WALKEN ON SUNSHINE

By

MIKE SHELTON
INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sunlight peeks through the disheveled blinds that hang crookedly in the window. Garbage is strewn about on the floor and a ratty blanket rests on an even rattier couch.

Behind a desk in the corner of the room sits JEROME WEXLER, late twenties. An envelope is in front of him.

He picks up the envelope, opens it, and takes out a paper, giving it a once over before staring at it in wide-eyed horror.

JEROME
Two thousand dollars?

ALEX, late twenties, enters the office holding two cups of coffee. He hands one to Jerome and takes a seat across from him at the desk.

ALEX
What’ve you got?

JEROME
A two thousand dollar invoice from Big Bob’s Fireworks and Smoked Meats.

ALEX
Big Bob’s? Oh yeah. We got some of our effects for that alien movie from them.

JEROME
Two thousand dollars?

ALEX
I might’ve bought some beef jerky too.

JEROME
Beef jerky?

ALEX
It’s the damndest thing. You’d think it’d be a bad idea combining fireworks and beef jerky, but the place was dynamite. No pun intended.

JEROME
I’m sure.
ALEX
Is there a problem?

JEROME
Oh, not at all. It’s just that we got a two thousand dollar invoice here for something we purchased for a film that didn’t make any money.

ALEX
Yeah, but you gotta spend money to make money. Didn’t somebody say that?

JEROME
Yeah, but I think it was the crazy guy outside the seven eleven.

ALEX
Maybe. So what are we gonna do?

JEROME
We need to come up with two grand, and fast.

ALEX
Why?

JEROME
So we can pay this bill.

ALEX
Yeah, cause I’m sure the fireworks and smoked meats place has a crack team of lawyers on retainer, and they’re just busting at the seams to get a couple of credit fugitives like us.

JEROME
Are you gonna help me or not?

ALEX
Hey, you’re the boss.

JEROME
Fine. Now we need to come up with something that we can do fast and cheap.

ALEX
How bout that zombie movie?
JEROME
I said cheap.

ALEX
What? You buy a couple cases of corn syrup, some red dye, and hire a dozen people to walk around really slowly and moan. Then you hire a girl, put her in a house and have her scream a lot while the zombies bang on the windows.

JEROME
That’s the dumbest idea I’ve ever heard.

ALEX
I just described half the zombie movies ever made.

JEROME
What else you got?

ALEX
Anyone submit a script lately?

JEROME
Just one, but we’re not using it.

ALEX
What’s it about?

JEROME
Honestly, couldn’t tell you. I stopped reading when I saw something about an ass shining in the moonlight.

ALEX
Ok that’s out.

They think it over for a moment. Alex leans forward in his chair.

ALEX
Ok, how bout this? You got this guy right, and he’s a barfly, no purpose in life at all...

JEROME
I’m listening.
ALEX
...And one day after a bender, he leaves the bar and he’s sucked up into a spaceship and taken to another dimension.

JEROME
Why are you throwing out sci-fi ideas? I told you cheap.

ALEX
This coming from the guy who dropped two grand on an alien movie.

JEROME
Hey, I didn’t buy that stuff. You might as well tell me that you want to cast Christopher Walken too.

Alex stands up in excitement.

ALEX
My god that’s it! I totally forgot!

JEROME
What?

ALEX
When I was at Big Bob’s that day, there was this group there buying fireworks.

JEROME
Yeah, so?

ALEX
The group was from the Oakside Psychiatric Hospital!

JEROME
I still don’t have a clue what you’re talking about.

ALEX
Alright, so I was talking to this guy, right? I guess he was the one in charge, but anyway, I’m talkin’ to him, and this other guy walks up, and guess what he says? Go ahead, guess.
JEROME
I have no idea.

ALEX
This is what he says. A man has sixteen different behaviors and mannerisms that give him away when he’s lying.

JEROME
So?

ALEX
So? That’s Christopher Walken in True Romance!

JEROME
And you’re excited because?

ALEX
Because the guy sounded just like Walken! So he walks away and I ask the guy in charge about him, and I shit you not he said that the guy really thinks he’s Christopher Walken.

Jerome sits back in his chair, frustrated.

JEROME
Is there a movie idea in there somewhere? Preferably one that’ll get us two thousand bucks?

ALEX
That is the movie! We go down to Oakside, film him, and people will line up down the street to buy it.

JEROME
Why?

ALEX
Because everybody loves Walken!

JEROME
I must have missed the memo.

ALEX
You know we don’t have any other ideas.

Jerome sighs in frustration.
JEROME
Unfortunately, you’re right. Get the camera.

Alex pumps his fist in celebration.

ALEX
Yes!

EXT. 7-11 - DAY

A car pulls up to the curb and Alex and Jerome get out, heading for the entrance to the 7-11.

Near the door stands HAYWIRE, mid forties. He wears a neon green tank top and has long hair and a Fu Manchu mustache. He stares off into space.

ALEX
Haywire!

Haywire snaps to and looks at Alex.

HAYWIRE
Yeah?

ALEX
What’s the good word?

HAYWIRE
You gotta spend money to make money.

ALEX
You already used that one.

HAYWIRE
Doesn’t mean it still ain’t true. Now how bout a dollar?

JEROME
Listen, if you’re gonna stay here and chat, let me know what you want.

ALEX
Just get me a couple of those taquito things, oh, and a slurpee.

JEROME
What flavor?
ALEX
Anything but coke.

Jerome heads inside.

HAYWIRE
So how bout that dollar?

ALEX
Why should I give you a dollar? You haven’t given me any new info.

HAYWIRE
I told you, you gotta spend money to make money.

ALEX
Does that mean if I give you a dollar, you’ll turn around and give me a dollar fifty?

HAYWIRE
Hell no!

ALEX
Then your logic is flawed.

Jerome exits the store with a bag in hand.

ALEX
Later.

They start heading for the car. Haywire follows slowly behind them.

HAYWIRE
Where you goin’?

ALEX
Makin’ a movie.

Haywire’s eyes light up in surprise.

HAYWIRE
Can I help?

Alex looks to Jerome.

ALEX
Whaddya think?

Jerome looks at Haywire.
JEROME
You know anything about crazy people?

HAYWIRE
Oh sure, those are my kinda people.

JEROME
Alright, get in.

HAYWIRE
It’s gonna cost you a dollar though.

JEROME
I think we can swing it.

HAYWIRE
I mean before I even get in the car.

Jerome rolls his eyes and reaches into his pocket. He hands Haywire a dollar bill.

JEROME
Here. Now get in.

Haywire marvels at the dollar bill before getting in the car.

Jerome looks at Alex on the opposite side of the car, shaking his head at him.

ALEX
What?

Jerome raises a hand, holding it in the air like a mock puppet.

JEROME
Let’s get some food before we go.

Alex and Jerome get in the car and they drive off.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Jerome, Alex and Haywire drive along. Alex eats his taquitos.

ALEX
What kind are these?
JEROME
Buffalo chicken.

ALEX
Nice.

Haywire leans forward.

HAYWIRE
So what kinda movie you guys making?

Alex turns around.

ALEX
We’re doing a documentary on a guy who thinks he’s Christopher Walken.

HAYWIRE
I knew a guy once, thought he was a house key.

ALEX
A house key?

HAYWIRE
Yeah, he’d go around telling people "Put me in the lock, put me in the lock."

JEROME
What happened to him?

Haywire sits back in his seat.

HAYWIRE
Eventually I gave up when nobody would put me in the lock.

Alex and Jerome exchange uncomfortable glances.

EXT. OAKSIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Jerome, Alex and Haywire stand at the open trunk of the car retrieving their camera equipment.

JEROME
You think it’s a good idea to just go in there with our stuff?
ALEX
Sure. We won’t film anything until we get the ok. We’ll talk to the administrator.

JEROME
Hopefully he’s an easygoing guy.

INT. OAKSIDE, ADMINISTRATOR’S OFFICE – DAY
Alex and Jerome sit across a desk from DR. BOBBO, late thirties. The doctor smiles a wide smile.

Haywire stands near the door, looking around the room and fidgeting.

DR. BOBBO
Certainly. It’d be a pleasure to have two fine young gentlemen like yourself film a documentary in my hospital.

Jerome smiles.

JEROME
Oh, that’s great. We were afraid there would be an issue.

DR. BOBBO
Not at all.

JEROME
Could you fill us in on a little bit of background for...what’s his name?

DR. BOBBO
Chris.

ALEX
His name is actually Chris?

DR. BOBBO
We try to be understanding of our patients psychiatric troubles. Anyway, he suffers from an issue with his frontal lobe.

Dr. Bobbo taps himself on the forehead.
ALEX
Fascinating.

JEROME
What about some of the other patients? Any need to worry about potential violence?

DR. BOBBO
Not at all. We keep the real crazies locked away.

ALEX
Fascinating.

Dr. Bobbo eyes Alex suspiciously.

DR. BOBBO
Are you alright?

ALEX
Yeah, why?

DR. BOBBO
You’re saying fascinating an awful lot.

ALEX
Really?

DR. BOBBO
Yes. I believe you may have a problem with your frontal lobe.

Dr. Bobbo reaches into a desk drawer, pulling out a large scalpel.

DR. BOBBO
Mind if I take a look?

JEROME
Jesus!

HAYWIRE
He’s got a knife!

Alex and Jerome fall back in their chairs. Dr. Bobbo slowly advances.

DR. BOBBO
It really isn’t healthy to have a faulty frontal lobe.
DR. ANDER, early fifties, bursts into the room accompanied by two ORDERLIES.

DR. ANDER
Now Bobbo, what did I tell you about hanging out in my office and threatening visitors with a scalpel?

Bobbo lowers his head in shame.

DR. BOBBO
Not to do it.

Dr. Ander puts an arm around Bobbo’s shoulder.

DR. ANDER
That’s right. Now why don’t you go out for some fresh air?

DR. BOBBO
Can I keep the scalpel?

DR. ANDER
I’m afraid not.

Bobbo hands the scalpel to Dr. Ander, and slowly leaves the room. Haywire puts up two fingers forming a cross as he passes by.

Jerome and Alex lie on the floor in wonder.

JEROME
That guy’s a patient?

DR. ANDER
I’m afraid so.

ALEX
What the hell kind of place is this?

DR. ANDER
I’m terribly sorry. This just happens from time to time. Funny thing is that his diagnosis is always a problem with the frontal lobe. Now, what can I help you boys with?

Jerome and Alex get up and retake their seats.
JEROME
We’d like to film a documentary on one of your patients.

DR. ANDER
Let me guess. Chris?

ALEX
Yeah, how’d you know?

DR. ANDER
Every other week I get a filmmaker in here looking to film a documentary on him, and just like I told them, I’m afraid I can’t allow it.

JEROME
Why not?

DR. ANDER
Because he’s a patient, not a spectacle.

Haywire approaches Dr. Ander’s desk.

HAYWIRE
Oh yeah, well did those other filmmakers get a knife pulled on ’em?

DR. ANDER
Not that I’m aware of.

HAYWIRE
So we’d be the first person to sue you?

DR. ANDER
Sue us? For what?

HAYWIRE
Attempted murder and wrongful imprisonment.

DR. ANDER
That’s perposterous.

HAYWIRE
And for not putting me in the lock!

Dr. Ander snaps to attention.
DR. ANDER
I remember you. You thought you were a key.

HAYWIRE
Well now I think I’m a lawyer, so are you going to let my clients film their movie or what?

Dr. Ander looks back and forth between Jerome and Alex. Haywire moves his hand in a stabbing motion.

DR. ANDER
Fine, but no disturbances.

JEROME
Oh no, none at all. Just tell us where we can find him and we’ll be in and out A-S-A-P.

DR. ANDER
He’s in the rec room. You can’t miss him.

INT. OAKSIDE, REC ROOM - DAY

CHRIS, late thirties, and GEORGE, late fifties sit across from each other at a small card table.

Chris’ hair is slicked back to perfection, his eyes are fixed on George with a deadpan expression.

George looks at the ground, his head rapidly bobs up and down and his lip quivers.

Both wear red bandanas around their heads.

CHRIS
Sorry chief, you lose.

Chris turns his attention downward to a checkerboard, picking up one of his black pieces and jumping all of the remaining red ones.

CHRIS
Well played, sir. Outstanding.

Chris gets up and walks over to George. He pats him on the back.
CHRIS
It’s not whether you win or lose, it’s how you play the game, and you? You played like a champion today. A real winner.

Jerome, Alex, and Haywire enter the rec room. Alex points at Chris.

ALEX
That’s him.

They quickly make their way to Chris.

JEROME
Excuse us. Chris?

CHRIS
How ya doin’?

JEROME
We’re here to do a documentary on you. Mind if we ask you a few questions and film it?

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
As long as we’re done by dinner. It’s meatloaf day.

JEROME
No problem.

CHRIS
Babies, when we’re done you’re all gonna be wearin’ gold plated diapers.

Blank stares from Alex and Jerome.

Chris reaches into his pocket, pulling out a cup of pudding.

CHRIS
Would you like some pudding? I got plenty for everybody.

JEROME
No thanks.

CHRIS
You sure? It’s tapioca.
JEROME
I think we’re ok.

CHRIS
It’s delicious.

ALEX
I had some taquitos in the car.

Chris raises the pudding cup to eye level.

CHRIS
Now, you’re gonna eat some of this delicious tapioca pudding, or I’m afraid things are gonna be bad.

ALEX
Bad?

Chris gives Alex an evil stare.

CHRIS
It’ll be anarchy.

JEROME
Haywire!

HAYWIRE
Yeah?

JEROME
Eat the pudding.

HAYWIRE
I don’t want the pudding.

ALEX
Eat it!

Haywire takes the pudding cup, opens it up and scoops out pudding with his finger.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
You wouldn’t believe what I had to go through for that pudding.

JEROME
Why don’t you tell us about it?
CHRIS
Well --

JEROME
Hold on a sec. Alex, start rolling.

Alex hoists the camera up on his shoulder and begins filming.

ALEX
Go ahead.

CHRIS
You see, when I came here, they tried to take away all my belongings, my possessions. And I’d be damned if those orderlies were gonna get their greasy hands on my pudding, so I hid it.

JEROME
Where?

CHRIS
In the only place I could. Up my ass.

Haywire throws down the pudding cup in disgust.

HAYWIRE
It’s ass pudding!

CHRIS
Throwin’ down my pudding like that. Very rude.

HAYWIRE
Ass pudding!

JEROME
How bout we just sit down?

CHRIS
Sure.

Chris and Jerome take seats at the card table.

JEROME
So, what were you doing when we came in?
CHRIS
Playin’ checkers.

JEROME
What’s with the bandanas?

CHRIS
I like to play high stakes checkers. To the death.

JEROME
The death?

CHRIS
Well, not really, just for fruit cups.

JEROME
I see. So what’s a normal day for you? What’s your routine?

CHRIS
I have a little breakfast in the morning. Eggs benedict and a little O-J, freshly squeezed. Then I’ll roam the halls for a couple hours until the real wackos wake up. I play some checkers, and look at the nurses asses.

JEROME
You do this all day?

CHRIS
I wouldn’t say that. There are huge chunks of time, at night, where I’m just asleep, for hours. It’s ridiculous.

JEROME
I see.

CHRIS
And once a month there’s a fireworks show and a movie.

JEROME
You like the fireworks?

CHRIS
Not so much, but the goofs, they seem to get a kick out of it.
JEROME
Do you think you belong here?

CHRIS
No, but the government has other ideas.

JEROME
The government put you here?

CHRIS
Yeah, they said I was too convincing as a politician in "Wedding Crashers", and they’re trying to ruin my bid for the presidency in two thousand eight.

JEROME
Fascinating.

Chris leans in.

CHRIS
I wouldn’t say that too much if I were you. Bobbo might be close by.

JEROME
We’ve already met Bobbo.

CHRIS
Nice fella. Bat shit crazy, but a nice fella.

JEROME
So, back to the thing with the government.

CHRIS
They said I’m crazy, that I’m not who I say I am, but seriously, how can you deny it? I’m not sick.

JEROME
Not even a little bit.

CHRIS
Well, I got a fever, and the only prescription, is more cowbell, but other than that I’m right as rain, Jack.
JEROME
Jerome.

CHRIS
Whatever.

HAYWIRE
Why did "Envy" suck so bad?

CHRIS
We’re done.

JEROME
What? Why?

CHRIS
Get out.

JEROME
What’s going on?

CHRIS
Your friend over there with the ugly shirt, he insulted me. This interview’s over, and you’re not getting any hot Dr. Pepper.

HAYWIRE
Who the hell drinks hot Dr. Pepper?

Chris points at Haywire.

CHRIS
You.

HAYWIRE
Me?

Chris gets up from his chair, dancing a jig on his way over to Haywire.

CHRIS
Buckwheats.

HAYWIRE
What?

CHRIS
Two mice fell into a bucket of cream. One gave up, and quickly drowned. The second mouse, however, kept struggling until he churned that cream into butter. Right now, I am that second mouse.
HAYWIRE
What does that mean? You’re crazy!

CHRIS
What was that? Hey you’re talking to me all wrong, it’s the wrong tone. You do it again and I’ll stab you in the face with a soldering iron.

Jerome looks to Alex.

JEROME
We have to go.

Alex continues filming.

ALEX
Are you kidding? He’s gone rapid fire.

Dr. Ander walks up.

DR. ANDER
I’m sorry, but you’ll have to shut it down. Chris is upset.

JEROME
We were just leaving.

ALEX
Just a bit more.

DR. ANDER
Now!

Orderlies walk over and escort Jerome, Alex, and Haywire out of the building.

CHRIS
Use nunchucks. Nunchucks are good.

Dr. Ander puts an arm around Chris.

DR. ANDER
You ok, Chris?

Chris looks at Dr. Ander in wonder.

CHRIS
Bruce Wayne? Why the hell are you dressed up like Batman?
DR. ANDER
I’m not Bruce Wayne, Chris. I’m Dr. Ander.

CHRIS
Don’t hassle me about crumbs, man! I’m on the edge of the edge!

Chris pulls away from Dr. Ander and walks away.

EXT. OAKSIDE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL – DAY
Jerome, Alex, and Haywire walk dejectedly to the car.

JEROME
We’re screwed, we’re so screwed.

ALEX
We still got about five minutes of footage to play with. We would have had more if jackass would have kept quiet.

HAYWIRE
Oh, c’mon! Did you see "Envy"?

JEROME
You know as well as I do that five minutes isn’t going to get us anything.

ALEX
Hey, you never know, maybe we can blend it in with something else.

JEROME
Whatever, let’s just go home.

INT. OFFICE – DAY
Jerome and Alex sit at a computer editing footage from their film.

JEROME
This is ridiculous. I can’t believe we’re even bothering to edit this crap.

ALEX
What else are we gonna do?
JEROME
Maybe work on something that will make money?

ALEX
Why don’t you try to be a little more optimistic?

JEROME
Optimism doesn’t pay the bills.

There’s a knock at the door.

JEROME
Who the hell is that?

ALEX
I don’t know.

They stare at the door in silence for a moment.

JEROME
Well go answer it.

Alex gets up and answers the door. A crowd of kids are gathered around.

ALEX
Can I help you?

KID
Are you the guy with the Walken movie?

ALEX
Yeah, but we don’t have much, only about five minutes.

KID
We wanna buy it.

Jerome heads to the doorway.

JEROME
Who does?

KID
All of us.

JEROME
How did you find out about it?
KID
From the weird guy down at the
seven eleven. So, how much is it?

ALEX
Ten bucks.

All of the kids hold out their money. Alex collects.

ALEX
It’s gonna be a bit. We don’t have
this many copies ready. Can you
come back in a few hours?

KID
Sure, and we’ll probably have more
people with us too so make extra
copies.

ALEX
You got it. See ya later.

KID
Bye.

The kids leave and Alex shuts the door. He turns to Jerome
with a smile on his face.

ALEX
See, man? Everybody loves Walken.

Jerome and Alex share a laugh as Alex counts the money.

INT. BIG BOB’S FIREWORKS AND SMOKED MEATS – DAY

Jerome and Alex walk up to the counter where BIG BOB, early
sixties stands. Big Bob has a long handlebar mustache, and
wears a cowboy hat, a bolo tie, and a flannel shirt.

BIG BOB
Welcome to Big Bob’s Fireworks and
Smoked Meats. How can I help you
boys?

JEROME
We’re here to pay an invoice.

BIG BOB
Name?
JEROME
Jerome Wexler.

BIG BOB
Oh, right, the two thousand dollar fella. I was fixin’ to get my lawyers involved with that one.

ALEX
Really?

BIG BOB
I reckon so. I keep ’em on retainer, and they usually ain’t got much to do, so they’re just bustin’ at the seams to get their mitts on a couple of credit fugitives.

Alex places a fist over his mouth to fight back laughter.

JEROME
No need, we got your cash right here.

Jerome hands Big Bob the cash. Big Bob writes up a receipt and hands it to Jerome.

BIG BOB
Paid in full. Pleasure doin’ business with ya.

JEROME
Same here.

Big Bob picks up a large tub of beef jerky and holds it out to Jerome and Alex.

BIG BOB
Would you boys care for a sample of my new jerky? I think it tastes alright, but nobody ever buys it.

ALEX
Hell yeah!

JEROME
Sure.

They both reach into the tub and pull out a piece, taking a bite.
ALEX
Not bad. Not bad at all.

JEROME
What kind of jerky is this? Turkey.

BIG BOB
It’s a mixture of things, my own special recipe. How’s it taste?

JEROME
It’s good.

ALEX
Special recipe, huh? Whaddya call it?

BIG BOB
Soylent Green.

Alex and Jerome spit it out. Big Bob looks as if he’s offended.

BIG BOB
What in the sam hell is wrong with you spittin’ on my floor like that?

Alex and Jerome run from the shop.

ALEX
It’s people! Soylent Green is people!

Big Bob scratches his head in wonder.

BIG BOB
I just don’t get why people don’t care much for the soy stuff.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Alex and Jerome enter the office.

JEROME
We’re never going back there again.

ALEX
Noted. I really didn’t expect it to turn into Motel Hell.
JEROME
I’m sure it was just bad naming on
his part, but let’s not risk it.

There’s a knock at the door. Alex answers it to find Chris.

CHRIS
How ya doin’?

ALEX
What are you doing here?

CHRIS
I was sprung.

JEROME
They let you out?

CHRIS
Well no, I escaped, but I’m here,
right?

JEROME
Why are you here?

CHRIS
I wanna finish our movie.

JEROME
We can’t be harboring an escaped
mental patient.

ALEX
Sure we can! We got ten bucks a
piece for five minutes, imagine
what we’d get for an hour.

JEROME
He’s an escaped mental patient!

ALEX
Which means we get our police chase
footage for free!

Jerome stares at Alex for a minute.

JEROME
Good point. Get the camera.

ALEX
Awesome!

Alex goes for the camera.
CHRIS

Hoo-rah!

Alex stops cold. He slowly turns to Chris.

ALEX

That’s not Walken, that’s Pacino.

CHRIS

Yeah, cause I’m sure that Pacino invented hoo-rah.

Alex and Jerome look at each other and shrug their shoulders.

CHRIS

You kids got charisma, a little panache. I like that.

JEROME

Thanks, Chris, but we should probably get out of here.

CHRIS

Can I confess something?

JEROME

Uh, sure.

CHRIS

I tell you this as an artist, I think you’ll understand. Sometimes, when I’m driving on the road at night, I see two headlights coming toward me, fast. I have this sudden impulse to turn the wheel quickly, head-on into the oncoming car. I can anticipate the explosion. The sound of shattering glass, the flames rising out of the flowing gasoline.

JEROME

That’s really weird, Chris.

CHRIS

Cock of the walk, baby!

Haywire shows up at the door.

HAYWIRE

Oh good, you found the place.
CHRIS
It’s not rocket science. It’s directions.

ALEX
You sent him here?

HAYWIRE
Not only that, but I helped him bust out too.

JEROME
How?

HAYWIRE
I put myself in the lock, opened it right up.

Alex and Jerome exchange their uncomfortable stare, yet again.

Police sirens get progressively louder on the street outside.

JEROME
Time to go.

Jerome grabs Chris, and the four rush from the apartment.

ALEX
We’re gonna be rich!

The door shuts and they shuffle off down the hallway.

THE END