

T H E M O T H E R O F I N V E N T I O N

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH M. PETRICK

DIRECTED BY:  
JOSEPH M. PETRICK & ANDREW BOWSER

An empty chair, in front of a large bookcase of worn, old looking books. There is no sound. A man walks halfway into frame. A pair of hands adjusts a lavalier mic on his suit lapel and turns it on, creating a harsh shuffling sound.

GILMORE

Is it on?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Yes.

GILMORE

Are we good?

(pause)

Okay.

The man, JAMES GILMORE sits down in the chair. He is a distinguished older man, looking dignified in both posture and attire. His suit is sharp and expensive looking. He looks directly into the camera lens.

GILMORE

Now- do I address the camera- or you?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

You can address me.

Gilmore shifts his eye line to slightly off camera.

GILMORE

Ok. Fire when ready.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Alright, first thing, state your name and occupation.

GILMORE

My name is James Gilmore and I am the head chair on the board of directors for the Thomas Alva Edison Award... or "Eddy".

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Could you explain exactly what an "Eddy" is?

GILMORE

It was established in 1917 by the Edison foundation- which was a group of Edison's friends, family members and associates.

(MORE)

GILMORE(cont'd)

It's an award given out yearly to young inventors aged twelve to twenty-five for product innovation.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What does the award winner receive exactly?

GILMORE

Well they're given a grant of 10,000 dollars as well as an approved patent on their invention and a fair amount of publicity and acclaim within the inventing community.

(a beat)

Past winners of the award have been everyone from Ron Popeil for his Chop-O-Matic in 1960 to Steve Wozniak for his work on the Macintosh Computer in 1975.

(pause)

We're very proud of what our esteemed recipients have gone on to do. And Lord only knows what the future holds for guys like Martin Wooderson-

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

-Who's that?

GILMORE

(smiles)

Martin Wooderson is... Well, he's become a bit of a legend among young inventors.

2 INSERT: A SERIES OF BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS OF YOUNG MARTIN 2 WOODERSON.

The photos show Martin Wooderson through the years. In each he holds a large trophy above his head in triumph- also in each he wears a black turtle neck shirt.

GILMORE (V.O.)

He's won the Eddy a record six times- and the first when he was only 12 years old.

(a beat)

For his voice controlled television set.

3 INSERT: A PICTURE OF A 12 YEAR OLD MARTIN POINTING AND YELLING AT A TV. PEOPLE AROUND HIM CHEER AND LOOK AMAZED. 3

GILMORE

And then of course he made waves again last year with his ingenious "unmeltable Ice Cube".

4 INSERT: A PICTURE OF 24 YEAR OLD MARTIN HOLDING A GLASS OF WATER AND ICE CUBES OVER AN OPEN FLAME AND SMILING. 4

GILMORE

This will be the last year that Martin will be eligible for the award and I hear he's working on something truly amazing. I know I speak for everyone on the board when I say that we here at the Eddy's can't wait to see what he has in store for us.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Would you say that he has any major competition for the prize this year?

GILMORE

Oh it's possible, of course. I'm sure any number of young inventors might create something that could "wow" us all. Is it likely? Not really.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Why?

James pauses. A smirk comes across his face.

GILMORE

Because Martin Wooderson is by far the most exciting young inventor living today.

His smirk widens into a smile.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:  
THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

5 EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

5

A young man rides his bike. VINCENT DOOLY is 25 years old. He looks as though he hasn't bathed in quite some time. He has long, greasy hair and a wispy mustache. He wears tight sweatpants and a striped sleeveless shirt. On his hands are weight lifting gloves that go up to his wrists. He looks to be a man on a mission.

VINCENT (V.O.)

My name is Vincent Dooly. I'm 25 years old.

(a beat)

I'm an inventor.

6 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

6

Vincent walks along the city sidewalk, he looks thoughtful as he walks, his interview voice narrating his journey.

VINCENT (V.O.)

It's always been my dream to be an inventor. My whole life it's what I've always wanted. To help people. To show them something new. Something amazing. Something they've never seen before- never even *thought* of seeing before.

JUMP CUT

Vincent talks to the camera.

VINCENT

Do you believe in destiny? 'Cause I do- and I believe it's my destiny to be an inventor. It's practically in my name. The letters I mean.

(a beat)

I doubt you could find someone else who can say that. Unless you met someone named "Bin-Ventor" or something but if you do *I'd* like to meet him.

(a beat)

-And tell him that he doesn't exist!

7 INT. VINCENT'S BED ROOM - DAY 7

Vincent sits in a chair.

VINCENT

I've been inventing since I was 9 years old. My first invention was called "Mr. McPillow: The Best Friend A Boy Could Have."

8 JUMP CUT 8

Vincent holds up a dirty old pillow with a face crudely painted on.

VINCENT

It's a pretty simple design. I installed a voice box so he could talk with various pre-programed phrases.

Vincent presses a button on the back and a slightly muffled computerized voice begins to speak.

MR. MCPILLOW

Hello Vincent. Let's build a fort!

VINCENT

Oh well, thanks Mr. McPillow but I'm doing an interview and don't really have time!

(a beat, to interviewer)

You get the idea-

MR. MCPILLOW

I'm cold. Touch me.

VINCENT

I- uh-

Vincent clears his throat, a little embarrassed.

MR. MCPILLOW

You are... so strong.

VINCENT

It's pretty old and I think the wiring is a little screwed up. Let me just find the off switch here-

MR. MCPILLOW

-Teach me to fly.

VINCENT

Alright- this is...

Vincent cannot seem to find the off switch.

MR. MCPILLOW

Leather.

(a beat)

Leather.

(a beat)

Leather Leather Leather Leather

Leather Leather Leather Leather

After a few moments he grows frustrated and tosses the pillow in the corner. It continues to talk. Finally Vincent is angry and stands up, walks over to it and begins kicking the pillow and smashing it with his foot. It eventually stops.

9

EXT. DINER - DAY

9

VINCENT

I've tried to win an Eddy for as long as I can remember and every year I've lost.

(a beat)

I'm well aware of the fact that the judges are afraid of me. Anyone can see that. Because they fear change. Oh *they can see the change is coming* and they fear it and they say: "Vincent- you're talking crazy! Vincent- this doesn't make sense to us! Vincent- you're brown note machine *doesn't work*- you've just crapped your own pants, now get out of my office!" and so forth. But losing has only made me stronger and more determined to win.

JUMP CUT

VINCENT

(sigh)

This is the last year that I can enter. My last chance.

(a beat)

I will be triumphant. I promise you that.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

(a beat)

Because this year I have an invention so amazing that it's sure to win.

He looks into the camera and smiles.

VINCENT

Trust me.

10

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

10

Vincent sits in a mediation stance. He talks with his eyes closed.

VINCENT

Every day before I begin my work, I spend about six and a half hours in deep- DEEP meditation. Some of my hobbies include being a black belt in Kung-Fu where meditation plays a large part in the growth of any ninja or ninjette.

JUMP CUT

VINCENT

It took me about three weeks to attain the rank of black belt- after which point, the teacher started coming to me and asking me to teach him. I was like, "whoa" I JUST started!" and he just said: "You're ready. You're the one." I said, "okay- but this isn't a destiny I asked for, right? It's not a destiny I wanted" and he just said: "It is time... for pupil to become master."

(a beat, opening his eyes)

The same thing happened when I took hip-hop dance classes at the 24 Hour Fitness.

JUMP CUT

Vincent rises up into frame. He stares directly at the camera and begins doing an exercise.

VINCENT

After that, I do these exercises. Just to get the blood flowing.



JUMP CUT

Vincent jogs in place.

VINCENT  
First I jog in place.

JUMP CUT

Vincent does some squat thrusts.

VINCENT  
Followed up by some squat thrusts.

JUMP CUT

Vincent stands, out of breath.

VINCENT  
Then I usually do a few triple back  
flips and some cirque-du-soleil  
stuff but... with the camera crew  
here and stuff there really isn't  
room so...

JUMP CUT

Vincent, now finished with his work out, stretches on the  
floor.

VINCENT  
After I finish, I do some  
stretching.

JUMP CUT

Vincent rubs KY Jelly on his arms and face.

VINCENT  
And then I moisturize.  
(a beat)  
'Lotta people don't know this but  
K.Y. Jelly is not only the number  
one Doctor recommended personal  
lubricant but it also safely  
replaces moisture in a way that  
feels natural and helps enhance  
performance.  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

When I read that in one of the many medical magazines that I subscribe to, I realized just how much daily performance we sacrifice to being improperly moisturized.

(a beat)

And... it *scared* me!

(a beat)

NEVER AGAIN.

Vincent shakes his head, angry.

11 INT. VINCENT'S BED ROOM - DAY

11

Vincent sits at a desk. On a wall in front of the desk is a chalk board with many different ideas drawn on it.

VINCENT

After that, it's down to work.

From OC we hear a motherly voice.

NANCY (O.C.)

VINCENT! THERE'S A PACKAGE HERE FOR YOU!

JUMP CUT

Vincent carries a large package addressed in Libyan handwriting into his room. He seems very excited as he sets it down on his desk.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What's that?

VINCENT

It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

The camera lingers on the box. It has a "Hazardous Material" sticker on it. Vincent quickly covers the box with a sheet.

12 INT. GARAGE - DAY

12

Vincent stands in front of an array of different contraptions. Next to him is a dummy with a watermelon head.

VINCENT

As I stated before I *am* working on an invention that will shock and amaze the judging panel at this years Eddys but I'm keeping it top secret for now.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

(a beat)

However, here's just a few of some of my newer inventions. I've been really concentrating my efforts on self defense lately.

(a beat)

Women are attacked every day. Beautiful ones and even ugly ones too. These attacks can come from men and even other women. You know- maybe one of them sees like a colorful blouse that she likes that the other one is wearing and just goes crazy and starts to bite her- and hit her in different sensitive regions? What do you do? Well- I'll tell you what you do, that's why I've invented:

He picks up a hat with a large knife glued on to it.

VINCENT

The knife-hat. Wear this and if some man or crazy woman attacks you- you just head butt and-

Vincent head butts the watermelon. The knife sticks into it.

VINCENT

They're not gonna mess with you again.

He tries to pull the blade from the watermelon it seems to be stuck. He struggles for a bit.

JUMP CUT

The Knife Hat hangs from the watermelon head, still imbedded. Vincent talks to the camera with his hands behind him.

VINCENT

(to camera man)

Okay- sneak up behind me.

(pause)

Now imagine trying to attack someone and having them turn around like this:

Vincent turns his back to the camera, then turns around with his hands splayed near his face. He wears gloves with nails poking through each finger.

VINCENT

GET AWAY OR I'LL KILL YOU!

Vincent drops his act and casually address the camera.

VINCENT  
 I call them "Finger-Nails."  
 (a beat)  
 Guaranteed to frighten off ANY and  
 all variety of thug.

He turns and pokes at the Dummy.

JUMP CUT

Vincent picks up a bracelet with black aerosol bottles  
 attached to them.

VINCENT  
 I also have this... part bracelet,  
 part Macelet- uh- part mace. Let me  
 go again. Part bracelet- part  
 macele-... I... Part mace. I call  
 it... The Macelet.

JUMP CUT

Vincent wears the Macelet.

VINCENT  
 Be the voice of the Dummy.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
 What?

VINCENT  
 Y'know, talk for it. Saying  
 something scary.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
 Okay. Uhh...  
 (attempting to be  
 intimidating)  
 C'mere you!

VINCENT  
 No- I mean like... Say that you  
 want to touch me or something.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
 (intimidating voice)  
 I want to touch you!

VINCENT  
 -Touch this!

Vincent then holds up his hand to the Dummy and moves around. He realizes quickly that he cannot reach the aerosol bottles around his wrists- so he just takes off the Macelet and sprays one of the bottles at the camera.

VINCENT  
 (to camera)  
 You! Call the police. I'm gonna  
 make sure that punk has learned his  
 lesson.

Vincent then pulls a gun and points it at the Dummy's head.

VINCENT  
 PUT YOUR MOUTH ON THE CURB,  
 PERVERT!

JUMP CUT

Vincent, now wears all three of his inventions. The Dummy has a giant hole in it's head, as though Vincent shot it between the last two cuts.

VINCENT  
 And not only are my line of self  
 defense tools practical- they're  
 also fashionable as well!  
 (a beat)  
 Go ahead, take these to the coolest  
 night clubs in town- *I've done it.*  
 You'll be the hottest thing in  
 there. I know from experience.  
 People will probably form a circle  
 around you and clap. Screaming:  
 SHOW US YOUR MOVES!

Vincent begins to dance. He also pretends to be the crowd, nudging the Dummy.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 Wow- that guy sure is cool!  
 (as the Dummy)  
 You're telling me! He's like a  
 young Lorenzo Lamas!

Vincent stops and just nods at the camera.

Vincent sits in a chair. Near him sit his mother NANCY DOOLY and his Puerto Rican step father OSVALDO.

VINCENT

This is my mom Nancy and my step father Osvaldo. They were married four and half years ago. As you can see, Osvaldo is Native American.

Osvaldo shakes his head quietly. Vincent doesn't notice.

VINCENT

I'm pretty sure he's a Chief.

JUMP CUT

Nancy and Osvaldo are being interviewed alone. Nancy talks to the interviewer OC while Osvaldo stares off into space.

NANCY

Vincent was always different. Even as a child. And I think because of it he's always had trouble making friends. I mean, sure, there were a couple times he'd bring someone over to the house to play but then they'd usually leave a few minutes later and I'd never see them again.

(a beat)

He always used to tell me how much he liked being alone. He'd spend *hours and hours* alone in his room just...

(a beat)

Y'know, I really didn't know what he did. I never heard any noises. Sometimes I'd walk in and just see him sitting in a chair in the corner of the room, facing the wall.

(shrugs)

It seemed strange at the time- but now I realize that really, he was thinking.. and... imagining.

JUMP CUT

NANCY

At times he could be a handful, I won't lie.

INSERT: Pictures of a younger, fatter Vincent.

NANCY

He suffered from a weight problem as a child.

(MORE)

NANCY(cont'd)

I used to find just hundreds of ice cream sandwich wrappers under his bed or hidden around the house. And when I'd find them I'd say: "You know the rules! No desert tonight!" And he'd just cry and cry and cry.

Vincent stares at his mother with disdain.

NANCY

The school system certainly didn't know what to do with him. All of them: elementary, junior high, high school, community college, all of them told me at one time or another that he was retarded. Some of them on numerous occasions- and *forcefully*.

(a beat)

But I knew they were wrong.

Oswaldo looks at his wife as though he disagrees but says nothing.

14

INT. PARK - DAY

14

Vincent sits in a park and addresses the camera.

VINCENT

My whole life I've felt like a misunderstood genius. Since I was a kid.

(a beat)

And I look at someone like Martin Wooderson and I just think. Wow! He got it all didn't he? Everything I ever wanted in life- and it was just handed to him. And he's my age!

(a beat)

It just seems so unfair, y'know? Why should some people have so much and others have so little?

(a beat)

I never win anything. Ever. Even when I was a kid. I ran for student council when I was in 5th grade. I had spent the previous night writing my speech. I slaved over it- and I still lost. You know why? Because Courtney Green gave everyone Jolly Ranchers and promised them Pizza Parties.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

Do you even call *THAT* a speech?

(a beat)

No one even cared about my textbook reparations platform- which is a shame because literally EVERY page of my math book had a penis drawn in it. I think the guy who had it last was trying to make some kind of flip book animation or something- regardless- it was dirty and it was inappropriate.

(a beat)

And it had nothing to do with geometry.

(a beat)

I never win. Never.

15

INT. GORDON PLATT'S HOME - DAY

15

GORDON PLATT is a bookish man in his late 20s. His hair is combed to the side and he wears large glasses. He sits in a vaguely effeminate manner and addresses the camera.

GORDON

I was just a kid when I first met Martin Wooderson. It was after his second Eddy win, in 1996. He was 13.

(a beat)

Even back then he had a magnetism about him. A certain... a heat, I guess you could say.

(a beat)

I remember when I got home that night I wrote in my journal that... When I grew up... I wanted be just like him.

(a beat)

He's three years younger than me.

JUMP CUT

Gordon holds a signed glamour shot of Martin that is held in an elaborately designed frame. It is clearly one of his most cherished possessions.

GORDON

I *am* the president and charter member of the "Martin Wooderson Fan Club." I also co-founded it.

(MORE)



GORDON(cont'd)

It was my sophomore year of high school and it was me and this other kid Steve Marshall, who I was friends with at the time.

(a beat)

He dropped out a few months later but I don't think he was really ever that committed anyway.

(a beat)

I was the one who made the official Martin Wooderson Buttons, I was the one who designed the vests. He just showed up and drank punch.

(a beat)

He wouldn't know the answer to a Martin Wooderson trivia question if you told him the answer before hand and than asked him the question.

(a beat)

Like in Jeopardy.

JUMP CUT

GORDON

Favorite food- pizza. Favorite number - 6. Favorite animal- chameleon, because it's like ten animals in one. Favorite saying: "It's all Chinese to me!"

(takes in a breath)

Favorite song - "Save The Best For Last" by Miss Vanessa L. Williams. Favorite time of day, twilight. Favorite sound- applause.

(a beat)

His middle name is Jeffery and his biggest fear is being buried alive in a coffin full of spiders.

(a beat)

It's all on the website.

JUMP CUT

Gordon scrolls down the internet page of his website.

GORDON

I made this video for the site two years ago out of promotional photos that Martin sent me over the years. It's pretty great.

INSERT: A fan made video montage of various promotional images of Martin set to cheesy rock music.

GORDON

In 2005 Martin hired me on as his biographer and personal assistant and even in those few years I've just learned so much.

(a beat)

I go through his mail, I organize his endorsement deals, I order and pick up certain personal items of an intimate nature.

(a beat)

Sometimes he lets me borrow his clothes.

(a beat)

Sometimes.

16 EXT. MARTIN WOODERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

16

The camera walks up to the door. A hand knocks on the door. Almost immediately the door swings violently open- Martin Wooderson is seen laughing. As though he was standing right next to the door, waiting.

MARTIN

Ha ha ha! Oh wow.

(a beat)

Sorry, I was just remembering a joke someone told me.

(sternly)

-In 1988. I remember everything. It's how my mind works.

(smiles)

Anyway, c'mon in! Welcome to my "lair" -what?! Just kidding. But seriously, come in.

17 INT. MARTIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

17

Martin sits and addresses the camera. He looks very intense.

MARTIN

The word "inventing" comes from the Latin "invenire" which, roughly translated is "to find".

(a beat)

So I like to think of myself as someone who "finds" things. Things that no one else can see.

(a beat)

(MORE)

MARTIN(cont'd)

You know what they say, in the land of the blind, the one eye'd man is king. Well guess what? I've got 20/20 vision but I'm not afraid to gouge one of my eyes out. So...

JUMP CUT

The camera focuses on a photo of a very stern looking man in a police uniform standing with a young Martin. Neither one looks very happy.

MARTIN

My father was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army. He was pretty intense.

(a beat)

There weren't a lot of smiles in the Wooderson house. My Dad always seemed pissed off about something.

(a beat)

Every day was "one of those days" y'know?

(a beat)

I think the only time I ever saw him laugh was the night that he came into my room... it was real late- and he woke me up and said: "Son- do you want to see a dead body?"

(a beat)

I was eight- and it was 3 in the morning... but he took me by the hand and lead me out to this corn field and showed me this hobo that was just laying there... motionless. He told me to poke him with a stick and so I did. All the sudden the Hobo turns and lunges at me. Turns out he was just passed out. I didn't know that- my dad did. He got a big kick out the whole thing.

(a beat)

I still have dreams about that hobo.

Martin stares off- re-living the horror in his mind silently.

An unkept man in briefs and a t-shirt walks into frame. He looks over at the camera and then to Martin. His name is DRAKE WOODERSON. He looks embarrassed and tries to cover his barley covered lower half self consciously with his hands.

DRAKE  
Oh- are you...?  
(a beat)  
Sorry.

MARTIN  
(curt)  
What? Do you need something?

DRAKE  
I just...

MARTIN  
What?!

DRAKE  
You're all out of toilet paper. I  
don't know if you knew that and...  
(a beat)  
Yeah.

MARTIN  
Fine. I'll buy more.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Who are you?

DRAKE  
I'm Drake, Martin's brother. He's  
letting me crash at his place for a  
while.

MARTIN  
Can you please leave Drake? We're  
kind of in the middle of something  
here.

DRAKE  
Gotcha- 'thing is- I needed to use  
the little boys room this morning  
and-

MARTIN  
What are you saying to me right  
now?

DRAKE  
-I used your shower curtain.

Martin sighs.

DRAKE

Excuse me! I'm sorry that I'm a human BEING! I apologize that I have to use the bathroom from time to time!

(a beat)

Look- I'll go to Target and buy you a new shower curtain, okay?!

Drake walks out of the room. A moment later he walks back in.

DRAKE

(quick)

Can I burrow your car to go to Target to buy you a new shower curtain?

17A INT. MARTIN'S GARAGE - DAY

17A

Drake cleans a small space in the garage that makes up his room. It includes a sleeping bag, a small cooler and one of Martin's old voice activated televisions.

DRAKE

Martin's been really good to me. When we were kids and he was winning all of his awards- my family... we were all really proud and so a lot of time was spent you know, taking him around to conferences and appearances and stuff and so... I think when I started developing my drug habit- no one really noticed. But Martin's really helped me get back on my feet and y'know, even let me stay at his place for the last few months and... thanks to him- I'm thirty eight days sober and going strong!

Drake laughs and it turns into a cough.

18 JUMP CUT

18

Gordon is polishing a row of Martin's Eddy's. When Martin approaches, Gordon quickly steps away.

MARTIN

Here they are. My six Eddys. As you can see I've made a space here for number seven.

(a beat)

The final one. My seven little dwarves.

(a beat)

I worry about thieves a lot. Y'know, these are 18 carrot bronze so obviously they are quite valuable.

(a beat)

But if anyone out there in TV land is thinking about perhaps trying to steal these- just know that I've got motion sensing high-powered .50 caliber sniper rifles hidden-

(he points to around his living room)

There, there and there.

(a beat, deadly serious.)

You wanna test me? Go right ahead asshole.

The sound of a gun cocking is heard. Martin looks up.

MARTIN

(meekly)

We should probably stand back. I don't really know how to turn them off.

Martin and the camera step away from the awards. Gordon looks shocked, as though Martin had never warned him of the danger. Martin looks at the camera man.

MARTIN

Keep going... Keep going... Okay- you're out of the kill zone... Now.

(a beat)

Good.

(a beat)

Wait- no... Keep going.

19

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

19

GUNTER STEVENSON is clearly Vincent's sidekick. He also seems to be in need of a bath and hasn't combed his hair in a while. He and Vincent are bowling.

JUMP CUT

Gunter is being interviewed.

GUNTER

I've been friends with Vincent for a while now. We met umm, in a pottery class that my mom made me take at the learning annex.

(a beat)

We both like making things. I made this belt with some beads I found.

Gunter pulls up his shirt to reveal a truly pathetic looking belt made with beads.

JUMP CUT

GUNTER

I help him a lot. Once he asked me to help and I did. Then this other time he asked me... and I did then too.

(a beat)

I like it. It's fun.

20

INT. GARAGE - DAY

20

Gunter sits in a chair and looks at something OC. On his arms and on his head are wires that lead to a large box at his feet.

VINCENT

What I'm working on today is something I call the Gayifier. Basically it's a series of controlled radiation emissions or "gamma rays" filtered through a beam of light that will in theory mutate the DNA in Gunter's body that might in fact be the cause of all gay and lesbiocity as we know it. My plan is to market it to the army. Make our adversaries more effeminate and thus easily vanquished.

(turning to Gunter)

Ready?

GUNTER

I'm not gay.

VINCENT

Yes I know- just keep looking at the poster and let the wires do their job.

The camera pans over to see what Gunter is looking at. It is a poster of an oiled up man wearing a speedo.

Vincent picks up the box at Gunter's feet.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Where did you get the parts for this thing?

VINCENT

Most of it came from an old X-Ray Machine that I bought off E-Bay.

(a beat)

You might want to stand back I lost the bid on the lead vest.

The Camera steps back.

Vincent flicks a switch and a light beams on. He switches it on and off a few more times. He sets it down and picks up a clip board.

VINCENT

Feeling any different?

GUNTER

No.

VINCENT

Are you sure?

GUNTER

Yes.

VINCENT

Ok, are you sure you're looking at the poster?

GUNTER

Uh huh.

VINCENT

And would you say you are MORE attracted to the man in the poster- or less?

GUNTER

Same.



VINCENT

Ok- and on your pre-test you gave the Speedo man a 3 out of 10 on the attractive scale.

GUNTER

I thought I said 2.

VINCENT

Right- but then I said, "Well what about his sandy blonde hair?"- and you said that "it was ok" and I said "just okay?" and you said "yes" and then I said "well what about his tanned, smooth skin?" and you said "okay, fine 3 then."

GUNTER

Yeah okay, I remember.

VINCENT

Well would you still give him only a 3? Or has it changed- maybe to a 5?

Gunter thinks.

GUNTER

Still 3.

Vincent throws down the clip board in anger.

VINCENT

DAMN IT! Do you know how many sit ups it would take to get those abs? DO YOU KNOW?! No, you don't! He did that FOR YOU!

Vincent storms off. Gunter waits for a moment.

GUNTER

Can I take this stuff off now?

VINCENT (O.C.)

NO!

Vincent approaches ANTON SMITH, a 29 year old man in a jump suit, smoking a cigarette and fixing a piece of machinery. He exhales a plume of smoke with a cool air of apathy.

Vincent seems excited to just be near him. His hero worship is obvious. Vincent carries a large bag with him.

VINCENT

Junky Joe!

Anton doesn't even look up.

ANTON

I told you not to call me that. My name's Anton.

(a beat)

'Doesn't sound anything like Joe so...

VINCENT

(forced laugh)

Heh.

(under his breath)

Junky Joe.

Anton sighs. It's clear that this is not the first time they've had this conversation.

VINCENT

Junky's dad owns the junk yard. He lets me come by and pick up any spare parts I need for my inventions free of charge.

(a beat)

He's pretty cool.

ANTON

What'd you bring me?

Vincent opens his bag and pulls out a porcelain doll. He hands it to Anton who looks it over.

VINCENT

Junky's hobby is blowing crap up so whenever I come to visit, I always bring something for him to stuff full of M80s.

(a beat)

It's pretty cool.

JUMP CUT

Amongst the piles of junk and trashed cars sits the doll, all alone. It is quiet for a moment- except for the sound of a burning fuse- then suddenly the doll's head explodes, leaving shards of plastic and smoke where its face once sat.

VINCENT

That one was pretty cool- right?

Anton shrugs.

VINCENT

(feigning disinterest)

I mean, yeah... no big deal or anything.

(a beat)

It's like... nothing new. It just looks like another dead midget to me, right? Who cares?

Anton looks at him sideways.

ANTON

You see a lot of those do you?

VINCENT

Well... they're lying when they say they grant wishes... y'know.

ANTON

(annoyed)

What- what does that even mean?

VINCENT

-I'm sorry.

(a beat)

I don't know what I'm saying.

(a beat)

That was weird, huh?

JUMP CUT

Anton addresses the camera by himself.

ANTON

He's been coming here since he was like 14. He's harmless but- can kinda get on your nerves. I let him hang around because... I don't really have anyone else I can talk to.

Anton snorts and spits on the ground.

JUMP CUT

Vincent and Anton walk the junk yard, Vincent occasionally picks up something and puts it into the bag. Anton seems to be in the middle of a story.

ANTON

She says I don't listen. And I'm like- well I'm listening right now, aren't I?

VINCENT

Oh my gosh- what did she say to that?

ANTON

She didn't know what to say. She was just quiet. And then I said: Look- I'm standing here- a man- and I'm saying: I. WANT. YOU.

(a beat)

Then I just held out my hand and she took it.

(a beat)

*That's* how you end a fight.

(a beat)

Women, they say they want to be all independent and stuff but when the chips are down, they just want a man who has the balls to say: "Hey. I know what you need. Let me give it to you."

VINCENT

Wow.

(a beat)

'Cause you can give them what they need, right?

ANTON

What I'm saying is- women have an innate need for a man to take charge. All of 'em. Even the lesbians. It's biological.

Vincent clearly doesn't have any input in this conversation so he just nods and decides to change subjects.

VINCENT

Do you ever take off all your clothes and just run around out here at night? Y'know- just be *free!* With no one to laugh at you or say mean things- or make fun of you because you wore a cape to school?

Anton sighs.

ANTON  
Still NO.

VINCENT  
Oh my gosh- have I asked you that  
before?

ANTON  
Yes.

Vincent is embarrassed. He tries to laugh it off.

VINCENT  
That's so weird. I thought that was  
a dream I had...  
(a beat)  
...where we were talking about  
that.

Vincent laughs awkwardly again.

22

INT. MOVIE THEATER BOX OFFICE - NIGHT

22

Vincent sits in the movie theater box office. He looks bored.

VINCENT (V.O.)  
This is where I work. The "day job"  
which is ironic because I have the  
night shift. It's not very hard. If  
someone wants to buy a ticket I  
just press this button. If they  
want two tickets I press it twice.  
And then I give them change... if  
they need it.  
(a beat, sigh)  
All of the people here are  
assholes.

JUMP CUT

Vincent whispers to the camera.

VINCENT  
I see them- looking at me. And I  
just want to tell them to just back  
off, y'know? Like they have *ANY*  
*IDEA* who they're talking to?  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

I have many, MANY friends in the Green Berets and all I have to do is call them and they'd be here in seconds and burn this place- *TO THE GROUND*.

A man walks by.

MALE CO-WORKER

Hey Vincent.

Vincent just stares at him as he walks by. The co-worker seems used to this treatment. Once the man is out of earshot, Vincent goes back to the camera.

VINCENT

You know, ultimately as a human being who happens to invent, my goal in life is to help people. To make their lives easier. So Vincent the human enjoys people. I love people, I love friendships. But in order to really get to that place where I can literally create something out of nothing I have to divorce myself of my humanity. So as Vincent the Inventor, I hate people. I hate them. I want them to die- I want all of them to die. I hate their faces and I hate their eyeballs and the way they talk... and look at me... and think things about me... that aren't true.

(a beat)

Plus they go out to Applebees after work all the time and they *NEVER* invite me!

23

INT. SNACK BAR - NIGHT

23

Vincent leans against the snack bar as a girl sweeps around him. He is eating a box of Milk Duds and generally ignoring her.

FEMALE CO-WORKER

How was your weekend?

VINCENT

It was okay. If going white water rafting is your idea of a good time.

FEMALE CO-WORKER  
You went white water rafting?

VINCENT  
(sarcastically)  
No.

FEMALE CO-WORKER  
That sounds like fun.

VINCENT  
Yeah, it was a blast- until my  
friend almost *died*!

FEMALE CO-WORKER  
What happened?

VINCENT  
Well- anyone who knows anything  
about white water rafting knows  
that it's illegal to do it in level  
six rapids- but I've done sevens  
before so for me it was no sweat.  
And my friend is the guy who trains  
the Navy guys who rescue people in  
perfect storms- so I figured, we're  
good to go- but we just hit this  
one wave and it just sent him  
flying.

(a beat)  
And I knew that I had maybe ten  
seconds to save his life so I was  
like, "He's gonna owe me one for  
this" and I jumped into the water.  
I saved him but the boat was no  
where to be found- and I'm all like  
"where'd the boat go?!"

(a beat)  
Turns out, we were like thirty feet  
from a giant water fall. The boat  
went over and so did we- because  
you just can't control the current  
and anyone who tries is just a  
complete moron- you just gotta go  
with it. So over the edge we go-  
now I base jump a lot so to me it  
was like no big thing but my buddy  
was crapping himself. Anyway, we  
hit the water, everything is fine  
and we're having beers later that  
night, laughing about it.

FEMALE CO-WORKER

Wow.

VINCENT

Yeah. "Wow."

FEMALE CO-WORKER

I just went to Ikea with my  
boyfriend.

VINCENT

Oh really? Does Ikea have level six  
rapids?

FEMALE CO-WORKER

(confused)

No.

VINCENT

(condescending and  
sarcastic)

Oh yeah, I didn't know and I just  
wanted to be sure and you had just  
gone so I thought you'd know.

24 INT. DINER - DAY

24

Vincent sits in a booth at a near empty diner. He writes  
things on a yellow legal pad.

VINCENT (V.O.)

I come here almost every day.

(a beat)

Usually around fourish. It's pretty  
dead then. That way there's fewer  
distractions.

JUMP CUT

Vincent is gazing OC. The camera lingers on him for a moment  
and then pans over to see a young woman. JENNY FISHER, 27 as  
she waits on someone. The camera whips back to Vincent.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Who's that?

Vincent pauses, still lost in thought.

VINCENT

Just some dumb girl.



The camera pans down to Vincent's yellow pad. In it he has sketched a drawing of Jenny in his pad. When he notices the camera, he selfconsciously covers his drawing.

JUMP CUT

The DINER MANAGER is being interviewed.

MANAGER

Yeah I see him in here about five or six times a week. He keeps to himself.

(a beat)

'Spends most of his time writing in that yellow pad of his.

(a beat)

One time he tried to get me to invest in a lie detector that could be implanted in your brain- so you could always tell if someone was lying. I told him it sounded a little too "1984" for my taste.

(a beat)

He just gave me a weird look and told me that it was the year 2008.

The Manager shrugs.

JUMP CUT

Jenny is being interviewed.

JENNY

Vincent comes in... all the time. He's a regular.

(a beat)

Always nice. Always talkative.

(a beat)

A little strange but... y'know, sweet.

JUMP CUT

VINCENT

Every king needs his queen, right?

(a beat.)

But you know what else every king needs? A Holy Grail.

(a beat, smirk)

There are five major things that every inventor dreams of creating. They're the Holy Grail of inventing, right?

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

We've been dreaming and fantasizing about them in comics and sci-fi novels all of our lives but so far no one has ever actually been able to make them real.

(a beat)

Well I've got prototypes for each one.

Vincent smiles and slides over his yellow legal pad to the camera. It pans down to see crude drawings on it.

VINCENT

Number one: A real, actual love potion.

(a beat)

A scent that when inhaled by the opposite sex is irresistible.

(a beat, whispers)

I'm wearing my latest attempt right now. It's a combination of some of the most erotic scents I could find. Mostly in magazine advertisements and from adult websites. With a splash of something I found in the bathroom of a gas station.

Jenny approaches nonchalantly.

JENNY

Hey Vincent.

(to camera)

Hey guys.

(a beat)

You just want the usual?

VINCENT

(confused at her lack of interest.)

Yeah. That would... That would be great.

JENNY

Great. Then I'll be right back.

Jenny smiles and walks away. Vincent is annoyed.

VINCENT

What the hell was that?! It's as if the potion had NO effect at all! It just doesn't make sense. She should be thinking of a million different ways to kiss me right now!

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

(a beat)

You know what it is? She must not have been able to smell it. There's just too many odors getting in the way. I smell sausage, I smell jalapeños, I smell sous-chefs.

(nods)

Yeah.

(a beat)

I'll just have to get in closer and get her to take a better whiff!

(to camera)

Get ready for this movie to go from P.G. to R!

JUMP CUT

Jenny is taking the order of someone sitting at a table. Vincent creepily approaches from behind and whispers in her ear.

VINCENT

(quiet and creepy)

Hey you.

Jenny shudders and turns around. Vincent is inches from her face. She steps back.

JENNY

Umm- I'm actually helping another customer right now. But if you go back to your seat I'll be with you in a moment.

VINCENT

I'm sorry. I just- Oh- what's that over there?

(a beat)

Hey- do you know if the jukebox has any Loggins and Messina?

JENNY

Uh, we don't have a jukebox.

Vincent leans in and looks over her shoulder, trying to stand as close as possible.

JENNY

What- what are you doing?

Vincent begins fanning himself to try and get his scent closer to Jenny.

VINCENT

Whew! It's hot in here? Am I right?

He looks to the customers sitting down.

VINCENT

C'mon, it's not just me, it's hot!

He picks up one of their menus and continues to fan his scent in Jenny's direction.

VINCENT

WHEW!

JENNY

Can you please sit down Vincent?  
Please?

VINCENT

Nothing?!

JENNY

What?

VINCENT

Nothing at all?  
(a beat)  
Do you have a cold or something?

JENNY

I don't...

Vincent sighs, annoyed.

VINCENT

Great.

He tosses the menu back on the table and walks back to his seat.

25 INT. GARAGE - DAY

25

Vincent looks at the camera.

VINCENT

The second most coveted invention  
of all time? X-Ray Glasses!  
(a beat)  
Check these Specks!

Vincent puts on sunglasses with no lenses in them.

VINCENT

As you can see, I'm more than halfway there already.

(a beat)

Once I finish the lenses it's my ticket into the inventor hall of fame. Yes I WILL take your 50 mil check F.B.I - Oh yes don't mind if I do C.I.A - What's that? N.S.A? You want a pair too? No probs. And here's a pair for you N.A.A.C.P you can thank me later.

26

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

26

Vincent stands on a roof top wearing a large contraption on his back. He puts on a helmet and lowers a pair of goggles.

VINCENT

The Number three in the invention grail can be said in two words. JET PACK.

(a beat)

HIT IT!

Gunter runs into frame and lights a fuse and then runs away.

VINCENT

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS A MAN SOARING INTO THE HEAVENS LIKE THE MAJESTIC WINGED FALCON! MY WINGS ARE ABOUT 68% GASOLINE AND-

Suddenly three Roman Candle fireworks that are strapped to the contraption on his back start to go off and shoot towards the ground. Vincent jumps.

VINCENT

Agh! A spark got in my boot!

Vincent begins to leap around. The Roman Candles continue to shoot.

VINCENT

(to Gunter)

Get it off! Get it off!

Gunter runs over and tries to get the jet pack off of Vincent but he is hopping around so much that Gunter can't seem to.

VINCENT  
 GET IT OFF! *IT'S BURNING ME!*  
 (a beat, frustrated with  
 Gunter's inability)  
*I HATE YOU FOR DOING THIS TO ME!*

27 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

27

Vincent, wearing only underwear, socks and shoes stands in front of two cardboard boxes painted black with a few knobs attached to them.

VINCENT  
 The forth of the invention Holy  
 Grails?  
 (a beat)  
 Are you ready?  
 (stepping away to reveal  
 boxes)  
 A TELEPORTATION MACHINE!  
 (a beat)  
 Are you ready to see HISTORY being  
 made?  
 (a beat)  
 Well GET ready!  
 (a beat)  
 Inside those containment boxes are  
 magnetic plates. These plates will  
 transport my molecules from one pod  
 to the other. I used cardboard so  
 that said molecules can transport  
 with ease from one pod to the next.  
 Certain kinds of iron alloys can  
 prohibit the shifting of molecules.  
 (a beat)  
 Plus there was a two for one deal  
 at MailBoxesEtc.

Vincent climbs into one of the boxes. We hear his muffled voice.

VINCENT  
 Please make sure we have FULL  
 containment!

Gunter runs over and duct tapes the box shut. It is clear that he is taping it shut VERY well.

VINCENT  
 ARE YOUR READY!?-

GUNTER  
Vincent?

VINCENT  
(annoyed)  
What?

GUNTER  
I have to go to the bathroom.

VINCENT  
Well can you hold it?

Gunter shakes his head.

VINCENT  
Gunter, did you just shake your  
head? Because I'm in a freaking box  
and I can't see you!  
(a beat, sigh)  
Fine. But I'm not waiting. You're  
going to miss history being made  
and feel worthless. But I'm not  
gonna feel sorry for you.

GUNTER  
Okay.

Gunter walks away.

VINCENT  
Is he gone?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Yeah.

VINCENT  
Okay. I'm turning it on!

A light begins to shine from inside the box.

VINCENT  
Is it working?! Am I materializing  
in the other pod?!

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
No.  
(a beat)  
Wait-  
(a beat)  
No.

Vincent sighs in frustration.

VINCENT

Dammit!

(a beat)

Okay fine, just tell Gunter to get me out of this thing.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

He's still in the bathroom.

Vincent is quiet. Moments pass. Vincent then begins to try and punch his way out of the box. It becomes more forceful and finally he rips his way through the box until he is free and the box is totally ruined. Vincent is clearly mad. Gunter comes back with a soda in his hands.

GUNTER

What happened?

(a beat)

Did it work?

Vincent looks at him for a minute. He then smacks the soda out of Gunter's hand. It falls to the floor. Gunter is sad. He crouches down to pick up his soda which has spilled all over the floor.

VINCENT

I'm sorry.

(sigh)

Let me get you another one.

GUNTER

It was the last one. I got it for you. To celebrate.

Vincent shakes his head. He then walks away. Gunter takes a piece of the ripped up box and tries to wipe up the spill with it.

GUNTER

He's a perfectionist so he's really hard on himself.

VINCENT

You know some people say that I'm single minded. That all I ever think about is inventing- but they're wrong. I have lots of hobbies. Lots of them.



INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Like what?

VINCENT  
I'm a filmmaker.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Really?

VINCENT  
Oh yeah. Big time.

CUT TO:

29 VINCENT'S BLACK AND WHITE FILM: 29

30 EXT. BEACH - DAY 30

A girl stands watching the horizon. Vincent approaches and wraps his arms around her.

VINCENT  
The sunset's going to be beautiful.

The girl rests her head against his arm.

GIRL  
Sometimes it seems like nothing  
will ever be beautiful ever again.

VINCENT  
Shhhh.

GIRL  
Will we ever be free?

VINCENT  
Oh Evian, don't you know? It is  
*they* who live in cages.

Suddenly three men in bizarre looking costumes emerge from the ocean and point laser guns. The lead man is played by Gunter. They scream- but their lines are all recorded backwards.

Vincent turns to the girl dramatically.

VINCENT  
I must go. But remember- IT IS THEY  
WHO LIVE IN CAGES!

Vincent runs to attack the men in slow motion. They open fire and shoot him over and over again. He falls to the ground but then gets up and they again open fire- shooting him over and over again. He again falls. Presumably dead.

The girl runs over and sobs over his body. Vincent looks up at the girl.

VINCENT

Do not cry. For in death- we are finally free.

(a beat)

But if you must cry... let your tears be...

Vincent looks directly into the camera.

VINCENT

THE TEARS OF A CHILD.

Vincent's body fades away. The girl smiles and nods and then raises her hands to cheer- it freeze frames.

Credits begin to roll.

31 INT. VINCENT'S BED ROOM - DAY

31

Vincent looks dead serious.

VINCENT

The reaction to "Tears of a Child" was... mixed. I'm not gonna lie.

INSERT: The "Tears of a Child" poster- clearly made by Vincent.

VINCENT

I think the Guantanamo Bay sequence was really misunderstood.

(a beat)

And *NOBODY* bought the action figure.

Vincent picks up a small action figure that he clearly made himself of his character.

32

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

32

A worn, slightly out of it, middle aged man stands in front of a beaten up trailer, dressed in a tank top, cut off jeans and grimy bathrobe. He is BILL DOOLY, Vincent's father. He quietly stares off into space.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Could you introduce yourself?

Bill doesn't react.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Mr. Dooly?

Bill's attention snaps to the camera. He suddenly seems very self conscious and aware of his movements.

BILL  
Just do anything?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Could you start by introducing yourself?

BILL  
-Do you think I should have some makeup?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
What?

BILL  
Makeup. For the camera.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Uhh...

BILL  
I have some back in the trailer-  
if...  
(a beat)  
My wife works for Avon.

We see in the trailer behind Bill, a curtain opens and Bill's Asian wife looks out. Bill turns around and she quickly hides.

BILL  
She's shy.

JUMP CUT

Bill now wears blush on his cheeks and his hair is combed back.

BILL

My name is Bill Dooly. I'm  
Vincent's father.

(pause)

What do you want me to say now?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Talk about Vincent.

BILL

What do you wanna know?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Do you two communicate very often?

BILL

Oh, every now and then. He calls me  
when he can.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What do you guys talk about?

BILL

Work mostly. He tells me about his  
job with NASA.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What?

BILL

He can't say much... 'National  
security and all that- but I guess  
they got him working pretty hard on  
a laser gun that you... strap to  
the head of a... hyper-intelligent  
grizzly bear to create the ultimate  
super soldier... he tells me.

(a beat)

I guess they don't just build space  
ships anymore.

(pause)

This is a picture he sent me of his  
girlfriend.

Bill holds up a picture that was clearly cut out of a  
magazine and framed.

JUMP CUT

BILL

I left Vincent and his mother when he was three... I forget how old she was.

(a beat)

I had a lot of bad luck back then and... lost some money... a *lot* of money.

(a beat, shakes his head)

But that's the past. I'm better now. I'm better, so...

(pause)

I used to fix cars. Vincent used to watch me. That's where he caught the... "tinkering" bug.

(a beat)

I like to think so anyway.

(a beat)

I tell my friends, Kurt and Dave Jr, at the shop, that my son is a big time scientist and they laugh... But- they don't know.

(a beat)

I say to them, I say: You just wait. Just wait and see. One day you're going to turn on the TV and you're gonna see MY son. Talking and... explaining... and who knows what, but he'll be there.

(a beat)

Then they'll see.

Bill is quiet. He comments to himself.

BILL

Hyper-Intelligent Grizzly Bears.

Bill chuckles to himself in a sort of "what'll they think of next?" manner.

33

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

33

Vincent watches as Anton stuffs fire works into an old beat up blender. Anton placates Vincent by half listening.

VINCENT

And this guy is like trying to have a go at me, right? He wants to fight- and I'm happy to oblige him. Was I scared? A little. Why? Because I knew that if I wasn't careful I would kill him.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

End of story. He'd be dead and I'd be put in jail. The judge gave me a warning last time someone picked a fight with me. He said: Vincent- you're hands are lethal weapons. You've been trained by your dad who's an ex Navy Seal, you've gone twelve rounds in the Octagon and come out victorious. You know this- the world knows this- but guess what? Not every fool in some dirty roadhouse bar in N'olins knows this. So the next time someone challenges you to a no holds barred cage match, you say NO.

ANTON

Uh huh.

VINCENT

But they had insulted my honor and threatened my girl. So into the cage we go.

(a beat)

Guess what I did to him?

ANTON

(disinterested)

Umm- you ripped his arms off?

VINCENT

-I'm holding him by the hair and pulling his face down into my knee when something catches my eye. It's his kids- crying and saying "Please don't hurt our daddy!" And I look into their eyes and my *heart just breaks*. I felt terrible.

(a beat)

For about ten seconds! I pick up their dad and throw him *through* the cage. Then I do a flying kick to the one kid's face and I spin kick his brother.

(a beat)

Now all I gotta worry about is one of them growing up and seeking vengeance.

(a beat)

But you know how that is.

ANTON

(grimaces)

I'm gonna light this now.

Anton lights the fuse and they run away. It blows up magnificently.

JUMP CUT

Vincent and Anton sit on a pile of trash. Anton smokes and Vincent tries to look casually cool but just looks awkward.

VINCENT

Can I ask you a question?

ANTON

Sure.

VINCENT

You know a lot about girls, right?

Anton shrugs.

VINCENT

'Cause there's this girl who's-  
(a beat)  
She's totally into me and I just...  
I wanted to know how to... like...  
talk to her.  
(a beat)  
Just to, y'know, seal the deal.

Anton thinks this over.

ANTON

Well, if you ask me, girls go for the mysterious vibe. Just listen and nod and act half interested. If she asks you a question? Respond with one word answers. If everything goes quiet- just say you've got somethin' to do and walk away.

Vincent nods and tries to take in the advice.

VINCENT

I'm not real good with the mysterious thing. That is to say- I'm not real good at... not talking.

ANTON

Then find out what she likes and act like you like it too. Trust me, she'll do all the talking if you give her half a chance.

VINCENT

Okay.

ANTON

Also- when she's talking, tell her she's got something in her teeth. Even if there's nothing there, she'll spend ten minutes trying to fish it out and after a while just say: "Oh- you got it, it's gone." It throws them off their game. Makes them feel insecure.

(a beat)

And that's when you strike.

Vincent pulls out a pad of paper and writes these things down.

VINCENT

(to himself)

Make them feel insecure... and THEN strike.

34

EXT. FIELD - DAY

34

Vincent stands wearing a suit of home made body armor. He is flanked by Gunter and a mean looking twelve year old boy, who both hold whiffle ball bats.

VINCENT

So another of my newest and most exciting inventions is something I'm working on for the army. I call it The Super Suit!

(a beat)

As we all know- the tragic deaths in the war was due to what? Bullets, bombs, throwing stars, etc. Well I'm working on a suit that will be able to withstand any and all of those things.

The twelve year old hits Vincent in the leg with his bat. Vincent looks over, annoyed.

VINCENT

Wait!

(back to the camera)

Anyway- so what I'm going to show you is just a little example of the kind of abuse that the suit can handle.

(MORE)



VINCENT(cont'd)

(a beat)

I've asked my good friend Gunter along with a local neighborhood kid named Blake to help out.

(looking to Blake)

What do you think Blake? You wanna grow up and be an inventor like me?

BLAKE

Shut up!

VINCENT

Alright. Then let's just get started.

Vincent puts on his helmet.

VINCENT

Have at me!

Gunter and Blake begin to hit him with the bats. Vincent laughs.

VINCENT

That all you got?! Give me more!

They continue to hit.

VINCENT

Alright, that's enough.

They stop hitting. Vincent removes his helmet.

VINCENT

So as you can see, the suit can take pretty much anything-

Blake hits Vincent in the head with the bat.

VINCENT

Oww. Stop!

Blake hits him again. Gunter comes over.

GUNTER

Hey kid- he said stop!

Blake hits Gunter.

VINCENT

STOP HITTING US YOU JERK!

Blake chases them as they run away.

35 INT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

35

Vincent stands near a swing set. In one of the swings is a large garbage can tied to it.

VINCENT

Alright. Now that Blake's mom finally came and picked him up, it's time for test number two. The Impact Test.

JUMP CUT

Vincent stands with his helmet on in the way of the swing. Gunter is holding the swing.

VINCENT

DO IT GUNTER!

Gunter throws the swing into Vincent. Vincent is knocked over. There is silence. Gunter runs over. He removes the helmet. Vincent is bloody and unconscious.

GUNTER

Oh no. Not again!

36 INT. PUBLIC ACCESS SHOW - DAY

36

Vincent sits on a public access set as the host of a show. Some music and a title card fade up. It reads: INVENTOR'S CORNER WITH VINCENT DOOLY. It fades back down.

VINCENT

Hello and welcome to Inventor's Corner, broadcast live on Sacramento Public Access.. I'm Vincent Dooly. Today on the show we're going to be talking about Cold Fusion and whether or not the notion of it being a reliable fuel and electricity substitute has any substance.

(a beat)

Now, before we open the floor for some debate with the callers, let me just state a few facts because, obviously this is an incredibly hot button issue that will no doubt cause some pretty heated words to be tossed around.

(a beat)

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

FOR THE RECORD... there have been no reproducible results that have gained scientific consensus as to the existence of the phenomenon of Cold Fusion. So everything on the subject has yet to be proven. Alright? It's all just speculation at this point.

(a beat)

That said, let's go to our callers and see what they have to say about all of this.

Vincent presses a button on a phone machine near him.

VINCENT

Caller one? You're live on Inventor's Corner with Vincent Dooly. Go ahead.

CALLER 1

Am I live?

VINCENT

Yes.

CALLER 1

-Suck a dick!

The phone abruptly hangs up. Vincent is annoyed. He clears his throat.

VINCENT

Okay. 'Don't think I'll be doing that.

He presses another button on his phone.

VINCENT

Caller 2? You are live on Inventor's Corner with Vincent Dooly.

CALLER 2

Yeah- have you ever tried inventing a dick for yourself?

Vincent cuts him off.

VINCENT

Caller number three, you're live.

CALLER 3

Uh yes. Well, first I'd like to say that while yes it's true that the studies on Cold Fusion have not been conclusive, leading researchers have found in numerous studies that you are a gay fag who loves kissing gay faggots!

Vincent cuts him off. He is clearly getting more annoyed.

VINCENT

Well- looks like we have some real jokers today. I would just like to say that CONTRARY to what the last caller would have you believe, leading researchers HAVE NOT FOUND any kind of results about my sexual preference because they have not DONE any studies on it. If they *did* they would find that the last caller was wrong because I am straight and if you want proof you can just ask any of the hundreds of girlfriends I've had in the past six months.

(sigh)

Why don't we take a break from the phones. Because I have the sincere privilege of being joined by a guest.

The camera cuts to a two shot of Vincent and his guest. DR. HENRY MILLER. A dignified looking man in his 40s.

VINCENT

This is Dr. Henry Miller. My high school science teacher. Before we get started Dr. Miller, it is a real treat to have you on the show and I can honestly say that your guidance in high school has been a huge inspiration for me as well I'm sure to countless other students that you've mentored throughout the years.

DR. MILLER

Oh, well thank you Vincent. It's a pleasure to be on the show.

VINCENT

Alright, well, for those of our viewers who aren't familiar with Cold Fusion, why don't you tell us a little bit of its history.

DR. MILLER

Sure. Well, the idea was brought into public consciousness in 1989 by Stanley Pons and Martin Fleischmann at the University of Utah stating that they had generated excess heat that they believed at the time could only be explained by the occurrence of a nuclear reaction. However, early attempts to replicate the effect were unsuccessful after which cold fusion gained a reputation as an example of "pathological" science.

VINCENT

Ah, okay. Well it looks like we have a caller with a question for Dr. Miller. Caller? You are live.

CALLER 5

Uh, yes, Dr. Miller?

DR. MILLER

Yes.

CALLER 5

Isn't it true that more than 490 reports in peer-reviewed journals have suggested unexplained phenomenon from cold fusion experiments, including nearly 200 published reports of anomalous heat, and over 60 of anomalous tritium production.

DR. MILLER

Yes that's true. But we need to remember that many of these reports appeared in "non-mainstream publications" which will always hold less weight in the scientific arena of fact.

CALLER 5

Very true. Thank you.

VINCENT  
 (surprised)  
 Thank you for calling in.

CALLER 5  
 No problem. PENIS! PENIS! PENIS!  
 PENIS! PENIS!-

Vincent cuts the caller off. He shakes his head, disappointed. After a quiet moment Dr. Miller leans towards Vincent.

DR. MILLER  
 (quietly)  
 Is this what normally happens on  
 the show?

Vincent sighs then nods.

37 INT. MARTIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

37

Martin enters holding his mail. He sees something that sparks his interest and reads it. His face sinks into annoyed disappointment.

JUMP CUT

Martin speaks to the camera while adjusting the screws on an invention.

MARTIN  
 A lot of people think that it all  
 just comes easy to me. But they're  
 wrong. I too know the sting of  
 rejection.  
 (a beat)  
 That letter? It was from the U.S.  
 Government. They rejected a  
 proposal of mine. Why? Because,  
 like the rest of the world, they're  
 fools.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
 What were you proposing?

MARTIN  
 It's called *Hobo Land*.  
 (a beat)  
 An island resort for homeless  
 people.  
 (a beat)  
 We buy an island, okay?  
 (MORE)

MARTIN(cont'd)

Tropical, sunny, nice- and totally cut off from the rest of us normals. We parachute in some food and some of those tiny paper umbrellas for their hooch and we let them fend for themselves- which is what they do best! *They* run the whole thing. We have a Hobo Mayor. Hobo Lawyers, Hobo police men, Hobo *pets*. The whole nine. And we surround the island with 35 foot electrified fences. They are never to leave. They live there, they die there.

(shrugs)

But y'know... I guess the pencil pushers in DC just lacked the vision. Their loss. Maybe it'll fly in Germany.

38 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

38

Vincent brushes his teeth. He spits.

VINCENT

So today I'm taking a break from the grind. I've decided to take a little me time and go down and visit Jenny at the diner.

(a beat)

Okay- I'm gonna go ask her out. And if she says yes, well then let's just say that one of us is going to be the luckiest girl in the whole wide world.

Vincent squirts a brown cream on his hand.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What's that?

VINCENT

Oh this? Well- I call it my secret weapon. I'm going to implement a few of Junky Joe's tips. I saw her talking to a black guy one day for like ever. And she was laughing and having a gay old time. It was then that I realized- that it's like her thing. She likes to "date ethnic".

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

So I figure, if I use this self tanning cream I found- it'll be a great way to start a conversation on our common likes and dislikes.

(a beat)

Example. Likes: Rasta music, steel drums, a big sack full of dreadlocks. Dislikes: Clans of any kind.

39 EXT. STREET - DAY

39

Vincent- who now appears to be in black face walks down the street. He smiles confidently and wears a ethnic looking outfit.

40 INT. DINER - DAY

40

Vincent sits in the diner reading a menu.

VINCENT

(whisper to camera)

So how do I look?

(a beat)

I didn't know how much to put on so I just finished off the bottle.

(a beat)

I look pretty good- right?

(a beat)

SHHH! Here she comes.

Jenny approaches. She is obviously thrown by Vincent's ridiculous appearance.

JENNY

Oh- oh my gosh. Vincent?

(a beat)

Hey.

VINCENT

Hey yourself.

JENNY

What happened to your face?

VINCENT

Oh- you noticed. Yeah, I was just catching some R.A.Y.Zs

(a beat)

Rays.

(a beat)

(MORE)



VINCENT(cont'd)

Figured it was about time I became  
a little more... colored.

Jenny laughs. Vincent tries to ignore it.

VINCENT

(a beat)

'Anyone ever tell you that you're  
beautiful?

JENNY

Umm...

VINCENT

You have something in your teeth.

Jenny squints her eyes.

VINCENT

Oh wait- you got it.

JENNY

(smiles)

I don't... I'm sorry but it's  
really hard to talk to you when you  
look like this.

VINCENT

It's distracting isn't it? This is  
a normal reaction. A homeless guy  
started screaming at me on my way  
down here. He was a little scary  
and he smelled like pee but I knew  
he had a good heart. He just was  
just drawn to me- it's an animal  
thing.

(a beat)

You're probably experiencing  
something similar.

JENNY

Yeah. That's probably it.

They stand in an awkward silence.

JENNY

So anyway, what can I get you?

VINCENT

How 'bout a date? I'm talkin' you  
and me. Flowers, champagne, caviar.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

Now, I don't have a car so you'll have to drive unless you wanna meet there- which is cool but if we go back to my place after I'll have to strap my bike to your hood. HOWEVER, I can bring bungees so it's cool. Now- about my place- I DO live with my mother and Native American step father and they aren't really too keen on me having "visitors" after eleven o'clock but if you *hide in my closet* until they go to sleep then we can stay up for as long as we want. You'll only be in there for... Forty-five minutes, MAX. Option TWO: Wednesdays. Okay? Trash days. You with me on this? You wait outside til after it gets dark. When I take the trash out you- jump in. They're not expecting me to bring a girl in- but they are expecting me to bring trash cans in, right? So we're gold. You're... what- 170? 180?

He pinches her belly but she quickly swats him away. For some reason it doesn't deter him.

VINCENT

Doesn't matter. I can lift over three hundred pounds. I found out on a dare.

(a beat)

Now, once you're in, we'll have to be quiet *but* if I turn the tv on they might just think you're just a girl from one of my movies.

(a beat)

You should probably say a few lines every once in a while about cyborgs from the future just to really bring it home.

(a beat)

Can you do a British accent?

Jenny is dumbfounded. She searches for the right way to respond.

JENNY

Can we just go back to what happened to your face?

Vincent is annoyed at having to explain. He sighs in frustration.

VINCENT

Look- maybe you didn't know this about me but I'm part Brazilian, okay? Whenever I go tanning I wind up looking just like that guy Seal from the Batman 3 soundtrack- just without the scars and stuff. Now- MORE IMPORTANTLY... *are you okay if we go somewhere not so pricey?* I'm leaving it up to you but maybe just think somewhere in the area between combo meal and individual pan pizza. Just for now. Just until I win my prize money.

JENNY

So... You're asking me out?

VINCENT

Yes.

JENNY

I um... They actually don't let us date people from work.

VINCENT

Well I don't work here. I'm an inventor.

JENNY

No, I know- but... We're not allowed to date customers.

VINCENT

Problem solved. I'll never eat here again.

JENNY

I don't think that counts.

VINCENT

I'll start a rumor that I found a tumor in my French Dip when I bit into it and all this puss just like seeped out into my mouth.

(a beat)

And it was bitter- bitter puss.

JENNY

Vincent- please... Please stop.

(a beat)

Just no- okay?

VINCENT

This is because I'm part Brazilian isn't it? Your bosses are racist-aren't they?

(a beat)

"Oh no Jenny- don't date that N WORD over there! You can't make a sandwich with white and wheat bread- it just doesn't work that way" Well I'd like to speak with your manager about this bullshit and educate him to a little thing called *ROE vs. WADE!*

JENNY

Okay- okay- okay. Just shhh. Quiet... down.

(a beat)

The truth is... I just... I just want to be your friend.

VINCENT

What do you mean?

JENNY

I don't want to go on a date with you. I'm sorry.

VINCENT

So all of that stuff about not being able to date customers was just... What? Lies?

Jenny sighs. She doesn't know what to say.

VINCENT

Okay I get it. I guess someone showed their true colors today.

He notices his painted hands and shakes his head at the irony.

JENNY

I'm really sorry.

VINCENT

No- no... It's cool... I just...  
(under his breath)  
This is really embarrassing.

JENNY

(quiet)

Oh no- don't be embarrassed.

(MORE)

JENNY(cont'd)

I think you're a really great guy I  
just-

Gritting his teeth, Vincent slowly sweeps his arm across the table, knocking his cup, plate and silverware onto the floor.

JENNY

O...kay.

VINCENT

(between gritted teeth)  
Can you get away from me?

Jenny walks away. She walks to a manager and talks to him inaudibly.

VINCENT

Further. I don't even want to look  
at you right now.

Jenny looks over and then turns back to the manager. She is clearly telling the manager what is going on. Vincent stands defiantly.

VINCENT

FINE! Then I'LL leave. But just  
know this- when I walk out that  
door- you are DEAD to me, okay? So  
when I win that Eddy and everyone  
wants to taste my shit and tell me  
it's chocolate candy- guess what?  
That candy shop is CLOSED!

(a beat)

AND THAT GOES FOR EVERYONE IN HERE.

(points to the manager)

ESPECIALLY YOU! YOU FUCKING PHONEY!  
YEAH. I'M ON TO YOU MAN.

Vincent storms off.

Moments later he walks back into the diner- apparently not yet finished with his diatribe.

VINCENT

You think I'm blind? Is that it? I  
can see the signs you were giving  
me. Everyday with the way you  
TALKED to me and SMILED AT ME. You  
know and I know that there was an  
unspoken chemistry between us. It  
was there. Plain as day. And it  
probably still is. ANYONE CAN SEE  
IT!

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

(pointing to a random customer)

That guy can see it!

(a beat)

But I guess you just don't have the courage to for once in your life just TAKE SOMETHING YOU WANT AND LOVE IT! WITHOUT FEAR OR CONDEMNATION OF WHAT THE WORLD WILL THINK! Cause guess what Jenny? I'm here. I'm standing here. A *man*. And I'm saying: I. WANT. YOU.

(holds out hand)

So just... be brave.

(a beat)

Take my hand...

(a beat)

And let's just... Let's just get outta here.

(a beat)

I mean... Why are we here? Seriously.

There is silence. Jenny pauses for a moment then turns and walks into the kitchen, clearly upset. The manager points his finger at the door.

MANAGER

I'm calling the cops.

Vincent quickly turns and walks out the door.

MANAGER

(to an OC waiter)

Lock it behind him.

JUMP CUT

Jenny is being interviewed. She looks to have been crying.

JENNY

I don't know what to say. I only ever tried to be nice to him. I never wanted him to get the wrong idea.

(a beat)

I didn't know he was so disturbed. And it's scary seeing someone just lose it like that. I mean- I don't know if I should be seriously scared or what. I mean you guys know him, right?

(MORE)

JENNY(cont'd)

Do you think he's the type of guy  
who's gonna like come to my house  
and kill my dog or something?  
Because- oh shit-

The camera pans around to see Vincent standing on the other side of the window. His hands and face pressed against the glass.

When the camera pans back around Jenny is already walking away.

The manager walks up to the glass angrily.

MANAGER

HEY!

Vincent runs away- leaving brown smudges where his hands and face were.

41 INT. JUNKYARD - DAY

41

Vincent walks up to Anton in a hurry. Anton is shoving M80s into a toy plane. Vincent snatches the plane and grabs the M80s from it. He begins putting them in his mouth. He grabs a lighter and tries to light it. Anton jumps up and wrestles with Vincent, pulling the fireworks from his mouth. It is awkward as they fight with each other. Finally Anton gets the fireworks away from Vincent who then picks up a piece of junk and throws it at Anton.

ANTON

What the hell is your problem?!

VINCENT

WHAT'S THE FREAKING POINT TO ANY OF IT?!

ANTON

What are you talking about?

VINCENT

She's just like the rest of them!  
She's a liar- living in her small  
time world with all of her small  
time friends- where she'll spend  
the rest of her life! LAUGHING at  
assholes like me- like I'm just  
some pathetic "thing". But the  
joke's on her! And soon I'll be  
laughing!

ANTON

Okay, fine, you'll be laughing- can you just calm down for a minute?

VINCENT

LAUGHING! And I'd shove my Eddy right in her stupid fat face- and say CHEW ON THIS "WAITRESS GIRL!"

Vincent picks up an old TV and throws it a few feet. It smashes to the ground. Anton jumps back.

VINCENT

AHH!

(a beat)

I don't have a shot in HELL at winning that freaking award!

ANTON

The inventing award?

Vincent realizing the futility of it all, sighs in frustration and sits on the ground.

VINCENT

(quietly)

Yes.

Anton walks over and sits down next to Vincent.

ANTON

Is it really that big of a deal?

Vincent thinks this over and absentmindedly plays with a broken part that lays at his feet.

VINCENT

I don't know. Everyone else thinks it's stupid but... it just meant something to me. I just wanted everyone to see that I had... greatness in me. Real greatness.

ANTON

Well, you've still got time, right?

VINCENT

(sigh)

Who'm I kidding?

(a beat)

I don't even know if the thing works.



They sit quietly for a moment. Anton looks over at Vincent and puts his arm around his shoulder. Vincent looks up, touched by this quiet validation.

ANTON

You can't give up man.

(a beat)

The world hates dreamers. Probably because most people envy the ability to see what's not right in front of them. So they just keep saying "there's nothing there."

(a beat)

Don't give them the satisfaction of thinking they're right.

Vincent thinks this over as the two sit in silence.

42

INT. GARAGE - DAY

42

A cleaned up Vincent stands in his garage wearing protective goggles. He stands in front of a large contraption with a tarp covering it.

VINCENT

Okay. Yesterday we learned a valuable lesson. It was foolish to waste time on matters of the heart when I'm so close to the ultimate prize. Can I blame Jenny for not seeing the real me? No. And why not? Because I have yet to reveal myself. To *expose myself* fully to her. But I will. I'll show the whole world just what I can do when I finish my top secret project. Remember when I told you about the five Holy Grails of invention? Well this is the final one. This is it. The holy of holies. And once I unveil this... Everything will change.

(a beat)

Everything.

Vincent picks up a blow torch and ignites it. The camera cuts to black and the sound of the tarp being whipped off is heard.

43

INT. THEATER - DAY

43

James Gilmore coordinates two burly men as they hang a banner reading "EXPLORE! INSPIRE!" He quietly enjoys watching them work, making them adjust it ever so slightly to prolong his enjoyment.

JUMP CUT

James gives another interview.

GILMORE

Well, as you can see, things are coming along quite well. The award ceremony is in less than a week and everyone here is extremely excited. This year looks to be one the most exciting Eddy's in a very long time. In fact, I was just talking to Sue Dotz, another member of the board and *she* said she's been hearing some pretty amazing things about what some of the inventors are going to be showing us and I just couldn't have agreed with her more.

(a beat)

The competition will be fierce- and frightening.

(a beat, smirks)

But hey, it makes for a good show, right?

JUMP CUT

GILMORE

By next Friday this entire room will be filled with inventors of all shapes and sizes from 12-25 each vying for that most coveted of prizes. The Eddy. And I, as well as the other members of the board give them five minutes to present their inventions to a captive audience after which, when all of the inventions have been demonstrated, we decide and announce the winner and hopefully change a life or two.

(a beat)

Who knows- maybe even change a world.

James winks.

44 INT. GORDON PLATT'S HOME - DAY

44

Gordon is painting a sign that reads: "KNOCK THEM DEAD MARTIN!" Martin walks into frame. He looks at the sign, nods in approval and then walks away.

GORDON

I usually show up at the theater around four and a half hours before the doors open. The organizers know me and- I get a lay of the land. Where is Martin gonna sit, where is Martin gonna stand before he presents? What kinds of gels are they using on the lights, because certain color combinations irritate his skin. Will he need any extra protection in case an obsessed fan or an upset inventor tries anything? The security are big guys but they're not bullet proof, right? So now I bring this:

Gordon holds up a taser and makes it spark.

GORDON

Ten seconds of contact and your adversary is incapacitated. Twenty seconds and they're unconscious.

(pause)

They wouldn't let me bring my arm blades

INSERT: Gordon has two big blades strapped to his arms. He does a quick demonstration.

45 EXT. HOUSE STEPS - DAY

45

A tired looking Vincent sits, his face and work clothes are stained with crude oil. He sips from a juice box.

VINCENT

I'm just taking a quick break.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

How's it going?

VINCENT

Umm- pretty good. It's gonna be down to the wire but I think I'll make it.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Do you think they'll like it?

VINCENT

(nods)

I think so. If it works- which...

(a beat)

...it will. It will.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

How does this rate against the other inventions you've entered into the competition?

VINCENT

Oh this blows them away. Just outta the water. Yeah. No compatish.

(a beat)

And that's not to say that I don't love all of my inventions or that I'm not proud of them but... It's kinda like... It's kinda like Mamma Baldwin, right? She has all these sons- and she loves them all... But she only has one Alec.

(a beat)

This is my Alec.

(pause)

Which is the one that did "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man?"

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Daniel.

VINCENT

He's pretty good too. We can't take that away from him.

JUMP CUT

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Are you at all worried about anything going wrong?

VINCENT

What do you mean?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
Like, last minute malfunctions.

VINCENT  
I don't...  
(shakes his head)  
I try not to even think about that  
sort of thing.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE MONTAGE OF VINCENT'S PAST EDDY EXPERIENCES:

46 INT. THEATER - NIGHT 46  
- Vincent hold various inventions that explode or are on  
fire.

VINCENT  
NO! NO! NO! NO!  
- Vincent stands with wires on his body as he is  
electrocuted. He screams and wets himself.  
- Finally, Vincent stands over an old lady laying on the  
floor. Blood is all around her. In his hands he holds a  
tennis racket with an electric knife attached at the handle.  
Vincent is crying. It is unclear what happened.

VINCENT  
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!!

CUT BACK TO:

47 EXT. HOUSE STEPS - DAY 47  
Vincent sits and thinks.

VINCENT  
Today is a new day.  
(a beat)  
And that's all that's important.

48 INT. MARTIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 48  
Martin is interviewed once again.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Have you heard anything about your  
opponents in this years  
competition?

MARTIN

Compa-what? Never heard of the  
word.

(a beat)

Oppo-what? Also never heard of that  
word.

(smile)

Those things you just said are not  
even in my vocabulary.

(a beat)

I don't know how to be a "not-  
winner". Why? Because the word  
"loser" is also a word I've never  
even heard of... or used.

(a beat)

Except just then.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Have you heard of Vincent Dooly?

MARTIN

Who's that?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

He's an inventor.

MARTIN

Nope. Don't know him. Don't care to  
know him. I've heard of Martin  
Wooderson though- have you? This  
just in, he's a genius.

(a beat)

Uh- this also just in- he's me.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Can we talk about your entry for  
this year?

MARTIN

(smiles)

Sorry- but I can't go for that. No.  
No. No can do.

(a beat)

That's Hall and Oates.

(a beat)

You know, you can never be too  
careful these days... So many...  
Private Eyes. They're watching you.

(MORE)

MARTIN(cont'd)

They see your every move.

(a beat)

Also Hall and Oates.

(a beat)

But I will tell you this... My invention *WILL* be... A Maneater.

(thinks)

In that- it will eat up everyone's i-man-gination.

(a beat, happy with himself.)

Did you catch that? What I just did just then? I-man-gination?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Yes.

MARTIN

Good.

Drake walks by. He notices the camera and tries to duck down to stay out of the frame but is still very clearly visible.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

You don't have to do that.

(a beat)

We can still see you.

Drake stops.

DRAKE

Sorry.

He stands and walks away.

49

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

49

Vincent is blow torching something on the half covered invention. He finishes and turns off the blow torch. He sets it down and lifts the goggles off his eyes and onto his forehead. He sits back. Tired and proud of his work.

VINCENT

Finished.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

You think it will work?

Vincent thinks this over and then nods.

VINCENT

This is my life- y'know. This is it. Every hope and dream.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

It's all here.

(a beat, getting choked  
up)

I just feel like... It's just so weird to see it all in front of me like this. To see everything I've worked for. Every time I made a fool of myself. Every time anyone ever told me I was an idiot or a retard.

(a beat)

Sometimes you just sit and think and you realize that no one has ever believed in you. Not really. No one has ever thought that you could do anything right.

(a beat)

Can't you just get like a normal job Vincent? Why don't you get a job at like a factory or something? You could help build stuff all day long. That's kinda like inventing, right?

Vincent wipes his eyes.

VINCENT

I'm sorry. I don't wanna be like a cry baby or anything.

(a beat)

I just feel like this is the first time that I've ever felt proud of myself for anything.

(a beat, laughs through  
the tears)

I kinda don't want this moment to end, y'know?

We linger for a moment as Vincent looks at his creation wistfully.

50

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

50

Vincent holds a plastic cup. In it he pours sparkling cider. He hands one to the camera man and one to the Interviewer and pours another for himself. The Interviewer lifts his glass from behind the camera.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Cheers man.

Vincent smiles. He clinks his glass against the other plastic cup.



VINCENT

Clink.

He clinks it against the camera man's glass.

VINCENT

Clink.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What should we drink to?

VINCENT

Let's drink to tomorrow.

(a beat)

And the promise it holds.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Cheers.

Vincent drinks. He smiles.

50B INT. THEATER - DAY

50B

The five members of the board set up a table. James sets up a small camera on a tripod while Jerry addresses the interviewer.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

And who are you?

JERRY

I'm Jerry Schwartz- owner of Schwartz Honda of Anaheim. My dealership has sponsored the Eddys for the last six years.

(a beat)

We also offer the lowest prices in Southern California on new and used Hondas for you and your loved ones.

(pause)

I'm an honorary board member. And I just love coming down here every year and throwing in my two cents! It *is* my money, so I guess it's a lot more than two cents, huh?!

Jerry laughs.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Are you an inventing enthusiast?

JERRY

Oh yeah. All this shit is great. When my brother-in-law Tommy came to me with this, it just sounded so cool, y'know? Plus I consider myself a little bit of an inventor.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Really?

JERRY

In a way. In business you gotta be coming up with new and fresh ideas. You know those cell phone kiosks at the mall? I was the first to do that.

(a beat)

It was 1993 and cell phones hadn't really caught on back then.

(a beat, somber)

It didn't work out. We eventually stopped with the phones and started selling t-shirts with dirty slogans instead..

(a beat)

NOW you see those cell phone kiosks everywhere! I guess I was just ahead of my time.

(a beat)

You never know.

(he perks up)

Luckily- the t-shirt biz is booming.

Jerry unzips his coat to reveal a shirt reading FUCK HAPPENS. The letters are blurred. Jerry smiles.

JERRY

Check it out, \$19.95.

(a beat)

Worth every penny.

50C INT. BACK STAGE - DAY

50C

Back stage, the inventors adjust their inventions, do little exercises or quietly rehearse speeches from index cards. In the corner of the room is a large, unattended box covered in wrapping paper. Vincent enters with Gunter and the large contraption, still covered in blue tarp. Vincent wears a cowboy hat, a cowboy shirt, spandex pants and a cape. He tries to look calm and confident but can barely contain his nerves.

51 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

51

Dramatic music sounds as the theater, in pitch black, sees a spotlight hit the stage.

ANNOUNCER  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- WELCOME TO  
THE 91st ANNUAL THOMAS ALVA EDISON  
AWARDS!

James Gilmore walks into the spotlight. The crowd cheers. He waves to the audience.

GILMORE  
Hello everyone. It's wonderful to see everyone out in that crowd tonight and know that somewhere in there is the next inventing superstar! I'm James Gilmore, head chair of the board for the Thomas Alva Edison awards.

(a beat)

I see some new faces tonight. As well as some... familiar ones

(a beat)

And excitement is in the air tonight!

(a beat)

Are you ready to be amazed?!

The crowd cheers.

GILMORE  
Alright. Well then, let's get this show on the road! The inventors will have five minutes to show us their inventions- while we evaluate and in the end we will name the winner of this years THOMAS ALVA EDISON AWARD! *EXPLORE! INSPIRE!*

The crowd cheers, music swells and a montage of inventors showing their inventions begins.

51A INVENTOR MONTAGE

51A

INVENTOR 1 stands near a small table. He picks up a piece of wood and a tube of glue.

INVENTOR 1  
Super-DUPER Glue. *Fifteen* times  
stronger than regular Super-Glue!

He squirts some of the glue on the wood and sticks it to the table. He waits a moment and then lifts the wood. The table is lifted with it. The crowd claps.

JUMP CUT

INVENTOR 2 stands on a pair of stilts with wheels attached.

INVENTOR 2  
ROLLER STILTS!  
(a beat)  
It will be the next toy sensation!

She tries to move a few feet but can't get very far.

INVENTOR 2  
Wee- what fun!

JUMP CUT

Inventor 3 holds a piece of wood covered in graffiti.

INVENTOR 3  
Graffito-Gone.

He sprays the wood with an aerosol can.

We pan to see the crowd. Their faces light up. The camera pans back to Inventor 3. The graffiti has disappeared. The crowd claps.

JUMP CUT

Inventor 4 wears a helmet with a lot of wires attached to it.

INVENTOR 4  
THE MIND CONTROL 3000!  
(a beat)  
I will now control ALL of your  
minds with but the mere switch of a  
button!

Inventor 4 turns a switch and a loud fire alarm sound begins to ring. Everyone holds at their ears. Inventor 4 tries to talk above the sound.

INVENTOR 4  
 THE SOUND YOU'RE HEARING IS THE  
 SOUND OF MY BRAIN WAVES BEING  
 TRANSFERRED TO YOU VIA THE HELMET.  
 ANY SECOND NOW YOU'LL ALL BE DOING  
 THE DANCE FROM THRILLER!  
 (a beat)  
 ANY SECOND!

JUMP CUT

Inventor 5 shakes a box of powder onto his head.

INVENTOR 5  
 Invisi-Powder!  
 (a beat)  
 Do not be afraid! Your eyes are NOT  
 playing tricks on you! I AM  
 DISAPPEARING RIGHT BEFORE YOUR VERY  
 EYES! THANKS TO MY NEW INVENTION!  
 INVISI-POWDER!

He is clearly not invisible. He starts to run around the stage.

INVENTOR 5  
 WHERE AM I, YOU WONDER? AM I HERE?

He runs across the stage.

INVENTOR 5  
 OR AM I HERE?!  
 (a beat)  
 Well guess what?

He runs up to about two inches from James Gilmore's face.

INVENTOR 5  
 (shrill yell)  
 I'M RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE!!

52 INT. BACK STAGE - NIGHT

52

Vincent paces back stage as Gunter watches. Around him sit a few of the other inventors holding their inventions.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE  
 How do you feel?

VINCENT  
 I feel good. I feel good.  
 (a beat)  
 (MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

I uh... they gave me my number...  
y'know, of when I present- and... I  
go on right after Martin Wooderson.

(a beat)

Did you guys see what he's gonna  
show us tonight?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

No.

Vincent nods and continues pacing.

VINCENT

Whew! I'm so nervous! I just have  
all this nervous energy. I just  
gotta...

Vincent starts running in place. He starts singing a little  
song about himself.

VINCENT

Vincent you're the master... The  
master in command! Vincent you have  
mastered... the master plan! Show  
them your heat- make them believe-  
give them the eyes to see!

(a beat)

That Vincent you're the master!

Vincent stops running. He shakes it off.

VINCENT

Wow. Much better.

An inventor walks over and sits down near Vincent. He has the  
tennis racket with an electric knife invention seen in  
Vincent's past Eddy montage. Vincent notices the invention  
and leans over to the inventor.

VINCENT

Hey kid, a little tip... Crowd  
participation? Not a good idea.

52A INT. THEATER - NIGHT

52A

James Gilmore looks at a clip board and smiles. He looks to  
the other members knowingly.

GILMORE

Number 85- Martin Wooderson.

The board members all smile and one claps, their excitement  
visible. Jerry looks over to Sue Dotz.

JERRY

How do I look? Do I look okay?

Sue tries to touch Jerry's hair. He swats her away.

JERRY

Don't touch me! Just tell me. I asked you to *tell* me.

52B INT. BACK STAGE - NIGHT

52B

A stage hand pokes his head out of the door of the theater.

STAGE HAND

Number 85-  
(a beat)  
Martin Wooderson.

The other inventors look around. No one sees Martin. Suddenly the large box in the corner of the room opens and Martin pops out. He is covered in sweat, as though he had been in there for hours. He smiles and bows as all the other inventors clap. Even the stage hand is smitten by his theatrics.

STAGE HAND (O.C.)

That box was here since last night!

53 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

53

James Gilmore takes the stage again.

GILMORE

And now folks- the moment that I know all of you have been waiting for- I know I have. SIX TIME EDDY AWARD WINNER Martin Wooderson will come and present his newest invention to the world! This is his last year eligible to win- and I was just told moments ago that he has just received a SIX FIGURE grant from M.I.T to work with some of their top minds and see if we can't try and fix this fuel crisis!

From backstage we hear Vincent's voice.

VINCENT (O.C.)

OH COME ON!

James looks over, distracted for a moment but goes back to his speech.

GILMORE  
SO ANYWAY- LET'S ALL GIVE A BIG  
HAND FOR THE ONE... THE ONLY...  
MARTIN WOODERSON!

Martin walks out onto the stage. The crowd is excited - but no one is as excited as Gordon, who stands, waving his sign and cheering very loudly, in sharp contrast to his usual quiet demeanor. Martin wheels with him a cart. On the cart is a square shaped contraption covered by a sheet. As he walks on the crowd rips up in applause. James motions for them to stand up and the crowd obliges, giving Martin a standing ovation. Martin feigns humility. We see in the crowd that Drake holds a glass of champagne and looks to have fallen off the wagon. He screams a drunken cheer. James gives Martin a big hug. Eventually the crowd calms down.

MARTIN  
Ladies and Gentlemen. Boys and  
Girls. Friends and Fans. Let me ask  
you a question. How many of you  
like this sound.

Martin holds up a tape recorder and presses play. A series of beeps are heard. He turns off the recorder. One hand raises.

MARTIN  
Not too many, am I correct?

The single hand lowers self-consciously.

MARTIN  
I thought so. And yet- every time  
we want a meal on the go we allow  
this to be the sound that announces  
its completion.  
(a beat)  
Well NOT ANY MORE.

Martin whips off the sheet from his invention and reveals a microwave.

MARTIN  
I PRESENT TO YOU: THE WOODERSON  
MICRO-TALK!

The crowd applauds. James Gilmore nods in approval.

A pretty girl walks out with a plate of chips covered with shredded cheese. She hands it to Martin.



JERRY  
OH YEAH! WHO'S THE BABE?!

MARTIN  
Thank you Chandra.  
(a beat)  
Observe!

Martin places the plate into the microwave and presses it for 2 minutes.

MARTIN  
Two minutes should do it I think.  
And while we wait- as an added  
bonus I ask you all to reach under  
your seat where you will find Jolly  
Ranchers and a coupon for a free  
pizza at Happy Joe's. Compliments  
of Martin Wooderson.

54 INT. BACK STAGE - NIGHT 54

Vincent watches from backstage. Frustrated, he sighs and rolls his eyes.

VINCENT  
Oh COME ON!

Gunter puts his hand on Vincent's shoulder.

55 INT. THEATER - NIGHT 55

The clock on the microwave is winding down.

MARTIN  
Alright guys- can we count this  
down together?!  
(the crowd joins in)  
10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5! 4! 3! 2! 1!

Martin puts his finger to his lips to shh the crowd.

MICRO-TALK  
(computerized)  
Your food is now ready.

The crowd rips up in cheers.

Jerry leaps from his seat and jumps up in the air, pumping his fist.

JERRY  
YOU'RE THE MAN! YOU. ARE. THE. MAN!

56 INT. BACK STAGE - NIGHT 56

Vincent watches as they cheer. He grimaces and walks away.  
Gunter does not follow him.

57 INT. THEATER - NIGHT 57

James Gilmore rushes to the stage and grabs Martin's hand and  
raises it to the sky.

GILMORE  
EXPLORE! INSPIRE!

58 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 58

Vincent paces around the alley.

VINCENT  
Listen to them, man. Kissing his  
ass! I mean did you hear those  
people?! A talking microwave?! COME  
ON!

Vincent starts to kick the wall of the alley. He takes off  
his cowboy hat and throws it to the ground. He continues to  
throw a fit, picking up an empty soda can and throwing it,  
kicking trash, etc.

JUMP CUT

Vincent sits. Worn out. He calmly stands.

VINCENT  
Alright, let's go.

59 INT. THEATER - NIGHT 59

James Gilmore looks to have just gotten the crowd to calm  
down. He is clearly in an excited awe of what he just  
witnessed.

GILMORE  
Oh wow. Well- I don't know if  
ANYTHING could top what we just saw  
but- hell, we're gonna try, AM I  
RIGHT?!

The crowd claps politely.

GILMORE

Alright. So next up we have...  
Vincent Doony. Vincent?

Vincent walks out and onto the stage. He pulls a mover's dolly behind him with his large machine on it, still covered by a tarp. Gunter helps him. Upon setting it down, Vincent shoos Gunter away. He turns to Gilmore.

VINCENT

It's actually Dooly. Vincent Dooly.

An unapologetic and completely disinterested James Gilmore hands him the mic.

GILMORE

(dismissive)

Try not to burn the place down,  
okay?

Vincent takes the mic and tries to ignore Gilmore. He brings the mic to his lips but accidentally holds it too close and when he speaks it is very loud and abrasive.

VINCENT

*FOR EONS-*

Vincent lowers the mic. He clears his throat. The sound now much more reasonable.

JERRY (O.C.)

What the hell man?!

VINCENT

Sorry.

(a beat)

For eons man has dreamt of things beyond his grasp. Things that at one point may have seemed so distant that anyone who dared to dream them were scoffed at. Laughed at. Called names like "fool" and "crazy" and even "gay-tard".

(a beat)

But when we only had feet they created a wheel. When we only had wheels they created wings. When we only had wings they created rockets.

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

And when we only had rockets- they created super rockets that could shoot lasers and transform into robots that could fight on distant planets.

(a beat)

Those "fools" brought us into the future- and now I will do the same... by sending myself... into the past! Ladies and gentleman... I give you...

Vincent whips off the tarp to reveal a very strange looking contraption that looks somewhat like a modified refrigerator from the 60s.

VINCENT

THE WORLD'S FIRST TIME MACHINE!

The crowd starts to murmur in curiosity. James Gilmore quickly devotes his full attention. Vincent eats it up.

VINCENT

That's right, a time machine. In it, I will transport myself to the year 1865.

(a beat)

The old west.

(a beat)

And I'm not talking about the Mary Kate and Ashley Olson "How the West Was Fun" version of the old west, I'm talking about the WILD west.

(a beat)

Once there I will gather proof of my journey. As well as do my very best to avoid disrupting the space-time continuum, which of course would result in a tear in the very fabric of reality and kill us all.

(a beat)

After that I will return for a short Q and A and later some light refreshments.

JERRY

THAT THING LOOKS LIKE A BOMB!

VINCENT

I assure you kind folks that this is most certainly NOT a bomb.

(a beat)

Even though it is powered mostly by nuclear energy. Gunter?

The crowd becomes anxious by this comment. Gunter comes on stage with a bag. He hands it to Vincent. Gunter bows. Vincent gives him a look of "don't steal my thunder" and Gunter walks away.

VINCENT

The following materials will be brought with me as a sort of "time travel kit"

He pulls the items out as he presents them.

VINCENT

A copy of the 1996 TV Guide featuring Lance Henrikson. This will act as proof if any disputes arise as to who I am and what I am doing in the old west.

(a beat)

A tooth brush. As I am sure that proper dental hygiene won't be developed for centuries.

(a beat)

A lighter- in case I get into a scrape and need to convince anyone that I have magic powers and can summon the fire demons to do my bidding.

(a beat)

And finally, a check from my mother to me for three hundred dollars for expenses- which in old west times equals about... A million dollars. Give or take. Once I get there I will bring this check to a bank, cash it and spend the remainder of my time there living as their king.

Vincent zips up the bag and swings it over his shoulder.

VINCENT

Are there any questions?

VOICE IN THE CROWD

SUCK A DICK!

VINCENT

(seething with anger)

You sir... I will smash your face in one day.

(a beat, calming down)

But for now- without further adieu...

(MORE)

VINCENT(cont'd)

(a beat)

I will begin my voyage into the unknown.

(looking to the camera)

Can that thing do slow motion?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Yeah.

VINCENT

Cause this would be really great to capture in slow mo.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Okay.

Now in slow-motion, Vincent walks over to his machine. He opens a hatch. He turns to the crowd and waves. He crawls in. The slow motion fades away.

From inside the machine, Vincent looks at everyone.

VINCENT

Goodbye one and all. I'll see you... YESTERDAY!

He closes the hatch.

There is silence. The crowd sits and waits.

There is nothing.

This goes on for what feels like a while.

James Gilmore becomes impatient.

GILMORE

Alright, his time is up- can somebody move that thing off the stage. See if we can get someone with a crow bar to pry that kid loose.

Gunter walks on the stage. As he is about to reach the machine something happens.

The machine begins to shake accompanied by a loud noise like that of a jet engine.

Bright light begins to shoot out of every crevice on the machine.

From inside the machine, Vincent begins to scream.

The audience begins to yell and scream in panic. Jerry gets up and pushes one of the older members out of the way, running to the nearest exit.

Smoke streams out of exhaust tubes in the back of the machine.

GILMORE  
SHUT THAT THING DOWN NOW!

The camera shakes and is set down. Both the Camera Man and the Interviewer run to try and help Vincent, leaving the camera at a slightly skewed angle.

The noise gets louder. The light and smoke grows stronger. Vincent screams again.

Then suddenly... Nothing. The machine stops. There is quiet.

The Camera Man returns to his camera and picks it up. He carries it to the machine. The Interviewer opens the door to the machine slowly.

There is nothing. Vincent is gone.

Everyone is shocked. The camera pans to James Gilmore- who is dumbstruck. After a moment he sees the camera and snaps back to reality.

GILMORE  
Everyone out.  
(a beat)  
NOW! I mean it! I want this room  
evacuated now!

He looks to the camera.

GILMORE  
STOP FILMING!

Gilmore grabs the camera and forces it to point at the ground. Seconds later it cuts to black.

FADE UP TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR LATER.

We see all seven of Martin's Eddys lined up.

MARTIN

Here they are fellas. All seven.

(a beat)

The collection's complete.

JUMP CUT

Martin is being interviewed.

MARTIN

Looking back now- yes I feel a sense of completion and...

finality.

(a beat)

And y'know, when I told the old man he said- "Son. Maybe you're not such a fag after all."

(a beat, he smiles)

It's the first time he's called me "son" in twelve years.

JUMP CUT

MARTIN

I don't think it could have gone any other way, really. You know, many people come up to me and they just say: You were meant for something more. Something greater than this world.

(a beat)

I guess I couldn't find anything like that so... I decided to build it.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

The Micro-Talk?

MARTIN

(defensive)

Yes. The Micro-Talk.

(a beat)

We've sold about 46 million already in Japan alone. We start shipping here in the states in July and the numbers are through the roof so...

INSERT: Gordon moves boxes of Micro-Talks into Drake's space in the garage. Drake is shifting his meager belongings to accommodate them.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

How did it feel to win?



MARTIN

It felt good. Expected... But good.  
 (a beat)  
 Like slipping on a familiar shoe.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Do you have any thoughts on the  
 incident with Vincent Dooly?

MARTIN

That was the kid who vaporized  
 himself, right?  
 (a beat)  
 Do I have any thoughts? Not really.  
 (a beat)  
 The tale of Icarus comes to mind.  
 (a beat)  
 The little boy who tried to escape  
 from jail with his father with the  
 help of wax wings.  
 (a beat)  
 He got cocky. He flew too close to  
 the sun and the wings melted. And  
 he died.  
 (a beat)  
 And his dad was like: "Good  
 riddance. He was ugly anyway."  
 (a beat)  
 This kid Vincent, he worked so hard-  
 to what- try and beat me? To "out-  
 invent" me? Well guess what, he got  
 cocky and guess what? He died.  
 (a beat)  
 It's tragic but you know it teaches  
 us all a couple valuable lessons.  
 1: Don't try and escape from  
 prison. 2: Don't get cocky and piss  
 off God. Because God will bring you  
 down.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

Are you God in this metaphor?

Martin smiles and shrugs. Gordon walks into frame and hands  
 Martin a wine cooler with a straw.

MARTIN

Thank you.

60A EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

60A

Anton sits in the seat of a junked out car with the door open. He smokes a cigarette and thinks for a moment.

ANTON

It's stupid. The whole thing was stupid, so...

(pause, he takes a drag)

I wish I never met the kid.

(a beat, exhales)

...to be honest.

(a beat)

'Cause maybe then... I don't know...

(searching for words and finding none, he sighs)

I miss him.

Anton thinks this over for a minute. Guilt stricken he watches the cigarette burn for a moment.

ANTON

I was just trying to be nice, y'know? Tryin' to... encourage him- and say something but...

(a beat, under his breath)

It's stupid.

Anton's looks at the ground and drops his cigarette. He stubs it out with his foot. He then stands up and exits the car. The camera pans over to watch as he walks away.

60B INT. TRAILER - DAY

60B

Bill searches the messy trailer for something. There are old magazines and opened but ignored bills are strewn about.

BILL

It's here somewhere.

JUMP CUT

Bill holds an envelope in front of the camera. It has his name on it.

BILL

The last time I heard from Vincent was this letter. I got it about a year ago.

JUMP CUT

Bill reads from the letter. It is clearly a fair amount of work for Bill to read anything.

BILL

Dad. I am going on a journey and I may not return. Just know that where ever I am- I shall think of you the way I imagine you to be. Standing atop a great mountain, the breeze in your hair and a gleaming broad sword in the chest of your enemies.

(a beat)

As for me, when we meet again, perhaps only in dreams, remember me thusly...

(he looks to the camera)

And then there's a picture.

Bill holds up a photograph of Vincent on a roller coaster, taken by an automatic camera. The theme park's logo can be seen in the corner of the photo.

BILL

Hey, none of you guys would happen to know where I could score a little pot would you?

(a beat)

My guy got busted for parking tickets so...

(a beat)

No?

Bill sighs.

61 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

61

Nancy Dooly and Osvaldo sit, once again being interviewed. It is clear by Nancy's appearance that she has been taking Vincent's disappearance pretty hard.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE

What do you think happened to Vincent?

NANCY

I don't know. I don't think we'll ever know. I've talked to countless numbers of scientists and they all say something different.

(MORE)

NANCY(cont'd)

One of them said he was liquefied and then evaporated, another said he "melded with the machine" where his essence remains to this day.

62 INT. GARAGE - DAY

62

The scorched time machine sits quietly packed away amongst other clutter.

NANCY (V.O.)

And one guy said that he exploded into soundwaves- that were... absorbed into the air.

63 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

63

NANCY

I like that one.

(a beat)

Sometimes at night, if I listen really hard, I almost think I hear him. Up there. Laughing. Loving. Whispering that... that he's finally happy.

(a beat)

I'm comforted by that.

Nancy smiles. There is a quiet moment.

OSVALDO

I just think he's dead.

64 INT. DINER - DAY

64

Jenny is being interviewed.

JENNY

It's... really sad. I cried a lot actually, when his friend told me about what happened... I was really upset for a long time.

(a beat)

It really effected me. I don't why but...

(a beat, thoughtful)

He was so weird.

(pause)

I still think about him. Every now and then. That strange little guy who always sat in my section.

(MORE)

JENNY(cont'd)

(a beat)

He was... He was nice.

Jenny thinks about this for a minute then sighs.

65 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

65

Gunter looks through books at the library.

JUMP CUT

Gunter talks to the camera.

GUNTER

Sad? Why would I be sad?

(a beat)

They never found his body.

(a beat)

That means he did it. He *actually*  
*did it!*

JUMP CUT

GUNTER

So now I spend my time looking  
through old history books. I just  
know that one of these days I'm  
gonna find him. Somewhere in time.  
Lost maybe- but he's there. I know  
it.

JUMP CUT

Gunter looks through a history book. He jumps up but quickly  
settles.

GUNTER

Sorry. I thought I found him for a  
second but...

In the book we see a Native American chief- clearly not  
Vincent at all... But just peeking into frame is a small  
picture of a group of people, one of which looks like it  
could be Vincent. Gunter doesn't notice it. Neither does the  
camera crew.

66 EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

66

In slow-mo, Gunter exits the library with a backpack full of  
books. He walks away.

GUNTER (V.O.)  
I'll never give up.  
(a beat)  
Because Vincent never did.  
(a beat)  
I figure I owe him that much.  
(a beat)  
Maybe we all do.

Gunter smiles.

CUT TO BLACK.