.

EXT. THE CLOUDS - DAY

Thorton walks along the clouds.

THORTON

Margaret! Margaret!

A disembodied, feminine voice stirs his attention.

VOICE (O.S.)

Follow my voice ...

Thorton rushes toward a massive structure. Shafts of light radiate from its exquisite marble columns.

THORTON

Margaret!

MARGARET (O.S.)

I'm right here my love!

MARGARET

Perfect with blue piercing eyes. She stands with her arms that reach past the bars that make up the gate to heaven.

Thorton arrives. He holds her arms. They kiss between the bars.

THORTON
Now we'll be together forever!

They kiss.

THORTON (CONT'D)
Ok, Open the gate.

MARGARET
I can't.

THORTON
What do you mean you can't?

Margaret points to a sign that hangs suspended at the entrance to heaven.

Thorton stands back to get a full view:

THE SIGN

It reads: HEAVEN

CLOSED FOR RENOVATION

WILL REOPEN NEXT CHRISTMAS

THORTON (CONT'D)
Fuck!!

CUT TO BLACK

FADE OUT:

THE END