

FANDEMONIUM

an original screenplay by

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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 comprised of comics, DVDs, video games, and swords. Posted on Garney's pushpin bulletin board are photos of him and his friends dressed up as various sci-fi characters. There are additionally several sketches of bizarre creatures and characters posted to the board.

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 leotard 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, pumpkin, I'm trying to scan this picture of us 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 we wouldn't be having this intolerable exchange of dialog.

MRS. JOHNSON

What's going on in there? Are you doing pot?

GARNEY (O.S.)

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

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.

MRS. JOHNSON

Midnight? When are you coming home?

GARNEY

Like...two probably.

MRS. JOHNSON

Two in the morning! Well you're going
to be exhausted at school tomorrow
and don't even think about ditching.
I'm not letting you throw away that
Perfect Attendance Award.

GARNEY

It's just a gift certificate to Olive
Garden.

MRS. JOHNSON

Yes, but think of all the breadsticks
and salad we can stock up on.

The repeated honking of a car horn is heard O.S. Garney grabs a red, clown wig and puts it on. He then grabs a heavy metal sword leaning on the wall.

GARNEY

That's Arlene. I'll show you how to use the scanner later.

MRS. JOHNSON

Wait, do you have your cell phone, your keys, your student ID?

GARNEY

(Annoyed)

Goodbye, mom!

Garney exits out the front door.

MRS. JOHNSON

(calling out)

Call me the minute you get to the theater! Love you, my darling boy!

INT. INSIDE ARLENE'S CAR - SECONDS LATER

Garney climbs into the front passenger seat of a Jetta. In the driver's seat is ARLENE MADISON, an eighteen-year-old girl with red glasses. A yellow wig with polka dots sits on her head, covering her naturally long, black hair. She wears an orange leotard with a paper Thundercats emblem taped on. Garney kisses her hello.

Garney

Evening, Arlene.

ARLENE

Hey, puddin'. So we going back to my place after the movie to watch some *Adventure Time*?

GARNEY

Sure. Lets just stop by Atomic Comics on the way over. I want to see if the new Batman is in.

ARLENE

Oh, you don't need to lie to me. I know that you're really going to ogle the She-Hulk comics.

GARNEY

I do not ogle them. It's a well conceived story.

ARLENE

There's no shame in having a green fetish, Garney. I used to make out with a photo of Kermit the Frog every night before bed.

Garney looks at Arlene with a raised eyebrow. Embarrassed, Arlene puts the car into "D" and hits the gas.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Thundercats HO!

INT. ATOMIC COMICS - MINUTES LATER

Garney, holding a couple comics, approaches the checkout desk where a morbidly obese man named GABE resides. 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 Comic-Con, DC is having an original comic contest. Whoever draws and writes the best comic gets a one year internship working at DC Comics.

GARNEY

Oh, sounds pretty cool. You entering?

GABE

Unfortunately I cannot attend Comic-Con this year. My mother's making me accompany her on a Caribbean cruise.

GARNEY

You still go on trips with your mom?

GABE

I still live with my mom.

Garney looks at Gabe with a raised eyebrow.

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 manage the place.

Garney rubs the back of his head, thinking of his own mother. Gabe retrieves a Batman comic from him.

GABE (CONT'D)

Will this be all for you today?

GARNEY

um...Yeah and...throw this in 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. OUTSIDE THE THEATER - NIGHT

THE CAMERA follows a line that begins at the box office and ends on a sidewalk down the block. At the very back of the line is HAROLD, an overweight teenage boy elaborately dressed as Tygra from *Thundercats*. Next to him is TIM, a short, teenage Asian boy dressed as Snarf.

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.

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. Harold observes Kirby's costume and angrily stares him down. All the while Kirby obliviously 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 Pomyra. We discussed this.

KIRBY

Oh, I thought you were joking. Pomyra'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

You look like Garfield shit out a cast member of *Cats*, Kirby. Go change into a Pomyra costume now!

KIRBY

I don't have a Pomyra costume, though.

HAROLD

(massaging his head)

Okay, come on. We'll run to the Circle K, wrap you with some toilet paper and you'll be Mumm-ra. Crisis averted.

Harold grabs Kirby by the arm and pulls him down the street.

KIRBY

(sighing)

I knew we should have gone to the *Sex and the City 3* screening tonight.

HAROLD

Shut up, Kirby! Nobody gives a rat's ass about Cynthia Nixon!

Shortly after Harold and Kirby depart, Arlene and Garney join Tim in line.

TIM
Oh hey, guys.

ARLENE
Hi, Tim. Wassup, my ninja?

TIM
Arlene, I thought I told you never to utter that asinine catchphrase in my presence again.

ARLENE
I apologize, Tim, I really do. But I saw the preview for the blu-ray release today and couldn't resist.

TIM
Blu-ray release? Merciful Christ, it never ends. That movie will haunt me to the grave.

GARNEY
Well thanks for waiting in line, man. Where are Harold and Kirby?

TIM
Harold's wrapping him in toilet paper.

Garney and Arlene shake their heads and simultaneously say, "awe." Suddenly, all the people in the front of the line being to disperse, looking annoyed.

ARLENE
Hey what's going on?

GUY IN LINE
They sold out.

GARNEY
What? Are you kidding me?

TIM
Well my life sucks even harder now.

Harold returns with Kirby, who is now wrapped in toilet paper.

HAROLD

Garney, my main man! Sup Arlene. You noobs pumped for tonight?

Garney, Arlene, Tim look at Harold with bummed out faces.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Gee, do guys look like you just watched *Click*? What gives?

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.

KIRBY

See, guys, I told you this movie would be a fun alternative.

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.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Arlene's room is primarily decorated with Harry Potter merchandise and Disney posters. Still dressed in their Thundercats costumes, Garney and Arlene lay on top of a bed with *Tangled* covers. They are watching *Adventure Time* when Arlene notices a glum expression on Garney's face.

ARLENE

Something on your mind, puddin'?

GARNEY

Just bummed we missed *Thundercats*.

ARLENE

No, something was bothering you before we even got to the theater.

GARNEY

It's just...you know that song from *Lion King, Be Prepared*? Well I'm really starting to wish I had taken advice from Scar and his Nazi hyenas.

Arlene pauses the DVR and gives Garney her full attention.

ARLENE

What do you mean?

GARNEY

I was talking to that Gabe guy at the comic shop tonight and I had an epiphany. That thousand pound tub of gelatinous goo is going to me in fifteen years.

ARLENE

Don't be ridiculous, Garney. You're not going to end up like Gabe.

GARNEY

I have no money saved up, no work experience, a 2.5 grade point average, and no plans for when we graduate. I might as well buy a man bra and carpal tunnel wrist brace now.

ARLENE

Okay, I think I see where you're coming from.

GARNEY

What am I going to do? All I have to put on a résumé is 150 hours playing *Skyrim* and literally watching every old Nickelodeon show on Netflix.

ARLENE

Well, you could apply to Los Angeles City College.

GARNEY

And take out a bunch of loans? Forget it. That's almost as bad as working for the Geek Squad at Best Buy.

ARLENE

What's wrong with working for the Geek Squad?

GARNEY

We treat the Geek Squad like they're saints. 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.

ARLENE

Yeah, I guess you're right. Upselling bastards.

GARNEY

And I can't handle living with my mom forever. She hasn't taken the Christmas tree down in five years and forces me to watch *Nancy Grace* with her every weeknight. It's unbearable!

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.

Contemplating, Arlene notices a sketch of her and Garney posted to her wall.

ARLENE

What about your drawings?

GARNEY

There's no profit in my drawings.

ARLENE

Are you kidding? At first I thought that sketch you drew of us for our anniversary was done by a pro. And what about the naked picture of She-Hulk wearing the heart of the ocean? It was phenomenal.

GARNEY

Did you go through the shoebox of drawings under my bed?

ARLENE

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

GARNEY

Wait, hold up a sec.

Garney reaches to the side of the bed and pulls out the 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. The winner gets an internship with DC comics.

ARLENE

(looking the ad over)
This is it! You need to enter.

GARNEY

But it says I need to draw *and write* a comic. I'm no storyteller.

ARLENE

But I am. It says that up to two people can collaborate on one entry.

GARNEY

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

Arlene looks guilty, as if she has been keeping something from Garney.

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

What? You're moving to New York!? What about California State?

ARLENE

This is too big of an offer to pass up. Look, whatever happens I want us to stay together. But lord knows long distance relationships never work. If we were both living in the same state...

Garney silently stares at the ad as Arlene rambles on.

GARNEY

I'm entering the contest.

ARLENE

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

GARNEY

So I can have the whole bonanza.

Arlene smiles, leans in and kisses Garney.

GARNY (CONT'D)

(kissing Arlene)

But will you have time to do the internship with college?

ARLENE

Sure, I'm an excellent multitasker.
You've seen me text and drive. Now
how about we get into character.

INT. OUTSIDE ARLENE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

THE CAMERA gradually zooms away from Arlene's door, down the extended hallway. Garney and Arlene can be heard talking on the other side.

ARLENE (O.S.)

(playful)

Oh Lino-O, I've been a bad kitty. Say
that you're going to give me sight
beyond sight!

GARNEY (O.S.)

Um...I guess I'll have to give you
sight beyond sight.

ARLENE (O.S.)

Prepare for The Trial Of Kama Sutra.
No wait, keep the leotard on.

GARNEY (O.S.)

But this thing doesn't have a zipper.
I'll be pretty crooked.

ARLENE (O.S.)

No problem. Let me just get at a
forty-five degree angle, make some
alterations, and there. How's that?

GARNEY (O.S.)

It feels like I'm in a very weird
David Lynch sex dream...I like it.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Garney, Harold, Tim, and Kirby sit around a lunch table playing Magic Cards. Harold has a candy cigarette sticking out of his mouth as if he is smoking it.

KIRBY

So you guys coming to see my band
play tonight?

GARNEY

Sure thing. Assuming you're still giving us a lift, Harold.

HAROLD

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Might be a few minutes late, though. I need to rewrite my original poem tonight. Ms. Dalton said that my first draft wasn't "school appropriate." Check it.

Harold reaches into his backpack and pulls out a piece of paper covered in red marks. He hands it to Garney, who reads it aloud.

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 totally gay." Dude, no wonder she wouldn't accept this.

HAROLD

Hey, I'm not saying homosexuality is wrong. I'm just pointing out that if movies had sexual preferences, *Batman & Robin* would flame like a turd on fire.

Tim leans over Garney's shoulder and reads another verse from the poem.

TIM

"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.

AARON, a Jewish boy with long, brown hair, and CHRIS, a short, Mexican boy, approach the gang. Chris is holding a blu-ray box, looking anxious.

KIRBY

Aaron, Chris, you guys ready to play at The Black Hole tonight?

AARON

We're all set. We were actually hoping to speak with Tim, though.

TIM

What about?

CHRIS

Will you sign our blu-ray copy of *Jackie Chinaman: Kung-fu Kid*?

Chris presents Tim with the blu-ray. On the cover is a younger picture of Tim, who is making a kung-fu stance. The title reads, "Jackie Chinaman: Kung-fu Kid." The tagline reads, "He's Legendary. He's Invincible. He's only in elementary school." Tim groans upon seeing the blu-ray.

TIM

Oh, Christ on a stick! I thought I had every copy bought out and burned.

HAROLD

Come on, Tim. Stop running from your former life as the Asian equivalent of Macaulay Culkin.

TIM

I was in one movie for God's sake!

AARON

We were also wondering if you'd make an appearance at our weekly Asian club meeting. Maybe you could show us 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.

CHRIS

Really? That is kind of a downer.

TIM

I'm sorry to hear that. What are you guys doing in an Asian club anyways? Neither of you are Asian.

AARON

We actually haven't recruited any Asians for the club yet...Right now it's just us and that school security guard that fought in Nam. Still, we'd be honored if you'd sign our blu-ray, Tim. And could you also say your legendary catchphrase?

TIM

What catchphrase?

CHRIS

You know, "Wassup, my Ninja!"

Tim intensely stares at Aaron and Chris, as if he is about to pop. Maintaining the same intimidating expression, Tim snatches the blu-ray out of Chris' hand, removes a black marker from his front shirt pocket, writes something on the cover, and hands the blu-ray back to Chris. Aaron and Chris look over the blu-ray, unable to read Tim's handwriting.

AARON

What does this say?

TIM

(screaming)

It says get out of here!

Frightened, Aaron and Chris run away. Garney, Harold, Kirby, and several nearby students stare at the fuming Tim.

TIM

What are you all looking at? I thought we were playing Magic The Gathering. Harold, give me a candy cigarette!

HAROLD

I thought you said you were trying to cut back?

TIM

I need my fix!

Harold removes a candy cigarette from his pocket and hands it to Tim. Tim shoves the candy cigarette into his mouth and looks over his Magic Cards.

TIM (CONT'D)

Ha! I cast rampant growth on Trogdor
The Burninator. I am the ultimate
Planeswalker! Kiss my black ass!

INT. GARNEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

GARNEY

So if we win, Arlene and I get to
work for DC Comics in New York.

MRS. JOHNSON

New York? Exactly where would you
live if you got this internship?

GARNEY

Arlene's moving in with her cousin,
Chloe, who has a rent controlled
apartment. They said I could crash
there. Plus, the internship's a paid
gig so I can chip in for utilities.

MRS. JOHNSON

So you'd be living with Arlene?

Garney recognizes his mother's concern.

GARNEY

Mom, listen...

MRS. JOHNSON

No, no, this is all good, Garney. I
was starting to think that you'd end
up living with me forever, not that
I'm complaining. But moving in with
Arlene, we all know where that leads.
Don't get me wrong, I adore Arlene.
Just promise me that you won't rush
into any permanent commitments with
her.

GARNEY

I promise, mom.

The repeated honking of a car horn is heard O.S.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

That's Harold. See you later.

MRS. JOHNSON

Where are you going now?

Garney gets up and makes his way into the living room where a Christmas tree resides. Under the tree is a pair of sandals. Putting the sandals on over his socks, Garney gazes at the eyesore Christmas tree in annoyance.

GARNEY

Kirby's band is playing at the Black Hole tonight.

MRS. JOHNSON

But what about *Nancy Grace*?

GARNEY

You can watch it without me. God mom, can we please take the Christmas tree down? It's right under the heat vent.

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh I don't know, Garney. Pretty soon school will be over and Summer goes by fast. Then it will be October, November, and then BAM, December. So yeah...no.

GARNEY

Very well. So long, mother.

MRS. JOHNSON

Love you. Oh, and if things don't work out with this contest my friend can still get you a Geek Squad job.

GARNEY

Oh goody. Bye.

With his sandals on, Garney exits out the front door.

INT. HAROLD'S JEEP - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

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

HAROLD

I'll be the first to admit it needs some work. Once I make a couple alterations though, I'll get my poem published in the New Yorker and Dalton will hail me as the greatest poet this side of Shaquille O'Neal.

GARNEY

That thing will never get published. You keep going up against people that you're never going to beat, Harold.

TIM

Yeah, like when you campaigned to get *Firefly* back on TV or a Best Picture nomination for *The Dark Knight*.

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 Wendy.

HAROLD

Wendy, the chick that's obsessed with Broadway? I can't stand that wench.

GARNEY

What's wrong with her?

HAROLD

She had a candlelight vigil for Indina Menzel's final performance in *Wicked*. Who does that?

TIM

So? You cried for days when Optimus Prime died.

HAROLD

That's completely different. Optimus was a survivor. He wasn't supposed to die!

TIM

Well if you ask me, I always thought Wendy was kind of cute.

HAROLD

You also said Cassie Anthony was a bodacious babe.

TIM

Just because somebody's a bloodthirsty murderer doesn't mean she's not a babe.

INT. THE BLACK HOLE CLUB - LATER THAT 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.

WENDY

Did you guys see the school's production of *Les Misérables*? I was Fantine.

TIM

Oh yeah. You were really good.

HAROLD

I didn't much care for it. Thought the title was supposed to mean "miserable lesbians" and it wasn't anything like that so pretty let down.

Awkward silence.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And that *One Day More* song, it just reminds me out that god-awful *Spider-Man* graphic novel, *One More Day*.

WENDY

I don't really read comic books. I saw the movies, though. Tobey MaGuire sure is a good dancer.

HAROLD
(groaning)
Uh-huh.

TIM
You like superhero movies?

WENDY
Sure.

HAROLD
What are your thoughts on how
Christopher Nolan reinvented the
Batman franchise?

WENDY
I can't watch those ones. Too scary.
I did enjoy the one with Governor
Schwarzenegger as Mr. Freeze. 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'm submitting a poem to
The New Yorker.

ARLENE
Neatness. 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 DC Comics contest he's coming too.

HAROLD

Wait, what?

WENDY

That sounds really cool.

HAROLD

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

The tapping of a microphone interrupts him. PAN to the stage where Kirby, Aaron, Chris, and a skinny drummer named GRADEY reside. They all wear matching button-down shirts and ties.

KIRBY

Hello, we are Fruit Salad. Tonight 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.)

Goku was played by a white guy. 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 incredible!

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 applied to Berkley. Got 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 The College of Music. We're all leaving you.

HAROLD

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!

ARLENE

Don't forget Peter Pettigrew!

GARNEY

Keep in mind there's a strong chance we 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.

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. Everyone in the audience APPLAUDS with exception to Harold, who just gloomily looks at Garney.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY - ESTABLISHING

INT. PROFESSOR GOLDBLUM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tim, wearing a button-down shirt and tie, sits before the head of the University of California's chemistry department, PROFESSOR GOLDBLUM. Goldblum sits at his desk, going over Tim's résumé 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 gradepoint 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 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 BRUNDLE rushes into Goldblum's office.

BRUNDLE
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, freaking jawsome!

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

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 the 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 - LATER THAT 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 that?

TIM

(still sobbing)

I got up, said nothing, walked out the door. They must have thought I was some sort of psychopath!

Tim rolls onto his back and stares at the ceiling. 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 to 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 four-day passes to Comic-Con, including Preview Night.

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

HAROLD

Wow, Kirby, I finally sense 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 passes too.

HAROLD

No, they're off stabbing me in the back. How'd you get these passes in advance anyways?

KIRBY

I know one of the guys in charge of Comic-Con and managed to score a couple extra passes. 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. You saw us play last night.

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. I referred to Manga as a comic book and they chucked a wine cooler at me.

TIM

What about your drummer?

KIRBY

Gradey? Oh he's on sick leave. Spider crawled up his nose last night and laid eggs in his brain.

TIM

Again?

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Garney lies on the bed, drawing on a sketchpad, while Arlene dully spins around in a chair. Coming to a stop, Arlene looks over the blank pad of notes in her hand.

ARLENE

Any ideas yet?

Appearing unsatisfied, Garney gazes up from his sketchpad.

GARNEY

All I have so far is this flipbook of Alicia Silverstone getting fat. Hey, I got it! A zombie apocalypse survival story.

ARLENE

Zombies? Come on, Garney, There are going to be countless submissions centered on zombies, mutants, costumed vigilantes, alien/robot invasions, schoolgirls with giant hooters, and young adults that discover a supernatural world. We need a completely unique idea to win this contest. Something fresh, something transcendent. How about a vampire romance?

GARNEY

Another butthole, Zoloft vampire?

ARLENE

Just joking. Lets just start off by asking ourselves, what kind of story do we want to see get made.

Garney contemplates Arlene's question then speaks.

GARNEY

You know, people think about comic books and all that comes to mind are battles, and superheroes, and shootouts, and stuff. Most people don't even realize that the medium is open to telling really intimate stories grounded in reality. Don't get be wrong, *The Killing Joke*, V...

(MORE)

GARNEY (CONT'D)

...For *Vendetta*, 300, they're some of my favorites. But I always wished there were more graphic novels along the lines of *Blankets* or *Ghost World*. Poignant, personal coming of age stories that break the conventions of what a graphic novel has to be.

ARLENE

That's an idea. Of course we're trying to sell a comic to DC. They're titles are usually so big and epic. They probably won't go for something as small as a coming of age story.

GARNEY

So we need a story we're passionate about telling, marketable to the general graphic novel audience, and avoids all obvious, recycled clichés. Sounds easy enough.

Arlene slides out of her chair onto the floor and crawls over to her bottom desk drawer.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

Whatcha doin'?

Arlene opens up her bottom desk drawer and pulls out a stack of unorganized papers. She plops the pile on the bed by Garney's feet.

ARLENE

These are just some of the short stories I've written over time. Maybe there's something here we can use.

Arlene and Garney sort threw the cluster of stories. Garney comes across a composition notebook entitled, *Eternal Passions by Arlene Madison*.

GARNEY

Eternal Passions?

Arlene looks up from the pile of papers to find Garney holding the notebook. Her eyes pop open in panic and she jumps forward.

ARLENE

Garney, no! That's for my eyes only!

Garney dodges out of the way as Arlene attempts to apprehend the notebook. Standing on the bed, he swiftly flips through the book and begins to read from it.

GARNEY

(playfully laughing)

Harry and Hermione's Forbidden Love Affair, Jacob Imprints on Bella, Mrs. Brady, You're Trying to Seduce Greg. Arlene, you're just like that horny chick who wrote Fifty Shades of Grey.

ARLENE

Yeah, yeah, I know. I've reached a whole new level of dork. You've had laugh now give me the book.

GARNEY

Hold up. Some of these sound kind of familiar. *Xena and Gabrielle's Quest For Scissoring, Fred and Daphne in Mystery of The Broken Condom, Lion-O and Cheetara: Trial Of Kama Sutra...*

Garney's teasing smile disappears as he reads the previous title. He looks up from the book and stares at Arleen with a traumatized expression.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

My God! We've acted all of these out.

ARLENE

Now, Garney, lets not blow this out of proportion.

GARNEY

Blow this out of proportion? You've been exploiting me as a vessel to live out your sexual fantasies.

ARLENE

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

GARNEY

I never used She-Hulk as a substitute for you. When we were reenacting your little *Thundercats* fancy the other night, we're you even thinking of me?

ARLENE

I will not dignify that with a response. I love *you*, Garney, not some masculine furry!

GARNEY

Then why all the costumes, the disguises, the leotards?

ARLENE

What are you even complaining about? I thought you liked role-playing.

GARNEY

Sure, in moderate doses. But it feels like we haven't been together without role-playing for months now. I don't want to wear a mask to be with you, Arlene.

ARLENE

Then I guess you wouldn't be down for the Rapunzel/Flynn Rider fantasy I was hoping to live out tonight?

Pissed off, Garney begins to aimlessly pack his sketchpad and pencils into his backpack. Not paying attention, he also throws *Eternal Passions* in there by mistake.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Oh come on, Garney. I was kidding. Pudding, lets talk about this.

GARNEY

It's clear you don't want to spend the night with me. Why don't you call up Mulder and Scully and see if you can get in on a grotesque three-way?

Garney picks up his backpack and storms into the closet.

ARLENE

Garney, you just walked into a...

Garney bursts out of the closet.

GARNEY

I know, I know. Queue the wah, wah, wah, waaaah sound effect.

Garney begins to exit when all of a sudden a wah, wah, wah, waaaah trombone sound effect is heard. He turns around to Arlene, who pulls an iPhone out of her pocket.

ARLENE

Sorry, that's my new text tone. Weird coincidence, huh?

Garney does a Charlie Brown groan and angrily exits.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

The bedroom is covered with posters of Broadway shows. An overwhelming amount of *Phantom of the Opera* merchandise takes up most of the space. Arlene and Wendy sit on the bed, playing *New Super Mario Brothers* for the Wii. PAN to the TV screen where MARIO attains a Power Star, becoming invincible. Mario runs into a pit of lava where he dies. PAN back to WENDY, who appears shocked.

WENDY

What the hell? You just ran strait into the lava, girl!

ARLENE

I had the Power Star. I thought that made me invincible. How am I immune to everything except lava?

WENDY

You're head just isn't in the game. What gives?

ARLENE

It's Garney. We had a fight last night. He found *Eternal Passions*.

WENDY

Your fan fiction porn? I thought you stopped writing those when high school started.

ARLENE

I did. But lately Garney and me have kind of been acting out some of the stories.

WENDY

Kinky.

ARLENE

Yeah, except Garney didn't realize he was following a script. Now he's all pissed off I used his bod to live out my demented secret desires.

WENDY

Well you're a shipper, Arlene. That sort of thing is in your nature.

ARLENE

A shipper? I'm someone who transports cargo?

WENDY

No. Shippers are people who obsess over other people's relationships, be they real or fictional.

ARLENE

That's ridiculous. I do not.

WENDY

You once wrote a detailed list why Ash and Misty from *Pokémon* belong together. It went on for twenty pages, front and back.

ARLENE

I must admit that was some serial killer shit. God, I feel so bad about how we left things. I love Garney, so why have I become so obsessed with romances that don't even exist? What's wrong with me?

WENDY

There's nothing wrong with you. It's just your way of coping with the fact that your life sucks.

ARLENE

But my life doesn't suck. I love my life.

WENDY

Everybody's life sucks a little. That's why we seek escapism by playing *World of Warcraft*, watching movies, collecting action figures, and, in your case, indulging in shipping sexcapades. It's what drives fandom.

Arlene lights up as if inspiration has stricken her like one of Zeus' thunderbolts.

ARLENE

What did you just say?

WENDY

I said it's what drives fandom.

ARLENE

That's it! I've got to go.

WENDY

Wait, I thought we were going to watch *Pitch Perfect* for the 80th time.

Arlene hurriedly gets up and begins to rush out the door.

ARLENE

No time to explain. Talk to you later, Wendy. Thanks.

Arlene exits. Wendy, now alone, advances to her closet. She opens the closet to reveal a shrine to Michael Crawford inside. Wendy turns on a dated boom box and plays the overture to *Phantom of the Opera*. As the music commences, Wendy puts on a Phantom mask and a black cape. She proceeds to bow to the shrine as if it were sacred.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Garney lies on his bed with a forlorn, Charlie Brown attitude. His cell phone vibrates on his nightstand and he retrieves it. On the phone is a text message from Harold reading, "Hey Garney, ya Bastard, down 4 Cing *Thundercats* 2night?"

INT. HAROLD'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Leaning back in a leather chair, Harold hold his iPhone in one hand and eagerly swings a medieval mace around with the other. Harold's iPhone vibrates as he receives a response from Garney. It reads, "Not tonight, man. Not feeling up to it." Harold sets the phone down in disappointment.

HAROLD

Fine, who needs him? Lets try the other douchers.

Harold begins to send text messages to everyone else. As he continues to aimlessly swing his mace around, Harold accidentally slams the spiked weapon into his face.

HAROLD

(wailing in pain)
Son of a bitch! Oh God damn-it!

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

"New Text Message from Harold" appears on Tim's cell phone. Tim doesn't realize this however, as he is leaving a voice message on his cell.

TIM (ON PHONE)

Hi, Professor Goldblum. It's Timothy Wong...Jackie Chinaman. I'm just calling on a count of my little panic attack in your office. I hope none of this will change your perception of me. And I'm sure that blood that dripped on your carpet will come right out with some club soda...so um...you're probably wondering how I got your home phone number...funny story...

INT. KIRBY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

"New Text Message from Harold" appears on Kirby's cell phone, which vibrates on top of a pile of dirty clothes. Kirby doesn't realize this, however, as he is being cornered by Aaron and Chris.

AARON

Kirby, Chris is out of the band!

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 an Anime love pillow with a pink-haired, practically naked woman on front. Kirby gazes at the pillow, more confused than ever.

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. HAROLD'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Pressing an icepack on his forehead, Harold looks at his cell phone to find no responses. With a look of discontent, Harold sets his phone and icepack down. He turns to his PC and opens his Netflix account. He scrolls about the various titles available for instant streaming until he comes across *Space Jam*.

HAROLD
Space Jam, ooh la la.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Still looking rather glum, Garney reaches into his backpack and pulls out his sketchpad. He flips through it, depicting a flipbook of Alicia Silverstone going from fit and skinny to a hog in a Batgirl costume. Garney then turns to the side of his bed where copies of *Ghost World*, *Blankets*, *Sin City*, and *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World* rest. Frustrated, Garney tosses the sketchpad aside. He then looks back into his backpack to find something else in there. He reaches in and pulls out *Eternal Passions*.

GARNEY
 Damn-it. How did this get in here?

Out of curiosity, Garney begins to skim through *Eternal Passions*.

GARNEY
 (reading the book)
 Oh my...oh my...well Lizzie and Gordo definitely never did *that* on *Lizzie McGuire*.

Mrs. Johnson bursts into the room, unannounced.

MRS. JOHNSON
 Garney, darling, Arlene is here to see you.

Garney puts *Eternal Passions* back into his backpack and collects himself.

GARNEY
 Guess I got to face her eventually. Send her in.

MRS. JOHNSON
 Yes, my master. Were you masturbating in here again?

GARNEY
 Yes, mom. You can totally tell by the pulled up, zipped state of my pants.

Mrs. Johnson exits. A muddled Arlene enters, carrying a stack of papers. Garney gets off the bed to greet her.

GARNEY

Hey Arlene, about last night...

ARLENE

Garney, before you say anything, you have to read this.

Arlene presents Garney with the stack of papers.

GARNEY

What's this?

ARLENE

The script for our graphic novel. It encompasses everything we talked about, a personal coming of age story that will appeal to the masses without submitting to cheap clichés. Keep in mind this is only the first draft so we may have to...

GARNEY

Arlene, I wanted to talk to you about this, about the comic contest. Maybe we should just forget about it.

ARLENE

What?

GARNEY

Come on, Arlene, it was a pipe dream. What are the odds of us winning this thing, moving to New York, and having a Disney ending? We've got to think realistically here.

ARLENE

Garney, when you're an artist there's no such thing as thinking realistically.

GARNEY

I'm not an artist. There's no way I could ever be as good as Stan Lee, Craig Thompson or Daniel Clowes.

ARLENE

Do you know how long it took for somebody to finally recognize the creative genius of those guys?

GARNEY

Yeah, I know every success story starts with some down on his luck artist who's rejected by everyone and can't pay the bills. But you know what we never see? The stories about artists that struggle for years, never amount to anything, and eventually settle for a middle management position at Best Buy! I already know that I'll fall into the latter category. So I might as well accept my fate now.

ARLENE

Garney, I'm not going to guarantee that we'll win this contest or that we'll move to New York together. But whether we win or lose, I think we can produce something really great by collaborating on this comic.

GARNEY

Look, the main reason I wanted to go to New York was to be with you, Arlene. And now...

ARLENE

And now what? You're seriously not still upset about *Eternal Passions*?

GARNEY

I don't know what I feel. It's all so confusing. Look at my parents. They got married after high school and in the end my dad cheated on my mom.

ARLENE

Hey, what I did with *Eternal Passions* was not cheating. Who said anything about marriage anyways? We're not Nathan and Haley.

GARNEY

I know that you wouldn't *really* cheat on me, Arlene, and if we ever did get married it would be a long way down the road. But the fight we had last night, it got me thinking. Maybe we're both too immature to have a serious relationship. Would we really work in the long run? I just don't know if we're capable of a permanent commitment.

Arlene appears hurt by Garney's comments, but can also recognize that there is a lot of truth to them.

ARLENE

Garney, don't enter this contest for us. Do it for yourself. You have to take a leap of faith every now and then. I mean, would you rather be a successful Best Buy employee or an unsuccessful artist?

Garney deliberates over Arlene's question for a moment then stretches his hand out to her.

GARNEY

Let me read the script.

Arlene hands the pages to Garney. He begins to casually look them over then really starts to get into it. Soon his face becomes overcome with fascination as he turns the pages. His reaction plays out exactly like in the scene from *Amadeus* where Salieri looks over Mozart's flawless music. Coming to the final page, Garney drops the whole script in astonishment. Arlene look back at him, curious.

ARLENE

So, what'd you think?

Garney gazes down at the pile of pages. He bends over, gathers them back together, and returns the pages to Arlene with a confident smile.

CLASSIC CALENDAR MONTAGE

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

Operatic music plays throughout the following montage. May 20th is marked off on the calendar hanging on Garney's wall. PAN TO Garney painstakingly working on his comic, hunched over at his desk with a pencil clutched in his right hand. Arlene meanwhile takes several rough concept sketches and pushpins them to the wall.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, MAY 21ST - AFTERTNOON

The room has even more concept sketches pinned to the walls. Arlene looks over Garney's shoulder as he works on the comic.

ARLENE

Is that supposed to be an "M" or an "N?"

GARNEY

It's an "I."

ARLENE

Why don't I do the lettering?

GARNEY

Agreed.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, MAY 27TH - NIGHT

The calendar is now marked off on May 27. PAN TO Arlene sitting at the desk, inking in the letters. She takes a flask that reads "Polyjuice" out of her coat pocket and takes a swing. Garney meanwhile paces back and forth, looking over sketches and shotgunning an energy drink.

EXT. OUTSIDE BEST BUY, MAY 30TH - AFTERNOON

Garney stares through the Best Buy window at the Geek Squad desk. He sighs to himself then walks away.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, MAY 30TH - LATE AFTERNOON

Garney angrily stares into the mirror, chewing himself out.

GARNEY

You suck, you suck, you suck, you're drawing is terrible! Just give up on life now...

In the middle of Garney's rant, Arlene enters. Garney composes himself when he realizes that Arlene is present. Recognizing how stressed Garney is, Arlene takes his hand and pulls him out of the room.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, MAY 30TH - NIGHT

Garney and Arlene sit on the couch, laughing hysterically. The television is playing *Jackie Chinaman: Kung Fu Kid*. On the television screen is a FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM wearing a Kung Fu uniform and fake buckteeth. He 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!

Garney and Arlene burst into laughter. Arlene is happy to see Garney back in high spirits. Then she feels a little forlorn, recognizing the distance between them on the couch.

INT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT, JUNE 10TH - NIGHT

It's graduation and the school parking lot is full of seniors in their caps and gowns. Garney and Arlene converse in the parking lot, their diplomas in hand. Harold pulls up to them in his jeep with Tim in the passenger's seat and Kirby is in the back. They are all dressed in their caps and gowns too.

HAROLD

Come on, man. We're going to see *Anne Frank: Zombie Slayer*.

GARNEY

Sorry guys, we have a lot more work to do on the comic.

Garney and Arlene walk away. Harold watches them, looking totally bummed out.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM, JUNE 19TH - NIGHT

The calendar now reads June 19th. The walls of the room are engulfed in more sketches than ever. Sitting at his desk, Garney colors in his comic with a paintbrush. The fire alarm goes off, causing Garney to accidentally color outside of the lines. Garney looks up from his comic and realizes that smoke is seeping through the door.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, JUNE 19TH - SECONDS LATER

Garney rushes into the smoky room to find that the Christmas tree is on fire. Mrs. Johnson charges in with a fire extinguisher and sprays the smoldering tree. Soon enough, the fire goes out and all that's left are burnt branches. Garney and his mother turn to each other, breathing heavily.

MRS. JOHNSON

Well...It's finally down.

INT. ARLENE'S BEDROOM, JUNE 25TH - LATE NIGHT

Arlene, looking like she hasn't slept in days, sits at her desk. She obsessively inks in a page of the comic with the fortitude of a music conductor. At last she sets the ink brush aside and looks down at the page in content. CUT TO the page, which only has a single "I" inked in 18-point font.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, JUNE 28TH - MORNING

Garney opens the front door to find Harold standing on the porch. With a big, fat smile, Harold holds up a pair of Moon Shoes. His childish grin cries out, "Come play with me." Garney apologetically shakes his head and closes the door.

EXT. GARNEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD, JUNE 28TH - MOMENTS LATER

Isolated, Harold jumps down the sidewalk with his moon shoes on. Harold is so fat, however, that he can only get a couple inches off the ground. Realizing that the moon shoes aren't working, Harold stands motionless on the sidewalk with a moan.

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM, JUNE 28TH - NIGHT

Lying on the couch, Harold flips through the Netflix menu on the T.V. with a Nintendo Wii remote. Eventually he stops at the title for *Downton Abbey*. Intrigued, Harold scratches his chin and presses play.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, JUNE 30TH - 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. Cheering victoriously, Mrs. Johnson grabs her son and hugs him firmly. Garney appears beyond uncomfortable as Mrs. Johnson suffocates him in her tightly gripped arms. Regardless, Garney decides to just smile as his mom cuts off his air supply.

INT. GARNEY'S KITCHEN, JULY 5TH - NIGHT

Garney and Arlene sit at the table, working on the comic. Mrs. Johnson stands at the counter, fixing herself some tea. With a yawn, Arlene gets up, stretches, and picks her backpack off the floor.

GARNEY
(fixated on drawing)
See you tomorrow, Arlene.

Arlene appears dejected as she leaves, wanting a more affectionate goodbye from Garney. Mrs. Johnson recognizes Arlene's gloom and looks at her with pity as she departs.

EXT. SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER, JULY 8TH - NIGHT -
ESTABLISHING

A banner that reads "Comic-con: Preview Night" hangs above the convention center's entrance. Harold, Tim, and Kirby anxiously wait in line outside.

INT. SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER, JULY 8TH - SAME TIME

Harold, Tim, and Kirby sit amongst a giant audience, watching the trailer for a movie. Although we never see what the movie is, it causes everybody in the audience to uproariously applaud. Harold is especially ecstatic until he looks around and is reminded that Garney isn't there.

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. PAN TO the calendar, which is marked on July 8th. "First Day of Comic-con" is written on July 9th. The operatic music comes to an end.

END MONTAGE

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Garney lies on his bed, reading *Eternal Passions*. He is practically at the end of the notebook

GARNEY

Buffy chooses Spike...over Angel?
Give me a break.

Mrs. Johnson enters the room announced, carrying a folder.

MRS. JOHNSON

Hi sweetums, I just finished reading
your comic.

GARNEY

And?

MRS. JOHNSON

I thought it was wonderful.

GARNEY

Thanks mom. I really appreciate your
feedback.

MRS. JOHNSON

I was going to watch some *Nancy Grace*
before bed. You want in?

GARNEY

No thanks. I'm good.

MRS. JOHNSON

Are you sure? A white girl was
murdered and Nancy thinks her stepdad
did it.

GARNEY

I'm just going to finish reading this and go to bed.

MRS. JOHNSON

Okay. I guess if you win this contest I'll have to get used to watching T.V alone. I want you to know that no matter what happens I'm very proud of you, Garney. You have a real gift.

Mrs. Johnson takes notice in all of the sketches push pinned to the walls.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Why are all these drawings pinned to the walls?

GARNEY

It's something pretentious artists do.

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh, okay. Good night.

GARNEY

Night, mom. Thanks again.

Mrs. Johnson sets the folder on Garney's desk and exits. Garney returns to *Eternal Passions* to discover he is on the final page. This entry is titled, *When Draco Met Voldemort*.

GARNEY

When Draco Met Voldemort?

INT. HARRY POTTER PARTY - FLASHBACK - FOUR YEARS AGO

It's four years earlier at a Harry Potter party. The living room has been cleared out so a group of kids can play a game of Quidditch. With a broomstick in between his legs, a Gryffindor CHASER jumps into the air and chucks the Quaffle through a hoop at the end of the room. A kid dressed as LEE JORDAN excitedly stands on the couch, making commentary.

LEE JORDAN

Another ten points scored by Oliver Wood! That's Gryffindor: 140, Slytherin, 0.

Garney is dressed as Draco Malfoy with his hair cut short and dyed bleach blonde. He is approached by an African American kid wearing a long, black wig. Lets call him BLACK SNAPE.

BLACK SNAPE

Come on, Garney. We can still win this thing. You just have to get the Snitch!

GARNEY

Harold put it in his dick cave!

PAN TO Harold, who is dressed in all yellow with paper wings taped to his back. He sits on the couch, drinking from a red Dixie cup. There also appears to be a slight bulge in his crotch.

BLACK SNAPE

Harold, that is a strict violation of The Quidditch Handbook!

HAROLD

Screw your handbook, Half-Black Prince. By the way, tell your mom that her Butterbeer sucks!

Garney and Black Snape are approached by Tim, who is dressed as Harry Potter in a Gryffindor Quidditch uniform.

TIM

You guys want to call it?

BLACK SNAPE

No! The match is not over! Garney, stop being a bitch and capture the Snitch! Otherwise you're not getting the special goody bags mom made!

GARNEY

God, the things I'll do for Canary Creams and Fizzing Whizzbees.

Garney walks up to Harold and warily reaches his hand towards his crotch. All the while Harold grins, getting off on his power over Garney. Just wanting to get it over with, Garney plunges his right hand into Harold's pants. As he feels around, Garney squirms and repeatedly says, "ew."

Garney yanks out a yellow sack with a heavy, round object inside. Lee Jordan blows a whistle.

LEE JORDAN

That's 150 points for Slytherin,
making Gryffindor's 140 Quaffle points
completely useless. Slytherin wins!

Having won the game, Garney throws the yellow sack across the room. It accidentally hits someone standing by the snacks in the back of their head. They let out a screech of pain.

GARNEY

Oh shit!

Garney rushes to the anonymous person he hit with the Snitch.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

The anonymous person turns around to reveal it is Arlene. She is dressed as Lord Voldemort, wearing a bald cap with her skin painted green. Rubbing the back of her hurt head, she smiles at Garney.

ARLENE

Well done, Draco. Well done.

INT. HARRY POTTER PARTY - BACKYARD - FLASHBACK - A FEW
MINUTES LATER

Garney and Arlene sit alone on the back porch as the party continues inside. Arlene eats from a box of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans.

ARLENE

Why burn down the Weasel's house? It
doesn't advance the story, it wasn't
even in the book. What's the point?

GARNEY

I get what you mean. I'm still really
pumped for the next movie, though.
Been rereading all the books in
preparation.

ARLENE

You've been rereading *all* of them?

Garney looks embarrassed, wishing he had kept that information to himself.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

So have I! Which one are you on?

Garney lightens up, realizing Arlene shares his obsession.

GARNEY

Just finished *Prisoner of Azkaban*.

ARLENE

That's definitely tied with *Deathly Hallows* for my favorite. Man, *Harry Potter* has really gotten me through some tough times. I mean no matter what's been happening in my life, I've always been able to take solace in going home to read the new Harry Potter book.

GARNEY

I know what you mean. But now I'm just so depressed that the series is over. Don't get me wrong, they all have great reread value. But it's never quite the same as the first read-through. Dumbledore dying, Harry defeating Voldemort, Mrs. Weasley calling Bellatrix a bitch, I'd give anything to experience those moments for the first time again.

ARLENE

I'm Arlene by the way.

Arlene reaches her hand out to Garney. He shakes her hand in return.

GARNEY

I'm Garney.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

We return to Garney's bedroom as he finishes reading from *Eternal Passions*. He looks up from the notebook, cracking a smile and getting a little chocked up.

EXT. OUTSIDE GARNEY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Dressed in everyday attire, Garney edgily sits on the stoop with his folder in hand. He yanks out his cell phone to check the time. Loosing all patience, he scrolls through his contacts to Harold's name.

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Harold lies on the couch in a bathrobe, watching *Downton Abbey* on his flat screen. He eats from a giant bowl of Cookie Crisp mixed with chocolate milk. His phone begins to ring with a *Ducktales* ringtone. Harold pulls it out of his bathrobe pocket to see that it's Garney and answers.

HAROLD

Well hello.

SPLIT SCREEN between Harold's living room and Garney's yard.

GARNEY

You were supposed to pick me up twenty minutes ago, man!

HAROLD

Was I? Well Garney, perhaps you may recall an episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* in which Riker explains to Data that in all trust there is the possibility of betrayal. You trusted me to pick you up today, and it appears you bet on the wrong horse.

GARNEY

What the frak are you talking about?

HAROLD

I'm not coming for you, Garney. You are completely stranded. I've sabotured you!

Harold maniacally cackles like a super villain. He then begins to uncontrollably cough, choking on his Cookie Crisp. All the while, Garney appears less than amused.

GARNEY

You do realize that I'm just going to call Arlene or Tim and have them pick me up, right?

Harold suddenly becomes strait faced, realizing the error in his scheme.

HAROLD

That's something I did not foretell. In hindsight I probably could have planned this better.

GARNEY

Yes, even your saboteurs are half-assed. You know, you're a real dick, Harold.

HAROLD

I'm the dick? You're the one that ditched out on Preview Night.

GARNEY

I had to put the finishing touches on the comic.

HAROLD

Again with the damn comic. 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.

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 *Boondock Saints*? 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

Yes, Harold. And if you can't accept that then maybe I've outgrown you.

Harold is too upset to respond for a moment. Garney has a look of regret, realizing that maybe his comment was overly harsh.

HAROLD

Fine Garney, if that's the way you feel then goodbye.

GARNEY

Look, Harold, I...

HAROLD

Live long and prosper, asshole!

Harold aggressively hangs up his phone. Trying to take his mind off the matter, he returns to the television. Watching *Downton Abbey*, Harold is overcome with alarm.

HAROLD

(hysterical)

Wait, Lady Sybil is dead? No!

EXT. SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER - LATER THAT MORNING

Once again the gang finds themselves stuck in a line. Arlene is dressed as Princess She-Ra, wearing white dress and golden crown. Tim wears a yellow shirt from *Star Trek*

with a pillow stuffed underneath. Garney clutches a folder with the comic pages inside. As the three gradually progress closer to the entrance, Garney notices the Comic-Con eye logo on a nearby poster.

GARNEY

They really ought to change that logo. It's in extremely bad taste after that one guy got stabbed in the eye at Comic-Con a couple years ago.

ARLENE

What caused that to transpire?

TIM

Apparently these two guys got into a debate about which game comes first in the *Zelda* timeline.

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

INT. SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Garney, Arlene, and Tim enter the convention center. They find themselves in the midst of people dressed as various characters from comics, television, 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.

ARLENE

Crap, it's going to take forever in line. We'll miss the *Episode VII* forum. I was going to flash the midget inside R2D2.

GARNEY

If Harold had gotten me here early as planned, we'd be in front now.

TIM

Where is our resident lard lad anyways?

GARNEY

We had a bit of a fight. I don't know
if he's coming now.

WENDY (O.S.)

Arlene!

The three turn to find Wendy rushing towards them. She wears a Spider-man wetsuit with tap-dance shoes.

ARLENE

Wendy, you made it.

WENDY

Girl, you've got to come with me
right now.

ARLENE

Why, what's up?

WENDY

Rumor has it that Uncle Jesse is
going to make a surprise appearance
at the *Full House* reunion forum!

ARLENE

Uncle Jesse! Oh my God I...no wait,
we have to show our comic.

WENDY

It's a two-hour line. This will take
half an hour tops. Plus I hear he's
going to serenade the audience with
a guitar solo!

Arlene looks at Garney with an eager, puppy dog face.

GARNEY

I'm more than capable of holding our
place in line, Arlene. Go ahead.

ARLENE

Oh, thank you, thank you! Lets go!

Wendy takes off and Arlene follows, leaving Garney and Tim behind.

TIM

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

GARNEY

K. Meet me back here later.

Tim disperses into the convention center. Garney takes his place in the back of the line behind a guy dressed as a Red Squadron member from *Star Wars*. The Rebel turns around to reveal it is actually Harold.

HAROLD

Garney, why do you hate me?

Garney jumps back, aghast to find Harold there.

GARNEY

Oh, Jesus, Harold!

HAROLD

I'm going to plead with you one last time not to go through with this.

GARNEY

How long have you been standing in this line?

HAROLD

Forty-eight minutes.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, BATHROOM - SAME TIME

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 the stranger.

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...

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

...from *Gone With the Wind* on Entertainment Weekly's list of the most racist characters of all time. Want me to slap on a 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 let me go ahead of you in the parking lot. That was nice...

Tim just stands there for a moment in embarrassment.

TIM

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

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 pubic-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 trashcan.

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

DARREN

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 - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Arlene follows Wendy down a hallway, pushing through a crowd of costumed nerds.

ARLENE

Damn, I wish I had brought my hairdryer for Jesse to sign.

WENDY

I should probably tell you now that there is no *Full House* forum. I made the whole thing up.

ARLENE

What? Then where the hell are you taking me?

WENDY

I'm going to introduce you to a group of people that helped me out when The Phantom didn't get Christine.

Wendy leads the oblivious Arlene into another room. Hanging on the wall is a banner that reads, "Shipper's Support Group." Several FEMALE SHIPPERS and one MALE SHIPPER sit in a circularly permutation. The entire set up of the room has the essence of an AA meeting.

ARLENE

What the stuff!

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 reenact the light labor duel from *Star Wars: Episode I* in an uncoordinated fashion.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

They're likely still living with one or both of their parents and got banned from Disneyland for jumping up on stage 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 leave? Why fix what was working?

GARNEY

Because it's not working for me anymore, Harold. Eventually we all have to move on.

HAROLD

I've seen what happens when people move on. They give up their action figures, stop going to conventions, and become complete tools.

GARNEY

Just because you move on doesn't mean you change who you are. Like remember when Dick Grayson retired from being Robin? He couldn't be a boy wonder forever so he became Nightwing. Even though his costume was different, he always stood for the same things.

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 lose the only friends I have.

GARNEY

That's not going to happen.

HAROLD

It's already started. When was the last time we hung out and argued about irrelevant shit? I just don't want things to change. And you know what the worst part is? I'm changing too. Remember *Space Jam*? I used to love that movie. I watched it a while back on Netflix and it sucked ass! Michael Jordan and the Looney Tunes team up to beat aliens in a basketball game? So fucking stupid!

GARNEY

Well maybe that's apart of growing up, realizing that everything from our childhood wasn't great so we can move onto better things. Then every once and a while, we go to a comic convention to remember the times that were awesome.

HAROLD

Goddamn change. 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

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 - MANGA SECTION - SAME TIME

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

DARREN

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 *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 an unintentionally hilarious movie. Instead of renouncing Jackie Chinaman, embrace it.

TIM

Embrace that afterbirth on toast?

DARREN

Look, 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 it taunt you forever. Jackie Chinaman is part of your life and always will be. You can't run from your past just like you can't stop the future from happening. Look, 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...Thanks...I guess...

DARREN

So do you have any spare change?

TIM

No.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, SHIPPER SUPPORT GROUP - SAME TIME

Sitting in a fold-up chair, Arlene disregards her surroundings as she plays *Plants vs Zombies* on her iPhone. Wendy stands before the group of shippers as she dishes out her feelings.

WENDY

I mean Mercedes and Sam, where did that relationship come from? And why the hell would Finn dump Rachel only to get back together with Quinn? Granted, Rachel almost cheated on Finn with Puck. But Quinn actually cheated on Finn with Puck *and* got pregnant. So why would he forgive Quinn and break up with Rachel? It just doesn't add up!

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

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh my. I'm sorry. I lost control.

Sitting across the circle is the GROUP MEDIATOR, a slightly overweight woman in her early thirties.

GROUP MEDIATOR

It's okay, Wendy. The *Glee* writers don't give a rats ass about consistency. We just have to accept that. Let's hear from you next.

The group mediator points to Arlene, who is still engaged in her phone. Wendy taps her on the shoulder. Looking up, Arlene realizes that the group mediator was addressing her.

ARLENE

Um, I was kind of brought here under false pretences and I'm not really comfortable talking about this.

GROUP MEDIATOR

Sharing is completely optional. But this is a safe place.

SHIPPER #1

We're here to help, my shipping sister.

With all eyes on her, Arlene reluctantly decides to speak.

ARLENE

...you see, in eighth grade I wrote this fan fic about Jacob and Bella hooking up. Then I decided write a fan fic about Dawson and Joey, Urkel and Laura, Arnold and Helga. Before I knew it, the whole notebook was full of fan fic porn. I forgot about it for a few years. Recently, though, I've been reenacting some of the stories with my boyfriend. It got weird and we had a fight.

GROUP MEDIATOR

So what made you stop writing these fan fics?

ARLENE

High school started around then and I met Garney. I didn't really feel like writing them anymore after that.

GROUP MEDIATOR

Have you and your boyfriend always required these role-playing scenarios to be...intimate?

ARLENE

No. It was pretty casual when we lost our virginities in junior year...

Arlene's eyes widen, mortified having blurted that information out.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Oh blarg, did I really just say that out loud?

WENDY

It's totally cool, Arlene. There are no social boundaries in this room. We can divulge whatever we want. For example, I can finally confess that I got my Cherry popped by a fudgsicle at age fifteen.

Everybody awkwardly looks at Wendy in silence for a moment. They all share the same "TMI" expression.

GROUP MEDIATOR

Right...so anyways, you recently found it necessary to incorporate these fan fics into your love life. What brought on this change?

ARLENE

I don't know. I still love Garney, he's still totally hot, and I'm not board of our relationship. I don't get why I wanted to start role-playing.

GROUP MEDIATOR

Have you undergone any life altering events recently?

ARLENE

...No...well I did get this scholarship to Columbia University a few months ago. Then for some reason I started thinking about my fan fics again.

GROUP MEDIATOR

So you'd be moving to New York and leaving your boyfriend behind?

ARLENE

He might be able to move there with me if we win this comic contest.

SHIPPER #1

You mean the DC Contest they're having here?

ARLENE

Yeah. Still, I don't know if we have a chance in hell at actually winning.

GROUP MEDIATOR

I think I see what's going on. You're concerned about losing your boyfriend. So, as a coping mechanism, you tried to make things work between Bella and Jacob, Dawson and Joey, and various other lovers from your fan fiction.

Arlene looks like she is going to protest the group mediator's diagnosis. When she is unable to come up with a response, however, she has a moment of epiphany.

ARLENE

By God, I'm a bigger basket case than that ape-shit, diaper-wearing astronaut bitch.

SHIPPER #1

Don't beat yourself up. We all get lost in our dream worlds sometimes.

SHIPPER #2

You just have to get back to reality.

ARLENE

What if it's too late for that? Even if we do win this contest by some miracle, I don't know where Garney and me stand. We've been so busy working on the comic we've taken no time to talk about our relationship. We haven't even kissed since the fight.

SHIPPER #2

Then you gotta acknowledge that elephant in the room, girlfriend, before it's too late.

Putting on a firm face, Arlene leaps out of her chair.

ARLENE

Yeah, I'm going to chop that
elephant's head off and make a piano!
For the honor of Grayskull, I am She
Ra! Girl power!

Doing a battle cry, Arlene fiercely charges out of the room. The group mediator turns to the only male shipper in the room.

GROUP MEDIATOR

Why don't we hear from you next?

The male shipper stands up, clears his throat, and speaks.

MALE SHIPPER

Finished *House* the other night. I was
very disappointed that *House* did not
end up with Cuddy. So I jumped Hugh
Laurie's fence and pooped in his yard.

SHIPPER #1

We've all been there, brother.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, FRUIT SALAD BOOTH - SAME TIME

Kirby, Aaron and Chris reside at a booth with a banner that reads, "Fruit Salad," in red letters. Kirby is dressed as a Na'vi from *Avatar* with his skin painted blue. Aaron is dressed as Lelouch from *Code Geass* while Chris is dressed as Spike from *Cowboy Bebop*. Dozens of people pass by the booth, but none stop by.

AARON

Step right up and get a limited
edition copy of *Fruit Salad's*
Greatest Hits. Featuring songs like
They Ruined My Childhood and *I've*
Got a Boner for James Cameron.

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
I'm blackmailing them.

TIM
Really? With what?

KIRBY
I walked in on them.

TIM
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.

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

GARNEY

What if we threw the roadrunner into the mix? Who'd win then?

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.

GARNEY

Dude, it's them!

HAROLD

(like a school girl)

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! I haven't been this pumped since seeing that dying homeless lady I mistook for Helena Bonham Carter.

Garney becomes anxious, twisting his legs.

GARNEY

Can you hold onto this for a second? I gotta make a trip to the Louvre.

Garney presents his folder to Harold who accepts it.

HAROLD

Sure thing. We wouldn't want you to piss yourself again like when we saw *Breaking Dawn - Part 1*.

GARNEY

Hey, I had a seizer educed by that grotesque birthing scene. I couldn't control my bladder.

HAROLD

You still pissed yourself...baby.

GARNEY

Just hold onto it for me, douche.

Garney rushes to the bathroom across the convention center. Harold opens the folder and pulls out the comic. Looking at the cover, Harold lightens up and starts to flip through the pages. Out of breath, Arlene runs over to Harold.

ARLENE

Harold, where's Garney? I've got to talk to him right now.

HAROLD

In the shitter. Go to him.

Arlene progresses over to the bathroom. Kirby and Tim spot Harold in line and approach him.

KIRBY

Hey, Harold, we're going to the *Avatar 2* forum. Want to come?

HAROLD

There's seriously making another blue person version of *FernGully*?

KIRBY

Avatar is not *FernGully*, you ignorant ass! It's this generations *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!

TIM

People, people. Squabbling isn't going to solve our differences. Besides, if there's one definitive science fiction franchise it's *Star Trek*.

HAROLD

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

TIM

I'm dressed as Captain Kirk, racist
bastard!

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*? That's
moey moey bullshit!

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, MEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Garney washes his hands in the sink of the seemingly empty
bathroom. Turning around, Garney is taken aback to find
Arlene standing at the entrance.

GARNEY

Arlene? Damn-it! Am I in the girl's
room again?

ARLENE

Garney, I want to tell you that I'm
sorry, I'm sorry about my shipping.

GARNEY

You're sorry for transporting cargo?

ARLENE

No, no, what I meant to say was I'm
sorry about the fan fic porn. It was
shitty of me to expose you to that.

GARNEY

No, Arlene, I overreacted before. I shouldn't have been such a dick about it.

ARLENE

So you're not mad at me?

GARNEY

To be perfectly honest, I actually read *Eternal Passions* from beginning to end. A good read. I especially like the last story.

ARLENE

The last story? Oh yeah. Well it's just that, these last couple months I've been feeling really distant from you.

GARNEY

What do you mean? We've seen each other almost every day.

ARLENE

Yeah, but it just hasn't felt the same. We don't talk to each other like we used to. Maybe it's because we've been so busy working on the comic. But apart of me feels like it's because of the fight we had. Remember how you asked me whether or not we'd make it the long run? Well I think before we go any further, we'd better stop and answer that question.

Garney waits for Arlene to proceed, but she says nothing.

GARNEY

Do you want me to answer first?

ARLENE

Would you?

Garney takes a deep breath as he collects his thoughts.

GARNEY

I know that I love you, Arlene, and I want to go to New York and be an artist. I'm just scared of what comes next. On one hand we'll lose, you'll go to New York without me, and that will be it for us. On the other hand, we could actually win this thing and go to New York together, but I'd be leaving everyone else behind. I was just talking to Harold about how we all have to start a new chapter in our lives. But the truth is that change scares me more than anything. I always thought I'd welcome the end of high school with open arms. Now that it's here, though, all I can do is dread the future. There are times when I fall asleep at night and I wish that I don't wake up. That way I could stay in this moment forever with you, my friends, my mom. But summer's going to end sooner than later. That's why I've been so distant from everyone lately. Just thinking about leaving any of you guys is ripping me up inside. But in this instant right now, if I had to choose the person I wanted to stay with above all else, Arlene, it would be you. So yeah, I know that we would work in the long run.

Arlene takes a moment to take in everything Garney previously said. Finally, she responds.

ARLENE

I'm scared too, Garney. There isn't a second of the day that I'm not panicking about what comes next. But you know what? We're at the greatest nerd convention in the world with all our friends. So for today, why don't we screw the future and live in the now?

GARNEY

You have no idea how much I want to do that.

Garney and Arlene walk towards each other and come in for a hug. Garney kisses Arlene several times on the neck and makes his way to her lips. As they kiss, the flasher from the movie theater rises from the handicapped stall. He disturbingly watches the two until Arlene looks up to find him peeping.

ARLENE

What the hell!

Garney turns around, freaked out to find the flasher staring down on them.

GARNEY

Jesus, dude, are you following us?!

FLASHER

Nah, man, I just live here.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, COMIC CONTEST LINE - SAME TIME

Harold, Tim, Kirby, and the others continue to argue. The crowd of feuding fanboys and fangirls has significantly grown from before.

HAROLD

Look, I like both franchises. But *Star Trek* never came close to reaching the heights of *Star Wars* until J.J. Abrams took over the movies?

MR. SPOCK

Bull shit! Abrams removed all the philosophy from *Star Trek* and turned it into a condescending action movie! I guess that's why you prefer it.

HAROLD

I prefer not to be bored out of my mind, Tekkie!

Mr. SPOCK

Hey! You do not get to use that word! We are Trekkers, thank you very much!

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.

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 and stretches the blade out of the cylinder. Mr. Spock pulls out his Lirpa, a Vulcan melee weapon. 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. 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.

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 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, playing dead. 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...the comic!

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.

Tim locks his eyes on Jar Jar Binks and makes a Kung fu 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. Reenacting the move from *Jackie Chinaman*, Tim kicks Jar Jar in the balls. Jar Jar collapses to the floor, whining in agony.

JAR JAR

My little orphan Annies!

TIM

Fuck you, Jar Jar! You're a terrible
Gungan Representative.

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 it. Clutching the comic in his hands, Harold sighs in relief. A 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
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...
(MORE)

FRANK MILLER (CONT'D)

...takes the pie by far. When will you people learn that it doesn't matter if you're a Trekkie, Browncoat, Gleek or Oncer. 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 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 and Arlene exit the bathroom, stunned by the war zone before them. They stand there with their mouths gaping open, not uttering a word.

Kirby is preparing to fire the arrow. Sweat runs down his face and his arms intensely wiggle. Darren approaches him with caution.

DARREN

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

KIRBY

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

DARREN

What?

KIRBY

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

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

GARNEY

Harold, Jesus, what happened here?

ARLENE

Are you alright? Where's the comic?

HAROLD

(a little loopy)

Guys, 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. All of a sudden, Kirby's arrow zips across the room, pierces through the comic and pins it to the wall.

GARNEY/ARLENE

No!

Looking quite proud with himself, Tim struts across the room like a boss. Watching his step, Tim spots Garney's folder on the ground and picks it up.

WENDY (O.S.)

Help...a little help here...

Tim hears Wendy's faint cry for help. Turning around, he sees Wendy crushed under a destroyed booth.

TIM

Oh my God!

Tim runs to Wendy and helped her out from under the rubble, onto her feet.

TIM (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

WENDY

Yeah, I couldn't help but notice this big brawl was breaking out. So I decided to hide under this rubble. Then I got stuck under the rubble and couldn't get out and then you came by and pulled me out and here I am!

TIM

I see...

WENDY

Things really got out of hand back there, huh?

TIM (CONT'D)

Yeah. I haven't seen a more catastrophic disaster since *Glee* attempted to pull off *Bust a Move*. Seriously, who thought it would be a good idea to have Mr. Schue rap?

WENDY

You hate *Glee*?

TIM

No, I love/hate it.

WENDY

So do I.

Tim and Wendy look at each other, rather bashfully.

GOLDBLUM (O.S.)

Tim?

Tim turns 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. The main chemistry office burned down a month ago. 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 fire.

GOLDBLUM

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

TIM

Good...how did the lab burn down? An experiment gone wrong?

GOLDBLUM

No, Brundle left his Christmas tree under a heat vent. Whole place went up in flames. He's on suspension with pay.

TIM

Aw, I see. 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

Well see next semester. Oh, but could you please say the line before I go?

Tim takes a moment to contemplate Goldblum's request. In a good mood, he smiles and says the line.

TIM

Wassup, my Ninja!

PROFESSOR GOLDBLUM

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

Garney and Arlene kneel by their torn comic book, which has a gaping hole through it. Arlene puts her arm on Garney's shoulder to console their grief.

HAROLD

Maybe you could still use it.

Garney and Arlene turn their heads to Harold and send him a sarcastic "seriously" expression. Covered in sweat, Kirby rushes up to Garney, Arlene, and Harold.

KIRBY

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

Kirby notices Garney's wrecked comic book and the arrow. He quickly tosses his bow aside so the arrow cannot be traced back to him.

GARNEY

Somebody killed our comic...

KIRBY

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

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

GARNEY

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

KIRBY

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

TIM (O.S.)

Garney!

Tim and Wendy approach Garney with the folder.

TIM (CONT'D)

Garney, I found your comic.

GARNEY

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

TIM

No it isn't. The comic's right here.

GARNEY

What?

Tim opens the folder and pulls out a comic. He hands the comic to Garney and Arlene. 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 and Arlene's faces.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

God bless that woman! The minute I get home I'm watching a whole episode of *Nancy Grace* with her.

ARLENE

There's no time to dilly-dally. Lets get back in line before it's too late.

Arlene takes Garney by the hand and they run back into the line.

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

FRANK MILLER

Hey, how's it going, kids.

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 Jar Jar Binks giving a thumbs up with his tongue hanging out.

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

*Star Wars: Episode I - The Phantom
Menace.*

Shot: Forth Panel - The Fanboy is running from Matthew Broderick dressed as Godzilla 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
Godzilla movie that tried to make
Ferris Bueller an action star. 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 hand 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. 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 *Star Wars*
that I'll embrace anything with their
logo on it? Maybe it's not even *Star*
Wars 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 a movie. 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? It'd 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)

Dad wasn't around so I never learned how to throw a ball, properly shave these whiskers I call a beard, or make love to a woman.

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 lose 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 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.

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

Garney exits his house, walks down the driveway, and makes his way to his mailbox on the sidewalk. He opens the

mailbox door, sticks his hand inside, and pulls out a pile of envelopes. Flipping through the mail, Garney comes across a particular manila envelope that catches his eye. Garney immediately rushes back up the driveway, into his house.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Multiple knocks come from outside the front door. Garney approaches the door and opens it to reveal Arlene on the other side.

ARLENE

I got here as fast as I could. Did you open it yet?

GARNEY

No we waited.

Garney leads Arlene into the living room. Mrs. Johnson sits in a lounge chair, eagerly clutching the envelope. She hands the envelope to Garney, who takes a moment to collect himself.

MRS. JOHNSON

Well, come on!

GARNEY

I'm too nervous. You want to do it, Arlene?

Arlene hastily snatches the envelope out of Garney's hands and rips it open. She pulls the letter out of the envelope and carefully reads it over. Garney and Mrs. Johnson send her impatient expressions as they await a response. After a moment, Arlene gazes up from the letter with a regretful look. This tells Garney and Mrs. Johnson everything they need to know. Brokenhearted, Garney wanders to a vacant lounge chair and plops down. Mrs. Johnson pats her son on the back with condolences.

ARLENE

Garney, listen...

GARNEY

It's okay, Alrene. We all knew it would more than likely end like this. But hey, at least we tried, right?

Although Garney tries to put on a brave face, he cannot hide his disappointment. Mrs. Johnson looks over to the stack of mail sitting on the coffee table. She notices another envelope sitting on top of the pile and picks it up.

MRS. JOHNSON

Garney, you got another letter.

GARNEY

That's just my subscription to *Highlights*. I'm not in the mood to do the *What's Wrong* section today.

MRS. JOHNSON

No, it's from Columbia University.

GARNEY

Columbia University?

Mrs. Johnson hands the envelope to Garney, who observes it in bewilderment. He opens the envelope, removes a letter from within, and skims it over.

GARNEY

(reading aloud)

Dear Mr. Johnson, we are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted into the Columbia University School of Arts!

ARLENE

Oh my God! Garney, I didn't even know that you applied.

GARNEY

Neither did I.

MRS. JOHNSON

That was me. I applied for you.

GARNEY

Mom, you?

MRS. JOHNSON

Wrote up your personal statement, filled out your application, and sent in some of your drawings.

GARNEY

But how did I get in with such a low grade point average?

MRS. JOHNSON

It's an art school. They've never even heard of grade point averages.

GARNEY

But what about tuition?

ARLENE

Yeah, the only reason I can afford to go to Columbia is because I got a scholarship.

MRS. JOHNSON

Don't worry. I got it covered.

GARNEY

Got it covered? But you have no money. We've been eating leftover breadsticks from Olive Garden for three months.

MRS. JOHNSON

Not anymore. You know The Santa Baby Christmas Tree Factory? Well I filed a lawsuit against those cheap bastards for selling me a flammable tree.

GARNEY

But you kept that tree under a heat vent. That fire was an act of negligence on your behalf.

MRS. JOHNSON

That may be. But they didn't put any kind of warning on the box, making them liable. Anyways, I talked to my lawyer today. The Christmas tree factory doesn't want this to go to trial so they agreed to give me a huge settlement.

GARNEY

For how much?

Mrs. Johnson turns to a pen and notepad sitting on the coffee table. In silence, she writes several numbers down on the notepad. Garney and Arlene marvel at what Mrs. Johnson writes down.

ARLENE

Holy Scrooge McDuck, mother of God!

GARNEY

This will almost cover my first two years of tuition. Mom, are you sure want to spend your money on this? I mean, I wasn't good enough to win the contest. Maybe I'm just not cut out to be an artist.

MRS. JOHNSON

The comic contest probably won't be the last time you fail in life, Garney. But you know what? Failure is something that we all have to live with. You can't let the notion of failure prevent you from trying to get what you want out of life. You have to find the energy to move on, keep working hard, and then, one day maybe, you'll find some success.

Garney takes yet another moment to consider his mother words and smiles. He looks up to Arlene who shares the same enthusiasm.

ARLENE

So we're going to the same college?

GARNEY

We're going to the same college!

Garney leaps out of his chair and throws his arms around Arlene. Mrs. Johnson widely smiles as the two hold each other.

INT. GARNEY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Many of Garney's possessions have been packed into cardboard boxes. Arlene rummages through the closet, packing his clothes into a box on her left. Garney approaches Arlene,

taps her on the shoulder, and presents her with *Eternal Passions*.

GARNEY

I've been meaning to give this back to you for a while now.

Arlene retrieves the notebook and questionably stares at it.

ARLENE

You sure you don't mind if I hang onto this?

GARNEY

It's apart of who you are.

Arlene smiles.

ARLENE

Thanks, puddin'.

GARNEY

And you know if you ever wanted to write a She-Hulk fan fic...

ARLENE

Way ahead of you. I'll have it on your desk my Friday.

Garney glows with anticipation. Together, Garney and Arlene continue to go through the closet. Arlene comes across a Skip-It toy and pulls it out.

ARLENE (CONT'D)

Hey, I remember Skit-It.

GARNEY

Oh yeah, I used to be the master at that game. Once got up to 42 skips. Everyone at school was so jealous.

ARLENE

You do realize that this toy was intended for prepubescent girls, right?

Garney reaches into the closet and pulls out a Sky Dancer toy.

GARNEY

They said the same thing about Sky Dancers. Now they're unstoppable killing machines!

Garney pulls the string on the Sky Dancer and propels it into the air. Kirby, Chris, and Aaron enter.

KIRBY

Hey, Garney. Your mom let us in.

The Sky Dancer propels downward, landing right in Kirby's right eye.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

OW! My cornea! My beautiful cornea!

GARNEY

Oops, sorry, Kirby.

Kirby rubs his eye in pain.

KIRBY

It's all right. I just wish I could say this was the first time this has happened to me...today.

AARON

What are you guys doing?

GARNEY

Just packing my stuff for New York. Check it out.

Garney reaches back into the closet and pulls out a plastic Pokemon Poké Ball.

GARNEY (CONT'D)

One of my old Poké Balls.

CHRIS

Oh yeah, I had one of those as a kid. Then my little brother got a hold of the thing, suffocated on it, and died.

Everyone awkwardly stares at Chris. Garney takes a good look at the Poké Ball and throws it back into the closet.

GARNEY

I'll just leave this behind then.

Tim enters with his arm around Wendy.

TIM

Wassup, my ninjas?

GARNEY

Oh hi, Tim, Wendy.

WENDY

Sorry we're late. I had an audition for the local community theatre's production of *Bombshell Tonight: The Nancy Grace Musical*.

ARLENE

How'd you do?

TIM

I think my little thespian is going to make the perfect Casey Anthony.

WENDY

(blushing)

Oh Tim, you're just saying that.

Arlene reaches into the closet and yanks out a shoebox with "R.I.P." written on the lid.

ARLENE

Garney, I'm afraid to ask what's in here.

GARNEY

Oh, that's my Giga Pet. I wanted to burry him in the backyard, but mom said that was stupid.

WENDY

How'd it die? You forget to feed it?

KIRBY

No, we wanted to free the little guy from his technological prison and release him into the wild. So we took a knife and cut the screen open. The thing never worked again. Not exactly the *Free Willy* ending we were hoping for.

Sniffing is heard from the doorway. Everyone looks over to find Harold getting teary eyed.

HAROLD

(trying to conceal his tears)

Hey, guys...

GARNEY

Harold, look I know you're still upset about us leaving...

HAROLD

No, no, I've come to terms with that. It's just that...I finally worked up the strength to watch the rest of *Downton Abbey*. Mathew's dead now too! I mean, God damn-it.

Garney gets up and pats Harold on the shoulder.

GARNEY

There, there, Harold. I'm sure nobody will die in season 4.

Harold begins to wipe his tears away.

HAROLD

They'd better not. There's only so much heartache a man can handle.

GARNEY

Well the fact that you've moved on from *Space Jam* to *Downton Abbey* at least demonstrates that your pallet has grown more mature.

HAROLD

Also I got this in the mail today.

Harold reaches into his back jeans pocket and pulls out a rolled-up copy of *The New Yorker*. 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

What!?

TIM

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

HAROLD

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

ARLENE

(Jealous)

...congratulations, Harold. Who would of thought that you'd get something published before me.

HAROLD

I know, right? I think I might have found my true calling with this poetry thing.

GARNEY

Good for you, man. So now that we're all here, you guys ready to watch the movie?

AARON

Yeah, I got it right here.

Aaron pulls out a copy of the *Thundercats* DVD, which shimming in the air as if it is the holy grail.

INT. GARNEY'S LIVING ROOM - ONE SCREENING LATER

Garney, Harold, Arlene, Tim, Kirby, Wendy, Aaron, and Chris sit in front of the television. They all look fiercely underwhelmed as the movie ends.

TIM

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

KIRBY

No, that was just crap.

HAROLD

The Thundercats have been crucified and hung out to dry.

AARON

That was even worse than M. Night Shyamalan's rape of *The Last Airbender*.

CHRIS

I mean Matthew McConaughey as Lion-O? Were they high?

ARLENE

And Adam Sandler as the voice of Snarf? Just when you thought the character couldn't get anymore annoying.

Wendy flips the television screen off with both hands.

WENDY

Fuck you, Michael Bay! Fuck you!

The eight just sit in silence for a moment.

GARNEY

We're still watching it again, right?

TIM

Oh definitely.

HAROLD

At least another three times.

GARNEY

Man, I'm really going to miss this.

HAROLD

We all are.

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THE END