



Scripts.com

Nerdland

By Andrew Kevin Walker

1

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Better than a diamond ring #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good if you
Just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good if you
Just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good if you
Just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good if you
Just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good if you
Just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good if you
Just kept your mouth shut #
Kept your mouth shut

MAN [ON TV]:

the city of Los Angeles...
...and corporate sponsor
the Fluffy Time Biscuit Company...
...will finally unveil the new,
improved Hollywood sign.

[MAN GRUNTING THEN SCREAMING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

[GRUNTS]

[BOTH GASP]

[SCREAMING]

MAN:

Wake up.

[SNORING]

- Elliot, wake up.

- Aah! Oh, it's dick titty.

Oh, blargh, sorry. Morning, John.

Morning, Elliot.

You might want to wish me luck today.

Okay. Well, here it comes. Good luck, John.

Ugh. Don't you wanna know why
you're wishing me luck today?

Did you ask me to wish you luck?

I happen to have a very important
meeting this afternoon...

...with Brett Anderson.

[LAUGHING]

- Bullshit.

- I do.

- Really?

- I'm meeting Brett Anderson.

You're gonna meet Brett Anderson?

You're meeting the actor

Brett fucking Anderson?

The star of Murder Games,

Middle Name:

...and Rock Paper Scissors Murder. Seriously?

[CHUCKLING]

Could be our ticket to the big time.

[WATCH BEEPS]

- Oh, better not keep him waiting.

- All right. All right. Hey, you...
You go knock him dead, Mr. Fancy Pants.
I'm gonna get some writing done
before my shift.
Ah. Slave to a fickle muse, eh?
I leave you to it, my friend.
[SIGHS]
[SNIFFS]
Okay.
[SIGHS]
Mocking white rectangle.
Agony of spinning yarns from nothing...
...but sheer imagination.
And for what?
For what?
Will anyone ever begin...
...to appreciate my genius?
Will they ever be worthy of it?
Don't think about that. Do your pages.
Do your pages.
Here we go.
Int. Strip Club. Day.
Naked ladies gyrate.
Y-R-A-T-E.
Their huge boobs are bouncing.
Oh. No, no. Da-da-da-da-da.
Their bosoms.
Yes.
"Bosoms." Much classier.
Their bosoms bounce like great jiggly melons.
An angry old man enters the club.
This is Rip Van Winkle.
Van Winkle wears olden time clothing
and... And a sleeping cap.
Yeah. Okay. His long, white beard
reaches to the floor.
He brandishes a large...
...blunderbuss.
What kind of filthy, sinful world
have I awakened to?

ELLIOT:

Boom! Boom!
Okay. That's... That's enough for today.

Stop when you're hot.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the muse has left the building.
[WHISTLING]
[MUSIC PLAYING]
[IN STRAINED VOICE] Won't be long now, Mo.
The teats are full inflatable.
[GRUNTING]
[IN NORMAL VOICE]
No time for romance today, I'm afraid.
- It'll just have to be a...

- WOMAN:

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]
It's Mrs. McCullers from next door.
John said you're home, and I've baked
you my famous Lady Baltimore cake.
You baked...? You baked a cake?
Oh, okay. Well, I'm...
I'm a bit indisposed right now,
Mrs. McCullers.
Can...? Can you just leave it
on the doorstep right there?

MRS. McCULLERS:

- What?
- Aah! Penis.
[MUTTERING]
[MUSIC PLAYING]
Uh, Brett, this is John Truman.
Yeah, yeah. Nice to, uh... Nice to meet you.
Five minutes, Mr. Truman.
Well, let's get down to, uh...
To brass tacks, then.
Shall we? Okay. So...
...uh, question one:
When you, yourself, go
to the movies, Mr. Anderson...
Uh... Or Brett. May I call you Brett?
Yeah. Yeah. You know what?
I, uh... I prefer you didn't.
I see. Well, as I was saying.
When you, yourself,
attend a moving picture...

...what would you say is
your favorite fountain drink?

- Pardon me?
- Which beverage...

...do you find most refreshing,
as a rule of thumb?

Uh... You know, I'm not really sure
what this has to do with my new movie:
Rock Paper Scissors Murder...

...but you know,
if you have any questions about this...
...gripping, psychological thriller...

- ...I'm glad to answer them.
- Of course.

Moving on. Question two:

As both an artist
and an aficionado of the cinema...

...do you prefer popcorn with
or without butter-flavored topping?

Mr. Truman, exactly which, uh,
publication do you represent?

I'm employed by Concessionaire Monthly.
Magazine of the theatrical
food-service industry.

- Okay. You'd better come with me.
- Okay. Yes, but you know what?
- If I could have one moment.
- Please.
- I've got a screenplay you're perfect for.
- Security.
- Oh, God.

- Now, I didn't write it.

My roommate Elliot did.

But it's a real page-turner.

It's a tad long, all right?

Four hundred pages,

but it's dramatic and touching.

It's laugh-out-loud funny. Funny yet real.

It's about a UFO investigator

played by you, who... Spoiler alert.

- Falls in love with the alien he's chasing.
- Time's up.
- Sweat outside, please.
- Yes.

Brett, I'm not only a reporter,
I'm also a fellow actor.
There's a part in the script.
It's the investigator's skeptical sidekick.
These headshots will
give you an idea of my range.
Listen, I have to ask...
Ooh. I'll get those. Oh.
[WOMEN LAUGH]
[FARTS]
[ALL LAUGHING]
[CAMERAS CLICKING]
Thank you, Brett. My number's
with the materials. Call anytime.

ELLIOT:

On the exact same day again?
What are the odds of that
happening three times?
Astronomical. But how could he
have fired you, Elliot?
- I mean, why?
- Who knows?
That sadistic son of a bitch has had
me in his crosshairs since day one.
It could've been any of a hundred
imagined transgressions...
...in that lunatic's head.
Dude, I've been fired from a video store,
a bowling alley, a comic-book shop.
And an ice-cream parlor.
I'm running out of dream jobs.
Know what would lift our spirits?
Us brightening the girls' day
with a surprise visit.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
I'm deluxe #
Baby, I'm printin' them bucks ##
How can this many people be shopping
in the middle of the week?
What are they all,
welfare cheats and screenwriters?
Thought the economy's in the toilet.
Doesn't anyone have a job anymore?

Takers.

[DANCE MUSIC PLAYING OVER SPEAKERS]

SALLY:

discontinue the all-cotton knee-high.

- What? Why? No way. Who said?

- Mm-hm. Yeah.

Hey, but just keep it under your hat.

- Okay?

- MAN:

Mr. Kelly told me

in the strictest of confidence.

Oh, it's such a sad day.

What are we gonna do tonight?

- Mmm. Is Celebrity Jousting on?

- We're DVR'ing it.

Yes. Good. Okay. All right. What about this?

We make-over our busty lesbian avatars,
go virtual clubbing...

...and watch the pervert feeding-frenzy.

AKA "Wednesday." Genius.

[BOTH LAUGHING THEN GASP]

- Eww.

- Oh, God.

Afternoon, ladies. Heh.

- What's...? What's up? Hi.

- Yeah. Hi.

Hello, Linda.

You...? You girls working hard
or hardly working?

[LAUGHING]

- Oh...

- Excuse me.

Sorry to walk in and interrupt...

...everybody talking to each other,
enjoying... Ahem.

Linda...

...register.

- LINDA:

- Thank you.

I... I didn't see you here yesterday.

That's because I wasn't here.

You know what you should do?
You should make a...
You should Xerox your schedule.
Make a copy of it, and I'll have it
with me so I'll always know...
Ha-ha-ha. No. Mm-mm.
I'm helping customers. I can't
stand around, talking to some random...
Oh, no problem.
I'll just... I'll just do some shopping.
Ahem. So, um...
- I was chilling with Brett Anderson today.
- Oh, that's awesome.
Yeah. He's great. He's a great guy.
Really... Really nice.
He's a little full of himself...
[CAMERAS CLICKING AND PEOPLE LAUGHING]
...to be honest.
And short. Shorter than
he looks in the movies, for sure.
He stands... He's probably like 4'...
Like 4'2". Anyway, you know, he and I
are considering taking a project...
- ...into active development together.
- [SOFTLY] I don't care.
Uh, yeah. Hey, before you...
Before you flee, I have a question.
I was just wondering... Um...
Oh, God, I'm not good at this.
[CHUCKLES]
What I'm trying to say is, uh...
You know what? I would love to...
[SQUEAKS]
Oh.
I finally cracked that horror script
I was telling you about.
Remember that one: Van Winkle?
It's... It's a present-day retelling...
...of Washington Irving's classic tale
of Rip Van Winkle...
...which is public domain,
but when he wakes up in my version...
...he finds modern society
so objectionable...

...he starts killing everyone.
I find it to be sort of a post-modern...
- \$15.32, please.
- You know what, Linda?
When are we gonna get together
for another double-date?
That's what I wanna know.
We can't have another double-date
because we never had one.
You just followed us to the movies
and sat behind us.
Listen, Linda, I... I realize I'm no prize.
I... I mean, look at me, but...
...I want you to know,
just maybe, one of these days...
...John and I are gonna do something special.
We're gonna make a name for ourselves.
- Will you go away now?
- Anyhow, nice...
Nice seeing you. Bye.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
No. Yo, you decide because every time
I pick it, you don't like the place I pick...
- ...and it's a whole thing, so just...
- No, no, no. Go on, really. It's fine.
- I'll settle for anything.
- For any...? Oh, okay.
Well, how about Hamburger Junction?
Oh, seriously? Hamburger Junction?
We always eat at Hamburger Junction.
I'm sick to death of Hamburger Junction.
What about Der Noodle?
No, we had German yesterday.
- Clucky's Chicken?
- No.
- Snack World.
- Oh, no.
- Pancake Brothers?
- No.
- Just Soup.
- Fuck, no.
Finger Food Connection...
- ...where good food is at your fingertips.
- Uh-uh.

- Pita, Paul, and Mary.
 - No.
 - Jim Dandy's.
 - Negative.
 - B.J. O'Williedoodle's.
 - No. I got diarrhea last time.
 - Jolly Onion.
 - Nope.
- Fondue Hut. Chop-Chop Chinese.
- Unidentified Flying Pizza. One of those.
 - No.

ELLIOT:

- Fiddle Stix.
- What was the name of that place?
- The one place we went to that one time?
- The Dutch Omelet.

No, but that sounds interesting.

Where is that, Burbank or Glendale?

- I'm sorry. That sounds interesting?
- Yeah.

ELLIOT:

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Welcome to Hamburger Junction.

Would you like to see our specials?

- Choo-choo.
- We'll need another minute. Thanks.

Do you know what this is?

It's a birthday card from my parents.

I'm 30 years old tomorrow.

Happy birthday.

No. Unhappy birthday.

After tomorrow, we're both 30, Elliot.

Do you know how old 30 is in Hollywood?

When you're in your 20s,

being an aimless loser is forgiven...

...it's even encouraged,

but not when you're in your 30s.

Oh, man, you can't give up.

I mean, 30 is the new 12.

Think of it that way.

I mean, you just... You just

have to believe in yourself.

Oh, please.

That's something your parents tell you.

Because if you think you can

become president...

...maybe you won't be a drug dealer

or a pimp.

Every time... Every time, John, there's
the slightest setback, you get like this.

I can... I can set my watch by it, man.

Remember your acting instructor?

Remember when he said there was
absolutely nothing he could teach you?

Remember that? You're damn right he did.

Didn't he practically throw you
out of his class that day?

That was his way of saying:

"Go. Get out.

Get out there and start acting."

And your screenwriting teacher, I mean,
he did call you his greatest student.

He spent all of those long
hours working with you.

Nights, at his condo, on his own time.

He'd still be mentoring you...

...if he hadn't been jailed
for providing alcohol to minors.

Exactly. Talent is not our problem.

You and I, and not to sound
a little pretentious here...

- ...we have got ass-loads of talent.

- That doesn't sound pretentious.

What we need is opportunity.

Yeah. Hello, world.

- Here we are. Thank you.

- You're fucking up.

Look at the guy who created The Bloops.

He turned homemade
cartoon videos on the Internet...

...into an empire. The Bloops are everywhere.

Now there's even a Bloops charity
for disadvantaged kids.

God, I hate The Bloops.

What will it really take for us
to get a little face time with America?

I mean, nowadays, everyone's
posting videos online...
...of their dog farting or their kid burping.
[LAUGHING]
I love the one where
the burping kid's riding the farting dog.
Millions of folks around the world
are on the Internet...
...watching those infantile videos...
...on LOL WTF Tube and WoopsieDoopsie.com.
What's been missing
in everything we've attempted?
- Success.
- Newsworthiness.
TV and movie stars aren't enough anymore.
People love this kind of stuff.
They think "Maybe I'm next.
Maybe I'll fend off a criminal,
you know, or win the lottery...
...or have a single-engine plane
crash in my backyard."
If we were to give
the celebrity-obsessed masses...
...something really worth watching,
I mean really worth watching...
...we'd also be launching our careers.
And I'll tell you another thing.
You and me plus fame...
...equals Sally and Linda
fall head-over-heels for us.
Multiplied by "Fuck, yeah."
So why not us?
And I mean today, not tomorrow.
Yeah. Today.
Let's become common men
in uncommon circumstances.
- Let's go be heroes.
- Count me in.
Today, we make our own opportunity.
- It's a new beginning.
- It's a bold adventure.
Ready to order?
Yes, I'm gonna have
the Caboose Burger with cheese...

...and the Wagon Wheel fries.
I'll have the same. No pickles.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
[FLIES BUZZING]

ELLIOT:

watching on your computers.
Here we are behind Hinckley's Shop-o-Mart.
My name is Elliot Alexander,
and this is Archie.
Hello, America.
And if I may ask,
what is your last name, Archie?
That's a good question, man.
Okay. Terrific. And how long
have you been a hobo?
- What's that?
- Elliot, ix-nay on the obo-hay.
Ahem. Um...
Yes. Greetings, Internet enthusiasts.
I'm John Truman.
Elliot and I are proud to announce
that this is Archie's lucky day...
...because no longer
will Archie have to search...
...in these nearby dumpsters
for his next meal.
I won't?
No longer will Archie have to sleep
in the gutter like a common animal.
What are you saying, man?
Who are you guys anyway?
Shut up. Let me finish.
Archie, we'd like to present you
with this cashier's check...
...we've had specially prepared.
It's for \$144.57.
Our gift to you.
- Oh, really?
- That's correct.
Cash this check, Archie,
and before you know it...
...you will be pulling yourself up
by your bootstraps.

Or your plastic bags,
whichever the case may be.
This is really mine? That...
Shit, well, that's awfully
nice of you boys, man.

- Maybe you're not so bad.
- No, we're not so bad, Archie.
- We're good because...
- That's really nice of you.
- ...John and I feel...
- Shit.

...we were put on this earth
to help those less fortunate.
What the hell?
Oh, the damn tripod screwed up.
Was it like that while we
were awarding the check?
This whole thing's ruined.
Calm down. We'll just do it over.
Okay. Yes. All right. You're right.
You're right. Hang on. I'm letting it run.

- Okay. Let's take it from the top.
- Alrighty, Archie. Here we go.

Like before. If you give me
the check, then we'll...
Give you the check? But you gave it to me.
Yes, and now we're gonna
give it to you all over again.
I already have it, man.
Yes. No. I know.
We must have our altruistic act
of charity captured on the video.

- You understand.
- What I understand...

...is you're trying to take my check,
but it's mine, man.
You and your ugly friend said so.

- I'm sorry. Who's ugly?
- Oh, look, enough of this.
- Let go, you filthy vagrant.
- No, man. You let go, man.
- Damn it, Archie.
- Come on. Don't just stand there, Elliot.
Help me. He's surprisingly powerful.

Yeah. One step closer, ugly man,
and I will brain you.
This is crazy, Archie. We're your friends.
No, man, you're some kind
of thieving tricksters, that's what.
You're goddamn con men and carpetbaggers.
That's what you are, man. You...

BOTH:

ARCHIE:

Nobody takes my check. Nobody.

[JOHN SOBBING]

Con men and carpetbaggers.

[HORN HONKS]

Hey, I'm rolling here, man.

It's important because
it's my job application and rsum.

- You have The Bloops Fun Time Digest?

- I don't know. Do you have money?

It didn't seem

Iike you dialed enough numbers...

- ...for international...

- I assure you I did.

My dad's next door at the...

The Bloops Fun Time Digest, Volume 1 Issue 3.

- Mm. Okay, but...

- I'll be keeping an eye on you.

- Ugh.

- Your fax went through, ma'am.

I promise you. Eight dollars.

You keep calling me "ma'am"...

...and I'm pretty sure I'm a lot
younger than you. Okay?

- So annoying.

- How's it going, Edward?

I mean, how is the king today?

The king grows weary, for his subjects
are imbeciles and unappreciative.

No one seems to grasp just
what kind of Herculean effort...

...it takes to keep a brick-and-mortar
collectibles emporium afloat in this age.

- We need your help.

- Of course you do. Come with me.
Mind the store, Becky.
Yes, Your Majesty.
[PLAYING LIVELY TUNE]
[MUSIC PLAYING]
And what is it exactly
you require, gentlemen?
European triple-X cartoons?
She-male face-sitting short subjects?
Paul Lynde's Halloween Special
on VHS? What's your pleasure?
Um, actually, Ed, we're kind of wondering...
...if we could borrow your
little digital video cam.
Our camera got misplaced.
Why don't you use your phone like every
other person in the entire human race?
Well, it's a bit of an older model.
What is that?
A phone.
My phone doesn't have a camera.
Or a keyboard. Unbelievable.
- What about yours?
- Uh, yeah. Um...
Well, we share that one, heh, to...
You know, to economize.
How thrifty.
When you say you'd like
to "borrow" my mini-camera...
...I assume what you really
meant to say is "rent."

JOHN:

We need to be courageous.
- We need to be heroic.
- We're gonna be heroes.
This can't be about us. That was our mistake.
- Yeah. We're being selfish.
- Exactly.
We need to be touching
other people's lives meaningfully.
- Making a difference.
- We've got to be selfless.
Oh, you said it there.

How do you zoom with this thing?
Sometimes, being a hero simply means
being in the right place at the right time.

ELLIOT:

Testing, testing, one, two, three.
Okay. I think the camera's working.
Great. Now we just need to be
first on the scene...
...at some quick horrible emergency
where we can be saviors.
Like maybe a traffic accident.
We pull the victims free.

JOHN:

that we talk down.
- We'll say, "Get down. It's not worth it."
- Let's keep our eyes peeled...
...because people abandon babies
in Los Angeles all the time.
If we lucked into one of those...
- That would be sweet.
- The best.

WOMAN [OVER RADIO]: All units be
advised. 5500 block, Vermont Avenue.
Hey, whatever that is,
it's right near here. Let's roll.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

[HORNS HONK]

[SIREN WAILING IN DISTANCE]

It's a fire.

Sweet. I wanted it to be a fire.
Is that bad? I wanted it to be a fire.
Somebody call 911.

[GRUNTING]

- Is everyone out?

- I don't know.

Are you all right?

Oh, what happened to your head?

OLD WOMAN:

Someone help me.

[CROWD GASPS]

- Somebody do something.

- It's too dangerous.

[SCREAMS]

- Oh, where'd she go?

- This is our chance.

- This is our chance.

- Do some good.

What the fuck is wrong with them?

[SIREN WAILING]

Go, go, go. Let's move, people.

Get down. Get down.

Watch your back. Through those doors.

What is a hero? Am I a hero?

Some may think so. These two young lives...

Look at that old witch. Showboat!

Hot dog. Big whoop.

- She did save your life.

- Oh, I don't care.

I mean, I was doing fine

till I breathed all that smoke...

...and took a header down the stairwell.

How do I know she didn't push me?

We might not be the heroes,

but we'll still get publicity.

Here's an old acting tip for the interview.

Rub a little dirt in your eyes.

The more we cry, the more newsworthy we are.

- Oh. Here they come. Get ready.

- Wait. They're leaving.

Uh... Excuse me. Excuse me. Miss.

My friend and I were pulled from the inferno.

- No time, guys. We're out of here.

- No. Look, you don't understand.

We almost died in there.

It was like we were standing

at the gates of Hades.

My friend is crying, you ghouls.

Sorry, fellas, but there's

a hostage situation at Dinkle's Donuts.

Thirteen people are being held

by a disgruntled pie man.

You know, real news. Let's go!

[TIRES SCREECHING]

MAN [ON TV]:

in a series of rampages...
...by gun-toting bakery employees.
Many wonder if these acts of violence...
...aren't a reaction to the high-pressure
demands of baking...
...with its Sysiphusian workload
and taxing predawn hours.
Aren't you scrubbed up yet?
- They sure taught us a lesson.
- What are you talking about?
Elliot, we've been idiots.
We've been going about it all wrong.
You want attention, press coverage?
You think you do that by doing good works?
No way. Take a look.
"Exclusive interview with a mad bomber."
I mean, what would we have to do...
...to get on the cover of News Time magazine?
Look. Anywhere.
"TV Peeper Online: Confessions
of a Congressional Masseuse."
"Info Week. The Seattle Panty Bandit
tells his side of the story."
Even The New York Times. The New York Times!
What's their top story? "Pervert Rapes Self."
What does the depraved
American citizenry want?
All things lurid and unexpurgated.
Prison diaries, tell-alls,
fully illustrated erotic cookbooks.
They can't get enough reality
programming and TV talk-show scandals.
- We've been so nave.
- Whoa, Johnny, slow down.
It's not fame we need, Elliot.
It's infamy. That's what gets rewarded.
Look at them. Right there.
Look at all the attention they're getting.
However, you are overlooking
one small detail...
...which is we do not want
to go up the river...
...as they say in the criminal parlance...
...because that's where unwelcome

things often go up a person's rear end.

Yes. Granted.

I understand we shouldn't risk
more jail time than is necessary.

Maybe a night or two at most.

- Um, heh. How's that again?

- I'm sorry.

You still wanna hit the big time, don't you?

Well, yes, sure. Except...

Wouldn't you spend a night behind bars
if that's what it took to change your luck?

To change your life.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

JOHN:

We're going to make a name for ourselves...
...without setting foot into the real world.
How are we gonna manage that?

JOHN:

heard of computer hacking?

Yes, I have. What do you
know about computer hacking?

Well, I dabble, mostly...

...but there's plenty of DIY advice
on all my favorite conspiracy sites.

What do you think

I'm doing in here all the time?

- Role-playing and masturbating?

- No.

- I don't think you're role-playing.

- The sport of geeks:

Secretly cracking into corporate
and government networks.

Peering back through the chemtrail haze,
watching the watchers.

I never dared leave my calling card
until today.

Oh, God, this is exhilarating.

MegaSoft, though. That...

Shouldn't we be cutting our teeth
on something a little...

...not quite so gigantically huge?

JOHN:

the largest corporate empire on Earth...
...that they deserve to feel the sting
of my everyman's lash.

[CHUCKLES]

First, we merely insert a little
protest message on their home page.

We're in. Yes.

All right. Now my merciless missive.

[POPPING]

"Megasoft fat cats. Anything to make a buck.
Gentlemen, you suck."

- That's not bad.

- Yeah.

Well, I gotta tell you, nothing hits
the mark quite like a satirical haiku.

Millions worldwide will see it.

And once we've come forward

to claim responsibility...

...you and I are going to be hailed
as 21st century Robin Hoods.

What screen name do you want?

I'm gonna go with "Deadly Jester."

[CACKLING]

You know what? Put me down as...

..."Boobmaster."

- B-double-O-B-M-A-S-T-E-R.

- T-E-R.

I figured that's how it's spelled.

It's not menacing enough.

I mean, what's it even supposed to mean?

Ah... Okay. Fine. All right.

"Fistofsatan." All one word.

Here we go. Moment of truth.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

No, no, no!

Okay? That is all wrong.

We'll do it again. We're trying it again.

As you wish, sir.

Oh, good show.

Oh, Jesus Christ, it's out.

Okay? Now, look, DuPont,

you're a goddamn idiot. Okay?

Look at me. You're a goddamn idiot.

Remember what I showed you. Okay?
Get on your toes like a ballerina,
and do tippy-toes. All right?
Tippy-toes. Tippy-toes. Tippy-toes.
This is you. Flat foot. Flat foot.
- Sincerest apologies, sir.
- Can you believe these losers?
[SPEAKS IN FRENCH]
[CHUCKLES]
I don't understand that.
[CRYING AND PHONE BUZZING]
Okay. Go get that.
What is it? What do you want?
Mr. Masterson, this is Daniels in Security.
Someone's trying to hack
through the firewall.
Holy shit. You must be joking.
- We'll take care of it, sir.
- No, no, no.
You won't do anything.
I've been wanting to test
a new countermeasure.
This is the perfect opportunity.
All right, Deadly Jester
and fistofsatan, you little pricks...
...allow me to introduce you
to the Reverse Corkscrew 1.0.
Enjoy.
- The haiku's uploading as we speak.
- I gotta tell you, this is exciting.
Exciting? We're revolutionaries, baby.
We're storming the cyber Bastille.
The emperor has no clothes!
No, not only is he nude, he's about
to receive a swift kick to the...
- Whoa, what's that? What's that?
- I don't know.
[CLICKING]
It's never made a sound like that before.
Oh, God, no. No, no, no.
Should we leave the house? What do we do?
It's siphoning off my pornography.
All my meticulously alphabetized pornography.
Oh, it's already up to the L's.

Oh, bad news, bad news.

No, no. Why did we do this?

Aah! Aah. No.

[ELECTRICITY CRACKLING
AND COMPUTER POWERING DOWN]

I think it's over.

They... They sort of turned the tables
on us, huh? Heh. Flipped the script.

Suck it, bitches.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

All right, all right.

You want infamy, Mr. John Q. Public,
you perverted bastard...

...we'll give you infamy.

Go ahead. Open it.

This is madness. They'll hurt you.

Sure. Once I've badged
them into attacking me, it'll be a cinch.

There's nothing cops hate more
than stinking, free-loving hippies.

- What world are you living in?

- Hey, wait a minute.

Didn't you say whatever it takes? You did.

All right? Now, people love
police-brutality videos.

They get really worked up over
easily digestible injustices. All right?

The news is gonna play
this thing a million times.

If you want a proper beating, you should
be portraying a graffiti artist or a rapper.

Let's just focus. All right?

When the bludgeoning begins,
I'll play possum.

Once they think I've lost consciousness...

...they'll lose interest and move on.

That's when you drag me to the hospital.

Oh, well, so long as there's a blueprint.

Just get the golden footage, man. Okay?

I'm going in.

[SINGING GIBBERISH]

Oh, I'm flying, man-child.

Flying high as a kite, man. Freedom!

Hello, piggies.

Ooh. Wait, wait, wait. Let me put that in
a language you can understand. Ready?
Oink oink oinky oink!
Ha, ha. Piggies.
I'm gonna have to ask you to move along.
Hey, don't try to stifle my free speech, man.
Sir, please cease and desist.
Ooh. Ooh, what? What are you gonna do?
You gonna beat my brains in
with your big batons?
Or should I say your big surrogate penises?
That's enough of this.
I'm writing you up for littering.
That's a \$25 citation, young man.
Hey, you know what? Screw off. I'm stoned.
Oh. Wow. The sky's a cotton-candy rainbow.
The sun's a bowl of lemonade.
I can hear the grass grow.
Get down from there, sir.
[CAMERA BEEPS]

- **COP:**

- Hmm? What?
Man, that's a heck of a nice camera, son.
Oh, this? I, um...
You mind if I take a look?
Sure. Yeah. I guess.
Oh, that is a fine piece of equipment.
It's digital, right?
Oh, that's right. Yes.
Yeah. The wife and I are
thinking of buying one.
This little baby would be perfect
for the family vacation. Wow.
We're heading to Florida to see the in-laws.
And every damn amusement park,
ha, ha, for the kids.
- You got kids?
- Uh... Uh...
None that I know of.
[BOTH LAUGHING]
Keep it that way, I tell you what.
Yeah. They're great, but they're...
- Boy, are they expensive.

- ELLIOT:

I know. I know. I have
friends that have children...
...and they just say they eat.
Yeah. They eat a lot. They eat a lot.
I got one that won't stop eating.
This guy, he eats three hotdogs in a sitting.
- He's 5 years old.
- My goodness.
I film it all. I film it all.
I got some here on my phone.
Let me see if I can look this up.

JOHN:

- That's a good-sized kid.

- COP:

[BOTH LAUGH]

[ENGINE STARTS]

Gotta run. Thanks, son. Terrific camera.
Oh, no problem, officer. Hey, do me a favor:
Have a great day. Okay?
[ELLIOT GROANING]
Elliot?

ELLIOT:

get any of it on camera?
I'm sorry, Elliot. I really am.
It's okay. Really. Between kicks, they
were mostly slapping with open hands.
Oh, I just... I feel so awful.
I can't apologize enough.

ELLIOT:

than anything else.
Nothing 97 ounces of highly caffeinated
soda beverage can't put right.
[WHISTLING]
Halfway there.
Okay. It's your turn to brainstorm.
My brain's empty.
Come on, mister 30-something.
We need a plan of action.

An instant fame plan.

JOHN:

headlong into the zeitgeist?
Oh! Watch out. Nearly spilled my Treacle.
I mean to say, please, excuse me, sir.
My fault entirely.
[SOFTLY] Help me out here, Johnny.
The man's a lunatic.
Uh, ahem. You dropped
your little wool hat, mister.
[IN NORMAL VOICE]
Oh, my God. Psycho eyes. Yikes.
Let's get out of here.
I'd hate to cross paths with him again.
Well, let me tell you something.
That is never gonna happen.
No, sir. It's pretty safe to say...
...that that's the last
we're ever going to see of him.
We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
Scooba-dooba-da
Bloop, bloop, bloop #
Shut up
We are Bloops #
We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
More Bloops. Bloop you, motherblooper.
Shut up
We are Bloops #
Look at that poor bastard.
Shut up, we are Bloops #
Scooba-dooba-da
Bloop, bloop, bloop #
Shut up
We are Bloops #
We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
Shut up, we are... ##
[MUSIC PLAYING]

ELLIOT:

Here we go. What do we do?
What does one do? Let's see. Let's see.
Fame and glory is what we seek.
Famousness, fame-tasticness, fame-ocity.
I got nothing here.
Desperation.
[BOTTLES CLATTERING]
Huh? What? Sorry. What did you say?
Desperation. I've known desperation
for as long as I can remember.
I always thought it was a bad thing.
Isn't it?
I've got the solution to
all of our problems right up here.
Plenty of great men built their lives...
...on foundations of courage
and noble intentions.
But how many more success stories,
truly American success stories...
- ...grew out of pure blind desperation?
- What are you getting at?
What I'm getting at
requires we stop thinking small-time.
Yeah. Okay. Sounds good. So...?
You do know what I'm getting at, don't you?
Well, um... Uh...
Yeah. Yeah. You're way ahead of me. Oh-ho-ho.
You know exactly what I'm gonna say.
Okay. Yeah.
Yeah. I think...
You and me. Come on, buddy.
Say it with me. Come on. Say it with me.
- We...
- We...
Go on.
Go on... Uh...
Yes. Uh...
- We go on...
- Go on... Ha-ha-ha.
- ...a murder spree.
- Whoa, what?
- A murder spree.
- Wait. What did you say?
A killing rampage. Now, listen,

I know it sounds fairly extreme.

- Fairly extreme?

- Hear me out.

The idea would be...

...what we would do,

is we would kill a couple of people...

...a handful at most. Not many.

Preferably strangers.

And the toughest part

will be us surrendering alive.

ELLIOT:

And no suicide pact either.

That's just plain shortsighted.

I don't know. Johnny, for one thing...

...whatever happened to us avoiding

significant jail time? Remember?

We'd end up instantly famous

across the board.

I'm talking guaranteed worldwide fame.

Fame like we haven't even begun to imagine.

- ELLIOT:

- This is our chance.

It's just...

Our only chance.

I'm not quite sure you're thinking this

all the way through.

We made a pact that we were

going to get famous today.

Didn't we?

- Didn't we?

- Did we?

And for once in my stupid, miserable,

losing life, I'm not waiting until tomorrow.

That's what I'd normally do,

but not this time. No.

This'll put us on all

the evening-news programs.

There'll be books, even movies,

about our lives.

Our names will be household words.

Women will talk to us.

We'll finally be somebodies. So, come on.

You're with me.
Aren't you?
Don't leave me hanging, Elliot.
You and me, through thick and thin,
our handshake is our bond.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
I'm sorry, buddy. I just...
I don't think so. I... I can't. It's just...
I don't know if I've got the...
The killer instinct.
Yeah. No. I...
No, I understand.
I wish I did.
No, hey, it's... It's fine.
Actually, it's no problem.
Well, maybe I should, uh...
I should probably...
...go get started.
Sure. Sure. Probably.
Uh, good luck with the murdering
and everything.
Thanks.
Um, I'll...
I'll be seeing you.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
Why do you have to go #
And leave me here to die #
'Cause you had me at hello #
Then you killed me #
You killed me at goodbye #
Ah, ah #
Yeah, you killed me #
You killed me at goodbye ##
[MUSIC PLAYING]
John, wait.
I can't let you do this.
By yourself.
I couldn't do it, buddy. I couldn't let you
go on a killing spree all alone.
I knew I could count on you.
I knew it.
It would've been meaningless without you.
It's just, I'm afraid I'll screw it up.
You know, I don't know if I can do it.

I don't know if I've got it in me.
Hey, what, you don't think I'm scared too?
Look at me.
I'm just as scared as you are.
- Really?
- Of course I am.
What am I, a professional? Come on.
The murdering's not gonna be easy,
but we'll figure it out.
Together. Huh...
- Good enough. Let's go kill people.
- Okay.
- How may I help you, young man?
- Uh...
Oh, yes.
I need some chloroform.
- Did you say "chloroform"?
- Yes.
Chloroform is a very powerful anesthetic,
you know that?
I also need some heavy gauze pads.
A little larger than my hand, I'd say.
There's a mandatory
five-day waiting period...
...and background check for
the purchase of chloroform.
- Seriously, there's a... Five days?
- Mm-hm. I'm afraid so.
Damn it. I was kind of
counting on getting it now.
- See, we really, really need it today.
- Ha-ha-ha.
I'm sorry. I do that all the time.
I'm sorry. The look on your face.
I do apologize.
- There's no waiting period for chloroform.
- Oh. Ha-ha-ha.
Okay. So, uh...
Well, great. All right.
Comes in half or full-gallon jug.
I suggest the full gallon, price break.
Oh, then full gallon it is.
And the gauze pads.
[MUSIC PLAYING]

- What are we back here for?
- Follow me. You'll see.
[BEEPS]
The Royal We is in his office.

ELLIOT:

[DANCE MUSIC PLAYING INSIDE]

THE KING:

Yeah.
Up, up, and away.
[IMITATES LASER FIRING]
This cape is looking good.
Cape is looking good. Cape is...
- Hello.
- Hey, what a... Hey.
Forgot to lock the door again.
It's all right.
I'm surprised you're back.
Couldn't resist the enema video, huh?
There's no time, so I'll come out with it.
John and I need to get
ahold of a copy of Video X-V.
What? What do you think you're doing?
I said never speak of that item. Never.
I'm sorry.
For your own safety, I can't really
explain why, but it's just very important.
Important? You were sworn to secrecy,
you filthy motherfucker.
- Um, I... I don't understand.
- Let me tell him.
Please, it's just us three.
You know that John can be trusted.
John, Video X-V is the holy grail
of underground videos.
Those few who've heard rumor of it
speak of it only in whispers.
It's the king's magnum opus, although
he's the only one who's ever seen it.
- Because it's not ready.
- You've been editing it for eight years.
It's incomplete, flawed, a work in progress.
And you're a perfectionist,

we understand that, but maybe...
...just maybe, it's time for you to let go.
No.

JOHN:

what you're talking about.
Just... What could it hurt
if we were to borrow a copy?
Just for tonight.
Please, if there's anyone, anyone...
...on this disgusting wet ball
of excrement circling the sun...
...who could appreciate your masterwork...
...oh, king of the nebbishes...
...I avert my gaze, and bow my head
when I say that it is us...
...fellow undeserving nincompoops.

ELLIOT:

But surprisingly simple.
A collection of any and all
of the most violent...
...R- and NC-17-rated movie moments,
not scenes, mind you, moments.
Edited together, non-stop.
Nothing else. Only the best parts.
Shootings, stabbings, gougings,
dismemberments...
...crocodile and zombie attacks. You
name it, if it's reprehensible, it's here.
Holy fuck. Watching it would be like
exposing yourself to years and years...
...of the most gratuitous violence
Hollywood has to offer.
- All in one sitting.
- Exactly.
For the aspiring murderer...
- ...it's what the doctor ordered.
- It's perfect.
Everyone knows that
violent movies and video games...
...are the direct cause of so many
of today's societal problems.
Are we ready for this?

Could we ever truly be ready?

[UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING]

[DOORBELL RINGS]

Oh, my. Hello, boys.

What brings you here?

Help yourselves.

Make yourselves at home.

Right. Yeah. No. This is good. This is good.

We'll be comfortable

starting with someone we know.

I'm feeling pretty confident.

So after her, we'll ease into the spree.

You know?

Branching out into random killings

that'll leave the authorities baffled.

You're the boss.

It certainly is a delightful diversion

having company for a change.

- Eh, thought we'd drop by.

- We're just being neighborly.

I admit, it can be lonely

ever since Charles died.

There must be, like, times when...

...you get so lonesome, sometimes,

you might even wish you were...

...with him, right?

Oh, heavens, heh, don't be morbid. Heh, heh.

What he means is it must be comforting

to imagine that when you finally do...

...pass on...

...your husband will be waiting

to greet you at the pearly gates.

Well, please don't misunderstand,

I did care dearly for my Charles...

...and kept my vow, but he was

an angry and spiteful man...

...and I'm fairly certain he's in hell.

- **BOTH:**

- MRS. McCOLLERS: Will you care...

...to cut the cake, Elliot?

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Oh, I think maybe John should cut this cake.

JOHN:

[MOUTHS] You.

Yes, but you're the one with the sweet tooth.

So you go right ahead,
and I'll cut the next cake.

Fine, then. No problem. I'll sh...

I'll cut the... I'll cut the damn cake.

It's easy. I'll show you. It's no big whoop.

Especially if you do it quickly
and get it over with.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

MRS. McCULLERS:

- Hey, uh...

- This is crazy.

We can't do this. We're not murderers.

- Uh... Guess not.

- No matter how much we try...

...to psych ourselves up,
we haven't got the instinct.

We know right from wrong.

We know what guilt is, and remorse...

- ...and the worth of a human life.

- Whew. Well spoken. Absolutely.

- I mean, really, what were we thinking?

- I blame myself.

You know, I'm the one that
talked you into this.

- No, no, no.

- Yes, yes, yes, I did.

Your heart wasn't in it from the start,
but, oh, I wouldn't listen.

Okay. You're too hard on yourself. All that
counts is you realize you were wrong...

...so let's get out of here.

You're right. You're right.

Let's thank Mrs. McCullers,
and we'll be on our way.

But...? But why...?

Why bother her any further?

We can't leave without saying goodbye.

That would be rude.

A minute ago we were gonna kill her.

Letting her live seems like

a huge leap up the politeness scale.

- All the same.

- John, wait.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Oh, my God. What have you done?

- I only wanted you to be proud of me.

- Proud?

- It was the peer pressure.

- You murderer.

- No.

- Oh, my God, you're a murderer!

- John.

- No, no. You... You keep away from me.

No, please, listen.

Hey, think of all the good times

we've had, buddy. You know?

All the laughs?

You know, you don't have to kill me.

I'm not gonna tell.

I promise. I swear to you.

I didn't kill her. I didn't kill her.

Okay? I didn't kill her.

I knocked her out is all.

I used one of our...

...pre-moistened chloroform pads.

I wanted so badly to impress you.

To show you I could get things started.

I got a little over-eager.

- She's alive?

- Yes. Yes, she's... Oh, she's resting.

It's like she's taking a nap.

Mrs. McCullers?

Mrs. McCullers!

JOHN:

Mrs. McCullers... Ahem.

"Dear Mrs. McCullers...

...thank you for your hospitality.

I hope you weren't offended when we

refused to play your drinking game.

Once you passed out,

we placed you in this chair...

...to prevent you from choking on your vomit.

Sincerely, John and Elliot."

- Perfect.

- Yes.

It only requires she somehow
have no recollection...

...of you smothering her
into unconsciousness.

Other than that, perfect.

Look what we're reduced to.

Are we willing to go to any lengths
to fulfill our selfish desires?

ELLIOT:

Look how we treated this kind,
goodhearted woman.

She lavishes baked goods upon us,
and how do we repay her?

We're lucky. This is a wakeup call.

Because maybe getting

what you want at any cost...

...maybe that doesn't make you
a success. Maybe just the opposite.

Is there really any worth
to something if you don't earn it?

- John.

- If you treat people...

...like dirt to be trampled underfoot.

- John, look. We're on TV.

- Say what now?

- ELLIOT:

- Turn it up.

MAN:

the Los Feliz convenience store.

Moments later, the same camera captured...

...this image of the alleged criminal.

Anyone with information is asked
to contact the L.A.P.D. immediately.

And so the question on everyone's lips:

Who are the mystery witnesses?

- Donna.

- We'll be right back...

...with the local scientist who claims the
Loch Ness monster is here in America.

We're the...

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the... We're the mystery witnesses.

BOTH:

We're the mystery witnesses.

[LAUGHING]

BOTH:

ELLIOT:

BOTH [IN SINGSONG VOICE]:

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

We're the mystery witnesses.

MR. KELLY:

Real fat guy.

He comes in the store.

I know we got nothing his size.

You know what I said?

Too fat. I mean, it's just too fat to be...

Sometimes, it's just too fat,
and I don't wanna deal with it.

- And I'm not gonna.

- No way.

- No way... No way.

- Mr. Kelly, you're so wicked.

- How fat was he?

- Believe it or not, I used to be fat.

I was. I used to... I used to have a weight
problem, so watch out, or you'll be fat.

- That's what I'm saying.

- Ha-ha-ha. That's a good one, Mr. Kelly.

- What is going on up there?

- MAN [ON TV]:

We are interrupting our 7:00 news hour
to bring you even more important news.

- Cathy.
- Yes, Greg.
I'm standing here with two men
who have come to the station...
...claiming they are the mystery witnesses.
Oh, we are the mystery witnesses, Cathy.
Believe you me. Heh, heh.
I'm John Truman...
...and this is Elliot Alexander.
You may not recognize us
because we were in disguise earlier.
[GASPS]
Elliot told me they were gonna
get some attention today.
What? He wasn't kidding.
Can you explain for our viewers
why you were disguised as hippies?

ELLIOT:

- Donahue.
- What?
Better get in here.
- Can you walk us through the incident?
- We were leaving the store...
- ...and this big redheaded jerk...
- It's the mystery witnesses.
...just pushes past me, and spills my
97-ouncer, so I say... Remember, John?
I go, "Pardon me, you big ape,
but I believe you owe me an apology."
We're really on TV right now, right?
- Hello, everybody out there in TV land.
- Hi.

- ELLIOT:

- Oh, my goodness.
- Oh, do the British accent thing.
- Ahem.
[IN BRITISH ACCENT] Well, it's
wonderful to be here on your television.
[IN NORMAL VOICE]: By the way,
we never did hear, what did we witness?
The suspect in police custody is accused...
- ...of armed robbery.

- [IN BRITISH ACCENT] Not too shabby.
Yes, by the way,
Cathy, did I mention that I am an actor?
[IN NORMAL VOICE]
Yes, he is, and I am a screenwriter.
[CHUCKLES]
Um, we'll be back with more
of our exclusive interview...
...with the mystery witnesses after this.
Linda, Sally, don't you know
those two guys right there?
- Yeah.
- Yeah. Oh, yeah.
Oh, my God. Yeah. We totally know them.
Elliot and Jim, I totally remembered.
Yeah. Of course we know them
because they are our boyfriends.
- Those are your boyfriends?
- What? They're your boyfriends?
- Yeah.
- Yeah. Our boyfriends.
Those guys are our boyfriends.
They're totally our boyfriends.
Yeah. Our boyfriends.
- Our boyfriends.
- Boyfriends.
[IN DISTORTED VOICE]
Our boyfriends are on TV.
[MUSIC PLAYING]

DONAHUE:

at 4:

...Mickey "The Redhead" Barns entered
the Extreme Shop on Franklin Avenue...
...ate a soft pretzel, shot the clerk...
...and emptied the cash register.
Although not in that order.
Hey, say, do you think
they could turn on their siren?

DONAHUE:

the seriousness of this situation.
Oh, no, we grasp it, sir.

We couldn't be grasping it
more than we already are.

DONAHUE:

the third cousin of Charlie O'Petrovich...
...the head of Cleveland's ironfisted
Russian-Irish syndicate.

Cleveland?

They may not get the kind of publicity
the larger, popular crime syndicates do...

...but the O'Petrovich family
is nothing to sneeze at.

Anyone who's crossed them has been
found beheaded, if found at all.

Really? Well, that's...

That's not good because...

...once the head's off
even for a split second...

...it's almost always fatal.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

[FLY BUZZING]

Oh, yeah. That's him.

He looks like a mean clown.

Authorities have been after him
since the old days...

...for extortion, drugs, even murder.

Except for small collars...

- ...he's slipped free.

- ELLIOT:

DONAHUE:

the family hierarchy...

...but gave it up years ago
and came to Hollywood...

...to pursue his lifelong dream
of becoming a human cannonball.

He's quite completely insane
in case you can't tell by looking at him.

He's an adrenaline junky.

[NECK CRACKING]

Couldn't keep his hand out of the cookie jar.

Graft, petty larceny, armed robbery,
the occasional burglary.

This will be three strikes for him.
Thanks to you.

ELLIOT:

- **JOHN:**

- Who do you think gave him that scar?

- Ew.

- Oh.

[BOTH GIBBERING]

Who's got a big tummy?

[BLOWING RASPBERRIES]

Hi.

- Ha, ha. It's almost like he can see us.

- These one-way mirrors are incredible.

That's not a one-way mirror.

- That's a window.

- It's a what?

Uh...

I could swear I saw a skull
and crossbones in his eyes.

What were you thinking?

Why would you let him see us?

See you? You were on television
in front of tens of thousands of viewers.

There's a TV in the holding area,
so Barns is probably one of them.

Okay. Big whoop. Let's just get
this over with, right? Let's...

What's next? You interview us,
we fill out some paperwork and...

[WHISTLES]

- ...we're out of here?

- Haven't you heard a word I've said?

It doesn't matter that Barns
is a distant relative.

His family will demand
your heads on silver platters.

I mean that literally.

You're going into
the witness-protection program.

Oh, no. No, no, no.

Wait a minute. You want us to move
away, and change our names?

And never see our family
and friends ever again?
Never see them, never contact them.
I'm sorry, boys, but you must live
the remainder of your lives in anonymity.
There's no other way.
Thanks all the same,
but that's not gonna work for us.
See, I'm sure you'll understand.
We've got our movie careers to consider.
If you had come in with our cooperation,
we could have shielded you.
But the moment you went on TV...
...witness protection became
your only option.
This man is an unrepentantly violent felon.
He was captured fleeing the scene,
but we can't hold him without evidence.
Only your eyewitness testimony
will keep him off the streets.
You two seem awfully anxious
to be heroes, here's your opportunity.
You're right. You're right.
We have a responsibility to the community.
- A solemn responsibility.
- I don't know.
But you do know, Elliot.
You do know, if we don't testify...
...how could we live with ourselves?
We'd be haunted by the guilt and shame.
Okay, I'm... I'm with you. Right.
We're at your disposal, detective.
Take a seat, we'll begin.
Great.
Oh, but were those vending machines...
- ...I saw down the hall?
- That's right.
You don't mind if we get refreshments,
do you?
We're bound to get thirsty
giving our lengthy...
...incredibly detailed statements.
Right, and I'm hypoglycemic, seriously.
Make it snappy.

Back in a jiff.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

[HORNS HONKING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

REPORTER:

John Truman and Elliot Alexander...

...are still wanted for further questioning.

The authorities ask that anyone
with any information...

...as to the whereabouts of the mystery
witnesses, alert your local precinct.

- Back to you in the studio.

- Thanks, Sassy.

The moment everyone in the world...

...and in the entertainment capital
of the world, has been waiting for...

...is now only hours away.

[DOORBELL RINGS]

- Oh, my gosh!

- Hi. Sorry for the intrusion, ladies.

- May we come in?

- Yes, yes. Come in.

Hello, Linda. Hello.

What? What? What?

It's you.

- Hello, Sally.

- You are the mystery witnesses.

Can you believe this?

The mystery witnesses are here
in our living room.

Could you maybe not be shouting that
so much at the top of your voice?

They say you're on the run.

Everyone's looking for you.

- Everyone.

- JOHN:

Yeah. Listen, we realize that
we're not welcome here.

But we don't have anywhere else to go.

Not welcome? What are you talking about?

- You are always welcome.

- Yes. Yes, please come.

Make yourselves at home.
You guys must be exhausted.
- Wait. How do you know where we live?
- Yeah. Funny thing is...
...I happened to be in
the neighborhood once...
...driving by just once,
and then I glanced up, you know...
...and happened to see you in your
bedroom window, Linda, so... Ha, ha.
- Cool. That makes sense.
- Sit down, put up your feet, relax. Yeah.
We just need to lay low till
we can collect our thoughts.
Yeah. Of course you do.
The police are watching
our apartment building.
- A stakeout?
- Oh, how thrilling.
Hey, but you managed to slip
through the dragnet. Wow.
You were really on TV.
Just like you said you'd be.
Yeah, but that's not been all
it's cracked up to be just yet.
You looked good, John.
- Like, really ruggedly handsome.
- You think so?

SALLY:

LINDA:

Well, I... I don't know about you, John,
but I'm... I'm a little hungry.
I could eat.
If it's not too much trouble, I mean.
No, no, no trouble at all. Wait right here.
We'll be right back with a delicious
and nutritious snack...
...for our desperate, perspiring fugitives.
[BOTH LAUGHING]
Carrot sticks.
You got one thing right, man.
Infamy is a panty-dropper.

A musky pheromone.

I never thought an ugly guy
could make me so wet.

Yeah. I know. I have been wet for hot
guys before, but never for ugly guys.

- I know.

- "Ugly" wet is different.

Oh, Jesus, we're on every channel.

How do we get out of this mess, John?

My life may suck, but I'm not ready
to flush it down the crapper.

Yeah. I know. I agree.

Not with your exact choice of words.

You know, there's only one thing for it.

We... We have to devise and execute
our greatest, most elaborate...

...ingenious scheme ever. We...

[SIGHS]

I've got it. We have to kill
the mystery witnesses.

Fuck, yeah.

Well, thank you, ladies, for the bountiful
feast of celery, saltines and ice.

Oh, you're not still hungry, are you?

How could we be?

- Yummy.

- We'll be back as soon as we can.

- Oh, guys, won't you tell us your plan?

- No. We can't do it.

I keep telling you, it's for your own good.

We're giving you the gift
of deniable plausibility.

Wow, thank you.

Well, be careful out there.

[LINDA MOANING]

Good luck.

[BOTH MOAN]

[GRUNTING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Here you go.

Ow.

[GROANS, THEN LAUGHS]

Don't do that.

- Dude, I'm sorry.

- The cops are out front, they'll hear.
Yeah, they'll call in an urgent 10-42:
female in distress.

Shut up, ass.

[CLATTERING]

- Is this it?

- Bingo. Let's get out of here.

[MOANING]

Take it off.

Yeah.

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

ELLIOT:

We're begging you.

Impossible.

Absolutely, positively,
phantasmagorically impossible.

Please, we're in dire straits.

We've got nowhere else to turn.

Even if I could procure what you need,
and I'm not saying that I could...

...it would take weeks to arrange,
possibly months.

We're willing to pay you handsomely.

[LAUGHING]

What with? You've never seen
the kind of money...

...it would take for me to scrounge
something of this nature.

You have my attention.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Dear God, does my eye deceive me?

Robo Wizard.

Do you realize what this is worth?

Unopened, unblemished packaging,
perfect corners, mint on card.

Accidentally transformed when
his magical time machine...

...was struck by lightning.

He's now half-robot, half-wizard.

He is Robo Wizard.

[SCREAMING]

Oh, how you take me back
to the heady days of my youth.

Saturday mornings,
when I could depend on the sound...
...of your inappropriately violent exploits
to drown out the sounds...
...of mother berating father
in the next room.
Oh, and all those summer nights...
...I spent entwined in a stifling
tangle of bed sheets...
...dreaming of the day when I too
might ride my faithful pterodactyl...
...on a quest to rescue the fair maiden.
So...
...is it a deal then?
You'll have what you need within the hour.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
There she lay, our wanton mistress.
Beautiful, though, you have to admit.
Well, she sure had her way with us.
Raped us six ways from Sunday.
[TIRES SCREECHING]
As promised.
Meet John Truman and Elliot Alexander.
- My goodness.
- Oh, God.
I got them from a buddy who works
at the med-school morgue.
Compared to what was in store
for these two, this is a picnic.
They're older than Methuselah.
How is anyone ever gonna believe they're us?
Gee whiz. Surprisingly,
these are the only dead bodies...
...I could scare up at a moment's notice.
Take them or leave them.
It's no skin off of my rosy-red hindquarters.
[CAR ENGINE STARTS]
Having just dressed a naked corpse...
...I can now place that very high
on my list of least favorite things.
Oh, I really wish there was somewhere
we could wash our hands.
You think this will work?
I don't know. They do it at the end of,

I like, every third movie...
...and TV show, so why not?
Maybe we should say a few words.
Yeah. Probably.
All right.

O Lord, um...
...we hope that you welcome
these two unfortunate...
Oh, fuckballs, I just remembered
we're missing the CJT.

- What?
- Celebrity Jousting Tournament.
I forgot to record it.
Oh, right. Oh, shit.
Let's get this show on the road.

[GRUNTING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

[ALL GRUNTING]

[WOLF HOWLS]

Wha...? It... It didn't explode.

- Oh, boy.
- Oh, this is really... This is very bad.
- Didn't you fill the tank?
- We did.
- We filled the tank.
- All right. Quick.

We gotta get our story straight.

You and I were driving along...

...two old men carjacked us
and they seemed...

...suicidal. They took all of our clothes...?

Whoa!

- Yes.
- Ha-ha-ha.
- Yes. Yes.
- Wow.
- Oh, man.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Oh, man, that's so hot.

- **THE KING:**

- **JOHN:**

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Listen, I'm not good with sentimental goodbyes, but we'd never...

THE KING:

I got the Robo Wizard. Yeah! Ha-ha-ha.
- Con man and carpetbagger.
- Unh. Oof.
Archie? Elliot. Are you all right? Ooh!
You goddamn con man and carpetbaggers, man.
You know, Elliot, this could actually be our chance to re-invent ourselves.
To become better people.
Let's win the girls' hearts.
For real this time.
And I'll tell you what else, no more fame for me, thank you very much.
Yeah. I agree. I've learned my lesson.
I never imagined we'd be so desperate to become un-famous.
The irony is not lost on me.
We'll hide out with the ladies for however long...
...and then we'll start rebuilding our lives on our own terms.
You know?
If we ever did wanna reconsider showbiz...
...there's always massive reconstructive plastic surgery.
Might not be a bad idea either way.
Right now, though, what I'd like is a simple job for a change.
Working with my hands, maybe on a farm.
Yes. Nothing could appeal to me more.
Wholesome, honest work, like...
...I don't know, washing things.
- Picking apples.
- Washing apples.
Here's to being dead.
Reborn.
A "new" new beginning.

MAN 1:

- Hey, over here, over here.

- **MAN 2:**

- The mystery witnesses have returned.
- Where's your clothing?
- Sally?
- Linda?

We were so scared,

but then we were so excited...

...and we knew we had to call the TV station.

- And the newspapers.

- Yeah, and the... The cops.

What else are we gonna do?

Is it true that you two girls
are professional models?

Oh, how flattering. Heh, heh. No.

But we do work at Fashion Urge
in the Galleria.

There's this sale going on on Tuesday.

Mr. Kelly, what up?

Okay. We're hoping to become actresses
very soon, just FYI, world.

Wh...? What have you done?

[PEOPLE CHATTERING INDISTINCTLY]

DONAHUE:

custody, for your own protection.

- In a shocking twist of fate...

- Wait.

...the mystery witnesses are being arrested.

Oh, you... You thought we ran away.

Oh, no, no, no.

We were getting fresh air.

Clearing our heads.

We were on our way back to
the police station, but we got lost.

- Let's go. Keep moving.

- What will happen to them?

You're stepping on my foot.

Is it true they're going into
witness-protection...

...and can you give us some idea
of where they'll be relocated?

- Sally!

- Linda! Wait. Please...

...Let us say goodbye to our ladies.

- Have a heart, detective.

- Hold on.

Here come John and Elliot now.

- Oh, hi, guys.

- Hey.

Hi.

- Uh, listen...

- Look...

...we're sorry.

No, no, no. We get it.

- We don't blame you.

- Well, yeah. It's not our fault...

...but we feel kind of bad about how this worked out for you.

Well, here's the thing, girls.

We'll most likely end up testifying, us being good citizens and all.

Frankly, that's gonna mean a heck of a lot of changes in our lives.

Oh, yeah.

Elliot and I, we're gonna have to disappear.

We'll get new names, new identities.

We're needles starting at zero and going the other way.

And what we were hoping was, well, what if you two came with us?

We wouldn't need anything else.

I mean, nothing would matter.

It would all be worthwhile in the end so long as we were together.

You and us. What do you say?

- Uh...

- Uh... Um...

- Well...

- I...

Everybody! Hey, hey, look.

- It... It's happening!

- **MAN:**

Hurry. You'll miss it.

After countless man hours and millions and millions of tax payer dollars...

...the moment has finally arrived.

Ladies and gentlemen,
the Fluffy Time Biscuit Company...
...is proud to present the one and only...
...new and improved Hollywood sign.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
That...
That's just...
Oh, God. It's awful.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
I'm deluxe #
Baby, I'm printin' them bucks #
I'm deluxe #
Haters be giving a fuck #
'Cause I'm deluxe #
Baby, I'm printin' them bucks #
I'm deluxe #
Haters be giving a fuck #
Haters wanna race
But they can't catch me #
Cruisin' down the block
In my new Benzy #
Ho's all know I'm never thirsty #
Sipping that Dom
With a toast, sexy ##
Robo Wizard is an incredibly rare...
...and valuable piece
of collectible Americana...
...of nearly inestimable
historical significance...
...the likes of which you're unlikely
to have the privilege...
...of laying eyes on again in your lifetime.
Ah, I'm so bored.
- What should we do tonight, Sal?
- I don't know, Lind.
Could go to the fashion show
or the movie premiere...
...but I'm feeling like maybe we should
rent cow costumes...
...and crash the grand opening...
...of celebrity chef Zechariah's
new vegan restaurant.
- Ha-ha-ha. Hilarious. Ha-ha-ha!
- Ha-ha-ha!

Ladies, do you think you
could find it in your heart...
...to maybe go back
to work for a little while?
- Um, we are working, Mr. Kelly.
- See?
Oh, and Mr. Kelly, unfortunately...
...you'll need to switch
our schedules to part-time.
Yeah. Thanks, because next season,
we're supposed to have babies...
...or marry conjoined twins, or something.

We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
Scooba-dooba-da
Bloop, bloop, bloop #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
Scooba-dooba-da
Bloop, bloop, bloop #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
Scooba-dooba-da
Bloop, bloop, bloop #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
We are Bloops
You are Bloops #
Shut up, we are Bloops #
Scooba-dooba-da
Bloop, bloop, bloop #
Shut up, we are Bloops

[MUSIC PLAYING]
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great

It's gonna be awesome #
And everybody you know #
Lobster dinner
Oysters on ice #
Your lipstick's smudged
But you still look nice #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Your eyes are wandering
They should be on me #
Oh, nice shot, see
The paparazzi #
Don't you know
I can get you anything #
A pearl necklace
Is better than a diamond ring #
Better than a diamond ring #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Get your hopes up #
It's gonna be great
It's gonna be awesome #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good
If you just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good
If you just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good
If you just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up

Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good
If you just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good
If you just kept your mouth shut #
Get your hopes up
Keep your mouth shut #
It'd be so good
If you just kept your mouth shut #
Kept your #
Mouth shut