

INT. WAITING ROOM

Arms extend carrying a promising, illuminated resume, through a stale, dingy stock-piled waiting room, where one glass rimmed Overlord glares from their perch all the way in the back, ready to slice off hands with their rolling door of elite division. These arms belong to Grumble, a joy-filled idiot, whom cannot keep a job. They are not the brightest tool in the shed, but make up for that with an abundance of misplaced confidence and poignant determination. Along the path to Overlord, rows of many Other Applicants, 10 years younger than Grumble, wait in uncomfortable positions, wearing distressing outfits, pulled from their parent's closets.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

A promising future. New opportunities that I am overly qualified for. Zero stress. Zero worries. You've prepped for this for years. You're the s. This is easy. No problems whatsoever. Blue skies. No sweat. No errors?! That's an error. Oh no. NO. No no no no.

An error is spotted on the resume. A typo. Another typo. The resume is grabbed by Overlord, and a rolling door slams down from her window. Grumble's hands move to a mouth, now agasp.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

Oh eff. Oh s. Oh effing s bomb. This is a colossal mess up. Center thyself. Know thyself. Erase the error. Maybe I can un-see it. Nope. Ok, stay grounded. You are worthy of this job. You made it past the first two rounds for a reason. A lot of people were weeded out. This is basically in the bag. No, affirmatively. This is yours. Nobody else's biotch.

OTHER APPLICANT

Can you be quiet? I'm trying to focus.

GRUMBLE

Was I talking aloud?

ALL APPLICANTS

YES. SHUT UP.

GRUMBLE

Sorry. I'll think in flashback now--

Sliding door slams open, with Overlord and a clipboard.

OVERLORD

Here honey. Here's a new sheet.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

She noticed the error! Now I'm going to have to write it by hand!

OVERLORD

You forgot to put your LAST name first. Last name first here, you see. Then first name here.

GRUMBLE

Right. Right. Oh, I did that.

OVERLORD

Your last name, first. Not your first name last.

GRUMBLE

Correct, I get the concept.

OVERLORD

Grumble Joe?

GRUMBLE

Yes.

OVERLORD

Your name isn't Joe Grumble?

GRUMBLE

Correct.

OVERLORD

It's Grumble Joe... Well, Grumble. Take a seat.

Overlord suppresses a laugh, slams down the divider door. Grumble sits on someone, then in a different seat, unable to think of anything other than the resume's error. It circles around him appearing on the ceiling tiles, in the ad of a magazine, Other Applicants hold up the flaw with their clipboards. Red marks fly everywhere.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

You're qualified. So overly qualified. You've done every job there is.

(MORE)

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

From coffee shops, to lawyer'ing-ish. A lot of dog sitting. You have had a non-linear trajectory. And you always rolled with it. So what if your resume looks like word salad, and you've had the least focused career of anyone's adult life. It has prepared you for literally anything. Whatever is thrown at you, you can handle it.

Other Applicant throws a piece of paper at Grumble, hitting him in the face.

OTHER APPLICANT

Shush!

GRUMBLE

Oh am I interrupting your nervous panic with my nervous panic!? Am I psyching you out? Oooh. Maybe that's my strategy. Maybe that is how you get ahead.

OTHER APPLICANT

No. I'm going over my talking points.

GRUMBLE

Talking points??

OTHER OTHER APPLICANT

Would you two kindly absolve this.

GRUMBLE

Am I interrupting your "talking points?"

OTHER OTHER APPLICANT

No... I can't hear my audio book over this male-ego trip. I've had to listen to the same sentence now fourteen times in a row. Everytime I think you're gonna finally shut up, I just have to hit rewind again. And again.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

(trying to read Other Applicant's flash cards)
Talking points...

Other Applicant gets up and moves across the room.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)
Go in strong. That's right I was
100% that bitch.

OTHER OTHER APPLICANT
AND AGAIN.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)
(plugging ears)
Live from the Red Carpet. Live...
remember. LIVING. Remember what
that felt like. Go back to there.

EXT. RED CARPET

High fashion red carpet is in the last stages of being set up. D-List celebrities and TikTokers float onto the carpet. Announcer is prepped by the teleprompter, testing the ear piece.

EXT. TRAILER COMPOUND BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE RED CARPET

Wayyyyyyyyyy away from the red carpet standing in the middle of a dusty and dirty compound of multiple trailers and tents, is Grumble, a raggedy PA, sweating and bruised in a knock-off high-fashion outfit adorned with cape and chunky heels, attempting to move unstackable, heavy tables in the heat of the day, whilst a walkie talkie tangles, choking and prodding at the body relentlessly.

GRUMBLE
This was a bad day to wear velvet.

Sophie, an angry, sleepless but always put-together enough Production Manager dictates.

SOPHIE
Stack these tables. I want it need.
I want it orderly. I've sent back
up but no one is coming through
yet.
(into walkie)
Mayday, mayday. Crisis 9. Over. I
repeat, come in over.
(slamming down walkie)
Four high here. Three high there.
Catty cornered, stable. Dependable.

GRUMBLE
Two words definitely used to
describe me!

SOPHIE

Tape offed and tented. Do I make myself clear?

GRUMBLE

Sir, yes sir.

SOPHIE

It will also need electrical hookup.

GRUMBLE

How do I--

SOPHIE

Did you get your start paperwork yet? I still haven't received it from you. Keep that on the DL. Technically, legally, you can't even be here without that start paperwork.

GRUMBLE

We love a rebel.

SOPHIE

No. No we do not. We love rules. We follow rules with precision. We execute them with exactness. You're only sliding on that because we are SO short staffed today, after Jenny collapsed from a heat stroke and Jonathan fell into a ditch. And Jessica left the receipt at the tech company, so she had to drive all the way back to Palmdale today to pick it up! With the only Production card in tow with her. The moment she is back she is so fired. And that is precisely why you're showing the big guns today. That is the only reason why you are going to continue. So, with pinpoint precision, you are going to finish detailing this. It will look orderly, stable. You will hook it up with electrical power, and then turn in that 45 page start paperwork electronically, bless the environment, in the next 20 minutes. Kapeesh?

GRUMBLE

Definitely. No problem. One thing,
can you re-send the start
paperwork?

Static terrorizes all on headset.

SOPHIE

AHHHHHH! SON OF A BISCUIT SMOTHERED
IN GRAVY.

(talking into walkie)

Go again? Incompetent forklifts. I
hate PA's. My mother was right, I
should've been a dental hygienist.

GRUMBLE

It really is the perfect career.

SOPHIE

Mouths are open, but they can't
talk.

GRUMBLE

Can I just say--

SOPHIE

Like right now. Open but not
talking. I'll call for you on the
walkie. I won't call you by Joe. We
have too many of those. Every name
on this staff starts with a J. J
for JK, like my life. If I say
Grumble, that's you. Go for
Grumble. Etc.

GRUMBLE

Well, that works because my name is
Grumble.

SOPHIE

Yeah, but it's your last name.
Sorry, we're having to by your last
name.

GRUMBLE

It's not my last name.

SOPHIE

Are you sure?

GRUMBLE

Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

SOPHIE

See how this would've been a lot clearer if you just had turned in that start paperwork?

GRUMBLE

I never got it--

SOPHIE

Check your spam.

GRUMBLE

I did.

Sophie leaves.

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

I'll re-check. Oh, no reception.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

(over walkie)

Grumble! No p-h-o-n-e-s on set.

Grumble is literally in the middle of nowhere, a mile from set. Grumble smiles, silently posing, escaping thru the very, very far away red carpet in a multitude of outfits and up-do's.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

Live from the red carpet: it's me. I've made it. Here in HOLLYWOODn't ya know it! Thriving. Prospering. Where I had aspired to be my whole gay little life. In the throes of action. With a fire outfit I hand picked, complete with a dashing cape. Hair, quaff. Jewelry, subtle but effective. Arms, slightly buffed. Prepared and ready for all possible points of entry.

In reality, Grumble is existing truthfully upon folding tables that are the size of Mount Everest, climbing, stacking, and swinging around trying to make the impossible possible.

GRUMBLE

Success!

The tables crumble, two fall onto his feet. Salazar, a drunken PA springs to life from the commotion, wrapped up inside a piling of tents.

SALAZAR

Owie wowie.

(sipping from backpack)

Can you keep it down? I finally found a good hiding spot.

GRUMBLE

Oh, there you are Josephine.

SALAZAR

Salazar.

GRUMBLE

Gazoontite.

SALAZAR

No. I'm nicknamed Salazar--

GRUMBLE

You are a total Slytherin.

SALAZAR

Oh, shut up. I can't help that there's six Josephine's on this team. And two of happen to share the same name. Can't even go by my last name, first.

GRUMBLE

I'm sorry. I didn't hear anything you said. I think I broke fourteen of my toes just now.

SALAZAR

14?

GRUMBLE

These shoes are for fashion. Not for protection. A fact I deeply regret now. But I am determined. I've got this.

SALAZAR

I'll... help.

Salazar stands, and falls passing out flat onto the tables. A nearby security guard, Tilda Swinton in suit and tie, stares. Grumble stops hobbling and heroically lifts the tables with renewed strength. At the pentacle of stretch, walkie alarms. With a third, non-free hand, Grumble answers.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

Damn! You've got three hands and three feet?

Salazar passes back out.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
 (thru walkie)
 Grumble!

GRUMBLE
 Let's get ready to Grumble.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
 Cut it out. Starbucks run now. You
 know the order?

GRUMBLE
 Only did it all week. It's
 perfected by now. One would say
 I've been training for this moment.

SOPHIE
 Good—they need it in 15—so make it
 an even ten.

Grumble tosses and shifts the tables to precision. They are sturdy, mostly. Grumble flips cape.

INT. STARBUCKS

Cape billows as Grumble glides thru the door and into the person directly in front of him in line. Hits hard.

GRUMBLE
 (to self, in nearby
 reflective surface)
 You dumb fartscicle. You should've
 called ahead.

PATRON IN LINE
 Or ordered on the app!

GRUMBLE
 Shut the foxtrot up. I'll download
 that now.
 (still no signal)
 Do you know the Wifi?

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE 405

A 1986 GMC Jimmy stands still amongst the line of never-moving traffic.

INT. GMC JIMMY

Aamna, a Muslim woman in hijab, drives. The AC is broken. She is determined, skillful, witty, naturally--she's a Leo.

AAMNA

Come on you stupid flounders. I've only got 3.5 Hours until the after party. And I will not miss another opportunity to meet Tilda, my love. My pride. My very confusing joy.

Aamna pets a Tilda Swinton air freshener dangling from the rearview mirror. An Evil Aamna and an Angellic Aamna reside in the back seat, playing advocate for her decisions.

EVIL AAMNA

We could form a new lane.

ANGELIC AAMNA

What are we a BMW?

EVIL AAMNA

When in Rome. Or, in this case, when in white America, act like an entitled white supremacist.

ANGELIC AAMNA

AKA terrorist.

AAMNA

Aren't you supposed to be on opposing sides of an argument?

ANGELIC AAMNA

Oh, right. Yeah, don't do that. Stay here. Miss your opportunity to meet Tilda.

AAMNA

I'm coming Grumble!

Aamna punches the gas, forming a new lane. GPS re-routes.

GPS (V.O.)

Re-calculating. Take the next left.

ALL

YES!

Aamna goes down a road less travelled.

EVIL AAMNA

Great. Now about this AC... You know it's hot when devil me is sweating.

ANGELIC AAMNA

You know what that means!

EVIL AAMNA / ANGELIC AAMNA

Take it off. Take it off!

INT. STARBUCKS

Grumble stands one away from the register, as swarthy Tilda Swinton orders the world's most complex, indecisive order.

TILDA

No, no I need something more simplistic. Refined. But with gobs of sugar. Do you have anything synthetic? I want the flavor without the reality.

GRUMBLE

Give me an effing break.

TILDA

(turning)
Excuse me?

GRUMBLE

Oh shit. My bad you're--

Slow pan, celebrity shots of the one and only Tilda.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

That's Tilda ever-loving Swintonnn.
Oh Aamna is gonna be so--

TILDA

Did you have something to say?
Sounded like a complaint about me.
Behind my back. For I was facing that way. So it was quite literally behind my back.

GRUMBLE

Oh, no no. I am trying to download the app but I can't get my phone to work.

(MORE)

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

Which is a real bummer considering I need the internet now to get my start paperwork, in order to not get fired. I very well may not be hired at all...

TILDA

You're having quite the time.

GRUMBLE

And I'm going to definitely not bring these back in time. But it is fine. Cause I'm Grumble and you're--

TILDA

A paying customer, just like you. Who waited in an excessively long line on an increasingly hot day, in an increasingly suffocating world shrouded in growing debris and climate change. But since you're in such a hurry, I tell you what, forget the app, I'll buy your coffee.

GRUMBLE

There's no need to do that, I have a million orders for the workroom.

TILDA

I insist. Paying it forward, keeps us all moving along. It also keeps me youthful.

GRUMBLE

You do glow. Thank you. That's exceptionally helpful because I just realized I don't have the production card with me. Thanks Jessica!!

TILDA

Right. So your order?

GRUMBLE

What IS the Wifi? I am just now realizing the urgency of this start paperwork. I need to be officially employed for this. I was about to have to pay for this whole thing out of my personal funds. So, in the event that this start paperwork didn't go thru--I would lose money for this.

(MORE)

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

I would be paying to serve these people all day. Go further into debt Grumble! Just what you need! Brilliant! So much debt. That's why I have this hopeless job in the first place. For which I am extremely grateful.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

Here, here.

STARBUCKS DRIVE THRU

We need a livable wage.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

And unions.

PERSON IN LINE

Is ANYONE planning to order? Or are we just all gonna stand on a soap box?

Tilda steps down from a soap box. Rolls eyes, and kicks it away.

GRUMBLE

(handing laminated paper to Starbucks Employee)
Here's the orders.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

43 drinks?

TILDA

Oh freckled flatulence. I'm not paying for all of that.

GRUMBLE

That adds up! I always had you pegged for a cheap ass.

PERSON IN LINE

I only have ONE order, if you wanna pay for mine.

Tilda stares, drops magic powder and disappears.

PERSON IN LINE (CONT'D)

You gotta admit, she's pretty magical.

GRUMBLE

Unlike this Wifi, which is NON-existent.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE
That'll be \$813.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON MULHOLLAND

The GMC Jimmy is winding all over the road, as joggers run out of its way by any means necessary.

INT. JIMMY

Aamna is stripping, whilst dodging walkers, swerving curves, and overall Cruella-like driving to the tune of Hannah Montana, with haste. Evil Aamna and Angellic Aamna are in the backseat holding on for dear life.

AAMNA

Life's what you make it! So let's make it right. Oh, shit! Watch where you're walking.

EVIL AAMNA

Watch the flip flop where you're driving. Watch the curb! Car! Another car!

ANGELLIC AAMNA

Let's just all take a soothing breath. WATCH THE GOD DAMN ROAD.

Aamna has half of her shirt off, a street-walker throws themselves into a bush while she passes.

AAMNA

These rich people just do WHATEVER the flippity flip they want.

EVIL AAMNA

Slow down.

AAMNA

NEVER. Tilda Swinton is going to be at this party. And you know how much I love her gender non-conforming roles, and knack for culturally appropriating almost every culture. I can't help it, I still love her little white ass.

ANGELLIC AAMNA

Yes, she is all that.

EVIL AAMNA

Not to play devil's advocate, but I think she just might pull it all off.

ANGELLIC AAMNA

Truly, so talented.

AAMNA

She's a whole ass legend. And I am NOT going to miss this. So either get on board, or get out.

Evil Aamna and Angellic Aamna smile, then swiftly exit the vehicle, racing to get out. Aamna's cell phone rings. It flies off the dash perch and into the passenger seat. As Aamna chases to grasp it, she swerves. Crash.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF STARBUCKS

Grumble is carrying bags and trays of Starbucks. All labeled, phone to ear, hap-hazardously trotting in a jarring left to right fashion.

GRUMBLE

MOVE OUT OF THE WAY BITCHES. Here comes the destroyer! That's right I'm taking up the WHOLE sidewalk today. Not losing another drink to your hetero asses.

PERSON ON STREET

Just like a man! Taking up more room than you're worth.

GRUMBLE

Right on. Go feminism. Now get the flying fedora out of my way.

Phone stops ringing.

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

Oh, forget it. I was just gonna tell you I saw Tilda Swinton and that I WAS RIGHT about her being a cheap ass. Can we please just go back to obsessing over Keanu Reeves?

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

The voicemail box is full. Goodbye.

Grumble slips. Most coffees are saved. Security Guard Tilda watches.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

Badge?

GRUMBLE

You saw me do all that and that's what you have to say.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

Security first. Must maintain the premises. And I will confiscate that phone if I see you on it again.

Grumble extends hand to be helped up. Security Guard Tilda watches without move.

GRUMBLE

The audacity.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

BADGE.

GRUMBLE

(searching)

It's here. It is. I have one. You've seen me SEVERAL times now.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

(into watch)

We have another intruder.

EXT. SOMEWHERE OFF OF MULHOLLAND

Aamna, shirtless, searching for a phone, is flying off of a cliff at lightning speed. Lands on the road below.

INT. JIMMY

AAMNA

See, shortcut. Shaved off a whole hour!

BMW swerves around the curb, clipping her bumper. The car spins. Aamna drives backwards thru an oncoming traffic.

AAMNA (CONT'D)

OH HELL NO. I came this far. Ain't now way I'm letting a BMW or ANYBODY stop me!

The BMW driver is Bachelor level hot. The two lock eyes.

AAMNA (CONT'D)
 (slamming on brakes)
 On second thoughts, I've shaved off
 an hour. Here's your chance, honey.

Evil Aamna and Angelic Aamna tumble down the hill. Stand and clap. The two cars collide, heavily, like an aggressive kiss.

EXT. SIDE ROAD

Bachelor is standing outside of Aamna's car.

BACHELOR
 Who taught you how to drive??

AAMNA
 Hi, I'm Aamna. I'm sorry, I can't
 tell if you were impressed with my
 precision driving or if you're
 trying to diss me, which clearly
 you don't have the right to do
 considering you've hit my car TWICE
 now.

BACHELOR
 (pulling out card)
 I'm a stunt driver. We could use
 more women in the field.

AAMNA
 Oh, ok! I see you. I see you with
 the options. Little Daddy Warbucks.

BACHELOR
 What?

Sitting on the hill opposite of this exchange, Evil Aamna shakes her head. Angelic Aamna gives up, flies away.

AAMNA
 Catch you later. Dude.

BACHELOR
 What about your car?

AAMNA
 There's nothing wrong with it.

Front bumper falls off the Jimmy as Aamna backs away.

AAMNA (CONT'D)

Nope! Nothing wrong. Damn you
Tilda.

Jimmy spins around with haste. Aamna runs a red light. Poses for the red light photos being taken.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Crammed within the tiny production trailer A are dozens of employees, hastily working in the dark, flipping switches, yelling. Commotion. Papers fly with colorful words. Grumble walks in, all the life of the party and cups literally half-full. Many crushed and spilled drinks are placed on desks. With each drop, the commotion stops to dissect a new fresh hell steeped for them in the specific.

GRUMBLE

(handing coffee)
Here you go, Sandra.

TESSA

Who?

GRUMBLE

(handing next coffee)
Bobby, just for you.

It's not Bobby. Grumble slides one towards a wildly moving lead-producer. Trying to determine the best angle to place it down. By now everyone has stopped and is staring completely at Grumble.

Grumble twirls the cape with panache and exits. Lead-Producer throws the coffee at a monitor. Everything begins to twitch.

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Sounds of distress from within explode.

GRUMBLE

Shizzy wiz. I think I done messed
up...

Celeste, an aggravated and overworked producer smokes under the staircase, spots Grumble clomping down the stairs, as his heel gets stuck in the grated staircase.

CELESTE

I'm not smoking.

GRUMBLE

I would not like one as well.

CELESTE

You're doing great by the way.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Everyone is yelling and cursing at the day Grumble was born.

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Celeste takes one particularly long drag.

GRUMBLE

Really you think so? That explains a lot. Like, why you requested for me to work in a different trailer than you, after I had already been working in it for three consecutive days, huh?

CELESTE

(stomping out cig)

I don't know what you're talking about. Wow, a cape. Bold move.

GRUMBLE

Yeah, it was a "super" move.

Grumble snort laughs, frees heel, falls down staircase.

CELESTE

(contempt)

I guess we should get a selfie for my niece.

GRUMBLE

Of course!

Grumble waits, posing.

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

Did you want me to use my phone... or yours?

CELESTE

Just hurry up. Some of us have to work! Work just to pay the bills. Work to take time off, so we can finally get a mammogram.

GRUMBLE

Are you? Is everything OK?

CELESTE

Shut the frying pan up. And just take the picture you silly little man that does NOT know how to walk in heels, so that my college bound anti-social niece, that for some reason is obsessed with your toxic creating havoc with everything you touch ass, will finally see that I am gay friendly. And that I did speak nicely to her "friend."

GRUMBLE

Wow. You hate me, hate me.

CELESTE

(camera whipped out)
Smile!

With this click, all hell breaks loose. A helicopter swerves out of control over head.

EXT. TRAILER COMPOUND

Initial tables that were stacked, crash.

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Security Guard Tilda spots Celeste mid button click.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

(tackling Celeste,
speaking in slow motion)
Nooooo celllllll phonessssss.

CELESTE

(tackled)
Shittttttttttt--

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

The monitors have all stopped working. Chaos.

TRUCK LINE WORKER

We've gotta get these monitors up and running!!!

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Where's my walkie talkie!

TESSA
Does anyone have eyes on the host?

TRUCK SCRIPTY
The teleprompter isn't working.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
(yelling into walkie)
I need COFFEE!!

EXT. RED CARPET

The red carpet Host stares at a blank teleprompter, head tilted sideways. Handler grabs a B-list celebrity. Ear piece is not working.

HOST
So good to see you! How does it
feel to be here on the glorious
cusp, of dare I say it, you being
the projected--
(unbearable ear piece
noise)
LOSER FUUUUUUU--

EXT. TRAILER COMPOUND

The remainder of the tables have fallen, kicking off the shiesty electrical hookup. Power outage for the entire compound.

EXT. RED CARPET

Lights flicker out on the carpet.

HOST
UUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Security Guard Tilda is hardcore smooshing Celeste's boobs.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA
This is exactly like a mammogram!

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

All monitors flicker on to display host's current moment.

HOST (O.S.)
UUUUUUUUCK YOU PIECE OF--

Power is out.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
What did he just say? What did he
just say?!!!

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

Red light sirens atop the trailer marked "Network Violation."

Trailer door bursts open by Executive Producer, with an
elongated finger, ever growing, pointing at Grumble.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
You. You did this!!!

Celeste and Security Guard Tilda roll together all the way
underneath the trailer and out of site. Grumble backs up.

GRUMBLE
Picked out a stunning outfit? I
know.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
NO YOU CHEMICALLY BLEACHED CLICHE.
You set this all into motion. And
now there is NO LIVE!! There is no
RED CARPET!

EXT. RED CARPET

Celebrities are crawling around on their hands and their
knees. Host drops mic and walks away, directly into the tent
pole, collapses. Tent unravels and begins to collapse on
everyone. Celebrities are smothered by tent.

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Someone is going down for this. And
it's not going to be me. It's going
to be you. You're going down for
this. I will make sure you NEVER
work in this town again.

(MORE)

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Not in production. Not as a dog
walker. Not ANY WHERE--

GRUMBLE

If this is about the coffee, we
have Tilda Swinton to blame for
that.

Executive Producer emits a roar so furious and windy several
people are blown back, trees sway and Grumble tumbles
backwards.

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

Bye Celeste.

Celeste waves for silence.

EXT. TRAILER COMPOUND

All chase Grumble to the edge of the lot. He leaps across the
exit line as they slam into the fence, hands reaching for
him. Security Guard Tilda steps forward, removing a cig from
mouth, hand outstretched.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

Badge.

GRUMBLE

I'm LEAVING. You don't need to see
it again.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

No, I need you to return it.

Grumble takes forever to take it off.

INT. GRUMBLE'S HOUSE 1997

Young Grumble watches Brad and Jenn on the TV being
interviewed during a red carpet, hopping up and down for joy.

EXT. TRAILER COMPOUND -- CURRENT DAY

Grumble looks at the badge and hands it over. All are hopping
up and down and clawing at the fence. Grumble walks away.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

And the walkie talkie.

Grumble throws it.

GRUMBLE

Anything else?? You want my cape?
Here, take the cape!

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

Not a big fan of those. Too...

Hovers in a silence so long every insecurity walks forward.

GRUMBLE

Alright. Enough.

Grumble's phone dings.

GRUMBLE (CONT'D)

Oh look, my start paperwork came
thru!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND

Aamna adjusts her gown as she runs from a dangerously parked Jimmy, blocking much of the road. Horns blare everywhere. Grumble runs to meet her. They embrace in the middle of the street.

JK, they smack head first into each other and collapse.

AAMNA

What in the flying saucer are you
doing on this side of the fence.
(off the gnashing crew)
You got fired. I knew this was too
good to be true.

SECURITY GUARD TILDA

You can't park there.

AAMNA

I just wanted to SEE TILDA
SWINTON!!!

The entire city stops and stares in a moment of silence. Then continue. Security Guard Tilda throws down magic powder, vanishes.

AAMNA (CONT'D)

Whatever. Let's go. It's too hot
for this outfit anyway.

GRUMBLE

No one even liked my cape.

AAMNA

LIES. You shut your whore mouth.

The two begin to walk. From behind a divider bush, Seat Filler, a psycho in their late 50's, whispers.

SEAT FILLER

Psst.

Grumble screams. Aamna hits with her purse and keys and shoes. Grumble keeps screaming, chokes with cape. Aamna drop kicks. Both rip limbs off the bush and beat the ever loving shit out of the Seat Filler.

SEAT FILLER (CONT'D)

Stop! STOP.

AAMNA

Pick on somebody your own size!

Seat Filler walks out from behind the bush, they are a head shorter than both. It is a tiny Tilda Swinton wearing bush leaves.

SEAT FILLER

I have a proposition for you.

GRUMBLE

I don't want to do sexual favors any more. I'm taking my body back for my pleasure only. How much would you charge?

SEAT FILLER

We need this kind of energy in the room. How would you two like to be in our audience today? We need...

GRUMBLE

Yes?

AAMNA

Oh my god with the suspense. Out with it man! It's too hot out for this!

SEAT FILLER

... seat fillers.

Aamna and Grumble cackle laughing.

AAMNA

Honey I am the event. I don't need to attend it.

GRUMBLE

Next.

With a flick of the cape, Aamna and Grumble walk away two steps, then pivot.

AMNA / GRUMBLE

Which way?

Seat Filler points to a sign that says "The Event" with an arrow pointing. They follow the sign. Driver stops their car, stands over Seat Filler. Delivery Bike hops off and both pick up limbs to beat up Seat Filler further.

INT. THE EVENT AUDIENCE SPACE

The two hold popcorn, yelling and posing in the audience of The Event. A large auditorium that looks much like an abandoned concrete warehouse, with strategically placed stage set pieces, a partially nice celebrity guest dinner area, and folding chairs with high-school football bleachers dispersed throughout, while cameras roam. Aamna and Grumble twerk on hand rails. LIVING.

INT. GRUMBLE'S HOUSE 1997

Young Grumble shakes butt to Cuba Gooding Jr. reaction, jumping up and down in audience.

INT. THE EVENT AUDIENCE SPACE

Aamna and Grumble jump up and down on people, giving them a lap dance.

INT. GRUMBLE'S HOUSE 2001

Puberty Grumble eats popcorn, bored watching 2001 Oscars red carpet, suddenly Bjork arrives in swan dress: popcorn flies.

INT. GRUMBLE'S HOUSE 2014

Popcorn continues to fly around Grumble during intense makeout with stranger, as Amy Poehler eats popcorn onscreen of the Golden Globes.

INT. THE EVENT AUDIENCE SPACE

Aamna and Grumble throw popcorn at celebrities sitting at their tables in the center of the room.

Security Guard Tilda appears, stares.

AAMNA

We're getting kicked out.

GRUMBLE

Run.

INT. THE EVENT HALLWAY TO EXIT

As the pair run for their lives, chased by a floating Security Guard Tilda, they pass a fire alarm. Grumble pulls it. Water immediately pours down. They twirl. Exit. The label "fire alarm", held up by tape, is washed away to reveal "self destruct lever" as it counts down from 3-- Security Guard Tilda smiles menacingly.

EXT. THE EVENT STREET

Aamna and Grumble run out of the event, soaked, holding their shoes. The building blows up as they get in the Jimmy for a smooth getaway, hitting several cars along the departure.

INT. JIMMY

AAMNA

Another successful day.

GRUMBLE

I'm starving.

AAMNA

We'll never get into a place this time of day.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Firetrucks siren, blaring past. Aamna maneuvers thru them and directly across the street, parking the Jimmy on the sidewalk of a very posh restaurant.

EXT. POSH RESTAURANT CURB

The Jimmy rams into the outdoor "bush" divider. Seat Filler Tilda flies out of it and onto a guest table.

SEAT FILLER

(to couple at table)

How would you two like to be in the audience for a spectacular event this afternoon?

AAMNA

(stepping out of Jimmy)

Mm-mm don't listen to them. See, we just came from there and it's on fire--

GRUMBLE

(huddling with Aamna)

If they go, then we can get this table.

AAMNA

Like it is so fire! You don't want to miss it. Y'all better go!

The seated couple gets up and enthusiastically evaporate with Seat Filler Tilda.

GRUMBLE

Bye friends!

AMNA

(evaluating leftovers)

Oh good they ordered the salmon.

GRUMBLE

I love skinny people. They don't eat all their shit.

Aamna and Grumble devour everything at the table. Tables scoot further away from them. Aamna grabs an alcoholic drink from a table adjusting, without even eyeballing it.

AAMNA

Real talk, we need to figure our shit out. This is fun but this is not sustainable.

Aamna downs the drink.

GRUMBLE

I know... I cannot hold a job.

AAMNA

No. No you can't. Let's pound
another one of these bad boys and
brainstorm.

Aamna grabs for another drink. There isn't one. Spots a
pitcher of margaritas, snatches that, returns to seat.

GRUMBLE

Brainstorm sessssssssh!

Grumble slowly looks from the breaking news of "The Event"
playing on all TV's at the bar, to the jacked bartender, back
to the entrance of the posh restaurant where a hostess shines
in full spotlight, glowing elegantly, shooing away customers
and re-ordering the wait list with flare and exclusivity.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)

Glowing. Organized. Radiant.
Mastermind. So much power. I want
to be that!

AAMNA

(slurping the last of the
marg pitcher thru several
straws)
A what? A host?

GRUMBLE

Yes!

Grumble stands and spins with joy, smacking someone in the
face during it. Others duck, including Aamna.

AMNA

Stop it--

INT. WAITING ROOM -- PRESENT

Grumble is spinning, smacks APPLICANT #412.

APPLICANT #412

Stop it!

Continued spinning. Other Applicant stands and leaves.

OTHER APPLICANT

I am not that desperate.

OVERLORD

(rolling up divider door)
NEXT.

Grumble stops spinning.

OVERLORD (CONT'D)

You. YOU!

The door between the waiting room and the hiring room buzzes. Grumble floats towards it, this is his moment. The door won't budge.

OVERLORD (CONT'D)

You gotta pull it.

(buzzing again)

No, now you've gotta wait. Pull it when you hear the noise.

(buzzing thrice)

PULL IT NOW.

Success. It opens.

INT. HALLWAY

A hallway stretches and unfolds, growing with desire and corporate lighting. Grumble is thru to the other side. It is a Willy Wonka Factory chic paradise, filled with many doors and magical possibilities. As he walks, his resume stretches out before him like building blocks. He hop-scotches from one pinpoint to the next on his special skills, littered with spelling errors. He jiggles, to shake them into correction. The door at the end of the hallway slowly creaks open, emitting smoke and bright lights. Grumble is sucked in. He grabs the ledge at the base of the door but falls into the darkness.

INT. THE DARKNESS

Grumble falls, flipping, free-falling thru darkness, then light, thru clouds without a parachute to a destination. An X on the ground. Other applicants, with briefcases fall all around him, too. They are all free. Briefcases open, papers fly everywhere. The X is getting very close. It is a building in the shape of an X.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Grumble falls thru the ceiling tiles into a cold metal chair. A light blares upon his beaded brow. An ominous French Silhouette stares upon him. The resume lingers between them upon a metallic surface. Neighbored by a red sharpie.

SILHOUETTE

Grumble, have a seat.

GRUMBLE
 (looking down at the
 chair, stands, re-sits)
 Yes.

SILHOUETTE
 What makes you think you would be
 good at this job?

Tunnel vision.

EXT. TRAILER COMPOUND

Flashback to falling tables, being chased, explosions.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

GRUMBLE
 (sweating)
 I am cool under pressure.

SILHOUETTE
 I see here that you worked the red
 carpet. This won't be beneath you
 now will it?

GRUMBLE
 No. It would be an honor.

GRUMBLE (V.O.)
 An honor? I want the job. But I
 don't wanna be subservient to
 anyone. Sure I need money. But also
 YOU need ME. That's why you're
 hiring. I'm here to help YOU.

GRUMBLE
 I'm qualified.

SILHOUETTE
 We will see about that. First
 question--

The sound goes mute.

INT. HALLWAY

The hallway grows. The door shuts. Lights flicker out.