

GOD ' S LITTLE GAG

CONCEPT FOR A 13-PART MINI-SERIES

WRITTEN BY

SEAN NASH

GOD ' S LITTLE GAG

is a multi-layered love story of PERSPECTIVE in 13 parts

With awed nods to ...

The Singing Detective

The Sea Inside

Venus

... *God's Little Gag* plays for the most part from the perspective of a bedridden patient who - in the beginning - is unable to communicate his thoughts to the world.

It will, at first, seem to be a story centred around a man - the Patient - Danny King.

It will become a story centred around the Carer - a female - Mandy Francis.

And then it will splinter, reflecting the paranoid fears of Danny's Wife, his Best Friend and his Mother-In-Law.

The following style-&-dialogue sample introduces these characters ...

GOD'S LITTLE GAG

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN ...

... to BLACK.

For a beat or two, all we hear is:

SFX: Mechanical Respirator.

Then:

DANNY (V.O.)

Welcome to the world of Danny King.
AKA Super-Veg. Unable to leap anything
in a single bound. Disabled. Totally
fucking unable.

FRAME EDGES reveal the CAMERA is tracking slowly back from
the IRIS of an eye.

DANNY (V.O.)

Bitter? Moi?! Please ... I've had the
pluperfect life. Unfortunately it's
not presently perfect.

ANGLE: The CAMERA keeps reverse tracking, revealing the
IMMOBILE FACE of DANNY KING, staring straight ahead.

DANNY (V.O.)

You know what I often wonder? And not
just because I've hit my 40s?
I often wonder; what the fuck happened
to my life? To the dreams, the fun,
the passion, the point? Maybe I
wondered that once too often.

ANGLE: Still pulling back, the CAMERA starts to ELEVATE
revealing DANNY'S sitting up in a state of the art HOSPITAL
BED.

DANNY

Because God - whoever you want to call
He, She or It - Allah, Buddha,
Chenkalaniammal, whoever-the-fuck all
the way through to Zeus, stepped in
and gave it a point. By having me trip
- on the cord of my own dressing gown,
believe it or not - down a small
flight of stairs not far from this
very bed.
The Ultimate 12-Step Program.
Very fucking funny.
And the point?
Fucked if I know.
All I do know is; there's gotta be
one.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

There has to be a point to the incredible torture of being locked in a body that doesn't work and can't communicate: with the only muscle left to flex - the only thing over which I have any control at all - a viciously-bitter, Mensa-Level IQ. 140, if you're interested. Oh, and perfectly functioning vision and hearing. The better to see and hear all you cunts who have no idea how lucky you've got it. You pricks are the boom-tish to me; God's Little Gag.

ANGLE: The CAMERA has pulled back to WIDE SHOT - looking vertically down on the bed and breathing apparatus in the bedroom of a luxury home.

DANNY (V.O.)

Wanna see it? My world? Wanna see what I see; day fucking in, day fucking out?

ANGLE: DANNY's POV. Between BLINKS we see:

his chest

his hands

his legs

his feet

the end of the bed

beyond which are French Doors revealing an infinity pool leading the eye to the twinkling view of a distant night city skyline.

DANNY (V.O.)

Million dollar view, huh? Maybe that depends on how many times you've seen it. It does change.

ANGLE: DANNY's POV cycles through:

DAYBREAK - revealing a WATER VIEW foreground of the city;

SUNNY MORNING - giving way to gathering CLOUDS;

SULKY DUSK - submitting to a lightshow STORM;

NIGHT again.

ANGLE: DANNY's CHEST rising and falling to the continuing rhythm of:

SFX: Mechanical Respirator.

The CAMERA pans slowly to end TIGHT on the tracheostomy tube disappearing into DANNY's THROAT.

DANNY (V.O.)

Lying here I once calculated I'd met over a hundred and fifty thousand people - averaging 10 a day for just over 40 years. Now my life revolves around six.

ANGLE: DANNY's POV - a young, female CAREGIVER in scrub top and pants enters frame to make a note in the chart at the end of his bed.

DANNY (V.O.)

This is Mandy, my live-in caregiver. She doesn't know it yet, but she's about to tear this place apart.

TIGHT on DANNY's EYE as it moves up and down MANDY's body.

ANGLE: DANNY's POV travelling from MANDY's boobs to the V of her form-fitting scrub pants.

DANNY (V.O.)

Gimme a break; this is the only fun I get. It's not like I can do this:

ANGLE: IMAGINARY DANNY walks into his own POV and roughly SHIRTFRONTS the now IMAGINARY MANDY who drops the chart and looks sultrily into his eyes.

IMAGINARY DANNY looks from IMAGINARY MANDY to REAL DANNY:

IMAGINARY DANNY

You like apples, Danny?

DANNY (V.O.)

Yeah, and I've seen 'Good Will Hunting' you moron; you saw it with me, remember?

But IMAGINARY DANNY is busy deep-throating IMAGINARY MANDY who's hungrily responding in kind. They break for IMAGINARY DANNY to languidly tell his real self:

IMAGINARY DANNY

How do you like them apples?

DANNY (V.O.)

Fuck off.

ANGLE: IMAGINARY DANNY POPS off leaving IMAGINARY AMANDA giving DANNY a look that asks: *Are you done fucking with me, yet?*

IMAGINARY RANDY POPS into frame next to her. He slouches grungily, checking out what she's wearing which is now a short, figure-hugging zip-front nursing dress.

DANNY (V.O.)

This is Randy Retard.

IMAGINARY RANDY

Whoa: how come I've never seen that outfit before?

IMAGINARY MANDY

Ask him.

IMAGINARY MANDY shoots a less-than-impressed look at DANNY.

IMAGINARY RANDY

Super Veg? You dirty old bugger.

(to IMAGINARY MANDY)

This is way hot. We could get a whole Naughty Nurse Thing happening.

IMAGINARY MANDY

Yeah, right.

DANNY (V.O.)

Jesus. The things she's told me about this guy.

ANGLE: RANDY is drunk, drug-fucked and smacking MANDY around.

DANNY (V.O.)

That's one of the Many Downsides to being an ASV - Assumed Super-Veg - everyone uses you as an ET - Emotional Toilet.

Grossly politically incorrect, I know, but hey; if a fucked up cripple like me can't get away with it, who can?

ANGLE: MANDY, drug-fucked after a night's clubbing, giggles as RANDY performs petty theft out of a parked car.

DANNY (V.O.)

I forget his real name; Dirk Dickhead, or something.

ANGLE: IMAGINARY RANDY trying to lift IMAGINARY MANDY's skirt at the end of DANNY's bed.

DANNY (V.O.)

But Randy goes better with Mandy.

IMAGINARY RANDY

What's underneath?

IMAGINARY MANDY

Shut up! I'm at work!!

IMAGINARY RANDY

(over)

I hope it's your hot stuff; not that comfy, cotton crap. Anyway; imagine you're at home on your own in this outfit and ... (I COME ROUND AND) ...

DANNY (V.O.)

(over)
Piss off, Randy.

RANDY suddenly stops mid-rant, one hand inside IMAGINARY MANDY's dress as he gives DANNY a stricken look.

IMAGINARY MANDY
Oh, Dude; please, no.

IMAGINARY MANDY
Thank Christ for that.

IMAGINARY RANDY (CONT'D)

Not when you've got her looking like this. I promise never to flick you in the ear again.

IMAGINARY MANDY

(to DANNY - appalled)
Is that what he does to you?

DANNY (V.O.)

When you're not looking.

IMAGINARY MANDY

(to IMAGINARY RANDY)
You cunt.

IMAGINARY RANDY
God, I love it when you say that.

DANNY (V.O.)
God, I love it when you say that.

IMAGINARY RANDY looks lustily from IMAGINARY MANDY back to DANNY before POPPING out of existence. IMAGINARY MANDY shoots DANNY a dirty look as she readjusts her boobs.

IMAGINARY MANDY

What's with you and my tits, today?

DANNY (V.O.)

You're right; I digress.

ANGLE: TIGHT on DANNY's motionless mouth as a tiny trickle of saliva escapes. MANDY moves in to mop it with a tissue, now back in her scrubs.

DANNY (V.O.)

Mandy is my Mother Confessor. I lie here telling her the evil things I've done in the past. In vivid detail since she can't hear a fucking word I'm thinking.

ANGLE: A YOUNGER DANNY is vicious in a bar room brawl and then heartless in telling an about-to-be EX it's over.

DANNY (V.O.)

They say confession's good for the soul. Bullshit. Without absolution it doesn't mean a fucking thing.
(MORE)

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

Or maybe it only works when you say it out loud. Because sometimes, between the turning ...

ANGLE: MANDY turning DANNY in his bed.

DANNY (V.O.)

... and the washing ...

ANGLE: MANDY giving DANNY a bed-bath.

DANNY (V.O.)

... and the physio ...

ANGLE: MANDY rotating DANNY's limbs to maintain muscle tone.

DANNY (V.O.)

... Mandy sits quietly and tells me shit.

ANGLE: curled up on the chair next to his bed, MANDY talks quietly to DANNY in the soft glow of late-night about the first time she kissed a girl ...
... and how she did a runner once when she didn't have the cash to pay a diner check.

DANNY (V.O.)

Sometimes really bad shit.

ANGLE: a YOUNGER MANDY storming acrimoniously out on her Mum...
... doing drugs with RANDY ...
... walking, tear-stained, out of an abortion clinic to find no one waiting for her.

DANNY (V.O.)

Maybe one day I'll tell her my really bad shit. For it to make sense, though, you'd need to meet the other four people in my forty-by-eighty inch Universe.

SFX: PAWS scrambling for traction on polished floor.

DANNY (V.O.)

Ah, shit.

ANGLE: a BROWN, WOOLLY DOG flies into the room, leaping onto DANNY's bed where it skids to a stop on his chest and stands staring into his face.

DANNY (V.O.)

This is Asta. We used to be inseparable.

ASTA bounces his front paws on DANNY's chest.

DANNY (V.O.)

Don't start.

ASTA bounces once more.

DANNY (V.O.)

Fuck off.

ASTA bounces once again before launching into a frenzy of digging at DANNY's chest.

DANNY (V.O.)

Yes, there's someone in here. But right now I can't come out to play.

ANGLE: FEMALE HANDS swoop in to lift ASTA off DANNY's chest.

DANNY (V.O.)

About fucking time. That'd have to really hurt. This is my wife, Kelly; one of the other four people.

ANGLE: KELLY puts ASTA on the floor before settling to read at DANNY's bedside.

DANNY (V.O.)

I'm not sure I'm her husband anymore as much as I'm like one of those charity bands you wear round your wrist.

ANGLE: Half a dozen such bands slide down KELLY's wrist as she turns the page of the legal brief she's holding.

DANNY (V.O.)

She gets brownie points for telling everyone she reads to me every night after a full day's lawyering. Nothing to do with the fact it's her homework and she kills two birds with one stone. Three, if you count me being bored to death.

ANGLE: KELLY checks her watch; puts away her papers.

DANNY (V.O.)

And here's something weird. Once a month; regular as clockwork, Kelly gives Mandy the evening off and gives me a blowjob.

ANGLE: KELLY delicately wipes off lipstick before going down on DANNY.

DANNY (V.O.)

No shit. I used to have to beg for the fuckers before I ended up like this. As long as my asshole points to the ground I will never work out chicks. Maybe this is part of her absolution. No; penance. She's a Mick.

(MORE)

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

Or maybe it just gets her hot: I don't know whether she thinks I can't hear her jerking off in the ensuite afterwards, or whether that's part of it for her.

ANGLE past the end of the bed to the ENSUITE DOOR where the SOUNDS of KELLY climaxing can be heard.

DANNY (V.O.)

And then there's Duncan. Dunx is an old Army buddy I never expected to see again in a million years.

ANGLE: a YOUNGER DUNCAN and DANNY in battle fatigues - training in unarmed combat.

DANNY (V.O.)

We learned how to kill people together. And separately. Who'd have thought we'd be Straight-A students?

ANGLE: DANNY with a hooker in NEW YORK. Her pimp arriving to shake him down and DANNY unintentionally killing the guy with his bare hands.

DANNY (V.O.)

He's into yoga and meditation and all that hippy shit now. Go figure. Sometimes sits here and reads it to me. I'd give anything to be normal again for 30 seconds. That's all it'd take for me to kick one of those mantra-spewing meditation manuals to the crapper.

ANGLE: DANNY leaping out of bed and wrapping a surprised DUNCAN in a choke-hold.

IMAGINARY DUNCAN

Is this because you hate the stuff I read to you? Or because I'm fucking Kelly?

IMAGINARY DANNY

I KNEW it!

And he snaps IMAGINARY DUNCAN's neck.

ANGLE: DANNY's unblinking EYE.

DANNY (V.O.)

Yeah, I know; I imagine really weird shit. You would too. But even for twins, Kel and Dunx are close.

ANGLE: DUNCAN and KELLY sit together by the pool where DANNY can see them from his bed.

KELLY takes off her top; gives DUNCAN sunscreen to rub on her back.

DANNY (V.O.)

Weird-close. I once fucked this chick who tried to get her brother to fuck her because she could feel them drifting apart as they got older. She was just a teenager and wanted a 'secret' to bond them. Did you get I put quotes around the word 'secret'?

ANGLE: TIGHT on the cannula inserted into the back of DANNY's motionless hand.

DANNY (V.O.)

Can't do that with my fingers anymore. Anyway. Dunx and Kel.

ANGLE: DUNCAN playfully squirts sunscreen on KELLY's bare boobs.

DANNY (V.O.)

It freaked everyone when he disappeared to India to meditate in a cave for 2 years. They reckon he went ape 'cos his dad snuffed it. Jesus: who didn't. 'Specially his Mum.

ANGLE: LOUISE arrives at the pool and stares her twins into vaguely-acceptable behavior ... before dropping into a recliner to gulp a MARTINI.

DANNY (V.O.)

They were one shit-weird family. Which is maybe why I fitted in so well.

ANGLE: MAX and LOUISE, relaxed and loving in each other's company, watch a YOUNGER DANNY hanging out with DUNCAN and KELLY.

DANNY (V.O.)

Losing Max knocked Lou around more than anybody knows. Except me.

ANGLE: Late at night ... LOUISE SOBS at DANNY's bedside.

DANNY (V.O.)

God, I wish I could cry for the bastard like that. He was like the Dad I never had. Fit as, too; gave us all a run for our money.

ANGLE: MAX leading a rock climb with DANNY bringing up the rear, DUNCAN and KELLY in between.

DANNY (V.O.)

Funny, isn't it, how you can have someone in your life and it isn't 'til later you realize how much you loved them.

ANGLE: DANNY lying in his bed, the corners of his eyes gently being cleaned by MANDY with a cotton bud.

DANNY (V.O.)

I guess that's why I wanted to find a way to start communicating again the moment I saw Mandy.

ANGLE: The CAMERA is back WIDE, looking down vertically on DANNY in the bed and beginning a SLOW TRACK IN as KELLY shows a slightly nervous MANDY the ropes on her first day.

DANNY (V.O.)

Maybe knowing Max, knowing true love - even if it was with another guy - switched on my "love-radar": if there is such a thing. Anyway; the moment I saw Mandy I knew there was this ... connection. She got it too. That's how we got this whole secret communication thing going that nobody else knows about.

ANGLE: The CAMERA keeps tracking in, the IMMOBILE FACE of DANNY KING, staring straight ahead, now starting to fill the frame.

DANNY (V.O.)

God help us if Kelly or Duncan ever find out. I don't think there's anything they wouldn't do to stop me telling the secret we share about Max's death. Sometimes I lie here watching them - them thinking my brain's as fucked as my body - and I wonder just how far they'd go to shut me up. Or Mandy. But then again, that's all I can do now ... wonder ...

ANGLE: the CAMERA is tracking slowly into the IRIS of DANNY'S EYE.

DANNY (V.O.)

... about how although I can't voluntarily move a muscle, I now have more power over these people than I've ever had in my life. How about **that** for God's Little Gag.

FADE OUT ...

For a beat or two, over black, all we hear is:

SFX: Mechanical Respirator.

Then:

Nothing.

-o0o-

As the 13 x 1 hour episodes of **God's Little Gag** unfold, the perspectives of every character involved will alter.

And just as the perspective of the central character can and will change - sometimes even in mid-scene - the audience's perspective of the show will also gradually change as it unfolds.

Regular viewers will be rewarded with an overall Series Arc in which the Patient's obsession for his Carer develops while his life unfolds to us through his recollections and reactions to things happening in the present.

Drop-in Viewers will also be able to enjoy these recollections as 13, self-contained, 1 hour stories.

The journey through this baker's dozen will also gradually reveal clues to a shocking secret that binds the 6 central characters.

The 'big picture' subtext of this series presents it as a reflection of the world in which we live.

As our society is gradually waking up and increasing its awareness ... its enlightenment ... *God's Little Gag* will present a parallel between our Universe (*represented by Danny the patient*) waiting to be discovered and understood by our species (*represented by Mandy the Carer*). Their journey together will lead them to the realization that one has the ability to 'grow' the other, which in turn has the ability to destroy its creator or 'grower'.

In the process the pair will achieve an empathetic ability - bordering on the telepathic - allowing Mandy the Carer to discover there are actually other people in the world - that life isn't only about her - that there are other reasons for existence than temporary, drug-induced sensory overload ... that her patient is not just her own personal toy ... that there's a person trapped inside.

The style of this show is that there is no set style.

The only constants will be the four walls of the room in which our central character spends most of his life. But even how he views these four walls will change from scene to scene as his moods color the flavor and level of his perceptions, passions and emotions.

God's Little Gag is the first in a proposed trilogy - all three being self-contained, 13 part, 1 hour mini-series, the other two being:

God's Little Gift - in which the same characters are segued into a **Sci-Fi/Fantasy** series where the body of Max is discovered and brought back to life from the natural cryogenic suspension of having been buried in an avalanche. During Max's rehabilitation our central character of Danny will slowly start a recovery of his own after Stem Cell Research breakthrough, allowing us to set the scene for the third part of the trilogy:

God's Little Gotcha - which segues into **Horror** as the Stem Cells in Danny mutate into Killer Cells that use him to wreak revenge on all who did the research and then injected them into Danny's body.

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God's Little Gag creator **Sean Nash** has written, produced or directed over 400 hours of internationally screened film and television drama.

Highlights of Sean's career include eight of his screenplays being nominated for Australian Writers' Guild Awards (with four of them winning their categories) and two of his screenplays being shortlisted for the prestigious State Premier's Literary Awards in New South Wales and Queensland.

Other career highlights include being the writer-director of an Australian Film Institute Award-winning screenplay in 1996, as well as creating, writing, producing and directing the pilot to a 1-hour drama series based around the Australian Customs Service for the 7 Network.

For more information on **The God Trilogy** and other drama or comedy titles created by **Sean Nash**, please contact:

Gary Jones

Smith & Jones Management
Level 4, 74-78 Wentworth Ave
Sydney NSW 2000
AUSTRALIA

Ph +61 2 9213 9612
Fax +61 2 9281 2488

EMAIL: gary@smithandjonesmgt.com.au