

Stephen Robbins Presents:

I'm Stephen Robbins

A Collection of Tales From the Mind of Stephen Robbins

written by

Stephen Robbins

(That's Me)

For Stephen Robbins

Get Down

written by

Author

Address
Phone
E-mail

EXT. STAGE - DAY

Secret Service Agents are positioned on either side of a large outdoor stage with a podium in the middle. A BODYGUARD listens to his earpiece and nods.

BODYGUARD

Alright, you're good to go.

THE PRESIDENT enters the stage and walks to the podium amidst the cheers of the crowd. He silences them and begins his speech.

PRESIDENT

Good afternoon. I'd like to thank you all for coming out today. I continue to be humbled by the support you have all shown, and continue to show...

As he speaks, the Agents are surveying the area; rooftops, alleyways, etc. There is a tension in the air.

The Bodyguard catches a flash of light from one of the rooftops. He looks at the President and sees a red dot on his forehead. We pull in on the Bodyguard's face.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FLASHBACK

The Bodyguard stands in front of a vending machine, deciding what to get. He punches the code in; a bag of Flamin' Hot Cheetos inches toward the glass, but stops just short of falling.

BODYGUARD

Are you kidding? God...

The President walks up.

PRESIDENT

Having trouble, Arthur?

BODYGUARD

It's the machine again, sir, it's stuck. Story of my life...

The President pulls out his phone and makes a call.

PRESIDENT

Hey Jess, could I get a hand?
D7664, C9, 8 and a half
millimeters. Thank you!

He hangs up. The Flamin' Hot Cheetos slide forward and fall off the rack. The President hands them to the Bodyguard, and pats his shoulder.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Keep up the good work, okay?

EXT. STAGE - PRESENT DAY

The Bodyguard desperately runs across the stage.

BODYGUARD
Mr. President, get down!!

He jumps in front of the President in slow motion.

A WOMAN WITH A DOG in the crowd watches him fly through the air. We pull in on her face.

EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK

The Woman stands in front of a tall tree, desperately calling for her dog to come down from a high branch.

WOMAN
Almond Butter! Get down from there!

ALMOND BUTTER
Woof!

The Bodyguard, wearing a Hawaiian shirt, but still in sunglasses, walks up.

BODYGUARD
Is something the matter, ma'am?

WOMAN
My dog is stuck in a tree, but I don't have a ladder to get him down! Can you help me?

BODYGUARD
Well, it's my day off, but...

He pulls out his phone and makes a call.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)
Hey, Brooke. Code Magenta. Central Park. Deciduous. 3 should be enough.

He hangs up. 3 SECRET SERVICE AGENTS jog into the park.

AGENTS

Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!

They stack on top of each other in front of the tree to form a ladder. The Bodyguard climbs up and rescues Almond Butter.

BODYGUARD

You pet that dog good, you hear?

EXT. STAGE - PRESENT DAY

The Woman rushes onto the stage.

WOMAN

Mr. Bodyguard, get down!!

She leaps in front of the leaping Bodyguard in slow motion.

Almond Butter watches as she flies through the air. We pull in on his face.

INT. KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Almond Butter waits excitedly in front of his food bowl. The Woman walks up and pours food into it.

WOMAN

There you go, big guy!

Almond Butter looks at her lovingly.

EXT. STAGE - PRESENT DAY

ALMOND BUTTER

Bark!

Almond Butter jumps in front of the Bodyguard and the Woman in slow motion.

A LITTLE BOY playing hopscotch nearby watches the dog soar through the air. We pull in on his face.

INT. ANOTHER KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

The Boy is sitting at a kitchen counter, working on some math homework.

BOY

Man, I don't wanna do this stupid homework!

Almond Butter leaps through the window and snatches the homework in his mouth. He carries it to the lit fireplace and places it inside, destroying it completely.

BOY
(CONT'D)
Cool!!!

EXT. STAGE - PRESENT DAY

BOY
Mr. Doggy, get down!!

He finishes his hopscotch gauntlet, and on the last one, leaps in front of Almond Butter.

A GRASSHOPPER perched on a blade of grass watches the boy sail through the air. We pull in on it's face.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - FLASHBACK

The Grasshopper is chilling near home plate, watching as two teams of Little Leaguers face off against each other. The Boy, in his #7 jersey, steps up to bat.

ANNOUNCER
Alright folks, bottom of the ninth,
bases are loaded, this could decide
it all. Here's the pitch...

The pitcher throws. The Boy smashes the ball into the sky and runs for his life.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
It's a fly ball! If Number 7 makes
it all the way around, the
Flyfishers win!

The Boy makes it to the home stretch.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
He's almost there, but he's gotta
slide!

As the Boy begins sliding into home plate, he sees the Grasshopper right in front of him, blocking his path. In a split second decision, he twists his body out of the way, crashing into the metal grate.

ANNOUNCER
(CONT'D)
I don't believe it! He missed the
plate! And there's the catch! The
Flyfishers lose the game!

The crowd goes wild. The Boy barely manages to lift his head, and gives the Grasshopper a thumbs up. The Grasshopper looks back at him.

EXT. STAGE - PRESENT DAY

The Grasshopper makes a CLICKING sound with it's legs, and leaps in front of the Boy.

The President watches the Grasshopper glide through the air. We pull in on his face.

EXT. SIDEWALK - FLASHBACK

The President, who looks like he is currently homeless, sits despondently on the sidewalk.

PRESIDENT

What's the point of it all...

The Grasshopper jumps over next to him and CLICKS.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

What's that? You say things will get better?

The Grasshopper CLICKS.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

You believe in me? You think I should follow my dreams?

The Grasshopper CLICKS.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I will never forget the kindness you've shown me, little Grasshopper.

EXT. STAGE - PRESENT DAY

PRESIDENT

No!!!

The President rushes around the flying bodies and jumps in front of the Grasshopper.

The SNIPER pulls the trigger. The bullet hits the President in the chest.

The crowd GASPS. The Bodyguard rushes over and holds the President in his hands.

BODYGUARD
Mr. President!

PRESIDENT
I'm okay... look!

The Bodyguard opens the President's suit. The bullet is only partially lodged in his skin. The Bodyguard pulls it out.

BODYGUARD
But how?!

WOMAN
His heart must be so big that it absorbed the impact of the bullet!

The crowd CHEERS.

BOY
This calls for a dance party!

DJ (O.S.)
Alright fellow citizens...

A DJ spins his turntables on the side of the stage.

DJ (CONT'D)
Who's ready to *get down*?!

His voice echoes as he starts playing a HARDCORE TECHNO REMIX OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. Everybody dances.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Sniper watches them party through his scope.

SNIPER
Hmm... I wanna dance, too.

The Bodyguard walks up and puts him in handcuffs.

BODYGUARD
No, you're way too under arrest for that.

SNIPER
Huh. Well, they can't stop me from dancing in prison.

BODYGUARD
Oh, they can.

SNIPER
Aww.

END

Untitled

written by

Author

Address
Phone
E-mail

APATHY INCORPORATED

An EMPLOYER sits behind his desk in a large chair, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and flip flops, playing with a cup and ball. On the other side of the desk is a chair.

DUDE walks through the door.

EMPLOYER

Ah, come in, take a seat.

Dude sits down lazily in the chair.

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

I'm Name Nameson, Head of Something here at Apathy Incorporated. I'll be conducting your interview. Pound it.

Employer extends his fist. Dude pounds it.

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

Alright. Uhhh, Passion. Effort. Motivation. We here at Apathy Inc. could care less about that crap. What were you applying for, again?

DUDE

Chief of... whatever, I guess.

EMPLOYER

(Writing it down on a notepad)
Whatever... I... Guess. Cool beans. Did you fill out the form Carol gave you?

DUDE

(Handing him the blank form) Nah.

EMPLOYER

(Placing the form in a shredder)
Good, good. What would you say qualifies you for this position?

DUDE

Nothing.

EMPLOYER

Fantastic. How did you find out about us?

DUDE
(picking his nose, looks over)
About who?

EMPLOYER
What do you see yourself doing in
five years?

DUDE
(flicks booger)
Uh, your mom.

EMPLOYER
That's disgusting, she's dead. What
is your desired salary?

DUDE
Money.

EMPLOYER
Tell me a little about yourself.

DUDE
Nah.

EMPLOYER
Can you get this ball in this cup?

He hands Dude the cup and ball. Dude places the ball in the
cup with his hands, and shrugs.

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)
Do you want to hang out sometime?

DUDE
Probably not.

EMPLOYER
Are you nursing or pregnant?

DUDE
Haven't checked.

EMPLOYER
Penis work okay?

DUDE
(Waving hand like "so-so") Eh.

EMPLOYER
How's the comedic timing on this
interview?

Dude gives an OK hand and two mouth clicks.

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)
What's your biggest professional
weakness?

DUDE
Well, there is one thing I care
about more than anything else.

EMPLOYER
What is it?

DUDE
This punchline.

EMPLOYER
Hilarious. Alright, let's do the
test.

DUDE
There's a test?

EMPLOYER
(reaching into desk, rummaging)
It's our one policy. See, a lot of
applicants are just PRETENDING not
to care, so we do a little test.

DUDE
Whatever.

Employer pulls out an ink blot test on a piece of paper.

EMPLOYER
Okay, what do you see on this piece
of paper?

DUDE
Ink.

EMPLOYER
(showing another)
And this one?

DUDE
Ink.

Another one.

DUDE (CONT'D)
Ink.

He continues pulling out new sheets.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Ink. More ink. Less ink. I'm leaving.

EMPLOYER

(tossing the sheets onto the floor)
Alright, we're done with that.
Next is multiple choice. It's scantron, so use a number 2 pencil.

DUDE

Cool, can I borrow your pen?

EMPLOYER

Absolutely.

Employer hands Dude his pen. Dude begins scribbling on the scantron.

DUDE

Done.

Dude hands Employer his scantron. The answers form a giant penis.

EMPLOYER

(putting scantron away)
Perfect. And, last but not least-

He flips his desk onto its side, revealing a man tied up, with a cover over his face.

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

This man has been injected with nanobots that will stop his heart in 60 seconds, however, if you care to, can press this button, thus deactivating the nanobots and saving his life. But, again, only if you care. Good luck!

He pulls out a bag of chips and starts eating them.

DUDE

That's kind of extreme.

EMPLOYER

(putting down the chips)
Extreme? We take apathy very seriously here, son. Our president built this company on nothing but sheer lack of will. He is LITERALLY the president of not giving a fuck.

(MORE)

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

If you don't think you have what it takes, then, well, door's over there! Five seconds.

Dude looks back and forth at EMPLOYER, the man, and the button.

Finally, he presses the button.

EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

What'd you do that for?

DUDE

You think I care enough about this job to let a dude die?

EMPLOYER

Congratulations sir, you're our new Chief of Whatever I Guess.

DUDE

(Sarcastically, waving his hands in the air) Hooray.

He gets up and leaves the office.

EMPLOYER

Come in if you feel like it!

DUDE

Fuck you!

END

CUCK HERO

A SUPERHERO is tied to a chair in an empty warehouse.

VILLAIN (O.S.)

Well, isn't this a sight to see?

The hero looks up to see the VILLAIN walking slowly toward him.

VILLAIN (CONT'D)

The great hero of the city, the man
they call morality incarnate...
held captive by a mere criminal.

HERO

(Raspy voice)
Drop the humble act, Kaufman.
You're not gonna get away with
this.

VILLAIN

I'm pretty sure I already have.
But, just to cement my victory,
let's see... who's under... the
mask.

HERO

No! No!!

The Hero struggles to resist as his mask is pulled off while
The Villain LAUGHS.

HERO (CONT'D)

(Nerdy voice)
Oh no! My identity is revealed! My
loved ones are in danger!
Please, Mister Villain, sir! Please
don't fuck my wife!

VILLAIN

Aha- what?

HERO

Ooh, if you fuck my wife, I'm...
arrgh!! That'll sure get my blood
boiling, I'll tell you that much!

VILLAIN

What- what hell, man? Are you
serious?

HERO

Oh, I can't bear it! The thought of
my beautiful wife, in bed
with my arch nemesis, that's...

He closes his eyes and looks up for a moment.

HERO (CONT'D)

Ahh... terrible.

VILLAIN

I can't believe this. You're-
you're one of those guys who
likes watching his wife have sex
with another man, a, uh...

HERO

A cuckold?

VILLAIN

Yes, that!

HERO

I don't know what that is. Do you
need to see a picture of her? My
wife, I mean.

VILLAIN

What- no! Can we leave your wife
out of this?

HERO

Um, yeah, no yeah, of course.
That's what I want, I mean, you
know? I just want her to be safe...
and... faithful to me at all times.

VILLAIN

Moving on! Uhh, right, yes! I have
captured you, and um, I
have an evil plan, and it's going
to work, and...

The Hero is just staring at him.

VILLAIN (CONT'D)

I just don't get the appeal?! Like,
what do you get out of
watching that?

HERO

Watching what?

VILLAIN

Me and your wife having... sex!

HERO

(Beaming)
So you ARE gonna do it! Ahh, curse
you!

VILLAIN

No, I'm not! I'm just wondering,
like-

The Hero is looking at him, disappointed.

VILLAIN (CONT'D)

Don't give me that face! It's like,
I can understand some kinks, but
the cuckold thing, I just don't get
it!

HERO

Well, I'm not into that, but if I
had to guess, it would probably
involve deriving pleasure from the
sense of humiliation attained
through the realization of one's
own fears of infidelity.

VILLAIN

I hate how kind of that made sense

HERO

Cool! So, we doin' this?

VILLAIN

No, we are not doing this!

HERO

Right, my bad. You're doin' this.

VILLAIN

No, no one is doing anyon-
anything!

HERO

Why not? She's hot!

VILLAIN

I just- wouldn't be comfortable,
okay? Like, that's your thing!
Cool, that's fine!

(MORE)

VILLAIN (CONT'D)

It's just not my thing! So just be a little more respectful, okay?

HERO

Yeah, you're right, I'm sorry.

They stare back and forth at each other for a few moments.

HERO (CONT'D)

She is really hot though.

VILLAIN

O-kay, time to die-

He walks with his arms outstretched to strangle the Hero, when-

WIFE

Honey!

They both turn to see The WIFE, standing at the entrance.

WIFE (CONT'D)

(with a wink and a nod)
I came as soon as I could!

HERO

(responding in kind)
Honey, it's too dangerous, get out of here.

VILLAIN

Wha- how did she even know we were-

WIFE

Please don't hurt my husband,
Mister Villain, I'll do whatever
you want, as long as you let him
watch.

HERO

Well, no changing her mind now.
Guess you guys better-

He looks over at The Villain, who is throwing his villain costume off and leaving warehouse. The Hero and his Wife exchange looks.

HERO (CONT'D)

Well, that's awkward.

Sleepover Cops

written by

Author

Address
Phone
E-mail

EXT. STREET - EVENING

SUPER: 11:27 PM

A WOMAN is seen through the window of her bedroom, getting ready for bed. On the other side of the street, an innocuous looking car with tinted windows.

Inside the car, OFFICER 1 surveys the yard through his binoculars. On the dashboard is a photo of him and his wife.

OFFICER 1

When's this killer going to show up? It's almost 11:30... something's not right here, McJenkins, it's almost like we're the ones being watched. McJenkins?

He looks to the passenger seat; it's empty.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Shit.

He starts to get out of the car before OFFICER 2 enters from the passenger door, carrying a bag of snacks.

OFFICER 2

I'm back!

OFFICER 1

Jesus, where the Hell were you?

OFFICER 2

I was getting snacks! You need snacks for a stakeout! And yes, I got your Honeybuns!

OFFICER 1

It's dangerous out there, McJenkins! You could have blown our whole cover!

OFFICER 2

Ohmygod, you're right. I'm so sorry, it won't happen again!

Officer 1 returns to his binoculars.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

Soooo, what should we do first?

OFFICER 1

What?

OFFICER 2

We could start with a movie, I brought Back to the Future Parts 1 and 2, I couldn't find 3, but that's okay, 3 wasn't that good, we could watch Jurassic Park, only the second and fourth ones though, I'm missing a lot of DVD's-

OFFICER 1

What the Hell are you talking about?

OFFICER 2

Well, boys are supposed to watch movies during stakeouts, right?

OFFICER 1

No, what? No!

OFFICER 2

Yeah, girls paint their nails, and boys watch movies! That's how it works!

OFFICER 1

No! Boys- AND girls- *police officers* catch killers on stakeouts. This isn't some sleepover party, McJenkins, this is serious. Lives are at stake.

OFFICER 2

Ugh, fine, I'll look for a criminal or whatever.

He starts halfheartedly looking through his own binoculars.

OFFICER 1

Thank you.

He looks through his own.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

SUPER: 1:08 AM

The woman is asleep in her bed. Officer 1 is still surveying the area thoroughly.

OFFICER 1

I'm starting to think the 9 o'clock tip-off was a load of bull. What do you think, Mc-

A dummy made of candy bags, wearing a cop hat and sunglasses, is sitting in Officer 2's seat. Officer 2 is gone.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Seriously?

(beat)

He's fine, he's just doing something stupid, he'll be right back.

(beat)

Dammit!

He starts to exit the vehicle. Officer 2 arrives through the passenger door holding another bag.

OFFICER 2

Ding dong!

OFFICER 1

God- McJenkins, what did I say?

OFFICER 2

You said you didn't like any of my movies, so I went to Blockbuster and picked out some more!

OFFICER 1

Wha- it's 2019, where'd you find a Blockbuste- wait, that's not the point! McJenkins, do NOT leave this vehicle again until we see a murderous fellow stalking THAT yard, do you understand?!

OFFICER 2

I know, I'm sorry! It's just that, you know, my mom finally said I'm old enough to have a stakeout, and, this is my first one, and... I just wanted it to be perfect, you know?

OFFICER 1

(exhales)

It's fine, just, no more of this slumber party crap, okay?

A beat.

OFFICER 2
Truth or dare?

OFFICER 1
McJenkins...

OFFICER 2
Just answer it!

OFFICER 1
...Truth.

OFFICER 2
Who do you like?

OFFICER 1
...My partner.

OFFICER 2
You mean your wife?

OFFICER 1
...No.

Officer 2 smiles.

INT. CAR - EVENING

SUPER: 3:51 AM

The two Officers are lying forwards on the fully lowered car seats; they have acquired blankets and pillows. Officer 1 is eating a Honeybun and Officer 2 throws a Twizzler wrapper out the window as 90's boy band music plays over the police radio. They are engaged in a game of Battleship.

OFFICER 2
Come on, Terry, where's that famous intuition of yours?

OFFICER 1
I'm thinking, I'm thinking!! ... "I 10."

OFFICER 2
No! My battleship!

OFFICER 1
Haha! Now you have to put a whole bag of Warheads in your mouth!

OFFICER 2
No, come on!

OFFICER 1
You have to, that's the rules!

OFFICER 2
Awww, okay, here I go!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Woman, and the KILLER, wearing a black ski mask and holding a knife, are sitting on the bed together, delightfully watching as the two officers frolic and play.

KILLER
See? I told you I'm the best
matchmaker in town.

WOMAN
Maybe you're not so bad after all!

KILLER
Haha, maybe!

He gently inserts the knife into her abdomen.

WOMAN
Aww!

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER

The officers hear a SCREAM. They look to the house and see the Woman stumble and fall out her window. The Killer climbs out, drops onto the lawn, looks at the officers, and gives them a double thumbs up before calmly jogging away.

Officer 2 lets the warheads fall out of his mouth.

OFFICER 2
I am so grounded for this.

END

Eviscerated

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

IAN, a college student, is chopping some vegetables on a cutting board in his kitchen, when his phone rings.

IAN
Yello?

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

DAVE, another college student is lying against a wall outside.

DAVE
Yo man, what's up?

IAN
Not much, just making some smores,
you?

DAVE
Uh, not much. Just got eviscerated.

IAN
Eviscerated? Like, your internal
organs are outside of your body?

We see that Dave has been completely eviscerated from the stomach.

DAVE
Most of them, yes.

IAN
Yikes, okay. Are you good, man?

DAVE
Yeah no I'm good.

IAN
Okay, cool. So what's up?

DAVE
Uh, not much, I was gonna hit the
gym, maybe play some racquetball,
you wanna come?

IAN
Since when do you go to the gym or
play racquetball?

DAVE
I was thinking I'd start.

IAN

Dude, you can't, you're eviscerated remember?

DAVE

Right, right. My bad, sorry.

IAN

All good. How'd you get eviscerated anyway?

DAVE

Dude, I could NOT tell you.

IAN

Fair enough.

DAVE

How's Melissa?

IAN

Oh she's good, she's with the kids at volleyball right now.

DAVE

Ah, so the smores for when they get home?

IAN

Yeah, I thought I'd surprise them.

DAVE

Well, aren't they in for a treat?

IAN

Yeah, it's a real SMOREgasboard!

DAVE

Heh! You goose.

IAN

Haha! So how many organs you got left, man?

DAVE

Ugh, I'm trying to remember. What organs are there again?

IAN

Uhh, do you have your liver?

DAVE

Uhh, I'm looking... no, I don't see my liver.

IAN
Kidneys?

DAVE
Kidneys, kidneys... oh! Found one!

IAN
Nice! Large intestine?

He looks at a tree branch a couple meters away with his large intestine hanging over it.

DAVE
Pretty sure its hanging from that tree over there.

IAN
Yeesh. How about your heart?

DAVE
Heart, yes, got it! It's right here in my chest-

A HOMELESS GUY walks up and reaches into his chest cavity.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Hello? What are you- excuse me? I-

The Homeless Guy removes Dave's heart, has a seat nearby, and starts cooking it on a miniature stove.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Okay, just take whatever you want I guess.

IAN
What happened?

DAVE
Uh, some dude just jacked my heart. And he's cooking it on a little portable stove thing.

IAN
Yikes. Wait, don't you need your heart to, like-

DAVE
Live? Yeah, I thought so too, but-
(looks down)
Ohhh, snap! Dude!

IAN
What?

DAVE
I just pooped my pants.

IAN
Dave, the last thing you do before
you die is void your bowels! You
gotta call 911!

DAVE
Nah, pretty sure I'm just pooping.

IAN
Oh! Phew. Close call.

DAVE
Hey, since when do you have a wife
and kids? I'm pretty sure you don't
even have a girlfriend actually.

Ian stops chopping vegetables.

IAN
Oh, duh! Right, my bad, my bad.

DAVE
No worries.

IAN
Hey, I'll talk to you later, okay?
Good luck with being eviscerated.

DAVE
Thanks, you too, bye.

Ian hangs up the phone. He stands silently in his kitchen, as
though realizing the last five years of his life have all
been a lie.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Homeless Man offers some of the cooked heart to Dave.

DAVE
Oh, thank you!

He takes one bite, and spits it out.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Bleh! Ever heard of seasoning? Hey,
you see those two kidney-looking
things over there? One of them is
my wallet.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Take that, run to Whole Foods, and
buy some paprika. You'll thank me
later.

END

Miner Urges

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

EXT. COAL MINE - MORNING

The entrance to a coal mine in West Virginia.

THE BOSS (O.S)
Alright newbies, gather 'round!

INT. COAL MINE - CONTINUOUS

A group of COAL MINERS gather around their BOSS.

THE BOSS
Come on, everyone over here. Now, I know you're all fresh out of Mining School, and for many of you, this is your first time inside a mine. That said, some of you will be overcome by the insatiable urge to eat your fellow man. I would like you all to resist that urge, in order to keep our humble mine incident-free.

He gestures to a sign, which reads: "THIS FACILITY HAS GONE 927 DAYS WITHOUT AN ACT OF CANNIBALISM"

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Alright, get to work!

The workers disperse. Two miners, FRED, a weird dude, and WALTER, a regular dude, walk over to a tool rack.

WALTER
(laughing)
What? Was that a joke? We're gonna eat each other just because we're in a mine, how ridiculous is that?

He grabs a pick and walks away.

FRED
Yeah that's weird.

Fred watches him go.

FRED (CONT'D)
(grabbing a shovel and following him)
Hey, how much do you weigh?

WALTER
Uhh, like, 230, 225.

FRED
Oh, cool. Do you know how much that
is in ounces?

WALTER
Uhh, no, I don't. Why?

FRED
I just think ounces super cool! We
don't weigh enough things in
ounces. What percentage of that
would you say is fat?

WALTER
What?

FRED
Just ballpark it, man...

WALTER
41.6?

FRED
Awesome.

BOSS (O.S.)
Hey!

Walter turns to see the BOSS smoking a cigar.

BOSS (CONT'D)
What's your name, son?

WALTER
Walter.

BOSS
Alright.
(he puffs his cigar)
Walter, is the man next to you
appraising the quality of your
tender man-flesh?

WALTER
(looks at Fred, puzzled)
Just normal guy talk, I'm pretty
sure!

BOSS
...if you say so!

Walter shrugs and turns around. Fred is right fucking there.

FRED
You go to the gym, amigo?

WALTER
Whoa! Haha! Sometimes?!

FRED
I'm just wondering like, would you say your muscles are more similar to a piece of string cheese, or like, the rope on the mast of a mighty ship?

WALTER
Is that something people think about?

FRED
I mean you know how hard it is to bite through rope to cut through rope AHH, isn't being a miner great?

WALTER
...It IS great! You know, you're a pretty swell guy! Put 'er there!

He extends his hand to shake. Fred reaches over and starts pinching his bicep.

WALTER (CONT'D)
What a goof!

All of a sudden, the mine begins to shake violently.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Whoa, oh shit!

He turns his head to see what's going on. Fred grabs Walter's arm and tries to bring it into his open mouth when a huge CRASH causes both of them to lose their balance.

BOSS (O.S.)
My bad, everyone!

The Boss is buried under rubble, with limbs sticking out in random places. The Workplace Incident sign is hanging on its side.

BOSS (CONT'D)
I snuffed my cigar on one of them support beams and the whole thing came tumblin' down. Looks like we're caved in!

Fred puts on a bib in the background.

WALTER

Oh no, Boss! Are you alright?

BOSS

I'm fine! Now grab my limbs from this pile o' rubble, and we'll stick em back on! 5 second rule!

WALTER

You got it, Bo- wait, where'd your limbs go?

BOSS

Huh?!

Fred's shirt has several sizable lumps.

FRED

He went that way.

BOSS

Damn!

WALTER

Damn! Boss! What are we gonna do about food?

FRED

That's a good question...

BOSS

Don't worry boys, I've been in this situation before. That's why I stocked this here mine with enough food and water rations to keep our entire crew alive for over 18 months! There is no logical reason that anybody should have to cast aside their humanity in order to survive this ordeal!

FRED

Hey, look, is that coal?

WALTER

(turning his head)

Where?!

Fred swings his shovel down at Walter's head. The Boss watches as a loud CLANG echoes through the shaft. His face contorts in disgust, but mostly disappointment, as loud EATING SOUNDS are heard in the background.

BOSS
Aw, dang it!

He looks up at the Workplace Incident sign.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Somebody get me a marker.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

SUPER: 3 MONTHS LATER

Rescue vehicles and personnel stand by outside the entrance to the mine, which has finally been cleared of rubble. The HEAD PARAMEDIC rushes his men inside.

HEAD PARAMEDIC
Check everywhere you can, okay? Go, go! I just hope somebody's alive down there.

A PARAMEDIC calls out from inside the mine.

PARAMEDIC 1
We found a survivor! Bringing him out now!

A group of men carry FRED out of the mine on a stretcher. He is clutching his stomach.

HEAD PARAMEDIC
Sir! Can you hear me? Are you alright? Do you need anything?

FRED
Oh no, I'm stuffed, but thank you.

END

Not My Card

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. MAGICIAN'S STAGE - EARLY EVENING

WAYNE, a fast-talking magician in his mid 20's, is performing his Linking Rings routine for a large audience. A banner reading "WAYNE the ARCANE" hangs above the stage, and a large curtain drapes over a stool near stage right.

He pulls the interconnected metal rings apart, separating the two with a flourish. The audience APPLAUDS as he bows and tosses the rings to the side.

WAYNE

Thank you, thank you! Alright, I'm gonna need a volunteer for this next one, bup bup buh.. how about you sir? Come on up!

He gestures to GARY, an older, somewhat unclean looking man in the front row. He is wearing a My Little Pony T-Shirt, with a digital watch to match. Next to Gary is his wife, LINDA.

Linda nudges him playfully to go up, and he finally does so, clambering onto the stage amidst the CHEERS of the crowd. Wayne pulls out a deck of cards and a pen.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What's your name, sir?

GARY

Gary.

WAYNE

(fanning the cards and holding the pen)

Alright Gary, pick a card, sign that card, when you're done put that card back in the deck, can you do that for me?

He does it.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Perfect, now I just need you to put the deck in between your hands, sandwich it like so, alright?

Wayne hands the deck to Gary, who places it in between his palms.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Gary, what are you doing? I said hold onto the deck, you're just holding the one card!

Gary opens his hands- the deck has vanished, leaving only a signed two of spades behind! Wayne bows, and the audience APPLAUDS.

GARY
That's not my card.

WAYNE
I thought so! Alright, f-

Wayne looks at Gary.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Hey, only I get to play tricks tonight Gary, don't steal my show!

GARY
Your trick didn't work. It's not my card.

WAYNE
Uh, it's got your signature on it, so...

GARY
This could be anyone's signature.

Wayne squints at him incredulously.

WAYNE
It clearly says Gary!

GARY
32nd most popular name in America.

The crowd starts MURMURING. Wayne CHUCKLES nervously.

WAYNE
Well, you can't win 'em all, I guess! Hey, do you have the time, by the way?

Gary looks down at his wrist- there's nothing there! Wayne holds up his forearm, revealing the My Little Pony digital watch on his wrist.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Looking for something?

The audience CHEERS and APPLAUDS.

GARY
That's not my watch.

WAYNE

Wha-

The applause dies down. Wayne quickly walks over to Gary.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What are you doing?!

GARY

What are you doing?

WAYNE

(turning to the crowd)

You all saw him wearing the watch,
right?

GARY

Pretty sure that's your watch.

WAYNE

I do not wear these kinds of
watches! Oh, for- you, stay right
there! Here we go folks! New trick!
Here it comes! Badda-bing...

As he speaks, Wayne walks over, grabs the curtain, and flourishes it over himself and Gary. When the two are revealed again, they have somehow swapped shirts!

Wayne bows.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Bazam! Thank you!

GARY

That's not my shirt.

WAYNE

You son of a-!

AUDIENCE MEMBER

You're the worst magician ever!

The crowd boos.

WAYNE

You couldn't have not seen him
wearing this!!

(to Linda)

Ma'am, you're his wife right?
You've seen him wear this before?

LINDA
Yes, I think so!

WAYNE
Ha! Take that, Gary!

GARY
That's not my wife.

WAYNE
Jesus Christ!

LINDA
Honey... what are you saying?

GARY
(coldly)
I've never met this woman before in
my life.

Linda starts to cry.

LINDA
Why... why would you do this?! I
love you! Honey, please!

SECURITY OFFICERS drag Linda away as she bawls hysterically.

LINDA (CONT'D)
No! Let me go! I love you!!

GARY
Boy, she was crazy.

Wayne stares bewildered at Gary. Suddenly, he has an
epiphany.

WAYNE
Wait... I've heard of you. Contrary
Gary! You ended Copperfield's
career 8 years ago!

Gary glares coldly at Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
...I have to stop you.

Wayne brings his hands together in a meditative stance,
concentrating his energy. Gary watches, transfixed.

Finally, Wayne exhales deeply, and strikes.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
HAAAH!

With one swift movement, Wayne drives his open palm into Gary's chest. The crowd GASPS.

He slowly pulls his hand out.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Is this... your still-beating
heart?

The crowd SHRIEKS. Gary's un-severed heart is clutched in Wayne's hand. Gary stares in shock at his vital organ; then, at Wayne, with stoic malice.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Just say it's yours, and I'll let
go.

Gary stares daggers at the magician.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Well? What'll it be, Gare?

Gary looks at the heart, then at Wayne.

GARY
Do it.

After a fleeting moment of hesitation, Wayne closes his fist, instantly crushing Gary's heart. An explosion of blood envelops Wayne, and everyone in the splash zone, as Gary's body crumples to the ground.

Wayne stands there on the stage, heaving and looking out into the audience. They stare vacantly back at him...

...before bursting into RANCOROUS APPLAUSE! Delighted, Wayne bows, relishing in the standing ovation.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Wayne is watching cell phone footage of his performance on a laptop in the interrogation room. He sees himself destroying Gary's heart as the camera zooms in clearly on his face.

The INVESTIGATOR pauses the tape.

INVESTIGATOR
He's incredibly dead. Do you have
anything to say for yourself?

WAYNE

Uh... that's not me.

END

After You!

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

[A black and white movie with old-timey "Saloon" piano music playing unless otherwise stated.]

TITLE CARD: Flamingo Films *Presents*: "DUDS" ROBBINOWITZ In:
AFTER YOU!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

MR. GENTLEMAN, a posh, suited man in his 40's, saunters jovially down the sidewalk while laughing and chatting with MRS. LADY, a lovely woman of equally impressive class. He walks with a fancy cane.

Suddenly, he holds out his arm, stopping both of them in their tracks. He points to the ground- a large puddle is blocking the way!

Mrs. Lady looks worriedly at Mr. Gentleman, but Mr. Gentleman has an idea! He takes off his coat, lays it over the puddle, and gestures for Mrs. Lady to cross.

INTERTITLE: "After you!"

She crosses over the puddle with Mr. Gentleman following in turn. Delighted, she gives him a kiss on the cheek! Mr. Gentleman does a happy dance.

INTERTITLE: Later...

EXT. ANOTHER SIDEWALK - DAY

Mr. Gentleman and Mrs. Lady are once again walking and laughing with each other, when Mr. Gentleman halts their progress a second time. They've come across an enormous puddle!

Mrs. Lady looks at him worriedly. Mr. Gentleman goes to take off his coat, but his hand grasps at nothing- he's already used that trick! He strokes his chin with his cane, pondering.

Eureka! He struts up behind a MAN IN A SUIT and taps him on the shoulder. When the Man turns around, Mr. Gentleman BONKS him in the head with his cane!

The man falls to the ground unconscious, and Mr. Gentleman steals his coat and pants. He goes back to Mrs. Lady and lays the stolen garments over the puddle, gesturing for her to cross.

INTERTITLE: "After you!"

She crosses, with Mr. Gentlemen following after. She gives him another kiss on the cheek, and he throws his arms into the air with joy.

INTERTITLE: Later...

INT. BUILDING - DAY

The two of them are chatting as wildly as ever, when Mr. Gentleman stops them once again. He points to the ground- they've stumbled upon an indoor pool!

Mrs. Lady looks at him, visibly distressed. Mr. Gentleman thinks hard, stroking his chin with his cane.

By Jove, he's got it! He rushes into the locker rooms, and after a brief moment of consideration, decides to enter the women's. Once inside, he BASHES the lockers with his cane, causing them to open. He collects garments from each one and returns to the pool.

When he gets back, he's fashioned the clothing into a makeshift grappling hook! He tosses it up to the ceiling, wrapping it around a pipe, and gestures for Mrs. Lady to hop on.

INTERTITLE: "Let's swing, baby!"

She jumps in his arm, and they SWING across the pool! Upon landing, she gives Mr. Gentleman a kiss on the cheek. He dabs super hard!

INTERTITLE: Later...

EXT. ANOTHER SIDEWALK - DAY

Mr. Gentleman and Mrs. Lady are playing rock paper scissors with each other when they get cut off again- this time by the ocean. It seems they're standing at the edge of a sandy beach. Luckily, Mr. Gentleman knows just what to do!

INT. COAT STORE - DAY

A sign reading "JEFFERSON'S COATS" hangs over the doorway of a fancy coat store filled with patrons.

Mr. Gentleman BURSTS through the doors, wearing a ski-mask and holding a large burlap sack. He waves his cane around violently, causing patrons to cower on the floor.

At the front desk, he gestures for the CASHIER to put the coats in the bag. The Cashier tries to plead, but Mr. Gentleman raises his cane in the air and leans over the counter menacingly.

The Cashier gives in, and puts a large clump of coats into the bag. Mr. Gentleman nods and leaves the store.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Mr. Gentleman and Mrs Lady are crossing the ocean on a DIY raft, with a sail made entirely out of coats! Mrs. Lady gives him a kiss on the cheek. He tries to dance, but he loses his balance and falls in the ocean.

A shark fin slowly emerges. He desperately tries to get back on the raft.

INTERTITLE: LATER...

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Mr. Gentleman and Mrs. Lady stand at the edge of a gigantic cliff face. She looks at him somewhat doubtfully. He thinks for a few moments, then has an idea!

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Lady is sitting in the sling of an enormous trebuchet. Mr. Gentleman points at it proudly with his cane.

INTERTITLE: "This trebuchet can fling a 90 kilogram stone up to 300 meters! It'll get you across this crevice before no time at all!"

Mrs. Lady shakes her head nervously. Mr. Gentleman nods enthusiastically. Mrs. Lady pleads desperately to be let out. Mr. Gentleman CUTS the rope, releasing the trebuchet!

He watches her go up, then down. Then all the way down.

He cringes as her coat flutters to the ground in front of him. The MUSIC stops.

EXT. CLIFF BOTTOM - MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Lady's body is face down on the ground in a puddle of blood. Mr. Gentleman runs over with her coat in his hands.

He covers his mouth in shock. Then, suddenly, he spots something to the side...

Another CLASSY WOMAN is approaching fast, and she doesn't notice the body! Mr. Gentleman rushes over to stop her!

He places Mrs. Lady's coat over the body, and gestures for the Classy Woman to cross.

INTERTITLE: "After you!"

The MUSIC restarts! She steps over the corpse, and Mr. Gentleman follows in turn. Delighted, the Classy Woman gives him a kiss on the cheek. Mr. Gentleman starts break-dancing as the music transitions into an ELECTRONIC DUBSTEP REMIX.

INTERTITLE: FIN

END

Lover's Quarrel

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

A not-too-shabby looking apartment in a suburban area. THUMPING FOOTSTEPS from the hallway lead up to JASON and STEPHANIE, a young couple, bursting through the door in the middle of a yelling argument. Jason is changing into a suit as they fight.

JASON

What was I supposed to do? He got my name wrong on the cup!

STEPHANIE

You were supposed to not make a federal case about it in the middle of a public coffee shop! Jason!

JASON

I don't know Steph, maybe I'm working two jobs to pay my way through law school, so you know what? Maybe I DID have to make a federal case about it!

STEPHANIE

Oh, yeah like you love it so much! You just can't wait to walk into class every day so you can learn about the time Ruth Bader Ginsburg farted during the Pledge of Allegiance!

JASON

1943, she was 10 years old, it was silent but deadly with a hint of lavender. Bader Ginsburg, Ruth. My Own Words. Page 212! I am NEVER GETTING these neurons back, Steph!

STEPHANIE

Well, God knows you never used them before!

JASON

UGH!

INT. CAR - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The car doors slam shut.

Jason is driving with Stephanie in the passenger seat. They are wearing black suits.

STEPHANIE

Did you see the look on that poor barista's face? He was brewing a blonde espresso in his underwear for god's sake!

JASON

You know, I bet that's what they put in those tanks, 'cuz it sure as hell doesn't taste like coffee!

STEPHANIE

Oh, right, I forgot you only go there to ogle the timid goth waitress whose cup size is at the end of the Greek alphabet!

JASON

Oh, yeah you know all about Greece, theater major! Hey, remind me how many acting gigs you've gotten that don't involve school mascots?

STEPHANIE

I SLAY as Barry the Stanford High Barnacle! You could NEVER do what I do!

JASON

I don't want to!

STEPHANIE

Why would you?!

EXT. FUNERAL - DAY

Jason and Stephanie stand solemnly in the crowd before the casket as a minister delivers a eulogy. They are still yelling.

JASON

So that makes it my fault that he brought his laptop?!

STEPHANIE

It's a coffee shop! Everybody brings their laptop!

JASON

Well, nobody told him sit in the splash zone!

STEPHANIE

It's not a water park, Jason,
nobody expects get soaked at Bean
Cuisine!

JASON

Oh, so that makes it my fault he
forgot an umbrella?!

STEPHANIE

You are a MENACE!

JASON

You MADE ME ONE!

EXT. FUNERAL - AN HOUR LATER

Jason and Stephanie appear to be very naturally making small
talk and shaking hands with the other funeral-goers.

STEPHANIE

You always do this, you know?

JASON

Shake people's hands? Yeah, it's a
common legal practice!

STEPHANIE

No, blame everyone except yourself!
Which, by the way, is why you got a
"D" in Administrative Law!

JASON

It is NOT my fault the professor
hates perfect students!

STEPHANIE

Do you even HEAR YOURSELF??

INT. CAR - AN HOUR LATER

Stephanie is driving the car now, with Jason in the passenger
seat.

JASON

Because you literally finished
season 2 without me!

STEPHANIE

Because you literally spoiled
Infinity War for me!

JASON
Because I didn't know you hadn't
seen it!!

Stephanie GASPS.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Stephanie is seated at one of the desks along with a group of students.

STEPHANIE
You are an uncaring, overconfident,
egotistical butthole!

Jason is in front of the class, giving a Powerpoint presentation on "Laws, And Why They Are Good."

JASON
Yeah, well you are also three
character flaws and and a rude
simile!

STEPHANIE
Take that back!

JASON
NEVER!

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

The two are seated across from each other in the middle of a crowded restaurant. A waiter is filling their water glasses.

STEPHANIE
You are the biggest, dumbest
meanie-butt I have ever seen!

JASON
Well, you eat stinky poopoo, and
you fart in a giant diaper!

Stephanie GASPS.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Jason and Stephanie hold hands and stroll romantically through a lovely park, yelling indiscriminately over each other at the top of their lungs. It's very hard to make out what they're saying.

Suddenly, a figure on their path stops them.

FEMALE VOICE

Wait!

They look up at the source of the voice. It's Ruth Bader Ginsburg!

JASON+STEPHANIE

Ruth Bader Ginsburg!

She places a hand gently on each of their shoulders.

RBG

I know you're both stressed out.
But life's too short to be
bickering all the time!

Jason and Stephanie share a tender, apologetic look.

JASON

I love you, Steph.

STEPHANIE

I love you too, Jason!

JASON

Thanks, Ruth Bader Ginsburg!

RBG

Any time.

She turns around and flies off into the night.

Jason and Stephanie wave goodbye.

JASON

Mmmm.

STEPHANIE

Lavender.

END

EXT. PIRATE SHIP DECK- DAY

A mighty ship sails the sea on a bright, sunny day. Crew members scurry about, performing routine maintenance as the CAPTAIN barks orders from atop the helm.

CAPTAIN

Ahoy! Batten the hatches! Swab the poop deck! Do some more pirate shit! Arr har har!

Down on the deck, one of the DECKHANDS is mopping up some blood. He looks to the starboard bow, and watches as a beautiful PIRATE GIRL scrapes barnacles off the side of the boat.

He swallows nervously and starts to approach her, but before he can, a sexy PIRATE DOUCHE butts in front of him.

PIRATE DOUCHE

You know barnacles are like, fully sessile organisms?

PIRATE GIRL

Wow, really?

PIRATE DOUCHE

Oh, 100%.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP HELM - MOMENTS LATER

The Deckhand clambers up onto the helm.

DECKHAND

Hey, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Shoot a cannon at something! Drink seawater! Have- oh, hello, boy! What's the matter?

DECKHAND

Umm, so, there's this girl... and I really like her, but sometimes it feels like she doesn't even know I exist. What should I do, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Hehe, well, son, they don't call me Captain Sexbeard just 'cause those are my first and last names.

DECKHAND

They don't?

CAPTAIN

I know my way around a maiden's heart better than I know the seven seas, boy! All ya need to do to win her over is give her the gift that keeps on giving.

DECKHAND

Love and support through hard times?

CAPTAIN

What? No! Doubloons! Lots of doubloons!

DECKHAND

Isn't that a little shallow, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Shallow? Ha! There's an old captain's saying, boy: Put booty in, get booty out! Arhar!

DECKHAND

Uh, do you have any other advice?

CAPTAIN

'Course I do! So maybe ye don't have untold wealth, but that's fine- any ol' gift will do, as long as it comes from the heart.

DECKHAND

Oh, I could make her a necklace of seashells!

CAPTAIN

Sure, if yer' a loser! Get her the head of a Kraken.

DECKHAND

But Captain, I don't know how to slay a Kraken!

CAPTAIN

Who said slay? Just find the head somewhere. You should try Craigbeard's List!

DECKHAND

I was thinking something a little more personal.

CAPTAIN

Ahh. Diplomatic Immunity.

DECKHAND

Can't do that.

CAPTAIN

A loyal crew?

DECKHAND

No.

CAPTAIN

(holding up his peg leg)
A peg leg?

DECKHAND

Nuh-uh.

CAPTAIN

A peg arm.

DECKHAND

Mm-mm.

CAPTAIN

Peg breasts!

DECKHAND

No!

CAPTAIN

Shrapnel!

DECKHAND

No.

CAPTAIN

A picture of me!

DECKHAND

No...

CAPTAIN

Two sea urchins!

DECKHAND

Why?

CAPTAIN
A boat with a goat!

DECKHAND
What?

CAPTAIN
(holding up his hook hand)
Hook breasts!

DECKHAND
No!

CAPTAIN
Do ye have syphilis?

DECKHAND
What? Why?!

CAPTAIN
Girls love guys with syphilis!

DECKHAND
I have to disagree with you there,
Captain!

CAPTAIN
Arrgh, fer' cryin' out loud! Do ye
want to court the lass or not?

DECKHAND
Not if I need an STI to do it,
Captain!

CAPTAIN
Fine, fine, fine! There is one
surefire way to win over a fair
maiden's heart. Come closer, boy.

He beckons him to come over. The Deckhand does so.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Here's whatcha do. When the time is
right, call her onto the deck on a
cool, moonlit night, and as the
westerly winds blow a careless
breeze through her shimmering hair,
when the moonlight just barely
graces her tender features, you
take her hand in yours, boy, and
you squeeze it tight, and as you
look into her soft, glistening
eyes...

DECKHAND

Yeah?

CAPTAIN

You jab a knife through yer hands!

He violently plunges his sword into the wooden floor.

DECKHAND

What? Why?!

CAPTAIN

Well, that's a blood bond! She got no recourse but to marry ye then!

DECKHAND

I'm not stabbing our hands together! God, I'll just figure this out myself...

CAPTAIN

Oh, so yer gonna use yer perfect combination of looks, personality, and confidence then, are ye?!

DECKHAND

I-

He looks down toward the girl. The Pirate Douche is dancing with his mouth stuffed full of barnacles. The Pirate Girl is laughing.

The Deckhand looks back, thinking.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The Captain lays restfully in his hammock, reading The Pirate's Guide to Being a Pirate by candlelight. Suddenly, he hears footsteps above him on the deck.

PIRATE GIRL (O.S.)

Hey! I'm over here! It sure is beautiful out tonight... you said you wanted to tell me something?

...Leon? What are y-

(she shrieks in pain)

(a beat)

...I do!

CAPTAIN

Arrr, I love the sea.

END

Meat Wife

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

[A typical heartwarming documentary. Supers are white text fading in on a black screen.]

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SOLOMON, an adult male, sits on the couch in his living room as he is interviewed.

SOLOMON

My name is Solomon Stevens, I'm 42 years old, and I am married to a meat statue.

SUPER: "Solomon and his Meat Wife have been married for 15 years."

MEAT WIFE, an inanimate mass of ground beef in the shape of a human female, is sitting next to Solomon. His arm is wrapped around her greasy meat shoulder.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

We actually met at the supermarket. I know that sounds cliché, but that's how it happened!

INT. SUPERMARKET - REENACTMENT

We see a reenactment of the events Solomon is describing.

SOLOMON (V.O.)

I was just coming out of the fig aisle, and, there she was, purveying the same brand of meat that comprises her body. I walked up and I said, "There's nothing gross about you... so why don't we just skip the groceries?" She didn't say anything. She didn't need to.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOM - REENACTMENT

The actor playing Solomon wheels Meat Wife into the apartment room using a shopping cart.

SOLOMON (V.O.)

That night we went back to my place, and it was nothing short of enchanting.

(MORE)

SOLOMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't want to get too graphic,
but, I was allowed free reign. With
my genitals.

INT. APARTMENT - REENACTMENT

Solomon's actor comes out from under the covers of the bed,
looking amazed.

SOLOMON (V.O.)
I think it was around the ear when
I just stopped and I realized: wow.
This is a real connection.

SUPER: "Solomon assumed that Meat Wife felt the same way.
They've been married ever since."

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SOLOMON
The key to a lasting marriage is
having a routine.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

We see, on-screen, the events that Solomon describes.

SOLOMON (V.O.)
We get up at 6 every morning. First
thing I do is make coffee for us.
She has trouble lifting the cup,
so, I have to help her.

Solomon tilts a cup of coffee into Meat Wife's mouth. It
drips down her chin.

SOLOMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then, I shower, get ready for work.
Meat Wife just sits there. I go off
to work, I work all day. Meat Wife
does nothing. I get home around
six, and, yeah, there she is, still
marinating on the sofa. So, I
clean, I cook dinner, pay the
bills, then it's off to bed again.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SOLOMON

It's an uneven distribution of responsibilities, but that's, uh... that's just how it is.

SUPER: "Solomon silently resents his Meat Wife. He communicates this passive-aggressively."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Solomon and Meat Wife are on opposite sides of the bed. Solomon is reading a book.

SOLOMON (V.O.)

Well, every relationship has its ups and downs. Some couples fight over restaurants or politics.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Solomon is struggling to push Meat Wife through the doorway on a dolly cart.

SOLOMON (V.O.)

I have to literally cart my Meat Wife out of the house to attend social gatherings. And don't be fooled by her svelte figure, this is a heavy, heavy woman.

Solomon continues to struggle, before giving up.

SOLOMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm pushing 99%, and if she could just pull that remainder, we'd be golden, but, no, that's not how she operates.

SUPER: "Solomon has been struggling to remain faithful."

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SOLOMON

I'll be the first to admit, I've committed adultery several times.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOM - EVENING

Solomon walks into his old apartment room holding a shopping bag.

SOLOMON (V.O)
Some frozen turkey here, some
pepperoni from a Lunchable there...
I feel a little bad about it, but I
know my wife doesn't care, because
she's a meat statue.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SOLOMON
What? Yes, I know she's not a real
person! Do I look like one of those
nutjobs who thinks their inanimate
lover is alive? Don't answer that.
Look, I'm just in it for the sex.
That doesn't make me a bad person!

MEAT WIFE (O.S.)
You piece of SHIT!

The camera turns to see MEAT WIFE, who is animated and standing tall!

SOLOMON
What?!

Meat Wife SLAPS Solomon with incredible force, and hastily walks off-screen.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
How?!

MEAT WIFE (O.S.)
Thanks for the free room and board,
jackass!

SOLOMON
Meat Wife! Come back! I love you!

A beat. Solomon stares into the camera.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Prime cut!

END

Milleniol

By Stephen Robbins

An archetypal prescription medication commercial.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A young BUSINESSMAN sits at a desk, juggling several important tasks.

BUSINESSMAN

I'm the enterprising young CEO of my own startup. But, I'm also working two full-time jobs to help pay for my online med-school classes. I'm always being productive.

EXT. OFFICE - EVENING

The Businessman leaves his office building and sees his young, disheveled FRIEND sitting despondently on a bench.

BUSINESSMAN (V.O.)

So when I see my clinically depressed friend just sitting around, generating nothing for himself or society, I think: "Man... wouldn't that be nice?"

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The Businessman holds up a box of medication.

BUSINESSMAN

That's why I use: Milleniol!

A chart appears on-screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Studies show that more and more young adults are dissatisfied with the sense of fulfillment they get from leading a busy, goal-oriented life. Full-drowsy Milleniol is the only prescription depressant that is scientifically proven to lower productivity, and increase free time.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A MOTHER ushers her two children with their backpacks out the door.

MOTHER

Being a mom is hard work. I don't
have time hang out or go to parties
like I used to.

INT. PARTY - DAY

The Mother is sitting dispassionately on a couch at a party, while other party-goers are dancing and having fun.

MOTHER (V.O.)

But with Milleniol, I just don't
care!

The mother's cell phone rings. She answers.

MOTHER

Unggh?

CHILD (V.O.)

Mommy, we're worried about you.

MOTHER

Ask your father.

She hangs up and turns her head to the camera, giving a thumbs up without changing her expression.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A STUDENT sits on his bed.

STUDENT

Getting into a good college is
super stressful. My friends don't
even do their homework! All they do
is post depression memes in our
group chat! They don't have real
problems, they don't care about
responsibilities, they don't have
anyone in their life pushing them
to do anything at all!

(beat)

How awesome is that?!

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAM ROOM - DAY

ANOTHER MOTHER and a DOCTOR are engaged in conversation.

STUDENT (V.O.)

So my mom asked my doctor about Milleniol, and he just grunted and gave her a whole case! He didn't give a crap, he was on Milleniol too!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The Student is lying in bed with his laptop all the way up to his chest.

STUDENT

Now, I'm a high school dropout, and haven't left my room in eight weeks. Thanks, Milleniol.

A depression meme pops up in his group chat.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Ahahh, same.

EXT. BENCH - DAY

The Friend and the Businessman, now equally disheveled, are sitting on the bench together.

BUSINESSMAN

Before Milleniol, I was a Stressed-out Steven. Now, I'm a Depressed Daryl, and life has never been more comfortable.

(turning to Friend)

Wanna play frisbee?

Friend does nothing.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Businessman throws a frisbee. It hits Friend in the chest. They just stand there.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Milleniol is not for everyone. If you experience unusual changes in mood, behavior, or thoughts of suicide, call your doctor right away, as he will be glad to know that the medicine is working.

Friend sits down on the ground and hugs his legs close to his chest.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Do not take Milleniol if you are nursing, pregnant, or responsible for any pets or houseplants.

The Businessman lies down on the ground.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tell your doctor about all your medications, including anti-depressants, as these could induce a potentially life-saving state of mind. Milleniol is not approved for adults over the age of 18. Milleniol is not approved for children under the age of 19. Milleniol should not be consumed by anyone. It is an evil drug. The drug is evil. Turn off the TV and go outside before you do something you will regret for the rest of your life.

(beat)

Ask your doctor if Milleniol is right for you!

END

Christmas Sketch

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A happy family sits around a Christmas tree in their living room. The fireplace is lit, and there is light CHRISTMAS MUSIC playing in the background.

GENEVIEVE, the daughter, opens her gift, as the youngest son, JIMMY, watches excitedly.

GENEVIEVE

Oh my god, Dad, how did you know
this was the exact lens I wanted?

MOM and DAD sit next to each other on one of the couches. GRANDMA is standing next to GRANDPA, who is sitting in a reclining chair. JASON, the eldest son, mid-20's, sits on another couch next to his girlfriend NELL.

DAD

Read the card!

GENEVIEVE

(picking it up)
"Jingle Jingle Jangle, Jingle all
the way..."

Mom and Dad share an excited look.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

"Hope you get the best exposure,
here on Christmas day."

She reveals the inside, showing Santa Claus taking a dick pic in the bathroom. The family CHUCKLES delightedly.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

Dad, where do you *find* these cards?

GRANDMA

Your father always gets the best
Christmas cards!

Dad smirks knowingly.

MOM

Alright, and this one is... to
Jason, from Dad!

The family OOHS and AAHS as Mom hands Jason a festive paper bag. He reaches inside and pulls out the card.

JASON

(opens it)
Haha, nice.

He puts it back in the bag.

Dad sits up tensely.

JASON (CONT'D)
Yo, a foam Minion for my anxiety
issues! Right on, Dad.

Mom looks at Dad nervously.

JIMMY
Open the next present!

MOM
U-uh, okay, this next one-

DAD
Now hold on, Cheryl, I think we
should address the elephant in the
room.
(turning to Jason)
Ya didn't read my card, son.

JASON
Wha- oh, yeah I did. It was funny.
Two thumbs.
(aside, to Nell)
You know, like, up?

MOM
That's not what he means, Jason.

GENEVIEVE
I think we're supposed to read them
out loud.

GRANDMA
We always read the cards out loud.

JASON
Why?

The entire family GASPS.

MOM
JASON!

JASON
Whatup?

MOM
How could you?!

JASON

Eh.

Grandpa GROANS.

GRANDMA

Jason, you're upsetting Grandpa!

JASON

That's just how he talks!

GENEVIEVE

Read it, Jason! You know how dad gets on Christmas!

NELL

Maybe you should read us the card, babe.

DAD

Your female companion is wise beyond her years, boy. Take heed of her warning.

JASON

Uh, no I'm good.

NELL

That's okay, I respect your life choices.

JASON

Weed kiss!

They pretend to take a puff of marijuana, then touch thumb and forefingers while making a KISSING noise and giggling.

DAD

Initiating Christmas Lock-down.

Dad presses a button on the TV remote control. Immediately, the fire is snuffed, the music stops, and the lights on the tree are de-lit.

An electric fence rises from the floor, forming a barrier between the family and the remaining presents.

JIMMY

Hooray! Christmas Lock-down!

GENEVIEVE

Every fucking year.

GRANDMA

Oh, Jason, you *know* how much your
Grandpa hates Christmas Lock-down!

Grandpa GROANS.

NELL

I'm Jewish. Is this is normal?

DAD

Do not let the harlot distract you,
son. Her breasts may be shapely and
her buttocks firm and full, but the
visage doth not belie the demon
within.

NELL

Thank you!

JIMMY

Silence, wench!

MOM

Jimmy!!

JASON

This is getting outta hand. Where's
my foam Minion?

Nell points to it, in his hand.

JASON (CONT'D)

(squeezing it rapidly)

Nice.

DAD

I take my position of best
Christmas card giver very
seriously, son. Months of planning
and research goes into every single
one. Heck, I've been collecting
scientific data on this family
since before I married your mother,
all for the sake of finding the
perfect cards that everyone can
enjoy. So when you don't read them
out loud, well... you're pretty
much ruining Christmas.

JASON

Pff, so? I saw a meme last week that said Christmas embodies the evil ways of capitalism, so, you know what? I'm not reading any more Christmas cards. EVER!

The family GASPS.

MOM

No!

DAD

My own son...

GENEVIEVE

God.

Grandpa GROANS LOUDLY and slumps his head to the side. He's dead.

GRANDMA

You killed Grandpa! He had at least a good ten minutes left!

JASON

Aw, nuts.

NELL

Should I go?

JASON

Naw, you're good.

Suddenly, there is a flash of light and a LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER. Grandpa's spirit rises from his body and hovers before the family.

GRANDPA'S GHOST

Ohhhh, finally, I am freed from my decrepit flesh prison. Pretty sick.

NELL

Yo, Christmas rules!

GRANDPA'S GHOST

Jason!

JASON

(looking up from his phone)

Yello?

GRANDPA'S GHOST

That thing about capitalism is all well and good. But the true spirit of Christmas is obviously family and togetherness and shit.

JASON

Ohh, true.

GRANDPA'S GHOST

Cool! So, I'm gonna do some vengeance now, and you were a being a prick, so I am going to give you a triple prick flick.

JASON

Awww.

GRANDPA'S GHOST

Here I come.

He reaches over and quickly flicks Jason's head three times.

JASON

Aww.

GRANDPA'S GHOST

My business on this plane has concluded! Now read the card, you dingus.

He picks up the remote, presses a button, and vanishes. The Christmas Lock-down is deactivated.

After a brief pause, Jason picks up the card again and reads it.

JASON

"On Christmas, we practice filial piety..."

He opens it.

JASON (CONT'D)

"I hope this foam Minion helps your anxiety."

He shows the inside of the card, depicting a very angry Santa squeezing a foam Minion.

The family looks at each other for a beat.

They burst into laughter.

NELL

That is such a good card!

GENEVIEVE

That's like, the perfect card!

GRANDMA

Your father always gets the best
Christmas cards!

Mom smiles at Dad.

Dad winks at Grandpa's corpse.

Grandpa's corpse winks back.

END

New Age Fortune Teller

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S TENT - DAY

LYDIA and JAMES, a couple in their 20's, enter and look around the dimly lit Fortune Teller's Tent. There are several stools, along with a shelf containing various bits of divination paraphernalia

ANGELA, a fortune teller in her 60's, smiles at them, seated in a wooden chair. On the table in front of her are several teacups, along with some lit candles and a few small sheets of paper.

ANGELA
Hellooo! Welcome to Angela's New
Age Divination and Fortune Telling!

JAMES
Oh, God.

He turns to exit, but Lydia, already seated, stops him.

LYDIA
Come on, it'll be fun!

James SIGHS and sits down at one of the stools. He places his drink on the table and takes out his smartphone.

JAMES
So, "New Age" fortune telling?

ANGELA
Mm! The old methods don't work on
the new generation, so I've had to
adapt! What would you like to start
with?

JAMES
I don't know, is the lobster bisque
good? What are your specials?

Lydia flicks him hard in the arm.

LYDIA
Do you do tea leaf readings?

ANGELA
Actually, I read obnoxious
Starbucks orders! What is the
gentleman drinking?

JAMES

A green tea frap with strawberry smoothie base, two pumps mango, nine espresso shots, four sugar, six splenda, whipped cream and molasses drizzle.

(turns to Lydia)

If I'm paying for it, I want it how I like it!

ANGELA

(Holding out her hand)

May I?

James reluctantly hands her his "drink." She takes the lid off, swirls it around a bit, then dumps the whole thing out on the floor.

JAMES

Hey, whoa, hey!!

ANGELA

Ahh, the ass...

The residue at the bottom of the cup resembles a donkey.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Patience will help you overcome misfortune!

JAMES

You just poured my drink out on the floor!

LYDIA

I love how you think that thing is drinkable.

(turns to Angela excitedly)

What else can you do?

ANGELA

I can do smoke divination! Does the gentleman vape excessively?

JAMES

No.

LYDIA

Yes! Yes he does!

ANGELA

Please, if you would blow a fatty cloud for me?

JAMES

Oh my god.

He pulls a Juul out of his pocket and takes a hit.

LYDIA

Yayyy!

James exhales a small cloud of vapor.

ANGELA

Hmm... I might need a bigger cloud.
(extending her hand)

May I?

JAMES

I don't think so.

LYDIA

James, give her the vapey thingy!

JAMES

I'm not letting her use it!

ANGELA

Oh, no, I don't use those things.

LYDIA

Give her the woozy doozy!!

James rolls his eyes and hands Angela the Juul.

ANGELA

Ah, thank you!

Angela wraps the Juul in a sheet of paper, then touches it to the candle flame.

The device immediately combusts out of existence, creating a massive cloud of vapor.

JAMES

Wha??

ANGELA

(Catching a whiff)

Oh my, you really vape this ass juice? Also, you're going to be prematurely bald.

JAMES

Did you just Criss Angel my Juul?!
Oh my God, why are we here, Lydia?!

LYDIA
Because it's fun, and you love fun!

JAMES
No I do not!

ANGELA
Ooh, how about a line reading?
They're very fun at parties!

JAMES
No, no, I'm pretty done with this
crap!

LYDIA
Babe, this one's fine, she just
needs to see your dominant hand.
That's it! Please?

James takes a deep breath.

JAMES
Fine.

He puts his phone down on the table and holds out his right
hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Go ahead, read my palm.

ANGELA
What are you doing?

She smashes his smartphone screen with a hammer.

JAMES
AHHHH!!

Angela runs her fingers across the cracks on the screen.

ANGELA
Ooh... yep... that's pterodactyl
assault.

JAMES
Well, thanks Lyd, this was the
worst idea ever!

He gets up and starts to leave.

LYDIA
Aww, babe, you're party pooping
again!

JAMES

Yeah, I'm the pooper!

ANGELA

WAIT!

James stops and turns back around. Angela is holding a small plastic package.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Haruspicy. Divination by animal entrails; the most accurate method there is. But since animals have rights, I use a Vegan entrail substitute.

She peels open the package and holds it upside down. A solid block of tofu drops onto the table with a SPLAT.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Don't leave the tent. It's dangerous!

JAMES

Actually, I *am* going to leave the tent, so I can sue you for everything you've got, which I assume is just...

(gesturing to everything)

This. Okay? Sound good? Awesome.

He leaves the tent. Lydia and Angela share a look.

JAMES (O.S) (CONT'D)

Ughh! God, where's my friggin-right, I need to buy a new Juul! Jesus chr- what the heck is that? Is that bird? It's really big. It's huge, what the- oh God oh God oh my GOD IT'S A PTERODACTYL! This is- how is this possible?! How is- OW! My hair! It's eating all my hair! Oh God, I'm prematurely bald! If only I was more patient, I could have overcome this misfortune! Don't take me away, Mr. Pterodactyl, please! Noooooo...!

He trails off. Lydia and Angela look at each other for a beat.

LYDIA

Do you do horoscopes?

ANGELA
Sagittarius, right?

LYDIA
Mmmhmm!

END

One of those archetypal, heart-wrenching tragedy infomercials's, complete with sad music, etc.

White text fades in on a black background: KIDS ARE HUNGRY.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A GIRL opens a pantry, grabs a bag of chips, and tries to pour them into her mouth- but only crumbs fall out. She drops the bag despondently.

We fade out, then into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A MAN stands in front of the camera.

MAN

Kids... are really hungry. In the time it took me to say that sentence, 12 kids skipped their midday snack. But you can help them. For just 9 dollars a day, these kids can have the food they want- and eat it, too. Just call 1-800-525-4874 to help a child in need.

We fade into another kitchen, where a young boy apprehensively tries to eat a small carrot.

MAN (V.O.)

Your pledge will help get these kids the food they deserve. Please, pick up the phone, and donate today. That number again is 1-800-525-4874.

We fade out, then back to the man.

MAN

We've been told that people are having trouble remembering our number. It's 1-800-525-4874. Please, don't forget it this time.

We fade into a sidewalk, where a group of kids stands gloomily by.

MAN (V.O.)

Look at these kids. Just look- hold on...

We fade back to the man.

MAN

Apparently people are still forgetting our number. So, please, go get a pen, or a pencil, and write it down this time. 1-800-525-4874. Last time I'm saying it.

We fade out, then back to the man.

MAN (CONT'D)

Okay. People still can't seem to remember our number. So, we changed it to be letters instead. Our new number is 1-800-HELP-KIDS. You can't forget that. It's impossible.

Fade out, back to the man.

MAN (CONT'D)

Do people not know how to do dial letters anymore? Just look at the keypad and- why bother? You're not going to listen anyway. You know what? Screw it, our new number is 1-420-EAT-ASS. Please, eat my ass.

Fade out, back to the man.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to apologize for my previous outburst. It was unprofessional, and it won't happen again.

Suddenly, a landline rings. The Man excitedly reaches off-screen to pick it up.

MAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for calling Kids Are Hungry, would you like to-

CALLER (O.S.)

Yeah, can I get an order of spring rolls, extra duck sauce, and-

He SCREAMS and throws the telephone at the wall as we fade out, returning again to the man.

MAN

We're getting calls now from people saying they forgot our number. How'd you do it?

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

How'd you call us if you forgot?
I'm onto you, you know, do you
think this is a joke? Kids are
actually like, super hungry right
now...

We fade to the kids on the sidewalk again.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No no no no no, get back here,
don't show those gremlins.

Back to the man.

MAN (CONT'D)

This isn't about them anymore. This
is about treating people with
respect.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Maybe we should take 5-

MAN

Oh, you wanna take 5? I just took 5
calls in a row asking for a tomato
and mushroom pizza, don't you tell
me to take 5 you mother fucker.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

(sighing)

Just say the number again and we'll
wrap.

MAN

Uhuhuh, but I forgot it!! Of course
I didn't forget, it's incredibly
easy to remember! 1-800-5...

A beat.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

2.

MAN

2! I was gonna say that! 5, 2...
4... uh... 8...

He trails off. The Director SIGHS. Fade to black.

White text fades in: JUST HIT US UP ON INSTAGRAM

END

A Machine That Lets You Slap Yourself In The Past

written by

Author

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. NASA PRESENTATION HALL - DAY

PHIL, a NASA Scientist in his early 30's, stands before a large crowd of journalists and scientists. Behind him is a table with a large sheet, covering some sort of device.

PHIL

Thank you all for coming to my presentation today. What I'm about to show you is something all of us have dreamed about, but never once thought could be a reality- until today. Ladies, Gentlemen, I give to you:

He pulls the sheet off of the device, revealing a high-tech headset attached to a bulky power source.

PHIL (CONT'D)

A machine that lets you slap yourself in the past.

The crowd MURMURS. Phil sits down on the table.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I'll take questions.

A JOURNALIST rises.

JOURNALIST

So it's a machine that lets you slap yourself in the past?

PHIL

That's right.

JOURNALIST

Could I use it to go back in time, and buy a bunch of Apple Stock?

PHIL

No, it just lets you slap yourself in the past.

The crowd MURMURS. A SCIENTIST gets up to speak.

SCIENTIST

Would it be possible to save a loved one from an untimely or grizzly demise?

PHIL

No, but it is possible to slap yourself in the past.

The crowd MURMURS.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We've all made mistakes. Hooking up with exes, listening to dubstep... With my machine, we can literally slap some sense into our past selves. Any more questions?

Another JOURNALIST stands up.

JOURNALIST 2

Can it be used to learn a skill, like cooking, or playing the sousaphone?

PHIL

Not quite. But you *can* slap yourself in the past.

A terrified STUDENT gets up.

STUDENT

Will it help me pay off my student debt? I have very crippling student debt!

PHIL

Absolutely not. Though, you **COULD** try slapping yourself in the past.

Another SCIENTIST rises.

SCIENTIST 2

What about stem cells? Can we use it to generate them in a limitless supply?

PHIL

Yes, as long as by that you mean "slap yourself in the past."

The crowd MURMURS.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're talking about the realm of possibility here, people, not fantasy hoobastank land. Does anybody have any **REAL** questions?

A MAN gets up to speak.

MAN

Say my palm hurts, and I don't want to slap myself. Can I dropkick, or headbutt myself instead?

PHIL

Anything besides an open palm will explode all your bones. Which doctors say is bad. So, probably don't.

Another MAN stands up.

MAN 2

What if I slap somebody *else* in the past?

PHIL

Slapping anyone other than yourself will unmake you, and you will cease to have existed in this universe. So, it's really your judgment call.

A WOMAN rises.

WOMAN

Can I use it to hook up with my ex?

PHIL

This device aims to prevent that kind of thing, ma'am.

WOMAN

What if I've been a very bad girl, can I use it to spank myself?

PHIL

Next question.

Another WOMAN stands up.

WOMAN 2

Does it have feelings?

PHIL

Not likely. My machine lets you slap yourself in the past.

More people stand.

MAN 3

This is outrageous! Can it even stop global warming?!

PHIL

I think we all know the answer to that, sir.

WOMAN 3

Can we use it to go back in time and kill Hitler?! It must at least do that, right?!

PHIL

That depends, ma'am. Can you slap to kill?

WOMAN 3

I can't!

PHIL

Are you Hitler?

WOMAN 3

I'm not!

PHIL

Well, shit, guess it's not happening!

The crowd starts BOOING. An OLD MAN rises to speak.

OLD MAN

Your machine doesn't do anything!
You suck!

Phil leaps off of the table.

PHIL

Let me explain something to you folks! This invention? It doesn't do much. But what it does do, it does fucking terrifically. My machine lets you slap yourself in the past, and there is nothing else in the world that can do that!

RANDOM GUY (O.S)

Hey everyone!

A random guy bursts through the door of the auditorium.

RANDOM GUY (CONT'D)

I made a machine that lets you slap yourself in the past- AND present!

A beat.

The crowd burst into CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

RANDOM GUY (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go!

Everybody leaves. Phil just stands there in the empty auditorium.

He puts on the headset and flicks the power button. After a few moments, he slaps the air in front of him.

PHIL
Ow. I remember that.

END

Change the Roll

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. COLLEGE DORM - DAY

NELSON, a mildly unkempt college sophomore, is playing video games in his dorm room.

RAY, his much cleaner-looking roommate, steps out of the bathroom angrily.

RAY

Nelson, for the last time, if you use up the toilet paper, change the freakin' roll! It's not hard!

NELSON

Okay, jeez, I'll change the roll next time!

RAY

Thank you!

Ray goes back into the bathroom, SLAMMING the door.

NELSON

Didn't have to yell.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - DAY

SUPER: MONDAY

Ray walks out of the bathroom. Nelson is still playing video games.

RAY

What the hell is this?

Ray holds up a toilet paper roll with a single sheet left.

NELSON

I believe that is a non-empty roll of toilet paper.

RAY

Oh, real funny, man. Here's the deal. Me? I can poop wherever I want. You? You're afraid of public toilets, and you're VERY regular. You can't hold out forever, Nelson. You'll have to change that roll eventually. And I'll be right there when you do.

NELSON

Well... let the games begin.

They stare at each other for a beat. Ray unplugs Nelson's game console and walks away.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Hey!!

INT. COLLEGE DORM - THE NEXT DAY

SUPER: TUESDAY

Ray is doing homework on the couch when a FLUSHING SOUND is heard, and Nelson walks out of the bathroom. Ray rushes inside.

He looks at the toilet paper roll... only to see the last sheet still hanging on!

Ray comes back out. Nelson is laying across the entire couch, playing a handheld video game.

RAY

Hey, what the hell's going on?

NELSON

Whatever do you mean, Ray?

RAY

I know you just went number two! If you're not... cleaning up after yourself, then-

NELSON

Oh, Ray.

Nelson puts down his game and walks over to his roommate.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Sweet, naive Ray. You didn't really think that I could only wipe with toilet paper, did you?

Ray is petrified. Nelson adjusts Ray's collar.

NELSON (CONT'D)

I just hope Professor Schultz gives me an extension on that midterm essay.

He walks away. Ray clenches his jaw.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - THE NEXT DAY

SUPER: WEDNESDAY

Ray walks into his dorm to see Nelson coming out of the bathroom.

RAY

Hey man, how was your BM? Sorry about lending your books and stuff to Cathy, she really needed them.

NELSON

Oh, I'm sure she did.

They exchange glares as they pass by each other. Ray smirks, and enters the bathroom to check on the roll.

The final sheet still remains! Distraught, Ray rushes back out.

RAY

Alright, you better-

He stops. Nelson is playing a racing game on his phone, but he's no longer wearing his shirt.

Ray's eyes widen. He looks over at the washing machine. It's running a cycle.

Ray puts the pieces together and looks at Nelson with fear in his eyes. Nelson smirks diabolically and puts his finger to his lips.

NELSON

Shhhh...

INT. COLLEGE DORM - THE NEXT DAY

SUPER: THURSDAY

Nelson is going to open the bathroom door, when Ray pops out, holding a large plastic bag.

RAY

Oh, hey Nelsey! Just doing a little cleaning. I'm using the washer, but the bathroom's all yours.

He walks away. Nelson enters the bathroom.

The curtains have been taken off of the shower. The towels have been removed from the towel rack. Nelson opens the sink drawer. A sticky note on the inside says "Out of tissues :("

Nelson looks at the lone sheet of paper on the roll and stiffens his resolve.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - MINUTES LATER

Nelson walks out of the bathroom and stands in front of the doorway. Ray is on the couch, texting.

NELSON
Alright, you win, Ray!

RAY
(getting up)
I do?! I mean, uh, yeah, of course
I do!

NELSON
Well played, my friend. No hard
feelings?

Nelson extends his hand.

RAY
Of course, man!

He reaches out to accept the handshake. Then, suddenly, he stops.

He stares at Nelson for a beat.

RAY (CONT'D)
What did you wipe with?

NELSON
What? I said you won. Just shake my
hand.

RAY
What. Did you wipe with?

NELSON
Just shake my hand, Ray.

RAY
What did you wipe with, Nelson?!

NELSON
Ray. Please. Just shake my hand.

RAY

Nelson!! What did you wipe your ass with?!

NELSON

Ray, please shake my hand. You have to shake my hand.

RAY

I'm not touching your hand!!

Nelson lowers his arm.

NELSON

Then I guess this is goodbye.

Nelson walks out of the dorm. Ray watches him go.

He then rushes into the bathroom to look at the toilet paper.

A fresh roll dangles from the handle.

Ray drops to the floor in agony.

RAY

Nelseeeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyyy!

(crying)

It's not like he washed his hands anyway...

END

The Common Cold

written by

Stephen Robbins

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. VICTORIAN THRONE ROOM - DAY

A snooty old KING is slouched in his throne, MOANING nauseously as a DOCTOR examines him with various medical equipment.

KING
Ohhhh, I feel absolutely dreadful.
How could something so terrible
happen to someone so rich and
handsome?

The Doctor concludes his test and starts packing his things.

DOCTOR
It baffles the mind, your majesty.

KING
Tell me, medicine man, what
fantastic and noble affliction has
befallen me? Money Pox? King's
Herpes?

DOCTOR
Actually, it seems you've come down
with a bit of a common cold, my
liege.

KING
A... *common* cold?

He looks out a window and sees townsfolk happily going about their lives, performers dancing, and children playing in the streets.

KING
(CONT'D)
No!
(Turning to the Doctor)
You must be mistaken. I could never
get a common cold.

DOCTOR
Anyone can get it, your highness.
It's nothing to be ashamed of.
Certainly not indicative of low
class status-

KING
You've done your duty, you may be
leaving now!

The Doctor starts to leave.

KING

(CONT'D)

Actually, you know what, off with your head.

(yelling aside and pointing at the doctor)

Off with his head!

Two ROYAL GUARDS arrive and grab the Doctor by the arms, dragging him out of the throne room.

DOCTOR

Wait! No! Please! What- stop! It's just a common cold, it doesn't mean anything!

He TRAILS OFF as the Guards drag him away.

KING

A common cold... bah! I'll just get a second opinion!

(claps, yelling)

Bring in the water-scriger!

A second DOCTOR enters the courtroom, holding a medium-sized bottle with a cork.

DOCTOR 2

Your majesty, it is my greatest honor to be called-

KING

Yes, you are very unworthy, now go do the medicine thing!

DOCTOR 2

At once, your majesty.

He rushes to the throne, uncorks his bottle, and holds it up to the King's groin.

DOCTOR 2

(CONT'D)

You may release the flow, your highness.

KING

With pleasure.

We hear the TRICKLING of liquid flowing into the bottle.

KING

(CONT'D)

Say, peon.

DOCTOR 2

Yes m'lord?

KING

This is purely hypothetical, but is it possible for a man of preeminent grandeur- say, a king, perhaps- to contract a common cold?

DOCTOR 2

Why yes, it very much is.

The King is shocked and terrified.

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)

Anybody can get it. That's why it's the common cold! Is that what this is about, my liege?

KING

Absolutely not! Off with his head! Now!

The Royal Guards come to take him away.

DOCTOR 2

But sire, I've not yet filled the bottle!

They start to drag him out of the courtroom.

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)

No! Please! Let me fill it! I will gladly accept death afterwards! Just let me fill my bottle! Noooo!

He TRAILS OFF.

KING

What has this kingdom come to? Thank me I don't have anything scheduled for-

ROYAL GUARD 1 (O.S.)

Your Majesty!

The King looks up at the Royal Guards, who are kneeling by the entrance to the throne room.

ROYAL GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

The Sovereigns of the other nations are here for the Assembly!

KING

That's today?! Oh, balls...

The QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE, the KING OF WENSLEYDALE, and the QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT enter the throne room. They are COUGHING, SNIFFLING, and SNEEZING profusely as they walk toward the throne.

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE
Hello, King of Ilchester!

KING
(stepping down from his throne)
My fellow queens and king... how nice to see you all.

KING OF WENSLEYDALE
See you? I can barely see anything on account of my Bishop's Pinkeye! AH-CHOO!!

Everyone except our King CHORTLES JOVIALY.

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT
You think that's bad? I trekked through the swamps of Roquefort to get here, and look what mama picked up on the way!

She lifts up her dress, revealing sparkling, wriggling leeches attached to her ankles.

KING
Platinum leeches?!

KING OF WENSLEYDALE
Notorious carriers of Duchess Measles, no?

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT
I can feel the jaundice already!

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE
Ha! You two and your nobleman's maladies. Since the day I was born, I've been in constant agony due to a combination of Empress Anemia, Royal Pelvic Organ Prolapse, and a genetic predisposition for Queen's High Cholesterol!

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT
My word, Laura!

KING OF WENSLEYDALE

A bill of health truly fit for the crown!

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE

What about you, Illchy? We're all waiting to hear what fantastic and noble ailments are afflicting you!

KING

Uhh, well, you see, I've contracted, ah...

KING OF WENSLEYDALE

Out with it!

KING

Well it's, it's so rare you probably haven't even HEARD of it, so-

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT

Oh... you're kidding!

KING OF WENSLEYDALE

I don't believe it.

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE

You've got a common cold, don't you?

The King starts to back away.

KING

No, of course not! That's... I mean I... it's probably not-

KING OF WENSLEYDALE

I think I've got six of those at home, don't you?

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT

Oh, at least!

The King backs into his throne.

KING

No... this can't be...

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE

Don't worry, Illchy... everyone gets it!

KING
Noooooooo!!

As he screams, a brilliant, glowing cross mark appears on his forehead. The other Sovereigns stare at it in awe.

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE
Heavens... that symptom!

KING OF WENSLEYDALE
It's not the common cold...

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT
It's...!

KING
Divine Tuberculosis. The rarest and most sublime of all the infectious diseases!

He looks down at the Sovereigns for a beat.

KING
(CONT'D)
HA!!! I knew it! I am the greatest king in the world! All that was, and all that will be shall bow before my-

A radiant beam of holy light comes crashing down from the sky and disintegrates the King in seconds.

The Sovereigns stare for a moment at the ashes.

KING OF WENSLEYDALE
That's what happens.

QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE
He will be missed.

QUEEN OF CAMEMBERT
Is that pee on the floor?

END