

Marlon Olivier:
The Actor's Actor or How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love Marvel

By
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Opening Shot: MARLON OLIVIER, a hot up and coming British actor, in a West End production of Macbeth acting his heart out.

MARLON (MACBETH)
*Methought I heard a voice cry,
'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep: the
innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the
ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life,
sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great
nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's
feast.*

Flash forward to audience standing ovation and curtain call by our up and coming actor. "BRAVO!!!"

(V.O.)
From the Royal Shakespeare
Company straight to the West
End... Marlon Olivier has taken
the acting world by storm.

Cut to EXT. The Arabian desert.

MARLON IS NOW playing T.S. Lawrence , daring to take on the role of roles in this unrepeatable masterpiece (he is THAT good). His guide has just been shot at a distance by Omar Sharif for drinking at his well. Sharif ambles in on his horse.

ALI
Is this pistol yours, English?

MARLON (Lawrence)
No. His.

ALI stuffs the pistol in his own waist band and continues.

ALI
His?

MARLON (Lawrence)
Mine.

ALI

The I will use it.

MARLON(Lawrence)
I had not heard you were a
murderer.

ALI
You are angry, English.

Big garrish zoom onto MARLON's overly dramatic face
and profile...VERY hammed up delivery of next line.

MARLON(Lawrence)
He was my... Friend.

Shot holds in profile while overly emphatic,
emotional music plays in support and the wind blows
on his face.

INT. Academy Awards Ceremony.

We now cut to Oscar night and MARLON walking up in
total surprise to receive his first Oscar for his
first starring role.

V.O. (E.T. Tone and delivery)
They said it couldn't be
done... the role of roles...
but he did it... He is
unstoppable... the world is now
his oyster. What must be going
through the mind of this
vunderkind, boy genius, some
consider to be the greatest
actor of the century ... possibly
EVER. Can we know how the
genius mind works, what
motivates it, what makes it
tick. What role could he
possibly take on next? Will he
challenge Deniro... Pacino?
Olivier himself?

(Pause while Ent Tonight
switches stories)

In other news, Martin Scorcece
has again made statements about
the damaging effects of super
hero movies on the industry and
it's artistic integrity. He's

gone so far as to say he's seen writers now pilfering from other genres, comic book characters and even classic science fiction as they run out of material to feed the super hero machine that shows no sign of stopping.

Cut to INT. An ornate London apartment, MARLON's apartment.

MARLON is sitting on the couch, intently staring at something on the coffee table ... we don't see what it is.

Shot goes overhead. We now see it is an iPhone. MARLON is "sitting by the phone" so to speak... ostensibly waiting for the call from his agent ... the role of the century. We wait quite a few beats. Silence and no motion from our boy.

The phone rings... ring tone is the British standard "Jerusalem". MARLON reaches off camera and pulls in a huge bottle of Bushmills, takes a huge hall before he answers the phone interrupting the second phrase of the song.

MARLON

Bloody hell, Nigel. Now just tell me ... yes or no. Did I get it? Will they do it?

MARLON listens... face changes to rapturous joy and he tosses the phone in the air, starts jumping up and down on his expensive couch. We can only guess what he is happy about.

CUT TO: British Airways landing at LAX.

CUT TO: MARLON exiting sliding doors in Raybans and Armani jacket and Jordans, flashing cameras as he waves and ducks into a waiting limo.

Cut TO INT. Table read of his next big role.

Anecdotal, active, busy music. Cuts to other actors reading their lines, back and forth. Jocularly and craft services, everybody enjoying themselves.

CUT TO: MARLON in soliloquy in his seat at the table read, holds the table in rapt admiration. He finishes his line and the table stands and applauds. He graciously accepts their praises with a "schucks"

grimace and humility. Hugs and kisses and the rest of the cast swarm in.

CUT TO: Rehearsals... busy music resumes.

Actors working on lines, blocking and staging in a plain room with a table. Coaching each other, reading from pages.

CUT TO: MARLON standing in wardrobe, being measured in front of a mirror... he is busy on his phone... seemingly annoyed by the negotiations... possibly over participation.

CUT TO: Advance interviews with director and cast... standards GMA, Sunday morning talk shows, Underwood, Barrymore, etc.

CUT to BLACK. Music fades...

We see the beginnings of a trailer. Slow Lucas Sound build with voice over.

CUT TO: shots of various people of differing backgrounds at their individual homes in several sequenced shots glued to their TVs in exaggerated anticipation. They are hanging on every syllable.

RESUME Trailer:

V.O.

From the man who brought you
MacBeth, who redefined Lawrence
of Arabia for a generation..
who is in talks to play Travis
Bickle in a remake of Taxi
Driver... now brings you the
role he was born to play...

Images forming in void, coming into focus. Scenes of war and destruction, wasteland imagery, scorched earth with varying players carrying futuristic weapons, climbing over bricks and debris. It is a platoon of sorts in a desperate way, no way out, huddled as the enemy closes in.

PLATOON LEADER

(on radio)

Central command... central
command... come in... for God's
sake, come in! Damn it,

headquarters has been taken
out. We're on our own boys.
Make peace with your creator,
fellas... this looks like the
end. Our support has been
taken out... we are surrounded
by poisonous, alien cobras. No
one can help us now.

CUT TO: One of the folks at home from previous viewer
panorama. Their face pinches up at the trailer...
some confusion, indignation... WTF?

RESUME PREV. SHOT

Our lads are slowly huddling closer together. We
hear the hisses of the alien cobras closing in. Shots
pan from one platoon face to another ... look of doom,
faces saying goodbye to each other ... the end is near.

Just then we hear a subterranean rumbling... the boys
are now looking at each other differently. What
could that be? More rumbling, earthquaky sounds as
the soils vibrates and makes waves under their feet.
They change to hopeful, optimistic, Could it be?

Heavy music build, orchestral with kettle drums,
french horns and the earth burst open and a figure
flies out of the ground on the final musical
flourish. Dust clouds, foggy view, slowly clearing
as we slowly focus on our new hero. He spins around
to the camera ...

V.O.
Possum!

CUT TO: previous series of home viewer shots are in
the same order. Each face is expressing beginnings of
annoyance, more WTF looks and quizzical expressions.

RESUME PREV. SHOT. It zooms in on MARLON Olivier in
heavy costume and make up, beady eyes, whiskers,
space type helmet with futuristic attachments in
space armor carrying a laser rifle of sorts.

POSSUM (MARLON)
You boys call for some back up?
I hope you got some old, half

chewed pizza fished out of a
dumpster or I'm going home.

PLATOON LEADER

You're on man. Let's off some
alien snakes!

POSSUM

Stand back fellas. I can handle
these guys MYSELF!

POSSUM runs out of shot.

EXT: A clearing amidst the destroyed remains of the
city.

A group of alien Cobras stands ready for battle.

POSSUM jumps straight into the middle, punching and
biting, hissing, all the animal sounds. They bite
and bite and bite him, to no effect.

Resume PLATOON LEADER.

PLATOON LEADER

Good luck you alien scumbags.
Possums are immune to every
snake venom in the universe. Do
your worst!

Resume POSSUM battle with the cobras. He starts
knocking them off with punches one by one and they
are soon subdued and unconscious. The platoon cheers
and POSSUM raises his fists in victory.

Resume one of the home viewers in stunned disbelief,
annoyance, shock. It is Martin Scorsese. He throws
his sandwich at the TV in anger and screams "JEESUS!
Are you fucking KIDDING ME? "

Resume TRAILER: The platoon has since survived the
snakes and is on to a new enemy... are in laser rifle
battle with another enemy platoon.

PLATOON LEADER

Possum... I think we could use
some of your possum powers
here. The universe is at stake
again... we just have to get
past these guys and save the
senator's daughter with the

plans to the Death Asteroid to
defeat Lars Lader and the evil
kingdom.

Resume shot of Scorsese.. deeper disbelief... "Lars
Lader.?.. Are they goddamn serious.?! George is gonna
flip! MOM! CALL THE STUDIO! No way that fucking moron
is doing Bickle!" ...then back to scene.)

POSSUM (knowing grin)
Oh ...I think I got one or two
tricks in my marsupial pouch.

PLATOON LEADER
(aside to one of the grunts)
Watch this, kid.

POSSUM runs out and into the path of the approaching
enemy platoon. Just as they approach, he flips
awkwardly onto his back into the unmistakable "dead
possum" pose on the ground. The platoon approaches
and pokes him once or twice, he doesn't budge and
they take him for dead, start moving on. Once they
pass his position, he jumps up behind and mows them
all down with his laser rifle to the last man.

RESUME PLATOON LEADER:

PLATOON LEADER
What I tell you kid. That is
one classy rodent.

RESUME POSSUM, smoke clearing from the laser blasts
and battle. He cocks his head as if he hears
something in the rubble. It is a baby crying. He runs
over and moves some wood debris and brick-a-brack to
find a baby in a damaged cradle. He quickly picks up
the baby and cradles it in a fatherly posture,
looking around in sadness.

POSSUM
It's the little ones... I can
stand it when it affects the
kids. Breaks my heart
everytime. There, there now.
Don't cry. You hungry little
fella?... I think I can help
you out little boy. You'll be
warm and safe in my marsupial
pouch.

He awkwardly moves the infant down his abdomen and with a sucking sound, inserts the baby into his marsupial pouch and out of sight with a slurping, closing sound. Corny emotional violins and pathos.

POSSUM

There ya go little fella, safe
and sound. No one gonna hurt
you now... not on my watch.

Big flourish and he takes up his rifle heriocrally, pulls out a bag marked "tics" and opens it up over his head with his mouth open and shakes in a few like popcorn, starts munching them in a crunchy, machismo way.

POSSUM

Now you're gonna pay, Lars
Lader... you're gonna pay.

(Cut to Scorsese again, rubbing his temples, eyes closed. "Popeye... they're *stealing from Popeye...*, my God.....OH.. MY ... GOD.")

Cut to Black: Reviews in Quotes from various publications with accompanying voice over

"Marvel has crossed some kinda line ... a line I didn't think existed."

- Variety

" Put my dog off his food."

- CBS

"I'd call it a shame... but I think we are way past shame. This is a new form of disgust for which a word will likely have to be invented. "

- ABC

"Marvel could be summoned to the Hague."

-The Gazette

"I knew Marlon back in the day, his artistic beginnings,, we shared a cheap flat in Camden. I guess there is enough money in the world, eh Marl? "

- Anonymous friend.

-

" Was he nursing that baby? A new low in gender ambiguity for the super hero genre. "

- Jeff Sessions

Fade to black... then fade in.

"OPENS ARBOR DAY"