

BRING THE ZAPPA

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BON SCOTT RETIREMENT CENTER, OZZIE'S ROOM - DAY

At the piano OZZIE OSBORNE attempts to compose a new song.
But a presence in the room taunts him.

ARNOLD (O.C.)
(Cackling)
Ah Ha, ha, ha.

He looks up at the ceiling. Hanging upside down from a perch
a talking fruit bat named ARNOLD mocks him.

OZZIE
(Looking up)
What're you laughing at?

ARNOLD
You ya' washed up has been. Ha,
ha, ha.

OZZIE
Don't push me ya' furry bastard or
I'll turn you into a fucking hat.

ARNOLD
Ah eat me you twat.

OZZIE
Shut up, you're lucky I had
breakfast this morning so don't
push your luck.
(composes)
Worse enough taking crap from one
direction without a flying turd as
well.

He plays Suicide Solution on the piano briefly. Then stops
to look around the room.

OZZIE (CONT'D)
(Loud)
Sharon.
(Turning head)
Sharon - Sharon.

ARNOLD
(Taunting)
Oh Ozzie.

OZZIE
 (To Arnold)
 Shut up you.
 (Turning)
 Sharon - I know you're in here.
 (Turning)
 Sharon.
 (Turning)
 Damn woman where are you. - Sharon.

The door opens and cautiously the four foot orderly SWEET N' LOW peeks in.

SWEET N' LOW
 Problem mister Osborne?

Ozzie throws something at him and backs out the door.

OZZIE (O.C.)
 Fuck off.

Sweet N' Low sticks his head in.

SWEET N' LOW
 (Opening door)
 Are you sure there isn't a problem?

OZZIE
 (Reaching)
 I said...

Ozzie looks up at the ceiling.

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 Where's than damn bat at.

ARNOLD (O.C.)
 (Cackles)
 Ha, ha, ha missed me ya' dork.

OZZIE
 Shut up.

Sweet N' Low enters walks to Ozzie.

SWEET N' LOW
 Ah yes were off our meds again.

OZZIE
 (To Sweet N' Low)
 What'd you say?

SWEET N' LOW
 Nothing, nothing at all.

OZZIE
You off your meds again?

Ozzie segues into Iron Man.

SWEET N' LOW
(Snorts)
Lord knows I could use some right
now.

OZZIE
What?

SWEET N' LOW
Oh nothing just talking to myself.
Anyway how are we feeling this
morning?

He hits a bad note.

OZZIE
Shit.

SWEET N' LOW
Piano plotting against you?

OZZIE
Fuck no.

SWEET N' LOW
(Snide)
You sure?

OZZIE
Course I'm sure.

SWEET N' LOW
(Sighs)
Damn I do damn I don't. So what's
the problem then?

Ozzie stabs his finger at the ceiling.

OZZIE
That damn bat.

Sweet N' Low coyly looks around the room as Ozzie is
distracted playing the piano.

SWEET N' LOW
(Dead pan)
Again?

OZZIE

Yeah.
 (Searching)
 That one over...
 (Puzzled)
 Oi, where it go?

Arnold was just here a minute ago.

SWEET N' LOW

(Cynical)
 Is it Zappa time again mister
 Osborne?

OZZIE

(Long)
 Fuck noooo

SWEET N' LOW

Fine shall we take our meds then?

OZZIE

Alright but I wanna' speak with
 doctor Synder about this damn bat
 problem of yours.

SWEET N' LOW

(Smiles)
 Page him ASAP.

Suddenly Arnold starts laughing.

ARNOLD (O.C.)

Eh, heh, heh.

OZZIE

(Excited)
 There you hear that.

Sweet N' Low leaves the room.

SWEET N' LOW

(Closing door)
 Oh Don't worry that'll go away in
 about 40 cc's of Thorazine.

INT. BON SCOTT RETIREMENT CENTER, MAIN ENTERANCE - DAY

ECU - Long PINK FINGER NAILS being polished to a luscious sheen. PULLING BACK reveals the glow getting but secretly Filipino MISS NORTH KOREA (mid 20s) in a blue traffic police uniform a white cap and speaks like pubescent valley girl.

The attractive/condescending blond ASSISTANT (late 20s) comes up to her station to get her attention.

MISS NORTH KOREA
(Buffing nails)
Yeeees.

Assistant does a double take.

ASSISTANT
(Awkward smile)
Wow didn't even see me did you?

HARVEY (O.C.)
(Masturbating)
Oooh yeah.

MISS NORTH KOREA
Like most Koreans.
(Turns)
We see clearly when the rain is gone.

They stare each other a beat.

ASSISTANT
(Sarcastic)
Love that school girl outfit of yours by the way.

MISS NORTH KOREA
(Frowns)
Thank you and how may I help you today?

HARVEY (O.C.)
(Stroking)
Hah min, hah min, hah min, hah min.

ASSISTANT
Well I'm here on behalf of my boss mister.
(Looks back)
W. He's important in the industry and has a special problem we'd like to treat quietly if...

MISS NORTH KOREA
Sex addiction.

ASSISTANT
(Bewildered)
How did you?

MISS NORTH KOREA
Because he's jacking and fingering
himself off right behind you.

She turns back to see sex crazed HARVEY (60) in total ecstasy
with both hands down his pants.

HARVEY
(Jacking it)
Oooh, you know you want it baby.

ASSISTANT
(Loud)
Harvey.

She slaps him in the nuts with her purse.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
(Back to Miss N.K.)
Can you help him?

HARVEY (O.C.)
(Climaxing loud)
Aaaaaaah.

ASSISTANT
It's rather urgent.

Miss North Korea looks at Harvey a long moment and cracks a
smile.

MISS NORTH KOREA
Help him. We can cure him if you
want us too.

ASSISTANT
(Does a quick take.)
Of that?

MISS NORTH KOREA
(Nodes)
Uh huh.

ASSISTANT
(Estatic)
I'll take it.

MISS NORTH KOREA
He's got money right?

ASSISTANT
(Sighs)
Yes.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 (Cheering)
 Woo hoo.

CUT TO:

INT. BON SCOTT RETIREMENT CENTER, NURSES COUNTER - DAY

The lost MESSENGER carries a package under arm. He's distracted by the balding head-banger on air guitar as he comes to the counter.

GIRL (O.C.)
 (Innocent)
 But it's so big.

VELVET JONES (V.O.)
 Yeah I know. It's what most white women usually notice on the first date.

GIRL
 But I've seen one so big.

VELVET JONES
 As Nina Hartley said to Ron Jeremy.

Messenger turns to look who's talking.

GIRL (O.C.)
 Who's Ron?

VELVET JONES (O.C.)
 T-That's not important right now. Let's just focus on what's really important.

GIRL
 But it's really long and girthy.

VELVET JONES
 As Ron Jeremy said to Nina Hartley.

He sees a huge AFRO sticking up behind the counter.

GIRL (O.C.)
 Who's Nina?

VELVET JONES (O.C.)
 N-never mind that right now. Just focus on what's really important.

GIRL (O.C.)

But how am I suppose to get it all
in there?

VELVET JONES (V.O.)

Aw, think of it as a messenger with
a.

(Smooth and Silky)
Special delivery.

Messenger seizes the opportunity.

MESSENGER

Speaking of delivery I have a
package here for...

(reading)
Sindrome De Colon Irritable?

The tall, smooth sounding, afro-fantastic VELVET JONES (late
30s) rises.

VELVET JONES

(Looking down)
Thank you Lita.
(To Messenger)
And thank you for the coitus
interruptus.

MESSENGER

(Sarcastic)
You're welcome.

VELVET JONES

And how can I help you?

MESSENGER

(Holding up package)
By pointing me in the direction of
who's getting this damn thing.

VELVET JONES

And what was that name again?

MESSENGER

Sindrome De Colon Irritable.

VELVET JONES

(Nods)
Well if it's going up someone's ass
it's gotta be Ralph.
(Gestures)
Follow me.

Velvet GROOVES as WALKS. Messenger follows.

MESSENGER
(Turning to Velvet)
You always walk that way?

He offers to fist bump.

VELVET JONES
My whole life.
(Raising fist)
Fist bump?

They FIST BUMP.

MESSENGER
(Perplexed)
That's a first.
(Looking back)
Couldn't help noticing that a lot
of your patients appear to be hard
core rock fans. What do you do
here?

VELVET JONES
Bon Scott retirement center for
dead heads, wounded KISS soldiers,
Elvis impersonators, head bangers
and Peter Frampton.

MESSENGER
(Excited)
Peter Frampton's here.

VELVET JONES
(Laughs)
No, but his career is.

MESSENGER
(Sarcastic)
Remind me not to ask any more
questions.

VELVET JONES
Okay. Just to remind you don't ask
anymore questions.

CUT TO:

INT. BSRC, OUTSIDE OZZIE OSBORNE'S ROOM - DAY

Sweet N' Low stares quietly at Ozzie's door. Miss North
Korea looking around for Harvey.

SWEET N' LOW
 (Staring)
 Lose something?

MISS NORTH KOREA
 (Looking)
 Yeah, wouldn't happen to have seen
 a famous movie producer slash
 bloated sex fiend wandering around
 here by any chance?

SWEET N' LOW
 Jacking and fingering with both
 hands?

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Yeah that one.

SWEET N' LOW
 No.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Ah guess I'll just have to follow
 the screaming when it starts.

She sits down.

SWEET N' LOW
 (Smiles/Winks)
 Just like Mister Iran.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Oh bite me.

SWEET N' LOW
 Eat me I'm all white meat.

They stare at the door a long moment.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Think he's dead?

SWEET N' LOW
 He's the prince of darkness he'll
 never die. Ronnie James Dio
 certainly but not Ozzie.

Long moment.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 (Sarcastic)
 For a man who whizzed the Alamo in
 a dress he's certainly is active.
 (MORE)

MISS NORTH KOREA (CONT'D)
 (Serious)
 You sure he's not dead?

SWEET N' LOW
 Does Rob Schnieder shit in the
 woods?

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Even if Rob Schnieder did shit in
 the woods would anyone hear it?

He thinks it over.

SWEET N' LOW
 Hmmm, never thought about that. I
 say no.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 I say yes.

SWEET N' LOW
 Why?

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Because every celebrity has a
 stalker.

SWEET N' LOW
 And stalkers do follow celebrities.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Even into the bathroom.

SWEET N' LOW
 Meaning said person would not only
 be able to hear Rob Schnieder
 dropping a deuce but also see him
 drop said deuce?

MISS NORTH KOREA
 (Nodes)
 Uh huh.

SWEET N' LOW
 (Nodes)
 Ah.
 (Thinks)
 Wait a minute what if the stalker
 kills him in mid-deuce and covers
 it up?

MISS NORTH KOREA
Doesn't matter he's still caught
shitting in the woods. Even if
Schnieder manages to scream for...

Suddenly Arnold screams from inside Ozzie's room.

ARNOLD (O.S.)
(Screaming)
Heeeelp.

SWEET N' LOW
Spoke too soon.

They rush into Ozzie's room.

INT. BSRC, OZZIE OSBORNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside they find Ozzie wrestling and about to bite Arnold's head off.

OZZIE
(Ravenous)
I'm gonna eat ya' you flying rat.

SWEET N' LOW
No, no, no, no.

ARNOLD
(Screaming)
Save me, aaaaaagh.

Sweet N' Low climbs onto Ozzie as Miss North Korea grabs Arnold away from his mouth.

OZZIE
Get in my belly ya' flying turd.

MISS NORTH KOREA
(To Ozzie)
No mister Osborne.

OZZIE
I'm gonna' eat ya.'

ARNOLD
(Long)
Noooooo.

SWEET N' LOW
 (Struggling)
 You can't eat him Mister Osborne
 bats give you gas.

OZZIE
 (Hungry)
 Raaaaaa.

Sweet N' Low inserts himself between Arnold and Ozzie.

SWEET N' LOW
 (To Miss North Korea)
 Quick bring the Zappa.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 What?

SWEET N' LOW
 The zap...
 (Thrown)
 Whoa.

Sweet N' Low's thrown across the room and lands next to the Zappa box mounted on the wall. Breaking through the glass Frank Zappa portrait reveals a defibrillator type device. Zappa in hand Sweet N' Low comes up behind Ozzie and shocks him on both ass cheeks.

OZZIE
 (Shocking)
 Sharooooooooooooooooon.

And passes out dropping Arnold on the floor.

ARNOLD
 Ah my back.

SWEET N' LOW
 (To Arnold)
 Shut up and suffer.

ARNOLD
 I'm in pain.

SWEET N' LOW
 Quietly.
 (To Miss North Korea)
 You okay?

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Oh I've had worse.

ARNOLD
Hey what about me?

SWEET N' LOW/MISS N. KOREA
(Both)
Shut up.

MISS NORTH KOREA
By the way whose idea was it to
give him a bat in the first place?

Sweet N' Low searches and finds a thank you card.

SWEET N' LOW
(Reading aloud)
To Ozzie.
(Turns over card)
Hope you enjoy this sarcastic gift
of Arnold a talking South American
fruit bat to torture you for the
remaining minutes of your life on
earth as we enjoy our vicarious
revenge from afar. Remember the
Alamo you satanic ass wipe
sincerely.
(Beat)
Texas.

CUT TO.

INT. BSRC, OUTSIDE RALPH'S LABRATORY - DAY

Velvet struts as he escorts Messenger down the hallway.
Suddenly a half naked and still jacking HARVEY crosses their
path.

HARVEY
(Passing by)
I want some tits.

Messenger goes wide eyed.

MESSENGER
What the fuck?

VELVET JONES
Ignore that.

MESSENGER
(Pointing)
How?
(MORE)

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

For the last five minutes I've seen
five dead heads, three head
bangers, two bald punks, one hippie
circle jerk, one rapidly aging
valley girl gagging on a fork.

Suddenly a Judas Priest fan in leather escapes from his room.

JUDAS PRIEST FAN

(Loud)

Screaming for vengeance, screaming
for vengeance.

Two orderlies tackle him and haul him away.

JUDAS PRIEST FAN (CONT'D)

Hell bent, hell bent for.

(Long)

Leather.

Messenger points to what just happened.

MESSENGER

(Pointing)

And that.

VELVET JONES

(Dismissive)

Ah he's harmless, since we took
away his drum sticks

MESSENGER

Funny I just play with matches.
Does it any better than this?

VELVET JONES

(Long)

Uhhhhh maybe.

MESSENGER

Oh it's gets worse. How nice.

They walk up to the door to RALPH'S LABRATORY.

VELVET JONES

(Opening door)

Right this way.

Messenger enters and Velvet LOCKS the door shut.

INT. BSRC, RALPH'S LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Messenger finds himself alone in the dank, dark, laboratory of a could only be a mad scientist.

MESSENGER

What the?
 (Frantic)
 Hey man unlock the door.

RALPH (O.C.)

(Highly effeminate)
 Why hello.

Scared shitless he turns around to see a not so blonde RALPH MANNHORE(20's) in Hitler youth uniform and tight brown shorts.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You've come pleasure me haven't you?

MESSENGER

(Grabbing Butt Cheeks)
 Noooo, just delivering and I'm not Jewish?

RALPH

I didn't ask.
 (Looking him over)
 But since you're here.

Messenger grabs his BUTT CHEEKS.

MESSENGER

Nooo, I'm not into that.

RALPH

Ah, Are you straight?

MESSENGER

No I'm gay.
 (Alarmed)
 Oh shit.

Ralph smiles.

RALPH

Hammer time.
 (Loud)
 Woo Hoo.

CUT TO:

INT. BSRC, HALLWAY - DAY

Velvet struts toward the flashy and funky styled door of the JANITOR'S OFFICE. The Commodores TO HOT TO TROT plays as he enters.

INT. BSRC, JANITOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Velvet enters to find the Eddie Griffith looking janitor VICK AZZ BOOTY dancing to the beat under the disco ball. Velvet tries to talk to him.

VELVET JONES
(To Rick)
Hey Vick you got a..

Vick doesn't hear him. Because he can't hear anyone while dancing.

VELVET JONES (CONT'D)
Did you..?

Vick pulls a sweet dance move.

VELVET JONES (CONT'D)
Fix the...?

It dawns on Velvet what he must now do. He starts BUSTING A MOVE.

VELVET JONES (CONT'D)
(Dancing)
Yo' Vick.

He acknowledges him as they dance to the beat.

VICK AZZ BOOTY
(Sliding)
Oh hey Vee.' How it hanging?

VELVET JONES
(Sliding)
About five inches off the floor.
And you?

VICK AZZ BOOTY
About two.

VELVET JONES
Speaking of longer, you fix that
door to the courtyard yet?

VICK AZZ BOOTY

Not yet.

They boogie down to the floor and up.

VELVET JONES

Why? What's the hold up?

VICK AZZ BOOTY

Would you believe it, I was halfway done when my favorite song hit me and just had to get my groove on.

VELVET JONES

And what was that?

VICK AZZ BOOTY

I do it my way.

Velvet's eyes widen.

VELVET JONES

Ah well. Okay. But you're still gonna' finish it right?

VICK AZZ BOOTY

Oh yeah I'll do it. Just gotta' finish this thing off with a sweet move. Care to join me?

VELVET JONES

Oh hell ya.'

They POP, do the WORM, a break dance SPIN, slap five and POINT FINGERS.

VICK AZZ BOOTY

(Pointing)

Right on Brother.

They fist bump.

VELVET JONES

Right on.

CUT TO:

INT. BSRC, OUTSIDE RALPH'S LABRATORY - DAY

Chaos reigns inside as Messenger rapidly EXITS the lab.

SWEET N' LOW (O.C.)

Funny he's usually into blondes.

MESSENGER

(Searching)

Who said that?

(Looks down)

He looks down to see SWEET N' LOW.

SWEET N' LOW

(Waves)

Hi how ya' doing up there? Sorry about what happened back there. Ralph's behavior's been escalating through the roof lately and we're still don't know what got into him.

MESSENGER

What got into him? That man was trying to get into my ass and that's the least of it.

SWEET N' LOW

(Sarcastic smile)

Ah you noticed the uniform.

MESSENGER

(Looking back and forth)

And legally can't be charged with a hate crime thank you very much.

(Thumbing)

Thanks to him. Who hired him?

SWEET N' LOW

I did, mind you he was a diversity hire.

MESSENGER

An openly gay.

SWEET N' LOW

(Adding)

And horny.

MESSENGER

Nazi scientist is your idea of diversity?

SWEET N' LOW

(Long)

Uuuuh, yeah.

MESSENGER

Seriously?

SWEET N' LOW
Your point being?

Messenger walks off.

MESSENGER
(Leaving)
Oh my God are you people fucked up.

Sweet N' Low KNOCKS on the door. Ralph pokes his head out expecting to see someone tall.

SWEET N' LOW
(Snaps fingers)
Down here.

He looks down.

RALPH
(Scolding)
Get fucked?

SWEET N' LOW
Wow so mean and not even ten
o'clock yet.

RALPH
Oh, I'm sorry how rude of me. Now
go fuck yourself instead.

SWEET N' LOW
Ah that makes me feel much better
now.

RALPH
(Snipe)
And still you don't take a hint do
you?

SWEET N' LOW
Well you being a fascist ass wipe,
it's a little hard to think
positive.
(Smiles)
So I make up for that by being an
asshole to you later.

Ralph stares angrily at him. Sweet N' Low smirks back.

RALPH
What do you want?

SWEET N' LOW
A patient's running amok and we're
a bit short handed...

RALPH
(Interrupting)
Short handed?
(Laughs)

He PUNCHES Ralph in the BALLS. He drops to his knees coming eye to eye with Sweet N' Low.

SWEET N' LOW
Ralph you're not helping the
situation.

RALPH
(Holding balls/in pain)
I don't want to.

SWEET N' LOW
Either you help or I tell Dwight
and whose behind all those obscene
e-mails he's been getting lately.

RALPH
(Gasps)
You wouldn't dare.

SWEET N' LOW
And remember what I said about
being an asshole later on.

RALPH
Damn midget wrestler.

SWEET N' LOW
And they wonder why I'm sweet and
low.

CUTS TO:

INT. BSRC, OZZIE OSBORNE'S ROOM - DAY

Her back to Ozzie on the bed Miss North Korea buffs her
nails. Then her phone rings.

MISS NORTH KOREA
(Answering phone)
Hey Mindy how's it hanging.
(Frowns)
You're a carpenter you should've
gotten' that by now.
(MORE)

MISS NORTH KOREA (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Oh God never mind what do you want?

(Beat)

Uh huh.

(Buffs nails)

Uh hmmm.

Behind her Ozzie's eyes open and slowly rises like a wakening vampire.

MISS NORTH KOREA (CONT'D)

No, just the usual daily routine ya' know. Plain boring except for the occasional brown acid incident or two.

(Correcting)

No, no, no those are dead heads not parrot heads. The ones that follow that Magarittalvile guy.

(Beat)

Yeah him.

Ozzie comes up behind her. She BACK HAND PUNCHES him in the face and drops to the floor.

MISS NORTH KOREA (CONT'D)

No there's absolutely no difference between any of them, they're all the same.

The door opens and VELVET pops in.

VELVET JONES

Hey N.K. ya' busy at the moment?

She LOOKS all around.

MISS NORTH KOREA

Yeah.

VELVET JONES

(Cynical)

Sure you don't need a hand or anything?

MISS NORTH KOREA

No, I got it covered here.

He leaves.

MISS NORTH KOREA (CONT'D)

(Adding)

Oh and watch out there's a jack off Hollywood producer on the loose....

And shuts the door before she can tell him.

MISS NORTH KOREA (CONT'D)
Ah fuck it.

INT. BSRC, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Velvet MOON WALKS back from the door, TURNS and STRUTS down the hall.

VELVET JONES
(Grooving)
Bow, cha, wah, waa, waa, wah, waa.

The ASSISTANT comes up from behind him.

ASSISTANT
(Running)
Excuse me, excuse me do you work here?

He turns around.

VELVET JONES
(Turning)
Does Rob Schnieder shit in the woods?
(Looks her over./Funky rhymes)
Brown, Chicken, Brown, Cow.

Assistant STARES at him.

ASSISTANT
Uh?

VELVET JONES
(Smiles)
This is where you say, could you help me please.

ASSISTANT
(Confused)
W-what? Oh yes, yes, yes could you.

VELVET JONES
What can I can do for ya?'

ASSISTANT
I'm looking for a man.

VELVET JONES

Tall dark and handsome and ready to
rock your world, baby.

(Laughs)

ASSISTANT

(Snarky)

Who's overweight, much uglier than
you, way too much money, jacks off
with both hands and a female ass
grabber.

VELVET JONES

Ah, a movie producer.

ASSISTANT

How'd you know?

VELVET JONES

Black man's intuition.

(Gestures)

Follow me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BSRC, GARDEN - DAY

An old Deadhead and Punk sit on a bench in the garden.

DEADHEAD

(Reminiscing)

Ever tell you the time the Dead
play Filmore west back in eighty.

Punk becomes irritated.

PUNK

Ah God not this shit again.

(Irritated)

Yeeees.

DEADHEAD

It was a warm sunny night.

PUNK

How can it be sunny at night dick
head?

DEADHEAD

And the mood was real heavy man.

PUNK
 (Frustrated)
 Oh God shut up.

DEADHEAD
 But vibes man, the vibes they were
 putting out that night.

Punk rolls his eyes and screams.

PUNK
 (Screams)
 For the love of God shoot me.

DEADHEAD
 (Continuing)
 Blew my mind. Mellowed me and
 everybody else out. I mean we're
 up in the clouds just getting it
 on. Everybody's movin,'
 Everyboy's...

PUNK/DEADHEAD
 (Together)
 Groovin.'

DEADHEAD
 Way to cool man, way to cool.

Punk stares Dead Head a long moment.

PUNK
 Grateful dead was just that good
 eh?

DEADHEAD
 (Smileing)
 Yeaaaah man.

PUNK
 And when the acid finally wore off.
 How long before you discovered that
 the music sucked?

Dead Head comes to a stunning realization about the Grateful
 Dead.

DEADHEAD
 (Realizing)
 Almost immediately.

PUNK
 (Wicked laugh)
 And all of a sudden?

DEADHEAD

Aw shit man I wasted all my money
on bad pot cause of them.

PUNK

And followed them for fourty years
in what was it? A volkswagon?

DEADHEAD

A Gremlin.

PUNK

(Laughing)
Ah, ha, ha, ha.

DEADHEAD

Fuck you man. You were on meth
during the Ramones.

PUNK

And loving every minute of it baby.
(Realizes)
Ah shit.

Dead Head GRINS.

PUNK (CONT'D)

Oh wipe that shit eatin' grin off
your face will you. Depressed
enough as it is.

DEADHEAD

Hey man we're both in the same boat
here. Least let me try to cheer
you up. Bad as it gets there's
always gonna' be someone worse off
than the two of us.

PUNK

(Cynical)
Really?

DEADHEAD

Oh hell ya.'
(Points)
Take that ugly fat dude skull
fucking Morrison behind you.

He turns to see a totally naked HARVEY humping the Jim
Morrison memorial statue.

PUNK

Ewww.

DEADHEAD

Fucked up as I ever got back in the day. I always made sure my boy wonder was getting into the right places. Lord knows what could've happened back then.

Punk SQUINTS his eyes and SHAKES his head.

PUNK

Like Michael Jackson on a twelve year old.

DEADHEAD

(Long)
Duuude.

PUNK

What? No way was that racist.

DEADHEAD

It Totally was man and I can prove it.

PUNK

Bullshit.

DEADHEAD

Oh yeah.
(Turns)
Naked Black Man what do you think?

CUT TO a rather angry NAKED BLACKMAN(30s) sitting with strategically crossed legs in a chair and reading the newspaper.

NAKED BLACKMAN

(Angry/putting down paper)
Does Rob Schnieder shit in the woods?
(Shuffles pages)

Dead Head turns to Punk.

DEADHEAD

(To Punk)
See what I mean.

SWEET N' LOW (O.C.)

(Loud)
Hey come back here.

Harvey RUNS past them quickly followed by SWEET N' LOW.

SWEET N' LOW (CONT'D)
 (Passing)
 Run faster Ralph.

And RALPH.

RALPH
 I am running faster ya' turd.

INT. BSRC, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MISS NORTH KOREA exits Ozzie's room.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Now behave yourself mister Osborne
 or I'll rip you a second new
 asshole.

OZZIE (O.C.)
 (Incoherent)
 Aah, ooah, uuuugh.

Shuts the door.

SWEET N' LOW (O.C.)
 (Loud)
 Stop that man.

She turns as naked HARVEY runs by.

HARVEY
 (Wicked laugh)
 Ah, ha, ha, ha.

Her EYES WIDEN upon catching an eye full of unattractive male
 nudity. SWEET N' LOW and RALPH run by.

SWEET N' LOW
 (Passing)
 Don't just stand there bring the
 zappa.

She SHAKES her head.

MISS NORTH KOREA
 Oh for fuck sake.

Takes off running.

INT. BSRC, CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

VELVET struts as pushes his food tray along while ASSISTANT keeps an eye out.

ASSISTANT

(Looking over cafeteria)

What makes you think he'll be in the cafeteria?

(Stares at Velvet)

And what the hell are you doing?

VELVET JONES

Gettin' something to eat.

ASSISTANT

N-no, why are you?

She mimics him.

VELVET JONES

Just the way I roll baby. As Ron Jeremy said to Nina Hartley.

(Laughs)

ASSISTANT

(Shutters)

Eeeeh, just like Kevin Spacey.

VELVET JONES

Yeah but I do it with style.

(Laughs)

ASSISTANT

(Snarky)

And yet not arrested, wow.

Suddenly naked HARVEY enters with SWEET, RALPH and MISS NORTH KOREA on his tail. Without looking Velvet puts his LEG out and TRIPS Harvey sending him FLYING.

HARVEY

(Flying)

Whoooa.

Right into the SALAD BAR. Covered in salad and dressing Harvey stumbles to his feet as all look on.

ASSISTANT

(Smug)

Well now that that's over with maybe now you can start to cure him.

Miss North Korea pulls out a HANDGUN and shoots Harvey DEAD.
The Assistant SCREAMS her head off as Sweet, Miss N.K., Ralph
and Velvet act normal.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
(Screams)
Aaaaaaaah.

MISS NORTH KOREA
(Putting gun away)
He's cured.

ASSISTANT
(Screams)
W-what have you done?

SWEET N' LOW
Well our job is done here, time to
move along..
(To Velvet)
Vel, contact sea world, tell them
we got another food donation for
the shark tank.

VELVET JONES
(Whipping out smart phone)
Right on.

SWEET N' LOW
But they do the chopping.

VELVET JONES
(Dialing)
Got it.

ASSISTANT
(Still Screaming)
Aaaagh.

Ralph eagerly looks over the body.

SWEET N' LOW
(To Ralph)
And Ralph keep it your pants.

RALPH
(Disgust)
Aaaaah.

SWEET N' LOW
(To Assistant)
You still screaming?

ASSISTANT

(Looking Sweet in the
eye.)

Screaming? You murdered the most
powerful man in all of Hollywood.
All you had to do was help him not
shoot him.

He stares at her a long moment.

SWEET N' LOW

Your point being?

END.