

ME, MY GIRLFRIEND &
MARK RUFFALO

By

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FADE IN.

INT. STUDIO AREA - NIGHT

JOSEPH, late 30s, writes. Shirtless, smoking a Camel, pecking along at his newest PLAY -- w/his angular lines and crooked teeth, he look like a young, eager, Sam Shepard.

INT. DEN AREA - SAME

MIKA, early 30s, watches "You Can Count On Me" with Mark Ruffalo in it -- hand down her hipster skinny jeans --

JOSEPH (O.C.)
Babe, what are ya doin'?

MIKA
Nothing, babe. Just keep writing.
Art is discipline, as they say.
(soto)
Oh gah-, Oh my gah --
Shitttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttt!
Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Mika falls OFF sofa onto floor amid orgasm --

MIKA
AH!

CUT BACK TO:

Joseph still typing --

-- hears her THUD --

JOSEPH (O.C.)
Babe?

BLACK. Roll initial credits with MUSIC.

End quickly and we go BACK UP TO --

I/E. TRENDY CLOTHING STORE - NEXT DAY

JOSEPH

staring at himself in a vertical mirror -- WE don't share his POV but he's confused by the outfit he has been put in --

-- he gulps and speaks in a weird falsetto tone --

JOSEPH
Are fanny packs back in?

MIKA
You better believe it.

He doesn't seem convinced -- KID passes by who isn't either.

KID
A fanny pack? Bahahahaa! Those were
lame BACK in, like, what, the end
a' last century and still are!

MIKA
They are not and they're making a
comeback of "cool" so why don't you
just scam before I beat the living
crap out of you -- ya little piece-
of-shit fucktard. I will wreck you.

Kid looks to Joseph, who nods, like, "better beat it."

Kid runs and screams for mercy --

KID
Moooooooooooooooooooooooooooooony!

A GAY SALESMAN with green hair and a faux-hawk approaches.

GAY SALESMAN
He looks (singing) fabbbb-a-lous!

MIKA
(over the top)
-- doesn't he!?

GAY SALESMAN
A-dorbzzzzzz.

MEDIUM -- WE now see Joseph in this effeminate outfit these
two have put him in -- white slacks that stop between his
knees and ankles, a snug pink tee with glitter on it.

MIKA (O.C.)
Where's those beat-up jeans he came
in with? I'm tossing those ASAP.

GAY SALESMAN
Already done.

MIKA
Perfect. What about the hush
puppies and the Tex-Western shirt?

GAY SALESMAN

Yep. Done and done. Aw, Joseph, hush puppies went out with last century. Try to keep up pretty one.

MIKA

Love you.
Muah.

He blows a fake "muah" right back at her as we cut to --
Mika's feet sauntering down a sidewalk in flip flops.

WIDER

JOSEPH -- now in a black trench coat and coincidentally in the same flip-flops she has on --

JOSEPH

Babe, why did you buy flip-flops for me that are exactly like yours?

MIKA

'Cause you need to be more like me.

JOSEPH

-- do you realize how self-absorbed, narcissistic and plain WEIRD that is? Do you realize this?

She stops, moves closer to show him what is on her mind; it doesn't have anything to do w/his old, beige hush puppies.

MIKA

Babe, look at my skin. Closely. At the left cheeks. There were two verrrry small blemishes that my dermatologist noted when I went and saw her the other day. Do you see?

JOSEPH

I've never seen any blemishes on you. AKA pimples and zits. But I get them though -- from your abuse!

MIKA

It was underneath. She showed me pictures after she zapped me with her electronic laser. I saw them. In photographs. I uploaded them on my IG WALL. You didn't see them?

JOSEPH

No. I don't live on "IG" like you. I did happen to see one of your posts the other day of a meal you were getting ready to eat, however. *This is my breakfast at The Ivy in West Hollywood, California.* I mean, who gives a fuck that you are eating yogurt and drinking Mimosas on a Tuesday morning out here? Are you just dying for your followers to respond back with: "Wooooow, that looks *delish, Mika!*" "Love." "Love." "Love." Like your OBSESSION with selfies... How many of those do you take in a day? It must be hundreds. I mean, hundreds!!!

MIKA

Maybe the new age of social media hasn't rubbed off on you the way it has me, because I am HIPPER, babe.

JOSEPH

Oh, yeah, I forgot. Oh, and I almost forgot, those awesome photos of your bare feet... Lemme in on a little secret, babe, no one wants to see your dirty, gigantic feet.

MIKA

Yes, they do. And they have 11 million followers. Hashtag: FEET.

JOSEPH

And explain to me again why anyone wants to see your feet? the one part of your body you should be hiding -- but for some reason you do not -- they are bigger than mine, extremely manly, and you have an 11th toe -- like Marilyn Monroe.

MIKA

I CREATED THE HASHTAG FOR FEET. I WAS THE FIRST ONE WHO EVER POSTED MY FEET ON THE INTERNET. THAT'S WHY! I GOT THERE FIRST, JOSEPH!!

JOSEPH

Oh, I didn't realize that, you, you should get a patent, protect your invention --

MIKA
 (detaching herself from
 him; beat; sing song)
 It was me, me, me, me, me, me, me-

I/E. BISTRO - AFTERNOON

CLOSE -- Article in *L/A Weekly* regarding Joseph's new play --
 They drink coffee from chocolate mugs and eat lunch.

JOSEPH
 Good review of my play, huh?

Mika sets it down. Revealing her angry face.

MIKA
 What. The. Fuck?

JOSEPH
 What's wrong this time?

MIKA
 Nothing, nothing at all, Joseph.

JOSEPH
 I sense sarcasm. I may be going out
 on a limb, but I-...

MIKA
 I'm very upset with you right now.
 I want you to know. I want it on
 the RECORD that you are the most
pathetic human being on this entire
planet at self-promoting yourself.

JOSEPH
 Huh? Why do you say-

MIKA
 Do NOT talk to me.

JOSEPH
 But-

Mika gives him the evil eye. He stops talking. Then tries
 Plan B and reaches for her wrist in an effort to appease her.

MIKA
 Do NOT touch me (either).

Joseph slowly brings his hand back before she cuts it off.

MIKA

The whole article, you talk about your set people, the director, the actors, not once did I see anything about you. MORE importantly, there wasn't even anything about ME either! I came up with that fucking set design your stagehands built!

Joseph cleans his ears out -- grabs a passing WAITER.

JOSEPH

Uh, can we get a couple beers here? Babe, do you want anything besides-

MIKA

No. I'll stick with coffee. It's one-in-the-fucking-afternoon!

JOSEPH

It's 5 o'clock somewhere.
(hands a \$10 to Waiter)
Da Volchka.

Waiter chuckles and moves along to fetch the beers.

MIKA

See, this is why you'll never be anything more than a cult success. Just like your hero, Jack Kerouac: A boozing, indulgent, mamma's boy, writer, who can't think to write about anything other than his own self. I'm self-absorbed? *You are!*

JOSEPH

How am I self-absorbed if I told the journalist about you and the theater and the troupe? She ran with the troupe angle. They choose their angle that they wanna run --

MIKA

-- You're lying.

JOSEPH

Those are facts!? You can't argue with facts, 'though I'm sure you would love to. If I told you this cup is brown, and it is, you'll figure out a way to tell me it's white. If I told you the world is round, you'll sure as shit tell me-

MIKA

The world ISN'T round. That's what the New World Order wants you to believe.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Go try and sail around the world.
You can't. There's drop-offs
everywhere. Into the abyss. Or the
pirates will get you. And they're
not like Johnny Depp! Believe me.
They'll rip your head off and
gobble it up for fucking dinner.

Waiter hears tail end of Mika's "The world is flat" theorem,
sets the 2 beers down, then tries to scurry away.

JOSEPH

(grabs, stops him)
Also, can ya bring me a shot a'
whiskey as fast as humanly
possible?

WAITER

(nervous)
Any pre-

She shakes her head in disgust, lifts a knife up --

JOSEPH

(overlapping)
No preference.
Just make it fast, man!

Waiter splits. Mika checks out her skin, from reflection of
her knife. Joseph looks scared with it in her long hand.

MIKA

I made my dermatologist promise me
that any blemish, any potential for
even one wrinkle, in my entire life
on this planet, I made her promise
to be-rid them from me. Forever...
We pinky swore. I will never get a
wrinkle. I am never going to age.
She better keep that promise, too,
or she'll have me to deal with --

JOSEPH

God help her. Babe, with gravity n'
all, it's only natural to have a
line or two along the way...
(OFF her sneer)
No? Is there no gravity anymore?
Has that theory been negated, too?

MIKA

Are you retarded? Lasers erased the
whole concept of gravity.
Naturalism is dead. Sir Isaac
Newton was a typical male fraud.

Mika finally sets the knife down --

MIKA

So, I set up four more appointments this month. Next week I get another facial and my pussy waxed. I set one up for you too. I don't want to see hair down there any more. You are going to get waxed just like --

JOSEPH

-- like you, yes -- your favorite person. How much do each one of these visits to a dermatologist-

MIKA

Two hundred dollars.

JOSEPH

Two hundred-

MIKA

Each.

JOSEPH

Are you out of-

He puts hand over mouth before finishing and fakes a coughing fit; he bangs on table trying to 'will them away.'

MIKA

(flat)

Are you okay?

Waiter nears, hands Joseph his shot that he swells down --

APPLAUSE OVER:

I/E. BLACK BOX THEATER - NIGHT

JOSEPH

On stage with four actors doing a final curtain call.

Audience CLAPS. Mika claps half-heartedly. A fellow-next-to-her nudges her, like, "Wasn't that great?" She half-smiles, like, "nudge me again and I'll kick you in the nuts."

The fellow looks down. Averting his eyes.

BOB (PRE LAP)

You must be so proud!

INT. MAKESHIFT BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

BOB chats with Mika who smokes like a 1950s movie star.

BOB
What a play!

MIKA
I did the backdrop.

BOB
(taken aback)
Excuse me? I'm sorry.

MIKA
The lowly crew guys built it, but
it was my idea. Me, me, me, me, me,
me, me. And I edited some of his
new play actually, Bob-

BOB
You-? Hmm. Well. Okay. Ah, Joseph
never said you were a writer.

MIKA
Of course, he didn't. And I
probably wrote half his shit; but
he won't tell anyone because *he* is
the narcissist, Bob. He is the
sociopath. Not me, me, me, me --

Mika puts a fresh B & H against the other -- chain-smoking;
Bob's amiss still before hearing her SCREAM ALOUD just after.

SWIPE TO:

MARK

Ruffalo; always a champion of local theater yapping away with
Joseph (their muffled conversation is disrupted when the
incessant screams get closer and closer to them).

Mika inches toward them, tearing up a little.

ALL the patrons in the periphery go silent.

MARK
Joseph, who's approaching us?

JOSEPH
That's my girlfriend -- Mika.

MIKA
I am SO IN LOVE with you.

MARK
Huh?

She hugs him and won't let go --

MARK

Uh, b-but Joseph just said, aren't you his -- what's going on here???

MIKA

(releasing him)

I've seen all your movies. All of them. Like 100 times each.

JOSEPH

It's true...
She jerks off to them, Mark.

MIKA

DON'T listen to him. He's jealous. And why shouldn't he be? This MAN knows how to rise above the dreck of cult status and become a star. I'm actually glad you are hanging out with Mark. Maybe you'll learn something for once from this MAN.

JOSEPH

Ya just met him, babe, I think it's a little early to take the liberty of calling him by his first name-

MIKA

-so jealous. Such a little boy. Why couldn't I have ended up with a real man like you, Mark?

MARK

(Well-)

JOSEPH

The operative word here is: man. Babe, if I sat around and watched Scarlett Johansson movies all day long, know what...? I don't think you would like that very much...

MIKA

I wouldn't care.

JOSEPH

Sure you wouldn't.

MIKA

-- fuck that slut.

JOSEPH

You are in complete denial-

MIKA

No, I'm not, you are. You.

MARK
He has a valid point.

MIKA
Mark, please, he doesn't.

MARK
He does. You're his girlfriend.

Again, she shakes her head in protest.

JOSEPH
Do you see? That is DENIAL. "No, I'm not. No, he doesn't." Complete negation. Complete deflection.

Mika lights another cigarette. Ignoring his comments.

JOSEPH
(turns toward Mark)
You cannot get through to her, man!

MIKA
Why? Because I don't care if you have a hard-on or not for Scarlett? And she is a SLUT, Mark. She had sex with Benicio at The Chateau Marmont in an elevator. I read it in *Yahoo OMG! now*. Scarlett is a bad girl! Hee. Gets around. She slept with Benicio, Sean, Jared-

JOSEPH
Babe, that's all media-perpetuated-bullshit -- and it IS Scarlett Johansson. You are not on a first name basis with her either! You're not on a first name basis with any famous people! Dead or alive --
(turns toward Mark)
-- you should hear her! She talks about music, it's always, "Jimi this, Robert that and Patti." These are all, of course, the famous musicians of: Jimi Hendrix and Robert Plant and Patti Smith
(back to Mika)
...But you don't give 'em the respect of calling them by their full names, no, you are on a first name basis with all of them....

MIKA
I modelled for Ford. Why would Scarlett concern me? I have better legs than her. And I am taller. Ha!

JOSEPH

You never modelled for Eileen Ford!

MIKA

I could've! The guy from Ford asked me if I wanted to model for them. I said, "No." Modelling is phony. I hate phony image-oriented-people.

JOSEPH

The guy who said he worked at Ford, who you met over SNAP-CHAT --

(to Mark)

She has "chats" with God-knows-who on these -- social sites.

MIKA

He was from Ford. Why would he lie to me and make that up?

JOSEPH

Oh, I don't know, maybe he wanted to see your tits on a video camera?

Mika giggles -- a guilty thing she does when busted --

Joseph splits, ending up at a MAKESHIFT BAR AREA.

MARK (O.C.)

So, hmm, where do you work then, Mika, if you're not 'modelling?'

MIKA

I'm a painter.

MARK

Abstract?

MIKA

How did you know?!

MARK

Wild guess.

She coos... drifts off into Mika world....

MIKA

-- mmm maybe it's in the stars.

MARK

-- what is in the-

MIKA

Us.

MARK

Us?

She gets up close and personal, whispering in his ear --

MIKA

You wanna get out of here? We can do better than a theater scene, don't you think?

MARK

Go where? I LIKE the theater scene!

-- caressing parts she shouldn't and talking sultry still.

MIKA

Let's hit The Drake. Get a hotel room somewhere and fuck all night.

MARK

I'm a married man.

MIKA

So? I'm living with someone.

MARK

Uh, my wife wouldn't approve.

MIKA

Says who. Text her now. Invite her along. Tell her I go both ways.

MARK

Does Joseph know (about this)?

MIKA

Look, we don't have to fuck. I could just go down on you. I bet you your eyes would roll to the back of your head, your knees would buckle, and you'd fall face down flat on the bed by the time I'm finished with you, Mister Man.

She grabs his joint & Mark lets out a whimper as we CUT TO --

INT. MAKESHIFT BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

-- Joseph waiting for drafts from an actress in the play who's now bartending. Mark comes into FRAME -- frazzled.

MARK

Joseph, what are you doing with this woman? She's, she's awful!

JOSEPH
-- she offer to blow you?

MARK
How did you know?!

JOSEPH
That's how she reeled me (in). She does this tongue twirl thing. Oh my Lord. I came like Peter North, man.

MARK
A tongue twirl thing?

JOSEPH
She invite you to her birthday party yet? It's like nine months from now. My friend Bob said she did. She starts inviting people around now -- 'til it arrives. Then it's her birthday party everyday for months. When we first met it was a day. Then weeks. Now months. ... She loves celebrating herself.

MARK
She asked me to go to a hotel room with her and uh, ah, to...
(singing) ahhhhhhhhhhhh...

Joseph receives 2 drafts, hands one to Mark.

MARK
So, what are you doing with her? Is this why you're dressed like...
(re ones from store)
...I don't know what-

JOSEPH
A girly-man, man?

MARK
Why did she do this to you?

JOSEPH
I don't know. I think she's tryin' to fix me, turn me into something she wants me to be. She told me once she has penis envy. I don't know what that means, but-...

MARK
She's Freudian. This isn't healthy.

JOSEPH
Soon I will be wearing a dress.

MARK

But you're talented. I dug your play. Don't settle for crazy, because she gives great blowjobs.

JOSEPH

It is pretty pathetic. I know.

Mark puts a hand on his new friend's shoulder, before --

MARK

Give me two minutes.

He marches toward Mika who smiles and bats her eyes...

MIKA

I forgot to mention to you earlier,
I want you to come to my birth-

...as Mark reaches her, he slings her over his shoulder.

MIKA

-daaaaaaaaaay!
Mar-? What are you doing? Mark!?!

ALL watch. Including Joseph.

Mika is taken behind the black curtains and OFF --

Joseph furrows brow. A bit confused. Sips his draft.

Distant sounds of "Mark? Mark!" get further away.

WE HEAR back door open and SHUT.

WE HEAR no more protesting once it shuts.

Outside, Mika BANGS on door but half-thinks this is a game.

MIKA

Mark, let me back in! Hmm. Guess you are playing hard to get. I will be out here on my knees if you change your mind! Hee! Mark???

(goes to Plan B)

Joseph? Joseph!! Joseph, can you hear me??? Help me, sweeeeeeetie! Please!? Sweetie? Babe? Help me!!!

CUT BACK TO:

Mark re-enters main area. APPLAUSE from everyone. Mark bows.

INT. MAKESHIFT BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA PUSHES TOWARD Joseph -- who is remaining steadfast --
Mark reaches him, pulls out 2 Camels.

Joseph puts trench coat back on, accepts 1.

SOUND bleeds under as we barely hear their last exchange.

MARK

So, where were we? Tell me more
about your influences and such.

JOSEPH

I like Shepard a lot.

MARK

True West.

Camera pulling back and --

GO OUT.

PUNK ROCK MUSIC OVER CREDITS.