

THE BIOGRAPHY

by
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OVER BLACK

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK

FADE IN

INT. SOLOMAN'S BOOKSTORE - DAY

SIGN: "USED, RARE, AND OUT OF PRINT BOOKS"

A poster of Oscar Wilde.

Aisle of old books that lead to the

OFFICE

The CLICKS continue on and off.

FRANK O'CONNOR, thirty, slim, elegant, in an expensive Italian suit, exudes urbane self-confidence. He sits next to a stack of tabloids on an ugly plaid sofa reading the NATIONAL INQUIRER.

FRANK
(annoyed)
Carl, would you stop that.

CARL (O.S.)
Stop what?

FRANK
Clicking that infernal pen of yours.

CARL (O.S.)
Is it bothering you?

FRANK
I came here to read in silence. If I wanted sound I would have gone to the subway.

A moment of silence. Then the clicking continues. Frank folds the paper and places it neatly on his lap.

He glares across the room at CARL SOLOMAN. Carl is twenty-five and handsome, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and jeans. He sits dejectedly staring down at a blank yellow legal pad.

FRANK
All right. I'll bite. What is wrong?

Carl stops clicking his pen.

CARL

Writer's block. I can't think of anything to write for my three to six sentence biography.

FRANK

This for FUCKED UP, that little lit rag you publish?

FRONT OF BOOKSTORE

A table filled with little black BOOKS, "FUCKED UP: Stories and poems locked inside the American Subconscious ISSUE 3" on the cover.

FRANK (V.O.)

Didn't you write enough about yourself in the editor's note?

ROGER, a decrepit seventy year old, picks up a copy and starts paging through it looking for pictures.

CARL (V.O.)

I wrote about the magazine in the editor's note.

He stops at a

PAGE

"MEDITATIONS ON SUBWAY FORNICATION By Frank O'Connor".

ROGER

raises his brow. Starts to read.

FRANK (V.O.)

You wasted an opportunity. You should have written about yourself. I... I... would have written about myself.

A small purse knocks the book from his hand and sends it CRASHING to the floor.

MARGE (O.S.)

Put that pornography down.

OFFICE

Frank cocks his head at the sound.

FRANK
You have a customer.

CARL (O.S.)
So?

FRANK
Don't you have to service their needs?

Frustrated, Carl sets his pen down and heads toward the door.

CARL
Frank, must you make everything sound sexual?

FRONT OF BOOKSTORE

MARGE, a granny in her Sunday best, stands in the an isle holding a purse and looking through a translation of A POET ASSASSINATED with horror and disgust.

Carl sees her in the aisle and approaches.

CARL
May I help you?

MARGE
This is disgusting.

CARL
What is?

MARGE
This.

She holds up the book. Carl cocks his head as he reads the cover.

CARL
That is French.

MARGE
It is pornography.

CARL

Is it? Those French slipped one by me again. I ask them for children's books and they keep sending me that stuff.

Skeptically she places it down on the shelf.

CARL

Now, how can I help you?

He gently guides her by placing his hand on her back to get her to the

FRONT OF BOOKSTORE

Where Roger stands reading a copy of FUCKED UP.

MARGE

I'm looking for the club book.

CARL

Club book?

MARGE

From the girl on T.V.

CARL

I don't watch T.V. Sorry.

MARGE

The black girl, Oprah.

CARL

The name doesn't ring a bell.

They stand by Roger. She elbows him. He sets the book back onto the table.

MARGE

It was about some actor.

She pulls out a Border's FLYER from her purse

ROGER

Sidney...

MARGE

Poitier

Points at the highlighted cover of THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

ROGER

He stared in IN THE HEAT OF NIGHT as the detective. You know... the nigger.

Marge scowls at Roger.

MARGE

You're not suppose to use that word anymore.

ROGER

We're all white here, I don't see the harm.

CARL

I'm black. I got that Michael Jackson disease Vitilligo.

MARGE

(concerned)

I'm so sorry. Does it hurt?

CARL

Only when people don't realize that I'm a young black male.

OFFICE

Carl walks through the door and stops.

FRANK

Oprah?

Carl nods. Pulls his pen out. Closes the door. On the inside of the reading room door is a marked up playboy calender.

CARL

That makes ten today.

He puts a mark down then pulls the door back into place.

FRANK

People are sheep.

CARL

This coming from the guy reading a stack of tabloids.

Carl settles himself down into his office chair.

FRANK

I only read smut. You know that. Besides your girlfriend Peggy is in here.

CARL

Are they making fun of her knobby knees? Or saying she got impregnated by Elvis?

FRANK

It was a list. You made it to number 1 loser boyfriend. Congratulations.

CARL

Oh joy. I'll have to frame that article. Give it to ma. She'll be so proud.

OFFICE - LATER

Carl sits back in his chair, a few buttons undone on his shirt. Feet up on the desk. He clicks his pen a few times.

CARL

Well? Are you going to help?

FRANK (O.S.)

Help with what?

Frank has his nose in a STAR magazine.

CARL (O.S.)

My biography.

Frank peeks over.

FRANK

A biography? For you?

Carl rolls his eyes. Frank lies his paper beside him and crosses his legs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That is a hard one. Even I can only think of one word to describe you.

CARL

What is it?

Frank looks Carl dead in the eye.

FRANK

Dull.

Carl's eyes return to the legal pad. He clicks his pen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Go on. Write it down. D-U-L-L. That or you could write about Peggy. I'm sure your reader base would triple if they knew you were banging an heiress.

CARL

(dejectedly)

I can't. I'm under contract.

FRANK

She made you sign a contract?

Carl nods.

CARL

It was five pages long and in triplicate. Her lawyer makes her keep them in her purse.

FRANK

What a shame. I guess you'll have to live on as the number one loser boyfriend for another year.

Carl sighs and gives Frank a pleading look.

CARL

Haven't you ever had writer's block?

FRANK

Never.

(beat)

Fine. On one occasion. But it was peculiar. Otherwise I've always had boundless creativity.

CARL

(puzzled)

Peculiar?

FRANK

I lost a bet.

Frank unfolds his paper and flips a few pages in, dismissing the conversation as over.

Carl chews on his pen a moment looking at Frank curiously. Takes pen from mouth.

CARL
What was the bet?

FRANK
John and I bet on the 2004 election.

CARL
The terms?

FRANK
(deadpan)
If Bush won I had to get a tatoo on my
scrotum.

A moment as Carl takes that in.

CARL
What does that have to do with writer's
block?

Frank lowers his paper in exasperation.

FRANK
That is when I got writer's block. It
took me two days to figure out what words
I wanted to put on my nuts.

CARL
Why did it have to be words? You could
have tattooed the Virgin Mary down there.

FRANK
Funny. Ha ha. Or flames, I coulda had a
fire crotch. But no. I wanted words.
Something that represented me as a
person. Something that embodied
everything I stand for.

CARL
So, what did you chose?

FRANK
The first amendment.

CARL
Freedom of speech?

FRANK
Exactly.

Long pause.

CARL
Did it hurt?

FRANK
Oh, it... was... orgasmic.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Frank's face contorts in pain, sweat drips into his eyes. Hysterical LAUGHTER and the BUZZ of a tattoo needle.

FRANK
(in a rising crescendo)
Fuck you John. Fuck you John. Fuck you
John. Fuck you John.

JOHN, twenty, in an "I'm with Stupid" t-shirt, is laughing so hard he has an asthma attack. He gasps for breath as he falls to the floor coughing and laughing madly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Fuck you John. Fuck you John. Fuck you
John. Fuck you John!

RETURN TO REALITY

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Frank gives Carl a haunted smile and then lifts the paper to cover his face.

Carl looks down at his pad. Writes a few notes.

CARL
Where was I during this?

FRANK
You were on Fredric, the french
billionaire's, yacht in the Mediterranean
playing Captain Ahab but looking more
like a heaving sperm whale. Peggy looked
fantastic though in her pink polka dot
bikini.

CARL
How did you know I was in the...

Frank shakes his paper.

FRANK

They had pictures of the entire trip.
Amazing what they can do with a telephoto
lens.

EXT. YACHT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Carl, in a striped french sailor shirt and black pants,
hunches over the railing at the front of the ship in the
throws of sea sickness.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Carl, darling, can you put more sunscreen
on my back.

CARL

Just a second dear.

Carl wipes his mouth and pulls himself up using one of
the rails.

FREDRIC, fifty, chubby, and in a blue Speedo, slaps him
on the back.

FREDRIC

Finally getting your sea legs eh?

CARL

I just wanted a second taste of that crab
you served for diner.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Carl! I need your advice.

Carl mouths "advice" questioningly.

Fredric wanders off to the back of the boat. Carl
hesitates a moment and then follows him to the

BACK OF YACHT

Carl turns the corner to find the area empty with the
exception of Fredric, who is standing pressed against a
table with his speedo directly on it. He has two breast
implants surrounding his speedo. He swaps them out for
the largest size implant. He nods his head in
satisfaction.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Carl, the plastic surgeon is here. Which
size should I get?

PLASTIC SURGEON, a fat man in a white coat, comes out of the cabin and stands by the table.

PLASTIC SURGEON

These here.

He picks up the small set.

PLASTIC SURGEON

Will give her a slightly better curve.
They say I want to please my husband and
will be obedient.

He sets them down and points to the next two.

PLASTIC SURGEON

This size is for those that yearn for
attention. They want love.

Goes on to next set.

PLASTIC SURGEON

These are for the easy going flirtatious
type. They want attention and desire the
admiration of everyone around them. They
want to be Marilyn Monroe.

Then he grabs the big balloons size from Fredric.

PLASTIC SURGEON

These are the confidence builder. Woman
with low self esteem put these in and
become the popular instantaneously. Anne
Nicole Smith, Pamela Anderson Which size
do you like?

FREDRIC

I'm buying Martha the balloons.

PLASTIC SURGEON

Good choice.

CARL

(loudly)

I like Peggy's breast how they are.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Carl, your so sweet.

CARL

(to Fredric)

They're not going to do the surgery on
the boat, are they?

BACK TO REALITY

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Carl tousles his hair up. His mind wanders. His gaze falls on Franks shoes. He sighs.

CARL
So, what is it like?

FRANK
What like?

CARL
To have something tattooed on your balls.

FRANK
Absolutely marvelous.

INT. WEDDING PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Frank stands amongst a group of people. He mouths something to them. People start showing him tattoos.

FRANK (V.O.)
It is a great conversation starter.

A LADY in a gown shows Frank a butterfly tattoo on her ankle. A GUY in a tux shows him a mermaid on his forearm.

FRANK (V.O.)
If things get dull at parties I ask if anyone has a tattoo. They natural ask back.

Frank mouths something then reaches down to unzip his pants. People have a look of disgust and horror on their face.

FRANK (V.O.)
I tell them about my scrotal tattoo and things liven up. It has also made me a bit of a celebrity.

The guy with the mermaid tattoo puts his arm around Frank before he gets too far into the act of pulling down his trousers and guides him to a back hallway.

CARL (V.O.)

How so?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Frank, in suit, with pants dropped around his ankles holds a digital camera in front of his crotch. Camera Flashes.

FRANK (V.O.)

I took a picture of my balls and put it on the internet, Youtube, what-have-you. People loved it.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An office full of cubicles and computers. A group of people crowd around one workstation with open mouthed awe.

FRANK (V.O.)

They use it as a screen saver. Fax it to their business partner. My scrotum is known throughout the world. I've gotten over a million hits and numerous dates because of it.

RETURN TO REALITY

INT. OFFICE

Carl blinks. His mind taking it all in. Chews his pen a second.

CARL

You got dates because of it?

FRANK

Hundreds.

CARL

You went out with someone who was impressed by your balls being on the internet?

FRANK

That is how I met the guy I went out with last night.

Long pause.

CARL
What was his name?

FRANK
Goldtoothcon

CARL
His real name?

FRANK
Harry or something.

CARL
You don't remember?

FRANK
I don't care. I got what I wanted.

CLICK CLICK

CARL
Where did you go?

FRANK
We decided to rendezvous at a
transvestite bar in Harlem.

CARL
There are no transvestite bars in Harlem.

FRANK
This is 2007, there are transvestite bars
everywhere.

CARL
What was its name?

FRANK
Loyd is Latoya.

EXT. LOYD IS LATOYA NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Frank smokes a cigarette. Nonchalant, cool, his head
rests on a brick wall.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
May I?

FRANK
Sure.

A large BLACK MAN dressed like Marilyn Monroe with an unlit cigarette in his mouth leans in touching cigs tips. They part. Marilyn gives him a huge red lipstick smile.

BLACK MAN

You're a life saver, love.

Frank smiles, observes the long line of drag queens around him. Takes a last drag then drops his cig and steps on it.

RETURN TO REALITY

INT. OFFICE

Carl writes a few things on his pad. Taps his pen on it a few times. Stuck again.

CARL

How did Harry look?

FRANK

He was handsome.

INT. POLICE STATION (FLASHBACK)

HARRY scowls. He is black, twenty, and bald.

FRANK (V.O.)

Big, 250 pounds, tattoos down both arms.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

Smile.

Big silly grin which highlights his golden grill.

FRANK (V.O.)

With a smile that could light up a room.

Camera flashes.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

Profile.

Harry turns for his prison profile photo, light flashes.

INT. SUBWAY BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Harry, in blue uniform, has a look of disgust on his face. He pushes open a stall door to reveal a toilet that is hemorrhaging human waste onto the floor.

FRANK (V.O.)

Eager, he's been out of prison for three weeks.

CARL (V.O.)

Does he work?

He takes a deep breath before taking a step forward to attack the toilet with a plunger. Sewage splashes everywhere.

FRANK (V.O.)

As a janitor in the subway.

CARL (V.O.)

More research for your column about subway fornication?

He rushes out of the stall feces all over the front of his uniform and heads into the stall opposite to puke.

FRANK (V.O.)

You can never have enough information on subway fornication.

INT. LOYD IS LATOYA (FLASHBACK)

Frank dances like a whirling dervish. Harry stands three feet away trying to act like their not together.

CARL (V.O.)

How was Loyd is Latoya?

FRANK (V.O.)

It was spectacular. We danced most of the night. Then later

INT. LOYD IS LATOYA - LATER (FLASHBACK)

A 300 pound black MAN street dances on stage wearing a wig and a dress that makes him look like a sausage. Next to the stage Frank and Harry stand mesmerized by the sight.

FRANK (V.O.)

In the evening a professional football player took the stage and did some moves I cannot even describe.

CARL (V.O.)

What team?

FRANK (V.O.)

Why are you interested?

CARL (V.O.)

I want to know what team I should bet against.

FRANK (V.O.)

The Jets.

CARL (V.O.)

How do you know?

MAN on stage dances near the edge and flashes Frank. A jock strap with a NY JETS insignia stares Frank directly in the face.

FRANK (V.O.)

He flashed me and the team logo was on his jock strap.

CARL (V.O.)

Where did you go afterward?

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Subway sign.

A bum sleeping on the stairs.

Turnstile

Subway tunnels.

The SOUND of Frank loudly moaning.

FRANK (V.O.)

We did some research in the subway.

BACK TO REALITY

INT. OFFICE

Carl blankly looks forward in disbelief.

CARL
I don't believe you.

FRANK
What don't you believe?

CARL
All of it. The tattoo, the convict, the
football player. None of it. That story
is too far fetched.

Frank sets down his tabloid. Leans forward, elbows on
his knees. A smile coming to his face.

FRANK
Want to bet?

CARL
Yeah.

FRANK
How much?

CARL
Three hundred.

FRANK
And Peggy signs every one of these
tabloids.

Carl nods in agreement.

FRANK
What would prove to you my story is true?

CARL
The tattoo.

Frank gets up. Walks around the desk. His back relaxes
and he reaches down and unzips his pants.

CARL
You wax?

FRANK
Twice a month.

CARL

Interesting handwriting font. Whose is
it?

FRANK

Balzac.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

Carl Soloman's balls are emblazoned by the first
amendment, forming a sturdy base for the long smooth
shaft of enlightenment, which is the publication FUCKED
UP, to be thrust into the hypocrisy of these Dark Ages.

FADE OUT