

TALKIN' SHITE

Written by

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BLARING MAMBO  
TRUMPET IN

FADE IN:

LOW SOUNDS OF  
SCUFFLING FEET A  
MILD COUGH A  
SNIFFLE

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - EARLY 1970S

Amidst a black background on camera left the frontal torso reflection of a faded 1940's era performing clown. His runny greasy makeup face scowls as he adjusting his shirt and tie. Moments later a second faded performing clown bends up into frame on camera right. He is visibly shaken puts a bowler hat into place and looks into his reflection. He raises his right hand to feel his teeth and with the back of a white glove dabs his lower lip, withdraws and examines the red blood stain. A pause.. A flash of anger and a vicious backhand with the other makes contact with the first clown knocking him out of frame.

DUMPSHEY

Ahhh....Ya'll always be the  
SCHMUCK.

And returns to his reflection to adjust his bowler hat and tie.

A SPRAY MIST  
SOUND

A hail of bathroom freshener spray mist is seen as the hail falls on DUMPSHEY as he looks up.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Ahh...! DOINKS.....NO.....

He recoils backwards flailing arms in an attempt to clear the residue air swearing.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

No No not dat....AASAHHHHH  
Fuck..fuck fuck fuck.....

Schumck walks back into frame and begins poking Dumpshey's suit lapel chuckling confidently.

HITTING FIGHTING  
SCUFFLING SOUNDS  
FADE OUT

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

BACKSEAT BIG  
ENGINE CAR  
RUMBLE  
WINDSHIELD  
WIPERS

EXT. BACK WINDOW LIMO VIEW - RAINY MID DAY

The two clowns are seen and heard chuckling from the exterior rain spotted back window view of a moving limo. As the clowns laugh the limo speeds forward out of frame to a flashy wet pavement and big city reflections.

SOFT MAMBO PIANO  
PERRCUSSION OUT

FADE TO BLACK

MAMBO SOUNDS  
CONTINUED

CUT TO

INT. STUDIO TALK SHOW HOST OFFICE - MID DAY

Gary a middle aged talk show host loose tie reclining in his chair resting feet on the desk surrounded by an adulating production staff.

GARY (BRAGGING)  
Yup.. Thats when I was in my prime  
though..In those day's could do  
probably ...

Gary looking at his fingers begins to silently counting on his fingers and looking up.

INT. STUDIO TALK SHOW HOST OFFICE - MID DAY.(CONT'D)

GARY  
 ...four upta four easy...

And Gary looks up from his fingers and looks at the blonde secretary and other production staff all swooning in awe.  
 Really...Ohhhhh...

Gary's attention is drawn to a screen monitor on the desk and he leans forwards slowly studying the content. Others in the office react and also begin to huddle around the screen to get a view. Gary is suddenly alarmed presses a button on the monitor and begins speaking.

GARY (ATHORATATIVE) (CONT'D)  
 Be sure the escort girls are there  
 to bring them in.  
 General office pandemonium breaks out with people running and yelling and hustling movement of the production staff. Gary mains calm.

MAMBO HORN BLARE

CUT TO:

EXT. TALK SHOW STUDIO ENTRANCE - MID DAY.

The two clowns are seen through the front windshield of the approaching limo peering over the back seat as the car pulls into the studio talk show red carpet entrance amid a wildly cheering crowd.

EXT. RED CARPET ENTRANCE - RAINY MID DAY(CONTD')

CONTINUOUS MAMBO  
 AND CROWD CHEERS

The two clowns emerge from the vehicle Dumpshey first followed by Schmuck who clasps his hands over his head shaking them in the air. The frenzied group cheers, one offers a bouquet of flowers others blowing kisses photographers jump in front taking flash bulb images for the newspapers.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - MIDDAY

MAMBO HORN  
 SOUNDS AND  
 RUNNING AND  
 COMMOTION SOUNDS

An empty studio production facility hallway and a two way speaker on the wall. Gary runs frantic into frame and stops Hastily beside the two way speaker followed by production staff who collide as the entire staff suddenly stops short. Gary pushes the speaker button.

GARY (EXASPERATED)  
WHERE ARE the escorts...ARE THEY  
there yet...Are the escorts  
there...

There is no answer. Gary turns to motion towards the production staff.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Oooooohhhhhh...Just just get them  
through the door.

Gary releases the speaker button and continues running out of from in the same direction followed by the production staff.

MAMBO HORN BLARE

FADE TO:

OLD PHOTO BULB  
FLASH MAMBO AND  
HORN BLARE

EXT. RED CARPET ENTRANCE - RAINY MID DAY (CONT'D)  
Two female escorts appear on either side of the clowns kissing them on the cheek and taking their arms leading them forwards flanked by crowd control as they make there way together forwards along the red carpet towards the entrance of the studio.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY (CONT'D)

MAMBO SOUNDS  
ONGOING

Gary runs across the frame of an empty studio hallway followed by a few of his excited staff.

Cut to

INT. STUDIO ENTRANCE

MAMBO MORE

The two clowns and the escorts enter the building as the

front entrance doors are force shut behind them leaving the rowdy crowd on the outside. A sexy woman passes them by and Dumpshey hanging off his escort tries to get her attention pointing his finger speaking.

DUMPSHEY

Hey honey... ya got wayyyy too much cloths on heh heh heh...

She continues on her way ignoring him. Gary and the production staff run into frame.

MAMBO HORN BLARE  
FADE

FADE TO BLACK

SILENT  
BACKGROUND STAGE  
SOUNDS

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE - INTRODUCTION. LATE AFTERNOON

The two clowns seated on comfy high back recliners and Gary is behind a desk as the three are leaning forwards chuckling sharing a private joke. Gary is interrupted by the makeup girl with a tap on the back and who in mime indicates the hour point to her watch pushes Gary into the back of the chair and slaps a bib on and begins to powder Garys face. Dumpshey begins to pick lint from his jacket that sticks to his white glove as Shmuck adjusts his lapels and bowler hat. The makeup girl removes the bib blows Gary a kiss and walks away.

UP THE THEME  
SHOW AUDIO

TIGHT SHOT ON GARY

GARY

Guys..Were going live in a few seconds ... thanks for being here.

CUT TO:

Long shot of stage and production director with a headset on motions towards Gary and the camera swings to a new angle from the orchestra playing the theme song.

## PRODUCTION DIRECTOR

Ok This is it everybody its  
showtiiiiiiiime ... three..two..one  
ANNNNNDDDD.....

TALK SHOW  
MUSICAL  
ARRANGEMENT UP  
LAUGHTER AND  
APPLAUSE UP

Speaking over the jubilant crowd Gary adopts the Dumpshey cheer shake clasping his hands and waving them above his head as he speaks.

## GARY

Thank you.... Thank you for joining  
us... and letting us into your  
homes this evening for our very  
special tribute... to one of the  
all time greats of entertainment...

CROWD ROAR UP

## GARY (CONT'D)

There is no way you would not know  
of them over all these years.. A  
legacy that has spanned....  
decades...

Gary extends both arms open towards the two seated clowns. The two clowns who are visibly embarrassed by the unexpected manganous reception shrugging their shoulders flinching. The crowd continuing in a rambunctious way chanting..cheering..yelling..applause.

## GARY (CONT'D)

...Ladies and gentlemen an act that  
needs no introduction One of the  
aall time greats... the  
incomprable...

Schumck in the middle of the two on stage rises from his chair and begins to bow as Dumpshey blows kisses to the crowd.

## SCHMUCK (OVER THE CHEERS)

Tanks uhhh...Tanks Taaaaaankssss a  
bunch..

Dumpshey stands as the crowd continues wild. Dumpshey is seen turning left and right as a piece of female lingerie flips by his shoulder landing on his chair which he quickly picks up and examines for elasticity. Gary continues clapping.

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER

GARY (CONT'D)  
.... Dumpshey and...  
Schmuuuuuuuck.....

The crowd continues in uncontrollable applause cheers and shouts in reception for the two clowns.

AUDIO FADE OUT

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE - INTRODUCTION.(CONTINUED)

TALK SHOW THEME  
MUSIC IN  
AUDIENCE  
CLAPPING AND  
CHEERING WILDLY

Gary is seated at his desk, flanked by the two clowns on camera left fumbling cue cards.

GARY (SPEAKING OVER THE APPLAUSE)  
And where back... WOW ALL THESE  
YEARS..Decades of entertainment..

The crowd begins to chant ...DUMPSHEY....DUMPSHEY  
yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa....Gary looks to the crowd makes a funny bemused face and abruptly flips his cue cards in the air where they quickly fall scattered atop the desk. Schmuck clears his throat with a low cough..adjusting himself forwards in the chair

SCHMUCK (LOOKING SLYLY)  
Ahem..Your uhhh...highness here  
Dumpshey... dind't even ta come du  
the show tonite.

CROWD IN  
DISBELIEF



SCHMUCK (CONT'D)  
Says he' too...uhmm...wrinkled

And chuckles to himself.

DUMPSHEY (AGGITATED)  
What...WHAT...WADDA YA SAYIN'...ya  
SCHMUCK.

Dumpshey leand forwards and gives Schmuck a solid backhand to the forehead. The crowd goes wild. Lots of laughter.

SCHMUCK (INSULTED)  
SCHUCK...SCHUCK..YER A DUMPSHEY.

And in a rage stands and tackles Dumpshey in his chair as the two clowns begin fighting on stage and roll out of frame. The crowd continues wildly. Gary alarmed points his finger towards the camera and begins making rolling motions and cut throat motions.

MAMBO HORNS  
BLAST WILD CROWD  
AUDIO ABRUPTLY  
OUT

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

A TELEVISION COMMERCIAL

ORCHESTRAL THREE  
BEAT STRINGS  
DOWN TEMPO

A TELEVISION COMMERCIAL

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

As channels flips and stops on a footage of a French pug dog Running free making his rounds sniffing other dogs shit, and

COMMERCIAL  
JINGLE MAN  
SINGING 1940'S  
STYLE OVER  
SWINGING  
ORCHESTRAL  
STRINGS

SINGING MAN (O.S.)

Your myyyy puppyyy... my  
puppyyyyyy..my puppy....Yor my  
pallllllll....

The dog continues on his way sticking his nose up another  
dogs ass and closing shots of the dog running into masters  
Arms to vigorously licking masters face.

STRINGS FADE TO  
DOWN TEMPO BEAT

And closing shots of the dog now with a flea collar on and in  
large block letters DONT' GET BIT - BITENOT FLEAS COLLARS

Closing shot as the dog continues to pant..and

FADE TO OVER  
EXPOSED SUN  
SHINE OUT

FADE FROM BLACK

INT. LARGE WHITE HALLWAY WAITING AREA. - LATE MORNING

Long shot of a large white well lit hallway. People have  
amassed either paid or voluntary to participate in a taped  
interview to be shown on the talk show as a tribute to the  
two clowns. The atmosphere is chatty and Monty is seen  
speaking with two woman. A bespectacled middle aged man  
enters and stands at one end of the hallway holding a paper  
and pencil and every ones attention turns to him as the  
talking subsides.

BESPECTICALED MAN

AHHmm..Thank you ..The uhhh  
Stylist..The STYLIST ..please..

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. - MID DAY

The stylist lipstick smeared is seated.

BESPECTICALED MAN (O.C.)

..Annnd..what about the two meeting  
..can you tell us anything about  
that.

## STYLIST

Hoday met?'...De used to go on  
about dat all da time..What would a  
happened if dey hadnt' met....Well  
From wad I remebr' from alll doz  
stories I think it startd'...uhhh..

FADE TO WHITE

CUT TO DREAMY  
FLASHBACK  
SEQUENCE

INT. DRINK BAR BATHROOM. - EARLY EVENING

A teenage Dumpshey is standing in the middle of a long row of empty tall urinals with his hands between his legs. A teenage Schmuck walks in steps up besides Dumpshey and undoes his fly. After a moment Schmuck turns his shoulder to Dumpshey.

INT. DRINK BAR BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING CONT'D)

## SCHMUCK

Hey...hey..wadda ya starrin'  
at...huhhh

Dumpshey turns still urinating and lets go on Schmuck's shoes. Schmuck looks down and then up thinking for a moment.

TRIKELING WATER  
ON SHOE SOUNDS

FADE FROM WHITE

FADE FROM BLACK

BEACH BOARDWALK  
CARNIVAL SOUNDS

EXT. MID 1920'S ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK. - EARLY EVENING

The air is fresh as Monty a film mogul taking a break from California emerges from a hotel, top hat, long coat, smoking a cigar making his way along the wooden pier, through a maze of noisy crowded people, Monty dodges racing rolling chairs, as he stares at a flower hawker.

A MALE SINGER  
CHIRPS

BESSAMUCHO  
SOFTLY GUITAR  
ACCOMPIANIMENT

Moving along further he comes across a male musician sinnging Bessamucho with all his heart playing a soft guitar to a captivated crowd. Monty continues to walk slowly bemused by the carnival ambience. A little further on a man selling cotton candy.

COTTIN CANDY SELLER  
Cottin' Candy Cottin' Candy....get  
yerrr..Cottin'candy....

Monty continues and looks over the backs of a gathered crowd and a live circus fire performers. Monty moves closer behind an awed crowd to watch to show.

INTENSE AFRICAN  
DRUM BEATS AND  
AN AWED CROWD  
GASPING FOR MORE

The circus fire performers dance in front of the audience as if two dragons locked in combat tipping long fire poles to edges of their mouths spitting fire towards each other. Monty watches on as the two lock free arms and begin a circle dance twirling in front of the crowd as the drum beat intensifies.

While spinning the circus performers tip their poles to their moths to spit fire continuously now and incontrollable drum beats. They suddenly break spitting fire as they separate.

AWED GASPING  
CROWD SOUNDS

The fire breathers look at each other intensely and the pensive crowd gasps. Far apart one fire breather defiantly stamps closer to the second challenging and spitting fire. The second responds with fire standing idle and the first fire breather recoils. Monty rolls his eyes motioning his eyebrows loosing interest and reaches for the flask from his overcoat turns and walks on further along the boardwalk.

The noise and commotion of the crowd subsides as Monty approaches a corner of the pier and Nathan's a hot dog stand. He takes another swig from the flask still in his hand tips his hat backwards slightly and stares the glowing hot dog stand as a loud conversation becomes audible in the distance.

Monty's attention is drawn towards one end of the hot dog stand. Two 1940's era performing clowns wearing sweaty greasy runny makeup arguing in front of Nathan's.

FIRST MAN

Ok.. give et up..Givet up...Im  
allllmmmost.....dun heree.

And grabs the mustard container from the other man dabbing  
his hotdog and shoving it into his mouth.

SECOND MAN(AGGITATED)

Waaa..Waddaya talkin' about...I.I  
got da first  
two..yaaa SCHMUCK....

And briskly backhands him hard sending the hat off the First  
man's head and the mustard container out of his hand  
splashing into the glass barrier of the hot dog stand. The  
First man regains his composure and suddenly alerts the  
Second man in mime and begins pointing to something going on  
in the distance behind his back.

As the Second man turn to look the First man winds up his  
right leg and gives him a solid kick in the ass causing him  
to fall forwards. The First mans arm moves forwards in the  
air as if to brush him off.

FIRST MAN(VINDICTIVELY)

Yeraaa such aaaaaaaDumpshey....

Monty takes another swig and sensing an act instinctively  
approaches the two clowns. He stops in front of the two  
just staring his hands on his waist smoky cigar hanging from  
his lips. The second clown still grasping what is left of  
his hot dog startled quickly shoves the remainder in his  
mouth.

MONTY

Guys....Guys...Comon on.....Come  
on....GUYS..

Monty slaps Dumpshey's lapel with the back of his hand to get  
his attention. And with the other hand extracts a paper  
contract leaning closer to the two clowns.

MONTY(CONTD')(LOW VOICE) (CONT'D)

Here... look..LOOK AT DIS ..Do me a  
favur....

And with a glint in his eyes shoves the page at the two.

MONTY(CONTD') (CONT'D)

Yerrrr gonna be FAMOUS....  
GUARANTEED just sign here...

Monty points to the bottom of the page and reaches for a pen  
shoving it into Dumpshey's stomach chiding them both onwards.

EXT. MID 1920'S ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - EARLY  
EVENING (CONT'D)

MONTY (CONT'D)  
 Seriously....Come on ..Come  
 on...dat was bedda dan  
 uh screen test or my name  
 ain't....Monty MONTY..of Fidelity  
 Productions.

Dumpshey takes a hard look at Schmuck and if in a dare the  
 other cannot match grabs the pen from Monty and signs,  
 shoving the document back to Monty.

DUMPSHEY  
 Dats a realllyyyy big cigar ya got  
 der..

Dumpshey grabs the cigar from Monty's mouth and begins  
 puffing and the two turn to look at Schmuck. Schmuck raises  
 his head then his eyebrows looks at the two and grabs the  
 page from Monty and puts the pen to paper quickly handing it  
 back to Monty pocketing his pen.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
 Yes...Yes...Californya..  
 ...Were goin ta Californya.. Yer  
 gonna love it der.....AhhhAAAAAAAAA

Monty begins to jump in the air waiving the paper in the air  
 as the two clowns turn to each other

DUMPSHEY AND SCHMUCK (IN UNISION)  
 Whhh..aaaat...Califoniya.Huuuuhhhh  
 h...?

Monty places the document in his pocket extracts his flask  
 takes a swig and passes it to Schmuck and grabs the two  
 clowns by the shoulders and begins leading them on in a  
 circle dance yelling, singing ecstatically.

MONTY  
 EeeeeHHHHeeeHHHEEEEEEEEEEE  
 YAAAAAAAAAH aaaaaaaaaaaa..CALIFORNIA  
 kkkkk.. KALIFONYAAAAA

The three dancing spinning in circles crash into the hotdog  
 stand.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - STYLIST LOVE YOU. - MID DAY(CONTD')

The clowns hair stylist is seated in the chair pursing her fresh lipstick lips pulling lint from her sweater waiting..

BESPECTICALED MAN (O.C.)

Ok ...and the stylist..GO

On cue the stylist composes herself and looks into the camera.

STYLIST

Yup..uHHHhuuu Dat's right  
 .....fourty six yeaaaars.. I  
 followed dooze clowns around. Long  
 long time.

The stylist pauses and drags on a cigarette and looking straight into camera exhaling.

STYLIST (CONT'D)

And it wuz great..always a blast  
 ..a gas..I love it Da time a ma  
 life..yous guys...I LOVE I LOVE YOU  
 ..I LOVE YOU..

The stylist leans forwards in an uncontrollable burst of emotion and kisses the lens repeatedly covering the lens with red lipstick.

ABRUPT CUT AND  
 MICROPHONE  
 MOVEMENT SOUNDS

ROLLING TUBA  
 SOUNDS

FADE FROM BLACK

1920'S ROLLING  
 TUBA HORN SOUNDS

INT. STUDIO OUTAKES CONSTRUCTION SITE. - MID DAY

PO.V HIGH ANGLE AS IF FROM ANOTHER 5 STORY BUILDING VIEW  
 LOOKING DOWN IN THE DISTANCE

INT. STUDIO OUTAKES - CONSTRUCTION SITE - MID DAY(CONTD')

Faded scratchy archival footage. A large long view of a construction site. A five story building lined with scaffolding in scratchy black an white changing light. The camera motion is sped up fast quirky, and jitters.

Amidst the black and white Dumpshey on camera left on the ground and Shmuck on the top scaffolding rung are highlighted in vivid color as they move around aimlessly in circles confused. A lone camera man appears and sets up an old style box camera on a wobbly tripod removes his hat scratching his head as he ponders the next shot.

Running around in circles Dumpshey on the ground is seen placing a bag of plaster on one end of a sea-saw, after which he runs to the other end of the sea saw and promptly jumps on the reclined other end sending the bag of plaster spinning in the air upwards towards Schmuck.

Schmuck runs along the scaffolding rampart arms extended as if to catch the bag, turns again and runs in the opposite direction. The bag of plaster falls on his back and splits to a large puff of plaster dust. Schmuck staggers his arms swinging in the air as he tries to keep his balance on the edge of the platform.

He falls backwards grabbing a rope on the way down and lands on the other edge of the sea saw in a puff of plaster dust propelling Dumpshey upwards into the air. Dumpshey consequently rises and then quickly falls back down again as Schmuck in a puff of dust is pushed upwards again. This continues repeatedly as the rise of the two clowns diminishes with each landing action and slowly dwindles to a halt.

The sea saw halts. The two are left staring at each other Dumpshey on the ground elevating Schmuck. Dumpshey lighting a cigarette walks off the edge of the sea saw plank leaving Schmuck to crash again into another cloud of plaster dust smoke. Schmuck angry stomps towards Dumpshey emitting plaster dust puffs along the way and shoves him hard. Words are spoken but unheard as an argument ensues.

CUT TO PRINT CUE CARD

SCHMUCK  
AAAHHHHH..SHUDDUPPP...YAAAAAA..DUM  
PSHEY.....

Dumpshey wobbles backwards his arms waving in the air and steps into a water bucket with his left foot.

INT. STUDIO OUTAKES - CONSTRUCTION SITE - MID DAY(CONTD')

Dumpshey spins in circles trying to keep his balance as the stuck water bucket splashes water around. Dumpshey is seen yelling shaking his fist but not heard.

CUT TO PRINT CUE CARD



DUMPSHEY  
BAAAA..YAAAA..SCHMUCK..... YAAA  
SCHMUCK.....

Dumpshey falls backwards loosing his balance as he shakes his fist in the air in tandem with the splash bucket on the leg.

FADE TO BLACK

MAMBO HORN BLARE

FADE FROM BLACK

AUDIENCE CROWD  
LAUGHTER

INT. TALK SHOW STUDIO. - MID DAY(CONTD')

The three regained composure Schmuck leans forwards to speak.

SCHMUCK  
Ya..uhhh dat wuz duh foist  
screenin' test Montee liked duh  
takes and we signed again.

DUMPSHEY  
I uhhh...I wuz skeptcle scean  
testin, filmin and den  
....aaaaanuder contract ...Lotta  
scams den.. doze studio people  
....capital slime.

SCHMUCK  
Yehaa dats' rit Duuuhhh...anuder  
contract. Really We taught Montee  
lost du foist one...

INT. TALK SHOW STUDIO - MID DAY(CONTD')

DUMPSHEY  
It was terrible..in doooze ...all  
one take flms lotta B GRADE  
macho...stuff...youwas just workin'  
and Workin' alll ada time...

AUDIANCE  
LAUGHTER

FADE TO BLACK

ROLLING TUBA IN

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE SET STUDIO OUTAKES. - MID DAY (CONTD')

Scratchy film. The three are seen huddling in front of the construction set camera man in the background scratching his head and Monty waiving a contract. As Monty taps Schmuck a cloud of plaster dust rises as Schmuck is busy drinking from a flask. Schmuck grabs the document with the other hand and flips it around looking oddly at it and passes it to Dumpshey in a cloud of dust.

Dumpshey grabs the pen from Monty's hand and signs pushing the paper back to Schmuck. Monty grabs his cigar from Dumpshey's mouth and shoves the pen towards Schmuck's hand. Schmuck looks at the two irritably shoves his flask to Monty who takes a sip grabs the pen and signs with a dramatic salvo and a puff of plaster dust period action trading back the flask for the paper and grabbing Monty's cigar for a puff.

WHISTLE COW BELL  
AUDIO OUT

FADE TO BLACK

FLAPPER MUSIC  
AND CROWD

FADE FROM BLACK

INT. NIGHT CLUB SCREEN TEST AFTER PARTY. - MID EVENING.

The two clowns accompanied by women entering the night club and being led through a jubilant crowd mingling between musical acts towards a table.

As they arrive at their table a seated woman close by winks and bats her eye lashes at Dumpshey. Schmuck notices and jealousy.

Dumpshey distracted seats his date. Dumpshey turns to the winking woman and as he motions to sit as Schmuck promptly grabs the chair from under him. Dumpshey falls backwards hitting a champagne stand holder causing it to burst spraying the nearby crowd pulling the set table and cloth from his table down with him as Schmuck offers the empty seat to his date.

The other surrounding guests rise from the champagne shower some of them hitting their plates upwards from their table sending them flying into the air and spin around in circles confused bumping into each other. Dumpshey is seen rising from the table as he regains his balance looking towards Schmuck then lunging towards him. A shoving match ensues.

DUMPSHEY  
Yeeeerrr suchaaaa SCHMUCK....

As Schmuck falls backwards from the second push he lands backwards into the arms of approaching security. The bouncer pushes Schmuck off and grabs him by the back of the coat collar and begins dragging Schmuck out of frame.

Dumpshey startled turns to leave and walks into a second bouncer head on and they bump heads reclining in pain holding their for heads. Dumpshey quickly with his other arm grabs a woman nearby and shoves her onto the bouncer and turns to flee.

FADE TO BLACK:

MAMBO HORN BLARE

FADE FROM BLACK:

SOFT ROLLING  
TUBA

INT. STUDIO OUT TAKES TRAIN STATION BOLOGNA ITALY LATE  
1920'S. - MID DAY

AMBIENT TRAIN  
SOUNDS LIGHT  
VIOLIN

Faded flickering sepia footage opens on a stunning sultry woman wearing long pants of the day gazing the train station clinging to a leash and white poodle puppy. Dumpshey walks into frame.

CUT TO PRINT CARD

DUMPSHEY  
Hey.. Hey.. Sweat hart...Youd' look  
much bedda.. in'a dress...

Dumpshey makes a motion with his hand looks away and takes a drag of his cigarette. The woman visibly bemused by the clown challenges him grabbing the cigarette from Dumpshey dragging on it and blowing the smoke into Dumpshey's face.

CUT TO PRINT CARD

SULTRY WOMAN (THICK EUROPEAN ACCENT)  
Drrrrress....DRRRRRRESS?...You  
Want me have dresssss...Ok darlink  
...I give you drrrrresssss....

The sultry woman leans closer to Dumpshey and aggressively places her hand on Dumpshey's chest. She begins to draw her hand slowly downwards leaning closer towards Dumpshey's ear softly whispering...

CUT TO PRINT CARD

SULTRY WOMAN (CONT'D)

I give you dressss.....

The two throw their heads backwards laughing wickedly Dumpshey exhaling a cigarette.

FADE TO BLACK:

SOFT ROLLING  
TUBA AND BAR  
AMBIENCE

CUT TO

INT. STUDIO OUT TAKES LATE 1920'S SMOKY MOROCCAN DRINK BAR. - LATE NIGHT.

Dumpshey and Schmuck are leaning off a bar cheesy and charismatic sipping drinks. A cigarette girl walks by. Schmuck grabs her by the arm ..

SCHMUCK

Hey ..Hey..Honey Bayby..Sexy  
..Gorgeous. Sweet HEART sweat harrrt  
wwwwe..werrya goinnn?..

Dumpshey turns to the girl tapping his finger on the bar.

DUMPSHEY

Idddaaaa.. Ida hav ta say I uhhhh..  
agreeee wid im on dis here point  
Really ya gotta ... ya gotta  
uhhhh... slow down.

Dumpshey looks away and takes a drink.

SCHMUCK (NODDING HIS HEAD GRIMACE)

Whoaaa..Whhooaa..hold on ...Sweat  
Face really.. Ya got a great frame  
goin' on der...YA can tell..

The cigarette girl yanks free of Schuck's hold on her arm and chews gum and stares into Dumpshey's face.

CIGARETTE GIRL (COMPLACENT)  
 Whaaaa..Wha.. Wadda ya sayin' Ya  
 wannaaaa. Se whats' goin' on down  
 der.....

Dumpshey releases her arm and adjusts his tie.

SCHMUCK  
 Ok look .. Honey SweatFace I got  
 uhhhh..five bucks..Wa...Waddaya  
 say...

The cigarette girl rolls here eyes pushing Schmuck out of her way.

CIGARETTE GIRL (CONFIDING FROM A  
 DISTANCE)  
 Listen Palll...Der aint' no  
 discounts for Chumps..Ok ..

The cigarette girl turns and walks away. Dumpshey looks up from the bar to Schmuck.

DUMPSHEY  
 She wants it... She wannnts it  
 real bad.

SOFT ROLLING  
 TUBA AND BAR  
 AMBIENCE

FADE TO BLACK:

AUDIENCE  
 WHISTLING SOUNDS  
 AND CLAPPING

INT. STUDIO TALK SHOW STAGE. - MIDDAY(CONTD')

Dumpshey seated between the two leans towards Gary in a low voice confiding.

DUMPSHEY  
 Lotta B grade stuff cum outta  
 der...and the leadin' macho male..  
 Annd..if ya dint' like it Monty  
 always had dis papoi in his  
 jacket...  
 (MORE)

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
 just pullin' it out.like it wuz  
 some reminton' or somtin'  
 ..pointin'...Pointin' at du bottum  
 uh du page..And befor ya know it we  
 was doing anuder take....He He was  
 makin' me doit really .. I..I  
 didnt' wanna..

The statement compels Schmuck to laughter slapping his knees.

SCHMUCK (OVER LAUGHTER)  
 So...yer sayin ' da t the studio  
 didnt' need a leedin' clown  
 den...is dat ..is dat wadyer  
 sayin'..Yre such a Dumpshey...

And Schmuck backhands Dumpshey in the fore head.

GARY  
 Ohhhh..for...

And throws his hands in the air exasperated as the two clowns  
 Roll out of frame in mortal combat.

GARY (CONT'D)  
 Cut..OK CUT...just just go to the  
 interviews.

And rises from his chair fed up walks around the two rolling  
 around and offstage.

AUDIENCE  
 LAUGHING  
 CHEERING FADE  
 OUT SOUNDS

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE FROM BLACK

INT. LARGE WHITE HALLWAY WAITING AREA. - LATE MORNING

A large wooded door is heard opening over the chatty crowd as  
 The bespectacled man returns looking at a page over the crowd  
 asking for Gladys.

BESPECTICALED MAN  
 AHHmm..Thank you  
 ..Gladys...Dumshey's sister  
 Gladys...please..

Gladys raises her arm adjusting her wig and rises from her chair pausing to pull her skirt down and walks towards the interviewer smiling. The two turn and exit to the interview room as the chatty talking resumes.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM GLADYS. - LATE MORNING

Gladys is seated fidgeting as her fat ass is uncomfortable in the provided folding studio chair. Her name appears in white block letters at the bottom of the screen.

The interview with Gladys is already underway as Gladys comments.

GLADYS

Dumpshey... Dumpshey..YA know what  
I remembas' da most bout him was  
dat when uhh he was lille ..hee was  
uhhh..always pickin' at somtin' in  
his nose.  
Da little nose picker...dats ..dats  
waaat we used tas callem ..da  
littdle nose picka....

MAMBO HORN BLARE  
OUT

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

STUDIO AUDIENCE  
LAUGHING SOUNDS

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. - MID DAY(CONTD')

Dumpshey clearly not happy about his sister Gladys as he comments

DUMPSHEY

Gladys...GLADYS...my stupit  
sista..OOhhhh ..She She..

Dumpshey put emphasise on all of his next words.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

She. would. not. shut. up. about.  
how much I looked liked duh clown  
in. duh...picta..Awnnn and Awnn..I  
wanedd ta stangle hur at one  
point..in duh end..really ..it was  
too much...GLADYS..

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER AND  
CLAPPING

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW HALLWAY. - LATE MORNING

CHATTY INTERVIEW  
HALLWAY SOUNDS

The interview hall Gladys is seen leaving as the interviewer  
approaches the crowd again.

BESPECTICALED MAN

Myrna...Myrna please ..looKing for  
Myrna...uhhhh

The interviewer breaks speech to look at the page.

BESPECTICALED MAN (CONT'D)

Dumpshey's first wife..Myrnaa...

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. - LATE MORNING

Withered Myrna is seated, long mousy hair hangs from her  
shoulders as her first name appears in white block letters at  
the bottom of the screen and she begins in a course voice.

MYRNA (CANDID)

Well.. He wasnt' dat discrete ..Let  
me tellyaaa....

CUT TO

FLASHBACK

MAMBO HORN BLARE



EXT. CINEMA TICKET LINE. - EARLY EVENING

As Dumpshey and Myrna wait in line for tickets to the latest release Dumpshey is seen pinching and slapping passerby girls.

CUT TO

INT. CINEMA. - LATE NIGHT

Dumpshey and his wife Myrna are seated in the cinema watching the latest pirate thriller release.

CUT TO

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

INT. PIRATE SET STAGE. - MID DAY

Long shot of a pirate scene set. The two clowns are positioned on either side of a pirate boat, armed with swords, complete with open white sails and pirate flags, surrounded by a plethora of extras mingling along the deck during takes. A Second AD appears on set clapping.

SECOND AD

Ok EVERYBODY ..This is it were  
ready places everybody...

The crowd on the boat moves into place and an orchestra winding up is heard in the background. The director walks into frame beside the AD speaking through a megaphone.

DIRECTOR

Thank you everyone thank you..OK  
SO..with a bit more energy this  
time READY EVERYONE..ANDDDDD  
...WIND UP ...

A wind machine turbine cranks and the sails fill with air blowing the cast clothing around as well as the speed is readjusted downwards. Men are seen balancing on ladders dumping splashy water buckets into the fans to add effect.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

SOUND ....ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA HECTIC  
FRENETIC TEMPO

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

CAMERAAAAAAA...AND ROLLING...

A clapper is seen jumping into frame slamming down hard on the slate.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
AND ACTION.....

The moment begins to whirl as the two clowns and the extras in time to the music collide and avoid along the windy wet deck as the ship is jostled around on pulleys. Dumpshey and Schmuck inch progressively closer back to back fighting off the enemy along the way. The two clowns bump back to back and turn to face the other.

In gallant shivery they drop their swords as a to challenge each other. Dumpshey removes his left white glove finger by finger and reaches to slap Schmuck hitting him with a hard for hand instead.

DUMPSHEY  
Take Dat YA SCHMUCK..

Amidst the flurry a damsel in distress runs by who stops to shriek at Schmuck recoiling in pain. Dumpshey leans forwards and pinches the attractive damsel in the ass. She shrieks again and runs off.

MAMBO HORN BLARE

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

STUDIO AUDIENCE  
CLAPPING  
LAUGHING  
CHEERING

INT. TALK SHOW STUDIO. - MID DAY

Dumpshey is seated and clearly agitated even more about the women in his life and the mention of his first wife.

DUMPSHEY  
Myrna..MYRNA?.... She was uh.. A  
minor chiclette..stand in.. Did  
uhhh background vocals for  
uhhh..stuff like Toisy Moon and  
jingles and stufff..

Shmuck raises his head in reflection interrupting begins to speak.

SCHMUCK

YA welll. gotta admit dat I like  
the slutty ones... the ones dat  
dress up slutty..

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER AND  
CLAPPING

Dumpshey bored drifts off into day dream

CUT TO

DUMPSHEY'S DAYDREAM

EXT. PARK. - MID SUNNY AFTERNOON

A SLAP IN THE  
FACE SOUND OFF  
CAMERA

The scene opens in a sunny park as Dumpshey rubs the side of  
his face in front of an attractive woman.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Get Loast...Keep yer mitts offa  
me...YA hairy Lug...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK:

BIRD CHIRPS AND  
CUTLERY SOUNDS

INT. BRIGHT SUNNY KITCHEN. - EARLY MORNING

Dumpshey and Fiona are seated at a white cloth breakfast  
table. Dumpshey reads the news paper with interest,  
CUT TO

CLOSE UP

A news paper article and large picture in the society pages  
on the topic of the two clowns efforts to sell war bonds at a  
recent evening gala.

Dumpshey unconsciously motions his free hand towards the jam  
on the table. The all is seemingly quiet sunny morning  
kitchen silence is broken by the shrill of a female voice as  
her hand collides at the same time. Dumpshey quickly  
withdraws his hand.

DUMPSHEY (NODDING HIS HEAD IN  
APPROVAL)

Here take it... take it ..I wantya  
ta have it..

Dumpshey pushes the jar of jam closer to Fiona and quickly  
withdraws his hand.

EXT. PARK - MID SUNNY AFTERNOON(CONTD')

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
 Have it...have the da hoole  
 ting..take it away I want ya ta  
 have it all..Sweetcakes..

Fiona raises her head from the table and timidly in a low apologetic voice.

FIONA (TIMID)  
 But I..I ...

DUMPSHEY  
 Now goil..Comeon ..dont go poofy on  
 mes..I..I insist.. I...Wannnyaaa ta  
 Whadd..Wadda ya watn' four...its'  
 all yoissss....

MAMBO HORN BLARE  
 OUT

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

AUDIENCE  
 LAUGHTER AND  
 CLAPPING

INT. TALK SHOW STUDIO. - MID DAY (CONTD')

Schmuck bows to the laughter. He extends his arms towards Dumpshey and begins to speak.

SCHMUCK  
 I mean Wadda ya wanna be hangin' off  
 the same poison for sooo...long  
 Spare me da misery Turnin' du  
 lights off afta a couplea  
 weeks...Please

Dumpshey raises his eyebrows surprised.

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)  
 Dis Dumpshey heeeeyaaar... on du  
 udder hand likes Fat Assed Ditsy  
 Goils...YAaaa...she dint' need  
 undawhere ..dat won..  
 Myrna..chuckling

DUMPSHEY (DEFENSIVE)  
 Waaa What..Did I hearya say dat  
 Myrna was a whore...ya knooo, Some  
 goils arrr just naturally  
 undawearless..and I gotta say  
 it...I gotta say dis..I was glad  
 when Myrna just uped 'nd left..

Dumpshey leans forwards to the edge of his seat getting  
 closer to Schmuck.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
 ..But Myrna ..Myrna was not a whore  
 ..Is dat wad I hoid comin' ouuta  
 yer mouth? Myrna da whore..

And backhands Schmuck to the face knocking him off his chair  
 and out of frame. He rises from his chair and Perseus him  
 yelling.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
 Ya lille'... SCHMUCK...

Schmuck stands and confronts Dumpshey

SCHMUCK  
 Yaaaa.. Dumpshey..She was quoted as  
 a dangerous and stupid' combination  
 by VARIETY..And den now imda  
 Schmuck..? Yeeeera Dumpshey.

And punches him.

MAMBO HORN BLARE

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE OPERA BALCONY. - MID DAY

Before a take of the scene the two clowns are arguing about  
 the scene.

In his desperation Dumpshey in high drama fakes a heart  
 attack to get out of shooting the scene. The attempt is not  
 taken seriously by the troupe and Monty runs into frame  
 shaking a contract to put Dumpshey in his place.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

INT. STUDIO OUT TAKES OPERA BALCONY. - EARLY 1930'S

Archival flicker as the two clowns are seen entering a balcony seated area of an extravagant opera house.

They make their way to the middle of a seating area stop and begin to motion for the same seat colliding behinds.

At first they are bemused by the incident passing it off but soon they collide again and it becomes clear it is a territorial issue and defend as the two clowns begin a comical shoving match.

DUMPSHEY

I saw it furst...ya SCHMUCK..take dat..

SCHMUCK

Wadddaya talkin' about ...I was closer ..alot clozzer... Yer such a ...DUMPSHEY...

Schmuck shoving Dumpshey back. Dumpshey angrier then ever grabs Schmuck and throws him over the seating to the upper row. Schmuck rises jumps down and punches Dumpshey hard sending him downwards towards the seating row below crashing onto seated guests. Dumpshey rises and shakes his fist in the air.

DUMPSHEY

Yer such a SCHMUCK...

Dumpshey pushes the disoriented fallen on guests out of his way one fights back beating him with an umbrella that opens as he scrambles up the seating towards Schmuck..

ROLLING TUBA OUT

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

EXT. CAMPING SITE. - EARLY EVENING

CHIRPING BIRDS  
AND LOG FIRE  
SOUNDS

A tent is seen in the background as the The two clowns are seated in front of a dampening fire swatting flies arguing as they drink beers. Schmuck shaking on hand in the air pointing a finger.

SCHMUCK

Oh enddd...uhh.Lest We frget' Dat greet perfomance'..Da Casino scene ..same ting..different place ..and uhh.

Schmuck swats a fly on the side of his sweaty neck.

DUMPSHEY (INTERUPTING)

Waid..WAID A MINUT'..

SCHMUCK

And dat goil ...dat slinky goil..Come on.. The Stench reeking of dat reel is like a rancid French Camembert.

DUMPSHEY

Awwww SHUT UP Ya SCHMCK....

Dumpshey throws his beer bottle at Schmuck. The beer bottle bounces off of Schmucks left shoulder in a splash.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Yeeeerrr jussst jelous 'cause I got faaaawidher'

Fiona a tall woman with a tight skirt and large breasts held in place by an open red lumber jack shirt waddles into frame holding a bunch of small wood twigs. She stops in the middle of the two clowns turning alternately to each as she speaks.

FIONA

Cut it yous' guys cuuuuuiiddd'..out. Come on nawwww... help me ge t da fira startd'...

Fiona bends her short skirt ass forwards into Schmucks face as her breasts are reveled from the frontal bow towards the fire as she begins to scatter the twigs. She bends up abruptly slapping a fly from the back side of her leg.

FIONA (CONT'D)

OuuUWWWCH.....

Fiona looks at the two clowns and promptly resumes her fire activity. Dumpshey jealousy a flash of anger glint in his eyes.

DUMPSHEY

Heyyyy...Hey.....

Dumpshey grabs seated Schmuck by the arm shaking it.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Waddaya starin'aaaaattttt...

YA SCHMUCK.....

And Dumpshey leans forwards and bats Schmuck with the back of his gloved hand on the chin. As Schmuck falls backwards his beer bottle fly's upwards and crashes into the fire. Fiona jumps into Dumpshey's lap away from the flying sparks. Dumpshey holds her sensually hand on upper skirt leg and other close to her breast as the two jostle. Fiona grabs Dumpshey's face as if to hold it in place bends forwards to whisper into Dumpshey's ear.

FIONA

So.. This is your idea of a good time then?....

And Fiona begins kissing Dumpshey madly.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE FROM BLACK

INT. STUDIO TALK SHOW STAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The three are seen seated on the studio stage contemplating something as the crowd cheers. Dumpshey motions with his right arm raised into the air to speak as the crowd gradually silences.

SCHMUCK

Aaaanddd..Uhhh...dats' why I aint' ever got married..Borrerrrinnn.Aftr Treeweeks yer just goin' nuts....Turnin' doz lights offf Wadda ya Kiddin' me

AUDIENCE CROWD  
LAUGHING  
WHISTLING

SLOW IMAGE AND AUDIO FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK

DREAMY PIANO  
MUSIC



INT. MOTION PICTURE STUDIO. - BACKSTAGE - MID DAY

Amidst the hustle of a studio set change backstage the cast is crowded into a corner chatting, smoking and drinking. Dumpshey wanders away dreamy passing backstage towards another set. As the bustle of the backstage sound fades Dumpshey hears music and approaches a large curtain.

Dumpshey slowly draws the heavy curtain aside. A voluptuous blonde large frill dress swings freely to and fro suspended by rope on a Childs wooden swing singing at the top of her lungs as a piano player seated in front accompanies her.

VOLUPTUOUS BLONDE (SINNGING)

I got RUSSIAAAA I got Russiaaaa  
 ...I got RURRERRRRRR... IN MYYYY  
 hartttt...

As the piano player finishes the closing of the song as the swing slows. Dumpshey approaches the two as the voluptuous woman descends from the swing and also approaches the piano. The piano player and the woman begin to chat as Dumpshey takes a drink from his flask and lites a cigarette and leans on the piano.

PIANO PLAYER

I dunnnoooo...It sound tooo...much  
 like dat uhhh...udder sound.

VOLUPTUOUS BLONDE

Song va meeen song dontchaaa.

PIANO PLAYER

Goil... its duh same tink...

Dumpshey leaning off the piano by now motions an offer of his flask to the piano player who accepts.

DUMPSHEY

Poisinally...I thought it was a bit  
 ...uhh abit

VOLUPTUOUS BLONDE

A bit wadddd...Goon on Big guy ay  
 somtin'

DUMPSHEY

A bit overda top ...

CUT TO:

A little later on the two continue practicing the voluptuous woman standing at the piano players side extending her arms as she sings as Dumpshey tinkles his finger on the piano top.

VOLUPTUOUS BLONDE (SINGING)  
 Siberrrrriaaaaaaaa...SIBERRRRRIAAAAA.  
 ...OHHHHH SIBERIAAAAAAAA and my  
 hearrrrttttt.....

As piano ends the woman finishes her piece she lowers her arms pleased with her rendition.

PIANO PLAYER  
 Dat's what immmmm  
 sayyyinnnn..cantya hear it?

DUMPSHEY (INTERJECTS)  
 I gotit.. maybe uhhh...musically it  
 needs a swingin' string section out  
 like uh....DUt DA daaaa Dut da  
 daaaa Dut dadaaa ...

The two turn to look at Dumpshey and marvel at his musical abilities as if to put something in sync.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
 Rolling...dun dun dun dun  
 ....daatta Data dunt..

PIANO PLAYER  
 I tink he's got it...really ..

As a vote of assurance passes the flask back to Dumpshey. Schmuck storms from behind and slaps Dumpshey on the back.

SCHMUCK  
 Hey HEY...What...Waddda ya doin'  
 ...

The piano player ignoring him starts to play signalling to the woman.

PIANO PLAYER  
 Ok heeereweeegooo againnnnn....From  
 The top ..One Two ..

And piano sounds introduction sets a metronome as the woman begins to sway to the music.

VOLUPTUOUS BLONDE (SINGING)  
 Siberrrrriaaaaaaaa...SIBERRRRRIAAAAA.  
 ...OHHHHH SIBERIAAAAAAAA and my  
 hearrrrttttt.....

Schmuck's turns his attention to the song as the piano finishes waving an index finger in the air.

SCHMUCK (INTERJECTS)  
 Dat...Dats missin' somtin'....

Everything stops as the piano player winds down a few tinkles out. The four stare at each other in silence with a look of deciding who will argue next first. In the silence nine large men dressed in suits some of them armed burst onto stage.

G MAN  
ALLLrite ALLLL ALRITE...BREAK IT UP  
BREAK ITUPPPPP...

SECOND G MAN  
DONT MOVE DONT ANNNYONE MOVE..

The men quickly scatter around the stage looking for anything hidden in the immediate area. The piano player in anguish leans his head into his palms elbows on the piano keys. The closer men motion towards the group and begin handcuffing the woman and others.

G MAN  
Ok comme on come one... yer coming  
wid us ..and we dont want  
annnnnyyyy trouble. Ok lets go  
coeme on ...moveem out..

The group is led off stage handcuffed and pushed forwards as Dumpshey kicks at one of the men on the way out.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHING  
CLAPPING SOUNDS

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. - MID DAY(CONTD')

Schmuck speaks between laughter and laughing.

SCHMUCK  
Annndddd.. Da lawyeeers advice..he  
he heeeee...

CUT TO

INT. PRISON CELL MEETING AREA. - LATE AFTERNOON

The scene opens in an institutional prison holding area painted white. In the centre of the room is a plain desk where a sweaty frantic disheveled lawyer sits across the two clowns addressing them mid way. Schmuck anxious arms on the table Dumpshey entirely disinterested daydreaming even.

The lawyer wipes the sweat from his brow as he stares at the two clowns.

LAWYER  
Any questions?

The lawyer pauses and dead serious.

LAWYER (CONT'D)  
This truth commission is deep shit.  
You know what it know foor? One  
even wonders hoow you could have  
even stepped in it....and This will  
be... their point. So the best  
defence is to not say anything..

INT. PRISON CELL MEETING AREA - LATE AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

LAWYER  
Not a woord...Just remember denail  
...dont admit it admit  
nothinng...Make it like it never  
happened ...  
An imaginary fiction ...Be  
ambiguous ..Answer the question but  
don't say anything...Be evasive  
question have they could have ever  
been sooooo wrong.

The lawyer pauses to wipe his brow of sweat looking at the two for some kind of acknowledgement or reaction but gets none.

LAWYER (CONT'D)  
Do ya get it? ...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE FROM WHITE

LARGE AUDITORIUM  
MEETING HALL  
SOUNDS

INT. PROVISIONAL COURT HOUSE FACILITY. - MID MORNING

The scene opens onto a long well lit makeshift all white arena courthouse facility packed with people. As the two clowns are led in from one end of the hall the camera pans to an elevated panel group at the other end as a judged bangs his mallet.

The two clowns pass the piano player and the voluptuous woman in chains behind a glass plate as they make their way across the floor.

JUDGE(NASAL VOICE)  
Alllrite...Alrite... Order..ORDER  
Order in Da court...Alloww the  
defendant to be seeeted...Order..

CUT TO

Schmuck in the docket protesting

INT. PROVISIONAL COURT HOUSE FACILITY. - MID MORNING (CONTD')

SCHMUCK  
We wasnt' doinnn nuttin' just  
listenin' Waaaa Wadddayawantttt...  
Musical ARRANGMENT Wadda ya kiddin'  
me..

CUT TO

An agitated judge

JUDGE (ENRAGED)  
What?..What ...yer not  
listening...?

CUT TO

Dumpshey on the stand apathetic.

DUMPSHEY  
Look yer honurrrr.. As much as ya  
wanna beleive it ...We aint' no  
COMMIE Stooges yer goin on about  
..Look here I brought dis old  
clippin'...here.

Dumpshey unravels an old newspaper clipping passing it to a judge assistant who passes it to the judge. The judge slides his glasses of his nose to examine the paper clipping.

CUT TO

The same newspaper scene from Fiona breakfast and the War Bond Gala article in the society pages.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)  
Dat wuuud be a conflit uhhh  
interest...I got nuttin' morrr ta  
say...

The judge looks up from the page.

JUDGE

This is disruptive..Disruptive ..Ok  
That's it ajuurned...courts  
ajuuunnded.

The judge slams the hammer down and passes the paper along to the panel.

CROWD COMMOTION  
ANXIETY

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PROVISIONAL COURT HOUSE FACILITY. - MID MORNING.  
(CONT'D)

The court scene resumes later the two clowns are seated solemnly as the panel decision is being read out.

JUDGE (SELF RIGHTEOUS)

And.. It is the decision of this  
panel based on the evidence brought  
before us ..that theses two commie  
clowns.. be banished... not only  
from Hollywood but all of  
California...proper  
indefinitely...aaannnd effective  
immediately.

The two clowns look at each other Schmuck rolling his eyes in disbelief and Dumpshey indifferent as the sound of a mallet is heard banging in the background and general crowd commotion and reaction to the decision.

CROWD MIX  
DISBELIEF SHOCK  
AND CHEERING

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM MONTY. - LATE MORNING

Monty is being interviewed

MONTY

Der is nooooo way does two clowns  
are commies noooooooooooooo way.

Monty waves his arms as to motion to get away from the notion

MONTY (CONT'D)

A bum rap..Waaa Can I say..bad as  
it was.

FADE TO BLACK

CuT TO

SOFT CITY STREET  
SOUNDS AND  
PUDDLES

EXT. N.Y. BROADWAY AND 49TH EARLY 1950'S. - RAINY NIGHT.

The two clowns are tramping around in the warm rain.  
Dumpshey is holding a flask drunk and singing as they stop  
under a drippy awning of a Broadway Show entrance and gaze  
out towards the flashy city street lights and neon behind.

DUMPSHEY

Calllifornya.....Calllifonyaaaa

Schmuck turns to look at Dumpshey grabs the flask from his  
hand takes a drink and backhands his chin with his other one.

SCHMUCK

AwwwwwShut Up Ya Dumpshey...

As Dumpshey says backwards for the hit Schmuck drops the  
flask and quickly grabs Dumpshey by the jacket lapels shaking  
him speaking close to his face.

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)

Can't ya see it ....CAN'T YA SEE IT  
Dis is it...Ds is it

Schmuck continues to shake Dumpshey drunk as their feet  
splash around the puddles kicking the flask.

DUMPSHEY

Yer kiddin me.. Dis..Dis is whaaaa  
ya want'... here  
....BROADWAY..AHHHH...Yaaaahav' duh  
mind of a SCHMUCK.

Dumpshey breaks free of Schmucks hold quickly bats Schmuck in  
the nose looks around and bends down to retrieve the flask  
and takes a swig.

DUMPSHEY (SINGING) (CONT'D)  
KALLIFORRRNIAAA....KALLIFORNIA....

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

INT. BROADWAY OUTAKES BEACH STAGE EARLY 1950'S. - MID  
AFTERNOON(REHERSAL)

The Broadway stage is filled with sand and coconut palms. The two clowns stand in the forefront of a group Mexican musicians and excited bathing suit girls, their shirts off exposing their dark hairy chests wear ties, hats, oversized shoes and socks, white gloves and shorts. Schmuck turns to Dumpshey questioning.

SCHMUCK

Didya havta wear dat tie?...Really  
I..

And throws his arms from his side in disbelief. Dumpshey looks around confused jittering his head causing his cigar to fall from his mouth. As Dumpshey bends over to pick up the cigar Schmuck grabs the back of the elastic of Dumpshey's underwear giving Dumpshey a wedgie and snaps it back hard.

Dumpshey bent over is frozen by the action and Schmuck turns to a bathing suit girl her back turned and promptly pulls the top halter string back allowing it to snap hard. Dumpshey rises and the bathing suit girl turn towards each other. The bathing suit girl stamps her foot into the sand and tugs on the hair of Dumpshey's chest causing him to shriek loudly.

DUMPSHEY

Youchhhh...Dats Smarts...

The beach crowds attention drawn begin laughing. Dumpshey pushes the bathing suit girl out of the way and confronts Schmuck.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Wadd Waddd..Wadddayaaa tink is so  
funny ya SCHMUCK.

Dumpshey shoves Schmuck into the crowd of musicians standing behind as the bathing suit girls recoil in the clatter of banging musical instrument sounds and yelps.



Schmuck retaliates and lunges towards Dumpshey as the two begin rolling on the sand floor the crowd dogging them as they get closer.

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM FIONA. - LATE MORNING

Fiona is seated in the production chair and white background dressed in a checkered red camper shirt. Her name FIONA appears in white block letter along the bottom of the screen.

FIONA  
Wells deys wernt' Princton material  
I can tell ya dat..

Interviewer interupts off camera

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)  
What?...What...Could You repeat  
that please ..Not presidential  
material?..

FIONA (LAUGHING)  
Waaa? No No ..ofcourssss not not  
dat eiddder..Ha Ha HAAA ..

FADE TO BLACK

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

INT. BROADWAY OUTAKES CHINA CABBAGE STORE EARLY 1960'S. MIDAY

Long shot of the Broadway stage and the interior set of a Chinese cabbage store inland China. A framed picture of the stoic Mao is clearly visible in the store background. The ice cold wind outside batters the front door blowing snow inside. The two clowns stand in the middle of the store wearing large fur hats over their hats and large fur overcoats showing their clothing underneath as Schmuck picks relentlessly through the cabbage pile, Dumpshey watching on approvingly.

Schmuck stops picks up a cabbage and shoves it into Dumpshey's face.

Dumpshey pushes the cabbage away turning it left and right in Schmucks hand to get a better look and upon examining it pushes it away farther shaking his head in disapproval.

Exasperated Schmuck slams the cabbage back down into the pile and begins motioning for Dumpshey to find one instead and lights a cigarette in defiance. Dumpshey looks at the pile of cabbage and back again to Schmuck and back again to the cabbage shrugs his shoulders and concedes beginning to slowly mill through the vegetables. Schmuck not impressed with either the vigor or enthusiasm places his hands on his hips and fumes.

The store owner approaches them.

CABBAGE STORE OWNER

What are you looking foor.? Hmmm  
Dey are all he same vegetable give  
or take a few gram...OK..

The two clowns look at each other in confusion not having considered this before ..the same vegetable.

CABBAGE STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Ok look ...lokk I tell you ancien  
cabbage buying secret..but it must  
neverr be published and remain...  
word of mouth...for ever and ever  
more..

The two clowns nod in agreement as the Cabbage looks around suspiciously picks up a cabbage the wind howling in the background.

CABBAGE STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Ok...ok the secret is ...To avoid  
disappointment at home when it  
comes time to cut cabbage,...  
gently lift the leaf at point of  
purchase to ensure that it does not  
contain any bugs ...seed There..now  
you know.

SCHMUCK

Underr da leaf.....Its undder da  
leaf..Waddda ya waitin' for start  
lookin'..

Schmuck picks up a cabbage and shoves it at Dumpshey. Dumpshey refuses to have anything to do with it and shoves it back hard in contempt sending Schmuck flying backwards taking the cabbage stand behind with him.

The cabbage store owner begins to run around in circles slamming the wind blown door shut and slams open again and jumping over spilled cabbages. Schmuck stands defiantly holding a cabbage and slams it to the ground.

He bends to pick up another and lunges it towards Dumpshey hitting him sending him into the other cabbage stand.

ORIENTAL STRINGS  
OUT

FADE TO BLACK

ROLLING TUBA IN

INT. BROADWAY OUTAKES MOON STAGE SET. - EARLY 1970'S

The Broadway stage is set as a moon scene with craters and a dark back sky of pin hole lights. The two clowns are suspended dangling on strings dressed as moon men rehearsing a scene. Dumpshey purposefully tugs at a sting on his right propelling him forwards towards Schmuck who's leg gets caught in Dumpshey arm tangling the strings as he pulls him along the way.

SCHMUCK  
WHHHA WAAAA:::STP STOOOOOPPPP.....

Dumpshey turns full circle and returns the other way. Schmuck makes an effort to grab a prop crater to stop the motion the peak breaks and shatters from the force of the pull in the other direction.

Suddenly Dumpshey's string snaps sending him off balance and the two come crashing down into another prop. Dumpshey is first to rise adjusting his helmet. As Schmuck rises Dumpshey is heard through a plastic echo effect.

DUMPSHEY  
Yeeeerrr Suuuuch A SCHMUCK....

Dumpshey in his anger rips the oxygen canister from his back and bats Schmuck in the head. Schmuck still attached to the strings rises backwards with the cannister into another prop crashing it and swings backwards into Dumpshey punching him on the way back in the stomach.

SCHMUCK  
Take dat...ya Dumpshey..

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM WHITE

CUT TO

A DREAM SEQUENCE

SOFT  
HALLUCINATORY  
ECHO MUSIC  
SOUNDS

INT. BACKSTAGE - DREAM SEQUENCE - DEAD OF NIGHT.

Dumpshey is seated in a recliner backstage, dim lighting blurry lens white out frame. The camera approaches him closer as he rises from his chair and wanders backstage deeper staring looking. The lens is blurry and the camera view changes to Dumpshey's view. Shuffling sounds are heard in the distance and camera to the slinking movement of the Ronald McDonald clown creeping around backstage childishly ducking behind props as he slowly walks backwards in the background. Ronald turns to look into the camera and then quickly exits to his left.

The camera shakes and Dumpshey awakes in a cold sweat breathing heavily. Coughing catching his breath he reaches for his flask drinks and looks around room sweating in silence.

CUT TO

INT. BACKSTAGE. DEAD OF NIGHT - DEAD OF NIGHT

Dumpshey rise wipes his lip with his jacket sleeve. Dumpshey cautiously walks around an illuminated television set with no channel running his finger along the top as he continues deeper backstage looking muttering along the way.

DUMPSHEY

Dat fukin' clown....Dat Fukin'  
clown..Hesss gonnna steal da show.

Dumpshey continues to look but finds nothing stopping in his frustration.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Da fukin' clown...OOOOoo...

Dumpshey turns to exit disappointed. The Mcdonald's clown reveals himself from behind a prop and makes his way backwards childishly hiding behind other props along the way and exits.

FADE TO BLACK:

LIVELY BAR  
SOUNDS

INT. BAR. LATE EVENING - LATE EVENING

The two clowns are at a packed lively bar their dates hanging off of them drinking. Dumpshey speaks with his date.

DUMPSHEY (TRAMATISED)  
Im tellin' ya ..Der Der was somtin'  
der Really creepy ..I can still  
feel it..

A large television set is playing in the background behind the bar and as a McDonald's commercial runs catching Dumpshey's attention.

CUT TO

McDonald's TELEVISION COMMERCIAL

TV JINGGLE  
SINGING  
MCDONALDS..MCDON  
ALDS

The Ronald McDonald clown is seen hiding and appearing among various big plastic props in the McDonalds land playground. As the clown childishly plays peek a boo with the props the jingle plays more..

SUNG JINGLE  
MCDONALDS  
..MCDONALDS  
..YOU CAN FIND  
IT AT  
MCDONALDS..

CUT TO

INT. BAR. LATE EVENING (CONTD')

Dumpshey throws his date off of him and approaches Schmuck as the McDonalds clown exits from frame on the television set in the background bringing his drink with him.

DUMPSHEY'S DATE  
Hey....HHHHeyyyyyyy

As she falls off the bar stool Dumpshey pushes Schmucks date out of the way and grabs Schmuck's arm shaking it alarmed pointing at the television set.

DUMPSHEY

Dats immm...DAT IMMM The clown Id  
been tellin' yas about it's him Dat  
fuckin' clown..

Dumpshey grabs Schmucks drink from his hand and gulps it down a he listens to Dumpshey's rant.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Werrrrr....Finished Washed up. Dis  
is duhhhh end Its over..Dat little  
fuckinl clown is here ta steal da  
show..Im tellin ya It's just da  
staaurt.

Schmuck places is drink on the bar grabs Dumpshey by the arm dead serious.

SCHMUCK

Yer not goin'...uhhh nutsy on me  
here? ...are yaaaa?

As the jingle fades Schmuck backhands Dumpshey in the fore head. He falls backwards and the girls applaud.

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)

Dats' why Dats' why yall' always be  
DUMPSHEY...Dats whyyyy....

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO

HORN BLARE

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM STYLIST. LATE AFTERNOON

STYLIST (DISBELIEF)

Waaa What..duh assassination  
attempt..(laughter) No...Really..  
Not Dat...(more laughter) Dat Wuz  
duhhh ..Secnd' one really..Duh  
second one..

CUT TO

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM. EARLY EVENING

The two clowns are sitting in elevated seats in front of a long mirror wrapped in towels with their hand sticking out on either side and flanked by wardrobe to one end of the room. Dumpshey is getting his hair done by the stylist and watches the cigar smoke rise to the ceiling as the smog mingles with light. Schmuck turns his head left.

SCHMUCK

YA know .. Alll ahh doz macho  
scenes ya were doin'.. Back den Dey  
come off as kinda' flaky...like  
ahhh..likan aromatizza ..stinky  
even..

Unable to move from the stylist Dumpshey irritated jiggles in the chair.

DUMPSHEY

Whaa..Wadddaya talkin' abouuut...

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

YAAAAA...SCHMUCK

SCHMUCK

It's got dat dat stench 'bout it..

As the two clowns continue to argue as approaching faint running foot stomps are heard through long hallway corridor echoing. The sounds continue louder with yelling and some crazy man.

The sounds stop outside of the door to the dressing room. The two clowns stop and turn to look towards the door.

Suddenly the door opens and a skinny man backlit wearing a flashy silver body suit bright scarlet hood cape and Robin Hood mask dawning a long staff starts to rush the two clowns and stylist yelling and screaming.

INTRUDER

Immm...gONNA kill ya ...Im gonna  
get rid of ya  
all....YAAAAA...AAAAA.....

The intruder makes his way for Schmuck throwing the Stylist out of the way and strangling Schmuck from behind. Schmucks arms and legs flail by the ends as the intruder shakes Schmuck violently.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Its time ta GOOOOOOO...

The stylist assured approaches the intruder to the back and taps on his shoulder winds up a pro boxer stance and sends a KO punch to the face. The intruder dazed and confused twirls around in confusion and lands in the wardrobe area and pulls down a pile of clothing taking the pole stands with him in a clatter.

Dumpshey jumps out of his chair and plays boxing with the Stylist laughing and boxing het upper arm. Schmuck is seen untying his tie catching his breath.

DUMPSHEY  
Hey....Hey Hey..Hey..

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO

AUDIENCE  
CLAPPING AND  
CHEERING WILDLY

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. LATE AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

DUMPSHEY  
Hey..Membr' when he tried ta burn  
da house down..

SCHMUCK  
Triiied?...Triieeed? He did Der  
wasnt' nuttin' left uh Dat Place  
Dat's waaaad I remembr'...Wiped me  
out..Couln't even afforda can uh  
organic corn'after dat..

AUDIENCE SUBDUED

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)  
Ya welll...He had probms' dat  
guy...Apperently ...And pretty  
suuurra it's true Da guys sista  
usta beatonim alot...so da story  
goes..

CUT TO:

A FLASHBACK OF THE INTRUDER AND HIS SITER IN THEIR YOUNGER YEARS.



INT. SUBURBAN HOME TELEVISION ROOM. MIDDAY

A Dumpshey Schmuck rerun plays on the set in the background as he intruders sister walks in on the intruder watching television. She stops in front of the young intruder and the television set and begins berating him verbally.

INTRUDERS SISTER

Ahhhh..yer good fur nutin'...ya  
lille' weasel..

The intruders sister begins kicking and punching him. The camera pans to ..

FADE TO OUT ON  
THE RERUN

CUT TO

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. EARLY EVENING (CONTD')

Dumpshey gazes upwards in a daze as if trying to remember something.

DUMPSHEY

Ya And Monty's new manager...Dat  
littl' toad face..musta been a  
mormon or somtin'.

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER AND  
CLAPPING

Dumpshey throws his hands in the air exasperated Schmuck slaps his knee and starts laughing.

SCHMUCK

Oh yaa...DA REHAB

GARY (QUESTIONING)

REHAB?..

SCHMUCK

YA REHAB...Monty's new manager  
checked in Dumpshey here for tree  
weeks sayin' the contract can't  
oversee addiction on the current  
terms.

GARY

REHAB?..

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER  
WHISTLING

CUT TO

AIRPORT  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
SOUNDS

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS. NIGHT

Long shot silhouette of Dumpshey Schmuck and Fiona as they walk across the screen at arrivals. They place their baggage on a customs check podium.

Dumpshey and Fiona are arguing in mime and Schmuck leaves lighting a cigarette. Unheard the two continue as customs checks their bags.

Fiona ranting shaking her arms and then in frustration slamming her suitcase on the ground and walking away.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

INT. BELLFORTH REHABILITATION CENTRE RECREATIONAL AREA. MID DAY

Dumpshey Schmuck and a female are seated frontal view over the top of a large television set as an shootem' up old western plays on.

SCHMUCK

Aha...gotIm'...ha haaaaa

Schmuck makes a grab for the flask from the female as she is distracted.

FEMALE PATIENT

Hey ..Hey ya lug...

She slams her fists soft into Schmucks shoulders as he tries to drink.

THE MCDONALDS  
JINGGLE STATRS

TELEVISION (O.C.)

McDonalds...McDonalds..

Dumpshey startled jumps in his seat staring at the screen and begins shaking Schmuck as he deflects the female at the same time.

DUMPSHEY

Hey...Hey yous' guys ders dat clown  
...theres dat fukin' clown again Is  
was tellin' ya about...see see?

As Dumpshey points frantically at the set the female patient is distracted from Schmuck and looks at the television set as the jingle continues to play.

SINNGING JINGGLE  
- YOU CAN FIND  
IT AT MCDONALDS

FEMALE PATIENT (CONFUSED)

Dat?...Dats Duh guy...(laughing  
more)..jeez...dat clown Dats duh  
one...

The female patient is disbelief laughs harder as Dumpshey stares at her with contempt and yanks the flask from Schmuck taking a drink. A man looking like Elvis Presley walks in and stands behind the couch as the western resumes as the three continue to scuffle.

ELVIS IMPERSINATOR

Hey..Wadda ya watchin'....

Elvis grabs the flask and takes a drink turning the charm his attention leaning forwards over the couch to the female patient.

ELVIS IMPERSINATOR (CONT'D)

And you are...?

The female patient props herself up on the couch and presents herself and hand.

FEMALE PATIENT

Im...Tammy Winettes stand in ...and  
the pleasure offfff...

The Elvis impersonator shocked at not being recognized takes another drink and a little insecure now.

ELVIS IMPERSINATOR

Welll uh...Elvis Im' da Elvis  
impersonator...

Dumpshey angry with all of them grabs the flask from Elvis to take a drink but as he drinks soon discovers that the flask has run dry.

OLD WESTERN  
SHOOTING OUT

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. MID AFTERNOON(CONTD')

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER  
CLAPPING

Everyone is laughing as Dumpshey speaks frankly.

DUMPSHEY

Da Schmuck here just loved it  
Der...moved in on us.

AUDIENCE  
LAUGHTER  
CLAPPING

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

The place was run like a private  
club...buya buncha'revisionist  
hippies.... and uh ya could do  
wadddeveeee ya wantd'. Dey got on  
wid da toady and uh.. He was ..He  
was Dats what he was Monty's new  
manager a toad ..a lill' toad  
face... Monty and the Toad..Oh and  
Den da franchise deal..remebr dat'

Dumpshey taps Schmuck on the shoulder for recollection.  
Schmuck turns in rare agreement nodding and in movie magic.

SCHMUCK

YA...Dat right ...dats right Wid  
the new franchise deal we wuz  
immediatly makin' ...27 times more  
than any contract Monty kept  
shakin' in uuuur faces.

DUMPSHEY

Dat wuz it wid dat guy ..starting  
to feel a bit tooooo much like  
uhhh... flypaper really..

SCHMUCK

Dat's what der good at in Holly  
wood dats' what dey loin...Cryin'  
cryin' cryin' alll da time about  
money...BAAAAA

Schmuck make a motion with his hands to push away and ridding

himself of the matter.

AUDIENCE  
CLAPPING AND  
APPROVAL

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT. RECORDING STUDIO CARIBBEAN FRANCHISE. LATE AFTERNOON

The two clowns are standing by a large screen in a recording studio filled with equipment studio people and voice over artists.

The audio director huddles with he two dubbing artists by the microphone stands his arms over their shoulders.

AUDIO DIRECTOR (IN ERNEST)  
OK ..So were gonna' roll it again  
..Are ya suuure ya know where to  
come in?..

The two nod and the audio director slaps them on the back and walks towards an audio control area with technicians standing by.

AUDIO DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
This is it.. Were goin' again  
Everybody ready ..Annnnd.roll Audio  
track..

CALYPSO BEATS UP

AUDIO DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
roll film.....clap it clap it..

A clapper board sound is heard as Calypso Sounds play in the background.

AUDIO DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
...and ACTION..

The large screen flashes where Dumpshey and Schmuck stand and the reel begins. Dumpshey and Schmuck are walking through a Caribbean island fish market on a bright sunny day.

They continue along the open air fish market stalls and stop to stare at a pile of red grouper. Schmuck backhands Dumpshey's chest lightly and points to get his attention. The dubbing artist leans closer towards the microphone

SCHMUCK

Dat girlll Myrna Sh'ed be havin'  
dat face...mon Da face Uh Merna ..  
A fish face.

DUMPSHEY

Whaaat jayabe talkin' about  
man...it's a goat face Myerna's got  
not a fish face ..A GOAT FACE..

SCHMUCK

I don't be seein' it mon..definitely  
a fish face...a fish

DUMPSHEY

Im tellin ya' it be a GOAT MON..I  
liv wit it..Turnin' Doz lights  
off..Now stop up rr I'LL be kikin'  
yor flabby bumbacлот ass right back  
ta King Cardon.

Schmuck shoves Dumpshey.

SCHMUCK

FISH she be havin' a fish face  
mon....

Dumpshey grabs a red grouper fish by the tail and bats Schmuck  
across the cheek.

DUMPSHEY

Ya...Schmuck...

Schmuck falls to a fish stand toppling its legs and  
collapsing it. Schmuck rise with a fish by the tail and  
takes a swing at Dumpshey.

SCHMUCK

Awwwwya DUMPSHEY....

Dumpshey turns backwards from the hit toppling the remaining  
fish stand as the frame fades to black.

FADE O BLACK

CUT TO

INTERVIEW SCENES MONTY. MID AFTERNOON

Monty is shown perplexed leaning forwards from the chair his  
hands on his face shaking his head as he speaks.

MONTY

Ya doze guys..We hadda good  
run..mindjaa.  
(MORE)

MONTY (CONT'D)

But den all of a sudden to end it  
all ..drop me like dat for doze  
franchise ddeals ...I don't know...  
Even if it wasnt' about all that  
money It ..

Monty becomes emotional an begins sobbing pulling an  
neckerchief from his jacket blowing his nose.

MONTY (CONT'D)

It..it was lika stab in the  
heoit..booo hooohh..Doze funkin'  
clowns ahhhha haaa ha Doze fuckin'  
clowns.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. LARGE MANSION ESTATE ENTRANCE LATE 1970'S. EARLY SUMMER  
EVENING.

A yellow Lamborghini of the day pulls through the front gates  
of the Hampton's estate and between other lux cars in the now  
parking lot large front lawn with fountain. Miles Davis gets  
out of his car and walks towards the mansion greeted by a  
doorman.

CUT TO

POOL PARTY CROWD  
COMMOTION

INT. POOL PARTY. EARLY EVENING

Dumpshey is standing by to pool rolling a joint standing  
besides Schmuck commenting.

DUMPSHEY

YaaaYer uhhh..New dooor mun....He  
Hes aaaaa...

Topless female bathers run across the screen stopping  
laughing continuing on.

DUMPSHEY (CONT'D)

Whooaaaa. Nice Set ....

Schmuck aggitated for no apparent reason.

SCHMUCK

Ok ya wannit... ya wanit? .. Have  
it ..HAVE IT ALLLLLLLL...YA  
Dumpshey..

Schmuck grabs Dumpshey and throws Dumpshey into the pool.  
Dumpshey is seen struggling to stay afloat spitting water  
yelling.

DUMPSHEY

Ya Schmuck .....Yur suchhcaha  
SCHMUCK..

CUT TO

EXT. MANSION ENTRANCE PARKING LOT. LATE EVENING

A skinny man in a flashy silvery suit is seen creeping around  
the parking lot ducking cars. He get closer to the yellow  
Lamborghini finds the gas cap flips it and places a hose  
inside the hole. The skinny man begins to suck on the other  
end of the hose coughs spits and places the end into a small  
gas can.

As the sun sets on the silhouette of the mansion the skinny  
man pulls the cannister from the hose and tossing the hose  
away turning towards the mansion in determined steps.

SKINNY (MUTTERING)

Yourrrah..gettin' ta be a biiit. To  
confidant young man...He he he

CUT TO

INT. POOL PARTY. (CONTD')

SREAMING WOMAN (O.C.)

FiRE FIRA:::DERSA AFIRA IN DA  
KITCHN' FIRE...

Schmuck looks alarmed and looks at Dumpshey bobbing in the  
pool and begins to run around in circles distressed. Schmuck  
grabs a topless guest and leads her on to pickup a pool tool  
with a long handle and pull Dumpshey in. She struggles and  
Schmuck tries to help pulling at the back of the pole.

Dumpshey tugs hard and Schmuck releases his grip pulling the  
girl into the pool.

(O.C.) FIRRA  
FIRRA DERS' A  
FIRRA

CUT TO



EXT. MANSION ENTRANCE PARKING LOT. A LITTLE LATER ON

The guest are all standing in front of the burning smoky house or piling out of the front door. Dumpshey dripping wet and soggy and Schmuck are huddled besides the yellow Lamborgini.

DUMPSHEY (CARESSES THE ENGINE TOP)  
Ya know..dis Dis reminds me a  
Fiona..

SCHMUCK  
Ohhhh..SHUT UP...

Schmuck pushes Dumpshey away from the car. Miles approaches and looks at the fire and looks at the clowns.

MILES  
Shitty...Ya can stay at my place  
till it get sorted out..Come on get  
in..

Miles hops into the yellow Lamborgini opening the other doors and turns the engine that doesn't start. He tries again and leans forwards to the control panel and looks up towards the two.

MILES (CONT'D)  
I...I dont get it ...this tank was  
full and now ...its empty? Like..

FADE TO BLACK

ROLLING TUBA  
SOUNDS

INT. CORNER STORE. MID DAY

The interior of a store through the view of a black and white security monitor.

Schmuck is seen walking through the door stopping mid way and being hit by the door as it closes shaking him and he adjusts his hat. The film cuts to normal for a second as he passes through and back again to the black and white security camera. Cut to second and third camera as Schmuck makes his way through the aisles of the store.

Schmuck arrives full frontal camera at the magazine area and begins to look over the offerings. He reaches for a magazine then seeing another replaces it and begins to flip through stopping at every a few pages. At the centre of the magazine is a fold out and Schmuck struggles to see the picture as he unfolds it.

Schmuck is approached from behind by two security people just as he is finished extracting the entire entire fold. Schmuck stands back to admire the image as do the security guys. A security guy taps Schmuck on the back.

SECURITY

Dis aint' no libruuury heeeaar....

CUT TO

INT. AFTER SHOW BACKSTAGE BROADWAY PARTY. LATE NIGHT

Dumpshey and Schmuck are seen mingling amidst a chatty smoking drinking crowd. Schmuck takes a drink from his flask and swaggers to an exit door off to the back.

CUT TO

EXT. BROADWAY BACK STAGE ALLEY. LATE NIGHT

The shot is on the door as it opens Schmuck drunk spills out of the door holding his balance on the knob and letting the door slam shut behind him just in time to fall back onto the closed door into the alley of the wet rainy night.

SCHMUCK

OHHHhhhhhhh.....

As he sways Schmuck reaches for his flask to drink again and with his other arm pushes himself off the doorway and continues down the alley way into the night.

Schmuck wanders some more in the neighborhood streets of Manhattan comes across a large car looks into the back seat opens the door and climbs in.

CLOTHING MAN  
SETTLING INTO  
CAR SOUNDS

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)

OhhhHHHHhhhhh..Awwww

CUT TO

EXT. MANHATTAN BROADWAY NEIGHBOURHOOD. EARLY MORNING

EARLY MORNING  
NEW YORK STREET  
SOUNDS

Frontal view of a large car and rainy wet windshield. Two men are heard off camera as they approach the car.

KRAMER (ASSURINGLY)  
Awww..come on Jer let me drive..I  
can drive..

JERRY (DOUBTFUL)  
Uhhh...I dont know ....I Uhhh..OK

The two men come into frame either side of the car as Jerry looks for keys in his pocket. He finds them pulls them out and looks at them about to toss them to Kramer and winds up and withdraws his hand at the last second keeping the keys.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Nope..chaaged my mind Im safer..  
it's safer this way..

Jerry opens the door with the keys gets in and slides across the car front to open the door for Kramer. Kramer leans down into the door before getting in protesting.

KRAMER  
Saftey?...All of a sudden Im a  
saftey concern..meee? JEEEEERRRRR...

Kramer throws his hands in the air disbelief and gets into the car closing the door and bounces on the seat to get comfortable. He takes a sniff of the air and his nose twinges.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Jer...It stinks in here...rancid  
Like some smelly bum or something..

JERRY  
Naw Naw..dats nothing.. just had  
the upholstery cleaned.

KRAMER (CHOKING ON HIS WORDS)  
Jer..JERR..it's here.. it's  
TOXIC..Do somthin Jer it STINKS.

Kramer frantically tries to roll down the window but cant figure it out grappling.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Da window the window..Da window  
JER.

Jerry also sensing the smell looks confused left and right and the click of buttons and the windows down as Kramer leans out gasping holding his throat.

Jerry's eyes begin to water and he rubs them looking around after which he gets out of the car and stares at it confused rubbing his nose. Schmuck awoken by the commotion is seen through the windshield his hat and head rising slowly in the back seat as he balances his hands on the front seat peering around suspiciously.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. EARLY EVENING

THE AUDIENCE IS  
CLAPPING AND  
CHEERING WILDLY

Gary smiling is standing in front of his desk his arms extended to the two clowns.

INT. TALK SHOW STAGE. EARLY EVENING (CONTD')

The two clowns a bit hesitant stand Dumpshey begins to clasp his hands and raise them above his head shaking in a cheer. Schmuck is bowing repeatedly as the crowd continues to cheer audio down and frame slowly fading to black.

FADE TO BLACK

THE SOUNDS OF AN  
OLD VCR PLAYER  
EJECTING A LARGE  
TAPE REEL

FADE FROM BLACK

A white glove reaches for an old VCR tape and pulls it from the machine placing it on top. Mild chuckles are heard from the two clowns in the background.

CUT TO

INT. OLD AGE HOME RECREATION AREA. LATE AFTERNOON

The two clowns are seated in front of a large television set. Schmuck in a wheel chair pulling his white gloved hand away from the top of the VCR player as Dumpshey rolls a joint cane across his legs.

SCHMUCK

And..Doze were Da days...He he he

DUMPSHEY

Awww...YAlll' nevr bee  
remmemboid...

SCHMUCK

Waddaya talkin' about?.. It's yor  
ugly face dey don't wanna seee  
alll dat macho b.s...

Schmuck takes a swig from his flask and turns to ram Dumpshey  
with his wheel chair.

SCHMUCK (CONT'D)

..YAAAAAa DUMPSHEY..

Dumpshey drops his joint at the impact looks at the ruminants  
disappointed and grabs his cane smashing Schmuck in the  
shines.

TUBA SOUNDS OUT

ROLL CREDITS

TUBA ROLL SOUNDS

As the credits roll playbacks of the studio out takes

END

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TALKIN' SHITE

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