

ETIQUETTE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

RUSSELL COX and KIER HERTZ (both 40s) enter and take their places at the urinals. They stand side by side as they relieve themselves.

KIER

You better keep your cool today, Russ.

Russell clears his throat.

KIER

We can't afford another fight with the studio. They're already up our ass as it is.

Russell clears his throat louder.

KIER

Keep a lid on it and there's no reason their little set visits need to become permanent.

Russell clears his throat a third time.

KIER

You got a cold or something?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Russell shoves Kier hard out of the rest room. Kier turns around as Russell slaps him upside the head.

KIER

Jeez! What the fuck was that for?!

RUSSELL

The fuck's the matter with you?

KIER

I take it you don't like what I have to say. Well, I'm sorry but—

RUSSELL

It's not what you said, it's when you

said it.

KIER

What? Bad timing? Our meeting's in five minutes. You gotta-

RUSSELL

For fuck's sake, you're clueless! You don't talk to another man while he's taking a leak right next to you.

KIER

What are you, stoned? Seriously, Russ-

RUSSELL

No! Seriously, Kier. It's just not done. I thought you knew better.

KIER

What's the big deal?

RUSSELL

What's the big deal?! It's male etiquette. Nothing's more important than that. In fact, I might have to cancel the rest of my meetings today if the message isn't sinking in.

KIER

Have you lost your mind? I wasn't even looking!

RUSSELL

If you were just looking, it wouldn't be such a big deal. It'd be creepy but not a big deal. Look. You don't talk to guys at the urinal, okay? You just don't. You look straight ahead at the wall then flush. You're my friend and my partner so you get off with a warning. Next time, I'm gonna have to put your face through the goddamn thing. Those urinal cakes might smell nice but they taste like the excrete of a thousand Hollywood fat cats.

KIER

Okay, okay. Let's just go inside. I'm telling you, Cox. You need to rehab.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

RICH STEELE and OLIVER LIPSCHITZ (both 60s) sit at the head of a long table. Hollywood fat cats. Emphasis on the fat. Russell and Kier sit on the opposite side.

RICH

Impressive dailies, gentlemen. You both certainly have your work cut out for you.

KIER

Thank you, Rich.

OLIVER

That's why we hate to have to call this meeting today. But what choice do you have? We need to do some more reshoots.

RUSSELL

What the fuck are you talking about, Oliver?

OLIVER

I thought I told you, Hertz. You need to keep a tighter leash on your director here.

KIER

What can I say? He's a cowboy.

RUSSELL

Why the fuck do we need to reshoot again? The picture's got more blood. More boobs. I gave you what you wanted, despite my better instincts. So what the fuck, guys?

RICH

We ran a few more test screenings. The audience wants more handheld.

OLIVER

The numbers just came in. The new Paranormal Activity's really knocking it out at the box office. Who knows? We could even have a new Saw franchise on our hands.

RUSSELL

It's Call of Cthulhu, not Call of Cloverfield. And by the way. The next time you wanna run some more test screenings, why don't you fucking tell me about it first.

RICH

You know what? I think it's time for a break.

OLIVER

A break sounds good, Rich.

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

Rich and Oliver enter and take their places at the urinals. They unzip and let loose simultaneously.

OLIVER

You know, I don't think Cox wants to play ball. That and Hertz is too much of a pussy to tell him what's what.

RICH

That little shit ain't no Marty Scorsese. There's always ways around these kind of situations.

OLIVER

What are we gonna do? Fire him?

RICH

No, no, no. The fucking head'll have our heads for that shit. I'm saying we hire some other director to come in and do the reshoots. You know, like that Exorcist picture.

OLIVER

Yeah, yeah, yeah. We do that and we never tell him about. That's right.

RICH

He can wait til the premiere to find out. After that, no one gives a shit. He can complain all he wants.

OLIVER

Yeah. Just like Terry Gilliam. See if that bastard makes another picture.

RICH

We'll show this prick you don't fuck with Rich Steele and Oliver Lipschitz.

Rich shudders as he comes to the end of his leak. He kicks his leg involuntarily. Oliver takes notice.

OLIVER

I hate when that happens.

The two fat cats zip up and exit. After a moment, Kier emerges from one of the stalls.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Kier sits beside Russell and whispers in his ear.

Rich and Oliver enter and take their seats.

RICH

Well, gentlemen—

RUSSELL

No more bullshit, fellas. I tell you. I don't think this is gonna work out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Oliver and Kier sit in front of the STUDIO HEAD (60s), a wrinkly old lard ass in a fancy chair. His jowls quiver as he sprays foam across the table. The two fat cats tremble in his wake.

STUDIO HEAD

What the fuck were you thinking?! While you were taking a leak?!

RICH

We didn't think anyone would be listening.

STUDIO HEAD

I don't give a fuck about that!

OLIVER

There was really no telling Cox was gonna quit.

STUDIO HEAD

Fuck him! He can be replaced!

RICH

Wait. What's the problem then?

OLIVER

Yeah. The project goes ahead as planned planned. October release.

STUDIO HEAD

I don't give a fuck about the project! You don't talk to another man while he's taking a leak!

RICH

What's the big deal?

OLIVER

Yeah. I wasn't even looking.

STUDIO HEAD

It's male etiquette! Nothing's more important than that!

Rich and Oliver look at each other in confusion.

STUDIO HEAD

YOU'RE BOTH FIRED!!!

FADE OUT.