

FANDEMONIUM

an original screenplay by

Nicholas Spake

480-330-3950

nspake@asu.edu

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FADE IN:

INT. GARNEY JOHNSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

GARNEY JOHNSON'S vacant room. THE CAMERA explores the area as the opening credits role. Towards the entrance is a life-sized Storm Trooper, which seems to be welcoming people in. Three crowded bookshelves occupy the area. One bookshelf is dedicated solely to comics, DVDs, and video games. Another contains just about every classic video game console in existence. The final bookshelf holds several weapons, including Cloud Strife's Sword from "Final Fantasy VII," the Master Sword from "The Legend of Zelda," and the Keyblade from "Kingdom Hearts." A series of autographed anime posters hang on the walls. On the floor sits a series of She-Hulk comics and rolled-up tissue paper. Garney's desk is occupied with action figures and PEZ dispensers based on characters from various cartoons and movies. Posted on Garney's pushpin bulletin board are several photos of him and his friends dressed up as characters from "The Matrix" and "Star Wars."

Also sitting on the desk is a blue leotard. The door can be heard opening O.S. GARNEY, an eighteen-year-old boy, shuts the door behind him, picks the leotards up off the desk and crosses to the left. We only see him from the neck down.

INT. OUTSIDE GARNEY'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

MRS. JOHNSON, a plump, middle-aged woman with brown hair, eagerly stands outside her son's bedroom door. She knocks several times before speaking.

MRS. JOHNSON
Garney, darling, I need you to give me
a hand out here.

GARNEY (O.S.)
What is it, mommy dearest?

MRS. JOHNSON
I'm trying to scan this picture of us
at the Four Corners to the computer
and it's not working.

GARNEY (O.S.)
Mom, I just showed you how to scan
pictures the other day.

MRS. JOHNSON
I did everything you told me to.

GARNEY (O.S.)
Clearly you didn't. Otherwise wouldn't
be having this intolerable exchange of
dialog.

MRS. JOHNSON
What are you doing in there? Are you
smoking pot?

GARNEY (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Yes, mother. You can totally tell by
all the smoke seeping under the door.

After a moment, Garney swings the door open. Mrs. Johnson
is aghast to find him with his skin crudely painted
yellowish-orange and wearing the blue leotard.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
What is all this?

GARNEY
I'm Lion-O, Leader of the Thundercats!
Given all the Thundercats merchandise
you got me as a kid I'd assume you'd be
familiar with the character.

MRS. JOHNSON
Well what are you dressed up for?

GARNEY
The midnight premiere of the live-
action "Thundercats" movie. It's going
to be the event of the pre-summer
movie season.

MRS. JOHNSON
You said it was at midnight? When are
you coming home?

GARNEY
Like...two probably.

MRS. JOHNSON
Two in the morning! What about school?

GARNEY
I'll just skip it.

MRS. JOHNSON
I'm not letting you throw away that
Perfect Attendance Award.

GARNEY
It's just a gift certificate to Olive
Garden.

MRS. JOHNSON
Think of all the breadsticks and salad
we can stock up on.

GARNEY
Great, I get to be exhausted so we can
eat stale breadsticks for a month.

INT. INSIDE ARLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

ARLENE QUINT, an eighteen-year-old girl with red glasses, drives her Jetta. A yellow wig with polka dots sits on her head, covering her naturally long, black hair. Her skin is painted light-yellow with black, Cheetah-like dots scattered. She wears an orange leotard with a paper Thundercats emblem taped on. While driving, Arlene impatiently holds her cell phone off to the side as somebody jabbers on the other line. After a moment, ARLENE returns to her phone.

ARLENE (ON PHONE)
Okay, mom, I'll get on that...I was
not putting the phone off to the side
...something about how I'd be prettier
if I didn't dye my hair...it was not a
lucky guess...picking up Garney...I'm
going to tell him...I don't know what
he's doing after graduation...he's
never had a job...yes, he's failed his
driver's test three times now. I'm
pulling up to his house now...okay...
uh-huh I hear you but I've got to go
... okay...sure, love you too.

EXT. THE JOHNSON HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Arlene pulls her Jetta up to a rundown house and honks the horn.

INT. THE JOHNSON HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Arlene honks her horn O.S., Garney grabs a red, clown wig and puts it on. He then grabs a heavy metal sword leaning on the wall.

MRS. JOHNSON
But I need help scanning.

GARNEY
Monkeys can accomplish this task, mom.
Are you dumber than a monkey?

MRS. JOHNSON
When it comes to computers I am.

GARNEY
We'll do it when I get home. Bye.

MRS. JOHNSON
Do you have your cell phone?

GARNEY
Yes.

MRS. JOHNSON
Do you have your keys?

GARNEY
Yes.

Garney opens the front door.

MRS. JOHNSON
Oh, do you have your student ID?

Garney SLAMS the front door shut as he exits.

INT. INSIDE ARLENE'S CAR - SECONDS LATER

Garney climbs into the front passenger seat. As he shuts the door, Arlene puts the car into "D" and begins to drive down the road.

ARLENE
Hey, puddin'.

GARNEY

Evening, Arlene, my dear. I'm so glad you got the night off.

ARLENE

So am I. BTW, I also managed to get June 5th off.

GARNEY

What's June 5th?

ARLENE

"Breaking Dawn", of course.

GARNEY

"Breaking Dawn?" I thought that already came out.

ARLENE

No, they split it into two movies. Isn't that great!

GARNEY

Oh joy. Oh rapture. I'm so happy I could kill myself.

ARLENE

Don't lie, you know you love those movies.

GARNEY

Yeah, about as much as I love people who play guitars, people who ride motorcycles and anyone with a Twitter account.

ARLENE

You just described the epitome of douchebaggery. So I was wondering... do you have any plans after graduation?

GARNEY

Me and the guys were thinking about taking a trip to Legoland.

ARLENE

No, I meant what are you doing in terms of college or a career?

GARNEY

Oh. Haven't given that much thought.

Arlene awkwardly smiles in an attempt to hide her concern for her boyfriend.

ARLENE

Haven't applied to any colleges?

GARNEY

I filled out the form for Maricopa Community College. But they said my grades weren't up to their standards.

Arlene nods with an underwhelmed groan.

EXT. OUTSIDE HARKINS THEATERS - NIGHT

THE CAMERA follows a line composed of primarily males that begins at the box office and ends on a sidewalk down the block. Many of the fans have pitched tents and dressed up as Thundercats for the occasion. At the very back of the line stand Garney and Arlene.

GARNEY

Arlene, are you okay? You have that "taking a shit" expression.

ARLENE

Sorry, it's just that... You realize we're graduating in two and a half months, right?

GARNEY

Yeah

ARLENE

Do you have any money saved up?

GARNEY

Not really...

ARLENE

You have no work experience.

GARNEY

Uh-huh.

ARLENE

Do you even know where you're
living next year?

GARNEY

My mom said I could live with her for
as long as I want.

ARLENE

Right, so you have no job, no money,
and you're living with your mom.

For a second it seems like Garney comprehends what Arlene
is trying to say.

GARNEY

Basically... What are you getting at?

Arlene sighs. HAROLD, an overweight teenage boy, approaches Garney and Arlene. He is dressed as Tygra from Thundercats. His costume is extremely elaborate. Actual orange tiger hair appears to be growing out of his face. His Thundercats uniform looks as if a professional has tailored it. To top it all off, he has real tiger paws as gloves. TIM, a short, teenage Asian boy, follows him. He is dressed as Snarf from Thundercats with a Santa beard, red clown nose, and elf ears. The body of the costume is a one-piece dragon-like suit with an extended tail.

HAROLD

Sorry we're late. The parking here is
redonkulous.

Harold observes Garney and Arlene's outfits.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Is that seriously what you guys are
wearing?

GARNEY/ARLENE

Yeah.

HAROLD

Mother of f... fine!

TIM

I still don't see why I have to be
Snarf. What exactly are Snarfs?

HAROLD
Autistic, C-section Thundercats. And
the plural for "Snarf" is "Snarves"
not "Snarfs," dumbass.

GARNEY
I'm going across the street to see if
the new Batman is in.

TIM
You don't need to lie to us, Garney. We
know that you're going to look at the
She-Hulk comics.

GARNEY
Screw you, Tim. Anybody want to come?

ARLENE
Sure.

Garney heads across the street with his arm around Arlene.
Harold turns to Tim as they maintain their place in line.

HAROLD
So did you hear "Jackie Chinaman: Kung
Fu Kid" is getting released on Blu-ray
in November?

TIM
I thought I told you to never mention
that movie in front of me.

HAROLD
Come on, Tim. Stop running from your
former life as a child star.

TIM
I wasn't a star. I was in one movie!

HAROLD
"Jackie Chinaman: Kung Fu Kid." *He's
Legendary. He's Invincible. He's...
only in elementary school.*

TIM
I've put that life behind me. I'm
through with people asking me to say...
that insufferable catchphrase.

HAROLD

You mean, "Wassup, my Ninja!"

TIM

Never again!

KIRBY, a skinny teenage boy with glasses and braces, walks up behind Tim and Harold. Kirby has his skin painted orange and hair dyed with orange and black stripes. Instead of wearing a costume, KIRBY simply wears jeans and a hoodie. Harold observes Kirby's costume and angrily stares him down. All the while Kirby obviously smiles.

KIRBY

Hi, guys. I'm so excited to...

HAROLD

Kirby, God damn-it!

KIRBY

What? What is it?

HAROLD

Who are you dressed as, Kirby?

KIRBY

Um, I'm Tygra.

HAROLD

No, I'm Tygra! You were supposed to be Pumyra. We discussed this.

KIRBY

Oh, I thought you were joking. Pumyra's a girl after all.

HAROLD

People love a man in drag. Did you see the "Big Mamma's House" trilogy?

TIM

Seriously, they made three of those?

HAROLD

Go change, Kirby.

KIRBY

Change? Into what?

HAROLD
A Pumyra costume!

KIRBY
I don't have a Pumyra costume. Why do I have to change?

HAROLD
I woke up at five a.m. and spent ten hours applying this makeup! It took me six months to design this costume. I can't help but shake the feeling that your costume is composed of crap you found around your house. How are we supposed to win the group costume contest with a Tygra that looks like Garfield after being shit out by a cast member of "Cats?" Fine. We'll run to the Circle K down the street, wrap you with some toilet paper and you'll be Mumm-ra.

KIRBY
But Harold, I...

Harold grabs Kirby by the arm and pulls him down the street. The GUY standing in front of Tim turns around.

GUY IN LINE
Hi, I overheard you and your friend.
Are you really Jackie Chinaman?

TIM
(groaning)
Christ on a stick! Yes, I was him!

GUY IN LINE
I know that you just said that you disowned the movie. But could you please show me how you did that one move where you leap across the room and kick that bad guy in the balls?

TIM
That was all done with wires and stuntmen. I don't actually know Kung Fu.

GUY IN LINE
(disappointed)
Really? Well that kind of bums me out.

TIM
Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

INT. ATOMIC COMICS - CONTINUOUS

Arlene looks through a series of Manga books in the back. Garney approaches the checkout desk where a morbidly obese man named GABE resides. Garney approaches the front desk, carrying a Batman comic and another comic under it. Garney notices a poster on the back wall that reads, "DC COMICS MAKE YOUR OWN COMIC CONTEST."

GARNEY
Say, Gabe, what's this comic contest?

GABE
It figures that you are the last to hear, my oblivious friend. At this year's local Comic-Con, DC is having a contest where people get to write and draw an original comic. Whoever wins gets their work published and a one year internship working at DC Comics.

GARNEY
Oh, that does sound pretty cool. Are you entering?

GABE
No. Unfortunately I cannot attend Comic-Con this year. My stupid mother is making me accompany her on a cruise to Mexico.

GARNEY
You still go on trips with your mom?

GABE
I still live with my mom.

Garney's eyebrow raises, finally realizing what Arlene was trying to say earlier.

GARNEY

Gabe, what did you do before you
worked here?

GABE

Nothing. I started off as a low-level
employee when I was fifteen. Now look
at me. I'm forty-five years old and I
manage the place.

Garney whimpers in despair. Gabe retrieves the Batman comic
from Garney.

GABE (CONT'D)

Will this be all?

GARNEY

What? Yeah and um... throw this in
there too.

Garney slides a She-Hulk comic over to Gabe, ashamed.

GABE

Oh, I see.

Gabe rings up the two comics while Garney reaches into the
crotch of his leotard and pulls out his wallet.

EXT. ATOMIC COMICS - MOMENTS LATER

Garney exits the shop, carrying a bag of comics. Arlene
follows him. Garney's eyes are widened with a blank
expression on his face.

ARLENE

Garney, what's wrong? I haven't seen
that look since they canceled
"Spectacular Spider-Man."

GARNEY

I just realized, I am going to end up
living with my Mom for the rest of my
life.

Arlene stops in her tracks with an expression of relief.

ARLENE

Yes! Finally it gets through your head!
How did you let this happen?

GARNEY

Don't know. I guess between the live-action "300" movie, "Halo 3", the seventh "Harry Potter" book, "Lost", "Iron Man", "Super Mario Galaxy", "Revenge of the Sith", "Battlestar Galactica", "Rock Band", "The Dark Knight", and all my favorite animated series from my youth becoming available on convenient DVD box sets, I got distracted.

ARLENE

There, there, puddin'. Just because you couldn't get into a community college with a Mexican name doesn't mean that you're screwed for life. Why don't you go see the school counselor tomorrow? She helped me get that internship with the newspaper. I'm sure she could help you get your act together.

GARNEY

(calming down)

Okay. Thanks for soothing me. You're like the pod race in "Phantom Menace." Providing something optimistic and reassuring in the midst of utter discouragement.

ARLENE

Oh, Garney.

Garney and Arlene lean in and kiss each other. They look up to see people towards the front of the line at the theater begin to disperse in disappointment. Arlene and Garney rush across the street where Tim stands alone. Harold and Kirby, now wrapped in toilet paper, shortly join them.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Hey, what gives?

TIM

They sold out.

HAROLD

What! Unacceptable!

Harold charges towards the box office. Garney, Arlene, Kirby, and Tim follow Harold, who taps the box office window. Behind the window stands a twenty-something-year-old movie theater attendant named MARK.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Hey. How are you? Good? Good! The word is that you sold out the midnight screening of "Thundercats."

MARK

Yeah, we did. Sorry.

HAROLD

Well do you think you could just slip five extra tickets over to the other side of the window? That would be real peachy keen of you.

MARK

I apologize, sir. But we're really sold out.

HAROLD

Listen Mr... Mark, perhaps you don't know who I am. Ever hear of the guy who saw "Scott Pilgrim" 87 times?

MARK

No.

HAROLD

You're looking at him. That's \$870 I donated to your theater. I could have spent that money on building a life and family like my grandmother told me to do on her death bed. But I spent it here. As I see it, you people owe me some compensation.

MARK

I can offer you a half-priced ticket to another movie.

KIRBY

"Sex and the City 3" is out.

HAROLD

Shut up, Kirby! Nobody gives a rat's ass about Cynthia Nixon! Look, Mark, I've been having a terrible day... My bastard friend, Kirby, dressed up as Tygra, which we all agreed I would dress up as. I guess you could say he tried to steal my thunder.

TIM

(mocking Harold's pun)

Boo!

HAROLD

You gave those kids tickets. Look at their costumes.

Harold points to two little kids wearing Thundercats costumes that were purchased from a Halloween store.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

They obviously just bought them at the costume palace. My sweat and blood went into this costume. Plus they're dressed as the Thundercats from the Cartoon Network reboot. We're hardcore retro Thundercats! We've been waiting longer for this movie than they have. And I refuse to relinquish my post until you grant me five tickets...four actually. I don't much care about Kirby.

MARK

I'm sorry. But the answer is no.

HAROLD

Fine. But I think the readers of my blog will be interested to know that you turned away a celebrity.

MARK

Seeing "Scott Pilgrim" 85 times hardly grants you celebrity status.

HAROLD

It was 87 times and I wasn't talking about me. I was talking about him.

Harold points at Tim.

MARK
Who's he?

TIM
Harold, please don't.

HAROLD
Jackie Chinaman: Kung Fu Kid.

MARK
No he's not.

HAROLD
Oh, but he is.

MARK
If he's Jackie Chinaman, Say "Wassup,
my Ninja."

HAROLD
Well go on, Tim, say it.

Everybody stares at Tim, who is under an enormous amount of pressure. After a few reluctant moments, he attempts to utter the words. He simply cannot say them out loud though.

INT. "SEX AND THE CITY 3" SCREENING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Garney, Arlene, Tim, Harold, and Kirby sit in an empty movie theater. Harold looks especially peeved as he slowly eats from a bucket of popcorn. "Sex and the City 3" plays in front of them we never sees the screen.

MR. BIG (O.S.)
Just remember, Carrie, no matter how many times I hurt you, you will always come back to me.

HAROLD
Well you've really done it this time.
You've ruined my life.

TIM
Hey, I tried to say the line. But the memories are too painful.

KIRBY

I don't know, guys. This movie is actually pretty good.

HAROLD

Kirby, I'll murder you in your sleep.

A man in a flasher coat with his face painted like a cat enters the theater and sits next to Garney.

GARNEY

You couldn't get into Thundercats, either?

The FLASHER sends Garney a confused glare.

FLASHER

What's Thundercats?

Garney vigilantly moves away from the Flasher and closer to Arlene. A ring goes off and Tim pulls out his iPhone.

TIM

Hey guys, the Thundercats movie just finished downloading. Want to watch?

HAROLD

(sigh)

I guess it's better than nothing.

The five begin to get out of their chairs and head out the exit.

KIRBY

This movie is going to rock! I haven't been so excited since I saw "Matrix Revolutions".

INT. HAROLD'S JEEP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Garney, Harold, Arlene, Tim, and Kirby sit in the jeep with the iPhone sticking up on the dashboard. They all look fiercely underwhelmed as the movie ends.

KIRBY

I haven't been so disappointed since I saw "The Matrix Revolutions."

TIM

Is it possible that our judgment was clouded because we were watching it on such a small...

GARNEY

No, that was just crap.

HAROLD

The Thundercats have been crucified and hung out to dry.

The five just sit in silence for a moment.

GARNEY

We're still seeing it again though, right?

TIM

Oh definitely.

HAROLD

At least another three times.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Garney exits the guidance counselor's office into a crowded school hallway. He appears as if his heart has just been ripped out. He gazes up to see Kirby and Tim hanging flyers on the wall that reads, "Come and see Fruit Salad Perform in the Black Hole this Saturday at 9:00 pm!"

KIRBY

Hey, Garney. Coming to see my band play on Saturday?

GARNEY

Yeah, sure.

KIRBY

Why the long face, old pall? Did you just watch "Click?"

GARNEY

I saw the guidance counselor and she told me the only thing I was qualified to do with my life was... working for the Geek Squad.

KIRBY
So, what's wrong with that?

GARNEY
What's wrong with that!? We look to the Geek Squad like they're saints who can solve all our technical problems. But then they charge us 50 bucks for a diagnosis only to learn we need to pay another 200 bucks for a new hard drive. They're false profits.

TIM
yeah, I guess you're right. They are the worst people on the planet.

Harold exits out of a nearby classroom and joins Kirby, Tim and Garney.

HAROLD
Hey noobs, what's going on?

TIM
Garney just realized he has nothing to contribute to society.

HAROLD
That sucks. Listen, I can't give you guys rides home today. I have after school detention.

KIRBY
What did you do this time?

HAROLD
According to Ms. Dalton, this poem I wrote isn't "school appropriate."

Harold hands Garney a piece of paper full of red marks. Garney reads the paper out loud with Kirby and Tim reading over his shoulder.

GARNEY
"Christopher Nolan's Batman movies were exceptional. Tim Burton's were visually enchanting needless to say. But Joel Schumacher's Batman & Robin, man that movie was--"

TIM
"Totally gay!" Dude!

GARNEY
"This pile of bat guano flames from the get go as the camera zooms in on the dynamic duo's tight butts. The only thing that would have made this scene gayer is they'd zoomed in on their nuts." That's not half bad. Well I'll see you guys later. I'm late for that sex ed assembly.

Garney hands the paper back to Harold as he departs.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Garney sits in auditorium with a series of other unenthusiastic students. On the stage stands a short, skinny black man with a microphone. His name is STEVE. Garney sketches in a composition note book while Steve rambles.

STEVE
Hello students. How we all doing?

Everybody groans under their breath.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I can't hear you!

Everybody groans again at the same voice level.

STEVE (CONT'D)
That's more like it. Now today...

As Steve talks, Arlene enters from the back of the room. She cautiously sneaks in and sits next to Garney.

ARLENE
Hey, Garney, how'd it go?

GARNEY
She said I wasn't qualified to do anything.

ARLENE
She said those exact words?

GARNEY

She might as well have. I have no future. And I can't handle living with my mother for the rest of my life. She never takes down the Christmas tree. She lets it sit in the living room all year long.

ARLENE

Get a hold of yourself.

Arlene slaps Garney across the face.

GARNEY

Ow! Arlene, what the hell?

ARLENE

Sorry, I was in the moment. Let's just think. What are your skills?

GARNEY

Well... I'm the "Ghostbusters" trivia state champ and I once found two Cheez-Its fused together.

Arlene notices Garney's sketchbook.

ARLENE

What about your drawings?

GARNEY

There's no profit in my drawings.

ARLENE

Are you kidding? These look like they were done by a professional. That one naked picture of She-Hulk wearing the heart of the ocean was phenomenal.

GARNEY

Did you go through the shoebox under my bed?

ARLENE

Yes, I saw everything. But if you just put a portfolio together...

GARNEY

Wait, hold up a sec.

Garney unzips his backpack and pulls out a Batman comic. On the back reads an advertisement for the comic book contest.

GARNEY (CONT'D)
Gabe told me about this comic book
contest last night. If I win I get an
internship with DC comics.

ARLENE
This is it! You need to enter.

GARNEY
Yeah, but the internship would be at
DC headquarters. That's in New York.
New Yorkers are assholes.

ARLENE
Garney, now's as good a time to tell
you than ever. I got a creative
writing scholarship to Columbia
University and I'm taking it.

GARNEY
(exclaiming loudly)
What!

Garney accidentally gets the attention of everybody in the auditorium. Steve turns to Garney in frustration. Garney looks embarrassed.

STEVE
Am I boring you, son?

GARNEY
No, sir.

STEVE
Oh really? Then what was I just
talking about?

GARNEY
(scrambling)
... You were saying how jacking off is
a disease and if we do it we'll become
addicted...

STEVE
That was a lucky guess. I've got my
eyes on you, boy!

Steve returns to his ineffective lecture. Garney turns back to Arlene.

GARNEY
You're moving to New York!?

ARLENE
Yes. Look, whatever happens I want us to stay together. But lord knows that long distance relationships rarely work. If we were both living in the same state...

GARNEY
I'm entering the contest.

ARLENE
So you can be with me or because you want the internship?

GARNEY
It's a win-win situation.

Arlene reaches over to Garney and kisses him. Steve notices the two in the audience and points to them.

STEVE
HEY! Stop that!

Arlene and Garney pull away from each other, embarrassed.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Have you even been listening to me?
That's the first step to getting her preggers!

GARNEY
Sorry, Mr. Rapier.

STEVE
My name is not Mr. Rapier. It's Mr. Rapist!

GARNEY
Okay, Mr. Rapist. Sorry.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Arlene and Garney lie in a bed with black covers, making out. Arlene suddenly pulls away from Garney.

ARLENE
Wait, hold on.

Arlene climbs off the bed and rushes into her closet.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
Why don't we do some role-playing?

GARNEY
Oh kinky. What'd you have in mind?

Arlene yanks out a muscle suit and a Taylor Lautner mask.

ARLENE
I'm Bella Swan and you're Jacob.

Arlene throws the mask and muscle suit to Garney.

GARNEY
I thought she ends up with Edward.

ARLENE
If I wanted a guy who never bathes,
I'd seduce the homeless guy living
outside Burger King.

GARNEY
... Okay whatever.

Garney puts on the suit and mask while Arlene hops back on the bed.

ARLENE
Alright, imprint me!

Arlene climbs onto Garney and they continue their make out session. As they kiss, Garney's eyes wander to a Taylor Lautner poster hanging on the wall. The poster almost seems to be looking at Garney. Garney tries to avoid eye contact with the poster, but cannot look away. He closes his eyes as he kisses Arlene.

INT. GARNEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Garney sits at the kitchen table with Mrs. Johnson, eating undercooked frozen dinners.

GARNEY
So if I win, I'll get to work for DC Comics in New York.

MRS. JOHNSON

Well good for you, Garney. If you win though, I better show you how to do a couple of things.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

Like what?

MRS. JOHNSON

Like how to eat with a fork.

Garney observes the fork in his hand, which he holds with a fist.

GARNEY

Nobody gives a crap about my fork handling abilities.

MRS. JOHNSON

You eat like a barbarian retard. What about food? You couldn't pour cereal into a bowl until you were eight.

GARNEY

I think I can manage heating up a frozen dinner as you do every night.

MRS. JOHNSON

What about how to use a vacuum?

GARNEY

I know how to use a vacuum.

MRS. JOHNSON

You've never used a vacuum in your life.

GARNEY

I'll live in my own filth. Not all of us are OCD.

MRS. JOHNSON

I'm not obsessive-compulsive. I just like my house clean. What about laundry, and how to pay bills, and how save money on groceries with coupons? Not to mention your lack of a driver's license.

GARNEY

Okay, okay. I get it.

MRS. JOHNSON

We'll work on some of those things
after dinner. Right after you help
me scan some papers.

GARNEY

And while you're at it you might as
well take down the Christmas tree.

Garney points to the Christmas tree, which is sitting in
the next room.

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh I don't know, Garney. It's already
March. Pretty soon it will be May and
Summer always goes by fast. Then it
will be October, November, and then
BAM, Christmas.

GARNEY

And you claim that I procrastinate.

INT. HAROLD'S JEEP - NIGHT

Harold drives his jeep through the downtown area with
Garney in the front passenger's seat and Tim in the back.

HAROLD

So Ms. Dalton might have won this
round. But we'll see who's licking
who's dick hole when my poem gets
published in the New Yorker.

GARNEY

Harold, that thing will never get
published. It's too offensive.

HAROLD

It's not like the poem is saying that
homosexuality is wrong. It's just
saying that if movies had sexual
preferences, "Batman & Robin" would
flame like a turd on fire.

TIM

You keep going up against people that you're never going to beat. Like when you campaigned to get "Firefly" back on TV, or when you tried to get "The Dark Knight" a Best Picture nomination.

HAROLD

I would have succeeded if Stephen Daldry and Harvey Weinstein hadn't sucked the cock of every Academy member. Arlene coming tonight?

GARNEY

Yeah and she's bringing a friend.

HAROLD

What! Oh goddamn-it.

GARNEY

What's the matter?

HAROLD

I can't stand any of Arlene's friends. Remember the last time she brought that one girl, what was her name?

GARNEY

Tessa? What was wrong with her?

HAROLD

She was an idiot. You know how I feel about idiots.

GARNEY

She was not an idiot.

HAROLD

She's never seen any of the "Star Wars" movies. In my eyes that constitutes a grade-A dumbass. Then when I told her to check out the original trilogy she said, "Shouldn't I watch episodes one through three first so I don't get lost?" She is the reason why people murder other people. So stupid!

INT. THE BLACK HOLE SLUB - NIGHT

Garney, Tim, and Harold sit on one side of a booth. On the other side of the booth is Arlene and WENDY, a big nosed, dumpy girl with thick glasses. Garney and Arlene are engaged in a conversation while Harold, Tim and Wendy are left on the sidelines. Wendy finally decides to break the awkward silence and speaks.

WENDY
Do you guys like "Harry Potter?"

TIM
Who doesn't?

HAROLD
I don't. Always been more of a "Lord
of the Rings" guy."

Awkward silence.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
So did you hear? The Fantastic Four
are the Fantastic Three now. That's
pretty retarded, huh?

WENDY
I don't really read comic books. I
saw the two movies though. Chris
Evans is so funny.

HAROLD
(groaning)
Uh-huh.

TIM
You like superhero movies?

WENDY
Sure.

HAROLD
What are your thoughts on the direction
Christopher Nolan has taken with the
Batman franchise.

WENDY
I can't watch those ones. Too scary. I
did enjoy the one with Governor
Schwarzenegger as Mr. Freeze though.
That one's my fav.

Harold punches Garney in the arm. Garney lets out an "Ow!"

HAROLD
(not really sorry)
Oh sorry, Garney. My bad.

GARNEY
Harold, what the hell!

Arlene notices that Harold feels neglected and decides to include him in the conversation.

ARLENE
So, Harold, what have you been up to?

HAROLD
Not much. I submitted a poem to The New Yorker.

ARLENE
Coolness. Speaking of New York, I'm moving there at the end of the summer to go to Columbia University.

HAROLD
Really? Didn't know that.

ARLENE
Yeah. And if Garney wins this contest that DC Comics is having he's moving there too.

HAROLD
Wait, what?

WENDY
That sounds really cool.

HAROLD
No, piss off, Wendy. You're not a part of this.

The tapping of a microphone interrupts him. PAN to the stage where Kirby, a long-haired, base guitar player named AARON, a Mexican keyboard player named CHRIS, and a skinny drummer named GRADEY reside. They all wear matching button-down shirts and ties.

KIRBY

Hello, we are Fruit Salad. Inspired by Michael Bay's new Thundercats movie, we'd like to play a number we wrote about all the disappointing live-action adaptations of beloved childhood cartoons. We all...

Aaron taps Kirby on the shoulder before he can finish.

AARON

(whispering)

Say, Kirby... hey!

Kirby turns to Aaron with a WTF expression. He puts his hand over the microphone so the audience can't hear them.

KIRBY

What?

AARON

Chris and I watched that live-action "Dragon Ball" movie last night and it royally raped the original series.

KIRBY

So?

AARON

Lets add a verse about it.

KIRBY

What? No!

AARON

Why not?

PAN to the audience, who all look at each other in bewilderment as Kirby and Aaron bicker.

KIRBY (O.S.)

We're on stage! It's too late!

AARON (O.S.)

We'll just improvise the verse.

KIRBY (O.S.)

Improvise? Are you crazy?

AARON (O.S.)
They cut the dragon balls off my
youth, man!

KIRBY (O.S.)
You should've said something when we
wrote the song!

AARON (O.S.)
I hadn't seen that abortion of a movie
yet!

Pan back to Kirby and the band on stage.

KIRBY
No, no, no. The song is written.

AARON
But...

Kirby pushes Aaron aside and removes his hand from the microphone. He commences the song, "They Ruined My Childhood."

KIRBY
REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ALL YOUNG BOYS.
WE'D WAKE UP EVERY SATURDAY MORNING TO
WATCH CARTOONS AND PLAY WITH TOYS.

AARON
"TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES."

KIRBY
"TRANSFORMERS."

CHRIS
"G.I. JOE."

ALL
OH! HOW COULD WE FORGET THEM. WE
LOVED THEM ALL. BUT THE LIVE-ACTION
MOVIES. MAN DID THEY SUCK BALLS.

Kirby takes center stage.

KIRBY
BACK IN 1990 NINJA TURTLES WERE THE
SHIT. FOUR MUTANT TEENAGERS WITHOUT A
HINT OF WIT. THERE WAS RAPHAEL, A
PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE DICK...

Pan back to Garney, Harold, Arlene, Wendy and Tim who continue their conversation over the band's music.

ARLENE

Look, it's a great opportunity for Garney.

GARNEY

Yeah, and I don't want to become one of those grown men that wear a bathrobe and sit around eating Cookie Crisp mixed with chocolate milk all day.

HAROLD

Why not? That sounds awesome!

ARLENE

Isn't there anything you've always wanted to do with your life, Harold?

HAROLD

I always wanted to watch the entire "Lord of the Rings" trilogy in one day. And not the pussy three hour versions. The extended cuts.

GARNEY

No. She means haven't you ever longed for more?

HAROLD

Longed for more? What am I, a Disney princess? I can't believe you guys would just move to New York and abandon me, Tim and Kirby?

TIM

Actually, I got into University of Arizona. I have an interview with the head of the chemistry department tomorrow.

HAROLD

What!?

WENDY

Oh congratulations.

HAROLD

Shut up, Wendy! So the only asshole
I'm going to have left to hang out
with is Kirby?

TIM

Of course not... he got into U or A
too on a music scholarship. We're
all leaving you.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

By God, it's like I'm out to dinner
with Judas, Lando Calrissian, Fredo,
Saruman, that android from "Aliens,"
and half of the Bond women!

WENDY

Don't forget Peter Pettigrew!

GARNEY

Do you have any intention of ever
getting a job, Harold?

HAROLD

I have a job. I manage a website
where I discuss the state of cinema.

TIM

You're favorite movie is "The Boondock
Saints!"

HAROLD

Hey, that movie epitomizes filmmaking
at its finest.

TIM

It's Tarantino for retard.

Garney tries to calm everyone down.

GARNEY

Guys, come on! Keep in mind that
there's a strong possibility that
I won't win the contest.

HAROLD

And if you do win?

GARNEY
Then I'm moving to New York.

Nobody says anything. They all return to watching the band play. Harold taps Garney on the shoulder and whispers to him.

Pan back to the band on stage as they finish their number.

ALL
OH WHAT WE WOULD GIVE TO BE TEN AGAIN.
PRECIOUS MEMORIES ARE ALL THAT REMAIN.
WE'VE TRIED TO FORGET THE MOVIES. BUT
IT'S NO USE. THEY'VE TAKEN OUR HEROES
AND HUNG THEM BY A NOOSE.

A NINJA TURTLE, an ARMY MAN, and an AUTOBOT are all dropped from above, hung by nooses. Each band member simultaneously performs the sign of the cross.

ALL (CONT'D)
WE'RE ALL SCARED FOR GOOD. THEY
RUINED OUR CHILDHOODS.

The song ends and the audience APPLAUDS.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF Arizona - ESTABLISHING
INT. PROFESSOR GOLDBLUM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim, wearing a button-down shirt and tie, sits before the head of the University of Arizona's chemistry department in San Francisco, PROFESSOR GOLDBLUM. Goldblum sits at his desk, going over Tim's resume and several other documents. Tim appears both nervous and jazzed at the same time.

GOLDBLUM
Well I have to admit, Mr. Wong, your background is quite impressive. A 4.0 grade point average and you're team came in first in last year's Chemistry Olympiad. You know, I'm not supposed to say anything until I've seen all the applicants, but I think it's safe to say that you have a bright future here.

Tim hops out of his seat, grabs Goldblum's hand, and excitedly shakes it.

TIM

Really? Oh thank you so much,
Professor Goldblum.

GOLDBLUM

The pleasure is all mine, Mr. Wong...
I'm sorry, you're first name escapes
me.

TIM

Timothy, Timothy Wong.

GOLDBLUM

Timothy Wong... that sounds familiar.
Have we met?

TIM

No.

GOLDBLUM

Strange, that name just... wait.

Goldblum shifts to his laptop and types "TIM WONG" into a search engine. Tim braces himself, knowing that his secret is about to be revealed.

GOLDBLUM (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You're the kid from
"Jackie Chinaman: Kung Fu Kid!"
Jackie Chinaman in my office...
hold on a second.

Goldblum, overjoyed, jumps out of his chair and opens his door. All the while, Tim sinks back into his chair in despair.

GOLDBLUM (CONT'D)

Hey, Brundle, get your ass in here.

Another Professor named BRUNDEL, rushes into Goldblum's office.

BRUNDEL

What? What is it? Did they find a
cure for cancer?

GOLDBLUM

Even better. Look.

Goldblum points Brundle's attention to Tim. Brundle is confused to who TIM is supposed to be.

GOLDBLUM (CONT'D)
It's Jackie Chinaman!

BRINDLE
Kung Fu Kid, oh my yes!

Brundle approaches Tim and bows to him.

BRUNDLE
It's an honor to meet you, Mr.
Chinaman. You were fantastic in
that movie and in "Temple of Doom."

TIM
(underwhelmed)
Wasn't in "Temple of Doom."

Brundle pulls his cell phone out of his pocket. He then puts his arm around arm around Tim, smiles, and takes a picture of them together.

BRUNDLE
I've got that screensaver of the month contest in the bag now. That picture Professor Anderson has of his dog dressed as Lady Gaga doesn't have shit on this bad baby.

GOLDBLUM
Are you sure you want to be in the Chemistry Department and not in the Theatre Department?

TIM
Believe me, I'm sure.

GOLDBLUM
Well it's their loss and our gain.
Could you do just one thing for us?
Say the line.

Tim sits there for a moment, pretending to not know what Goldblum is talking about.

TIM
... What line?

GOLDBLUM
Come on, you know.

BRUNDLE
"Wassup, my ninja!"

Tim sits in chair with his lips sealed shut and eyes widened in panic.

GOLDBLUM
Well come on, Jackie boy. You wouldn't want to disappoint us?

Tim opens his mouth as he attempts to speak, but cannot say the words. Tim then completely freezes with his mouth gaped open. Goldblum and Brundle give each other baffled expressions.

GOLDBLUM (CONT'D)
Mr. Wong?

Goldblum snaps his fingers in front of Tim's eyes. Tim doesn't even blink. He just sits there like a stone statue. Blood gradually begins to run down his nose.

INT. HAROLD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tim lies face down on Harold's bed in a state of despair. Kirby sits by Tim's side, patting him on the head. Harold sits at his desk, playing World of Warcraft on his PC, wearing a pair of elf ears.

TIM
(sobbing)
I literally sat there, frozen, for fifteen minutes! I haven't been so embarrassed since I was five and I pissed myself while watching "It"!

HAROLD
(focused on his game)
You were frightened by Steven King's "It"? Damn, Tim, you suck.

KIRBY
What happened after you snapped out of it?

TIM
(still sobbing)
I got up, said nothing, and walked out
the door. They must have thought I was
some sort of psychopath!

Tim rolls onto his back and stares at the ceiling.

TIM (CONT'D)
You know when Mr. Spock died? I always
thought that would be the saddest day
of my life. But this is like that day
times... four!

Harold pauses his game and spins around in his chair.

HAROLD
Look on the bright side, Tim. Now that
your life has gone to shit you can
hang out with me everyday.

Tim presses a pillow over his head and lets out a groan.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Come on. It'll be fun. We can watch
the complete first season of "The
Cape" together.

TIM
"The Cape" was the queerest thing of
all time! God just kill me now!

KIRBY
Don't say that, Tim. Look, I have
something that might lift your spirits.

Kirby reaches for his backpack on the floor and pulls two
tickets out of the front pocket. Tim removes the pillow
from his face and instantly lightens up at the sight of the
tickets.

TIM
Holy Lara, mother of Kal-El!

KIRBY
I got us all tickets to Phoenix
Comic-Con.

Harold jumps out of his chair and snatches one of the
tickets out of Kirby's hand.

HAROLD

Wow, Kirby, this totally make up for all the gift certificates you got me for my birthdays. Now I actually sense that you know something about my tastes.

KIRBY

What about that hot air balloon ride I took you on with the violinist?

HAROLD

That was just weird and kind of scarred me for life a little.

Kirby hands the other ticket to Tim, who mildly smiles.

KIRBY

Are Garney and Arlene coming over tonight? I got them tickets too.

HAROLD

(sitting back in chair)

No, they're off stabbing me in the back. How'd you get these tickets anyways? They don't go on sale until next week.

KIRBY

I know one of the guys in charge of Comic-Con and managed to score a couple extra tickets. I also rented a booth for my band to sell our CDs. Except I'm going to end up burning all the CDs and working the booth while Chris and Aaron contribute nothing.

HAROLD

Who the hell are Chris and Aaron?

KIRBY

They're in my band. You've met them on several different occasions.

Harold looks at Kirby with a blank expression.

HAROLD

No... I don't think so...

KIRBY

They've really been slacking off ever since they were seduced by the same drug that screwed up John Lennon.

HAROLD

They're addicted to LSD?

KIRBY

No, Japanese culture.

TIM

What's wrong with that?

KIRBY

They take it to an unhealthy extreme. When I referred to Manga as a comic book, they chucked a wine cooler at me.

TIM

What about your drummer?

KIRBY

Gradey? Oh he's on sick leave. A spider crawled up his nose and laid eggs in his brain.

TIM

Again?

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garney's pushpin bulletin board is now covered with various concept sketches. Arlene and Garney are lying on the bed. They cuddle as they look over some rough sketches.

ARLENE

This is really good for a rough draft, Garney. You didn't just rip the story off from somewhere?

GARNEY

No, it's all my vision.

ARLENE

Well you've been working hard. What do you say I clear your mind?

Arlene reaches over to her backpack and pulls out the Taylor Lautner mask. Garney appears displeased.

GARNEY
So you just carry that around now?

ARLENE
yep.

Garney rolls off the bed and stands up.

GARNEY
Arlene, we need to talk.

ARLENE
What? What is it?

GARNEY
It's the role-playing. It feels like you're using me as a vessel to live out your sexual fantasies. Not just the Jacob and Bella fantasy. But last week when we were fooling around and you had me dress up like Ash Ketchum from "Pokemon" and you were Misty.

ARLENE
What are you saying?

GARNEY
Arlene, you're a shipper.

Arlene stares at Garney in confusion for a moment.

ARLENE
... someone who transports cargo?

GARNEY
No. Somebody who obsesses over the relationships of fictional characters.

ARLENE
That's ridiculous. I do not.

GARNEY
Then explain that fake ending to "Twilight" you wrote with the wedding between Bella and Jacob? Last month when you had me dress up as Prince Eric, were you thinking of me?

ARLENE
Of course... now put on the mask.

GARNEY
No, I hate "Twilight!" I hate, I
hate it, hate it!

ARLENE
Oh Garney, you're just lucky that
you're not at the MTV Movie Awards.

GARNEY
If you stripped away Taylor Lautner's
perfect abs and Robert Butthole's
untamed hairdo you'd see there's
nothing to that series.

Arlene climbs out of bed and approaches Garney.

ARLENE
Don't mock my darling Jacob Black!

GARNEY
He's not *your* darling Jacob. He's
not real.

ARLENE
Neither is C3PO.

GARNEY
Oh that's cold, Arlene. Real cold.
I'm sick of being second banana to a
wolf boy who doesn't even exist.

ARLENE
You're one to talk, drawing pictures
of naked She-Hulk.

GARNEY
I'll have you know that Captain James
T. Kirk had a green woman fetish and
he solved all the problems in the
universe! Who do you think is hotter?
Me or Jacob?

ARLENE
You're not a Jacob. You're a Mike.

GARNEY

Mike, you're giving me Mike!? He's not even good enough to be Bella's consolation prize! Look, Arlene, I love you. But we need to do something about this shipping thing.

ARLENE

What did you have in mind?

Garney approaches his desk, picks up a brochure, and hands it to Arlene. Arlene reads the headline.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

A shippers' support group? Is this... this is fake, right?

GARNEY

No, they're doing it at Comic-Con.

ARLENE

Garney, I don't need this.

GARNEY

Fine. Then as Edward said to Bella, "This is the last time you will ever see me!"

Garney storms into his closet and shuts the door.

ARLENE

Garney, this is your room... and you just walked into a closet. Look if it means that much to you, I'll go to this stupid meeting.

Garney bursts out of the closet.

GARNEY

You will? Oh thank you, Arlene. Now can you just do me another favor?

ARLENE

Shoot.

GARNEY

I know this is way down the line for us, but if we were to ever have a kid and it was a boy, we cannot name him Jacob!

ARLENE

Okay.

GARNEY

And if it's a girl, her name can't
be Bella.

ARLENE

I'm totally cool with that.

GARNEY

Or Isabella.

ARLENE

Oh come on, Garney. Why don't you
just cut off my balls!

GARNEY

How about a compromise? You like
"The Hunger Games." We could name
her Katniss.

ARLENE

Katniss is the ugliest name ever!
Lets just get back to making out.

Arlene takes Garney by the hand and leads him back to bed.

GARNEY

Without the Jacob mask.

ARLENE

Yes, without the mask.

GARNEY

If you want something to put you in
the mood, I got "Edward Penishands."

ARLENE

No thanks.

PAN to the calendar hanging on the wall over the
nightstand. The calendar is marked on May 2nd. This leads
into...

CLASSIC CALENDAR MONTAGE

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, MAY 20TH - NIGHT

Garney painstakingly works on his comic, hunched over at his desk with a pencil clutched in his right hand. He appears to be in a trance that nobody can bring him out of. Garney's cell phone, which sits on his desk, rings with the name "Harold" glowing.

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM, MAY 20TH - SAME TIME

Harold lies on his couch, holding his cell phone to his ear. With an expression of disappointment, Harold sets his phone down and picks up the XBOX 360 controller sitting to his side. Harold selects single-player on "Halo: Reach."

INT. TIM'S ROOM, MAY 20TH - SAME TIME

A depressed Tim lies on the bed. The television is playing "Jackie Chinaman: Kung Fu Kid." On the television screen, a FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM, wearing a Kung Fu uniform and fake buckteeth, approaches an overacting THUG in a warehouse.

THUG

Ha, ha. Well if it isn't the Karate Kid.

Five-Year-Old Tim leaps clear across the wide warehouse and kicks the Thug square in the balls with a cartoonish sound effect. The Thug's eyes crisscross and he falls to the ground.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM
Wax that off, my Ninja!

On the bed, Tim shrugs and emits a sigh.

INT. GARNEY'S DINING ROOM, MAY 25TH - NIGHT

Garney sits at the table with Mrs. Johnson. They both eat stale breadsticks and salad from Olive Garden. Mrs. Johnson sends Garney an abrasive glare as he improperly holds his fork with a fist. Garney looks up to find his mother staring him down. Reluctantly, Garney adjusts the fork in his hand. Now holding the fork in between his index finger and middle finger, Garney eats his food with a displeased stare at his mother.

EXT. OUTSIDE TIM'S HOUSE, MAY 27TH - MORNING

Tim opens the mailbox in front of his house. He stuffs his hand inside the mailbox and feels around for any letters. After a moment of hopelessly searching, Tim pulls his hand

out without a single letter. Frustrated, Tim kicks the pole of the mailbox as hard as he can with his left foot.

Immediately after kicking the pole, Tim's eyes widen in pain. He falls to his knees and lets out a cry of agony.

INT. HOSPITAL, MAY 27TH - LATER THAT DAY

A wounded Tim lies in a hospital bed. A GOTHIC NURSE wraps bandages around Tim's left foot, which he has broken.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, MAY 30TH - NIGHT

It's graduation and the room is packed with parents and students clothed in their caps and gowns. Garney walks up on the stage and retrieves his diploma from the principal.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, JUNE 15TH - NIGHT

Garney sits at his desk, staring down at a blank piece of paper in a state of writers block. He looks up at a picture of Quailman from "Doug," which reads "Yes We Can," pinned to his board. Inspired, Garney picks up a pencil and begins to draw on the paper.

INT. GARNEY'S LAUNDRY ROOM, JUNE 30TH - NIGHT

Garney stands before the dryer with Mrs. Johnson stationed in the background. Garney opens the door and pulls out a perfectly dry shirt. Garney joyously holds the shirt up in the air as if he has committed a great achievement. Mrs. Johnson and Garney grab each other and jump for joy.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, JUNE 30TH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mrs. Johnson stands before a scanner and her computer, inquisitive of what to do. Garney intensely waits for her to make a move. Finally, Mrs. Johnson cautiously presses a single button and the scanner begins to work. Once again, Garney and Mrs. Johnson grab each other and jump for joy.

INT. KIRBY'S BEDROOM, JULY 3RD - AFTERNOON

Kirby lies on the bed while working at his laptop. A number of blank CDs sit on his nightstand. Out of nowhere, Aaron storms through the door, clutching an Anime love pillow with a pink-haired, practically naked woman on front.

AARON
Kirby, Chris is out of the band!

Chris follows Aaron into the room.

CHRIS
Come on, man. I didn't mean to.

AARON
Oh yeah. You just slept with
Kallen accidentally. That's rich.

KIRBY
(confused)
Everybody hang on. Who's Kallen?

Aaron holds up the love pillow to Kirby.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
... She's a pillow...

AARON
She's more than a pillow. I love her!

CHRIS
Well, I love her too!

KIRBY
... how'd you two get into my house?

AARON/CHRIS
Window.

Kirby shakes his head and sighs.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM, JULY 3RD - SAME TIME

Garney and Arlene lay on the bed, making out. As hard as he tries, Garney still cannot take his eyes off the Jacob Black poster hanging on the wall. THE CAMERA fixates on the poster and the figure of Jacob literally winks at Garney. In a state of shock, Garney accidentally bites Arlene's lip. Arlene retreats in pain.

ARLENE
Ow, my lip!

GARNEY
Oh my God. I'm so sorry...

ARLENE
What the hell?

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM, JULY 3RD - SAME TIME

Tim lies on his bed, holding his cell phone up to his ear. His foot has healed and he no longer wears the bandages.

TIM (ON PHONE)
Hi, Professor Goldblum. It's Timothy Wong... Jackie Chinaman. I'm just calling because it's early July and I still haven't heard back about whether or not I made it into the program. I called your office about fifteen times. I guess you didn't pick up because it's summer... so um... you're probably wondering how I got your home phone number... But that's beside the point... So just call me back when you get this message. I'm at 385-286-1456. That's 385-286-1456... bye...

Tim hangs up the phone, feeling like a complete moron.

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM, JULY 3RD - LATE AT NIGHT

Harold lies on his couch in a bathrobe, playing "New Super Mario Brothers" for the Wii. The floor is covered with empty Red Bull bottles and burger wrappers. Pan to the TV screen where MARIO attains a Power Star, becoming invincible. Harold has Mario run into a pit of lava where he dies. Pan back to Harold, who has an expression of shock on his face.

HAROLD
What the... I had the Power Star! I was invincible! How am I invincible against everything except lava!

Frustrated and tired of his game, Harold throws the controller to the floor. Harold then looks around, realizing he is screaming at nobody.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, JULY 8TH - NIGHT

Garney sits at his desk, working on a page of his comic. A stack of finished pages sits to his side. Various writing

and coloring utensils are scattered about the desk. Garney sets his pencil down and lifts up the final page to his comic in completion. He places the page on the top of the stack. Garney removes his pants and climbs into his bed. He pulls out some tissues from a nearby tissue box and grabs a She-Hulk comic sitting on his bed. Pan to the calendar, which is marked on July 8th. "Preview Night" is written on July 9th and "First Day of Comic-con" is written on July 10th.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PHOENIX CONVENTION CENTER, JULY 10TH - DAY

Once again the gang finds themselves stuck in a line. Harold is dressed as Jek Porkins, the overweight member of the Red Squadron from "Star Wars." Arlene is Jane from "Twilight," wearing a black cloak and red contact lenses. Tim wears a yellow shirt from "Star Trek" with a pillow stuffed underneath. Garney simply wears everyday attire. He clutches a folder with his comic pages inside. The four gradually progress closer to the entrance.

TIM

Remember when Comic-Con was solely dedicated to comics? Now it's everything from Fantasy Quidditch to Beanie Baby collecting. They ought to change the name to something more universal.

ARLENE

What they need to change is that eye.

Arlene points to the Comic-Con eye mascot on a nearby poster.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

I get a really uneasy vibe from that eye. Where's the rest of his body? What's he hiding?

HAROLD

If you zoom out he's probably porking some chick up the ass and pointing to himself in a mirror.

TIM

Yeah I find the whole eye symbol to be in extremely bad taste after that one guy got stabbed in the eye at last year's Comic-Con.

ARLENE

What the hell was that about anyways?

HAROLD

Apparently these two guys got into a debate about which game comes first in the "Zelda" timeline, "Ocarina of Time" or "Minish Cap." They couldn't reach an agreement. So one felt it was necessary to stab the other in the eye with a pen.

GARNEY

That's Comic-Con for you. It brings out the best and worst in us all.

The four reach the entrance of the convention center. They all show their passes to the SECURITY GUARD, who waves them inside.

INT. PHOENIX CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Garney, Arlene, Harold, and Tim enter the convention center. They find themselves in the midst of people dressed as various characters from comics, television shows and movies. As Garney observes the assortment of booths and attractions, he spots a sign advertising the DC Comic Contest with special guest judges, Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli. To the side of the sign is another line of nerds that stretches across the convention center with no end in sight. Garney sighs to himself.

WENDY (O.S.)

Arlene!

Arlene turns to find Wendy approaching her. Wendy is dressed as Harry Potter, fully equipped with black hair, a lightning scar and a Hogwarts robe.

ARLENE

Wendy, hi. Have you been waiting here long?

WENDY

No. I've just been checking out the booths for the last half hour.

ARLENE

Well, Wendy and I better get to your the Shippers Support Group.

GARNEY

Wendy, you're a shipper too?

WENDY

Big time. Ever since Hermione Granger threw her arms around Harry Potter in "Sorcerer's Stone."

ARLENE

Right. Let's get this over with. Break a leg, Garney. I know you'll do great.

GARNEY

Thanks, Arlene. You two stay strong.

Arlene takes Wendy by the arm as they begin to depart.

TIM

I'm going to the bathroom then heading over to Kirby's booth.

HAROLD

I'll catch up. I want to have a little chat with Garney first.

Tim nods and disperses into the convention center. Garney heads to the comic contest line with Harold.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

So, you're going through with this?

GARNEY

Yep.

Garney and Harold reach the end of the line and claim a space. The line slowly moves as they continue their conversation.

HAROLD

One question: Why do you hate me?

GARNEY

Harold, not this again.

HAROLD

Why are you so determined to move to New York and throw off the natural order of things?

GARNEY

I don't want to waste the rest of my life here.

HAROLD

Oh so you're saying all the time we've spent hanging out together has been a waste of time?

GARNEY

That's not the way I meant it.

HAROLD

What about when we were ten and made that shot-by-shot reenactment of "Ghostbusters?" Was that a waste of Time? Or last year when we made that castle out of cardboard boxes? Was that a waste of time?

GARNEY

I hold those memories dear to my heart. But I've reached the pinnacle in this chapter of my life. I want to be more than just some...

HAROLD

Some fanboy who still lives with his mother?

GARNEY

Bingo! Couldn't have said it better.

HAROLD

Fine. I guess I'll spend the remainder of my life in my mom's house, playing "Call of Duty" and watching reruns of "Ducktales," all by my lonesome self. Can you live with that, Garney?

GARNEY
Yeah, definitely.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim washes his hands in the sink to the left. A middle-aged man with glasses named DARREN washes his hands in the sink to the right. Darren gives Tim a look as if he knows him from somewhere. Tim becomes uncomfortable as Darren observes him. Tim heads to the paper towel dispenser, avoiding eye contact with Darren.

DARREN
Hey, aren't you...

Tim turns around and looks Darren dead in the eyes.

TIM
(cutting Darren off)
Yeah, I'm Jackie Chinaman: Kung Fu Kid. I came right behind Prissy from "Gone With the Wind" and the crows from "Dumbo" on Entertainment Weekly's list of the most racist movie characters of all time. Want me to slap on pair of buck teeth and reenact the scene where I attempt to say "Little Lucy likes lots of lollipops to lick" and it comes out "Rittle Rucy rikes rots of rollipops to rick?" Do you, vulture!

DARREN
Actually, I was just going to say that you're the guy who let me go ahead of you in the parking lot. That was very nice... thanks.

Tim just stands there for a moment in embarrassment.

TIM
... oh... I see...

DARREN
You must feel like a major asshole.

TIM
Yeah...

Darren approaches the dispenser and retrieves a paper towel.

DARREN

So, you're the Jackie Chinaman kid. I take it you're not acting anymore.

TIM

No, I'm actually going to be a chemist... or at least I want to be. I... I'm sorry. You don't want to hear about this.

DARREN

Are you kidding? I love it when washed-up former child stars dish out their inner demons to me in a men's bathroom of hair-infested toilet seats. I get what you're saying though, kid. Nobody takes you seriously because you took part in a piece of cinematic prostitution.

Darren tosses his paper towel in the trash can.

TIM

That's exactly how I feel.

DARREN

You know, I had a role in a movie way back when. Little did I know that the movie would turn me into phenomenon among the fanboy community.

TIM

I'm sorry, who are you?

DARREN

I'll give you a hint.

Darren takes a deep breath as he gets into character. He gazes up to the ceiling and then drops his mouth open.

DARREN (CONT'D)

They're eating her... and then they're going to eat me...

Tim's eyes widen as he realizes who Darren is.

TIM
Oh my God! You're...

DARREN
(cutting Tim off)
That's right. I'm Darren Ewing, the
"Oh my God" kid from "Troll 2."

INT. CONVENTION CENTER COMIC CONTEST LINE SAME TIME

Garney and Harold are still waiting in line. Garney puts his arm around Harold's shoulder and points into the distance.

GARNEY
Harold, take a look at those three.

THREE MIDDLE-AGED MEN dressed as Qui-Gon Jinn, Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Darth Maul. They react the light labor duel from "Star Wars: Episode I" in an uncoordinated fashion.

GARNEY (CONT'D)
Those guys are more than likely in their forties, still live with one or both of their parents, and have been banned from Disneyland for jumping up on stage and brutally attacking Darth Vader at the Jedi Training Academy.
Do you think they're happy?

HAROLD
I think that they're overflowing with a monumental amount of sheer joy.

GARNEY
That's really the life you want?

HAROLD
Yes. But it's going to suck if you're not around to do any of that shit with me. You know why those three guys are content with their unaccomplished, sexless lives? It's because they're not doing it alone. Why do you want to leave? Why fix what was working?

Garney takes a moment to consider the question.

GARNEY

Because it's not working for me anymore, Harold. It's like... remember when Dick Grayson retired from being Robin? He realized that he couldn't be a boy wonder forever. So he became Nightwing.

HAROLD

Yeah, and Batman got stuck with that little bitch, Jason Todd.

GARNEY

Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson might not have seen as much of each other. But they never stopped being friends.

Harold says nothing, although he understands what Garney has been trying to say.

HAROLD

You know it's not easy for me to make friends... I guess it's not easy to be friends with me sometimes. I don't want to loose the only friends I have.

GARNEY

That's not going to happen.

HAROLD

It's already started. When was the last time you were on XBOX LIVE? When was the last time we went to Laser Tag? When was the last time we just sat around and argued about irrelevant shit? God, everything is changing. I think I finally get all those episodes of "Boy Meets World."

As they move up in the line, Garney notices the DeLorean DMC-12 from "Back to the Future" sitting on a platform with a ramp in the distance. Garney taps Harold on the shoulder and points to the DeLorean.

GARNEY

Hey, check it out.

Harold is overcome with awe at the site of the DeLorean.

HAROLD

Aw sick! One of the five DeLoreans!

GARNEY

I've been thinking, shouldn't it have
been called "Back to the Present?"

HAROLD

What?

GARNEY

They weren't really trying to get back
to the future. They were trying to
get back to the present.

HAROLD

1985 was the future to them. 1955
was their present because that was
the time frame they were in.

GARNEY

When you travel back in time you're in
the past. Whatever time frame you're
from is your present, not your future.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Darren wander through the convention center as they make conversation.

DARREN

Since the movie was a dud when it
came out, nobody gave me much crap.
But over the years "Troll 2"
developed a cult following. It even
earned the title of "The Best Worst
Movie Ever Made." Now everywhere I
go, people ask me to say, "Oh My God,"
as if that's my only contribution to
society. They don't even care that I
had a morning radio show or a cameo
in the holiday hit, "Unaccompanied
Minors!" I have a Bachelor of
Integrated Studies degree in Theater,
Communications and Multimedia, for
God's sake.

TIM

So am I doomed to wander the earth as
Jackie Chinaman forever?

DARREN

Yes. But that doesn't mean that you
can't go on to be something more.

TIM

But what if Jackie Chinaman is the
high point of my life?

DARREN

You can either think of yourself as
the star of one of the dumbest movies
ever made or you can be the star of a
movie that has brought audiences
years of unintentional laughter.
Instead of renouncing Jackie Chinaman,
embrace it.

TIM

Embrace that afterbirth on toast?

DARREN

Think about it this way. You may
make it as a chemist and be a success,
but there's always going to be a group
of people that know you were Jackie
Chinaman. It's better to be in on the
joke than to have the joke taunt you
forever. You'll never really be happy
until you come to terms with the fact
that Jackie Chinaman is part of your
life and always will be.

TIM

I guess...

DARREN

Look, I'm doing a forum. But I want
you to have something.

Darren pulls a DVD out of his coat and hands it to Tim.

DARREN (CONT'D)

A signed copy of Disney's "Return to
Halloweentown," staring yours truly.

TIM
Gee... I'm touched... Thanks.

DARREN
On another note, do you have any
spare change?

TIM
No.

DARREN
Oh... I see.

Darren awkwardly turns around and walks away.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, SHIPPER SUPPORT GROUP - CONTINUOUS
Although the room is filled with dozens of chairs, the only people who have showed up are Arlene and Wendy. Arlene plays a game on her phone, disregarding her surroundings. Wendy holds a microphone as she dishes out her feelings.

WENDY
(loosing her temper)
I just don't get what Hermione sees
in Ron. She could have been with the
Boy Who Lived and she chooses a whiny
ginger brat. Come on!

As Wendy looks around the room, she realizes that she is becoming heated. She restrains herself and tries to catch her breath in embarrassment.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Oh my. I'm sorry. I lost control.

The HEAD SPEAKER, a slightly overweight woman in her early thirties, sits on the stage nodding.

HEAD SPEAKER
No, this is good. Let's hear from
you next.

The Head Speaker points to Arlene, who is still engaged in her phone. Wendy taps Arlene on the shoulder. Arlene looks up and realizes that the Head Speaker was addressing her.

ARLENE
Huh? Oh no. I'm good.

HEAD SPEAKER
Excuse me?

ARLENE
Yeah, I'm not a shipper or whatever you call it. I'm just here because my boyfriend asked me to come.

HEAD SPEAKER
Why did he want you to come?

Arlene is reluctant to respond at first, but she decides to just go with it.

ARLENE
Sometimes I make him wear a Taylor Lautner mask while we're making out ... it's normal.

HEAD SPEAKER
I see. Were you a big fan of Jella?

ARLENE
Jella?

HEAD SPEAKER
An amalgamation of Jacob and Bella.

ARLENE
Yes. I was really invested in their relationship and I can't comprehend what that stoned bitch sees in the pale mutant. It's not a big deal.

HEAD SPEAKER
Has this been going on long?

ARLENE
No. It only started a few months ago.

HEAD SPEAKER
Have you undergone any life altering events recently?

ARLENE
... No... well I did get this scholarship to Columbia University.

HEAD SPEAKER

So you'd be leaving your boyfriend behind?

ARLENE

He might be able to move there if he gets this one job... But there's a good chance that he won't... I don't see what this has to do with shipping.

HEAD SPEAKER

You're concerned about loosing your boyfriend. So you focus on another relationship as a distraction from your own. You think that making things work between Jacob and Bella will somehow make up for your relationship if it fails. I went through the same thing when me and my husband split up and I became obsessed with the relationship between Batman and Wonder Woman in "Justice League."

ARLENE

No, that's... oh my God... What's going to happen to me if Garney doesn't get the job?

HEAD SPEAKER

It starts off with innocent stuff like "Twilight" fan pages and fan fiction. But then, before you know it, you're sending a letter to Stephanie Meyers with your pinky toe inside.

ARLENE

Should I give up shipping altogether?

HEAD SPEAKER

Of course not. It's only natural for us to become invested in the relationships of fictional characters, especially when orgasm-inducing vampires and werewolves are involved. You ladies just can't let it fill the gap in your life, whether that gap is a job, a child, or a relationship.

The Head Speaker picks up a nearby guitar.

HEAD SPEAKER (CONT'D)
And the next time any of you feel like
you're taking your shipping to an
unhealthy extreme, I'd like you to
remember this little song I wrote.

The Head Speaker clears her throat and commences her song.

HEAD SPEAKER (CONT'D)
I'M NOT GOING TO CRY. I'M NOT GOING
TO CRY. NOT LIKE BELLA DID WHEN
EDWARD SAID GOODBYE. FOR ALL I CARE
HE CAN WITHER AWAY AND DIE. ON NO
MORE PICKING TEAMS. NO MORE MERGING
THE NAMES OF COUPLES INTO ONE. NO
MORE TAYLOR LAUTNER SEX DREAMS. NO
MORE SHIPPING. I'M DONE.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, FRUIT SALAD BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Kirby, Aaron and Chris reside at a booth with a banner that reads, "Fruit Salad," in red letters. Kirby has dressed as a Na'vi from "Avatar" with his skin painted blue. Aaron is dressed as Lelouch from "Code Geass". Chris is dressed as Aang from "Avatar: The Last Airbender" with his head shaven and an arrow drawn on his skull. Dozens of people pass by the booth but never stop at it.

AARON
Step right up and get a limited
edition copy of "Fruit Salad's
Greatest Hits."

CHRIS
Featuring songs like "They Ruined My
Childhood", "I've Got a Boner for
James Cameron", and so many others.

Tim approaches the Fruit Salad booth.

TIM
Hey guys.

Kirby walks around to the front of the booth to greet Tim.

KIRBY
Tim, you made it.

TIM

Sorry it took me so long. You sell
any CDs yet?

KIRBY

No. But there was this one guy who
sampled one of our songs and said he
might come back later and buy a CD.

TIM

At least Aaron and Chris are actually
working. How'd you manage that?

Kirby takes Tim aside so Aaron and Chris can't hear him.

KIRBY

Oh I'm blackmailing them.

TIM

Really? With what?

KIRBY

Well I dropped by Aaron's house the
other night to show them the CD cover
and... I walked in on them.

HAROLD

Walked in on them... like together?

KIRBY

Not exactly. They were having a three
-way with a Japanese love pillow.

TIM

Who was on it?

KIRBY

Kallen from "Code Geass."

TIM

Nice.

AARON

(calling out to KIRBY)

Kirby, can we take our break now? The
Dragon Ball Z forum is going to be
starting soon.

KIRBY

Fine. I guess I could use a break
too. Gradey, watch the booth for us.

Gradey, who has been sitting in the corner all this time with his nose in an Archie comic, sets the comic down to reveal he is wearing a black hood. His face is purple and bumpy and his fingers are like legs of a spider.

GRADEY

Sure thing, Kirby.

TIM

Wow, Gradey, cool costume.

GRADEY

It's not a costume. All those spiders crawling around in my brain altered my DNA. Turned me into a spider/human hybrid mutant like Dr. Smith in that "Lost in Space" remake.

TIM

Oh. That blows.

GRADEY

It's not that bad. I can spin webs and climb up walls now. But it's a royal pain for me to get out of the tub.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, COMIC CONTEST LINE - SAME TIME

Garney and Harold draw closer to the front of the line.

GARNEY

I'm telling you, The Flash could not beat Sonic the Hedgehog in a race!

HAROLD

The Flash can run at speed of light. Sonic the Hedgehog can only run at the speed of sound. Think, Garney!

GARNEY

Well, who would win if we threw the Roadrunner into the mix?

HAROLD

The Roadrunner of course, God's sake, Garney!

The line leads Garney and Harold into another area. As they move up, they see FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI sitting at a desk in the distance.

NOTE: They don't have to be played by the real Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli.

GARNEY
Dude, it's them!

HAROLD
(like a school girl)
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! I'm
so excited I could shit my dick!

GARNEY
Me too. I got to take a piss.

Garney hands his folder to Harold.

GARNEY (CONT'D)
Can I trust you to hold onto this?

HAROLD
Sure. I got it.

GARNEY
Keep it secret. Keep it safe.

Garney hands the folder to Harold and rushes to the bathroom. Harold opens the folder and pulls out the comic. He takes a look at the cover and lights up at the sight of it. He flips through the comic and smiles.

Arlene and Wendy approach Harold.

ARLENE
Harold, where's Garney? I think I got to the center of my shipping.

HAROLD
(not really listening)
How exciting. He'll be back in a sec.

Kirby, Tim, Aaron, and Chris spot the others in line and approach them.

TIM
Hey, Harold, we're heading to the
"Dragon Ball Z" forum. Want to come?

HAROLD
Sure, as soon as Garney gets back.

Harold takes notice in Kirby's Na'vi costume and laughs.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Nice blue person costume, Kirby.

KIRBY
Oh, you really shouldn't use the
phrase "Blue Person." Somebody might
find it offensive.

HAROLD
Okay, well then nice giant, mutant
Smurf cat crossbreed costume from that
overrated ass turd that in no way
lived up to the hype.

KIRBY
Nine Academy Award nominations. The
highest-grossing movie of all-time.
Think it lived up just fine

HAROLD
It was just a rip-off of "Dances With
Wolves."

KIRBY
You can find parallels between every
science-fiction movie and western.
Just look at "Star Wars."

HAROLD
Oh you did not just compare "Avatar"
to "Star Wars!"

KIRBY
Sure did, Porkins.

HAROLD
Hey, Jek Porkins died for your sins!

CHRIS

He's right, Kirby. "Avatar" sucked.
Now "Avatar: The Last Airbender",
that's another story.

KIRBY

Oh yeah. M. Night Shamalamadingdong's
epic masterpiece, "The Last
Airbender", just swooped the nation.

AARON

That little midget, necklace-wearing
monkey son of a bitch might have
ruined the live-action movie. But the
original Anime series remains the
definitive franchise of our time.

HAROLD

"Avatar: The Last Airbender" was made
by Americans. It doesn't count as
Anime.

KIRBY

Enough with the anime, guys! Anime
sucks! The only good anime ever made
was Yu-Gi-O and Pokemon! That's it!

Aaron and Chris give Kirby enraged expressions. Aaron pulls
his purple contact lens out of his eye and looks Kirby dead
in the eyes.

AARON

You will jump off a cliff and die!

Kirby uncomfortably stands there for a moment then
responds.

KIRBY

No...

AARON

Okay, so I haven't mastered the
technique of Geass... yet!

TIM

If there's one definitive franchise
it's "Star Trek."

HAROLD
What are you, a forty-year-old man?

"Star Trek" doesn't hold a candle to "Star Wars," Mr. Sulu.

TIM
I'm dressed as Captain Kirk, you
racist bastard!

WENDY
Get with the times people. This is
the "Harry Potter" generation.

ARLENE
I'm sorry, Wendy, but this generation
belongs to "Twilight."

WENDY
Harry Potter has inspired foods, rock
bands, and a friggin' amusement park.
Nobody wants to go to "Twilight"
World. What will the rides be? Jump
on Edward's back and climb up trees?

A group of "Star Trek" nerds standing in front of Harold
overhear the argument. Their leader is a thirty-something-
year-old man dressed as MR. SPOCK who butts into the gang's
debate.

MR. SPOCK
I'm sorry, we've been listening to
your conversation and I have to agree
with Mr. Sulu that no series has had
a greater impact on our popular
culture than "Star Trek."

Mr. Spock's comment gets the attention of a "Star Wars"
entourage in the line. Their leader is a teenage boy
wearing a JAR JAR BINKS mask.

JAR JAR BINKS
Exsqueeze me. I must have something
in my ear. Did you seriously just
suggest that "Star Trek" takes
precedence over "Star Wars"? No film
franchise has grossed more money and
sold more merchandise.

KIRBY

"Star Wars" might have had it's place
in the sun. But "Avatar" is the new
"Star Wars."

The feuding groups are suddenly joined by a bunch of
"Matrix" nerds, lead by a man dressed as NEO.

NEO

"The Matrix" is the new "Star Wars."

A fellowship of Lord of the Rings fans then appear, lead my
a short man dressed as Frodo.

FRODO

There's only one ring to rule them
all!

HAROLD

There is no "This generation's Star
Wars." "Star Wars" belongs to all
generations.

MR. SPOCK

It all began with "Star Trek" though!

HAROLD

Oh shut up, Trekkie.

MR. SPOCK

Hey, that is our word! You don't get
to call us that!

HAROLD

Oh yeah? What are you going to do
about it, Spock?

MR. SPOCK

I might do something like this!

Mr. Spock lifts his right arm in a wimpy fashion and punches Harold in the face. This causes Garney's comic and folder to fall out of Harold's hands onto the floor. Harold is too caught up in the action to take notice though. As Mr. Spock retreats his fist, Harold rubs his wounded face. He sends Mr. Spock a look that says, "It's on now."

This instigates a sequence set to the EPIC CHOIR MUSIC that one would traditionally hear in a movie trailer.

Harold retrieves a toy lightsaber from his belt. He shakes the plastic cylinder portion of the lightsaber, but cannot get the blade to come out. After shaking the lightsaber several times, the blade finally stretches out of the cylinder. Mr. Spock pulls out his Lirpa, a Vulcan melee weapon. Mr. Spock tries to show off his skills by spinning the Lirpa around like a baton, but he just ends up dropping his weapon. Embarrassed, Mr. Spock quickly picks up his Lirpa and sends Harold a threatening glare. All of the feuding fanboys and fangirls in the area stare each other down, knowing that a battle of biblical proportions is about to commence. Finally, a man dressed as MR. FREEZE steps forward.

MR. FREEZE
(in an Austrian accent)
Lets kick some ice!

All the fanboys and fangirls charge at each other and begin to brawl.

PAN TO Kirby, helplessly lying face down on the floor. Aaron pins him down as Chris pulls on his queues.

CHRIS
Say that "Avatar" is "FernGully!"

KIRBY
It is not! Don't pull on my queues!

AARON
Why? So you can use them to rape a defenseless dragon?

KIRBY
Na'vi do not have forced intercourse with dragons.

AARON
They take their queues and stick them up dragons. It's the Pandorian equivalent of a donkey show.

CHRIS
Do you really want to belong to a society that condones bestiality?

KIRBY

I'd rather belong to a society that condones bestiality than one that thinks they can just claim whatever land they want.

AARON

Whatever you say, Pocahontas!

Wendy has Arlene pressed up against a wall. Wendy pulls out her wand and points it at Arlene's face.

WENDY

Avada Kedavra!

Arlene remains still, completely unharmed by Wendy's spell.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hey, Arlene, that kills you!

ARLENE

No, I'm wearing special wizard armor.

WENDY

No wizard armor can thwart the killing curse!

ARLENE

Well I'm a vampire! You can't kill me twice.

WENDY

No, you can't do that, Arlene!

ARLENE

Sure I can. Why don't you go look it up in one of your books. Or better yet, look it up online.

WENDY

Harry Potter takes place in the early 90s. They have no internet!

ARLENE

Yeah, but they had pens! Why the hell are they using quills? Just because they're wizards doesn't mean they need to be living in the dark ages!

Harold and Mr. Spock duel in the midst of the clash of nerds. Mr. Spock traps Harold into a corner. He knocks the lightsaber out of Harold's hand with his Lirpa. Mr. Spock scratches Harold across the chest with the Lirpa, slightly ripping his shirt. Harold cries in agony and slides to ground. With Harold in the corner, Mr. Spock raises his Lirpa in slow motion to perform the final blow. Harold gazes over to his right side where his lightsaber sits. He reaches for his weapon, but cannot quite get to it. Harold closes his eye, holds out his hand and attempts to retrieve the lightsaber with the force.

A nearby FANBOY accidental kicks the lightsaber, causing it to fly into Harold's hand. Harold opens his eyes in shock, thinking that the Jedi mind trick worked. Mr. Spock, still intentionally lifting his Lirpa in slow motion, is aghast to see that Harold has reclaimed his weapon. Harold takes the lightsaber and drives the blade into Mr. Spock's chest.

MR. SPOCK
Khan!

Mr. Spock plummets to the floor.

MR. SPOCK (CONT'D)
Curse my necessity to perform every
final blow in slow motion...

Mr. Spock closes his eyes and pretends to die. Harold gets up and looks down on his fallen enemy.

HAROLD
Live long and prosper, bitch.

With Mr. Spock down, it suddenly occurs to Harold that he forgot all about Garney's comic, which is still sitting on the floor somewhere.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Oh damn it...

Harold pushes a man dressed as a NINJA TURTLE out of his way and charges into the fighting crowd. The Ninja Turtle lands on his back and struggles to get up.

NINJA TURTLE
Help, I'm a turtle and I can't get up!

Tim and Jar Jar Binks are slapping each other like wimps who don't know how to fight. As they slap on another, Tim begins to remember what Darren told him earlier.

DARREN (V.O.)
Embrace him, Tim. Embrace Jackie Chinaman. Become the Kung Fu Kid.

Tim ceases his petty slaps and pushes Jar Jar Binks with all his might. Jar Jar Binks stumbles backwards and manages to balance himself out.

JAR JAR BINKS
Hey, what the hell, man?

Tim locks his eyes on Jar Jar Binks and makes a Kung Ffu position. Jar Jar Binks just stands there beyond confused.

Tim charges forward and jumps into the air with one leg bent and one leg forward. He attempts to reenact the move in "Jackie Chinaman" when he kicks the thug in the balls. Just when it looks like Tim is going to pull this move off, he collapses to the floor and twists his ankle.

TIM
AHHH... oh the pain! My bones! My bones! I couldn't possibly be in more agony... Why did I do that? Why, God!

As Tim whimpers, Jar Jar Binks casually moves off to the side.

Harold is crawling on the floor in search of the comic. Harold does his best not to get stepped on or crushed by any of the roughhousing fanboys.

HAROLD
(pushing through the crowd)
Watch it, ass wipes!

Harold finally spots Garney's comic, sitting on the floor. He lunges forward and grabs the comic. As he clutches the comic in his hands, Harold sighs in relief. The man dressed as Neo falls down and lands on Harold's back. This causes Harold to let out a large yelp as if he were about to barf up a lung. Several men dressed as Agent Smith jump on top of Harold and Neo to form a dog pile. Harold manages to keep the comic outside of the pile as he continues to grasp it with his hands.

Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli are sitting at their desk casually watching the rumble.

FRANK MILLER
Every year, huh, Dave?

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI
yep.

David notices the black fedora Frank is wearing.

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI (CONT'D)
Is that a new fedora?

FRANK MILLER
Nope. Always had this one... So you want me to break the party up?

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI
Yeah, I guess we've let it go on long enough.

Frank lifts himself out of his chair and looks upon the hostile crowd before him.

FRANK MILLER
(like a God)
Silence!

Everybody in the area shuts up and freezes at the sound of Frank's voice.

Kirby remains perfectly still as he is about to unleash an arrow from his bow.

Frank looks upon the crowd in disgust.

FRANK MILLER (CONT'D)
Unbelievable. I've seen some shameful displays in my time. The DC Marvel Comics clash of 97. The Transformers Gobots rumble of 84. But this takes the pie by far. When will you people learn that it doesn't matter if you're a Trekkie, Star Wars fanatic, or Potter-head. You're all fanboys. I have half a mind to walk out this door right now. Fortunately for you all, I need the money from this judging..
(MORE)

FRANK MILLER (CONT'D)
...gig to pay off my bookie. So you all have three minutes to get back into line or else I'm going to introduce you to a new world of pain.

Everybody remains motionless for a moment. Finally, they collect themselves and begin to group back into a line.

Garney exits the bathroom and is stunned by the war zone before him. He stands there with his mouth gaping open, not uttering a word.

Kirby is still preparing to fire the arrow. Sweat runs down his face and his arms intensely wiggle. Aaron and Chris approach him with caution.

AARON
Um, Kirby, it's over. You can put down the bow and arrow.

KIRBY
I... I can't. I'm stuck!

CHRIS
What?

KIRBY
I can't retreat the arrow. When I pull the bow this far back I have to fire.

AARON
Okay, so just fire it.

CHRIS
No don't fire it!

Garney searches the room. He comes across Harold as the several Agent Smiths and Neo climb off him. Garney rushes over to his friend and helps him up.

GARNEY
Harold, Jesus, what happened here?
Are you alright? Where's the comic?

HAROLD
(a little loopy)
G-man, I haven't felt better since
the Taco Bell dog died... and your
comic is as intact as I hope the rest
of my body will be someday...

Harold victoriously lifts the comic up. Garney sighs in relief. All of a sudden, Kirby's arrow zips across the room, pierces through the comic and pins it to the wall.

GARNEY
No!

Pan to Arlene and Wendy, both of whom are still regrouping from the fight. Arlene spots Tim lying on the floor.

ARLENE
Tim!

Arlene rushes to Tim's side, followed by Wendy.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
Tim, who did this to you?

TIM
(like a wounded soldier)
Remember in "Jackie Chinaman" when I
leaped across the room and kicked that
bad guy in the balls? I tried to pull
that move off.

ARLENE
Tim, you broke your foot just a month
ago by kicking a mailbox pole. What
possessed you to attempt anything
athletic with your fragile body?

TIM
The "Troll 2" guy told me to do it.

Arlene looks over and spots Garney's folder on the ground. She lifts herself onto her feet and picks the folder up off the ground.

ARLENE
I'm going to see if I can find any
other survivors. Wendy, stay with
him until I get back.

Wendy kneels down to Tim to comfort him.

WENDY
So you were Jackie Chinaman?

TIM
Uh-huh...

WENDY
That's cool. Ya know I always
thought he was sexy.

Tim's eyes widen. He looks up at Wendy and truly looks at her for the first time. He raises one eyebrow and gives her a debonair smile.

TIM
I never noticed before, but you have
a very distinctive nose.

WENDY
That's the nicest thing anyone has
ever said to me... "Harry Potter"
or "Twilight," which do you prefer?

TIM
Sparkly boy doesn't have shit on the
chosen one. "Star Wars" or
"Star Trek?"

WENDY
"Star Trek." It's a space opera of
sophistication.

Wendy and Tim lean into each other and spontaneously start making out.

Garney kneels by his torn comic book with a gaping hole though it. Harold puts his arm on Garney's shoulder to console his grief.

HAROLD
Maybe you could still use it.

Garney turns his head to Harold and sends him a sarcastic "seriously" expression. Kirby, Aaron, and Chris approach Harold and Garney.

AARON
Have you guys seen an arr..oh...

Kirby, Aaron, and Chris notice the Garney's wrecked comic book and the arrow. Kirby quickly tosses his bow aside so the arrow cannot be traced back to him.

GARNEY
Somebody killed my comic...

KIRBY
Gee... that's terrible... I'm so sorry.

Garney lifts himself up, on the brink of loosing it.

GARNEY
It's fine. I guess there's a Geek Squad t-shirt out there with my name on it.

AARON
That's the sprit. Grey skies are gonna clear up.

ARLENE (O.S.)
Garney!

Arlene rushes over to Garney with the folder.

ARLENE (CONT'D)
Garney, I found your comic.

GARNEY
Oh... thanks, Arlene. But that's just the folder. The comic's ruined.

ARLENE
No it isn't. The comic's right in here. I checked.

GARNEY
What?

Arlene opens the folder and pulls out a comic. She hands the comic to Garney who can't believe his eyes. On top of the comic is a post-it note that reads:

"Dearest Garney, scanned your comic to the computer and printed out a copy. Thought a spare may come in handy. Love mom."

A relieved smile begins to form on Garney's face.

GARNEY (CONT'D)
God bless that woman! This is just
like when Superman spun the world
around to save Lois Lane!

Garney puts his arms around Arlene, swings her around and kisses her.

ARLENE
Now get back in line before it's too late.

GARNEY
Right.

Garney lets Arlene down, kisses her one more time and rushes back into the line. Along the way he jumps and clicks his heels together.

Tim is still lying down on the floor. As he kisses Wendy again...

TIM
Your mouth tastes like Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans.

WENDY
You like Bertie Bott's?

TIM
No... I love them!

GOLDBLUM (O.S.)
Tim?

Tim pulls away from Wendy to find Professor Goldblum, dressed in a Kung Fu uniform, standing before him.

TIM
Professor Goldblum! What are you doing here?

GOLDBLUM
I haven't missed a con since I was nine! Check me out, I'm you!

TIM
(sarcastic)
I'm flattered.

GOLDBLUM

So are you looking forward to my
class next semester?

TIM

Wait, you mean I got into the program?
I never got an acceptance letter.

GOLDBLUM

Oh, I'm sorry. There was a shooting
on campus last month and a bunch of
students and staff were killed. So
there was a delay in sending the mail.

TIM

Really... Oh thank God! That's the
best news I've heard in a long time
... not the part about the shooting.

GOLDBLUM

Right... your letter should be in the
mail by next week.

TIM

Good... you didn't get any of the
messages I left you, did you?

GOLDBLUM

No, I've been away at space camp.

WENDY

You work at space camp?

GOLDBLUM

Um, no. I was a student.

TIM

I see...

GOLDBLUM

I'll let you two get back to um...
your business. But could you please
say the line before I go?

Tim takes a moment to contemplate Goldblum's request.

TIM

Wassup, my Ninja!

PROFESSOR GOLDBLUM
(shrieking like a schoolgirl)
Oh, he said it! He said it!

Garney has reached the front of the line with Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli sitting at their desk.

FRANK MILLER
Hey, how's it going, kid.

GARNEY
Doing great. Pardon me for this geek-out moment, but you guys are Gods!

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI
(chuckling)
Ha, ha... we know.

FRANK MILLER
Well, let's see what you've got.

Garney places his comic on the desk. The audience finally sees the cover of the comic, which reads:

"FANDEMONIUM".

Frank Miller opens the comic.

We ZOOM into the first panel.

INT. INSIDE THE COMIC

Shot: First Panel: A FANBOY, who significantly resembles Garney, sits in a packed screening room. He looks up at the screen in a state of horror. The comic utilizes a black and white film noir drawing style along the lines of "Sin City."

GARNEY (V.O.)
I consider myself to be a tolerant, understanding human being. Somebody who always tries to shed light on the most tragic of circumstances.

Shot: Second Panel - ZOOM in on the Fanboy's petrified, sweaty face. His exaggerated, eyes appear as if they are about to explode.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Until today! For I have now
witnessed the ungodly atrocity that
is...

Shot: Third Panel - The movie screen is revealed. On the screen is an image of Lion-O, drinking a bottle of Gatorade with a massive explosion in the background.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Michael Bay's "Thundercats" movie.

Shot: Forth Panel - The Fanboy is running from Rupert Everett with a metal claw and Bob Hoskins wearing a Mario costume.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've endured an assortment of ass
rapings from Hollywood over the years.
My dreams are still haunted by that
"Inspector Gadget" movie with the gay
guy from "My Best Friends Wedding" as
Doctor Claw. I'll never be able to
forget that "Super Mario Brothers"
movie with Bob Hoskins doing a bad
Italian accent.

]Shot: Fifth Panel - A giant cat claw reaches out of the movie screen and slaps the Fanboy in the face.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But this shameless display is the
mother of all slaps to the face.

Shot: Sixth Panel - The Fanboy walks down the streets of his bleak neighborhood at night. His hands are planted in his pockets as he looks down at the ground.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Despite everything, the movie grossed
over 400 million dollars at the box
office. Two sequels are already in
the works. And do you want to know
what the worst part is?

Shot: Seventh Panel - The Fanboy has a look of disgrace on his brokenhearted face as he walks down the street.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've seen it seven times!

Shot: Eighth Panel - The Fanboy enters his bedroom, which is practically an animated replica of Garney's.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is the film sending subliminal
messages that keep luring me back?
Am I so dedicated to the Thundercats
that I'll embrace anything with their
logo on it? Maybe it's not even
Thundercats that I'm a fan of. Maybe
I'm just a fan of fandom itself.

Shot: Ninth Panel - The Fanboy leans one arm on the wall as he looks down at the floor.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
18-years-old, out of school, living
with my mother, and my biggest
concern is some movie based on a
cartoon show. It's official. I have
no life.

Shot: Tenth Panel - The Fanboy lies on his bed, blankly staring up at the ceiling.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Where did I go wrong? I guess it would
be easiest to place the blame on my
folks.

Shot: Eleventh Panel - A shadowy man in a black suit walks out the door. A young mother is left alone in the living room, holding onto a newborn baby.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I grew up in the typical habitat of a
future fanboy. Father was never
around so I never learned how to throw
a ball, properly shave these whiskers
I call a beard, or make love to a woman
on a full moon night.

Shot: Twelfth Panel - The mother has significantly aged and her baby has grown into the teenage Fanboy. The mother holds the Fanboy in her arms as if he were still an infant.

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

After daddy left, mom couldn't bear to loose the only other man in her life. So she let me spend my days lazing about the house, reading comics and playing Nintendo. In due course I've ceased to mature.

Shot: Thirteenth Panel - The Fanboy looks upon the various possessions in his room.

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

I suppose I can't place all the blame on ma though. I'm the one that allowed fandom to become a replacement for social skills. Maybe it's about time I got rid of all these comics, DVDS, action figures, PEZ dispensers, Anime pillows, collectors plates, and video games. Maybe it's about time I shed my fanboy cocoon and emerged as an adult.

Shot: Fourteenth Panel - The Fanboy falls down a dark, spiral vortex.

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

Fanboy... fanboy... fanboy... that's what they call me... fanboy...

Shot: Fifteenth Panel - The Fanboy has returned to his room. An expression of realization has appeared on his face.

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

But wait a minute. Why do people like me always get branded as "Fanboys?"

Shot: Sixteenth Panel - A clan of football fanatics with their faces painted brutally brawl on the bleachers.

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

How are we any different from those rednecks that paint their faces and get into fights at football games?

Shot: Seventeenth Panel - A group of people throw toast at a man in Rocky Horror attire and another group bow down to a cheerful Drag Queen.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What about people obsessed with
lavish musicals? Sweet transvestites
that know every Rocky Horror in-joke
and Rentheads that worship an Aids-
ridden Drag Queen.

Shot: Eighteenth Panel - The Fanboy is down on his knees as he is encircled by the various different fanboys that he lists.

GARNEY (V.O.)
Then there's band groupies, civil war
reenactors, wrestle mania nuts, wine
enthusiasts, golfers, and people that
really like cheese. Everywhere I go
there's somebody who takes some
activity to an extreme. It's
fandemonium.

Shot: Nineteenth Panel - A number of fanboys sit around in a circle at an AA meeting.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some may say that we have a disease.
But in my eyes, it's our ability to
take passion in a subculture that
helps define who we are and makes us
human. If anything it's the people who
are fans of nothing that are truly
unhealthy.

Shot: Twentieth Panel - The Fanboy sits on his bed, pondering.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Still, perhaps I could be a fanboy who
isn't so low functioning. There are
plenty of engineers, scientists, and
teachers that embrace fandom. There
must be a way to have a life and still
maintain your inner fanboy.

Shot: Twenty-first Panel - The Fanboy envisions himself as a Ghostbuster, a reenactment actor, and a member of the Geek Squad.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Who knows. If I put my mind to it, I could be a game tester, a History Channel reenactment actor, a real life Ghostbuster, or, God forbid, a member of the Geek Squad. There's a world beyond my bedroom door and I must venture into it.

Shot: Twenty-second Panel - The Fanboy is falling into the mouth of the RANCOR from "Return of the Jedi."

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Will I find what I'm looking for or will the real world devour me like a Gamorrean being fed to a hungry Rancor.

Shot: Twenty-third Panel - The Fanboy approaches his bedroom door.

GARNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess I'll never know until I take my first step out that door.

Shot: Twenty-fourth Panel - The Fanboy stares out into a pitch-black hallway.

GARNEY (V.O.)
Perhaps you could tell me if there's a place out there for a fanboy such as myself.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, COMIC CONTEST LINE - CONTINUOUS
The CAMERA ZOOMS out of the comic's final panel and returns to the convention center.

Garney is still standing before Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli as they finish looking the comic over.

FRANK MILLER
Good shit here, kid. Good shit.

GARNEY
(flattered)
Thanks.

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

Be sure to check your mail in the next two weeks and DC Comics will let you know if you're our winner. In any case, here's a free DVD copy of "Steel" with Shaquille O'Neal.

David reaches for a pile of "Steel" DVD's sitting behind the desk. He picks up a "Steel" DVD and hands it to Garney, who appears unenthusiastic about the free gift.

GARNEY

... Awesome... well thanks again.

Garney departs the line. As he walks away, he comes across a nearby trash barrel full of "Steel" DVDs. Garney throws his copy of "Steel" into the trash along with the rest of the rejected DVDS.

Arlene, Harold, Kirby, Tim, Wendy, Aaron, and Chris await their friend's return. Garney finally reunites with his entourage. They all send him an inquisitive look that says, "How'd it go?"

GARNEY (CONT'D)

So they're going to get back to me in two weeks. I think it went well.

ARLENE

That's great, puddin'.

KIRBY

So what do we do now?

AARON

We missed the "Dragon Ball Z" forum.

CHRIS

And I was really looking forward to finding out if the American voice of Frieza was a 90-year-old woman or a man that had his balls run over with a truck.

AARON

I always thought Jennifer Tilly was the American voice of Frieza.

HAROLD

I heard that they've got Irvin Kershner's dead body frozen in Carbonite on display.

WENDY

Well then, what are we waiting for?

As the group departs, Tim spots the guy in the Jar Jar Binks costume standing in the line.

TIM

Hang on a second, guys.

Tim approaches Jar Jar Binks in the line. He lets out a cough under his breath to get Jar Jar's attention. Jar Jar turns his head and Tim punches him in the face. Jar Jar falls to the ground.

TIM (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Jar Jar!

Tim puts his arm around Wendy's shoulder and boldly walks forward. Everybody else follows, confused and impressed.

HAROLD

Tim... EPIC!

EXT. OUTSIDE GARNEY'S HOUSE, TWO WEEKS LATER - AFTERNOON

Everything is tranquil outside of the Johnson household. Then, out of nowhere, a minivan crashes into the mailbox, causing the pole to bend over. The minivan comes to a jolting halt and Garney pops out of the driver's seat.

GARNEY

Shit, shit, shit!

Garney rushes over to the mailbox, distraught to find that the post has been noticeably bent.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

Damn-it!

As Garney inspects the damage, he notices that the mouth of the mailbox has fallen open. He gazes inside the mailbox and comes across a letter with the DC Comics seal on it. Garney's frustration instantly melts away as he pulls the letter out of the box and clutches it in his hands.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, SECONDS LATER

Garney rushes through the front door with the envelope.

GARNEY
It's here! It's finally here!

Mrs. Johnson enters the living room.

MRS. JOHNSON
Garney, darling, where's the milk and
cheese I sent you for.

GARNEY
(jittery)
Don't worry. I left them in the car.
My letter finally came in the mail!

MRS. JOHNSON
For the contest? Well, open it!

GARNEY
(bracing himself)
Just give me a minute... okay.

Garney attempts to rip open the envelope, but resistance is futile. Embarrassed, he looks up at his mother.

GARNEY (CONT'D)
... um... could you...

MRS. JOHNSON
For the love of God, Garney.

Mrs. Johnson snatches the envelope out of Garney's hands and rips it open. She hands it back to her son. Garney pulls the letter out of the envelope and carefully reads it.

GARNEY
(reading)
"Dear Mr. Johnson"... oh man...

MRS. JOHNSON
You didn't get it?

GARNEY
I haven't gotten that far. But they
say, "We'd like to thank you for
entering." That's never a good sign.

MRS. JOHNSON
Just read on, Garney.

GARNEY
(resuming the letter)
"We had countless submissions for
this contest and we're honored to
inform you that"...

Garney stares at the letter, paralyzed for a moment. Mrs. Johnson gives him a "Well... I'm waiting" expression. Garney eventually looks up at his mother and smiles.

MRS. JOHNSON
... you won!

GARNEY
Oh yeah!

Garney and Mrs. Johnson grab each other and jump for joy as they victoriously cheer. After a moment they begin to settle down and Garney looks back at the letter.

GARNEY (CONT'D)
Hold on, hold on, it says that my
comic will be on shelves in December
and I start my internship on September
30th.

MRS. JOHNSON
That's barely even two months away.
There's so much we need to do. We'll
have to find you a place to live, we
have to move your stuff there, I still
haven't taught you how to eat with a
fork properly...

Mrs. Johnson sits down in a nearby chair, getting worked up. She then begins to calm down and fully comprehend that her son is leaving.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Oh my God. I can't believe you're
really moving to New York... I never
thought this day would come.

GARNEY
Neither did I.

MRS. JOHNSON
What am I going to do without you to
serve and nurture all day?

GARNEY
Don't worry, mom. One day you'll run
out of money and begin to loose your
mind. I'll have no choice but to let
you move in with me. Then you can
shower me with tuck-ins and your
famous homemade Mountain Dew.

Mrs. Johnson smiles. She climbs out of her chair and wraps
her arms around her son. Garney is a tad uncomfortable at
first. But he soon decides to return the hug. After a
moment, Mrs. Johnson looks up and gazes out the window.

MRS. JOHNSON
Did you crash my car into the mailbox!

GARNEY
... Yes I did...

MRS. JOHNSON
Did you at least remember to take the
keys out of the ignition?

Garney does not respond. His eyes wander, implying that he
forgot.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I suppose you'll be driving in a lot
of taxi's in New York.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Garney packs his action figures into a cardboard box.
Arlene enters, wearing a leather flasher coat. She knocks
on the wall, which gets Garney's attention as he turns
around.

GARNEY
Arlene.

ARLENE
So I thought since you put up with my
Taylor Lautner role-playing phase, I
thought I could reward you with
something more to your liking.

Arlene turns around and pulls her coat open. Garney's jaw drops open. It is implied that Arlene is naked under her coat. But Arlene then drops the coat to reveal that her body has been painted green and she is wearing a white and purple leotard.

GARNEY
Sweet Jennifer Susan Walters!

ARLENE
Oh Bruce Banner, I lost control and caused over ten thousand dollars in damage. I need to be punished.

GARNEY
Actually, Bruce Banner and She-Hulk are cousins.

ARLENE
Well, we did a Luke Skywalker Princess Leia fantasy. So incest really isn't a factor in our role-playing.

Arlene plunges forward and throws herself at Garney. The two proceed to make out on the bed. As they kiss...

Kirby, Aaron, and Chris enter, carrying some empty boxes. They see Garney and Arlene going at it and cease to announce their presence. They merely stand there, watching in amusement. Eventually Garney recognizes that his friends are there. He taps Arlene on the shoulder and points to the three standing behind them. Arlene slowly turns her head, embarrassed.

AARON
Nice Gumby costume.

ARLENE
... thanks...

Arlene gets up and begins to put her coat back on.

KIRBY
We got those boxes you asked for.

GARNEY
Oh that's right. Thanks guys.

CHRIS

We were going to use these to dispose
of our unsold Cds. But today we had
our biggest sale ever on our website!

GARNEY

Really?

KIRBY

Yeah. When we were at Comic-Con
Gradey saved that guy from "Troll 2"
from getting hit by a DeLorean. "Troll
2" guy was so grateful that he let
Gradey come on his radio show and do a
plug for our band.

GARNEY

Awesome. How much have you made?

AARON

Over 200 dollars!

CHRIS

We're rich! Maybe we can even buy
Kallen a little brother or sister
for us to play with.

Tim enters the bedroom with his arm around Wendy.

TIM

Wassup, my ninjas?

WENDY

Sorry we're late. We were at a
crossover fan fiction jam.

TIM

We came in third place for our
collaborative effort of Harry
Potter and the Wrath of Khan.

WENDY

It's all about Dobby the house elf
and Harry Mudd sharing a dorm room.

AARON

That sounds positively horrible even
by fan fiction standards.
Congratulations!

TIM
Thank you, Aaron.

HAROLD (O.S.)
So, Garney, you really won, huh?

Harold is standing in the doorway with a toothpick in his mouth.

GARNEY
Yep.

HAROLD
And you're leaving in September?

Harold pulls the toothpick out of his mouth and flicks it to the ground.

GARNEY
yeah... did you just flick that disgusting toothpick to my floor?

HAROLD
Well salutations, Garney. I'm happy for you.

GARNEY
Thanks...

HAROLD
I still hate you for abandoning me.

GARNEY
I thought you might say that. So there's something I want you to have.

Garney opens his closet and pulls out a Technodrome vehicle playset from the "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" cartoon. Garney presents the playset to Harold, who gazes upon the toy in awe.

HAROLD
(gasp)
The Technodrome!

GARNEY
I want you to have it so you'll always have a way to remember the best years of our lives.

HAROLD
(tearing up)
Oh Garney, this, this is...

Harold reaches his arms out as if he is going to hug Garney. But he ends up yanking the Technodrome out of his hands.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
This display of materialism means so much to me. Thanks, Garney. I promise to play with it everyday.

GARNEY
I know you will.

HAROLD
I have something for you too.

Harold sets the Technodrome down on the bed and pulls a rolled-up copy of The New Yorker out of his pocket. He flips to page 63 and holds an article up to his friends. They are all aghast to read the print, "Batman & Robin Was Totally Gay by Harold Myers."

KIRBY
Get the Frak out of here!

TIM
No, no it's fake. It's got to be fake.

HAROLD
It's real and Ms. Dalton can suck my plentiful, published balls.

GARNEY
Dude, I don't know how this got past the editor, but you are officially more badass than Uncle Jesse on "Full House."

HAROLD
Aren't I? Who knows, I might send in some of my other work. Don't think that means I'll actually be getting a job any time soon though.

GARNEY

We wouldn't dream of it. Well we're all here. Lets get down to packing.

Garney begins to direct his friends where to put his things. As they engage in their final conversation, the CAMERA ZOOMS in on Garney's desk.

Pinned to the bulletin board is a picture of the gang at Comic-Con, posing next to Irvin Kershner's dead body frozen in Carbonite.

KIRBY

Say guys, how come in "Star Wars" Obi-Wan and Yoda disappear when they die, but when Darth Vader and Qui-Gon die they don't disappear?

HAROLD

It's the concept of the force ghost. In the republic and post-republic era, Qui-Gon is the only force-sensitive being who harnesses the power to become pure force. While in the netherworld of the force, he shares these secrets with Yoda who shares them with Obi-Wan. When Yoda and Obi die, they aren't dying per se, but rather achieving a oneness with the force. They disappear because when becoming pure force a bodily manifestation cannot be immediately achieved, even though they never go to the netherworld of the force.

CHRIS

What? When was that explained?

HAROLD

At the end of Episode III.

CHRIS

I don't remember that.

AARON

And how come in the special edition of "Jedi" Obi-Wan is still an old man as a Ghost but Anakin Skywalker has been replaced with a young Hayden Christensen?

TIM

It's because George Lucas is an
insane douche.

GARNEY

(sigh)

I'm really going to miss this.

HAROLD

We all are.

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THE END