

ProjectCinderella.com

By

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Loosely based on the life of Mr Wulf.

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ACT I

Scene 1

*In a psychologist office. Hansel takes a seat. Seated across from him in leather executive type chair is the psychologist.*

I guess I should start at the beginning...

First off I might as well tell you I'm a spoiled trust fund kid to get that out of the way. If you're not up for some snob fest, just put this book down. If I still have your attention, I'd say it is one of those coming of ages stories. I know, boring, but I got to get this off my chest.

I wasn't born with the smarts of the family so I had to attend one of those Public Ivy type schools, not the real deal like my friend Patrick that "plays" football at Harvard. Big deal, score a 1340 on your SAT and weigh 300 pounds and you too could do that. Patrick is always bragging about this shit they got called The Facebook, some photo page or something.

I suppose before we go much further I better tell you my name and all. The name's Hansel; Hansel Hindenberg and yes, my Great Great Grandfather was the German Chancellor just prior to Adolf Hitler. I not a antisemitic or anything so fuck off if you're thinking it. Don't even ask about the Zeppelin Airship -- I wasn't there! My Grandpa bailed the homeland just before the Reich got out of hand.

One cool thing about my Grandpa was that he held the land speed record for like 20 some years racing the Auto Union at the Nuerenburg Ring in 1938.

Other than that, I'm just somebodies stupid ass kid. I can't play basketball, soccer neither. Funny story about hazing in high school athletics, they use to make me hang off the goal post and pelt soccer balls at my back as long as they felt like it in captain practices.

I guess my only claim to fame is I hosted my High School's homecoming variety show, Johnny Carson type of production; no, more like Conan O'Brien, but after he got kicked off NBC!

The highlight was what I titled the Mullet Makeover. My buddy's sister buzzed a bunch of contestants hair on the sides only. It gave them the most beautiful Louisiana waterfalls, business in the front, party in the back.

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Enough reminiscing, I'm totally out of my comfort zone. The rents SUV just pulled away and here I am, southern Ohio. They call this the Midwest, but it doesn't feel like it. I'm from 'Sota, Minnesota that is.

I just met my roommate and no I'm not going to tell you his name. He's a real Jerk.

He claim he needs the bottom bunk after I already have my fucking sheets made on the damn thing. Some shit about his knees and surgery at the Cleveland Clinic. I told him he should have gone to a real clinic, the Mayo Clinic.

So here we all are in Stanton Hall dormitory. The RA hollers up and down the corridor.

RESIDENT ASSISTANT

Gentlemen. Meet out in front of the building in ten. We all have to attend the freshman orientation. Mandatory!

I wasn't really listening but something about needing to hear the University President and the Student Body President give speeches. I hear the ASG, associated student government President is sooo cool that he even has a bagel named after him at B&D. That stands for Bagel and Deli, this uptown late night drunk food delight. Every bagel there is named after a student or something like that, crazy really. They steam the bagels. You can even buy cigarettes for a quarter on you honor out of a old Joe Camel coffee mug.

CUT TO FRESHMEN STUDENTS IN MILLET HALL

*President Shriver is just finishing up his speech.*

PRESIDENT SHRIVER

...and just remember, you are here because you smart!

*Slight clapping as the President leaves the podium and returns to a chair on a stage in back of the podium.*

STAND IN

It's more like, you are here because you drunk!

*The kids around chuckle a little at the student's comment.*

DAVE DOYLE

Good Afternoon, I've Dave Doyle you associated student government President. I remember it like it was yesterday. I was sitting in you're seat. Well, one of

(MORE)

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DAVE DOYLE (cont'd)

your seats to be exact, somewhere in the upper part of the Arena. I didn't want to be here, you probably wish you weren't either. Four years from now, you're going to wish you were still here, so sit back, relax and take every breath in. This is a place to cherish. You may have heard of some of the legends of past and superstitions of the people here. Don't ever step on the academic seal in academic quad, rub the turtle heads for luck in central quad at your own risk, you don't know who last peed on that bronze piece the evening prior. Go to Bagel and Deli after a long night uptown. Try for CJ's 14 day club, Even I can't drink that many days in a row. Don't skip class, you're hear to learn, we are the future. Days come and go but graduation comes only once and blink, you're an Alumnus. Come back to visit, pay respect to your Alma Mater. You'll probably value this place more as time goes bye. Thank you.

CUT TO DORMITORY

*Hansel is sitting at his desk, overlooking the south academic quad. Kids are all over the grass covered south quad, throwing footballs, Frisbees, and playing sand volleyball. Hansel looks down and the course bullition.*

NARRATION

Back in the dorm, I'm board out of my mind. Not that I'm not social, but people say I'm an acquired taste. My dad was cheap, he canceled my cell phone. The Nokia 6000 is sitting in a desk drawer at home somewhere.

*Casually Hansel flips through the course bulletin.*

I have no idea what I want to study. My father advised me I could study anything I want, as long as I take all the business core classes. So I look, frick'n 42 credit hours. I figure I can take botany. That way I can grow some dank chronic. Maybe chemistry and start manufacturing trendy designer drugs. Who knows, there are like a bigillion majors here at Miami of Ohio.

CUT TO NEXT MORNING

*The alarm is ring along the windowceil. It reads 7:00am. Hansel rolls his eyes, then climes out of the sheets and jumps down from the upper bunk. The television is still humming and flashing light around the room. It is on ESPN's Sport Center. The nameless insomniac roommate is still asleep, storing on the bottom bunk.*

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*Hansel grabs his towel and puts on his shower flip flops.*

*He is walking back from the shower.*

*Out the door, he hustles up to Upham Hall.*

So I'm sitting in the first day of my Chemistry 101 lab. We are all asked to pair up with another student that will be our semester long lab partner. All the kids around me pair up in the front of the room. I silently watch as a figure I'm the only one without a partner.

TEACHING ASSISTANT

Raise your hand if you still don't have a partner.

*Hansel raises his hand in the front row. In the far back row in the corner this attractive older looking student raises her hand.*

Okay, guy in the front. What is your name?

HANSEL

Hansel.

TEACHING ASSISTANT

Fine. Why don't you head to the back and join up with the young women in the back row.

*The Teaching Assistant gives a brief introduction and hands out a blue stapled packet with the first labs instructions in it. The students all take their stations and begin the lab.*

So here we are futzing around with these bunsen burners, trying to figure out the flash point of Potassium. I don't remember what it was. All I remember is that it glows hot blue.

TEACHING ASSISTANT

"Your all dismissed."

*Hansel packs up his bag and heads out the door. Down the hallway, he turns the corner and starts down the stairwell. A young man is walking up the stairs as Hansel begins to head down.*

STAND IN

Did you hear, some plane just crashed into the World Trade Center.

Scene 2

*The entire student lounge is cram packed, every television is tuned into Tom Brokaw on NBC. Hansel Hindenburg is kneeling in the front of a large plasma display so the student behind him can see as well. There is smoke billowing out of Tower 1 of the World Trade Center.*

TELEVISION

It appears that a large passenger plane has collided into the the World Trade Center at approximately 8:50 this morning. We still do not have a confirmation of what airline, the flight number or the number of people present on the plane.

*All of a sudden, directly behind Tom Brokaw, what appears to be a second plane collides with the second building. Students gasp.*

I remember watching that second plane strike the number 2 tower live on television, then shortly after the building's collapsing.

That evening as the clock struck midnight I had a birthday. I was now 19, the world was forever changed. The next day all classes were canceled.

In addition to clasp of those American icons, the financial markets plummeted in light of the Terrorist attack. What did I do, open a day trading account. I had five grand of liquid currency, I requested a 20 thousand credit line.

Scene 3

By the end of semester 1 I had more than doubled my money. Only thing was a way miserable, out of shape, and managed to rack up a whapping 1.9 GPA. I knew I needed a change and fast. I met with a academic adviser and decided to enroll in the "choose your own major" degree program. that meant I was going to change dormitories across campus to Peabody Hall. My bisexual lab partner was nice enough to let me use her yellow Jeep Cherokee to move my belongings.

*Inside, Hansel's dorm, his bisexual friend makes herself comfortable on his bed. She looks across the room and see a porno sitting a top the DVD player, titled Kelly the Coed. She gets up and puts in the video.*

(CONTINUED)

*In walks Hansel's nameless roommate with a few cronny friends. There are astonished to find her touching herself as she is glued to the video. She doesn't bother to acknowledge them at first, then peers over and the quickly shut the door.*

*In the hallway the boys snicker and talk among themselves.*

NAMELESS ROOMMATE

Can you believe that, she's totally masturbating in my room!

NAMELESS ROOMMATES FRIEND

That was... Awesome!

*The door slowly opens. Out walk Hansel and his bi friend with a close basket with the last of his belongings. She hands the porno flick to the nameless roommate.*

BISEXUAL FRIEND

Next time have a porno with a little less dick close ups.

SOME KID DOWN THE HALLWAY

Yeah queer.

*Hansel's bisexual friend just smiles, grabs he busty breast and moans. The nameless roommate is blushing beat red.*

So my bi lab partner friend drops me off and the entrance to my new dorm. I unload the back of the Cherokee.

HANSEL

That's the last of it.

BISEXUAL FRIEND

Hey after you put your stuff away, I'm having a little nose candy party at my house. My ex boy friend from Manhattan was a wall street trader and left me with a brick of coke. Ever snort a line of a the crack of a girls ass? Just asking of course, up to you.

Honestly that and her freebasing friends kinda scared me. She was a vocalist at a program at NYU until she lost her voice and her way I'd say. She's like 23 and still in the freshman rotation. That was the last I ever saw of my lipstick lesbian friend.

*Hansel uses a roller cart to move his few belongings up to his new room on the fourth floor. His new roommate is out of town for the weekend he hears. The room is large with eight foot windows and hardwood floors, a large walk in closet.*

CUT TO FIRST DAY OF NEW SEMESTER

*It is five after eight, kids are shuffling down the stairs and hallway in their pajamas and slippers.*

My first lecture on the other side of campus was far from ordinary. I guess this is what they call non-traditional. My studies consisted of three core classes: Commodification and Culture, Social Science, class struggle and stratification, and Social Science.

Commodification and Culture was a study of all things popular in society and how citizens weigh in with their wallets making few individuals rich. Example, Walt Disney, they tell of stories and we go out and purchase dolls, clothing, take vacations to a fictional land of make belief. My instructor drove a Porsche, he claimed it was the only luxury he allowed himself when he sold his toy ray gun collection to David Copperfield for upwards of a million dollars.

Social Science was a Marxist training ground over the continued struggles between the bourgeois and the proletariat. My instructor was an ex Chinese prison guard turned American Professor. A odd fella, he didn't believe in owning a car, instead he rode his daughter bicycle to class and around town in his faded neon pink and green ski coat. He believed that he only required one pair of shoes per year. His current pair were completely tattered. The sole was half removed from the bottom of his left gray sneaker.

Last was Social Science, basically and green peace sponsored training ground. We spent more time talking politics of carbon cap and trade and playing with our albino boa constrictor.

Really none of the classes had any solid theory behind their subjective injections. Although I didn't agree with a lot of the subject matter, it was definitely rigorous and there was a copious amount of reading behind each class.

CUT TO NEW DORM ROOM

(CONTINUED)

*Hansel opens the door to his dorm after a long day of core classes and is surprised to find a heavy set character with a mean looking braun-man-like beard.*

HANSEL

Hi, I'm the newby, the name is Hansel Hindenburg. Just call me Hansel.

ELLIOT

Name's Elliot, Elliot Lacquer.

HANSEL

So what is your chosen major

ELLIOT

Entrepreneurship. Basically, I just need a degree for my parents delight or I'd already be making the buck. My time is worth no less than fifteen dollars per hour, so if you need anything, don't be expecting a free lunch.

What a piece of work, Elliot was, you really couldn't call on him for a favor or anything. Later that week, I declared my major as Entrepreneurial horticulture. Adjacent Peabody Hall was a large green house. My new gay next door neighbor worked there. Soon, so did I. Jonathan was about as queer and they come. He had the lisp, the attitude and the agenda. Other than that, I kinda took to the guy. After all we shared common hobbies like growing and cultivating plants.

#### Scene 4

That first evening it snowed in southern Ohio. The architecture students that shared that building with us asked me to go sledding. So after dinner, we all walked out the dining hall with a food tray in hand. After grabbing mittens and a hat, we all convened at a hill behind one of our administrative buildings.

There I was smitten by the beauty of the one of the 1st year architecture girls, her name, Sophia Valentine. She was the daughter of a local prominent home builder. Underneath her puffy Northface jacket she was beautiful. Her hair was pulled back with a french braid.

ANONYMOUS

Hey guys lets make a train.

ANONYMOUS

Yeah, everyone line up your trays.

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*The kids start sitting down on there trays and locking there legs around the person immediately in front of them. Hansel is directly behind the girl whom is taking his breath away. Hansel leans forward to the girl in front of him and says something.*

HANSEL

Hold on.

*Sophia looks back and smiles.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Don't let up.

ANONYMOUS

One, two, three... Go!

*Down goes about 12 students. The train breaks down into two pieces, breaking off between Hansel and Sophia.*

That evening after sledding, Sophia invites me to attend her architecture open house on Saturday evening.

CUT TO ARCHITECTURE OPEN HOUSE

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Hansel, you made it.

*Hansel approaches, peering at the exhibit.*

HANSEL

What exactly is it?

SOPHIA VALENTINE

It's a train station silly.

HANSEL

Nice!

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Hey, what are you doing tonight?

HANSEL

Not sure yet

SOPHIA VALENTINE

You should stop by the arch angels house, they are going to throw a post gallery party.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL

Sure, I'll try to make it.

I had really no good friends yet and had never really drank beyond a sip of beer. What the hell, this is college.

CUT TO ARCH ANGELS HOUSE

*At midnight thirty, Hansel heads over to the party. There is a Dj and the who bit. He spots Sophia from across the room at the bar. He tries to look busy with the people in his immediate area. She then sneaks up behind him and whispers in his ear. Then she pulls him over to the bar.*

*She pours two tall Jose Charvo and cuts two limes. She licks the side of Hansel's neck, sprinkles salt on the saliva. He does the same.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

To meeting Hansel!

*She licks his neck, then slams the shot. Dumbfounded, Hansel hesitates, then does the same. She shoves the lime in his mouth. He looks around, grabs the lime, then places it between her teeth. She bits down. She pours another and another. He touches her hair, then puts his arms around her, running his hands down her hips and then grasping her ass. She leans forward kissing him.*

ACT IIScene 1

## NARRATION

I could begin with my lousy childhood in an upper class burb. That really did a number on me; the artificiality, shallow people, big empty houses. Growing up in the late 90s was crazy, the dot com boom was going on. I figured college would get me out of this yuppie bubble but instead I traded a little bubble for a bigger bubble.

At college I got shoved into economics. Lame as it sounds I loved the theories, making sense out of chaos.

By the time I was a senior, I traded the rationalism for irrational exuberance. I had just spent the summer in China. That place was ramping for the Olympics and cranes were constructing everywhere. Something changed in me that summer, it was like a switch. All of a sudden I had this intense creativity and pressure to be inventive. I had realized there was a big world out there and I had something to prove.

CUT TO CHINA

Jethro Tull - Song for Jeffrey

*In rural hillsides outside Beijing the sun is rising over the Great Wall. In the foothills of the serene terrain Buddhist Monks are meditating. The music echoes the ritualistic culture of discipline and ritual.*

FIREWORKS GLISTEN IN THE SKY

*A guitar begins to rift and all of a sudden there is an urban landscape of Beijing. The downtown city center is bustling. Businessmen in suits are hustling to jobs in towering skyscrapers, vendors on the street are selling snakes on sticks. Homeless dwellers are crowding the streets. Bicycles wiz though the congested traffic.*

*Outside the Tienanmen gate to the forbidden city stands a group of college students. At the far end is a red umbrella with a young Chinese tour guide, shielding the piercing sun. She leads the students underneath the gate. As they follow, they are all stuck by the giant portrait of Chairman Mao Zedong.*

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*As the students are herded through a long line of red velvet ropes, Hansel Hindenberg, a tall, skinny blond American peers toward to other American students, he then nonchalantly nods to his friend Elliot Lacquer. Immediately in front of them are two attractive females. Mercedes Belmont is wearing tight red, mesh shorts with college spelled across the back side. She is tall, tan and has shiny brunet hair. Next to her is a less busty female, the type you'd think of as a kid sister. Her name is Audrey Bliss. She adorns a white and red tennis dress. As Hansel is fixated on the two, Mercedes catches a glimpse, smiles. It appears that she like the attention she gets.*

MERCEDES BELMONT

Are you still jet lagged from the long flight Hansel?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Me? Not at all. I enjoyed the endless espresso and free minature scotch they served. As a matter of fact, I haven't slept since we left two days ago. By the way, do you like this tee shirt I got off the Great Wall yesterday?

*Hansel Hindenberg points down to a cheap thin cotton shirt that reads, "I climbed the Great Wall!"*

MERCEDES BELMONT

Do you like the green tea here?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

What kind of question is that? I guess, they love it here. Did you know that they even have green tea tooth-paste here?

AUDREY BLISS

Amazing!

MERCEDES BELMONT

This all bores me. I just didn't want to get a summer job this year, so I decided to spend it abroad.

AUDREY BLISS

How can you not find this intriguing?

MERCEDES BELMONT

Audrey, I came for the cheap knock off handbags and jewelry. How about you Elliot?

ELLIOT LACQUER

I've actually been studying Mandarin Chinese language for three years, so I'm definitely finding this fascinating. Plus I'm an economics major, how could I pass up seeing the fast growing economy in the world?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Can you believe that there is a Starbucks in the Forbidden City?

CUT TO SCORPION ON A STICK

*That evening, the classmates are all gathered on the streets of Beijing. There are vendors everywhere. There is snake on a stick, birds on a stick, Scorpion on a Stick.*

*Gesturing towards Elliot Lacquer.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Dare me to challenge Dean Goggin to down these scorpions on a stick?

ELLIOT LACQUER

Double dare you.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Okay.

*Hansel zips a few steps ahead of the group and yells.*

Dean Goggin.

DEAN

Oh, hi Hansel.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Double dare you to try the scorpion on a stick with Elliot and me.

DEAN

Ahh. Geez, not sure.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Come on. When's the next time your going to be able to try Scorpion on a stick.

DEAN

Well, umm. Sure. Let try it.

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*The chef answers in Chinese. There is a breakdown in the communication. Hansel gestures with his arms that he doesn't understand. Then the Chef gestures with his hand, scatching the air.*

CHEF

MOW, MOW.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Got it. I'll take more. Shasha.

CUT TO GUEST SPEAKER

*The students are seated in a hotel conference room. Dr Kim, an internationally successful business man, graduate of there college is about to take the stage. They have no idea what the discussion is going to be on.*

MERCEDES BELMONT

I hear, Dr. Kim has a house in the same neighborhood and the Kardashians.

ELLIOT LACQUER

I hear he is a billionaire.

AUDREY BLISS

I hear he owns cable television stations.

DEAN

Students place take your sets. Our key note is going to start.

DR. KIM

Hello students, I'm Dr Kim. I want to thank you for being my guest. While I help make your summer travels abroad possible. You help to keep me young. Currently I am heavily vested in oil discovery, airlines and Hollywood. I split my time here between my native country and Beavery Hills. We have a stong tie that bounds us all together, my and your soon to be Alma Mater.

Why I understand we now have email, Facebook, instant messaging, texting; I'm here to tell you about the power of networking and not something you can accomplish on social media website.

From what Dean Goggin tells me, you have been keeping a tranformational journal to record the eye opening and life changing events that have thus far and will make up your trip. I can't encourage you enough to fill those pages with the times, places and people that mold

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DR. KIM (cont'd)

and shape you. Right now as we speak, your future network is growing and soon it will define you. Don't surround yourself with individual that that are bad news, keep your circle of friends to be those that encourage you to dream.

Dream big, dream a lot and may may your dreams be realized.

NARRATION

On that flight home from Beijing, I couldn't help tearing up from happiness. I have been molded, transformed from that trip to Asia. I vow to write a personal mission statement and tell those around me my sincere gratitude towards them. I won't waste another waking minute. Today I follow though! I will not let great ideas die. I will not give up my creative spirit. I'll change my perspective, let changes change me. I will stay networked, engaged, be proactive. This trip doesn't need to end, it is the beginning.

Scene 2

NARRATION

On our way back to campus we all decided to go white water rafting. So we are on the drive to the river. We stop at a Wallgreen's, maybe it's a CVS, i don't know it doesn't really matter. Anyways we had stopped there to buy beer. But where we parked, there must have been at least one-hundred shopping carts in a dumpster. After the group had purchases beer, I wss dumpster diving for the nices cart I could find.

CUT TO DRUG STORE

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I'm just gunna grab a cart... Oh. Got a good one.

MERCEDES BELMONT

What are you going to do with it.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Can I please keep it in your trunk?

MERCEDES BELMONT

Uhhmm, okay.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Okay... Great.

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## NARRATION

So then we drive on into we meet the community at the foot fo the rapids. We hung out in my hotel room late into the night, pounding beers, even had a noise complaint.

The next morning we hit the rapids. Mercedes and Audrey went off the raft in the first hundred feet. I managed to stay on the first three forths. Then I was offf the raft as well.

What a rush. I was excite and scared simultaniusly. The water was frick'n cold. When Elliot pulled me back on the raft it wasn't much better.

CUT TO CAMPUS

*Hansel Hindenberg, Sterling Blitz and Elliot Lacquer are at the top of the alleyway uptown from their Frat house. The have wheeled the newly acquired shopping cart with them.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Let do this, who wants to go first

STERLING BLITZ

Hansel, you go first.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Okay you wimps.

*Hansel situates himself in the cart, then he pulls on a football helmet.*

Ready to roll baby.

ELLIOT LACQUER

Here we go...

*Sterling and Elliot give the cart an ample push.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Ahhhh!

*The cart whistles down the alley way missing park cars, crossing the busy street, nearly hitting two moving cars, finally smashing into the curb, launching Hansel tumbling into the Frat house front yard. He ends up tangled in a bush.*

That was... awesome.

CUT TO ROAD TRIP

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young - Almost Cut My Hair

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## STAGE SET CHANGE

*Lights are still dimmed on the stage. Out of the silence interrupts a piercing digital alarm clock. In a dim fuzzy sense, you can make out the outline of Hansel Hindenberg. No longer abroad. As Hansel sits up and begins to stir, the chaotic makings of his Fraternity bedroom are apparent. There is a stolen shopping cart full of dirty clothes, empty bottles estranged across the floor. Pieces of the Wall Street Journal are scattered all across the room. Hansel wades through the garbage to his laptop where he makes limit order trade on his online investment account. Behind the computer is a blown up photography of King Ludwig's Neuschwanstein castle.*

*After completing his financial transactions for the day, Hansel Hindenberg wades back to his leather chair and slings himself down into the worn chair. The room looks like a war zone, total chaos. While flipping through the Wall Street Journal, Hansel for his cell phone as it rings, he throws it across the room smashing it into pieces. There picture, post-it notes, and news paper pages all over the wall with crayon writing with drawings of graphs, charts, overall jiberish. On a coffee table sits a twelve pack of Miller High Life and full pot of coffee. He alternates sips from beer bottles, than the coffe pot.*

## CUT TO PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE

## NARRATION

Back a college, graduation is on the horizon. I'm so afraid of being the cookie cutter cubical type; I begin ramping up the creative juices. On that evening I journal a few thoughts. 1. Stop working by age thirty. 2. Start giving back. 3. Change the world. Pretty bold for a twenty-two year old. All my theories from economics courses are bleeding into my everyday psyche. I write a theory that explains how to accomplish my goals, it read:  $Y=ME/X$ . Let X equal the world and Y equal my change in the world. Originally written on a napkin, I start sharing it with my peers.

In time I develop an idea to create a venture capital/consulting firm that invest in college start ups. A sort of mentoring program for young entrepreneurs. I name this project\_cinderella. In time I hope to unveil the company named Commitment to

(MORE)

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## NARRATION (cont'd)

Excellence, Inc. I have other ideas too like a musical to the music of STYX, a 24 hour dinner/bar named Pancake 'n Pints and being a TV pitchman.

At this point in the semester I am failing every class but social dance. It's actually not my first rodeo in social dance. I had failed it on two separate occasions in the anticipating to take it again. I have pretty much given up on the books, what I wanted to accomplish something totally new, unique. I spend most my days getting up in time for drinking brain storm sessions I call Ideation, usually honing my concentration over scotch whiskey. In a previous semester I had started a club and applied for university funding. The scotch of the month club, but to my dismay the student activities board denied me funding.

SCENE 3

*On this particular hungover day. Hansel is styling in aviators, a sport coat with the patches on the elbows and puma trainer sweat pants. Atop his head is a hat reading TC with Twin Cities. He curbs his splitting headache buy filling up a spent red party cup off his coffee table with his five gallon jug water dispenser. He spams a water, then fills it again. On go his styling bright blue colored sneakers, unleashed of course.*

*Casually crossing campus he arrives at the university hub, where all the sidewalks meet. In the center is the academic seal reading Prodesse Quam Conspici, to achive without being conspicuous. At this point, Hansel every bit conspicuous.*

*On campus tour is undergoing around the seal. I young women is talking about the school history.*

## TOUR GUIDE

Founded in 1809, this university has a rich history. He lies the academic seal, it reads Prodesse Quam Conspici, meaning to archive without being conspicuous. It considered disrespectful to step on the seal, in matter of fact, there is a superstitious wise tale around stepping on the seal. The wise tale goes on the say that you will fail your next test in doing so.

*Oblivious the gathered crowd blatantly steps arross the seal. I kids gasp!*

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CUT TO CLASSROOM

*Minutes later Hansel in his constitutional law course. The professor is going over some example involving intoxication, drugs and altercation.*

PROFESSOR GOGGIN

Contractual capacity is the minimum capacity required by law for a party who enters into a contractual agreement to be bound by it. Common law recognizes three classes of citizens that generally not considered to have sufficient capacity. These are the three exceptions. First is signing a false contract. The second is age. Mr. Hindenberg, do you happen to know the third exception.

*Silence.*

*Sitting in the back corner of the stadium seating classroom, he takes a sip out of his red party cup.*

*Professor Goggin turns his back on the class and walks to the blackboard. In large bold letters he writes "INTOXICATION." He turns back to Hansel Hindenberg, bushing his hands together to dust the chalk off. He makes a small smirk. That's all for today.*

SCENE 4

*That afternoon Hansel walks into a hot gymnasium. He is carrying the course packet for social dance. A group of cute girls are congregating.*

*There are two rows created down the middle of the gymnasium. After Hansel Hindenberg takes his place, he looks up and is immediately smitten by the beauty of a female named Sophia Valentine. They make brief eye contact.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I'm Hansel. Hansel Hindenberg.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Sophia. Sophia Valentine.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

Hansel, How did you manage your way back into my social dance course a second semester in a row.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

You failed me. Don't you recall.

*The dance instructor comes into view. She's an old woman, probably in her 60s.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I might have failed all the written midterm and missed the final altogether, but I'm still a phenomenal dancer.

DANCE INSTRUCTOR

If you think that, why don't you begin the class out with demonstrating the fox trot.

*Students are clumsily trotting around the gymnasium. On a number of occasions, it is obvious that Hansel wants to pair up with Sophia Valentine, but she is always out of reach. As the class shuffles out, Sophia Valentine taps Hansel on the shoulder.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Why did you fail such an easy course.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

So I could meet you!

LEAVES BEGIN FALLING, THE SEMESTER IS PROGRESSING

*Hansel walks into the gymnasium on this brisk fall day. In his arm, he is carrying the course packet. Across the gymnasium, students are cramming the packet information for the midterm exam.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Hansel did you study for the midterm

HANSEL HINDENBERG

This isn't my first rodeo girl.

*Hansel is so confident that he tosses his course packet into the trash.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

By the way feel free to cheat off me, I'm gunna ace this shit!

*The instructor hands out the exam.*

(CONTINUED)

INSTRUCTOR

Get out your number one pencils and get to work.

*A number of students congregate around Hansel and copy his test.*

SCENE 5

*Hansel a large crowd of Fraternity brothers are gathered outside of Wendy's.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Who is ready for the first annual Dave Thomas Invitational. The rules are that you have an hour to finish the entire 99 cent menu. It must be completed in order. May the fastest eater win. Good luck.

*The brothers line up at the order counter. Hansel orders first.*

I'll take the entire 99 cent menu in order.

CASHIER

Let me get that straight. You want on fry, crispy chicken sandwich, 5 piece nugget, double stack burger, one potato, a soft drink and a frosty.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yep!

*Elliot Lacquer, Sterling Blitz and various other individuals are in line behind Hansel.*

ELLIOT LACQUER

Make that two 99 cent menus.

STERLING BLITZ

Ditto.

STANDIN 1

I'm in too.

STANDIN 2

Count me in.

STANDIN 3

All in.

STANDIN 4

I'm the last.

CASHIER

So I've got six entire 99 cent menu orders. How will you be paying for this.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
Plastic.

*Hansel hands over his credit card. The cashier runs it. He scribbled down a signature.*

*All six brothers take a seat at the neighboring table.*

We need a non partisan judge for the Dave Thomas Invitational. Excuse me.

*Hansel gestures a woman that is the Day shift manager.*

Would you be for polite as to judge the first annual Dave Thomas Invitational.

MANAGER  
Umm. What was that.

ENTIRE GROUP  
THE DAVE THOMAS INVITATIONAL!

ELLIOT LACQUER  
It's competitive eating contest.

MANAGER  
Ready, set, go!

*All the brothers rush in and stuff there faces.*

CUT TO 15 MINUTES

*They is grunting and complaining.*

CUT TO 30 MINUTES

STERLING BLITZ  
Oh, the dreaded potato.

ELLIOT LACQUER  
Holy bonkers Batman!

*Hansel is mumbling to himself.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
Must... have will... to go on.

*Sterling Blitz is now chugging down the frosty.*

STERLING BLITZ  
DONE biznitches! YES!

(CONTINUED)

*Sterling stands up. He's got the dreaded meat sweats. His body is swaying in a hulu hoop like fashion. He grabs his belly.*

STERLING BLITZ  
Arggg.

*Sterling runs off stage. Chunder follows off stage.*

CUT TO

*Following that night. At the frat house.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
Anyone up for another challenge.

ELLIOT LACQUER  
What is it.

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
The quil challege. We pass the night quil around. Last one not sleeping wins.

STERLING BLITZ  
Oh geez. Okay, it's go time.

ELLIOT LACQUER  
Really Hansel.

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
Yeah.

ELLIOT LACQUER  
Okay, I'm down like Donkey Kong.

*They begin passing the bottle in a circle sitting on the floor. After 4 or 5 rounds.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
Know what my mom told me the other day.

STERLING BLITZ  
What'd see say?

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
Son, in life you inhale deeply.

STERLING BLITZ  
Nice. Basically she said you cleared the entire bong. Hilarious.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT LACQUER

Was this a good idea?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

The best of ideas. Do you have any idea how messed up your dreams or going to be. Crazy man.

STERLING BLITZ

I'm sweepy, really guys, gnite.

*There heads all droop at the same time. There is no definite winner this evening. The lights dim.*

CUT TO

*Hansel and few of his Fraternity brothers are hanging out on the balcony of the Frat house. Up walks this beautiful girl. It is Sophia Valentine.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Hansel, where were you in social dance class today?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I was a little drowsy so I slept in.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

I doubt you even care, but I failed the midterm written examination. Thanks a lot (sarcastically)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I bet we aced the dancing midterm, not to mention your participation, your going to be fine.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Huh. I might not make med school because of you.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Sophia, let me make it up to you. Why don't I take you out this Saturday night. I'll meet you at your house, let say at seven.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

All that and your asking on a date.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Don't be so close to judge, just say yes.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
See you then.

CUT TO SATURDAY NIGHT

*Hansel walks up the sidewalk to Sophia Valentine's campus house. He has a fresh cut sunflower in hand.*

*He rings the doorbell. He then sets off the porch and waits a few paces down the walk.*

*Sophia is absolutely stunning. She has a cut sun dress on with sneakers.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE  
Sorry about the sneakers, I'd rather be comfortable.

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
It's all good. As long as you have fun.

SOPHIA VALENTINE  
What do you have in mind for the evening.

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
It's a surprise.

*They jump in Hansel's red Audi S4. He makes a illegal u turn on the brick road and tears up the boulevard.*

*They arrive at a country side pumpkin stand. Let's get a two pumpkins. What do you say.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE  
This is definitely the most unusual date I've ever been on thus far.

*They pick out a tall skinny pumpkin and a short fat pumpkin.*

*They tear back down the country road.*

*They are back at Sophia Valentines house.*

*In the kitchen, they begin carving the two pumpkins.*

*Let's make one Burt and the other Ernie.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG  
That's an awesome idea.

CUT TO THAT EVENING

(CONTINUED)

*The two pumpkins are lit on the porch of Sophia Valentine's campus house. In side the window, Hansel and Sophia are seated on the love seat. What do you say we watch Ferris Bueller's Day Off. I love that movie.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

You remind me of Ferris Bueller.

*She laughs.*

THE TELEVISION

Bueller, Bueller... anyone Bueller.

*Hansel leans toward Sophia and attempt to kiss her. She turns her head to avoid the kiss.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

What... I thought we were having fun.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

I just don't know. I'm having fun but you are a little unstable.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Unstable. I'm not sure what you mean.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Failing social dance, no showing on Friday. I don't know, you just bigger than life. Your like a movie character. I'm not sure you have a serious side.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I have a sensitive side.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

I haven't seen it yet. I just don't want to date a movie character.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Do you want me to leave.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Maybe you should, we can try this again when you mature.

#### SCENE 6

Talking Heads - Burning down the House.

*It's Halloween. Hansel is dressed as Robert Goulet. His attire consist of a yellow turtle neck sweater with a blazer over the top. His*

(CONTINUED)

*friends, Elliot Lacquer and Sterling Bitlz are all dressed as team global gym from the movie Dogball, they even are carrying red dog balls. There are in a crowded bar and have ordered numerous pitchers of beer.*

*All of a sudden the rival Average Joes walk into the bar. It escalates. Hansel grabs Sterling's dodgeball and belts it at one of the rival members. He misses and hits the door bouncer instead.*

BOUNCER

Hey you can't through a dodge ball in here!

*He begins to chase Hansel. Mr. Hindenberg takes off running around the bar. He hides behind a personal dressed as Johnny Depp from the movie Blow.*

*Leaving out the back alley door, the crew comes across a group of individuals dress up as characters from Mario Kart. They have cardboard outfits that resemble go karts. Exhausted from trekking the cumbersome costumes, they toss them down on the ground.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I have a great idea, watch this...

*Hansel turns to the crowd that is turning to an angry mob. Hansel turns to the mob.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Does anyone have a lighter

*A girl dress as Lara Croft has Hansel a lighter. Hansel sets the loose cardboard costumes a blaze. The crowd cheers. In a flash, there are flood lights on the street and riot police are approaching in systematic fashion. Hansel puts on his sunglasses. The closest riot police officer mases him across the face.*

STERLING BLITZ

Dude are you alright?

*Still in character.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

It's G-o-u-l-e-t. Yeah I'm fine, the sunglasses shielded my eyes.

(CONTINUED)

STERLING BLITZ

Unbelievable, it like your not even real. It's like where are in a fictional movie. I can't even describe it.

CUT TO THE NEXT MORNING AT A PANCAKE HOUSE

*Hansel and others are waiting on being seated. The hostess comes out and puts her mouth up the microphone to the loudspeaker.*

LOUDSPEAKER

Super.

*No reply.*

LOUDSPEAKER

Super.

*Once again, no reply.*

LOUDSPEAKER

Super Sweet.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

That would be me!

*The hostess shakes her head as the bunch takes there seats.*

WAITRESS

What are we having?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I'll have a double order of Swedish pancakes, one order of home fries, double side of bacon, two fried eggs over hard and that'll do. Oh, and a coffee. Make it black.

WAITRESS

And are you sure you don't need a horse as well.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I might have a hollow leg but gunna pass on the horse today.

ELLIOT LACQUER

Just a short stack and an orange juice.

STERLING BLITZ

Same.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

I'll get these order right in.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Would it be possible to keep this menu.

WAITRESS

What are you gunna do, eat that too.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I just want it as a keepsake. I love this place.

*The waitress shrugs.*

WAITRESS

I suppose you can keep it.

CUT TO THAT EVENING

*Hansel is sitting at his desk. He takes the menu and across the top writes "Pancake's and Pint's" Underneath he writes a 24 hour endeavor, opening soon near you.*

*Elliot walks into the Fraternity study room and sees Hansel writing away.*

ELLIOT LACQUER

What you doing broseph?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Writing up a business plan for a 24 hour dinner. I call it "Pancake's and Pint's." What do you think?

ELLIOT LACQUER

Interesting concept. One your ideas is going to take off.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

It would have a rotating kitchen, with girdles and fryers on one side. Then at 2:00, it rotates with a full functioning bar on the other side. Can't you picture it.

ELLIOT LACQUER

Wow. Creative.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Then at bar close. The same thing happens.

ELLIOT LACQUER

It's brilliant.

(CONTINUED)

## IT'S KARAOKE AT A BAR NAME FIST RUN

Billy Joel - we didn't start the fire

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Harry Thruman, Doris Day, Red China, Johnny Ray. South Pacific, Walter Wichel, Joe Diagio. Joe McCarthy, Richard Nixon, sudibaker, television, North Koreeo, South Korea, Maryland Monroe.

*Hansel Hindenberg is rocking the stage. Mercedes Belmont and Audrey Bliss and backing him up with the chorus.*

KARAOKE DJ

Wow, Billy Joel himself would be proud of that performance.

*Hansel turns to Audrey Bliss.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Audrey do you think I could barrow your cell phone for one call.

AUDREY BLISS

Okay, here.

*Hansel mashes the keys.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hello. Sophia, it's Hansel.

*Pause.*

I thought if you were free you should come up to First Run, we're singing Karaoke.

*Pause.*

No you can't stay home and be lame. What. I suppose you're going to take a bubble bath, put in the movie Dirty Dancing and drink box wine.

*Pause.*

*I'm not being mean. Come on your gunna have fun. I stamped the night with a guarentee.*

Okay, see you soon.

CUT TO LATER THAT NIGHT AT FIRST RUN.

*Sophia is dressed down in tight ripped jeans and a tight baby girl tee.*

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Sophia, you made it, awesome.

KARAOKE DJ

Next up is Hansel Hindenberg and Sophia Valentine.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Are you crazy? I don't want to sing in front of a crowd.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Just try. I picked out the perfect song.

*The music begins to play.*

Bill Medley - I had the time of my life.

*Hansel run up to the stage and grabs the mic.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Now I've had the time of my life. No I never felt this way before. Yes I swear, it's the truth and I owe it all to you.

*The music plays, Sophia is standing beneath the stage, shaking her head and waving her hands no. I've been waiting so long, now I've finally found someone to stand by me.*

*Mercedes and Audrey push Sophia up onto the stage. The next verse passes.*

HANSEL AND SOPHIA TOGETHER

Now with passion in our eyes. There's no way we could disguise it secretly. So we take each other's hand, 'cause we seem to understand the urgency.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Just remember.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

You're the one thing.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I can't get enough of

SOPHIA VALENTINE

So I'll tell you something

HANSEL AND SOPHIA TOGETHER

This could be love because.

*They continue to sing late into the night. Sophia is even having fun.*

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL

Guys, let head over the the Steinkeller.

STERLING BLITZ

Yes, I love that place.

MERCEDES BELMONT

Sure, we can do that.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

As long as you don't embarrass me more.

ELLIOT LACQUER

Good luck with that Sophia.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Ah, we'll see.

*They enter the basement bar.*

BOUNCER

Your ID's please.

*They all hand out there ID's, except Hansel.*  
Oh, Hansel, your fine, go ahead.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Thanks.

BARTENDER

What'll it be Hansel.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

6 boot's of Spaten Munchen.

AUDREY BLISS

We don't all want a boot. That's humongous.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Okay 3 boots and 3 tappers.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

That's more like it.

*Hansel slides over a credit card.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Keep it open.

BARTENDER

Sure thing.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I'm gunna go rock out the jukebox.

*Hansel sides in a dollar into the TouchTunes. It takes Hansel no time to pick out the right tune.*

*Hansel turns to Sterling and Elliot that were watching over his shoulder.*

I'm on a mission, I know what I want, so I take it!

ELLIOT LACQUER

What'd you play?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

A surprise. I paid extra it's on next.

The Police - Roxanne

STERLING BLITZ

Perfect. The Roxanne drinking game. Love it.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

What is that Hansel.

*Hansel is about to speak and Sterling Blitz interrupts.*

STERLING BLITZ

Oww, oww. Allow me. We split into two teams.

ELLIOT LACQUER

Boys verses Girls.

AUDREY BLISS

Oh geez.

STERLING BLITZ

We're team Roxanne. Girls, you are team red light. We drink on when they sing Roxanne. You drink when they sing red light.

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Easy enough. Did you guys make this game up yourselves.

STERLING BLITZ

Yep.

*The music come on. The girls little sip, the boys are chugging away out of there Boots. The audience it loving it.*

LATER THAT NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

*A big drunk guy bumps in to Hansel. Hansel pushes back.*

DRUNK GUY

Get out of my way small fry.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Fuck off!

*The giant drunk guy picks Hansel up by the collar. Hansel is nearly 3 feet off the ground. His feet are dangling helplessly.*

DRUNK GUY

You tell me to "fuck off" one more time and your face is going to meet the pavement.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Fuck you!

*I giant drunk guy swings Hansel to the side, thrusting his face into the pavement. Hansel is stunned. He rolls over. His face is beat in badly, his tooth is missing. Blood is all around. The drunk guy walks off with his enterouge. Sophia runs up to Hansel.*

SOPHIA VALENTINE

Hansel, Hansel. Oh my, are you okay? I'm taking you too the hospital.

NARRATION

Just this past weekend a classmate killed himself. His dad was this high flier type, he owned a airline after all. Anyways, his family decided to gift the school 10 million dollars. We had this appreciate dinner for his family and in remembrance of Gregg Galloway. I knew the Dean well, he was my academic advisor and as a student ambassador I got to attend the dinner. I even wrote a letter to his family following horrible ordeal.

In that spirit I decided to throw a party to end all parties. I cashed out my entire day trading account, about seven thousand dollars. I had 100 tee shirts made up with the witting "Commitment to Excellence" on the front and on the back "Everyday, in everything I do!" There was an ultimate sense of urgency. I spared no time hiring a band and getting a caterer. I had to get busy living, who knows when your gunna die.

(CONTINUED)

*The Frat basement is full. The song the Pusher Man by steppenwolf is blaring. In walks Hansel Hindenberg dressed in an Italian woven suit, his tee shirt, sneakers and his lucky hat. The crowd begins shouting "speech, speech, speech!"*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

I guess it was last Saturday night, after I ate Kik's in a down of cheese sauce, took a shot of molassis and washed it down with fruit juice that I wanted to host an appreciation party. All of you here tonight were invited because I like who you are, what you represent or at least see the potential of either attributes.

Since I was a freshman in high school parents accused me of being high or drunk all the time. What my parents learned in time and what my friends already knew is that I'm high on life! I think tonight is an opportunity to pay homage in specific order: freshman friends, brothers, Mac and Joes staff, and study abroad classmates.

As you probably already know, I have a very short attention span. In the spirit of my economic training, I discount future utility to the point where only today matters. Right now my friends, you are all that matters and that's why your here.

Last week following a interview with a big four consulting firm, the recruiter told me I'm definitely not fit for any financial institution and the only corporate environment I will succeed in would have to be highly non traditional.

Last Sunday after a freak encounter with the blacktop pavement I realized the dedication of my true friends.

Wednesday, I was required to report to a continuing education class due to finding out that I'm failing social dance for the 3rd time

Yesterday my professor told me to give up job searching and the career placement office altogether and that it was a waste of my time.

Commitment to excellence, everyday in everything I do!

*The band begins to play.*

SCENE 7

## NARRATION

That night, armed with insomnia and drunkenness I am in the middle of composing a paper for one of my economic course on Utopian socialism, it begins: "As Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper ride into the hippie commune in the movie Easy Rider, it is unavoidable to think what Dennis hopper says aloud, 'There is nothing here but sand man, there never going to make it.' Robert Owen, a early 20th century utopianist, claimed utopia could be reached without an uprising of the working class. Originally motivated by capitalism, he soon protested ownership and currency as a medium of exchange. Utopian socialism is the excape for reality, fortunately for Robert Owen, he didn't have to sell illicit drugs or wander as a renegade, he created his own practical Utopian microcosm.

After pound out this paper I write my business initiative: Dear Dean, I must preface the rest of this document: Since watching the movie Easy Rider for an entire night while writing a term paper on utipian socialism, my professor telling me to forget the career placement office altogether and my father, for the firt time since I was 12 telling me he believes in me, I have never felt so ALIVE and I know what to do for the rest of my life... and that is making a difference for my family, fiends, fraternity, university, community, country and international community! and while brainstorming for last few weeks in my intermediate macro economics course, I wrote an economic expression, that attempts to explain where no economist has gone thus far... explaining how to measure utility. I double economist or sociologist will ever agree on this answer but the equation is  $Y=ME/X$ . After failing out of that course last Thursday at approximately 3:30 I wrote a business plan and decided to do only what drives me. I'm staring a company that encompasses everything in life that make living possible, people! Below is the name of the future endeavor and the list of individuals to make it happen.

COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE, INC.

INDUSTRY: VENTURE CAPITAL/CONSULTING

MISSION STATEMENT: Commitment to excellence... everyday in everything I do!

OBJECTIVE: Empowering individuals though investing in them!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATION (cont'd)

\* Enclosed are my motivation/transformational journal.

*The clock reads 4:00am. Hansel is looking at himself in the mirror with his suit still on. He pulls his grungy long locks back and cuts them off with a dull scissor.*

*Outside there is a full moon.*

*The say a full moon brings out the crazy's. Tonight I'm a absolute site. Acknowledging that failing out of college is imminent, I've got nothing to lose.*

*Hansel Hindenberg approaches the academic seal. The moon is so bright that the broze insignia glimmers. With two steps, he steps onto the seal. He looks up at the moon.*

*Now outside the Deans office, Hansel grabs the newest edition of the Wall Street Journal off the floor. He leisurely pages though the periodical until he is captivated by an add. It is for Lehman Brothers. He begins highlighting the page. Soon he is drawing upon the paper, making bubbles and connecting them with arrows. Atop the page he writes, Project\_Cinderella\_LLC.*

*Turning the page, Hansel stumbles on the stock tickers. In crayon he writes up a confidentiality agreement.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I hereby state that anything created during my discussion with Mr. Hansel Hindenberg is Mr. Hindenberg's OWN intellectual property and not the property of any other individual. In signing I will keep any information from going outside this room and not tape record. November 17, 2004. Sign here...

*At quarter to seven, the Dean arrives.*

DEAN

Hansel, what are you doing here?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Dean we need to talk. At about 4:00am it occurred to me that I'm about to fail out of school. I wanted to say goodbye. That said, I don't believe the situation is an absolute failure. I have a business plan that is about to take off. Would you like to be the chairman of the board?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hansel, this all sounds interesting but I'm worried about you! When is the last time you slept or had a hot cooked meal? I want to advise you but I'm not sure you are fit for school right now. Can you please visit the campus psychologist. It would mean a lot to me if you just go there and talk to someone. It's not normal to stay up all night in a suit, then pitch me this venture. While I am intrigued, I'm worried about your well being.

*Out of the Deans desk drawer he pulls out a business card for the school psychologist with the address written on it.*

Please go and see this doctor!

*With his hand, the Dean extends his hand with the card. Hansel looks at the card. He grabs it, looks at the Dean, then embeds his face in the shoulder of the Dean and cries uncontrollably. The Dean pats Hansel on the back.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Thank you for listening Dean Goggin.

*Confused, exhausted and in tears, Hansel walks across the campus. Along the way he sits on a curb and begins crying uncontrollably. A passerby stops.*

PASSERBY

Is everything alright?

*Hansel hands the girl, the card.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Can you tell me how to get to this building?

PASSERBY

it's the building right behind you, have a nice day.

NARRATION

At this point I have realized everyone thinks I'm off the ship. If I play my cards right I can get a medical withdrawal rather than failing out.

*In the waiting room, Hansel is figity, pacing and sweating. They finally call his name. He walks into a stark white room with a desk, two chairs and a bookshelf. This fresh out of school doctor walks in the room and grabs the biggest book off the bookshelf, titled: DMV.*

(CONTINUED)

*The doctor turns to Hansel.*

YOUNG DOCTOR

I'm going to read a list of symptoms. Just reply yes or no to each one. Excessive talk.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yes

YOUNG DOCTOR

Irritability

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yes

YOUNG DOCTOR

Racing Thoughts

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yes

YOUNG DOCTOR

Unusual energy; less need for sleep

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yes

YOUNG DOCTOR

Impulsiveness; like shopping sprees, promiscuous, high-risk business investment

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yes

YOUNG DOCTOR

Just wait here one minute.

*The young doctor leaves the room. In a brief moment, in walks a Senior type doctor.*

OLD DOCTOR

Hansel can you explain what brings you in this morning?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I have ideas like fireworks and I can't keep themes straight, I used up all my post-it notes.

OLD DOCTOR

What's all these markings on your hands. Take off your suit jacket a moment.

(CONTINUED)

*Hansel pulls off his suit jacket, His entire arms are covered in witting from a sharpie marker. There are graphs, list, arrows, and names.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Anyway, I'm failing out of school today and I don't care, I'm starting this business plan, I though this huge party to launch the idea and I am heading to New York to fish up investment then off to Hollywood to get a screen play of the whole thing, you see...

OLD DOCTOR

Stop there.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

But hear me out, my dad finally believes in me and there's this girl I'm in love with and...

OLD DOCTOR

Stop there.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Just one more thing...

OLD DOCTOR

Stop there. Hansel, you can either listen or go directly to the hospital, your completely manic, lost in delusion and in a state of psychosis.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Doc, I'd rather go to the hospital than ever listen to you again. By the way... Your fired!

*Hansel impulsively stomps out the office, slamming the door. The doctor jumps to his feet, open the door and runs after him. Just outside the building is a police liason.*

OLD DOCTOR

Stop the boy, he's a danger to himself and those around him.

*The Police Liaison grabs Hansel and cuffs him. He escorts Hansel to the squad car. Hansel's parents are notified of the situation. They board a private jet. The squad car couriers Hansel the local airport. Down goes the stars to the private jet. Hansel is scuffed, turned over the his parents and they all board the plane. As the door is closing Hansel yells.*

CONTINUED:

42.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

My journey has just taken flight!

ACT IIISCENE 1

## NARRATION

In order to take a medical withdrawal, I voluntarily decide to check into a psyche ward.

*The elevator door opens. Hansel is seated in a wheel chair, his mother is guiding the wheel chair. His father rest his hand across Hansel's shoulder. He is rolled to a secured door with a keypad. The nurse enters a four number sequence. Hansel peers, trying to see which numbers are pressed. The door opens. The door slams behind them. It is a sort of holding area with another door ahead. On the right is a small window. It opens.*

## ATTENDENT

Your shoe laces please.

*Hansel's mother unlaces his shoe laces. The attendant hands her four rapid ties to secure the shoes. The attendant hands Hansel's mother a scissors.*

## ATTENDANT

Please remove your draw string.

*Hansel's mother mother assist in cutting the two knots on the end of the draw strings, then pulls it out.*

## ATTENDENT

Empty your pockets and put all your possessions in this plastic tray.

*Hansel funnels his belonging into the tray.*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Even my iPod?

## ATTENDANT

Everything.

*The nurse points toward Hansel gesturing him to stand. He stands. The Nurse pats him down like he is some sort of suspected felon. Then a bell buzzes as the second door opens. Hansel hesitates. The nurse nods in the direction of the room within. Finally he follows the nurse. The door slams prior to his parents getting a chance to say good bye.*

(CONTINUED)

*Ahead of Hansel is a line. He crosses it.*

NURSE 1

You must not cross back other this line without permission and release papers. Lets meet your personal nurse.

NURSE MINDY

Hi, my name is Nurse Mindy.

*She has kinky, tight curls and warm smile. She extends her hand. Hansel shakes her hand.*

NURSE MINDY

Welcome to Unit 47 Mr. Hindenberg.

NARRATION

As I look around my surrounding. I immediately am standing in the dinning room. Over to the side is a two couches with a old fashion tube television. In the corner is a glassed in room with two windowed walls, an exercise bike, table, four chairs and a sitting ledge, puzzels piled up in the corner. There are two long hallways, one on either side. One labeled men, the other women.

*Directly in front of Hansel is a big bulletin board with large letters reading "IBM." Beneath it, it reads "Intensive Behavior Management.*

Unit 47 is a buzz of excitement, everyone is in the mist of psychosis. Some are drug induced, addict types; others like myself, high on life!

*It is the middle of dinner. There is no tray for Hansel, but he sits at a table anyhow. The guy seated next to Hansel has long hair with some braids in it. He has a rather Jedi looking quality.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

You look like Obi One Canobi.

*The gentleman just nods.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

How's the food.

GENTLEMAN 1

It's not bad. It'll put meat on your ribs. To order we just need to circle on the placement what you want. You can even get double of something if you want by witting x2 in the margins, something I must definitely do!

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

What's the quickest way out of this here?

GENTLEMAN 1

Young padawan, you see everything is constantly changing in here and you must not fight the change. It's like you need the force; it requires the strength and patience to watch the change but not involve yourself in the change.

*With dinner winding down, someone comes on the loudspeaker.*

LOUDSPEAKER

The music atrium will be opening in 10 minutes following dinner. Feel free to recreate in there if you wish.

*Entering into the music atrium, Hansel is immediately drawn to the record player. He shuffles through the milk crates filled with records. He stumbles upon Abby Road. Hansel puts the LP on. He drops the needle on the track, Golden Slumbers. The track plays.*

NARRATION

So here I am on day one, surrounded my loonies, self included, listening to the Beatles.

NARRATION

At some point in every day, we would would get a visit from our doctor. My doc was named Dr. Gray. She was a pleasant woman. After I found out she was German I started referring to her as Frau Grau.

Here in Unit 47 there was no shortage of unique individuals... everyone has a story behind how they ended up in this crisis center.

There was Ali, he calls me his son. He is Somali and has his middle and ring fingers webbed together. I guess he's been like that since birth. He'll often point and it reminds me of E.T. He's family is located in Seattle and speaks virtually no English. In our therapies he has a provided translator.

Then there is Mary, a pregnant girl that was extremely religious, then ran off to Nashville, got knocked up until she was arrested.

Then there is Charlie, I refer to him as Charlie Brown. He has various psyche issues mixed with alcoholism and violent crack cocaine abuse.

(CONTINUED)

James is our resident cocaine drug dealer. He got caught trafficking many kilo and was so high he resisted arrest landing him her in Unit 47. He has a court day lined up and has a state assigned lawyer that visits daily.

There is a United States Marine that lived though Black Hawk Down. He was in so much post traumatic pain that he steals and using a plethora of prescription drugs, mostly Valium; even managing to sneak it into the controlled environment here.

There is a homeless prostitute, who just found out she is HIV positive. She refers to my family as "Leave it to Beaver."

Robert is an depressed artist that has fallen on hard times. He's done numerous commissioned pieces for predominate folks. He mostly resorts to canibus to lighten his despaired state.

There a suicidal, anorexic burn victim they was once a runway model.

Micah came to Unit 47 with complete frost bit on both hands, all the way to his wrist. From what I understand he he ran away from his dormitory on a small Jesuit campus and in his delusion was found the next day in a snow bank.

## SCENE 2

### NARRATION

Days in the IBM program followed a regroups yet consistent schedule. 9:00, Breakfast; 9:45 Exercise; 10:45 Community Meeting; 11:00 Movement Therapy; 12:00 Occupational Therapy; 1:00 Lunch; 1:45 Treapeutic Recreation; 3:00 Life Skills discussion; 5:00 Community Meeting and Goal Review; 6:00 dinner; 11:00 Phones disconnect; 12:00 TV Off and Lights Out.

*There are 6 chairs in a half circle with a yoga like instructor at the front, with her own chair.*

### YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Welcome to Movement Therapy. Go ahead and sit. Please sit on the edge of the chair in order to promote movement.

*The instructor inserts a CD into the player. A song that is a rendition of somewhere over the rainbow, preformed by a reggie proformer. The patients minds escape to another land.*

(CONTINUED)

*They stretch to the left, to the right, overhead,  
twist; all to the music.*

SCENE 3

NARRATION

Occupational therapy was a sop fest of people venting about their professional lives and or lack thereof.

THEAPIST

Let start with introductions. How about you on the end, why don't you go first.

*The therapist gesture toward Hansel.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hi, my name is Hansel Hindenberg. I am in the midst of starting a large venture capitalist firm, through a seven thousand dollar party, failed out of college and haven't slept in a week. I fired my psychiatrist so here I am.

THEAPIST

Thank you for your introduction Hansel, everyone, can we welcome Hansel to our group.

EVERYONE

Nice to meet you Hansel.

THEAPIST

Okay, Ali, there are some new faces here today, please introduce yourself.

*The translator turns to Ali and quietly repeats the question in his native language.*

ALI

Hello... my name is Ali and today I want to see my Son.

MARY

I'm Mary and God has been speaking to me lately. I'm not suppose to be here. I can't do God's will in here.

CHARLIE

My brother dead, I know it's my fault.

*Charlie begins to cry uncontrollably.*

JAMES

Okay? I'm James. Two days ago I was charged with drug trafficking and racketeering. I don't really know what's going to happen to me. I'm a coke head and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)

going through withdrawal. My lawyer is suppose to visit tomorrow. It's all messed up. This place really cracks me up though so everyone, really, keep it up.

TONY

I'm Tony. I'll I know is that I'm a lot of pain. The nurses won't give me my fucking Valium. All I want is my god damn pills. The police said I have an injunction for a 72 hour hold. I'm gunna get the fuck out of here.

ROBERT

Robert. Ahh. I'm an artist. Yeah. That's all.

LAURA

I wish I was dead.

THEAPIST

Your name?

LAURA

Laura, and I wish I was dead. Everyday I plot a way to kill myself. I look like a monster. I used to be a runway model, now I'm a monster. If you can assist in helping me die, please let me know.

*cutting Laura off, the therapist continues*

THEAPIST

Ah, and last.

MICAH

The names Micah. Last night God told me to fulfill his the prophecies. So I left my dorm.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

What happened to you hands

MICAH

There frost bitten.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

why?

MICAH

Not sure.

SCENE 4

## NARRATION

Therapeutic recreation on the other hand was a blast some days we got to play records; others a musician would come in and perform; some days it was arts and crafts.

SCENE 5

## LOUDSPEAKER

Patients. It's time for your pills.

## NARRATION

Every morning and evening prior to our meals. They came over the loudspeaker and announced we had to take out pills. You never knew what they were gonna give you, what colored, shape or size or how many. They dispensed them in a Dixie cup and watch you take them.

## LOUDSPEAKER

Hansel.

*Hansel approaches the service desk.*

## ATTENDANT

Your medicine.

*The attendant pours Hansel a glass of water. The attendant pushed forward a Dixie cup of pills. Hansel throws back the dixie cup of meds and quickly washes down the pills together.*

## ATTENDENT

Let me see underneath your tongue.

*hansel opens his mouth, raises his tongue.*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Ahhh.

## ATTENDANT

Okay, next.

*The rest of the patient preform the same ritual.*

## NARRATION

That evening took a change for the weird. What is God came back to earth, but was trapped in a body with psychosis. For a while the hospital, all us patients were beginning to suspect Ali for God. After all Ali means God.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO THE BIG ROOM IN UNIT 47

*All the patients are congregating around ALI. Ali is has his hands pushed together with his webbed fingers pointing at Hansel Hindenberg.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

How are you Ali?

ALI

I am looking for my Son.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Oh.

ALI

I have found my Son. Here is my Son.

*Hansel points his webbed fingers at Hansel Hindenberg. He then mumbles to himself. No one knows if he is speaking in tongues or just speaking his native language.*

*Ali has a big drip of drool dripping down his chin.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Ali, I'm not your Son.

*Frustrated, Ali begins pacing in a circle, then point back to Hansel Hindenberg.*

ALI

My Son. My Son. Here is my Son.

JAMES

Dude, what are you, some prophet or something? He's saying you are his Son. Don't fight it. Maybe he is really God trapped here in Unit 47. All of us that pass through get a glimpse of God. We are looking into the face of God.

*At that time, Mary come over from the distance.*

*Mary kneels in front of Hansel Hindenberg. She is drooling too and speaking in tongues.*

MARY

Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. Here I am, what do I need to do to be saved.

*Hansel feeling larger than life just smiles.*

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Just respect thy father.

MARY

Thank you. Thank you Jesus.

*Mary kisses Hansel's feet.*

SCENE 6

NARRATION

In time the trusted me enough to leave the IBM program for the CSP day program. It stood for crisis prevention. I considered, most the folks there to be the worried sick. They may or may not have really had a problem but they just wanted attention. They made us fill out these questionnaires, chart our progress, group therapy, yada yada. I hated it. It was in the neighboring unit. In Unit 48 I met a women who had a son that committed suicide. In turn this woman was extremely depressed herself, struggling with the loss.

I decided to write her a poem to cheer her spirits. It went: Desolate, deserted, difted away; throw out a life ring, my life's at bay. Help me to hear what I choose not to hear...

CUT TO LUNCH

On the last day of Crisis Prevention at lunch, we sat across from one another at lunch.

MS GALLOWAY

Hansel, A lot of the things you discuss sound like something my son was going to take part in. You didn't happen to know a Gregg Galloway did you.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yes, are his mother.

MS. GALLOWAY

I was.

*She begins to tear.*

It took all my energy to try and sort though his passing. Now my marriage is in is in disarray and my soon to be ex husbands airline is filing for chapter 11. I just realized, you are the kid that wrote that beautiful letter following Gregg's passing.

*Hansel reaches out and gives Ms. Galloway a huge.*

After I had stablized to the practicioneers liking. I was moved down to a unit on third floor, unit 39. This

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MS. GALLOWAY (cont'd)

was a holding area of sorts. No therapy what so ever. Kinda a cool down. My roomie was a fifty year old that thought he was some sort of comedian. I avoided him. At least we had board games and puzzles without missing pieces, and a fish tank. I was ready to go home.

ACT IVSCENE 1

## NARRATION

By the time they sent me home after imploding, I was completely deflated. I was on a round white pill, an oval pink pill and three purple horse pills. These days were completely lost. I was a walking zombie. Some days were slept away. When I was awake I wished I wasn't. The spark, the creativity, all the thrills had past. Most my time was spent hanging out in the garage, smoking cigarettes. Everyday, I just looked across the street at my neighbor Jeff. He was a journeyman welder / Machinist by trade. Every evening and week, he'd be fixing almost anything, especially cars. He had a car underneath a car tarp on the side of his garage. I often wondered what was underneath it. On day our lawn mower hit the dust. The small engine repair store was not going to get it for two weeks, they were that busy, I guess because it was spring.

*Hansel is trying to start the mower to no avail. Across the street, Jeff, the neighbor is working on a pickup truck. He hears Hansel pissing and moaning over the attempts to start the lawn mower. Jeff turns to look.*

## JEFF

Hey neighbor I see your are struggling with that lawn mower. Why don't you bring it into my shop.

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

You sure, it's really broke.

## JEFF

Na, just needs a little attention.

*Hansel walks the mower across the street.*  
Hi, I'm Jeff.

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hi Jeff, the name's Hansel.

## JEFF

Boy, I've been waiting you smoking cigarettes out in that garage for weeks. You need a hobby.

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

You think?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I can teach you all sorts things, all you got to do is hang with me, man we'll go places. But first lets look at this push mower. When's the last time it had a tune up.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Ahh, don't know. It doesn't start and the gas tank drips gas.

JEFF

Well, lets see, Let's start with an oil change, a new spark plug and we can epoxy the crack in the gas tank. Go to Fleet Farm and pick up those three things.

LATER THAT DAY

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Got the stuff. What's first?

JEFF

The the oil plug out.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Okay.

*Moments later.*

Jeff, it's not dripping out.

JEFF

There's your problem. No oil.

*They put oil in it, change the spark plug and seal up the crack in the fuel tank.*

Wow. You're a fast study Hansel. You should get a project car, use my shop and make your time well spent.

NARRATION

On craigslist I found a 1980 mustang hatchback for 950 bucks. I told Jeff about it. We looked at it and it was in pretty decent shape for a 25 year old car.

BACK IN THE GARAGE

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Where do we begin?

JEFF

Pull the engine and transmission. Rip out all the interior. That wont take long.

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

The engine and transmission was out in about thirty minutes I couldn't believe it.

## JEFF

Now you need to unattach the transmission from the 4 cylinder engine.

*Jeff hands Hansel a socket wrench. As Hansel it wrenching, he slips and bangs his hand.*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Jeff, do you have a band-aid. I'm bleeding.

## JEFF

Are you kidding this is a shop.

*Jeff wipes Hansel's finger with a shop rag.*  
There you go, all better.

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Oh, the tranny fluid is red I guess.

## NARRATION

I in time showed my Dad the car. He saw it and just said "Why would you want to fix up that." But he couldn't see the possibilities as Jeff could. I didn't really know how much experience Jeff had but when he narrowed a Ford nine inch rear end to fit and the custom axels fit like a glove, I shut up quit questioning everything. Then Jeff welded up a roll cage and a custom aluminum dash. I ended getting a Ford 460 cubic inch engine and C6 transmission from Jeff's brother.

## BUILDING THE ENGINE.

*The engine is sitting on an engine stand.*

## JEFF

Go ahead and put the oil pump in that you ordered off SummitRacing. Then button up the oil pan. Make sure to not over tighten it. Work each bolt to snug, then tighten in a star pattern.

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Alright.

## NARRATION

In time we got the engine installed, did a 5 lug conversion of the front wheels.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

What do you say we start it up today?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Is it ready?

JEFF

We'll have to run to the auto parts store to get a few things.

AT THE AUTO PART STORE

CLERK

Oh no. Welcom back, I guess.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

We need three things. Anti-freeze, colliant and radiator fluid.

*The clerk appears to be puzzled.*

CLERK

Ahh, aren't they all the same thing.

JEFF

Yeaaahh!

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Sorry I got excited.

JEFF

We'll also need a oil filter.

CLERK

Well do.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I like your tatoo.

CLERK

Oh yea the Pontiac logo, on the other arm I have the Osmobile logo.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

After we get this mustang running I'll have to get a mustang logo on my arm.

WELDING

JEFF

Hansel, do you have any interest in learning how to weld or using the plasma cutter.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Sure.

JEFF

The plasma is easy, its just like tracing. You wanna try it.

HANSEL

Sure

JEFF

Welding is a little more involved. Basically work the puddle of molten metal in one direction, pushing it along.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Sure I'll try.

JEFF

Here is a auto darkening welding helmet.

*Hansel attempts a practice piece to learn.*

JEFF

Not bad. Work more up and down in a half circle fashion.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Okay, I'll try again.

*Hansel works the 220 amp machine again.*

JEFF

Much better are you ready for prime time.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Sure.

JEFF

Go ahead a cut out the resessed metal where the spare used to be. Then weld in a piece of sheetmetal flush in that car

NARRATION

I ended making a metal heart and cut out letters reading Sophia and welding them onto the heart. I was going to send it to Sophia as a Valentines day surprise.

BACK IN THE GARAGE

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Before we start it, you have to name your car.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Well the project of project hot shoe from the Van Halen song Panama.

JEFF

I've got it... Dixie the boss 460.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Love it. Let's go with that.

NARRATION

It went pretty good. It back fired about prior to turning over, a huge fire ball. Then there was a minor engine fire on top of the headers. At the first race I made it to the quarter fines and put the season's point leader on the trailer. Over this time Jeff and I got real close, I was too busy to be depressed and too busy to be manic.

PAINTING THE CAR

NARRATION

By the end of the summer, the car was ready for paint. Jeff had his air sprayer all ready and I went to Automotive Supply Company and purchased matching Red paint. The name of the paint was bright red. So we put some plastic up and wet down the floor. Jeff worked the sprayer and I was the hose holder, making sure it didn't touch the car. We each had 3M respirators on. About 80 percent of the way in, mine plugged up and I couldn't breathe. I headed out of the garage and gasped.

BACK IN THE GARAGE

*Hansel and Jeff are both smoking the the garage.*

JEFF

I don't want this to come out wrong, but I think of you like a little brother. I only have a daughter, she has no interest in cars or racing. It means a lot to be able to pass on my skills to someone that is so much like a sponge. You learn so fast Hansel.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

That's fine. I enjoy this too Jeff. I better head it out, it's late.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Love you bud.

SOME YEARS LATER

NARRATION

About a year later, post graduation, I find myself in a windowless cubical at a IT help desk. It's a slow death in a sea of gray padded cloth, florescent lights and stained mauve carpet. Despite my best attempts, the real world has devoured my soul. That said, I decided I'd fight the flow to find a way to thrive in this desolate environment.

*Hansel is seated in his cubical and wearing a headset. The phone rings.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

IT Hansel, your one stop IT support shop.

*Pause.*

Have you tried rebooting?

*Pause.*

Are you sure it is not a chair to keyboard error?

*Pause.*

Sorry, that was a poor attempt at humor.

*Pause.*

The reboot fixed it... no problem. Thanks for choosing the company help desk, while you can't actually take your computing problems else where, your feedback is critical and appreciated, a survey will be emailed following the closure of this incident. Make it a G-R-E-A-T day!

NARRATION

Over time I learned the key fundamentals to success in IT, most importantly, lowering the end users expectations in line with your realistic expectations.

My shift begun at 6:00am. Luckily, it took little effort to prepare, after all I was exempt from the company dress code. Once logged in, coffee was essential. I drank copious amounts of caffeine in thse years. I even brew a coffee overly too powerful for the casual office working, it got dubbed the strong brew.

To escape the afternoon drain, 5 hour energy became a office ritual. My cubby buddy Jose, got 5 hour in bulk at a one of those member only retailers out of state.

(CONTINUED)

*Jose peers over the cubical wall, shaking a 5 hour energy drink in both hands.*

JOSE

You down.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Fo shizzl my friend.

*Jose flicks the small vile over the cubical wall. Hansel catches it and they both shake there energy drinks at there sides. Slowly they raise them to their mouths, twisting the tops in their teeth to break the perforated protected wrappers. They twist off the caps, bit the tops of the small bottles and throw their heads back, chugging down berry flavored goodness.*

Friday afternoons were torturous. To battle that I started the tradition I refer to as the Fridance. Every 3:00pm on Fridays, Jose would drop some beats and I'd break out and bust a move.

*The some Virtually Insanity begins to play. Outfitted in a hairnet and safety glasses, Hansel begins an impromptu dance to the music. He does the canoe, transitioning into the rowboat. There is a nice toe kick, lead into a spin; topped off by a backwards somersault.*

JOSE

I'm gunna post that on YouTube.

*Hansel sits at his desk and takes a call.*

*In the downtime, Jose and I spent it in highly competitive competition playing Rock 'em Sock 'em robots.*

*Between the two cubical is a upside down cardboard box with the Rock 'em Sock 'em game on top. Jose and Hansel and going it, tumbs moving rapidly.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

You knocked my block off!

*Hansel stands up and thrust his desk chair, rolling it off the stage. In rolls a big blue ball. Hansel takes a seat.*

NARRATION

Always innovating the office. I decide to bring in a blue exercise ball. It broke up the day of slouching and replaced it with crunches and side curls.

(CONTINUED)

*Hansel demonstrates to Jose how he utilizes the ball in the office.*

## NARRATION

Another fun passtime was tuning into infomercials. It was about the time that the Shamwow guy punched a hooker and Billy Mays unexpected passed away. It got me to thinking, the world needs a pitchman, it might as well be me!

## JOSE

Hansel, pitch me that ball of yours.

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hansel here for the big blue ball. Are you sick of your everyday office chair? Got a bad back? Looking to get fit? Look no further! I use it in the office. Look, no more bad back.

*Hansel picks up the phone.*

Make a phone call, then go right into crunches. I can't talk now, I gotta go! The big blue ball, it's what you want, it's all you need. Get it for a limited time offer.

## JOSE

That's going right to YouTube.

## NARRATION

I was the sole reason, the company posted a social media policy that year. When the big blue ball wasn't enough, I started the the stand up movement.

*Hansel's desk elevates. He picks up the phone.*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Is this the health and wellness director. Okay, good. I was wounding what the chances are they I could bring in a treadmill and walk while I work. I've seen the Mayo Clinic is allowing it.

*Pause.*

Is that a definite no or "I need to get back to you on this" no?

*Pause.*

We'll keep the idea in mind. Look forward to hearing back soon. Make it a GREAT day!

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

During the cookie cutter cubical years. I had a big need to escape cubical captivity. This was usually in the form of a plane ticket to someplace unique. Often I'd book the trip when in good spirits and cancel prior to departure because I was so distraught. I planed to run a half marathon in Miami Beach in January. I needed exercise in the worst way. I had gained 75 pounds since my dianosis. What was related to my medicine cocktail and what could be contributed to just laziness, I don't really know.

This time the trip was to meet up with Sterling Blitz and Elliot Lacquer in Vegas. I managed to stay upbeat all the way to departure.

From the air out the window, I can see the Vegas lights. Bellagio here I come.

CUT TO LAS VEGAS CASINO

*Dress in a suit, sneakers, and baseball hat, this looks all to familier. Hansel, Elliot and Sterling are standing at a roulette table. Hansel throws down five one-hundred dollar bills.*

DEALER

Cash in five-hundred

BOSS PIT

Cash in five-hundred

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Big money.

Hansel places all the chips on red.

STERLING BLITZ

Dude, you are always suppose to bet on black. Didn't you know that.

*The marble is moving around the wheel already*

DEALER

Red 22.

*The chips are doubled.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Let it ride.

*The marble is spun again.*

(CONTINUED)

DEALER

Red 28.

*Hansel pulls out his two thousand dollars and tips the dealer a one hundred-dollar chip.*

ONE HOUR LATER

*At a blackjack table, Hansel is hunched over. He has only one hundred chip left. He stays at 19. The Dealer turns over 21.*

SHORTLY AFTER

*At the MGM Players club window, Hansel is taking out an advancement on his credit card.*

CLERK

How much would you like sir.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Five thousand please.

LATER THAT NIGHT

*Hansel is seated at a kino machine and next to him is an Asian businessman. Both are distraught it is 8:00am.*

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN

You betting all too much. Your doing it all wrong. How much money have you got.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I've got forty more bucks.

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN

I'll sell you these two packs of cigarettes and a coupon for the buffet for twenty dollar.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Yeah, sure.

*Hansel hands the businessman the twenty spot and in return is handed the cigarettes and coupon.*

*Hansel Hails a cab.*

INSIDE THE CAB

CABBY

Rough one?

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Down over five grand. Huh.

CABBY

Been there man. I used to own two Cadilacs. Now I'm devorsed, bankrupted and driving cab.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I'm really sorry to hear that man.

CABBY

I used to be writter for the Cappell Show. When he went wacky, we all lost our jobs. Now I'm thinking about getting my relitors licence and flipping houses out here. Sucks.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I got a big idea for cabs man, I call it the comedian cab. Stand-up 24/7 one ride at a time.

CABBY

That could work. It just could work.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

You absolutely made my day. I there a way I can request you for my next ride.

CABBY

Here's my business card. Don't hesitate to call, I'm on twelves, 10:00pm to 10:00am.

*They arrive at the Bellagio.*

That'll be 11 dollars. Hansel hands a twenty.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Keep it.

CUT TO HANSELS IDEATION ROOM

NARRATION

Impromptu Pitching continued with vigor. Soon the office wasn't enough, at lunch we get the idea to filming pitches in Target or Wall Mart.

CUT TO HANSEL'S HOME IN THE EVENING

*On the Television, infomercials are looping constantly. Hansel grasps the remote. He presses the power button. The television screen blink, it goes black.*

*At his desk, Hansel is tossing back coffee directly out of the coffee pot. The table is covered with books, newspapers, etc.*

(CONTINUED)

*The clock reads 2:00. Hansel is huddled over his desk. Deep in concentration, he stands up and begins pacing. Back and forth; back and forth. He picks up the phone, places it to his ear. Then hesitates and places it back on the cradle. He paces again. Then he approaches the phone again. He picks the phone and abruptly dials.*

## VOICE RECORDING

Thank you for calling Sullivan Productions, where infomercial dreams take flight. To better assist you, please choose from one of the following options. If you know your parties extension, please enter it at this time. Press 1 to request more information of partnering with Sullivan Production on your invention. Press 2 if you have recently submitted an invention disclosure and are requesting follow up. Press 2 if you. For all other inquires, please stay on the line and leave your message after the tone.

*Into the phone...*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hello, my name is Hansel Hindenberg and I want to be America's next pitchman. While I do not have formal training nor experience I am motivated to succeed! Please contact me at your earliest convenience to discuss possible career paths. To see your online portfolio of pitches please refer to YouTube and search Hansel Hindenberg. Thank you and make it a GREAT day!

*After studying the invention disclosure for Sullivan Productions into the early morning. Hansel picks up the phone again. It is 7:00am, 8:00am on the eastern seaboard.*

*Into the phone...*

## HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hello, is this LegalZoom. Great, I need to apply for Limited Liability Corporation.

*Pause.*

The name is Heildelberg, Mr. Hansel Hindenberg.

*Pause.*

The LLC I would like is Project Cinderella, LLC.

*Pause.*

Okay, I'll get the articles in the mail in 10 business days. Make it a GREAT day.

(CONTINUED)

## NARRATION

Working for a mild manored packing company, begin daydreaming about ways we could innovate. I come up with a invention disclosure for a product I name PaperTite, essentially paper tupperware.

*Staying up into the early morning. Hansel sits in his ideation room at his drafting table. He is drawing the PaperTite Prototype.*

*The next morning, waking up at his drafting table. Hansel encloses the disclosure forms into a manila folder.*

*He walks to a post office box. Drops it in.*

HANSEL BACK IN CUBICAL

*Hansel's cell phone rings.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hansel Here.

PHONE

Mr. Hindenberg, I'm the talent search director for Sullivan Productions. The reason I'm calling is that we have discussed your YouTube portfolio. While we find it promising, we would like to encourage you to attend acting classes to develop a more professional and consistant deliver.

*Hansel can barely swallow. He's speechless.*

*He covers the microphone on the cell phone and screams.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Wohoow!!!

SCENE 3

*Hansel is on a Television studio set. There are people running around delivering coffees. He is seated on a stool, a makeup is touching up his face.*

MAKEUP ARTIST

Mr. Hindenberg. Are you that upbeat in real life as you are on Television.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I wish. But whenever I'm not feeling great, I remember a little thing my mother told me when I was young. She

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG (cont'd)

told me son, sometimes you just need to fake it till you make it.

MAKEUP ARTIST

Wow, that's pretty good advice. Did you always want to be on Television.

HANSEL HINDENBERG

I've wanted to so many things since I was young. I do what moves me for that moment. If it stops being satisfying I move on to the next.

*People rush off the set.*

STAND IN

In three, two, one... PaperTite. Take one.

*Hansel twist and points to the camera.*

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hansel here for PaperTite. Have you ever put cheap poly or styrofoam containers in the microwave? Don't, the melt, burn, can even leach chemicals into your food.

AUDIENCE

Eew!

HANSEL HINDENBERG

Hey restaurantiers, why not provide a better container for your carry out entrays.

VOICEOVER

Papertite keeps food fresh longer!

AUDIENCE

How?

HANSEL HINDENBERG

While other containers have flimsy covers, PaperTite protects. That right, no more smushed up sandwiches, and it's microwavable and oven safe. Yeah! With PaperTite, you can pack, transport and consume, all spill free and it's environmentally degradable. The secret behind PaperTite is that it is air and water tight until you microwave. It allows the steam out with out the need to puncture any holes.

WOMANS VOICE

Hansel, this all sounds great, but what's PaperTight cost.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEL HINDENBERG

19.95 plus shipping and handling. You're gunna buy paper plates anyways, why not buy paper plates that double as a storage container. Hansel, signing off. Remember PaperTite is microwavable and oven alright.

STAND IN

Cut.

DIRECTOR

That's a wrap.