

Couch

By

Michael Jernigan & Tony Danek

Tony Danek  
linksy5555@yahoo.com  
(281)-508-1265

Michael Jernigan  
mr.jbig@yahoo.com  
(832)-264-3294

INT. VIETNAMESE TENT - NIGHT

Fade in from black. Army tent in the middle of the strange, confusing jungles of South Vietnam. It is loud, but at the same time it is quiet.

POV of **YOUNGER GRAMPS**:

He sits up in his bed, startled from the noise. He is breathing heavily. He looks in every direction, but sees none of his comrades.

YOUNGER GRAMPS  
Hello? Is anyone there?

There are no answers, but there is gunfire from not too far away. Younger Gramps takes no hesitation, he jumps off his bed, grabs his M16, puts on his helmet, disregards clothes, and runs out of the tent in his American flag boxers with a bald eagle on the crotch.

EXT. VIETNAMESE JUNGLE - NIGHT

There is no one in sight in either direction, but the gunfire continues. He runs to his left to an opening in the brush. 100 yards in front of him, he sees a lone American soldier standing in the open.

YOUNGER GRAMPS  
(shouting)  
Are you okay?!

PVT. PHILIPS  
(cautiously and quietly)  
The yellow boys came in from  
nowhere, I'm the only survivor!

A twig snaps behind Younger Gramps, he looks and sees a Vietcong soldier with a platoon behind him. Before he can do anything, a flash is seen in the tree line followed by a quick snap, Philips drops in a pool of blood.

Fade to black:

End of POV:

INT GRAMPS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

**GRAMPS**, now overweight, bald, and in his late 60s, wakes up, fully clothed, out of his nightmare breathing heavily. When he realizes he is awake, he slowly sits up on the couch. He drops his head and begins to snort what appears to be a previously prepared line of cocaine. He lifts his head back up, a white powder is all over the underside of his nose and his eyes are dilated and bloodshot.

TITLES: COUCH

INT. HARVEY LOWENSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

**HARVEY**, a big time Jewish Hollywood representative, is talking to **TONY** and **MIKE**, in his neat, but expensive looking office, about an upcoming project. He is doing most of the talking.

HARVEY

I have to say, you two really are the hottest things in the business right now. Your film "The Point", is breaking box-office records for independent films, and has won every Independent Spirit Award that anyone cares about. Hell, Spike Lee said it's the only white movie worth seeing. And you did it on a budget of...

TONY

\$200.15

HARVEY

Exactly. Tony, you're dating Emma Watson. You realize every straight man in the world is jealous of you, myself included.

He looks at a picture of his wife on his desk.

HARVEY

Love you honey.

HE looks back at them and continues the conversation.

HARVEY

You're the next Kubrick.

He then begins to address Mike. Mike is a heavy-set 20 year old with chops and 5 o'clock shadow.

(CONTINUED)

HARVEY

And Mike, you are the next big writer. I'm sure you get your fair share of the hot ladies.

Mike blushes and looks down in embarrassment.

MIKE

Well ya know...

FLASH TO:

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Close up of a tube of KY Jelly and Kleenex. Mike is sitting on the couch in just his underwear, watching a pornographic video.

FEMALE ON TV

I'm not sure if I have any money to pay for those pizzas.

MALE ON TV

That's alright, you can pay me in other ways!

Mike's eyes get wide and his mouth opens wide as the sound of wild sex begin. He sticks his hand in his underwear.

MIKE

Yeah, bitch, you pay that delivery boy!

Zoom in on flashlight on the coffee table.

BACK TO:

INT. HARVEY LOWENSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike's smile goes to a frown and he now looks full of shame.

HARVEY

Anyways. What was I saying? I remember now. Oliver Stone is planning a new Vietnam war epic that he is going to produce. He saw "The Point" and would like to know if you guys would be interested in writing a movie about a vietnamese army camp.

(CONTINUED)

Tony, skinny, and his left arm full of tattoos, begins to take the lead in the conversation.

TONY

Any stories in particular?

HARVEY

Actually, he would like you guys to make it a true story. He suggests going to a veteran club and talking to some of the Vietnam Veterans there. But as far as which stories to do, he wants to give you free reign.

MIKE

I like rain.

Long pause. Tony and Harvey questioningly stare at Mike, but then go right back into their conversation.

TONY

Has he mentioned payment to you, or will we have to wait for that? If I am going to do this and not spend time with my hot British girlfriend, it has to be good.

Harvey and Mike both look annoyed.

HARVEY

Are you done?

Tony gets low in his chair.

TONY

Yeah. Sorry. Go ahead.

HARVEY

He did mention payment. He would be willing to pay you guys each \$500,000, and an extra \$250,000 for Tony to direct it. Minus my 10% of course.

MIKE

But you don't do anything!

This comment seems to have hit Harvey hard.

HARVEY

Yes I do! But to explain what I do, I would have to read you an

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARVEY (cont'd)  
assortment of complicated legal  
journals, and the language might be  
too much for your artistic  
faculties to handle. Do you see the  
direction I am taking this?

Mike is confused.

MIKE  
Ummm, okay?

HARVEY  
Stick to writing kid, let me handle  
the stuff that involves real  
thinking.

Tony looks very excited and happy.

TONY  
I can't believe that Oliver Stone  
wants me to direct a movie for him!  
What an honor! I must really be the  
best! It's funny, two years ago, a  
chick I worked with who was a  
couple of years older than me said  
she couldn't date me because the  
male brain doesn't mature all the  
way until I am 24. But, then again,  
she was jumping up and down on our  
manager's dick...

FLASH TO:

INT. STORE - DAY

A flashback to when Tony was a teenager working at a grocery  
store. The manager office is closed and locked. Tony walks  
up to the office. He is now 18, face covered in acne, four  
eyes, and kind of fat.

He knocks on the door.

TONY  
Justin, I refilled the bread. What  
do you want me to do next?

You hear the sound of people moving around in a hurry in the  
office. Justin, his manager, and Haley, the hot girl he whas  
a crush on, come out of the office hair a mess and looking  
guilty.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN  
(big smile on his face)  
Ummm, I don't know. Haley what are  
your chores?

HALEY  
Umm, clean the bathrooms.

JUSTIN  
Clean the bathrooms.

He and Haley walk away. Tony looks pissed off.

TONY  
Dammit!

BACK TO:

INT. HARVEY LOWENSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike and Harvey are both staring at Tony in confusion and shock. Tony immediately notices this and tries to change the subject.

TONY  
Ummm, how long do we have to write  
the movie?

Harvey gets back onto the subject.

HARVEY  
Let's see. Right now, he is giving  
you a month to find a subject and  
and idea and meet with him. After  
that, he'll give you another six  
months or so for each draft.

TONY  
Okay.

HARVEY  
So, should I call him and tell him  
you accept?

TONY  
Of course. This is the chance of a  
lifetime!

Mike sees this as a good chance to speak up and prove that he is intelligent.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Yes. This is a once in a lifetime chance for both my writing partner and myself. It would be a very unintelligent thing for us to say no to it. So call back Mr. Stone and tell him that we accept.

It takes Harvey a couple of seconds to process what Mike just said.

HARVEY

Okay. I will let him know. Thank you for your time. Have a great day!

Tony and Mike stand up and leave the office.

EXT. BUSINESS PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike and Tony are walking to their car.

TONY

Oliver Stone. I still can't believe it!

MIKE

Yeah. Sure.

TONY

I want to get started right away!

MIKE

Yeah, let's go ahead and go to one of those clubhouses.

TONY

Okay we could do that, but we would need to find original stories. Something we have never heard or seen before.

MIKE

Okay, but let's just not write an Anti-Vietnam Vietnam movie, like "The Point" was the Anti-Road Trip Road Trip movie. That's too obvious for us to do.

TONY

You're right. We'll think about this long and hard.

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE BACK IN:

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tony walks up and starts to knock on the door. He gets no response.

TONY  
(shouting)  
Come on Mike! We gotta go to the  
VFW house!

He stands there for a second but gets no response.

TONY  
(shouting)  
Come on man! I wanna get started on  
this!

You hear hear shuffling inside.

MIKE  
(shouting and out of breath)  
Ummmm, hold on a second!

The door opens and Mike is standing there, shirtless, sweaty, out of breath, extremely hairy, and covered in oil.

MIKE  
What's up?

Tony looks at Mike.

TONY  
Masturbating again?

MIKE  
No I was just working out.

TONY  
With oil?

MIKE  
Sure, yeah. That's what I was  
doing.

TONY  
Dude you don't have to lie to me.  
You've been a chronic masturbator  
as long as I have known you. I  
expect it.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Oh, well then yes, I was  
masturbating...Feverishly.

TONY

Well, you wanna get cleaned up so  
we can go start interviewing people  
today?

MIKE

Yeah, I'll be out in two shakes.

TONY

Okay, just stay away from Kagney  
Linn Karter.

Mike looks at camera with his eyebrow raised, then goes into  
his apartment.

INT. TONY'S CAR - MORNING

Tony is half asleep in his car waiting for Mike while the  
Wu-Tang Clan plays in the background. Mike finally shuffles  
in waking Tony up.

TONY

Finally. Took you long enough.

MIKE

What do you mean, I said "two  
shakes".

TONY

Whatever.

MIKE

So where are we going?

TONY

We are going to a VFW clubhouse...

MIKE

What is that a cat house? Dammit I  
didn't get any singles!

Tony is annoyed at this point.

TONY

No, it's not a "cat house", but  
remind me later and we'll get you  
laid, 'cause lord knows you need  
it. Anyways, it's where veterans of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)  
foreign wars go to, quote unquote  
"hang out".

MIKE  
Oh, is this where we are gonna find  
our interviewee. Big word!

TONY  
Yeah.

MIKE  
(making trumpet noise with  
mouth)  
And we're off!!

TONY  
Ummm, yeah.

The car pulls away.

INT. VFW CLUB HOUSE - MORNING

Tony and Mike walk up to the front desk where they are  
greeted by an older gentlemen. The room looks similar to the  
waiting room of a doctor or dentist's office.

FRONT DESK MAN  
(with whispering lisp)  
Yes, can I help you two young  
gentlemen?

TONY  
Yeah, hi. My name is Tony Danek,  
and this is Michael Jernigan.

MIKE  
What up front desk man!

The front desk man looks at Mike with an odd face. Tony is a  
little embarrassed, so he tries to continue on.

TONY  
I called you earlier. We are the  
filmmakers that wanted to talk to  
some veterans from the Vietnam war.

FRONT DESK MAN  
Oh yes. They are eagerly waiting in  
our rec room for you guys. I think  
you'll be pleased with their  
stories! Let me take you there!

(CONTINUED)

They begin to follow the guy through a door. When they get through the door, it seems like the whole place changes from a pleasant building, to looking like an insane asylum. You see big, black, middle aged men in their helper uniforms walking around with depressed old men in gowns with their wrinkly ass cheeks hanging out. Then out of a hallway come two bulging black men carrying away an old white man screaming, clawing, and kicking; struggling to get free.

SCREAMING OLD MAN

(yelling)

Don't let them fucking Gooks take  
you alive, get out while you still  
can!!!

Mike and Tony look at each other with a "what the fuck?" kind of look on their faces. The Front Desk Man, turns to them with a smile on his face.

FRONT DESK MAN

Don't mind him, some of our members  
are a little traumatized from their  
experiences in Vietnam.

TONY

(sarcastically)

A little?!

They continue on and follow the man to a door that says "Recreation Area".

FRONT DESK MAN

This is it.

He pulls out his key, unlocks the door, and lets them in.

FRONT DESK MAN

(closing the door)

Good luck!

INT. REC ROOM - MORNING

The rec room is a depressing sight. You see a bunch of doped up old men trying to play games like ping pong, checkers, and poker. There is also a large group of men around the TV drooling on their robes. One of the helpers approaches them.

HELPER

Are you the two filmmakers?

Tony and Mike just nod.

(CONTINUED)

HELPER

We have a table set up for you two to interview any of these gentlemen.

He hands them a list of names.

HELPER

Just pick which one you want, and I'll bring them to you.

They stare at the list and choose a random name.

TONY

Ummm, Joshua Claiborne seems good to me.

HELPER

Okay, I'll get him.

Tony and Mike sit down at the table across from an ugly green couch. They pull out recorders, and notebooks. The helper brings back an old, depressed looking Jew and sits him on the couch.

TONY

Are you Mr. Claiborne?

He just nods.

TONY

How are you today?

He shrugs.

MIKE

Wonderful weather we're having huh? It was a little humid the past couple days, but today is just perfect! Don't you think?

He gives them no response.

TONY

Okay then Mr. Claiborne we're going to begin with a couple questions about your time in Vietnam, if that's O.K. with you.

MIKE

So Mr. Claiborne what part of Vietnam did you serve in.

(CONTINUED)

MR. CLAIBORNE  
(in monotone like Ben Stein)  
Saigon.

MIKE  
Great, what happened?

TONY  
Really? That's your question?

MIKE  
You got a better way to get this  
started?

TONY  
Well actually, no I don't. Sorry.  
So, what happened?

MR. CLAIBORNE  
(in monotone voice)  
Well, Vietnam is a very, very  
horrible place. I would never have  
gone there if I had had the choice.

Mike and Tony already look bored. They fight sleep as he  
continues talking. They eventually call the helper over.

TONY  
Can we get another guy?

MIKE  
Yeah, I think this one's batteries  
are running low.

Tony looks at the list.

TONY  
Just give us everyone on the list  
in alphabetical order.

START MONTAGE

They are seeing a lot of different veterans. Some of them  
are boring, some of them yell, and one of them jumps over  
the table at Mike, making him scream like a little bitch.

TONY  
You little bitch! Seriously?!

MIKE  
What! He jumped at me, what else  
would you do?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Dude he's old, you could totally take him!

MIKE

Did you see the look in his eyes, he's completely doped up, he probably doesn't feel pain anymore.

Tony just shakes his head, and the montage continues. Tony and Mike are getting more and more bored as they interview more and more veterans.

END MONTAGE:

INT. REC ROOM - AFTERNOON

Tony and Mike are looking through their notes trying to find anything of value.

TONY

Dude, I have absolutely nothing we can use for this movie.

MIKE

Me either.

Tony throws his notebook on the table in anger.

TONY

Dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit!...

As he says this he puts his face in his hands. The helper comes up to them.

HELPER

So, did you guys get what you need?

Tony looks at him through his fingers.

TONY

Can I be honest with you?

HELPER

Sure.

TONY

We got absolute shit! Everyone you brought to us had nothing interesting to say, or would not tell us at all. Are you sure you don't have anyone else?

(CONTINUED)

HELPER

Well, there is one more person I can think of. (pause) But no, it would be forbidden for me to say who it is.

He walks away. Tony and Mike are left in suspense. They get up and follow him.

TONY

You can't just say something like that and walk away!

MIKE

Yeah, what the hell!

The Helper stops and turns around to them.

HELPER

I'm sorry, I'm just not allowed to tell you. This man is horrible.

TONY

I won't say anything. How about you Mike?

MIKE

Of course.

Tony gives him an angry look.

MIKE

Just kidding.

The Helper thinks about it. He then pulls out a slip of paper, writes on it and gives it to Tony in a hand shake.

HELPER

I'm sorry I can't help. I think you gentlemen need to leave. Good luck with your picture.

He walks away. Tony unfolds the paper and smiles and shows the slip to Mike and he smiles all the way out the door.

INT GRAMPS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gramps is sitting on his couch watching the History Channel. Pawn Stars comes on. Gramps suddenly goes from calm, to violent like someone turned on a switch.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMPS

What the hell is this shit?! I watch the history channel for history, Dammit, not to watch an all fat man orgy rip off peoples prized family possessions.

Gramps' door bell starts ringing to the tune of REVEILLE.

GRAMPS

Who the hell is it?!

He gets up off the couch and goes to the front door which is covered in dead bolts, chain locks, and one giant bar lock in the middle. He leans into the peep hole to see Tonys' big nose covering up the entire peep hole hiding and cheesy grin with Mike standing with his back to the door. Then Gives out a loud groan and begins the unlock only the dead bolts and bar lock. With the chains still intact opens the door slightly.

GRAMPS

(sarcastically)

Yeah?!

TONY

Hi, are you Mr. Riley?

GRAMPS

Yes, I am. What do you want? You girls selling thin mints?

Tony lets out a nervous laugh.

TONY

Good one, but no we are not selling thin mints. My name is Tony Danek, and this is Mike Jernigan.

MIKE

(briefly looking back)

Sup.

TONY

We are screenwriters and we are writing a film about Vietnam and we were wondering if we could interview you about your experiences.

GRAMPS

Who gave you my address?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

We got it from the VFW club. Can we come in?

GRAMPS

No.

He slams the door in their faces. He locks the locks and begins to walk away, but he feels bad so he goes back to the door and opens it enough to let them in.

GRAMPS

Come in.

Mike and Tony come in and Gramps shuts the door behind them. The dynamic duo make their way to the couch and right as they begin to sit.

GRAMPS

What do you think you're doing?

MIKE

Sitting?

GRAMPS

I don't think so. Not on my couch.

TONY

Well then where are we supposed to sit?

GRAMPS

I dont give a damn just not my damn couch.

Tony and Mike exchange a puzzled glance and Mike takes one giant step over the living room table and sits on the floor behind it like a desk while Tony just drops to the ground. Gramps makes an awkward shuffle over Tony and sits down in the middle of the couch like a throne with a beer in his hands.

GRAMPS

Okay so what you two... "fellas" want?

TONY

Like we said at the door sir, we are two aspiring screenwriters hired to write a true awe-inspiring Vietnam War epic.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMPS

So what you think I have just some "awe-inspiring" epic story to tell?

TONY

Well, to be honest, we dont relly know. One of the helpers down at the House told use you could help. He didn't tell us what you went through though.

GRAMPS

Of course he didn't. If he tried to tell you, he would just screw the story up. He has no clue what it's like to be in Vietnam. Wondering which day will be your last. Barely getting any sleep because of all the bombs going off. And losing someone close to you in a second from a sniper. That's why he couldn't tell you.

Tears come to Gramps' eyes. Tony is impressed by this.

TONY

Now that's the kind of emotion and stories we are looking for.

The emotion overcomes Gramps.

GRAMPS

Excuse me.

He gets up and walks to the bathroom and closes the door. Tony and Mike just sit there waiting. In the background, you hear him cutting the coke and snort it, but they don't seem to notice. Gramps comes out with the toilet flushing and rubbing his red nose with his left eye blood shot.

GRAMPS

Sorry 'bout that.

TONY

That's fine. (pause) Mr. Riley, I would really like to interview you and make this movie based on your experiences. If that is fine with you.

GRAMPS

(thinking)

Ummm, I guess that will be alright. But I have one condition.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

What?

GRAMPS

Get the story right. Tell it straight. Don't put that Hollywood touch on it. Keep it raw and get the feel of Vietnam.

TONY

Sure.

EXT. GRAMPS' HOUSE - DAY

Tony and Mike are leaving. Mike is a little unsure about Gramps.

MIKE

I'm not too sure about this guy.

TONY

What are you talking about? This guy is perfect! Did you hear his speech? We're lucky someone like him is willing to talk to us.

MIKE

What if this guy just flips the hell out with a crazy ass tunnel flash back cuts the lights on us in the middle of the interview?

TONY

(Cutting off Mike in the middle of his paranoid rant)  
Mike seriously? Don't worry about it.

Mike shrugs and they both get into Tony's car.

INT. TONY'S CAR - DAY

Tony's phone starts ringing. He answers it.

TONY

(into phone)

Hello?...Yes this is Tony Danek, might I ask who's calling?...Oh, Mr. Stone...You want us to meet you in your office?...No it's not a problem, just give me the address

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)  
so I can put it into my  
TomTom...Yes I still have a  
TomTom...Yeah I guess it's funny.  
Can I just get the address?

He writes the address down.

TONY  
(into phone)  
Okay see you in a few minutes.

He hangs up the phone and puts the address into the TomTom.

MIKE  
Who was that?

TONY  
Really? Did you not just hear me  
say Oliver Stone?

MIKE  
No, you said "Mr.Stone"

TONY  
Same thing

MIKE  
No, saying "Mr.Stone" could mean  
anyone.

TONY  
Like who?

MIKE  
I don't know. Roy Stone.

TONY  
Why would we meet with someone  
named Roy Stone?

MIKE  
I don't know. I'm just saying.

The TomTom starts to give directions. It's got Snoop Dogg's  
voice.

TOMTOM  
Take a left in 500 yards, like a  
playa do.

INT. OLIVER STONE'S OFFICE

Tony and Mike are sitting in legendary filmmaker Oliver Stone's office. It is the office of all offices. He has lots of memorabilia and pictures with actors around. **OLIVER STONE** is sitting at his desk counting money.

OLIVER STONE

So have you guys gotten started on the writing yet?

TONY

Well, Mr. Stone, we actually have.

OLIVER STONE

Come on, call me Oliver. We're gonna be working together we might as well get personal.

TONY

okay, Oliver, we met with a guy who has had some big experiences in Vietnam and he is going to let us interview him and build the movie around those experiences.

Oliver is pleased with this statement.

OLIVER STONE

That's very good! It's always good to find real stories, that way it is a more of a realistic movie. Good work.

Tony is so happy he can hardly hide his smile.

OLIVER STONE

I knew I picked the right two people to work on this film. I suggest that you interview him as soon as possible and write the script so we can get the production started soon.

TONY

We'll definitely do that.

OLIVER STONE

Good. Now you can go.

TONY

That's it?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER STONE  
Yes, is there anything else?

TONY  
Nope.

OLIVER STONE  
Then go.

TONY  
Okay.

He and Mike leave the office.

FADE OUT:

CREDITS:

FADE IN:

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

**RICK, BIG HOSS, THE OLD MAN,** and **CHUMLEE** are sitting in the pawn shop watching Couch on the TV. The scene where Gramps yells at his TV comes on. They look upset by the joke. Chumlee thinks the show is hilarious.

RICK  
Did he just call us fat and gay in the same sentence? How dare they do that!

BIG HOSS  
It's not funny at all!

OLD MAN  
It might not be funny, but they are right one thing.

RICK  
What?

OLD MAN  
You guys are fat.

This makes Rick and Big Hoss mad.

RICK  
You're defending the writers?

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN

Maybe if you hit the gym every once  
in awhile, they wouldn't have any  
reason to call you guys fat.

They roll their eyes and look at Chumlee.

BIG HOSS

What are you laughing at, Chum?

CHUMLEE

This show is hilarious! These guys  
are great at writing! They totally  
got us right!

RICK

Are you serious?

CHUMLEE

This is the greatest show ever!

FADE OUT: