

WOLFIN' IT

Written by

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"Pilot"

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CHYRON:

IN HONOR OF THE G.O.A.T. - ALEX TREBEK

SFX OVER BLACK: HOOWWWLLLLL!

ALL THE WAY RAY (O.S.)
(zany announcer voice)
Now who's ready to CHASE! THE!
WOLF?!

MONTAGE OF EARTHLINGS ALL OVER THE WORLD WATCHING THEIR
FAVORITE "LIVE" MORNING GAME SHOW ON TV:

- GRANDMA watches as she sips whiskey and claps excitedly.
- OLD FIREMEN watch in the fire house, pulling out cash to wager on the show's games.
- OLD BAR PATRONS watch around the bar during "first call". A BARTENDER lines up shot glasses - a sign behind her reads:
"\$1 shots for WINNING \$1 bids on CHASE THE WOLF."
- OLD PRISON INMATES stop brawling to gather around the cell block TV to watch the game show. One of them "HOWLS!".
- ELDER MUSLIM MEN watch on an old TV in their mosque.
- FRATERNITY BROTHERS watch in their frat as they smoke pot.

FRAT BOY
This blue-hair is still alive?
Change the channel.

FRAT BOY #2
Wait, Wolf might finally die on
live TV today.

FRAT BOY #3
People might tune in for that.

FRAT BOY
I can see his nuts in his sock.

EXT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - STAGE

An ancient limo SKIDS to a halt and a MAN hops out.

This man, this myth, this legend is --

CLINT WOLF (60s), a silver-haired Hollywood icon, a sharpened-tongued, steel trap in a silk suit. The Hollywood version of "The Most Interesting Man in the World."

WOLF
(to driver)
Thanks, Bash!

BASH
(Boston accent)
Late-ah, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF runs to a sound stage barking into his FLIP PHONE --

WOLF
It's Wolf, put me through to him!

But Wolf stops... thinks. Yep. He runs back to the limo, opens the door to lean in and kiss a REDHEADED WOMAN (40s) dressed for a night out - last night.

WOLF (CONT'D)
And a bigger thanks to you,
Tiffany.

WOMAN
Teresa.

WOLF
"Teresa!" How could I forget? For I
have sinned. You made me see God
last night, you saintess.

She head-shakes but smiles: offended but charmed.

Wolf slams the door and runs to the stage --

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S. PHONE)
I'm sorry, Mr. Wolf, but I don't
have him.

WOLF
(into phone)
Still don't have him! Well tell him
to call me back! Again! Pronto!

He's late, but still high-fives TWO GRIPS as he runs in --

WOLF (CONT'D)
Hey, Marty, you're back! How's
fatherhood?

MARTY THE GRIP
Killin' it, Wolf! Still no
abductions!
(ALT: Still no SIDS!)

WOLF
Haha! You're a natural!

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - SAME

Wolf runs past an EXECUTIVE in a killer designer outfit.

This WOMAN is **FATIMA FARHEEN MIRZA** (late 20s, ambitious, an iron fist in a velvet glove.)

She watches Wolf run in and checks her watch in disbelief.

FATIMA
You fucking kidding me, Wolf?!

WOLF
(runs by)
Not now, Fatima, I'm late.

FATIMA
I can change that!

WOLF
You just got here, Fat!

FATIMA
A month ago! And my name's not
"Fat," Old!

Fatima fumes. Then catches Marty the Grip looking at her.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
You wanna go with him when I burn
this shit show down?!

MARTY THE GRIP
(pfft)
Lady. Wolf's my man, but this
show's been shit since *Lewinsky*.

Marty goes back to work. Off Fatima happy to hear it --

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

SAMANTHA, (30s) Wolf's producer, greets Wolf as he rushes in. She's a gay, pink/blue-haired punk rocking gambling addict, glasses, mousy behind the scenes, but when the show is a go, she's all biz. And now she's all biz - and stress.

As she approaches Wolf she quickly places a bet on the Draft Kings gambling app on her phone.

WOLF
There's Waldo!

SAMANTHA
(tada! & fuck you)
In the *fleshlight*!

WOLF
The what? What's a "fleshlight?"

SAMANTHA
It's called "livestock" where
you're from.

WOLF
(heritage proud)
Part Choctaw, all redneck.

Wolf and Samantha walk with purpose.

SAMANTHA
You gotta watch it these days,
boss.

WOLF
Watch what?

SAMANTHA
Your hairy tongue.

WOLF
It's silver.

SAMANTHA
Once upon a time, but now it's
scaring the contestants.

WOLF
I'm flirting.

SAMANTHA
I know, but it's not the 19-Sexists
anymore and you're not a Mad Men or
Rat Packer.

Wolf eye-rolls *whatever*. Moving on --

WOLF
How's the A.M. crowd?

SAMANTHA
(lying)
Fired up.

WOLF
Why do you lie to me?

SAMANTHA
I'm not. Those that are here are
fired up.

WOLF
So the few that are here?

SAMANTHA
You're talent, and should worry
about performance, not logistics.

WOLF
(slight slurring)
Logistics are fans who are a direct
reflection of my performance.

SAMANTHA
It's not *Hot Tourist Summer*. And
stop slurring, stew. You sound like
Herschel Walker.

She hands him a coffee.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Oh, and watch your commercial
breaks because you're leading into
them a little early lately.

WOLF
I've been at this awhile, Sam.

SAMANTHA
America heard you fart yesterday.

WOLF
The sound of fair and balanced.

SAMANTHA
Fair is finally getting me bumped
up to Supervising Producer.

WOLF

Don't sweat it, I'll get you there.
For your bookie's sake.

SAMANTHA

I'm a full football season clean.

WOLF

Really?
(points at her phone)
Bring up your bank balance.

SAMANTHA

(busted)
I'm not showing you my banking.

WOLF

Then your Draft Kings...

Sam hides her phone and we see she actually had Draft Kings open (*it's an online gambling app/site*).

WOLF (CONT'D)

Hahah!! You get what you get
because you do what you do.

Shameful *Pfft/Kettle Black* from Sam.

SAMANTHA

Why are you so mean to me?

WOLF

Because I love you. Laughing at you
is my love language.

Wolf downs the coffee and hands it back to her. Showtime!

"CHASE THE WOLF" THEME MUSIC rises.

SAMANTHA

Five, four, three, two...

SFX: HOWL!!!

INT. TV STUDIO - "CHASE THE WOLF" STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wolf struts on stage to the ROAR of HOPEFUL CONTESTANTS and a crew of shirtless DRUNK FRAT BOYS on **Chase the Wolf!**

"All the Way RAY" (60s), a portly pervert, is Wolf's sidekick and announcer, sits in his booth. Think Tom Arnold.

ALL THE WAY RAY
 (announcing)
 And here's your friend and mine...
 Clint Wolf!

Wolf takes a bow.

WOLF
 Thank you, ladies and gentlemen!
 Thank you. Give it up for my man,
 "All the Way Ray!"

Wolf points to Ray. The crowd claps for Ray, who shoots a
 wink to a COLLEGE GIRL. Creepy.

ALL THE WAY RAY
 You're lookin' good, people! Are
 you feelin' lucky?!

CROWD
Yes!

WOLF
 Who's hungry?!

CROWD
 We are!

WOLF
 Alright, alright! Welcome to "Chase
 the Wolf!" America's last and only
live television game show! That's
 right, us wolves are on the
 extinction list but we ain't dead
 yet!

HOWL!! As "All The Way Ray" hits the SFX button. THE CROWD
 HOWLS ALONG.

WOLF (CONT'D)
 I'm your pal and host, Clint Wolf.
 But, you can just call me Wolf.
 I've got a question... Who feels
 like feasting today?!

CROWD
We do!

WOLF
Then let's Chase the Wolf and get
that red meat!
 (to Ray)
 Tell us who's gonna be on my tail
 today, Ray.

ALL THE WAY RAY
 I sure will, Wolf! Let's start the
 chase with: Alyssa Mendell, Hawley
 Van Wyke, and Lucy Napier. Go chase
 that wolf!

The crowd goes wild as the chosen **CONTESTANTS** podium rush.

WOLF
 This looks like a lively bunch.
 Tell me something people... who
 wants to win... a new car?!

Everyone goes wild. The main stage curtain lifts to reveal
 SHEILA posing with a shiny PRIUS.

WOLF (CONT'D)
 A Prius and the lovely Sheila,
 ladies and gentleman. Guess which
 one has more mileage...?

Scattered laughs & groans from the crowd as Sheila shoots
 Wolf stink-eye, then back to her showcase smile.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM -- as Samantha clocks Fatima's smirk at
 Wolf's faux faux, so she covers for him --

SAMANTHA
 I doubt anyone at home noticed.

FATIMA
 I doubt anyone at home is watching.

Ouch.

BACK ON STAGE, as Ray wraps up the Prius intro --

ALL THE WAY RAY (O.S.)
 ... That's one clean green machine
 and it can be yours on Chase the
 Wolf if you can catch the Wolf!

WOLF
 Thank you, Ray! Now, I'm gonna over
 bid on that Prius and which ever
 contestant guesses closest to the
 actual retail or eBay price
 wins!... I'm gonna say that car
 costs \$30,000. Now, let's meet our
 wonderful contestants and get their
 bids.

Wolf approaches the panel of **CONTESTANTS**.

WOLF (CONT'D)
 (slurs to #1)
 Conmesstant number one, tell us a
 lil about yourself and make your
 bid.

ON SAMANTHA IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA
 (disbelief)
 "Conmesstant?"

BACK ON STAGE --

CONTESTANT #1/HAWLEY
 I'm Hawley Van Wyke, I'm from
 Poolsville, Maryland...

WOLF
 (slurs)
 Oooh, Poolsthsville... sounds wet.

Weird/gross splashy/moisty SFX from All The Way Ray.

ON SAMANTHA IN THE CONTROL ROOM shaking her head. Fatima
 watches in the background. Smiling.

BACK ON STAGE --

WOLF (CONT'D)
 What else, *Pauly*?
 (wrong)

CONTESTANT #1/HAWLEY
 And I'm an office manager at a
 software company.

WOLF
 I bet you turn thighs into slip n'
 slides with that opening on Ladies
 Nights. Bid on that Prius, Pauly.

The Crowd SCREAMS out prices. Hawley nervously thinks.

CONTESTANT #1/HAWLEY
 One dollar! I'll bid one dollar.

WOLF
 One dollar for a car? Big spender.
 Moving onto Contestant number two.
 Rank and serial number, please.

CONTESTANT #2/ALYSSA
Ummm, I'm Alyssa Mendell, I'm from Venice Beach and I go to UCLA. Go Bruins!

WOLF
What are you studying over there at UCLA?

CONTESTANT #2/ALYSSA
Women's Health.

WOLF
Yes you are. Have you met *Pauly* over here?
(eyes her thighs)
Keep 'em closed. He's in *hardware*.

HOWL!! As "All The Way Ray" does his SFX thing for the pretty girl, who frowns - weirdos.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Bid on that Prius, Contestant 2, before "All The Way Ray" shoots a number three and the FCC shuts us down.

ON SAMANTHA: can't believe he just said that.

Alyssa eyes the Crowd for help as they SCREAM out prices.

CONTESTANT #2/ALYSSA
\$12,500.

WOLF
Best of luck.

Wolf approaches Contestant #3 (late teens, mixed race).

WOLF (CONT'D)
Contestant number three, tell us a little about yourself and bid on that car.

CONTESTANT #3/LUCY
My name is Lucy Napier. I'm from Boulder, Colorado and I'm your daughter.

WOLF
And I'm your daddy.

The Crowd LAUGHS.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Now make a bid, kid.

Wolf's in control here.

CONTESTANT #3/LUCY
It's true. I'm your daughter.

A hush falls over the crowd. Wolf exhales in annoyance.

LUCY
You, McClintock Wolf, mated with my
mom. My black mom, which is why I
look like a modern TV cast member
of a show about--
(peppy promo pitch)
*four very different millennial
friends living in the big city, and
struggling to find their vibe!*
(back to flat; and Mom)
Then she died. Here's her death
certificate. In case you're about
to call me a liar on live TV.

Lucy holds up a death certificate picture on her phone.
Wolf's eyes widen. Loss for words. No more control.

Samantha barks into her headset at Wolf --

SAMANTHA
Toss to commercial, Wolf! Toss to
commercial!

WOLF
(dazed)
We'll be right back after these
daughters.

Wolf stares at Lucy.

LUCY
(smiles)
Do I still get to bid on the Prius?

Sparse applause. Except for a DRUNK FRAT BOY who yells:

DRUNK FRAT BOY
I wanna bust slops with your smoke
daughter, Wolf!

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - HALLWAY - LATER

Wolf huffs down the hall on his phone.

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Mr. Wolf, but I don't
have him.

WOLF
Are you fucking with me, punk? I
know you think you'll be running
this town some day, hard-on, but if
that cunt doesn't call me back I'll
burn it down before you get off
that desk! Slainte!

Click. Wolf prowls on, pushes a water cooler over.

WOLF (CONT'D)
I ain't goin' out to pasture! This
dog's gonna hunt!

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - FATIMA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Fatima talks on the phone while perusing the book The Game: Master the Art of Attraction while a **CARPET GUY** lays new carpeting in her office.

A single EMMY AWARD displays prominently on her desk. Not behind her desk on a windowsill or shelf. On her desk.

FATIMA
(into phone)
... uh, it was ok. We went to
Nobu... Her body was karate but her
face looked like a box of frogs.
Fucking Feeld app filters.

The CARPET HAMMERING distracts Fatima.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Let me ring you back, Hasan.

Hangs up. Points at the carpet and says to Carpet Guy --

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Is that Raw Umber?

CARPET GUY
Huh?

FATIMA
The carpet. Is it Raw Umber?

CARPET GUY
It looks tan.

FATIMA
I know what it looks like. It looks
like Raw Umber and I specifically
requested Sepia.

The Carpet Guy retrieves a printed copy of the order.

CARPET GUY
(reading order)
It says light brown on here.

FATIMA
Well, light brown isn't Sepia.
Sepia is Sepia. Go back to your Rug
n' Tug or wherever, and get my
Sepia carpet.

Wolf plows in --

WOLF
What?

FATIMA
Sit down, Wolf.

Wolf doesn't.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
(to Carpet Guy)
Leave us.

Wolf & Carpet Guy share an "asshole" look as he exits.

WOLF
(uber sarcastic)
How's it going, Fatima?

FATIMA
We're gonna start this meeting off
with my questions.

WOLF
You have questions?

FATIMA
When did we become the Maury Povich
Show?

WOLF
Fatima...

FATIMA

Because if our viewing audience wants to see "Who's My Baby Daddy," they can watch the Maury fucking Povich Show!

WOLF

Do you think I had any idea that broad was gonna make that type of Public Service Announcement?

FATIMA

I know you weren't thinking, just drinking - by the way, just a guess but I'm assuming you've been a problem drinker for what? Half a century or so?

WOLF

Maybe. But it's only gotten bad the last 50 years.

FATIMA

Hilarious. Well when the Ghost of One Night Stands Past shows up on my set and scares the shit out of me and the rest of America, I've got a fucking problem. A live one.

WOLF

What the fuck does that mean?

FATIMA

If you can't control your show then I will.

WOLF

By doing what?

FATIMA

Switch to taped or just kill it all together if you can't make it the same without it.

WOLF

TAPED?! Taped "Chase the Wolf?!"

FATIMA

Taped *something*. Look, live TV is a liability, and at this point just dated and dumb. Especially with you at the helm.

WOLF

Live is our lifeline!

FATIMA

More like our flatline, lately at least.

WOLF

And how are you going to kill it? I have a contract.

FATIMA

A contract written on a martini napkin a hundred years ago by some white, male, mechanical suit in a medicated smile.

WOLF

That's racist-- sexist.. or something--

FATIMA

The old, white male reign is over, Wolf. I'll keep you on the air for a few more weeks or so, and let your spiral do the rest.

WOLF

I'm an institution, you nubian...

FATIMA

Please say "princess." Please. I beg of you. I got the booty for it.

Wolf's got nothing.

WOLF

I was going for a blanket insult.

FATIMA

Is that blanket brown, you fossilized bigot?

WOLF

It's not bigotry, it's generational.

FATIMA

Ha! Your kind is going extinct.

WOLF

I'm an institution. *Princess*.

FATIMA

Then I'm the federal government.
Jester. And if I want to cut
funding or veto policy - I do it.

WOLF

And replace me with what?

Fatima points to her wall holding a SHOW PITCH BOARD:

FATIMA

"Dancing with Dogs," "OCD Dating,"
"Sit and Spin," "Wake Up With
Wayne"--

WOLF

Brady?! You fucker.

Fatima drops the stack on her desk with a THUD.

FATIMA

Dancing, dating, game show, no game
show, TV has changed and it wants
your time slot, Wolf.

WOLF

My fans will keel over.

FATIMA

Your fans have.

WOLF

No one's sold more Clorox and
Levitra for this network than me,
Fat.

FATIMA

Not my name. And they're all
leaving for our streaming service.

Wolf steams.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

But there's hope. For you. A
liveline we'll call it.

Fatima tosses him another folder: MARKET RESEARCH. Wolf eyes
it - worried.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

We landed an important new
sponsor...

Fatima tosses him a can of STALLION ENERGY DRINK.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Sling it on-air and don't fuck it
up. Or do. I don't care.

Wolf eyes the obnoxious branding on the can --

WOLF
"Stallion?" Jesus. How's this horse
dick taste?

FATIMA
(coy/scheming?)
Not bad actually.

WOLF
Thought dick wasn't your schtick,
Fatty?

Fatima stink-eye/puckers: *Hilarious.*

FATIMA
Kinda tastes like cheap booze so
you'll love it.

Wolf's intrigued. As he exits he eyes the carpet --

WOLF
Love the new Sepia.

FATIMA
Get fucked.

Fatima eyes the carpet. Fuck. Fucker.

EXT. FATIMA'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wolf exits to a waiting Lucy.

WOLF
Let's go, stranger.

LUCY
You get fired?

WOLF
(terse)
No.
(then sotto)
Yet.

Off Lucy following and taking him in --

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wolf and Lucy wait. Awkwardly.

WOLF
I'm sorry to hear about your
mother.

Lucy nods: Yep.

WOLF (CONT'D)
How'd she pass away?

LUCY
Cancer.

Now Wolf nods: Ah.

WOLF
Cancer is a... bad... thing.

LUCY
It was sudden. Not much suffering.
Ate her up pretty quick.

WOLF
Oh good. Good. Like a snack.

Oof - uncomfortable. Recovering --

WOLF (CONT'D)
So, who was your mother again?

LUCY
Remember "Crazy Girls?"

WOLF
Which one?

LUCY
"Crazy Girls," the Hollywood strip
club?

WOLF
I know. Which crazy girl from
"Crazy Girls?"

LUCY
Oh. Elizabeth.

Wolf thinks... Nothing.

LUCY (CONT'D)
"Misty..."

WOLF
 (thinks hard)
 Misty, Misty, oh... Misty.

TITLE CARD: **18 YEARS AGO**

FLASHBACK EXT. CRAZY GIRLS - PARKING LOT - SAME NIGHT

Wolf escorts **MISTY** (24, Black) to his parked LIMO, the same one from our Open but shinier... moments later the limo starts to rock. Wolf HOWLS!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - PRESENT

Wolf and Lucy continue to wait. Still awkward.

WOLF
 Yup. There was a Misty. But it was
 only that one night and--

DR. ELI GOLD (60s) approaches holding paperwork.

DR. ELI GOLD
 Congratulations, Clint. It's a
 girl.

Off Lucy's big smile and "Tada!" arms winged out, and Wolf's
 "fuck me" face --

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wolf and Lucy walk, then --

WOLF
 Here.

Wolf hands her an envelope.

LUCY
 What's this?

WOLF
 A go-away gift.

She opens it and we see a check and the amount: \$100,000.

LUCY
 You can't buy a girl dinner first?

Off Wolf's eye-roll --

INT. DINER - LATER THAT DAY

Wolf and Lucy eat lunch - exactly alike and like, well, wolves devouring their prey. Wolf whips out his own balsamic vinegar bottle and douses his burger.

Lucy whips out her own hot sauce and savagely attacks a rack of ribs, her face caked in sauce. A milkshake arrives for her. Wolf takes her in with curiosity...

WOLF

So, what do you do, Lucy?

LUCY

When?

WOLF

Maybe you are mine. What are you in to, mighty-mouth?

LUCY

(slow/seductive)

I'm into skinny boarding..
Intersectional feminism.. UFC on
PCP.. and--

WOLF

(ewww)

Cut the shit. I mean, do you like
school and... recess?

LUCY

(offended)

I'm not eleven.

WOLF

How old are you?

LUCY

Twenty-one.

Skeptical beat.

WOLF

What year were you born?

She stumbles to think...

WOLF (CONT'D)

How old are you?

LUCY

(busted)

Seventeen.

Wolf notices her red, sleepy eyes.

WOLF

What's up with your eyes? What are you on?

LUCY

I have various health issues which I take medication for.

WOLF

Like what?

LUCY

Klonopin for anxiety, Zoloft for depression, sodium oxybate for narcolepsy, and Ambien and trazodone for insomnia.

WOLF

And grass for stupidity?

She laughs like a stoner and slops up her shake.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Jeezus, how stoned are you?

LUCY

I could eat.

More laughing. Wolf head-shakes but suppresses a laugh.

WOLF

Why aren't you in school?

LUCY

I am. School of life.

WOLF

You're a kid, should be in school.

LUCY

School just interferes with my auditions.

WOLF

You're an actress, are you?

LUCY

"Actor." And yes I am. Every day. It's what I've always wanted, and I always get what I want.

WOLF
Jesus Christ.

LUCY
No - "Lucy Napier."

WOLF
And a comedian? Listen: every
parent prays that none of their
children want to be artists.

LUCY
Did your parents pray?

WOLF
To Father Jameson and St. Cabernet.

Lucy: Huh?

WOLF (CONT'D)
Well, get used to it.

LUCY
Get used to what?

WOLF
Rejection. And the word "no."
Because it's all you're gonna hear
as an "actor," *Shirley Temple*.

LUCY
Shirley-huh?-- I can take it.

Wolf 'good luck' grunts, as he's heard it all before.

WOLF
Where you are staying?

LUCY
The Saharan on Sunset.

WOLF
Now you got money to upgrade.

LUCY
I'm not looking for any handouts.

Wolf looks down at her empty plate and saucy face.

WOLF
Then I guess you'd pass on
something to go?

STRAW-SLURP! As Lucy guiltily finishes her milkshake.

EXT. DINER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wolf and Lucy approach Wolf's PRIZE '64 CHEVY CONVERTIBLE IMPALA. She carries a big CARRY OUT BAG.

LUCY
I'll just get my GED online.

WOLF
Kids should be in school
interacting with kids. Not working
14 hour days like an adult with
adults. It makes you weird and
insufferable.

LUCY
Or mature.

WOLF
You think Britney Lohan is mature?

LUCY
Misunderstood. And it's Spears.
Lohan's dead.

WOLF
Look, I was miserable for years
trying to make it in this town. You
don't know what it's like.

LUCY
I don't need to be a piece of shit
to know what one smells like.

WOLF
(taken aback)
Gross.

Lucy smiles proudly and curtseys.

LUCY
Are you always this grumpy?

WOLF
My life is about to change. For the
worse.

LUCY
I won't be a bother.

WOLF
I know you won't-- but it's not
you. My professional life.
(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)

This wolf is about to be thrown to the wolves.

LUCY

Why?

WOLF

You wouldn't understand.

LUCY

That you're an old dog about to be eaten alive by your young pack?

WOLF

Maybe you would.

Wolf's flip phone rings, he flips it open, looks at it, flips it shut. Lucy takes in the flip phone oddly --

LUCY

(re flip phone)

There's your first problem.

WOLF

What?

LUCY

That... what is that?

WOLF

You sure you don't wanna stay in school? It's a cell phone.

LUCY

Maybe at some point in history. But now it's a symbol of your history. How do you run your social with that?

WOLF

It's a phone. I call people to socialize.

LUCY

Your social media, not socializing. How do you run your social media with that?

WOLF

Oh fuck all that social media shit.

OLD FAN (O.S.)

Hey, Wolf!

Wolf & Lucy turn to ELDERLY COUPLE FANS who approach.

WOLF

Hey!

OLD HUSBAND FAN

Huge fans. Can we get a picture?

WOLF

Of course! Lucy, you mind..?

Old Wife Fan hands Lucy her SLR film camera.

OLD WIFE FAN

Make sure it's in focus.

Lucy takes in the camera oddly.

LUCY

Ready - 1, 2, 3 --

WOLF & FANS

HOWL!!!

Lucy jolts back at the yell, then snaps the photo. She clumsily hands the clunky camera back to Old Fans.

FANS

Thanks, Wolf!

WOLF

You're welcome, folks! Stay hungry!

They walk away excited.

WOLF (CONT'D)

See? Social media.

LUCY

Archival footage.

Wolf waves her off.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Also - "folks?"

WOLF

Yeah. That's what they are. You know? "People."

LUCY

What do you call your fans?

WOLF

Fans.

LUCY

Lady Gaga has her "Little Monsters"
and you have your... "fans?"
"Folks?"

WOLF

What am I supposed to call em?

Off Lucy's head shake --

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wolf and Samantha strut.

WOLF

Call my agent. We gotta keep "Wolf"
live. And alive.

SAMANTHA

Me?

WOLF

Yes you, Sam.

SAMANTHA

I'm your producer. Not your...
whoever calls your agent.

Pregnant beat.

WOLF

(defeated/humbled)
He's not taking my calls.

SAMANTHA

As a vicious MANimal once said to
me as a lowly P.A.: *If you're
looking for sympathy it's somewhere
in the dictionary between shit and
syphilis.*

WOLF

Sam--

SAMANTHA

Then be your own agent, boss.
Wasn't there a time centuries ago
when you ran your own hustle? Shit,
how'd you ever get to the top of
the Hollywood food chain?

Wolf's silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I'll tell you how - you were a man of action, delayed by thought. You acted and took and hunted for what you wanted.

Wolf slumps navel-gazing.

WOLF

I want to die on that stage, Sam. My stage. Irrelevance will not be my death.

SAMANTHA

(tough love)

Maybe. Things change. And what's wrong with retiring? You've had one of the all-time greatest Hollywood runs. Shit, you've lived your life like a Jimmy Buffett song.

Wolf isn't listening, lost in his sorrow.

WOLF

The worst feeling isn't being forgotten. It's being forgotten by something I could never forget.

Sam eye-rolls. Gives him a sympathetic beat...

SAMANTHA

How's my Supervising Producer promotion looking?

WOLF

Jesus, I can't do shit if I'm dead!

A pissed Sam huffs off, leaving the sad puppy.

INT. "CHASE THE WOLF" STAGE - SECOND TAPING

CONTESTANTS #4 and **#5** are at the SHOWCASE. Contestant #4 has already bid and #5 is ready and waiting...

CONTESTANT #5

I'll say \$28,000!

Wolf's in a daze. Already wiped from the day. Dead air.

IN CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA
What's he doing?

BACK ON STAGE --

ALL THE WAY RAY
Hey now, Wolf! So, who's gonna win
this thing?

Wolf snaps out of it, but his performance lacks life.

WOLF
(to Contestant #4)
The actual retail price of your
showcase is \$29,850.

DEFEATING BUZZER.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Sorry, you're over. You lose.
(to Contestant #5)
And the actual retail price of your
showcase is \$31,500. You're our big
winner.

VICTORY BELLS RING.

Contestant #5 jumps for joy and is joined by **FRIENDS** on stage. They jump around an old fashioned popcorn machine, a home theatre, two Segways, and a promo for a trip to Disney World. Wolf could care less.

WOLF (CONT'D)
(to camera)
That's all the time we have today.
But, I'll see you tomorrow on...

CROWD
Chase the Wolf!

WOLF
(somber)
Stay hungry, America.

Wolf HOWLS weakly. The crowd CHEERS. Wolf exits stage.

IN CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA
(to Technical Director)
Switch over to Ray and the crowd.

TYLER (29, burn-out Technical Director, who switches cameras and cuts to commercials) stares at FACEBOOK on his phone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Tyler! Stop Facestalking and do
 your job!... And who still
 Facebooks, dork!?

Tyler snaps out of it and switches cameras just in time to
 catch Ray giving a Girl the creepy "call me" sign.

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - WOLF'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Wolf pours himself a whiskey. He unloads on his sofa.

KNOCK KNOCK:

WOLF
 Go away.

Samantha enters.

WOLF (CONT'D)
 Let me guess, English isn't your
 first language.

SAMANTHA
 It's my fourth, you philistine.

Wolf would normally bite back, but instead pouts.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 You ok, captain?

WOLF
 I got a lot on my plate and Karma's
 in the kitchen cookin'.

Wolf downs his drink.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BILLIARDS - NIGHT

PRE-LAP: CRACK!

WOLF (O.S.)
 I'm a two fistin', too Irish,
 roadhouse journeyman, man! And
 still Hollywood-hotter than goddam
 donut grease!

INT. HOLLYWOOD BILLIARDS - CONTINUOUS

Wolf plays 9 Ball with WES TOONCHES (60s, Head/Chairman of
 Viacom/CBS). Wolf lines up a shot and...

WES TOONCHES
She's a diversity hire.

Shoots and misses--

WOLF
Shit!-- A what?

WES TOONCHES
She's non-white and non-male--
Jesus, guy, have you been stuck in
a well the last decade or just
still don't read the trades?

WOLF
If the trades are still
masturbatorial industry porn, then
no.

WES TOONCHES
Well, I've had to start hiring
people like Fatima due to mankind's
woke awakening against manhood.

WOLF
What does she think about it?

WES TOONCHES
Clueless as a face tattoo decision.
Like all Ivy Leaguers she thinks
she's owed it.

WOLF
Diversity hire?

Wes's turn so he lines up his shot...

WES TOONCHES
Just a diversity hire. With no
bite.

And sinks it.

WOLF
Just a pain in my ass with a big
bark, Wes, and is trying to take me
down.

WES TOONCHES
It's my network, my show, my world
my decision, but you gotta up your
game, hoss. Your ratings are
packing to take the morning train
home.

Wes quickly sinks 2 balls/shots.

WOLF

You gonna cancel me?!

WES TOONCHES

You shoulda been cancelled a long time ago, you old bird-dog, but no not you, just your show.

WOLF

Seriously?!

WES TOONCHES

You had a great run! Almost half a century. Be grateful, man.

Wolf downs his scotch.

WES TOONCHES (CONT'D)

And maybe hop on the wagon for a ride.

WOLF

Why would I hop on the wagon?

WES TOONCHES

Because you're being dragged behind it.

This hits Wolf.

WES TOONCHES (CONT'D)

I have bosses too - thousands of them who want their portfolios fattened. But your immediate worry is Fatima and your ratings.

WOLF

I know you're still the tallest hog at the trough, but she makes me madder than a pissed-on chicken.

Wes sinks another ball. And another.

WES TOONCHES

Just find her weakness, figure her out and gain leverage.

WOLF

All I've figured so far is that she's an enigma wrapped in a cleft asshole, but she's still a broad...

(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)
I'll find something in her
underworld.

WES TOONCHES
Maybe balls longer than yours.

Wes sinks another.

WOLF
What's our score this year? Break
out the bible.

Wes pulls out an old notebook and flips thru pages.

WES TOONCHES
Year 42... 3,019 to 3,022.

WOLF
Who?

WES TOONCHES
Me.

WOLF
Manure you're up on me.

WES TOONCHES
Weep...

Wes tosses him the notebook/bible to prove the score, and
sinks another ball.

WOLF
Only because you're sober.

WES TOONCHES
Like I said, you should look into
it, blotto. Instead of boozin' like
you're grabbing death by the
dangles. You're in a race to the
face of the brain stem, brother.

WOLF
Moderation is for the meek.

WES TOONCHES
When absurdity is accepted,
insanity ensues.

WOLF
Anything worth doing is worth over-
doing.

They share smirks at their stupid back'n forth.

WOLF (CONT'D)

But if I'm going down, I'm going
down on my stage on my terms. Live.
Drinking or diversity be damned.

WES TOONCHES

Preferably during sweeps, please.

They laugh. Wes banks the 8 ball into the 9 ball, so...

WES TOONCHES (CONT'D)

Rack 'em, redneck.

WOLF

Along with my manhood.

EXT. THE DRESDEN - NIGHT

An old skool Hollywood watering hole.

INT. THE DRESDEN - CONTINUOUS

MARTY & ELLEN (both 80s, Dresden/Hollywood legends) play piano and sing the classics in this dark icon of a bar.

Sitting in "his booth" Wolf and All The Way Ray teeter over their drinks. Buzzed and beaten. More drinks arrive. They clink glasses and swill. Wolf unloads --

WOLF

Fuck today. Tomorrow can have it
back yesterday.

ALL THE WAY RAY

Shalom-selah, today can kiss my
ass.

WOLF

Today can lick my ass.

ALL THE WAY RAY

Today can fuck my ass.

Weird beat.

ALL THE WAY RAY (CONT'D)

I used to really love days like
today.

They laugh. Ray scans the room, sees a woman and moves towards her.

TIME CUT:

Wolf chats up a REDHEAD (40s) in his booth, as he wraps up a story --

WOLF

... after handing the cop my license he asks, *"Have you been drinking tonight, sir?"* Uh oh. But it's none of his biz, right? So I lip back, *"Why? Is your wife in my car?"*

She cracks up - Wolf is a good time.

REDHEAD

I gotta ask - why do you look so familiar?

WOLF

Maybe you met me in your sleep.

She chuckles.

REDHEAD

No, seriously, you look familiar but I don't know why.

WOLF

You seriously don't know who I am?

REDHEAD

I feel like I should but I can't-- guess you have one of those faces. Anyway. Whatever, moving on.

Wolf's shocked, and a bit hurt by this, but back to biz --

WOLF

It's 'Shannon', right?

REDHEAD

Yes, Shannon.

WOLF

Like the river.

SHANNON

River?

WOLF
In Ireland. The River Shannon.

SHANNON
Oh.

WOLF
Ever seen it?

SHANNON
No.

WOLF
Oh, you should. The Shannon's
beautiful.

She blushes.

WOLF (CONT'D)
A little dirty though...

She laughs and swats him. He smiles. And leans in for the
kill --

WOLF (CONT'D)
You are both hell fire and holy
water, honey. God was bragging when
he created you.

As Wolf puckers up her smile dies and she pulls back --

SHANNON
"Honey?"

Uh oh.

WOLF
(panicked)
Uhh-- Professor. Doctor? Madam
President!

A sweaty, suffering beat.

SHANNON
C-E-O. Bitch.

Wolf nod-bows respectfully: Of course.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
And I may have a been a bit
disrespectful too... *Clint Wolf*.

Wolf smiles - and salivates. He knew it. She smiles back.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(eyes his...)
And just curious - what size shoe
are you?

WOLF
Extra balls.

She laughs.

EXT. WOLF'S DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wolf's LIMO skids up to a beautiful but beat down Beverly Hills mansion as the horny couple laugh it up.

WOLF (O.S.)
Stuck the landing, Bash!

INT. WOLF'S DEN - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wolf stumbles in with Shannon.

WOLF
(slurs to Shannon)
Thank God for *dwiverers*, because
the Dres is like 3 DUIs from here.

Lucy pops up from the couch in short-shorts and tank top.

LUCY
(Russian accent)
I sorry, Mr. Wolf. I just turn on
TV for minute-- Who she?

WOLF
Oh, shit.

What's Lucy doing here?

LUCY
(accent; pleading)
You no happy with me? I go back and
live in attic. I live in basement.
Just don't send back to Ukraine me!

Lucy grovels at Wolf's feet.

SHANNON
If this is "chasing the wolf" then
I'm not into it. I don't do
chicks... anymore. And never kids.

WOLF
No, she's my--

LUCY
(Russian accent)
Mailbox Bride. But I play niece
when authority here.

SHANNON
(to Wolf)
You can chase your own wolf,
weirdo. I'm out.

WOLF
Of course you are.

Shannon splits as he calls back to her --

WOLF (CONT'D)
Sapiosexual my ass!

Wolf stink-eyes a smiling Lucy.

LUCY
(takes a bow)
Acting!

WOLF
Like a jerk. I was about to make it
happen.

LUCY
By the smell of you, the only thing
you would've made happen is paying
that hooker in puke.

WOLF
You think I have to pay for it?!
I'm Wol--

Wolf trips onto the couch. Lucy laughs.

WOLF (CONT'D)
--drunk as a boiled owl!

And keeps laughing. Wolf sniffs the air.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Were you smoking grass?

LUCY
Grass?
(laughs)
Shit, you're old.

WOLF

Go to your room! You're *landed*!

LUCY

You mean "grounded?"

WOLF

That too. Hold on- what're you doing here? How'd you get it?

LUCY

Star Maps. And internet sleuthing. And this dump is so old that your windows just open. I coulda Charles Manson'd your ass.

WOLF

I need Dobermans. Well, you can't stay here, I have a lifestyle to live and you're a kid.

LUCY

Your kid.

WOLF

What happened to The Sahara and gettin' your *ged*.

LUCY

"G-E-D."

WOLF

ConGRADuations. Bash will take you back.

Wolf pulls a wad of cash out and goes to give it to her but she rejects it.

LUCY

Uh uh, superguy, I'm old and wise enough to know that this town is all about who you know and I know you and you know everyone, so I'm gonna use you like you used my mom and every other woman you've ever met in this town, so... professional payback is our plan, papa.

WOLF

(impressed)

Damn.

LUCY
(surprised it worked)
Thank you.

WOLF
Mainly on the alliteration. Now go
to bed, daughter.

LUCY
But the Gameshow Network is playing
a "Jeopardy" marathon.

WOLF
Ah shit, you're a "*Trebekie?!?*"

CUT TO:

Wolf and Lucy chat on the couch as an ad plays on TV.

LUCY
Once a week!?

WOLF
You'll learn the industry and meet
folks to network with. Casting
agents, producers, directors--

LUCY
But only once a week?!

WOLF
Just until you graduate. College.

LUCY
College too!?

WOLF
And no yelling. Or grass.

Ugh. Shit. Lucy takes him in.

LUCY
Then no drinking.

WOLF
Of course, you're under-age.

LUCY
Not me, stew.

Ugh. Shit. Wolf takes her in.

WOLF
Deal.

LUCY

Deal.

They shake on it.

WOLF

Starting tomorrow.

Lucy eye-rolls and head-shakes him: Fine.

WOLF (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

"Stew?"

LUCY

What? I know it's an old timey maxim but I read a lot.

WOLF

(sotto)

"Maxim?"

Back from commercial they settle in as an old "Jeopardy" re-run returns from commercial break. (NOTE: This is real footage we found on YouTube.)

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

(reads question)

"This term for a long-handled gardening tool can also mean an immoral pleasure seeker."

SFX: CONTESTANT'S ANSWER BEEP

ALEX TREBEK (V.O.)

Ken.

CONTESTANT KEN (O.S.)

What's a hoe?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

No.

Crowd laughs.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Woah!! They teach you that in school in Utah, huh?

Crowd laughs. Wolf gags, "corny." SFX: CONTESTANT'S BEEP

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Al.

CONTESTANT AL (O.S.)
What's a rake?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)
A rake is right!

WOLF
(pfft)
And you knew it all along cause
you're sooo smart. Asshole.

Wolf tears up watching his old friend.

WOLF (CONT'D)
(sincere/sad)
Legend.

Lucy falls into his shoulder - asleep. Jesus. But ok. Wolf pulls a blanket on her and settles in for more Jeopardy with his daughter. He smiles. Content.

INT. LIBRARY ROOM - WOLF'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Scotch bottle in hand, Wolf enters his library. It's dark, dank and looks unused and un-entered for decades.

It also looks like a shrine to a Hollywood legend - as Wolf takes it all in:

- His many Emmy Awards.
- Photos of him with generations of Hollywood legends.
- A photo of him with Frank Sinatra, together in Las Vegas during one of the first live tapings of "Chasing Wolf".
- Wolf's hands in the cement of his Walk of Fame ceremony when he was a much younger man.
- Wolf takes in four wedding day photos perched side by side of all four of his WIVES over the years. And they're all redheads. Even the black one. Then a happy photo of him with his 8 GROWN SONS under a "Happy New Year 2012!" banner.

Finally - Wolf stops on a **picture of a TEENAGE GIRL** about Lucy's age with a slight resemblance as well. Her hair and clothes are 1980s-styled and **"RIP, My Heart"** is etched at the bottom of the frame. He stares at it, eyes watering, before bucking up and moving on to --

An old filing cabinet. He pulls on a drawer - which doesn't open. He pulls harder - nothing. Pulls harder. Harder-- BOOM! The drawer busts open, sending dusty old papers everywhere.

Wolf ughs, sits on the floor, pours himself a triple and begrudgingly and randomly begins sifting thru the papers, searching for something...

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - BACK STAGE - MORNING

A hung over Wolf enters. Fatima grimaces at Wolf's hangover.

FATIMA
Jesus, Wolf. You look like who did
it and ran. What time you'd go to
sleep?

WOLF
Today.

FATIMA
Great.

Wolf moves past her, but Fatima blocks him.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Where you going?

WOLF
My stage. My show.

FATIMA
Not in your condition.

WOLF
What condition?

FATIMA
Inebriated.

WOLF
I'm straight as an eight, mate.

FATIMA
You can't go on.

WOLF
But I can. And I will.

Wolf waves dusty, old CONTRACT papers from the night before.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Check my contract - as Talent, I'm
under the Frank Sinatra Clause,
meaning if I'm standing I'm
performing. Vegas rules.
(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)

You won't recall because you weren't born yet but this show started in Vegas first - at Caesars Palace. Live.

FATIMA

Bullshit.

WOLF

*Full*shit.

Fatima steams.

FATIMA

Don't fuck with me, Wolf. You have no idea who I am.

WOLF

I don't need to be a piece of shit to know what one smells like.

FATIMA

Wolf, this is--!

As Lucy struts up looking professional and 10 years older, Fatima balks. She hands Wolf a **new iPHONE and takes his old FLIP PHONE**.

LUCY

This is called an iPhone. The app is open and you're live. Now write something not gross or Trumpy?

WOLF

And be funny?

LUCY

Be normal.

Lucy stands there stoic. Wolf stares at her...

WOLF

Credit card..?

Shit. She hands it over. He chuckles.

FATIMA

(re Lucy)

And who's this future Hollywood titan?

WOLF

This is Lucy Napier. Our new
intern. One day a week - after
school.

A beat -- until realizing --

FATIMA

Oh, are you...

WOLF

My daughter.

Fatima tightens. And may be smitten, but not knowing her age.

FATIMA

Hi, Lucy, I'm Fatima Shaheen Mirza -
President of Production for the
studio.

This is when Lucy shows her real acting chops --

LUCY

Nice to meet you, Ms. Mirza. Are
you my father's boss?

FATIMA

Yes.

WOLF

No.

Stalemate.

LUCY

(looks around studio)
Can you show me how all this works,
Ms. Mirza?

FATIMA

"Fatima," please. And of course.

Fatima escorts her away.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

So what do you want to accomplish
here in Hollywood, Lucy?

LUCY

I want to be an actor.

FATIMA

Oh, no you don't.

LUCY

I don't?

FATIMA
No. You want to be me.

LUCY
I do? Why?

FATIMA
So you spit "NOS" not swallow em...

Wolf shares a conspiratorial smile with Lucy who smiles back, until giving her the 2 finger "I'm watching you" gesture.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Especially from men like your dad.

This hits Lucy as she takes in Wolf, who...

Holds his new iPhone like an "old", and we see **twitter** app up. He steels and types: **Stay hungry, folks!** Stares at it. Then he deletes "folks" and thinks... **"Wolf Pack!"** Smiles.

Then he types 4 letters we don't see. Then his thumb holds down the "!" button, hits SEND and we hear the SFX:

HOWL!!!!!!!!!!

Off a satisfied Wolf as a CHYRON pops up on-screen of hundreds of thousands of twitter "followers" immediately racking up, unbeknownst to him --

INT. MAJOR TV STUDIO - "CHASE THE WOLF" STAGE - LATER

CONTESTANT #6 is excited to spin "WOLF'S WHEEL-TAIL"...

WOLF
Anyone you wanna say "hi" to at home, James?

CONTESTANT #6
Yeah! I'd like to say hello to my wife and three kids: Dayja, Mercedes and Eric...

WOLF
That's great. How long you been married?

CONTESTANT #6
Six months.

WOLF
Modern love. Spin that wheel, James!

James spins the wheel.

WOLF (CONT'D)
 Oooh, so sorry. Looks like you bit
 the hand that feeds you, sir.
 Thanks for playing.
 (to camera)
 That's all the time we have for
 today, America. I want to thank you
 here and at home. And a special
 thanks to our new special sponsor:
 "Stallion Energy Drink!"

Wolf holds up a CAN of "STALLION ENERGY DRINK", pops it and
 sips. It's gross and it shows on his face, but he holds it in
 for a few beats...

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (panicked)
 Cut to commercial, Tyler.

Wolf gags, holding it in...

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Tyler!!

Until Wolf SPITS it out on-stage! On live TV! Uh oh.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Come on, Wolf! Dead air!

FATIMA
 (smirks)
 More like dead man. How's my horse
 dick taste, Wolf?

SAMANTHA
 (to Tyler)
 Get off Facefuck and cut to
 commercial, you cunt!

FATIMA
 Strike two, Wolf.

HASAN (O.S.)
 Interesting crew, cousin.

Samantha turns to a PRETTY YOUNG MAN in a slim, stylish suit -
 this is **HASAN KHAN**, 30, a Seacrest clone with a much
 smoother, deeper, hypnotic voice and the poise and charm of a
 Common/Clooney. (Hasan Minaj?)

SAMANTHA
Who the hell are you?

HASAN
Hasan Khan.

Fatima nods towards the monitor displaying Wolf --

FATIMA
The next him.

Fatima & Hasan share a smirk.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
But for now just your next boss as
my new Supervising Producer.

SAMANTHA
(shock)
Supervising--? Oh. Cool.

Hasan extends his hand for a shake.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(eat me)
I don't shake since the plague.

Hasan's suspect but accepts. Moving on --

HASAN
(to Fatima)
Oh, are we still lunching at Polo
Lounge to discuss new prize guys?

FATIMA
And girls!

They fist/hip bump like power suits.

HASAN
Oh, did you hear the bad-good
news..?

FATIMA
What?

Hasan opens "The Hollywood Reporter" app on his phone and
shows her the headline: "VIACOM/CBS CHAIRMAN WES TOONCHES
PASSES AWAY FROM HEART ATTACK."

Fatima smiles. A panicked Samantha darts out of the room and
dials up Wolf's AGENT --

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Josh Goldsilver's office.

SAMANTHA
Clint Wolf calling for Josh...

AGENT ASSISTANT (O.S.)
I'm sorry but I don't have--

SAMANTHA
Put me the fuck through!!

SMASH TO BLACK