

MARK LEYNER'S

ET TU, BABE

Screenplay by

Jefery Levy

Based on The Novel By

Mark Leyner

Production Draft
May 13, 1998

PROLOGUE**FADE IN:****1. INT STUDIO - CLOSE ON MARK LEYNER**

Amazingly handsome, speaks to CAMERA. **NOTE:** During Mark's "speeches/monologues" to camera (denoted by "INT. STUDIO"), we will see and hear all sorts of cool stuff, including but not limited to: rapidly changing, wildly kinetic/colorful animated/graphic/CGI backgrounds; "treated" stock footage; edge-of-the-frame translations of what Mark is saying into multiple languages {Chinese, Japanese, French, German, Italian -- all our major foreign markets}; ambient music (ala Joe Frank); and super-neato sound design. All of the aforementioned elements -- dialogue, images and sound -- will combine to create something akin to cinematic "conceptual art."

MARK

(**Insert your name here**), as you know, I'm not your average auteur. I dress like an off-duty cop--

CAMERA WHIPS BACK, and, indeed, Mr. Leyner is dressed like an off duty cop:

MARK

--leather blazer, silk turtleneck, tight sharply creased slacks, Italian loafers, pinky-ring.

2. INT. JAGUAR - DAY

As Mark drives he removes a 9mm semi from the glove compartment--

MARK (V.O.)

I drive a candy-apple red Jaguar with a loaded 9-mm semiautomatic pistol in the glove compartment.

3. INT. STUDIO

MARK

When I walk into a party I'm like this--

4. INT. DISCO PARTY - M.O.S.

PULSATING LIGHT as Mark enters and suavely surveys the scene:

MARK (V.O.)

--my head is bobbing to music that only exists in my mind.

5. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 8mm HOME MOVIES

ARLEEN PORTADA, Mark's beautiful, sensual, exotic wife, opens her anniversary present.

MARK (V.O.)

For our seventh anniversary, I gave my wife, Arleen Portada, a rotating diamond-impregnated drill bit -- the kind that German and Russian geologists use in their deep drilling programs -- programs that produces ultradeep holes with depths of up to 15 kilometers.

Arleen demonstrates the drill bit on the living room floor.

6. INT. STUDIO

MARK

But that's just the kind of guy I am. Dynamic. Robust. No nonsense. A steak and chops man.

7. INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mark orders a drink from the BARTENDER.

MARK

Double scotch rocks.

8. INT. TEAM LEYNER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - M.O.S.

Mark gives an impassioned speech to TEAM LEYNER.

MARK (V.O.)

A man who makes things happen.

Mark speaks and points aggressively, challenging the board--

MARK (V.O.)

Big hairy hands.

--Gesturing animatedly with his BIG HAIRY HANDS...

MARK (V.O.)

A powerful fist that comes down on a conference table with peremptory authority.

Marks powerful fist smashes the wall with peremptory authority.

9. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Then there's stunning Arleen Portada. Mystic. Sensualist. Ram Dash Channeler.

10. A SERIES OF CLINICAL SHOTS - BLACK AND WHITE

Of multiple centipede stings which cover Arleen's body.

MARK (V.O.)

Why is she covered with centipede stings?

11. EXT. SUN-BAKED PRARIE - DAGGETT SOLAR TWO - DAY

Arleen, wearing a sizzling orange minidress, supervises a PLATOON OF BEEFY WORKMEN as they paint immense Solar Generators vibrant yellow and fuchsia.

MARK (V.O.)

If you spent all day on a sun-baked prairie wearing a sizzling orange minidress supervising a platoon of beefy workmen as they paint immense Solar Generators vibrant yellow and fuchsia--

12. INT. STUDIO

MARK

--you'd be covered with centipede stings, too. My whole life has been one long ultraviolet hyperkinetic nightmare. But yes, I am an auteur. (And a dog trainer --

13. INT. KITCHEN - DAY - 8mm HOME MOVIES

CARMELLA (the dog) drinks SCALDING BLACK COFFEE out of a bowl which Arleen sets down in front of her.

MARK (V.O.)

--Hey (insert your name here)!, I taught my puppy Carmella to drink scalding hot black coffee out of her bowl on the floor!

14. INT. CAR - NIGHT

As Mark speeds in hyper-drive through the city:

MARK

The other day, I imagined that it was the year 2187 -- a dozen people were gathered at the grave site of porn star John Holmes to commemorate the 200th anniversary of his death. Well, **(your name here)**, I want to be remembered by more people than that. I don't know... perhaps that's why I write, direct and produce motion pictures. The unwashed armpits of the most beautiful women in the world...a urinal with chunks of fresh watermelon in it...a retarded guy whining "Eddie, Eddie, get me an Ovaltine" -- almost anything inspires me. Immediately after completing principal photography on "My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist" I outlined a new film about people with trichotillomania -- people who compulsively pull out their hair. There are 2 million to 4 million Americans who have trichotillomania. That's a lot of tickets, video rentals, etc.! (That's a lot of hair, too!)...I abandoned that idea though -- that's not the kind of film that General Federal Studios wants from a Mark Leyner, right, **(your name here)**? Well, I'm confident that, after viewing the following excerpts, you'll agree that the film I hereby propose is indeed the kind of film that General Federal Studios wants from a Mark Leyner.

HUGE SOUND CRESHENDO AND THE TITLE FILLS THE SCREEN:

"ET TU, BABE"

A film by **MARK LEYNER**

We hear BOMBASTIC MUSIC as THE MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR says:

MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR (V.O.)

ET TU, BABE -- a master jam of relentless humor and indeterminate trajectories -- teeming with creatures and the burlesque of their virulent lives -- will undoubtedly be, sequence by sequence, scene by scene, line by line, shot by shot, the most entertaining film that General Federal Studios has ever released!

15. INT. GALACTIC LIFEFORM CHAMBER - DAY

OTHERWORLDLY LIGHT as Mark cradles a FOUR-FOOT HERMAPHRODITIC ORGANISM from a distant solar system (looks like a Hickory Farms Beef Log).

MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR (V.O.)

Red-hot Romance!

MARK LEYNER

The lab director would kill me if he knew that I've snuck into the Galactic Lifeform Chamber with a bottle of wine, a cassette player, and an eclectic selection of tapes for a clandestine tryst with you, a cylindrical being whom the lab technicians have christened "Kitty Lafontaine."

The MUSIC of Felix Mendelssohn plays. Gingerly, carefully, Mark pipettes a few drops of 1982 NAPA VALLEY ZINFANDEL into the organism's alimentary aperture.

MARK LEYNER

Kitty, I love the way your synesthetic sensory apparatus is distributed evenly across the entirety of your shiny outer sheath -- you can see, hear, smell, touch, precognize, etc., from any point on your body. You're amazing.

Mark tenderly soul-kisses Kitty.

16. INT. STUDIO

MARK

To say that holding Kitty Lafontaine in my arms was like nestling a large holiday beef log from Hickory Farms would certainly not convey the spine-tingling xenophilic libidinous awe I felt, but it would accurately convey the shape, mass, and weight of this fascinating creature who would irrevocably change all our lives that summer.

17. INT. DELI/SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

The COUNTERMAN speaks to Mark.

MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR (V.O.)

Edge-of-your-seat thrills!

COUNTERMAN

You want everything on it?

MARK

Everything on it? Can you really make a sandwich with "everything" on it?

COUNTERMAN

Huh?

MARK

What I mean is, how large a sandwich roll would you need to accommodate all matter in the universe?

COUNTERMAN

What?

MARK

And, as a corollary, imagine an inconceivably immense being capable of eating this almost infinitely capacious submarine sandwich.

The Counterman just STARES at Mark.

MARK

If this colossal creature began eating at the instant of the Big Bang, by what century would he be able to consume, digest, metabolize, and excrete the hypothetical hoagie? And would not this meal, by its very nature, exhaust time itself?

MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR (V.O.)

Side-splitting Comedy!

18. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS HALLWAY

Mark walks down a long hallway toward CAMERA:

MARK

I had once intended to write an entire script while having to urinate very badly. I wanted to see how that need affected the style and tempo of my work. I had found, for instance, that when I'm writing about a character who's in a Ph.D. program and I don't have to urinate badly, I'll have him do a regular three or four-year program. But if I'm writing a script and I have to urinate very badly, then I'll push the character through an accelerated Ph.D. program in perhaps only two years, maybe even a year.

19. INT. TEAM LEYNER ROOM

A TAILOR *stands by as Mark tries on a custom-made suit.*

MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR (V.O.)

Spine-tingling Suspense!

MARK

In 1987, I enrolled in a 12-step program for people who pistol whip their tailors.

Suddenly, Mark pulls out a PISTOL and begins to violently pistol-whip his tailor.

MARK

First I had to admit to myself that pistol-whipping my tailor was, in fact, a problem!

20. INT. STUDIO

MARK
Today I take life one day at a time.

21. INT. TEAM LEYNER ROOM

The SAME TAILOR, although now wearing a NECK BRACE and assorted bandages, stands by as Mark tries on his new suit.

MARK (V.O.)
Each day that passes without my having pistol
whipped my tailor is a victory...

22. INT. STUDIO

MARK
...a solid step toward recovery.

23. ANIMATION SEQUENCE

MELODRAMATIC NARRATOR (V.O.)
Unforgettable Thrills!

A GIANT wakes up, gets high on drugs, masturbates, and then goes into town.

He stops at an intersection where his eye is caught by the PUFFY ORANGE DAY-GLO PARKA of a postmenopausal CROSSING GUARD.

He kneels down and plucks up the SCREAMING crossing guard in his fingers and drops her into the gunnysack slung across his back.

He surveys the town until he discerns the bright orange regalia of another prey whom he captures and then on to the next intersection and then on to the next and the next and the next until his gunnysack is filled with SQUIRMING CROSSING GUARDS.

The GIANT returns home and lays the gunnysack on a counter.

He unicates and then he puts on some MUSIC; MUSIC we've never heard before -- a single high-pitched oscillating tone.

*The Giant PEELS THE CROSSING GUARDS.
LATER, after his breakfast, THE FLOOR IS LITTERED WITH PUFFY ORANGE DAY-GLO PARKAS.*

24. BLACK AND WHITE STOCK FOOTAGE - JAPANESE SCIENTISTS

Hard at work in a LABORATORY -- performing various complicated looking tests.

SCIENTIFIC NARRATOR (V.O.)

Why crossing guards? Japanese scientists speculate that their conspicuous puffy orange Day-Glo parkas make them particularly attractive prey. Why postmenopausal women? Japanese scientists point to reduced estrogen levels. They think that estrogen is bitter to the tongue of the giant and that he simply finds the low estrogen women tastier. But there's an even more intriguing explanation.

25. A JAPANESE SCIENTIST

*Explains it for us as **WE HEAR SIMULTANEOUS ENGLISH LANGUAGE TRANSLATION.** Behind him, A COMPOSITE of the previous image continues.*

SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATOR

We have found that estrogen deficiencies in postmenopausal women cause osteoporosis, a disease which is characterized by brittle bones. In other words, postmenopausal women are crunchier.

26. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Well, (*insert your name here*), how does that look to you? I'm ready for it, babe -- I'm massaging IQ-enhancing balm into my temples and I'm loading up on Winstrol, the steroid that got sprinter Ben Johnson disqualified from the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul.

27. EXT. HYDROFOIL - DAY

Mark speaks to CAMERA while standing on a hydrofoil.

MARK

It's a forty minute hydrofoil ride from Hong Kong to Macao. Look out toward the horizon. There's big Arleen rising up out of the water.

28. REVEAL A GIANT ARLEEN

Rising up out of the ocean in SLOW MOTION like GODZILLA.

MARK (O.S.)

Her white gown flutters violently in the wind,
lace veil congested with sea spume.

29. ON HYDROFOIL - BACK TO MARK

As he turns to CAMERA.

MARK

Isn't she beautiful? Isn't she just fucking
absolutely beautiful?

30. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Oh, one last question, (**your name here**). My agent has a supernumerary nipple below and slightly medial to her right breast. The nipple produces approximately one watt of heat, about the same as that given off by a miniature Christmas tree bulb. Is this a standard energy output?

31. FRONT TITLES

A WILDLY KINETIC SEQUENCE combining MUSIC, graphics, stock footage, text and various treated images.

OVER IT ALL, WE HEAR the following conversation:

ED AUDET (V.O.)

Dear Mark, first of all, I'd just like to say what tremendous pleasure your films have given my entire family. My wife and I just think that you're an out and out American genius of the highest magnitude. The kids think that watching your films is "excellent -- like being on drugs," and they both want to be filmmakers, thanks to you. We all loved Martha Stewart's piece on you in "Traveler" -- please say "buenos dias" to your Ecuadorian girlfriend for us! We've recently read articles in the "Enquirer" and the "Star" about how distracting your divorce from Arleen has been for you and how it might significantly delay the completion of your new film and we've heard rumors about your violent mood swings from steroids and about how they and the Lincoln's morning breath scandal may have cost you lucrative endorsement contracts for Ore-Ida Tater Tots and, more importantly, for Phallotropin--
--the new synthetic Penile Growth Hormone from Genitotech, and about how the government's punitive confiscation program is eating away at your net worth, and how Team Leyner has become a miasma of antagonism, misunderstanding, and mutual suspicion, and about how there's sectarian strife within the elderly bionic security force, and about how Baby Lago defected and went to work for Oliver Stone, and we'd just like to say that we don't believe any of it, and we look forward to your new film with great excitement and anticipation. Ed Audet, Cicero, New York.

MARK (V.O.)

Dear Fan, thanks so much for your kinds words. Although my busy schedule does not permit me to personally respond to the tremendous volume of adulatory mail that I receive, I'd like to send you and your family an official Team Leyner gift. Please indicate on the enclosed business reply card which exciting premium you'd like rushed to your home. A. One slow-release polymer matrix system "LeynerHead Sublingual Software Lozenge" that, placed under the tongue, provides you with the sensation of being a sinewy and licentious pop icon (do not use LeynerHead software lozenge if you have a hernia or difficulty in urination due to enlargement of prostate gland)-- B. "Finley PantryMaid" -- Performance artist Karen Finley, who provoked the wrath of conservatives across the country when she received federal grants for performances that included shoving yams up her ass, has now angered many of her supporters by signing a multimillion-dollar licensing deal with the PantryMaid Company. PantryMaid will be making a plastic "Karen Finley Kitchen Canister." The container, molded into a scale model of Finley's ass with a screw-top anus, will allow you to store not only yams, but rice, candy, leftover beef Bourguignon...whatever you want. Here's a microwavable, dishwasher-safe kitchen container with a dash of downtown-intellectual cachet. Team Leyner is proud to offer you -- as an absolutely free gift premium -- the Finley PantryMaid, which is not yet available in any store! C. "Ahfongool!: Petrarchan Love Sonnets by John Gotti" -- Experience a facet of the "Dapper Don" that you don't often read about in the tabloids--

--Remember, THE TITLE SEQUENCE IS STILL SEQUENCING and THE FRONT TITLES ARE STILL ROLLING--

MARK (V.O. contd)

--This collection of ardent, elegantly crafted Petrarchan love sonnets, composed by the capo di tutti capi of the Gambino crime family between 1983 and 1992, is masterfully translated from the Italian by the esteemed Richard Howard, winner of a national Book Award for his rendering from Yiddish to English of Meyer Lansky's Talmudic commentaries. This exquisite first-edition book, with Italian and English lyrics printed on facing pages, bound in leather with richly hubbed spines ornamented in 22-karat gold and produced with gilded page edges and specially milled acid-free paper, will be a treasured addition to your heirloom library. "Ahfongool!" is a "must-have" for bibliophiles everywhere!

D. "The Complete Guide to Forensic Musicology" -- a comprehensive sourcebook exploring this fascinating and revolutionary field in which scientists, by studying molecular changes in the ear's cochlea, can determine what music homicide or suicide victims were listening to at the time of their deaths.

32. INT. TEAM LEYNER ELECTRONIC GLOBAL VILLAGE FUNDRAISER

A MYRIAD OF TEAM LEYNERIZED IMAGES are COMPOSITED behind ARLEEN (*including dozens of Team Leyner TELEPHONE OPERATORS receiving calls on wireless headsets*) As she speaks to CAMERA from a studio inside Team Leyner Headquarters.

1-800-T-LEYNER FLASHES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN.

ARLEEN

Exactly one year ago, my ex-husband, acclaimed American auteur Mark Leyner, disappeared. Although Team Leyner spared no expense to determine his whereabouts, Mark was never seen or heard from again. At the time of his disappearance, my ex-husband was working on an auto-biographical documentary entitled "Et Tu, Babe." Six months ago, Team Leyner commissioned me, Arleen Portada, to piece together the unfinished documentary, so that the world could enjoy a living, celluloid testament to the genius that was Mark Leyner. For the next two hours, you, people of the Team Leyner "global village," will have the privilege of viewing the newly re-assembled, director's cut of "Et tu, Babe." From time to time, a telephone number will flash at the bottom of the screen. When that happens, whip out those cellular phones and pledge some money to the search for my ex-husband, the genius Mark Leyner. Now... the newly restored director's cut of "Et tu, Babe..."

33. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

BABY LAGO , beautiful Team Leyner media spokesperson, interviews Mark.

BABY LAGO

If you could offer the young people of today one piece of advice, what would it be?

MARK

Well...when I was eight, I was sent to live on the melon farm of an uncle -- a sixth grade dropout who attributed his IQ of 70 to sniffing gasoline and glue from the age of five, and whose manner of compulsively clawing at the skin behind his neck was a characteristic sign of amphetamine toxicity.

MARK (cont'd)

I spent the majority of my 36 years in orphanages, reformatories, prisons, and mental institutions.

34. MONTAGE - BLACK AND WHITE STOCK FOOTAGE

Of orphanages, reformatories, prisons, mental institutions:

MARK (V.O.)

Over the years, I was treated for a slew of psychiatric and behavioral problems:

35. A SERIES OF DOCTORS

Speak the following diagnosis into CAMERA:

ELEVEN DIFFERENT DOCTORS

Dyslexia/depression/excessive anxiety/
obsessive-compulsive disorder/alcoholism/illicit
drug abuse/obesity/eating disorders/
exhibitionism/persistent aggressive and violent
behavior/ hyperactivity combined with severe
attention deficits.

36. INT. ASYLUM CELL - NIGHT

Mark sits alone in a corner, wearing a STRAIGHT JACKET; CAMERA slowly pushes in and stops moving on:

37. ECU MARK

And we hear:

A VOICE WITHIN MARK

(Orson Welles/John Huston)

Someday you will be considered the most intense and, in a certain sense, the most significant young auteur in America.

38. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Mark continues to Baby Lago:

MARK

Today I live in a lemon-yellow stucco mansion with sweeping views of the bay.

39. A WIDER ANGLE

Reveals ELECTRONIC VIEWS (FRONT & REAR PROJECTIONS) of a LEMON-YELLOW STUCCO MANSION and SWEEPING VIEWS OF A BAY.

MARK

I nibble iced raw turtle eggs and chocolate-dipped strawberries in a garden ablaze with hibiscus and bougainvillea--

40. THE PROJECTION IMAGES

Reveal MORE ELECTRONIC IMAGES of GIANT ICED RAW TURTLE EGGS and GIANT CHOCOLATE-DIPPED STRAWBERRIES, as well as a HYPER REAL TECHNOCOLOR HIBISCUS and BOUGAINVILLEA GARDEN.

MARK

--a far cry from the anti-Semitic breakfast cereal forced upon me by my half-witted uncle on his qualid melon farm. (snaps out of reverie) My advice to the young people of today?

Mark turns and addresses the CAMERA.

MARK

I'm tempted to say: surround yourself with flunkies and yes-men and have naked slaves, perfumed with musk, fan you with plastic fronds as you write, direct and produce. Because that's what works for me. But what does history teach us?

41. INT. SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY - DOCU SHOTS - B & W

As a group of PATHOLOGISTS perform an autopsy on the corpse of HALLUX VALGUS:

MARK (V.O.)

The 83rd President of the United States, Hallux Valgus, had no mouth of gastrointestinal tract. How did this Christian Scientist who refused intravenous nourishment survive? Only during the autopsy following President Valgus' assassination were scientists given the opportunity to solve this riddle. After painstaking dissection and analysis, pathologists found that Valgus was nourished from within by symbiotic bacteria.

42. ELECTRON MICROSCOPE POV

We see the "bacteria." WE HEAR A VOICE SPEAKING FRENCH and SIMULTANEOUS ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATOR

Our research reveals that the "tissue" of his trophosome, a large body structure which comprised half of Valgu's torso and which Valgus kept concealed beneath his ubiquitous spandex unitard, was composed of closely packed bacteria -- over 100 billion per ounce of tissue.

43. BLACK AND WHITE STOCK FOOTAGE

A FRENCH SCIENTIST speaks to camera (in French) as, behind HER, COMPOSITED SCIENTISTS perform various tests on BLOOD SAMPLES. SIMULTANEOUS ENGLISH TRANSLATION continues.

SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATOR (contd)

We found that his blood, deep red from a rich supply of hemoglobin, absorbed oxygen, carbon dioxide, and sulfur dioxide from the polluted atmosphere and transported it to the trophosome.

44. COMPOSITED IMAGES BECOME COMPUTER GRAPHICS

Which show us the complexities of Valgus' blood transportation and metabolic processes. WE HEAR the FRENCH VOICEOVER and:

SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATOR (contd)

Thus ensured a rich supply of chemical resources, the bacteria living inside Valgus produced carbohydrates and proteins, which Valgus then metabolized.

45. A ELECTRONIC PORTRAIT OF HALLUX VALGUS

MARK (V.O.)

Hallux Valgus, the 83rd President of the United States. The first occupant of the Oval Office to depend on symbiotic chemoautotrophic bacteria living within him.

Pull back to reveal:

46. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Be petulant, narcissistic, and charismatic. That's what President Valgus would have exhorted today's young men and women, had not a hit-squad of gnat-sized robots filed stealthily into his ear and mined his brain with plastic explosive. AND LOVE. Love with extreme lucidity and barbaric ferocity. When I use the word LOVE, I'm thinking about the witty, urbane, wasp-waisted Arleen Portada.

47. DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE - VALGUS ADMINISTRATION EARLY DAYS

MARK (V.O.)

They were the heady, idealistic days of the early Valgus administration. Congress had just officially designated Bernard Hermann's shrieking score for strings composed for the shower murder scene in "Psycho" as the national anthem.

48. STILLS FROM VARIOUS FASHION MAGAZINES

MARK (V.O. contd)

The Look that year was "postcoital" -- tousled hair, runny mascara, smeared lipstick.

49. STOCK FOOTAGE: SCIENTISTS HARD AT WORK IN A LAB

MARK (V.O. contd)

Scientists working on the Human Genome Initiative announced identification of the specific gene that not only predisposes a person to take dancing lessons, but that actually determines his or her dance predilection:

50. STOCK FOOTAGE: VARIOUS DANCERS

MARK (V.O. contd)

ballet, jazz, tap, or ballroom.

51. STOCK FOOTAGE OF HURRICANES AND MONSOONS

MARK (V.O. contd)

It had been an exceptionally rainy spring, and indeed on the day we met, the sun was out for the first time in weeks...

52. EXT. JUNGLE - 8mm HOME MOVIES

Mark USES A GIANT AXE. The action follows the narration, with home-movie style cinematography, direction and editing.

MARK (V.O. contd)

I was chopping corn stalks that afternoon and Arleen happened to be wandering around, stalking live subjects for a research project she was doing as part of her MSW program at Fordham University. She shot me with air-rifle darts full of tranquilizer. I lost muscle control gradually -- one hand missing its grip, then the other -- and fell into a net Arleen held outspread below. She carried me tenderly back to the lab for processing and measurements: total length, arm length, chest diameter, testicle length and width. I hadn't really been planning to "get involved," but how could I resist the subtle, sophisticated blandishments of this young and beautiful psychotherapist?

53. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Winning your place in the hierarchy is a basic part of primate life and each day is a savage, pitiless battle for dominance -- so don't expect everyone to like you. Today I AM the most intense, and in a certain sense, the most significant young writer, director and producer in America. Yet, I have many enemies. And these enemies will hurt me, unless I hurt them first, ergo the punji sticks and claymore mines that riddle the grounds surrounding my headquarters.

54. SEQUENCE - SELECTING AND TRAINING THE BODYGUARDS

All action follows the narration, documentary style:

MARK (V.O.)

Ergo my phalanx of bodyguards: seven formerly frail, arthritic nonagenarian widows with heart disease selected from a nearby nursing home. Arleen and I took them in, treated them as members of our own family, administered large doses of synthetic human growth hormone and testosterone to each woman, and replaced her atrophied musculature with powerful artificial muscles made out of polymer gels that contract when electricity is applied and expand when the current is turned off.

55. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Which reminds me. I had a friend from my high school wrestling team named Jorge.

56. SHOT OF JORGE FROM HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK

MARK (V.O.)

After graduation and for the entirety of his adult life, Jorge worked on a huge ant farm in southern New Jersey.

57. EXT. ANT FARM - NORTHERN HEMISPHERE - DAY

*A SIGN says: "ANT FARM SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE"
-- As Jorge pulls up and goes in to work:*

MARK (V.O. contd)
Every morning Jorge would get into his truck
and drive to the ant farm.

57. INT. STUDIO

MARK
But one morning Jorge got into his truck and
he didn't drive to the ant farm.

58. INT. JORGE'S TRUCK - DAY

Jorge drives his truck as he listens to suicide-exalting HEAVY METAL MUSIC.

59.. EXT. DESOLATE INDUSTRIAL BEACH - DAY

*Overhead we can see PLANES taking off from an unseen Airport. Jorge's car
pulls onto the beach.*

*Jorge gets out of the car, and removes a shoulder-held STINGER
ANTIAIRCRAFT MISSILE LAUNCHER from the flatbed.*

A JET is making its ascent over a desalinization plant.

Jorge aims the missile launcher and FIRES.

THE JET IS BLOWN UP .

60. INT. STUDIO

MARK
Miraculously, the crew was able to eject from
the plummeting aircraft and parachute to
safety. But the plane's entire cargo of
overnight letters and parcels was destroyed. I
visited Jorge on death row.

61. INT. DEATH ROW - VIDEO INTERVIEW WITH JORGE

A la 60 Minutes.

MARK
Jorge, how could you do it?

JORGE

Every day of my life I went to that goddamn ant farm. Every single day. And every single day it was the same goddamn routine -- they'd feed me steak or chopped meat which I'd digest, and then they'd force me to regurgitate to feed the queen and her larvae. Day after day, year after year...I just couldn't take it anymore. I just couldn't...

Suddenly, Jorge collapses, falling to the floor. Mark kneels down to help him, but Jorge waves Mark away.

JORGE

There's nothing you can do. I took a massive dose of Bromadiolone -- a powerful anticoagulant. In a minute I'm gonna die of internal hemorrhaging. But please... there's one thing I want to tell the young people of today...

Jorge turns toward the video camera and looks into it.

JORGE

...if you...

Jorge begins to lose consciousness. Mark shakes him and wets his lips with a couple of drops of Gatorade.

MARK

If you what, babe?

JORGE

If you...if you squander your precious beautiful days on meaningless labor whose...

Jorge coughs up some blood, then continues:

JORGE

...whose ultimate purpose is to further enrich the ruling elite or solidify the hegemony of the state...you're a sucker.

Jorge's eyes roll back in his head.

MARK

Jorge...

Mark shakes him.

MARK

Jorge!

But he is gone.

Mark takes Jorge in his arms and SOBS.

62. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE FUNDRAISER

We HEAR APPLAUSE. ARLEEN *addresses the camera (behind her COMPOSITE IMAGES of TEAM LEYNER TELEPHONE OPERATORS continue to receive calls beneath a giant TEAM LEYNER INSIGNIA).*

1-800-T-LEYNER FLASHES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN.

ARLEEN

I remember a couple of years ago, my ex-husband was in Paris, to have some sort of surgery, and, in the middle of the operation, Mark gets up off the operating table, walks out of the hospital, and strolls into the Yves Saint Laurent spring couture show, onto the runway, viscera bulging out of an eight-inch abdominal incision, clamps and hemostats and catheters dangling from his body. And the girls -- the Christy Turlingtons, the Linda Evangelistas, the Naomi Campbells -- they were all over him! And sure enough, that spring, we'd go to a dinner party or a gala and we'd actually see women wearing priceless couture ensembles that had been artistically stained with iodine germicidal scrub and adorned with a variety of silver surgical instruments -- that's how charismatic a presence he was, and that's how pervasive his influence was among people who wanted to be irreproachably au courant.

63. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MUSIC. Team Leyner is having a party.

Arleen is wearing a chartreuse skating skirt with an ornate jeweled bodice and boots and jeweled cuffs.

Mark is wearing Air Jordans, camouflage pants, no shirt, an onyx quarter-pound burger embedded with chunks of diamond on a gold rope around his neck, and a black baseball cap with the words "GOLDEN NUGGET" in gold stitching.

THE TEAM is feasting on a five-foot hearo with mortadella, cappicola, prosciutto, sharpt provolone and sweet peppers, and downing bottles of Johnnie Walker Black.

Mark turns to Arleen.

MARK

You always wanted to participate in a worldwide live electronic interactive presidential news conference, right babe? Tomorrow morning, we're there.

Arleen SCREAMS with delight, guzzles down a full bottle of Johnnie Walker Black. BUT SUDDENLY, ARLEEN GOES INTO A TRANCE--

MARK

Quiet everybody! Ram Dash is about to speak...

And, indeed, RAM DASH Speaks through Arleen:

RAM DASH (through Arleen)

I've known thousands of artists, but I have never encountered a single one -- writer, director, painter, composer -- possessed by anything approaching the colossal scope of Mark Leyner's ambition. I remember sitting with him on a marble bench sipping local grappa under an old pomegranate tree in a beautiful little courtyard on the Lou Ferrigno estate. He talked about his vision of a world where every home has a TV screen that shows passages from his films throughout waking hours, where his films are projected on giant monitors on Main streets all over the world...

64. LIVE ELECTRONIC INTERACTIVE PRESIDENTIAL NEWS CONFERENCE

INTERCUT THE PRESIDENT in A ROOM WITH 1000 VIDEO MONITORS with TEAM LEYNER. The President fields questions; images of Team Leyner, including Mark and Arleen, are intercut with The President and various members of the international PRESS.

MARK

Mr. President, I have a chunk of pork in my mouth--

THE PRESIDENT

--I'm sorry, you say you have a pork chunk in your mouth?

MARK

Yes. I have a chunk of pork in my mouth and I'm not planning on chewing it or swallowing it. Do you have any idea if it's possible for my saliva to dissolve the chunk and, if it is possible, can you say how long it will take for my saliva to dissolve the piece of pork? And I have a follow-up question.

THE PRESIDENT

As I've stated previously, the enzyme in saliva, amylase, functions primarily to break down carbohydrates. It's the gastric juice in the stomach that works on proteins...it's the pepsin, which is the stomach's main digestive enzyme, and the hydrochloric acid in the gastric juice that will really break down the pork chunk. But it may very well be that the saliva in your mouth over a long period of time could possibly erode the chunk away...we'll have to get back to you with some more information on that.

ARLEEN

My follow-up question is this: There's been a tremendous amount of controversy recently about the size of the First Lady. At a briefing last week, your press secretary -- in response to a question about how you first met her -- said that you were at an after-hours club, sitting next to a man who still had anti-shoplifting magnetic tags attached to his sports jacket and safari shorts. Now the FBI is baffled as to how this man managed to leave the Harve benard outlet in Takoma Park with anti-shoplifting magnetic tags affixed to his clothes without setting off the store's alarm. But at any rate, your press secretary said that the man ordered a cocktail and then began playing Tetris on his Game Boy, when -- and I think you, sir, repeated this in a speech you made last Friday before the AFL-CIO -- you saw something crawling out of his ear and you reached over and took it between your thumb and index finger and, looking closer at it, discovered that it was a woman, a woman about the size of the letter "o" in a magazine or a newspaper. I think you even indicated a point size, but I don't have the transcript handy here. Your press secretary then went on to say that within the next forty-eight hours, you and the First Lady were married. Could you fill in some of the details about what exactly transpired in the forty-eight hours between the time that you plucked the First Lady from the ear of the man at the after-hours club and the marriage ceremony?

THE PRESIDENT

First of all, let me say this -- I think it's very important that people not lose confidence in our retail industry's anti-shoplifting magnetic tag program and I have urged the business community to continue utilizing the program in order to curtail pilferage and avoid the need to pass along revenue losses to customers in the form of higher prices. Now... when Barbara crawled out of this fellow's ear -- and I think I compared her size to that of an 8-point Times Roman lowercase "o" -- I didn't know what she was. I plucked her off this guy, who said absolutely nothing and just continued playing Tetris, held her in the light, and asked her what her name was. I introduced myself and then I said that it was difficult to talk here, would she like to come back to my place. Now I think it's critical here for people to understand that this wasn't the cliched bar pickup line it may appear to be. Because she was so tiny, it was extremely difficult to hear her, and with the jukebox blaring it was impossible. When we got home, we talked and we talked and it became apparent I think to both of us that we were just in complete synch on every level -- politically, philosophically, spiritually -- and it was equally apparent that we were physically quite attracted to each other. Now here's where some of the controversy's been generated and I appreciate the opportunity to clear some of this up. Sex presented some very real difficulties...

The President pauses for a moment to collect his thoughts.

PRESIDENT (Contd)

...I had to use a jeweler's loupe in order to find her vagina and her clitoris. Utilizing a bristle from the tiny applicator used to apply solution to micro-format audio cleaning cassettes, I jury-rigged an erotic toy which I could manipulate to give her an orgasm. She then insisted that I come, too. I told her that it didn't really matter, that just experiencing her own pleasure and passion was satisfying to me, but she insisted. And she insisted that she bring about my orgasm. She tried running up and down my penis in an effort to somehow generate enough friction to cause an orgasm but it didn't work and she was soon exhausted. After a rest, Barb came up with an ingenious suggestion. We cut a shoeshine cloth into a thin strip, glued the ends together to form a continuous loop, and rigged up an oblong treadmill. Barb ran in the center of the strip causing it to turn and I put my penis inside the end of the loop and the friction of the cloth buffing my erection soon did the trick.

BABY LAGO

Mr. President, do you condone the colorization of Civil War daguerreotypes, and, if so, why?

THE PRESIDENT

I do indeed condone the colorization of Civil War daguerreotypes. I believe that if Matthew Brady had had access to color film he would have used it.

ARLEEN

Sir, you've recently urged Americans and, in particular, poor Americans to nutritionally supplement their food with their own hair and nail clippings. Could you expand on this?

THE PRESIDENT

Our nails and hair are made out of a protein called keratin. Keratin provides us with a wonderfully inexpensive way to supplement the protein content of our families' diets. Our bodies are like farms -- we're growing this perfectly good source of protein right from our scalps and fingers and our toes -- and what do we do with it? We throw it away. I think that especially for parents having trouble providing their children with three square meals a day, this is an economical -- and I've been assured by the Surgeon General, healthy -- solution. Using an industrial grinder, you simply pulverize the clippings into a fine powder. Then you can add the powder to soups, cereals, shakes, chopped meat, whatever. By incorporating pulverized hair and nail clippings into your family's recipes, you should be able to use 25 percent less beef and still exceed the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance for protein.

65. INT. MARK AND ARLEEN'S HEADQUARTERS BEDROOM - DAY

MULTIPLE PROJECTION IMAGES. Arleen and Mark sip champagne.

ARLEEN

Oh man, what a thrill that was for me! The drama, the sensation of history in the making...but I dunno about grinding up my toenail clippings and mixing them into the meatloaf.

MARK

Look, babe, we're not exactly poor.

Mark hands Arleen a PIECE OF FAX PAPER.

ARLEEN

What's this?

MARK

It's a statement from our Japanese licensing company -- my agent just faxed it over.

Arleen reads the fax.

ARLEEN (reading)
 Bottom-line quarterly revenues for Team
 Leyner from My Cousin, My gastroenterologist
 Miniature Golf Course in Yokohama have
 exceeded sixty eight trillion yen.

66. INT. BATHROOM

Mark splashes cold water on his face, slicks his hair back, slaps on some Versace Eau de Toilette, pockets his gloves and lock picks, affixes his six-and-a-half-inch stainless steel Gerber survival knife in a Cordura sheath to a tie-down on his right leg, and holsters his SIG P-226 9-mm pistol loaded with 15 rounds of ARMCO 115-grain full-metal-jacketed military spec ammo to his left leg.

67. BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Arleen is mimicking a TELEVISION AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR who is firming fanny on a Maui beach. Mark comes in, ready for action.

MARK

Arleen, I'm going to the National Museum of
 Health and Medicine. Wanna come?

ARLEEN

Nah. I think I'm gonna take a little nap. Be
 long?

MARK

Hope not, babe.

Mark casts Arleen a glancing kiss as she slithers back and forth across the carpet to the rhythmic exhortations of the television.

68. A TITLE READS: THE HISTORY OF LINCOLN'S MORNING BREATH

We see a Sepia-toned RE-ENACTMENT (filmed in the style of silent era German expressionism): THREE SCIENTISTS wake Lincoln up, and take a sample of his breath in a VIAL.

69. INT. BEDROOM - "ONE HOUR LATER"

Arleen is asleep. He goes up to her and whispers in her ear. On the television, we hear reports of a major heist: a priceless vial of Lincoln's morning breath has been stolen. Mark sneaks in.

MARK

Arleen...what do you think of this?

Arleen opens her eyes. Mark dangles a VIAL in front of them. Arleen takes the Vial and examines it.

ARLEEN

What is it?

MARK

Arleen, what you've got in your hand happens to be a vial of fucking Abraham Lincoln's morning breath. And it's my pleasure and honor as your husband to invite you to join me in partaking of a snort or two.

Arleen looks at the vial, then at Mark, then back at the vial, then back at Mark.

ARLEEN

Let's get stoned.

70. INT. STUDIO

MARK

It's impossible to do justice to the smell in words. One may try to quicken the olfactory imagination with poetic evocations like "suppurating abscess... colonic effluvia... smegma." But nothing comes close to capturing the overwhelming stench that wafted from the vial when I removed its rubber stopper.

71. A HALITOLOGIST

Explains it all for us. SUPER: "Dr. James Berkus, PROFESSOR OF HALITOLOGY, Harvard School of Medicine."

HALITOLOGIST

It's suspected that Lincoln was afflicted with an inherited disease called Marfan syndrome. Perhaps this accounts for the unbelievable foulness of his morning breath. We know that anxiety and tension can affect the odor of one's breath. Perhaps the sample was taken in 1863, the morning after the Battle of Chancellorsville, when Union forces commanded by Joseph Hooker were decimated by the Confederate troops of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. Or perhaps Lincoln had simply split a sopressata and smoked mozzarella sub with hot peppers and extra onions with Mary Todd the night before the sample was collected.

72. EXT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS

BABY LAGO

But did you get high?

Mark smiles.

73. LINCOLN'S MORNING BREATH SEQUENCE

To be announced...

75. EXT. DESERTED PIER - EARLY MORNING

TWO CHINESE FISHERMEN *fish. They wear Armani suits and sunglasses -- super-cool, like Chow Yun Fat in "The Killer."* They are fishing for one reason:

they needed a place to get away from it all, have a serious chat. IN VERY SERIOUS-SOUNDING CHINESE WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

FIRST FISHERMAN

(stammering)

Could you...uh...please...

He hands the fish hook and worm to the Second Fisherman.

FIRST FISHERMAN

I can't...I knew him...way back... high school...I just can't...I can't bring myself to hook him...

SECOND FISHERMAN

You knew this worm?

FIRST FISHERMAN

He was my...well, I was his...I...I knew him...yes...

SECOND FISHERMAN

This particular worm?

FIRST FISHERMAN

I knew the worm, OK? I can't hook him, all right? No way...can't hook him.

The First Fisherman looks at the worm.

FIRST FISHERMAN

I can't hook you...no way I could hook you, man.

SECOND FISHERMAN

You want me to hook him?

FIRST FISHERMAN

Please!

76. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE STUDIO

Canned COMPUTER GENERATED APPLAUSE. *Arleen speaks to the CAMERA*

ARLEEN

Throughout the documentary "Et Tu, Babe" you will see scenes from my ex-husband's previous films. The scene you just saw was from Mark Leyner's 1979 film "Let's Not And Say We Did," which helped make Iron Man Wang -- who played the role of the second fisherman -- one of Hong Kong's most popular screen stars. Evincing a taut sexuality, high-wire anxiety, and vulnerable fair-haired eccentricity, Iron Man Wang is today attempting to parlay these attributes into political capital as he launches his campaign to become Hong Kong's Administrative Prefect.

77. EXT. HONG KONG - A HUGE BILLBOARD OF IRON MAN WANG

Emblazoned with the caption:

"I'M IRON MAN WANG, HOW ARE YOU THIS EVENING?"

CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL:

78. EXT. KING FOK CLUB - NIGHT

A Hong Kong mah-jongg parlor and lounge frequented by drug couriers, numbers runners, transsexual prostitutes, and off-duty cops.

79. INT. KING FOK CLUB - NIGHT

The bandstand is a green blur of jade drumsticks as the TOPLESS ALL-GIRL TRIO sweats through an aerobic Buddy Rich cover.

Mark is dancing with ANTOINETTE, who's so gorgeous it's hard to believe she was a man once -- not only a man, but a Golden Gloves middleweight champion and then the head of the teamsters local that was considered the roughest on the East Coast.

The band finishes it's set.

MARK

Bon soir and kung hei fat choy.

ANTOINETTE

No hour of infernal ecstasies?

MARK

I'll take a rain check, babe.

Antoinette smiles and bows, then vanishes into the smoke. Mark turns and moves to:

80. THE BAR

Where Mark orders a drink:

MARK

Hit me with another Stinky Pinky.

A BIG MUG sitting at the bar turns to Mark.

MUG

Say bud, what's in a "Stinky Pinky?"

The BAR KEEP puts down a Stinky Pinky in front of Mark.

MARK

It's the house special: two parts gin, one part strawberry schnapps, one part O-amino acetomphetnome, which is the primary odor component of extract from the anal sac of a Japanese weasel.

MUG

Ah...sound's pretty damn good.

MARK

Some people hate 'em. I love 'em. This is my sixth one.

Suddenly, there is a LOUD COMMOTION outside.

MARK

Adios, babe.

Mark downs the rest of his Stinky Pinky, turns and moves quickly through the club toward the exit.

81. EXT. KING FOK CLUB - NIGHT

As Mark comes out. There is a CROWD. Antoinette is lying in the middle of the street. Mark runs to her, kneels at her side, takes her in his arms.

ANTOINETTE

I'm...dying.

MARK

Antoinette...no...

Suddenly, Antoinette begins to TRANSFORM, quickly resuming her/his masculine form. Whiskers sprout from her cheeks and chin. Her Adam's apple protrudes from her throat. Her breasts shrivel, and her chest, now broad and muscular, becomes matted with black curly hair. Her hips and buttocks shrink and a large penis rises from beneath her Lurex skirt, stiffening in the cool Hong Kong night. Antoinette is dead.

82. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Now, I'm a writer, a director, and a producer, but I've always fancied myself something of an amateur forensic pathologist. My favorite show -- as Arleen will certainly corroborate -- is "Quincy, M.E." So whenever I run across a corpse, I try to take advantage of the opportunity to do a quicky autopsy.

83. EXT. KING FOK CLUB - NIGHT

*Wasting no time, Mark looks up at the Crowd. **MARK SPEAKS PERFECT CHINESE (Cantonese dialect). WE SEE ENGLISH SUBTITLES.***

MARK (in Chinese)

Does anyone have a tape recorder?

A DOZEN state-of-the-art, micro-format, voice-activated, digital audiocassette recorders with Dolby noise reduction are immediately proffered.

Mark grabs one and begins to dictate (ENGLISH SUBTITLES):

MARK (dictating in Chinese)

The decedent died as a result of craniocerebral trauma (skull fractures, subfrontal and temporal bone contusions, and an organizing subdural hematoma). Observation of brain tissue indicates that the decedent suffered from incipient cerebral sclerosis -- an actual hardening and shrinking of the cerebral mass, a condition that in its advanced form would have reduced the size of the decedent's brain to that of a peach pit. Other significant postmortem findings include multiple round, depressed skin ulcers in various stages of healing on the lower abdominal wall, thighs, and left elbow consistent with "skin-popping scars" of chronic subcutaneous narcotism.

Mark ejects the CASSETTE, pockets it and returns the tape recorder.

WE HEAR APPROACHING SIRENS.

Mark hails A RICKSHAW:

MARK

Rickshaw!

A RICKSHAW stops and Mark gets in.

MARK

Kai Tak Airport! Fast!

84. INT. SUPERSPEED UNDERGROUND TRANSPORT VEHICLE - NIGHT

Mark is in his seat, writing something on A NAPKIN.

MARK (as he writes)

I feel like a seed in the digestive tract of a bird, being transported thousands of miles from one habitat to another.

Mark signs the napkin "Mark Leyner."

MARK

Stewardess..?

A PRETTY STEWARDESS approaches.

STEWARDESS

Yes, Mr. Leyner..?

Mark hands her the napkin.

MARK

Will you please give this to the pilot?

She takes the napkin and smiles.

STEWARDESS

Certainly, Mr. Leyner.

She moves off.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL that Mark is seated next to a CHIMPANZEE - this is FLO.

85. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Fortunately, I'm seated next to a fascinating passenger. She's Flo, a chimpanzee selected by Jane Goodall from among chimps at Tanzania's Gombe National Park, who was taught a sign language vocabulary of over 2,000 words. You might have seen her on MacNeil-Lehrer, or "Nightline" with Ted Koppel, or CNN, talking about animal rights, the use of animals in medical research and cosmetics testing, etc. Luckily I learned sign language when I dated the Academy Award-winning deaf actress Marlee Matlin.

86. INT. SUPERSPEED UNDERGROUND TRANSPORT VEHICLE - NIGHT

As Mark converses in sign language with FLO, the Chimpanzee, we see ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

MARK (in sign)

So, what brings you to the states?

FLO (in sign)

I'm flying to the States to "speak" at a demonstration against a new product that's been introduced by Burger Hut called Rhesus Pieces: bite-size chunks of rhesus monkey coated in granola and deep-fried.

87. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arleene and Carmella (the dog) are fast asleep. PROJECTION IMAGES play. The door opens and Mark enters, quietly.

A book entitled "OBJECT RELATIONS GROUP PSYCHOTHERAPY" lies open across Arleen's softly rising bosom. Mark examines the book for a moment, then puts it aside.

He kisses Arleen's lips and whispers:

MARK

I love you.

He lifts Carmella's ear flap and whispers:

MARK

Had a great time in Hong Kong -- tell you about it tomorrow. Good night, babe.

QUICK FADE TO BLACK.

88. EXT. HYATT SELF SURGERY CLINIC - NIGHT

A SIGN says: "HYATT SELF SURGERY CLINIC" -- Mark's car pulls into the parking lot.

89. INT. MARK'S JAGUAR - DAY

Mark searches for something; can't find it. He punches on the CAR PHONE and dials a number.

VOICE (V.O.)

Casale Lincoln Mercury.

MARK

Joe Casale, please.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hold on...

90. INTERCUT:

JOE CASALE, tiny misshapen "pinhead," flipper-like forearms.

JOE CASALE

Joe Casale.

MARK

Joe, this is Mark Leyner. I was in about an hour ago to test drive the new Mercury Capri XR2 for GQ Magazine and I think I left my copy of Edmund Spenser's "The Faerie Queene" on the passenger seat. Can you have someone check and see if it's there?

JOE CASALE

No problem, Mr. Leyner. Just hold for a couple of seconds.

MARK

Thanks, babe.

A moment or two; then:

JOE CASALE

Mr. Leyner, I'm sorry but the Capri you drove is out on the road again. Where are you now?

MARK

I'm at the Hyatt Self-Surgery Clinic in New Brunswick.

JOE CASALE

I'll tell you what, Mr. Leyner, why don't I drop the book off at the clinic later this evening.

MARK

It's not out of your way?

JOE CASALE

It's no problem, Mr. Leyner.

MARK

Thanks, babe.

91. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE STUDIO

Canned COMPUTER GENERATED APPLAUSE. Arleen speaks to us:

ARLEEN

For some reason, my ex-husband was obsessed with self-surgery. Self-surgery clinics were the medical equivalent of U-Hauls or rental rug shampooers. Clinics provided a private operating room, instruments, monitoring devices, drugs, and instructional videocassettes for any procedure that could be performed solo, under local anesthetic, on any part of your anatomy that you could reach easily with both hands.

92. INT. HYATT SELF SURGERY CLINIC - NIGHT

A CLERK at the front desk speaks to Mark.

CLERK

Mr. Leyner, what procedure will you be performing on yourself?

93. INT. STUDIO

MARK

I hesitated for a moment before responding. It seemed injudicious to divulge to this woman that a deceased rodent was impacted between my prostate gland and urethra and that the surgical procedure I intended to perform was a radical gerbilectomy.

94. INT. HYATT SELF SURGERY CLINIC - NIGHT

MARK (lying)

Appendectomy.

CLERK

Mr. Leyner, do you have a preference with regard to O.R. accommodations?

MARK

Well, where do the real players stay?

CLERK

The "real players," sir?

Mark pushes his sunglasses down the bridge of his nose and superciliously eyeballs the desk clerk over the blue mirrored lenses.

MARK

The players... the Stephen Spielbergs, the George Lucas', the Oliver Stones, the Martin Scorseses.

CLERK

Mr. Lucas was in last month to perform his own cold-fusion blepharoplasty and he stayed in...let me check...ah yes, the Tivoli Suite.

MARK

The Tivoli Suite, then.

CLERK

Very good, sir.

95. INT. HYATT SELF SURGERY CLINIC TIVOLI SUITE - NIGHT

Mark has just self-administered a spinal block leaving his lower torso insensible to pain. He's about to make his first incision when he hears the doorknob turn.

MARK

Quien es? Who is it?

With the exception of his instrument tray and his lower abdomen, which are illuminated by high-powered halogen lamps, the room is pitch dark.

Mark tilts a lamp toward the door and sees a figure with a tiny head and a copy of Edmund Spenser's "The Faerie Queene" tucked under his flipper.

MARK

Joe..?

JOE CASALE

It was right on the passenger seat where you left it, Mr. Leyner!

MARK

Thanks, babe.

Joe turns to leave.

MARK

Joe, wait a minute. How'd you like to come work for me?

JOE CASALE

Work for you, Mr. Leyner?

MARK

Yeah. Move into headquarters, coordinate the staff, oversee the bodyguards, y'know, do a little of this, a little of that -- you'd be my adjutant, my aide-de-camp. It's a great group of people, you get free medical treatment from Dr. Larry Werther -- my cousin, my gastroenterologist -- and basically I think you'd do a great job and I think you'd have a ball. What do you say?

JOE CASALE

Mr. Leyner...I think you have yourself an aide-de-camp.

MARK

Welcome aboard, babe.

96. INT. TEAM LEYNER ENTRANCE - DAY

A CROWD of reporters is gathered. FLASHBULBS POP.

BABY LAGO, svelte spokesmodel and Team Leyner media liaison, pours the Moet.

A REPORTER from ALLURE MAGAZINE is interviewing Mark.

Note: Mark is wearing suede jeans -- Ender Murat \$550 -- rolled up to his knees, exposing calves that make us realize for perhaps the first time how beautiful the human calf can actually be -- when it's pumped up almost beyond recognition.

MARK

I have a way of being noticed and being mysterious at once, like a gazell that is there one second and then disappears.

Joe Casale comes running in.

JOE CASALE

Mr. Leyner, Mr. Leyner -- Marla's on 20/20. You said I should let you know.

MARK

OK, babe, thanks. Everybody quiet down! Joe, turn it up.

Joe aims the REMOTE at:

97. A GIANT SCREEN TELEVISION

Which is built into the wall. On it, we see a REPORTER:

REPORTER

Today Marla Maples, the twenty-six-year-old model-actress who first achieved notoriety as the "other woman" in the Donald and Ivana Trump divorce, sits on death row at San Quentin as her attorneys exhaust their final appeals in an apparently futile attempt to save the blond serial killer from the gas chamber. Implicated in the deaths of Leonard Bernstein, Malcolm Forbes, Grace Kelly, Billy Martin, Muppet-creator Jim Henson, and reggae singer Peter Tosh, Maples has devoted her final weeks to a letter-writing campaign in support of a congressional bill that will require television sets manufactured after July 1997 to be equipped with a computer chip that provides caption service for the deaf. Marla, you're young, you're leggy, you're busty -- yet in a matter of days, the State of California is going to put you in a metal room and fill it with sodium cyanide gas. Do you have any advice for other leggy, busty, young women who might be experiencing peer pressure to experiment with serial killing and who might be watching tonight?

98. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mark turns to Joe Casale.

MARK

That's enough, Joe. Turn the TV off, OK?

Joe CLICKS off the giant TV with the remote.

MARK

Thanks, babe.

Mark turns back to the allure REPORTER.

MARK

Sorry. Now...where were we?

ALLURE REPORTER

I was asking you how you got started as a filmmaker, and, more specifically, how you got started writing liner notes for albums.

99. INT. STUDIO

MARK

I'm frequently asked that question about how I got started writing liner notes and I have to admit that it's become somewhat tedious explaining it over and over again. So I felt a bit pooped and snuck off to the bedroom for a quick nap. Oh, look. There's an open book on my pillow. This is one of Arleen's modes of communication with me. She'll leave a certain book, opened to a certain page and passage, on my pillow, and I'll deduce from the text what Arleen is trying to tell me. Perhaps a passage from Wordsworth's "The Prelude," indicating that she'd like to spend more time in pristine, rural environments. Or an issue of "Vogue," hinting that a new blouse or pair of shoes might be appreciated. Or maybe a chapter from Greenberg and Johnson's "Emotionally Focused Therapy for Couples," implying that we're not "connecting" as Arleen feels we should be.

100. INT. MARK AND ARLEENE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark comes in, followed by the DOCUMENTARY-STYLE CAMERA. When Mark speaks, he is speaking to the CAMERA.

MARK

Let's see...

Mark picks up the volume -- A WEIGHTY ANTHROPOLOGY TEXTBOOK -- from the pillow and begins to read the indicated passage:

MARK (reading)

When the men have retired to the "sulk house" to sulk, the youngsters run exuberantly to the river.

101. EXT. AFRICA - ANTHROPOLOGICAL STOCK FOOTAGE

This footage is pulled and cut in such a way so that it roughly follows the descriptive narration, which is being read by Mark:

MARK (V.O.)

In they wade, and with playful boasts, attempt to snare recyclable refuse -- everything from broken chunks of polyvinyl chloride buoys to foil packets of ketchup -- from the swift current. The women, who have been watching from either the menstrual gazebos or the song stalls where they flatten manioc cakes between their hands to rhythmic doggeral, shout praise at the boys and heap derision on the ensconced brooding men, impugning their scavaging prowess and disparaging their virility.

NATIVE WOMAN #1

You boys are fine and good!

NATIVE WOMAN #2

You sulking men are impotent losers!

MARK (V.O.)

The men sulk for usually an hour, when a preset timer resounds in the sulk house and, depending on whether the men have planned a hunting raid or just want to watch television and drink, prepare themselves accordingly. If TV and drinking comprise the agenda, the men change from their dark, cowled sulking robes into gym shorts and flip-flops and undo their topknots, letting their long orange hair fall casually down their backs.

NATIVE MAN #1

Look at my beautiful hair! It is much more beautiful than you're ugly mop!

NATIVE MAN #1

I am unimpressed by your foolish display of effeminate vanity!

MARK (V.O.)

The men make exaggerated exhibitions of pride about their hair, tossing their heads and narcissistically flipping their tresses about the backs of their hands. Although these displays usually culminate in gales of laughter, this is a crucial, highly ritualized transition activity that psychologically enables the men to shift from sulking to watching television and drinking -- a transition that is physically accomplished by walking through an underground passageway from the sulk house to the spirit house. Once in the spirit house, the remote control for the television -- a device made out of black beeswax, parana palm thatch, jaguar bone, and toucan feather tassels and featuring power, mute, volume, and channel buttons -- can only be operated by the "kakarum" (powerful one)...

KAKARUM

Listen all you losers! I am the Kakarum! I alone can operate the remote control! I have killed at least several hundred persons! I know what you are thinking! "It is considered a feat of overwhelming courage and strength to kill a kakarum and wrest from him jurisdiction over the remote control" -- but now listen to me all you foolish boors! This rarely happens, and in fact none of the elder informants can remember a remote control ever being taken from a Kakarum! I am The Kakarum and I possess supernatural power derived from the souls of the hundreds of men I have killed! Remember that!

MARK (V.O.)

But the prospect of acquiring this power by killing a kakarum and usurping his remote control rights is often too enticing for ambitious young men to resist. But conflicts over the remote control almost invariably end with the violent death of the young challenger, whose body is then dumped down a metal chute that delivers it into a pit located between the menstrual gazebos and the song stalls where the victim is prepared for burial by his matrilineal grandmother or mother-in-law. The kakarum then chooses a TV program and signals the commencement of drinking by announcing:

KAKARUM

Let us drink until we vomit! Drink quickly so that you may be drunk soon!

MARK (V.O.)

The beverage that's consumed -- and consumed in staggering quantities -- is a beer made from masticated pupunah mash and sugar cane extract. It's produced in two versions: regular and lite, which is less filling.

KAKARUM

The first man to vomit will be "wetcowe" the vomiting one, and he must go outside the spirit house and make a loud, dramatic display of his vomiting in order to signal to the women to come join the men and party!

MARK (V.O. contd)

The women, having been signaled by the wetcowe, change from the drab clothes they'd been wearing in the menstrual gazebos or the song stalls into short, back-strapped sequined dresses, and they dance single file toward the spirit house chanting "utciwaiwa wetcowe! utciwaiwa wetcowe!"

102. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark looks up from the textbook into CAMERA.

MARK

Having read the preceding selection, I'm initially at a loss to determine what message Arleen has intended to convey.

103. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Could she be trying to say that we should go out dancing more? Or that I have a drinking problem? Or that I'm dictatorial about what we watch on television? Or that I'm moody and sulk too much? Perhaps she's suggesting that I kill someone to enhance my supernatural powers. Or maybe -- just maybe -- she's trying to say that I need to get away from the rarified and glamorous world of my headquarters. Maybe Arleen, in all her psychotherapeutic wisdom, is trying to tell me to return to my roots, to re-stomp the rough-and-tumble stomping grounds of my youth.

104. EXT. OLD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Mark is walking down the street.

MARK (V.O.)

So the next day, I went back to the old neighborhood to look up Rocco Trezza.

Mark stops some GUY on the street.

MARK

Hey, man, where's Trezz? You seen Trezz around?

The guy dismisses the question with a wave of his hand.

GUY

(disdainfully)

Trezza's been bakin' doughnuts.

Mark looks at the guy.

MARK (V.O.)

I hadn't been back to the old neighborhood for some twenty years and obviously I was no longer fluent in the local patois. But I didn't want to ask what "bakin' doughnuts" meant--

So Mark just shakes his head and rolls his eyes and says:

MARK

Bakin' doughnuts...oh man. Seeya.

105. INT. STUDIO

MARK

What did the guy mean, "bakin' doughnuts"? Maybe it meant Trezz was doing nothing -- cooking up a big zero every day. Maybe he was doing a lot of crack -- blowing smoke rings through his mind. Or maybe he was pimping -- maybe "doughnuts" stood for vaginas and "bake" meant control, exploit -- taking the raw dough of young girls and parlaying it into lucrative pastry. Or maybe Rocco had hit it big -- maybe "doughnuts" stood for the fat round digits in a seven-figure income. Then I thought maybe it meant that he was wasting his life away masturbating...maybe "doughnut" stood for the round configuration of fingers and thumb around the penis and "bakin'" was a literal reference to the heat caused by the friction of hand against dick or a figurative reference to the passion of autoeroticism.

106. EXT. STREET

Mark continues down the street, away from the guy.

Mark is lost in thought as he rounds the corner of the street and barrels right into ROCCO TREZZA -- thigh-high jackboots, black latex jockstrap, Prussian spiked helmet strapped under his chin.

As Mark helps Rocco up off the ground, Mark suddenly recognizes him and is so stunned that he lets go and Rocco falls back on the sidewalk.

MARK

Trezz, I can't believe it...after all these years.

Trezz hugs Mark.

ROCCO

How's it goin', man?

MARK

I'm good, I'm good. I got a hit movie out, my wife got \$ 35,000 because a ceiling fell on her head while she was watching the Academy Awards, and we got a dog named Carmella.

ROCCO

Carmella?

MARK

Yeah, Carmella. Trezz, it's really good to see you, babe.

ROCCO

Likewise. I been reading about you.

MARK

Hey, Trezz. I want to ask you about something.

ROCCO

Ask.

MARK

Trezz, I hear you been...

Mark hesitates for a moment, wondering whether he should pursue it or not.

MARK

...I hear you been bakin' doughnuts.

We can see the fury just boiling up within Rocco as he stares at Mark.

ROCCO

Bakin' doughnuts? Bakin' doughnuts? You hear I was fuckin' bakin' doughnuts?!!

Rocco wrestles Mark down and pins him to the sidewalk. Rocco's breath hits Mark's face in hot gusts.

ROCCO

After all these years...after all we've been through...after every fuckin' thing you and me have been through -- you think that I would possibly fuckin' end up bakin' doughnuts?!! Huh?!!

Mark throws Rocco off and they look at each other, sitting there on the sidewalk. Mark still has no idea what it means -- "bakin' doughnuts."

MARK

Trezz, I didn't believe it...OK? I knew it was a fuckin' lie.

As Rocco begins to help Mark up:

ROCCO

It is a fuckin' lie.

Mark puts his arm around Rocco, and they continue down the street, talking animatedly -- just like the old days.

CAMERA PANS to a NEWSPAPER STAND: The headline on the NEWSPAPER within reads: "TEAM LEYNER KEY SUSPECT IN LINCOLN'S MORNING BREATH THEFT."

106. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mark is sun bathing by his giant electronic pool (PROJECTION IMAGES) as BABY LAGO comes up in her bathing suit.

BABY LAGO

Mr. Leyner, this fax just came in. It's from Stu Gallenkamp, V.P. Marketing, Columbia Records, regarding the liner notes you wrote for George Michael's "Listen Without Prejudice, Volume One.

MARK

Read it to me, will ya, Baby Lago.

BABY LAGO (reading)

Dear Mr. L., I just got off the phone with George. He loves the liner notes and in fact called them the most intense, and, in a certain sense, the most significant liner notes he'd ever read. But he agrees with me on the advisability of deleting the following paragraph: "The teenage baby-sitters are slathering me with Ben-Gay. I'm eleven. I've got this erotic fascination with the girls' armpits -- it's completely unfocused; I don't know quite what I want to 'do' to or with their armpits, but I'm locked into their brunette stubble. The two girls shut my bedroom door, lock it, and turn out the lights. They take the warm pink wads of bubblegum from their mouths and affix them to special acupressure points on my body. They remove their tampons and smear menstrual blood on my eyelids. They shave their armpits and rinse their razors in a basin and we drink the hairy water and we chant -- their Marlboros glowing in the crepuscular shadows. Then one of them -- I think it was Felice -- puts my face into her freshly shaven armpit, which smells slightly but deliciously of teenybopper b.o., and she says 'count backwards from 100 and the next thing I remember is waking up and it's Rosh Hashanah, U.S.A., in the 1990s."

107. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE STUDIO

Canned (computer generated) APPLAUSE. Arleen to CAMERA:

ARLEEN

Just a little reminder: if you haven't called in to make a donation, please do it now! Rest assured that Team Leyner will put your donation to good use. And, as an added bonus (as if the satisfaction of helping the Team Leyner causes isn't enough) those of you throughout the world who donate more than one thousand American dollars will receive a full "Team Leyner Bed and Bath Collection" designed by Mark Leyner himself. If you've never had the pleasure of sleeping with Team Leyner sheets and pillowcases, let me tell you, there's nothing like it. The flat and fitted sheets depict four 275-pound Nigerian infantrymen bathing naked in a sylvan pond, their uniforms and weapons hanging from the branches of a spreading sycamore tree. The pillowcases are a canary legal-pad print, emblazoned with miscellaneous "numerical fun facts" rendered in Leyner's exuberantly juvenile calligraphy. For example: "there are 40 million denture wearers in the United States," "Bats roosting under the Congress Avenue Bridge in downtown Austin eat 14 tons of insects a night," "Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (a form of spongiform encephalopathy) strikes one person in a million worldwide," etc. Now, back to the newly restored director's cut of my ex-husband's unfinished auto-biographical documentary, "Et Tu, Babe..."

108. INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Wearing flame-resistant driving gloves, Mark negotiates the concrete antiterrorist road barriers in first gear, the tachometer needle climbing toward the 6800-rpm redline.

He brings the car to a complete stop where the headquarters access road meets the highway. Looks at himself in the rearview mirror...nice.

Then he stomps on the gas, tears through the gearbox and hits 60 mph in 4.8 seconds.

109. INT. JAGUAR - MINUTES LATER

Mark speaks into a small, hand held MINIDISC RECORDER.

MARK (into recorder)
Approximately four miles west of Exit 16, outside of Wenton's Mill, I begin following a 1983 light-blue Chevy Impala, Tennessee plates.

From here, ACTION FOLLOWS MARK'S DESCRIPTION.

MARK (into recorder)
I note a male caucasian driver approximately 25-30 years of age and two passengers, a female caucasian and a female Hispanic, both approximately 25-30 years of age.

Mark follows the vehicle, watching it's occupants.

MARK (into recorder)
As I follow the vehicle, I observe its occupants engage in almost continuous sex. Approaching Exit 3, outside of Knoll, I decide to pull the vehicle over.

Mark attaches his FLASHING RED LIGHT to the roof of his car, and the vehicle slows, pulling onto the shoulder of the highway.

110. EXT. ROUTE 70 - IMPALA - DAY

Mark gets out of his car and approaches the Impala. He gestures to the DRIVER -- the female caucasian -- to roll down her window. She does.

MARK (into recorder)
The smell is overpowering. The car is filled with half-eaten chicken wings and drumsticks, Juicy Fruit gum wrappers, crushed Marlboro packs, and empty beer cans. The occupants wear no trousers or underpants. Their pubic hair is full of potato chip crumbs.

Mark turns to the occupants of the car.

MARK
I'm charging you all with public lewdness.

Mark brings up his recorder again.

MARK (into recorder)
I look at my watch to log the correct time on
this report. It is 10:45 A.M.

Mark looks back at the suspects. They look at Mark and begin to speak. But they don't use words. A SOFT CRACKLING SOUND, a kind of modulated STATIC, issues from their mouths.

MARK (into recorder)
I look at my watch again. Incredibly, it is now
almost 12:45. Somehow, two hours have
passed.

*The HISPANIC FEMALE proffers **A STICK OF FLUORESCENT CHEWING GUM.***

HISPANIC FEMALE (sinister)
Gum..?

As if controlled by an unseen force, Mark takes the glowing stick of gum, puts it in his mouth, and begins to chew.

MARK'S ENTIRE BODY BEGINS TO GLOW.

FADE TO BLACK. FADE IN:

111. INT. MARK'S BEDROOM AT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mark opens his eyes. DR. LARRY WERTHER, Arleen, Joe Casale, Rocco Trezza and Baby Lago are pacing around his bed. PROJECTION IMAGES continue everywhere.

MARK
How long have I been asleep?

ARLEEN
Four days, Mark. You've been asleep four
days!

MARK
Where are the bodyguards?

JOE CASALE
They're out in the hall, Mr. Leyner.

Joe Casale works the remote control for the television set cantilevered from the wall opposite Mark's bed, lowering the volume.

MARK

Larry, what was in that chewing gum?

DR. WERTHER

When they pumped your stomach, Arleen took samples and analyzed them in the lab back at headquarters. Gas chromatography, mass spectrometry, nuclear magnetic resonance -- she did the works.

ARLEENE

It was ibotenic acid. A powerful neurotoxin -- destroys nerve cells in the brain. It's a good thing Joe Casale tailed you.

Mark gives Joe the thumbs-up sign.

MARK

Thanks, babe.

Joe turns his gaze momentarily from the TV and gestures with his flipper-like arm.

JOE CASALE

No problem, Mr. Leyner.

BABY LAGO

Joe also found this stuffed in your mouth.

She hands Mark AN IVORY MAH-JONGG TILE with an inscription. Mark reads it:

MARK (reading the tile)

Vote for Iron Man Wang...Damn...

ROCCO

Forget about it, man, that's Hong Kong.

Rocco puts his hand on Mark's shoulder.

ROCCO

You can't worry about that shit now. You got your films and your liner notes -- that's your life, man. Not chasin' Iron Man Wang and his posse of hot-wired sex freaks around the world. That's chump shit, man.

MARK

Trezz, you always know exactly what to say to make me feel better.

Mark playfully snaps the elastic waistband of Rocco's black latex jockstrap.

MARK

Trezz, y'know if you ever decide to stop bakin' dough--

Trezz's eyes flare instantly--

MARK

--if you ever decide to stop doing whatever it is that you're doing, I'd love to have you come work for us over at headquarters. And that's a serious offer.

112. A TITLE CARD SAYS:

MAILBOX

FRANCINE MASIELLO *looks directly into CAMERA.* NOTE: *Francine is portrayed by the SAME ACTRESS who portrays Arleen. From time to time, the word "MAILBOX" flashes at lower screen.*

FRANCINE MASIELLO

Dear Mr. Leyner, I am a psychic Italian-American woman who recently had cosmetic breast-and-buttock-augmentation surgery. I became psychic as a teenager after suffering from accidental carbon monoxide poisoning when I was a guest on "American Bandstand." For a period of time I was the Vatican. I am a zealot by nature and tend to become fanatically obsessive about my activities. These activities have included LSD research and Hummel collecting.

FRANCINE MACIELLO (contd)

During the period in which I was doing a lot of acid, I supported myself by ghost-writing poetry for some of the most acclaimed poets in the country including Randall Jarrell and Robert Lowell. When it was discovered that John Kennedy was obsessed with my body during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the CIA had my breasts and buttocks surgically reduced...Today I live on a quiet tree-lined suburban street. My husband is a kind man and a good provider, but I find him terribly insipid. His way of trying to be more romantic is to be more obsequious and I find that a real turnoff. While he's away at work during the day, I've begun seeing a large black policeman with a shaved head. My question is this: The policeman (whom I'll call "Nightstick" to protect his family) knows all about a sexual fantasy that a number of years ago I'd sent to Nancy Friday for her book "My Secret Garden.": Friday had assured all contributors that their submissions would be kept absolutely confidential. How did "Nightstick" find out about this fantasy and what is my legal recourse vis-a-vis Nancy Friday and her publishing company? Yours truly, Francine Masiello.

113. EXT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

A CROWD is waiting as Mark and the Team Leyner ENTOURAGE arrive, as well as CAMERA and FILM CREWS, etc.

As he gets out of the Limo and moves toward the entrance, Mark speaks to THIS CAMERA.

MARK

Global Entertainment is where I worked in my salad days. Watching their endless supply of films-on-video, reading endless columns of liner notes, analyzing, studying, knowing that one day I too, would get my chance. C'mon -- let's go inside.

114. INT. GLOBAL ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

As Mark and Entourage enter, Mark turns toward CAMERA.

MARK

This is it. In my day, I was the most intense, and in a certain sense, the most significant young salesperson here.

THE STORE MANAGER, *a knowledgeable-looking earnest YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN in sweater and tie, comes up.*

MANAGER

Mark, how are you?!

MARK

Just great, babe. What's up?

MANAGER

Well, before you sign the laserdiscs, I had an idea that...well, with your documentary cameras and everything...maybe you could...it might be interesting to see you assist a customer -- you know, like you did in the old days.

MARK

Great idea!

Mark moves behind a counter; the Manager brings over a CUSTOMER. Mark assumes his "salesperson" persona.

MANAGER

Mark, this young lady needs some help.

MARK

How can I help you?

YOUNG LADY

There's a new album out, I'm not sure what the name of it is...but it's the sound of two men lifting tremendous weights. I wish I could remember the name of it...oh shit, I was just talking about it to someone and now I can't think of it. Goddamn it!

MARK

Well, there are two new albums out -- one is the sound of the weights themselves -- the clanking of the iron plates on the barbells and the thud of dumbbells being dropped. And the other is the sounds, the vocalizations, of the men themselves.

YOUNG LADY

Is the first one just the sounds of the free weights -- you said barbells and dumbbells -- that made it sound like only free weights? Or does it have sounds from a Universal or Nautilus? Like I wonder if it's got the sound of the metal pin going into the right weight slot on the rack?

MARK

I think it's free weights, Universal, Nautilus, stationary bike, and Stairmaster all mixed together -- sampled. But just the sounds of the equipment, not people.

YOUNG LADY

No, I think it's the other one -- the men. I think it's called something like "Smell My Thick Leather Belt After I Power Lift"... or maybe "Hymns to a Hernia, Huge Weights and Sweaty Straining Men"... or something like "Colossal men Suckle Methyltestosterone from the Hairy Nipple of the Men Who Spot for Them" or something like that.

Mark punches a search request into a nearby COMPUTER.

MARK

Let me see here...OK, we have something called "Getting Huge -- The Incredible Sounds of Hairy Men in Thick Leather Belts Lifting Tremendous Weights: A Sonic Mosaic of Pain, Nipples, Armpit Hair, Sweat, and Protein Powder."

YOUNG LADY

Is it a Nonesuch album?

MARK

Yes. Nonesuch.

YOUNG LADY

That's it! That I remember. Nonesuch is the label. You have the CD, right?

MARK

We sure do.

YOUNG LADY

Good, because I think they said on the radio that the CD has two cuts that the cassette doesn't have.

MARK

That's right. The CD includes one cut with the sounds of the two men doing rear-delt cable laterals and another cut with them doing crossover flys with extremely heavy weights.

YOUNG LADY

Is that the one where you hear one guy saying, "C'mon, let's get big, let's get big," and the other starts his reps and you hear him moan and then the other guy starts screaming at him, "Move the weight! You're a fuckin' strong man, you're an animal! Burn it, burn it!" and then the other guy growls as he completes his set and then at the end you hear them give each other high-fives?"

MARK

Yep.

YOUNG LADY

Well, I definitely think that's the one I heard on Public Radio. I'll take one of those.

The Manager checks in and gives Mark the thumbs-up sign.

MARK

Will there be anything else I can do for you today?

YOUNG LADY

Do you carry video equipment and computer equipment?

MARK

Yes, we do.

YOUNG LADY

OK, there's something, I'm not exactly sure what it is -- some kind of interactive computerized laser video player or interactive digital video software or something -- but it enables you to take any movie and insert Arnold Schwarzenegger as the actor in the lead role...

MARK

Yes, we have what you're talking about, but you're a little confused about it. We have the equipment here: the computer, the digital video image synthesizing unit, the software -- all that -- we have that in the store. You tell us what you want -- which films you want Schwarzenegger inserted into and we do it right here for you.

YOUNG LADY

So you do it -- I don't need to buy the equipment?

MARK

No. We do it right here. As a matter of fact, you can even fax your order in and we'll deliver the Schwarzeneggerized videos to your home.

YOUNG LADY

Oh cool! Can I order some now?

MARK

Sure.

YOUNG LADY

OK. I'd like "My Fair Lady" with Arnold Schwarzenegger as Professor Henry Higgins, "Amadeus" with Arnold Schwarzenegger as Salieri instead of F. Murray Abraham, "The Diary of Anne Frank" with Arnold Schwarzenegger as Anne Frank, "West Side Story" with Arnold Schwarzenegger as Tony, "It's A Wonderful Life" with Arnold Schwarzenegger instead of Jimmy Stewart, "Gandhi" with Arnold Schwarzenegger instead of Ben Kingsley, "Bird" with Arnold Schwarzenegger as Charlie Parker instead of Forest Whitaker...can you do documentaries?

MARK

Sure.

YOUNG LADY

There's a documentary called "Imagine" about John Lennon. Could you fix it so that it's Arnold Schwarzenegger instead of Lennon?

MARK

No problema.

YOUNG LADY

So it'll be Schwarzenegger playing with the Beatles on Ed Sullivan and Schwarzenegger doing those peace things in bed with Yoko Ono and everything?

MARK

Yes, ma'am. Our equipment is state of the art.

YOUNG LADY

OK, and one last one...how about "Rain Man?"

MARK

Would you like Arnold Schwarzenegger as the autistic brother or the Tom Cruise character?

YOUNG LADY

Could you do it so he's both, sort of like Patty Duke did as Patty/Cathy in "The Patty Duke Show?"

MARK

We can, yes...that may be a little more expensive, though.

YOUNG LADY

Well, I'll take it. And I think that's it, and thank you very much for all your help.

MARK

It's been my pleasure.

Everybody APPLAUDS Mark's professionalism.

115. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE STUDIO

Computer generated APPLAUSE. Arleen to CAMERA:

ARLEEN

You know, every day someone asks me if Mark was serious about leaving Earth and relocating elsewhere. My ex-husband was not at all nostalgic about the terrestrial world, and he was quite unsympathetic and impatient with my ecological concerns. He'd say, "Arleen, the world's population is putting such a strain on the global infrastructure and, in particular, on the world's water supply and sewerage capacities, that by the middle of the twenty-first century, if someone flushes the toilet in Mombasa and you're in the shower in San Diego, you'll get scalded. All the more reason to get off the planet, babe. Why stay if conditions are going to be so impossible? Rather than flagellating ourselves for having plundered the earth of its precious resources and for having toxified the globe's air, water, and soil, why not channel our intellectual and spiritual energies into figuring out how to get the hell out of here. Once we're a safe distance from this place, on a nice hospitable planet with a respirable atmosphere and fauna capable of being ground up into some kind of burger, then we can determine culpability and mete out the punishment." But my ex-husband also loved humanity, and as much as possible, he tried to give back what nature had given him...

116. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Occasionally I'll conduct a filmmaking workshop.

117. INT. TEAM LEYNER FILMMAKING WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Mark stands at the front of big room crowded with about FIVE HUNDRED STUDENTS. Speaks into a microphone.

MARK

Do any of you think you could ever be as good a filmmaker as I am -- or perhaps even a better filmmaker -- and would you explain why you feel the way you do. Yes, over there, the fellow in the green sweater.

A FELLOW IN A GREEN SWEATER stands up -- Baby Lago, roaming the audience, hands him a microphone.

FELLOW IN GREEN SWEATER

Well, I think it's possible -- although it would take just a tremendous, tremendous amount of work to reach your level of virtuosity -- I think it's possible that I could someday be as good a filmmaker as you are, although a very different kind of filmmaker. I've lived all over the world and I've had a very interesting life, full of passion and joy and a great deal of sadness and pain, and I think that if I could ever develop a style to accommodate all the material that I've stored in my head and in my heart, I could be a damn interesting filmmaker.

Everybody in the audience APPLAUDS, including Mark.

MARK

OK...anyone else? The lady in the back with the boots and the vest.

A LADY WITH BOOTS AND VEST stands up. Baby Lago hands her the microphone.

LADY WITH BOOTS AND VEST

Well, yes, Mr. Leyner, although I have a great deal of respect and admiration for your accomplishments, I certainly think that my work has as much cinematic validity as yours does. I've studied with some very fine filmmakers at various programs around the country and I've worked assiduously at my craft for a good number of years now.

Again, everyone APPLAUDS. Mark continues to call on people, BUT THE SOUND FADES OUT as:

MARK (V.O.)

A couple of other people will affirm themselves and proclaim their ambitions, and then I'll ask if there's anyone else and, if not, we'll proceed with some filmmaking exercises.

118. FILMMAKER REPROGRAMMING SEQUENCE - M.O.S.

The action follows the narration:

MARK (V.O. contd)

At the conclusion of the workshop, my bodyguards, who've been working undercover, will take into custody each of those participants who has stated that he or she could be as good a filmmaker as I am. Quietly, so as not to alarm those who have remained to get my autograph, the detained participants are handcuffed, loaded into the security van, and taken to headquarters. The standard procedure begins with the placing of a bag over a detainee's head; interrogation and reeducation can last from several hours to a few weeks. Sleep deprivation, exposure to cold, mock executions, and various psychological techniques are used to persuade the detainees never to make films again. When the staff is certain that a detainee's reeducation is complete, the detainee is branded on the buttocks with my insignia as a reminder of his or her matriculation at headquarters and then released.

119. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Filmmaking funds, movie theatres, videostore shelf-space -- all are limited, as are the column inches available in today's film reviews, and we at headquarters are adamant in our belief that all competition -- active or potential -- must be neutralized.

120. INT. STUDIO

Computer generated APPLAUSE. TEAM LEYNER INSIGNIA fills the frame.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies And Gentlemen, Arlene Portada and The Team Leyner Dancers!

121. ARLEEN'S MUSIC VIDEO SEQUENCE

Sort of like Busby Berkely on acid, the song/dance/music video sequence presents interlocking narratives about what it's like to be the spouse of an artist who's gone from unknown to superstar.

After the sequence is over, computer generated APPLAUSE.

1-800-T-LEYNER FLASHES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN.

122. INT. TIJUANA LABORATORY - NIGHT

RACK FOCUS to a bushy-haired MAN in a gauze mask, with a stethoscope around his neck, and a percussion hammer and sphygmomanometer jutting from the pocket of his white lab coat. "DRAMATIZATION" is supered at screen bottom.

MAN

What's your name?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals MARK AT AGE 18. He answers groggily:

YOUNG MARK

Leyner. Mark Leyner.

MAN

Do you know where you are?

YOUNG MARK

All I know is that I answered an ad in "High Times" for volunteers for experimental brain surgery and that a week later a Nissan mini-van picked me up and I was driven blindfolded to a secret laboratory in Tijuana.

MAN

You don't remember undergoing the procedure?

YOUNG MARK

Procedure? What are you talking--?

Suddenly, half a dozen FDA AGENTS, automatic weapons blazing, storm the room and kill the man.

123. EXT. BORDER - NIGHT

Young Mark stands at the border with an FDA AGENT.

FDA AGENT

Here's twenty dollars and a small bottle of effervescent apple juice. Good luck.

Mark takes the money and the bottle. The Agent gets into a late model sedan and the car takes off. Mark watches it go.

124. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE STUDIO

Computer generated APPLAUSE. Arleen to CAMERA:

ARLEEN

A number of people have called in and asked: "What if Mark Leyner is wearing a disguise? Does he have any identifying marks?" As some of you may know, the Team Leyner insignia is a man surfing on an enormous wave of lava. My ex-husband has this insignia tattooed on his heart. And I don't mean on the skin of his chest over his heart. I mean tattooed on the organ itself. It's illegal in the states -- he had to go to Mexico. It's called *visceral tattooing*. They have to open you up. They use an ink that contains a radioactive isotope so that the tattoo shows up on X-rays and CAT scans. So, in order to properly identify him, you'll need to perform either an X-Ray or a CAT Scan on the body.

125. INT. TATOO PARLOUR - DAY

We are CLOSE on a COLOR XEROX of Mark's insignia. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

126. DR. JOSE FLEISCHMAN

The thickest eyeglass lenses we've ever seen -- they actually bulge several inches out from the frames. His clothes are soaked through with sweat. He takes a drag from his cigarette as he studies the color Xerox from various angles, holding his head askew and squinting through the smoke.

127. WIDER ANGLE

Reveals Mark, sitting across from Dr. Fleischman. Dr. Fleischman looks up at Mark.

DR. JOSE FLEISCHMAN

My friend...what chamber?

MARK

Chamber?

Fleischman points with his cigarette to a yellowing diagram on the wall.

DR. JOSE FLEISCHMAN

The two atria are thin-walled. The ventricles are thick-walled. I recommend the ventricles. Either one -- it's your call, amigo.

Mark scrutinizes the diagram for a few seconds.

MARK

The left ventricle.

DR. JOSE FLEISCHMAN

Bueno. Today, we gonna put you out, open you up, and I'm gonna just do the outlines, then I sew you up. Then in two weeks, we open again, we fill in the colors, and sew up, all finished.

MARK

Say, Fleischman, while you got me on the table, could you do "Mom" on my pulmonary artery?

DR. JOSE FLEISCHMAN

What kind of calligraphy you like? You like somethin' like this?

Fleischman shows Mark an X-ray of someone's thyroid gland with the word "Mother" in serpentine, filigreed lettering.

DR. JOSE FLEISCHMAN

Florentine style.

Mark nods his approval.

MARK

It's very nice.

128. INT. TEAM LEYNER GYM - DAY

Mark is working out with his TEAM LEYNER TRAINERS (who, of course, wear tight-fitting Team insignia'd uniforms), when Baby Lago enters.

BABY LAGO

Mark...

Mark finishes his reps and looks at her.

BABY LAGO

Rocco left today.

Baby Lago hands Mark a copy of "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE" magazine.

BABY LAGO

I found this on his bed...there's a page torn out.

Mark takes the magazine and looks at it.

129. CLOSE ON MARK - "FLASHBACK" SET UP SHOT

As he looks up, thinking back about Rocco.

130. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

Rocco is sitting by electronic (PROJECTED) bay windows overlooking tranquil Japanese Gardens, smoking a cigar, lost in thought. Mark comes up.

MARK

Trezz, what's up, man?

Rocco gazes into the distance for a moment, then takes the cigar out of his mouth, stares at the soggy masticated stub, and says in a hoarse whisper:

ROCCO

I was thinkin' about my old man.

131. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Rocco's father had been a medical cheese sculptor -- he sculpted cheese centerpieces for medical conventions. It was a profession that required not only fine craftsmanship and an encyclopedic knowledge of cheeses, but a comprehensive understanding of human anatomy. He studied with a master medical cheese sculptor for over ten years before he was allowed to go solo, debuting with a cheddar prostate gland for the American Society of Urologists 1937 convention in Lake Tahoe. Tragically, at the height of his career, there was a terrible accident. Rocco's father and mother were in London, England. One night they went to a pub. And the poor man, not knowing the local customs, walked where he shouldn't have and took a dart in the right temple. He survived, but his virtuosity with a cheese knife was irrevocably lost.

Mark stops and thinks about Rocco; closing his eyes.

132. INT. MARK AND ARLEEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We are CLOSE ON MARK as he sleeps. Offscreen the PHONE RINGS. Mark opens his eyes. CAMERA PULLS back to include Arleen as she picks up the phone.

ARLEEN

Hello?

Arleen nudges Mark.

ARLEEN

It's for you, babe. It's a woman named Desiree Buttcake.

MARK

I don't know anyone named Desiree Buttcake. If it's a fan calling about the solid-gold belt buckle custom-minted with the lava-surfer insignia and the words "Team Leyner," tell her to call the 800 number.

ARLEEN

C'mon, Mark, she says she knows you. Take the phone -- I wanna go back to sleep.

Mark takes the phone. Arleen rolls over -- back to sleep.

MARK

I'm sorry, but I don't really know who you are.

DESIREE (over phone)

Mark, of course you don't know me... well, I mean you don't know me as Desiree Buttcake...you know me as Francine Masiello. I sent you a videotape-letter a couple of months ago. I'm the psychic who recently had cosmetic breast-and-buttock augmentation surgery...remember?

MARK

Oh yeah...you're the Hummel collector who got carbon monoxide poisoning on "American Bandstand."

DESIREE (over phone)

That's right, that's me.

MARK

Well, what's up, Francine...I mean, Desiree.

DESIREE (over phone)

I want to work for you, Mark. And I want to start tonight. There are important things I can do for you and your organization, but they need to be discussed immediately.

MARK

Well, listen, Desiree, applicants for employment at headquarters usually have to undergo an extremely rigorous interview process and security check.

DESIREE (over phone)

Interview me tonight. It's critical that I start working for you as soon as possible, believe me.

MARK

OK, where are you?

DESIREE (over phone)

Every Thursday night a cell of right-wing intellectuals, novelists, playwrights, poets, painters, architects, and psychics meet in the sauna of a different Jack LaLanne Health Spa. The location of the sauna is kept secret from members of the cabal until 9:40 P.M. on Thursday night at which time it's announced in an encrypted fax. Tonight we're meeting in the sauna at the Jack LaLanne Health Spa in the Linwood Mall, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

MARK

I'll be there.

133. INT. JACK LaLANNE HEALTH SPA STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Mark, wearing only a towel, is walking through the THICK STEAM. We can't see anything.

MARK (whispering)

Desiree..?

DESIREE'S VOICE

Mark, over here...

Mark moves toward the voice.

MARK

Desiree, is that you, babe?

We still can't see her; we only see steam.

DESIREE'S VOICE

It's me. Listen, why don't we go somewhere where we can conduct our interview more privately.

MARK

There's a diner across the street. I'll meet you there in ten minutes.

134. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Her resume was very impressive. Captain of the Ossining High School track team, "ancient instruments" in the high school orchestra, Student Council President, President of Thespians and Yearbook, National Merit Scholar, combined SAT scores of 1590, editor of Law Review, hired right out of law school by Swazy, Cummings and Bass, made full partner in six months, elected president of the American Bar Association at the age of twenty-six, appointed Attorney General of the United States by President Hallux Valgus -- a post you left after a year to become a Supreme Court Justice -- a position which you in turn resigned after eight months to race Formula One cars in international competition including the Monaco Grand Prix, which you won for three consecutive years...very, very impressive--

135. INT. DINER - NIGHT

Mark is drinking a cup of black coffee as he peruses Desiree's RESUME.

MARK

--Desiree.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals DESIREE BUTTCAKE, aka Francine Masiello. AS NOTED ABOVE: the character of Desiree is portrayed by the SAME ACTRESS who portrays Arleen.

DESIREE

Thank you, Mark.

MARK

There are a couple of questions I'd like to ask you. It says here that you played "ancient instruments" in the high school orchestra...what exactly are ancient instruments?

Desiree seems unflustered by the question -- Mark notes this on a little Team Leyner scratch pad.

DESIREE

When an orchestra performs a piece of music that was written in a certain era, it's best to perform that piece using coeval, autochthonous instruments, as opposed to modern instruments -- that is to say, instruments of that era and region, the instruments for which the music was presumably written. Most high school orchestras can't afford ancient instruments, but I was quite fortunate in that Ossining High was a particularly well-endowed school, and to give you an example: in my senior year we performed an orchestral piece written in 3000 B.C. by a Mesopotamian composer; I played an instrument which consists of the inflated bladder of an emu, which is either scraped with a bone plectrum or bowed with stiffened flax fibers. It produces an extraordinary plaintive tone quite unlike anything else I've ever heard."

Mark finds Desiree's response to be forthright and thoughtful, and again jots down his evaluation.

MARK

Desiree, you stepped down as Attorney General after only a year and then stepped down as a Supreme Court Justice after only eight months. Do you think that this exhibits an immature restlessness and inability to honor long-term commitments or do you think that it exhibits a wonderful kind of boundless, nomadic intelligence and creativity that can't and shouldn't be constrained by a single vocation?

DESIREE

The latter.

"Very direct, succinct, confident," Mark notes.

MARK

Desiree, what sort of position are you looking for with us?

DESIREE

Something in security. As you can see, I've been in some dangerous situations and I think that my experience would be a great asset to you and your staff. As I alluded to on the phone, I definitely think you need to beef up your security, and now. There are rumors out there about missing fiction workshop participants...things could get rough.

MARK

Could you start tomorrow?

DESIREE

Absolutely.

136. INT. STUDIO

MARK

The Triggerman is a bar/pistol range opened for Team Leyner staffers so that, at the end of a long day, there'd be a place "on campus" where they could have a few drinks and shoot firearms. Blow off a little steam.

137. INT. HEADQUARTERS BAR/PISTOL LOUNGE - DAY

Mark is at the bar, emptying a magazine of 125-grain jacketed hollow-points from his six-and-a-half inch .44 Auto Mag. In the BACKGROUND, we see various TEAM LEYNER EMPLOYEES shooting GUNS. Joe Casale comes up and sits down next to Mark.

JOE CASALE

Mr. Leyner, I'm in love.

Mark stops what he's doing, removes his EAR PROTECTORS and looks at Joe Casale.

MARK

Hold on a second, Joe. You're what?

JOE CASALE

I'm in love.

MARK (to BARTENDER)

Two triple Chivases and another fifteen rounds of hollowpoints. (then, to Joe) In love with whom, babe?

JOE CASALE

Mr. Leyner, I'm in love with Desiree. Y'know, we've been working really closely together on that press release for the film critics and on the PR program and...I just fell totally in love with her. And the trouble is that I know she doesn't feel the same way about me. I mean she's such an incredibly beautiful woman and I...well, I'm not trying to be self-deprecating, but I'm not like traditionally handsome. And this unrequited stuff makes me feel like a bit of an A-hole.

MARK

Look, Joe, there are all kinds of women, and I truly believe that there's someone out there for everyone. Just take a look at some of these personal ads here.

Mark reaches across the bar for a NEWSPAPER.

MARK

For example, look at this one: "Do you wear peasant blouses and billowy gypsy skirts? I'm a drooling, catheterized, cataract-eyed white supremacist from Baton Rouge who has three to four lucid hours a day. Let's go underground where Zionist water-fluoridators and Russian space debris can't find us." What do you want to bet that this guy gets a couple of hundred responses?

As Mark sets the NEWSPAPER down, we see a HEADLINE which reads: "FBI CLOSE TO ARREST IN LINCOLN'S MORNING BREATH INCIDENT."

JOE CASALE

Well, I'm not interested in other women. I'm interested in Desiree.

BARTENDER

Excuse me, Mr. Leyner -- here's your target.

The Bartender hands Mark his TARGET -- he looks at it.

MARK

At a range of fifty yards, a four-inch seven-round group on the black, with most of the shots less than two inches apart. Not bad, huh?

JOE CASALE (morose)

Really great, Mr. Leyner.

MARK

C'mon, Joe, lighten up, would ya? Maybe there's a way for you to somehow provoke Dez into feeling romantic about you.

JOE CASALE

Provoke her how?

138. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Well, I could only tell him what works for me, babe. I take my clothes off. Women go nuts. I know that sounds stupid, but it's how I do it that's important -- it's the style, it's the head trip I get into. Each item of clothing -- leather blazer, T-shirt, snakeskin boots, jeans, socks, and finally underpants -- is removed as if I were stripping for an audience at a maximum security prison for criminally insane women. With that masturbatory simultaneity of languor and urgency, I whip the floor with my silk bikini briefs that have been stretched grotesquely out of shape after a day of restraining my restless genitals, and I hear -- in my head -- the horrific cacophony of gasps, moans, ululations, stomping feet, shrieks, sobs, pleas...

139. INT. TEAM LEYNER TRIGGERMAN BAR/PISTOL LOUNGE

MARK

...y'know what I'm saying?

JOE CASALE

I guess so, Mr. Leyner, but I don't know if I could--

MARK

--listen, the thing you've got to be careful about is the effect something like that can have on a woman. I was with this notary public Felice Ruiz once, and I'm doing the whole bit and I get to the part where I'm whipping the floor with my silk undies, and I guess my body's just too much for the poor girl -- she goes apoplectic on me.

140. INT. FELICE RUIZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FELICE RUIZ is hyperventilating, taking in giant gulps of air, foaming at the mouth, purple in the face, clutching at her throat, clutching at her chest, like she's having some kind of seizure.

She falls to the ground and, writhing, manages to point to a cabinet in the armoire.

Mark rushes to the cabinet, opens it, and there are two bottles, gin and vodka. He makes a split-second decision -- vodka.

He brings the bottle to Felice, who's rolling on the ground, tearing at her hair. He shows her the vodka bottle. She shakes her head violently back and forth, kicking her feet.

He rushes back to the armoire and retrieves the bottle of gin. Felice is trying to say something, and Mark puts his ear to her lips, but her mumbling and grunting are completely unintelligible. He quickly produce a pad and a pen.

MARK

Can you write?!

She nods, and he hands her the writing implements.

Her body jerking spasmodically, she manages to scrawl: "SINGAPORE SLING."

141. INT. STUDIO

MARK

Now, a Singapore Sling is a fairly elaborate cocktail; it involves shaking together gin, cherry brandy, lemon juice, and powdered sugar, pouring it into a tall glass filled with ice and topping it with soda water. But I concoct the drink as rapidly as I can, bring it to the convulsant Felice, tilt the highball glass to her lips, and let her drink. After a few sips, her paroxysms begin to subside, and she's eventually able to return to the sofa. So what I'm trying to say is that you have to exercise some degree of caution here...are you following me, babe?

142. INT. TRIGGERMAN BAR/PISTOL LOUNGE - DAY

Mark and Joe Casale.

JOE CASALE

Yes, Mr. Leyner.

MARK

Joe, can I get you another drink?

JOE CASALE

No thanks, Mr. Leyner. I think I should get to bed. I've got a pretty full schedule in the morning.

MARK

OK, babe. Sweet dreams. And thanks again for all your effort.

143. INT. TEAM LEYNER BOARDROOM - DAY

All the TEAM LEYNER KEY PERSONNEL are present. Mark brings his fist down on the conference room table with peremptory authority. RAPID-FIRE DIALOGUE.

MARK

Let's get busy, folks. Joe, what do you have for me, babe?

JOE CASALE

Well, first of all, Mr. Leyner, Ken Dietrich -- he's VP Marketing for Pepsico Inc. -- called about the agreement wherein you mention Diet Pepsi in a new film and Pepsico remunerates Team Leyner with \$750,000 in cash, plus \$250,000 in stock. He basically wants to know if we've made any progress on the product insert.

MARK TURNS TOWARD OUR DOCUMENTARY CAMERA:

MARK (into camera)

I'm really thirsty. I could go for a Pepsi right now. I just love Pepsi. Boy do I love PEPSI!

Mark turns back to Joe and The Team.

MARK

Tell Dietrich it's done and to get the check in the mail. What else?

JOE CASALE

Mr. Leyner, we have a minor personnel problem. Y'know our regulation prohibiting any Team Leyner employee from earning income outside the organization? Well, one of the mailroom clerks is selling marijuana grown on pieces of sod removed from various major league baseball stadiums. He's got Wrigley Wiggly, Fenway Dream Bean, Comiskey Park and Ride...he's even selling marijuana grown on stadium sod from vintage years, like 1969 Shea Stadium Sinsemilla.

MARK

Eighty-six him, babe. No freelancing means no freelancing, no exceptions. And impound the sod. Anything else, Joe?

JOE CASALE

Two more things. First, a Japanese industrialist named Takeshi Oshiro, who owns the Uchiyama Paper Manufacturing Company, paid \$19,250 in a public auction at Southeby's for one of your discarded deodorant sticks with a stray armpit hair and he's hired a forensic DNA-fingerprinting lab to confirm that it's your armpit hair, and if it's not, Southeby's has agreed to refund the 19K and change. Second, I just wanted to remind you that this coming Friday Genitotech is shooting the commercial for their new penile growth hormone Phallotropin and they need you on the set at about ten A.M.

MARK

Thanks, Joe, good job. Desiree, you're up.

DESIREE

Well, first of all, I'm happy to report that we're close to completing a comprehensive demographic analysis of your viewership, which means that now we'll be able to develop software that can alter your films depending on which regional or even local audiences we're targeting. For instance, in a forthcoming film, you have a giant who eats postmenopausal crossing guards. OK --we now know that you have a rabidly enthusiastic following in the rural northwest, but in the rural northwest they don't have crossing guards because generally kids out there don't walk to school. So with the new demographically based software, the computer can flag something like that and change the postmenopausal crossing guards to postmenopausal school-bus drivers or whatever is appropriate for the rural northwest edition. It's yet another way of making audiences feel as if you're making films just for them.

MARK

That's really cool. Baby Lago, you're up.

BABY LAGO

Mark, based on the notes that you gave us, we've worked up a draft of the press release you want to put out, and I just want to make sure that we're all in synch here. You basically want to inform film critics that, in the event of a bad review, Team Leyner will not be held responsible for the wrath of fans who see you as the articulator of their vision and who see your detractors as a threat to their way of life. Consequently, Team Leyner cannot be held responsible for the physical safety of the reviewer and his or her family, in the event of an unfavorable notice. Is that about the gist of it?

MARK

That's it exactly. I want this sent directly to our friends themselves -- to the Cannavas and the Carlyles, the Yardleys and the Wolcotts and the Atlases and the Raffertys... and so on and so forth. Understood?

BABY LAGO

Understood.

MARK

I want everyone here to remember something. Team Leyner plays hardball. If anyone -- and I don't care who it is, I don't care if it's my own grandmother -- if anyone attempts to impede the fulfillments of our destiny, we fuck with them big time.

EVERYONE

We fuck with them big time.

MARK

Anything else, Baby?

BABY LAGO

This is somewhat of a corollary to what we've just been discussing. Joe and Dez and I have been analyzing a trend we see developing in media coverage of Team Leyner, and we've come up with a means of countering what we perceive as an incipient problem that could become dangerous unless we act decisively now.

JOE

Mr. Leyner, there are, increasingly, those in the media who would twist the work we're doing in our filmmaker vocational counseling intensives into something sinister.

DESIREEE

Scurrilous rumors abound about your supposed steroid use, your messianic fantasies, your weakness for Hispanic women...Joe and Baby Lago and I propose a public relations program designed to resuscitate your image in the media. We propose that you engage in a well-publicized personal campaign to help agoraphobic housewives with their poetry.

BABY LAGO

We see two options here: video teleconferencing, which enables you to counsel agoraphobic poetesses wherever they live without having to leave headquarters--

DESIREE

--signals are relayed through a satellite over the Yukon to a ground station in northern Michigan, to a satellite over the West Indies and finally to a fiber-optic link in Atlanta--

BABY LAGO

--Or you can simply visit the women at their homes. What do you think?

MARK

I think I'll make the housecalls.

DESIREE

You like the proposal?

MARK

Baby Lago, Desiree, Joe -- it's top-notch work. I'm proud of all of you.

144. INT. STUDIO

MARK

The first applicant we accepted for the agoraphobic housewife-poet program was Mary Elizabeth Thuring, whose manuscript "Coarse-Cut Marmalade Enema Binge" opened with the erotic sonnet "The Wilted Crudites."

145. INT. MARY'S HOME - NIGHT

MARY ELIZABETH THURING *recites her sonnet to CAMERA.*

MARY ELIZABETH THURING

Eyeballs stew in hot sockets/During long sexual dream of bearded/Blacksmith in crotchless high-bib overalls/Hammering hot metal on an anvil./Funny...isn't this Belmar?/I lie ungarnished in the sand,/Sweet carrion for beach hyenas.

146. INT. MARY'S HOME - VARIOUS SHOTS - M.O.S.

As Mark works with Mary on her manuscript.

MARK (V.O.)

I spent some six-and-a-half hours with Mary at her lovely home, poring over her manuscript, rearranging the order of the poems for maximum effect, suggesting various emendations and deletions -- for example, I cut the following two lines: "Whiskey-swilling itinerant beauticians/Wax the bikini of Isis" from the first stanza of "The Wilted Crudites."

147. INT. STUDIO

MARK

When I return to Team Leyner HQ from Mary Elizabeth Thuring's home, it's approximately 5:20 A.M.

148. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

As Mark comes in, Arleen is being led out, her wrists handcuffed behind her, surrounded by FBI AGENTS.

Joe Casale is SCREAMING unintelligibly.

Mark throws one of the agents -- a BURLY AGENT about 6'6", 275 pounds -- up against a column, and slaps him hard across the face about a dozen times.

All the other Agents DRAW THEIR WEAPONS. Sudden silence.

MARK

You gonna shoot me, you motherfuckin' morons? There'd be riots in every major city of this country!

They stand there a moment, then the SENIOR AGENT orders:

SENIOR AGENT

Holster your weapons, men, holster your weapons!

MARK (snarls)

That's better. Now, what's the fucking problem here?

SENIOR AGENT

Mark Leyner and Arleen Protada, you are both being charged with theft of a federally protected bio-historical specimen.

MARK

Joe, get Gary Knobloch (chief corporate counsel for Team Leyner) over here right away.

Mark turns to a group of Team Leyner employees who have been watching.

MARK

The rest of you get back to work. Everything's gonna be all right.

Mark turns to the DOCUMENTARY CAMERA which has been filming this entire scene.

MARK

And turn off that fucking camera!

He puts his hand over the lens; IMAGE BLACKS OUT. FADE IN:

149. INT. TEAM LEYNER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

GARY KNOBLOCH *and Team Leyner confab as Knobloch searches the U.S. Criminal Code. on a HANDHELD COMPUTER.*

KNOBLOCH

Let's see... Tailgating a Presidential Motorcade... Talking Dirty to a Congressional Page... Terrorizing a U.S. Mail Carrier... Testifying Falsely Against a Fetus... ah, here we go. Theft of a Federally Protected Bio-Historical Specimen. First offense: Weekly punitive confiscation. Second offense: Removal of the nasal septum, leaving offender with one large nostril. Listen, Mark, I don't like telling you what to do -- you're my favorite filmmaker, you're my favorite client, you're the godfather of my two children -- but I strongly advise you to plead guilty on this thing and live with punitive confiscation once a week. If we go to trial and there's any way they can prove that you did something like this before, you could be walking around with one big hole in the middle of your face. Wouldn't make a very attractive press photo, kid.

MARK

Arleen, Joe, Dez...what do you think?

JOE CASALE

I agree, Mr. Leyner. One big nostril wouldn't look that great... but I guess I'm not really one to talk.

MARK

Thanks, babe, but I meant what do you think about copping a guilty plea?

BABY LAGO

I agree with Gary. I think you guys should play it safe. And you have so much stuff -- maybe losing something once a week would be a blessing in disguise, sort of like spring cleaning.

MARK

Arleen?

ARLEEN

Yeah, I guess so...but I don't know why I'm even being charged. It wasn't my idea to steal that shit.

MARK

Oh, like you said, "Mark, it's so wrong, take the Lincoln's morning breath back to the National Museum of Health and Medicine this minute."

ARLEEN

I didn't say I said that.

MARK

And like you didn't get off on it as much as I did.

ARLEEN

I never said I didn't get off on it, you creep.

JOE CASALE

Mrs. L, there's no need for name calling.

ARLEEN

I disagree, Joe, there is a need for name calling. I'm tired, Mark. I'm tired of your paranoia, your philandering, your obsessive-compulsive behavior, your drug and alcohol addition, your steroids, your meglomania, your world adventures, your manic-depressive episodes -- I've had it with this whole multi-national conglomerate "Team Leyner" thing.

MARK

What are you saying, Arleen?

ARLEEN

Mark, I want a divorce.

Everyone is stunned. Arleen looks at them for a beat, then exits the room.

150. INT. STUDIO

MARK

The punishment consisted of having one item confiscated each week. Since Arleen was gone, only I was punished...

151. PUNISHMENT SEQUENCE - M.O.S.

Action To Follow Mark's Narration:

MARK (V.O.)

At 10 A.M. every Monday morning, the authorities would arrive in a large truck. They'd read the statement that the courts required them to read prior to each punitive confiscation, they'd handcuff me, and they'd put me in the truck in a special enclosed compartment, where I was strapped to a chair in front of a 27-inch television screen. The identical 30-minute video was shown to me each week. And while I was watching the video -- a porno film with all the sex edited out, leaving only the wooden narrative segues -- the one item was confiscated and placed in the truck's main compartment (The Supreme Court has since ruled that forcing someone to view only the narrative segues from a pornographic film is in violation of the Eighth Amendment). I was then allowed to return home. I was never told which item was confiscated.

152. INT. MARK'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mark cuts himself while shaving -- he searches the bathroom for a styptic. Then realizes:

MARK

They confiscated the styptic pencil!

153. INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark is preparing pesto sauce. He searches the cabinets for pignoli nuts, can't find any. Then he realizes:

MARK

They confiscated the pignoli nuts!

154. INT. STUDIO

MARK

I was prohibited from replacing confiscated items. If I was discovered to have replaced a confiscated item, my punitive status would be upgraded to second offense -- nasal septumectomy.

155. TITLE CARD:

On September 24, 1994, federal operatives, acting under the authority of the Punitive Confiscation Act, seized Reel Five, Scenes B, E, H, J, K, L, N, O, P, Q, R and X of Mark Leyner's Auto-Bio-Documentary, "ET TU, BABE..."

Team Leyner deeply regrets the impossibility of including these scenes in what the Auteur had intended to be a complete abecedarian series.

156. INT. XXT7 JET FIGHTER COCKPIT - DAY

Mark is in the cockpit, next to the PILOT.

PILOT

Sir, is there anywhere in particular you want to go?

MARK

No, just keep flying. I just had to get away from it all, y'know? Get up in the azure void of high-altitude airspace for a while, try to get some perspective.

PILOT

I understand, sir. How about this: I'll swing west across the Indonesian archipelago, cut northwest across the Bay of Bengal, take her due west over India, Pakistan, Iran, the Persian Gulf, Saudi Arabia, north over Syria and Turkey, the Black Sea, we'll follow the Dnieper River from Kiev to Moscow, cut over toward St. Petersburg, cross the Baltic, Sweden, Norway, then swing sharply to the east, transverse the Arctic Ocean, follow the Bering Straits east, cross the Bering Sea, and head south over the Pacific past the east coast of Japan toward the Philippines and I can have you back in Malaysia by suppertime.

MARK (nods, pre-occupied)

Yeah, yeah, that's fine, that's great.

157. INT. STUDIO

Wearing RACING SUIT, GLOVES, HELMET and CLEAR GOGGLES, Mark drives a FOMULA ONE RACING CAR at speeds of up to two hundred and fifty miles an hour as he speaks to CAMERA:

MARK

Y'know, when I was a teenager, I was told that I'd spend my entire life in and out of institutions, pathologically maladapted, living on society's fringes...well, it didn't turn out quite that way. I've achieved international notoriety as a critically acclaimed, commercially successful and Academy Award winning writer, director and producer, as well as body builder, martial artist and formula one race car driver; I make more in a year from product endorsements than most people make in a lifetime; I've got a multimillion-dollar headquarters with a guard tower, gatehouses, patrol dogs, armed sentries, a vast warren of underground tunnels; I had a gorgeous wife...and I will definitely have another gorgeous wife. I've got an entourage of gofers and sycophants...so what's the problem, right? The problem is that when you reach a level of achievement that few people have ever reached, when you routinely do things that no one else is even capable of imagining never mind attempting, when you are destined for greatness and possess the fortitude and inner focus to fulfill that destiny...you have no real friends, no real family. People look at you with awe, with fear, with lust, with suspicion, with envy...but not with affection. This is just a fact of life for me. It's just the way it is. So is it paranoia or my fierce instinct for survival that makes me suspect an agent provocateur in our midst? How did Iron Man Wang's hit squad of horny robo-trash find me so easily that day on the interstate outside of Wenton's Mill? Why did Rocco Trezz suddenly disappear? Why did Arleen suddenly ask for a divorce? Is it pure coincidence that the same DNA-fingerprinting laboratory retained by the attorney for both members of the Ecuadorian Olympic Equestrian Team is also analyzing my armpit hair for Southeby's? How did the FBI connect me to the Lincoln's morning breath heist? People say that after my divorce, I'm "stupefied in an inner marsh of ennui." Now I ask you, babe, do I look like a guy that "stupefied in an inner marsh of ennui?"

158. INT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

DR. WACHTEL *examines A SERIES OF HOLES in Mark's forehead.*

DR. WACHTEL

Someone or something apparently drilled an evenly spaced series of tiny holes in your forehead. Whoever or whatever did this to you has either an incredibly hard, long, and thin drilling proboscis or used a very sophisticated drill with an advanced-ceramic bit, because these are very tiny but cleanly and precisely drilled holes that go deep into your skull...it could even have been some kind of laser.

MARK

What can we do about 'em?

The doctor looks at Mark.

DR. WACHTEL

Look, there's nothing I can do except patch up the holes with Plastic Skin, which is a kind of dermal spackling. You don't seem to have suffered any kind of neurological damage, so I wouldn't worry.

159. INT. STUDIO

MARK

It was no surprise to discover that Martha Stewart's August 3rd birthday/housewarming party in East Hampton was merely a pretense to meet me-- and not simply to meet me, but to gather material for her adoring television profile entitled "Totally Brilliant... Totally Buff?" After all, I'm a ruthless, corrupt, self-indulgent hypocrite; an opportunist, compulsive womanizer, liar, bully and amphetamine addict. I approach film as a great ravenous lion might approach a helpless effete antelope who's lying in the grass stupidly licking the gelatin that oozes from her hooves...Yet sometimes film is such docile prey to my depredations that it sickens me, and I felt like abandoning it to the hyenas and focusing my creative powers exclusively on poetry. I composed a very beautiful poem earlier this morning when I was in my garden, weed-whacking:

160. EXT. TEAM LEYNER GARDEN - DAY

Mark recites the poem to CAMERA as he WHACKS CORN STALKS.

MARK

Why did the best selling author Martin Cruz Smith/testify before a secret Senate subcommittee/that superlawyer Alan Dershowitz has/continuously lactating breasts that could someday/produce up to 50 gallons of milk a day in space?/Legendary legal eagle F. Lee Bailey and/sf virtuoso Ray Bradbury debate the issue/that's tearing the American legal and dairy communities apart./Martha Stewart,/you awaken in me a new fury,/a new desperation to stun my enemies!/no family but fans!/I a hunk, a psycho!

161. INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

PROJECTION IMAGES play off Mark as he paces and dictates to an his computer secretary.

MARK

It is rare that a poem so fully realized and of such complexity would arise spontaneously and intact, leaving me to merely rush to my computer secretary, the loam from my garden darkening the keyboard as I furiously type, verses beginning to fade from memory much as a dream dissipates upon awakening.

Mark stops pacing and stares off, thinking aloud:

MARK (wistful)

Aah, if only one could apply a kind of oneiric fixative to dreams before they vanish...

162. INT. BABY LAGO'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Baby Lago and Mark are in bed together, asleep. The PHONE RINGS. Baby Lago picks it up.

BABY LAGO (sleepy)

Hello..?

We can't hear whomever is at the other end, but Baby sits up and begins to frantically whisper:

BABY LAGO (into phone, whispered)

No...not now...are you crazy? I told you not to call me here...yes...well, no-- but--...alright...I can't...uh-huh...you know I can't do that...uh-huh...really?... okay... ten minutes...alright, bye.

Baby hangs quietly hangs up the phone, gets out of bed, and begins to quietly put her clothes on. Mark rolls over.

MARK (sleepy)

Who was that...?

BABY LAGO

That..? That was my mom.

MARK (still sleepy)

Your mom..?

BABY LAGO

She wanted my recipe for Paella Valenciana. She's gonna make it for her Sunday night quilting club.

Mark notices that Baby is getting dressed.

MARK
Where you going?

BABY LAGO
Mark, some of us have to work for a living.

She leans down and kisses him goodbye.

BABY LAGO
I'll see you at Team Leyner.

And she leaves. Mark thinks for a moment, then sits up and picks up the phone.

CLOSE ON PHONE as Mark dials STAR-6-9...the other end rings.

VOICE (over phone)
Oliver Stones office...

Shocked, Mark hangs up the phone. Baby Lago is a traitor.

MARK
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

163. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE FUNDRAISER

Computer generated APPLAUSE. Arleen to CAMERA:

ARLEEN
Mark's paranoid delusions, his depression over Rocco's desertion, our divorce proceeding, Baby Lago's defection to Oliver Stone, loss of the Genitotech contract, and many other factors were taking their toll on Team Leyner. But production on "Et Tu Babe," Mark's autobiographical documentary, continued. And the Team Leyner publicity machine did everything it could to put a positive "spin" on Team Leyner activities...

165. EXT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A SUPERMODEL stands in front, speaks to CAMERA.

SUPERMODEL

His marble citadel looms high above the asphalt, which is littered with the sun-bleached skeletons of his enemies. His dog Carmella wears a gold Rolex just above each of her four paws. He is often seen dining at Spago, L.A.'s enduringly glamour-packed eatery, or strutting around Yemen in a full-length ermine coat, a hooker on each arm. Just yesterday, he was invited by ABC's "The American Sportsman" to go to Australia to hunt bandicoots with aboriginal boomerangs along with fellow macho filmmaker John Milius. Bergdorf's is charging \$ 3,500 for a hand-carved Baccarat crystal bottle of "Team Leyner," the perfume. Forty million scent strips have been inserted in October and November issues of "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar," "Elle," "Vanity Fair," "Mirabella," "Glamour" and "Mademoiselle." With all this, you have to ask yourself, what's a typical day like for Mark Leyner?

MARK LEYNER LIFESTYLE SEQUENCE (w/ peppy MUSIC):

166. INT. COUNSELING CENTER - DAY

Mark counsels.

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)

Yesterday, after a long afternoon of volunteer bereavement counseling--

167. INT. NURSING HOME FOR THE BLIND - DAY

Mark reads to the blind.

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)

--and then reading to blind residents at a local nursing home, Mark goes to Le Cirque.

168. EXT. SPAGO - NIGHT

Action To Follow Narration.

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)

There, Mark Leyner drinks something like fourteen martinis. He gets into a fight at the bar with the president of the Jersey City firefighters' union over a woman they're both trying to pick up. Leyner kills the man with a single roundhouse kick to the side of his head. He leaves with the woman, who coos to him in a gravelly basso profundo voice.

169. INT. LEYNER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WOMAN and Mark arrive. Follow narration:

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)

When they arrive at Leyner's chi-chi Nuclear Power Plant, Mark dumps out the contents of her pocketbook: loaded jade-handled pistol, Qualludes, Thai "golden eggs" (vibrating anal-stimulation balls), a packet of pharmaceutical-grade morphine, and a little black book with the private phone numbers of Pentagon officials. What a night it will be! Mark gets up on the bed and dances to the electronic music they use to drive fleas and cockroaches crazy, his hard-on glowing in the dark and keeping time like a metronome, and then they make love until dawn, strangling each other almost to the point of unconsciousness each time they climax with kimono sashes made of pure Japanese silk.

170. INT. LEYNER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Continue to follow narration:

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)

The next morning, Leyner prepares artichoke and spinach salad, stewed rabbit in white wine, and a pureed chestnut and chocolate layer cake--

171. EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Mark gives the cake to SISTER NORBERTA (follow narration):

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)
 --which he brings over to Sister Norberta for
 the homeless shelter she runs at the church.

172. EXT. OCEAN - TIME LAPSE FROM DAY TO SUNSET

Mark sits by the ocean, writing.

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)
 For the remainder of the day, Leyner writes --
 extended, lyrical, almost psalm-like meditations
 on the redemptiveness of love.

173. EXT. TEAM LEYNER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Back in front with THE SUPERMODEL. To CAMERA:

SUPERMODEL (V.O. contd)
 Will Mark Leyner even reconcile his inner
 contradictions? Is it so terribly wrong to live
 the way he does?

174. INT. A WOMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mark and A WOMAN are in bed, in one another's arms.

A WOMAN
 You're the best lover I ever had. Last
 night...the pleasure you gave me was so
 fucking unbelievably intense...I felt like I was
 going to disintegrate cell by cell. Breakfast?

MARK
 Dozen egg whites scrambled. Kippers. Rye
 toast. Coffee -- I drink it black. Can I help with
 anything, babe?

A WOMAN
 Well, uh...there's this real creep who moved in
 next door and...he's sort of been...well,
 bothering me.

MARK
 What d'you mean, bothering you?

A WOMAN

Well, grabbing at me in the hallway, saying disgusting perverted things to me under his breath...

MARK

Call an ambulance.

A WOMAN

An ambulance? Are you OK?

MARK

I'm fine. And I'll be right back. Tell them to get here as quickly as possible.

Mark gets out of bed -- he is wearing only bikini briefs -- he exits.

We HEAR some KNOCKING, a muffled VOICE, a DOOR OPEN, AND THREE LOUD THUDS.

A moment later, Mark comes back in.

A WOMAN

What happened? I heard three thuds.

Mark begins to dress -- casual but expensive clothes.

MARK

Two thuds were me breaking his hands. One thud was me breaking his jaw. So he won't be grabbing at you anymore and he won't be saying disgusting perverted things to you. Are you OK? You're trembling and panting.

A WOMAN

I'm so turned on by you. Can I smell you?

MARK

Yes.

She presses her face to his chest and inhales.

A WOMAN

You smell so good...it's like cloves... mushrooms... caramel... vanilla... popcorn... roast potatoes... cooked apples... fried fat. I'm so glad that my sister-in-law introduced me to you!

MARK (laconic)

Ditto.

A WOMAN

Also, Mark, I just wanted to tell you that I think it's so amazing that you won the competition to design the new Museum of Contemporary Art. You were competing against some real heavyweights -- I.M. Pei, Frank Gehry, Robert Venturi, Michael Graves, Peter Eisenman -- and you won without ever having taken a single architecture course, without, in fact, ever having made a single architectural sketch before!

Mark is finished dressing.

MARK

I'm outta here.

A WOMAN

Will I see you again?

MARK

Uh...maybe I'll...uh...I don't know if...uh...

A WOMAN

Mark, what's the matter?

MARK

I don't know if the problem is that I'm incapable of expressing myself adequately or if my feelings are too inchoate, too amorphous, perhaps too puerile to even warrant expression.

A WOMAN

I love you.

MARK

Call me sometime. That's as much of a commitment as I can make right now.

And he exits.

175. INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PROJECTION IMAGES. Mark is in bed, asleep, dreaming.

MARK

Never...

A HAND enters frame and gently shakes Mark. He opens his eyes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals Joe Casale.

MARK

Oh, Joe...I just had the weirdest dream. I was dead, I guess, and I had this granddaughter--

JOE CASALE

--Mr. Leyner, I'm leaving.

MARK

Wake me up when you get back, OK, Joe?

JOE CASALE

No, Mr. Leyner. I mean I'm leaving. I'm quitting.

Mark sees Joe's luggage in the doorway. Mark, pathetic, looks up at Joe.

MARK

Et tu, babe?

JOE CASALE

I'm sorry, Mr. Leyner.

Joe turns, picks up his luggage and moves out of the room.

MARK

Forget about it, Joe. Do what you have to do. And if you ever need a reference...

As Mark watches Joe, struggling with his suitcases, make his way down the long hall which leads away from Mark's bedroom, A SINGLE TEAR falls down Mark's cheek.

Suddenly:

AGENT (O.S.)

Mr. Leyner...

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND TO REVEAL THREE GOVERNMENT AGENTS.

AGENT (contd)

We're here to confiscate your camera.

MARK

My camera..?

AGENT

I'm sorry.

The Agents move toward (us) the CAMERA. Mark rushes them.

MARK

NOT MY CAMERA!

A chaotic struggle ensues; we see glimpses of the struggle between Mark and the Agents as the CAMERA swings wildly around.

Suddenly, THE FILM TEARS and the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE IN:

176. WORLD CHAOS & CRISIS - STOCK FOOTAGE - MONTAGE

We see WORLD-WIDE STRIKES, RAMPAGING MOBS, WARFARE, MASS DESTRUCTION, STOCK MARKETS PLUMMETING, RIOTS, etc.

NEWSCASTERS (V.O.)

The sensational disappearance of Mark Leyner following the expropriation of his Camera by the Federal Punitive Confiscation Tactical Division has ignited a firestorm of chaos around the world. The New York and Tokyo stock exchange plummeted hundred of points. Mobs of rioting, rampaging fans have besieged U.S. embassies in London, Paris, Warsaw, Mexico City, Riyadh and Tokyo, forcing the evacuation of terrified diplomatic personnel by troops wielding truncheons, attack dogs, tear gas, and water cannons! Shadowy underground organizations have threatened the lives of American political leaders and Fortune 500 CEOs and -- in clandestine radio broadcasts -- urged children to subliminally indoctrinate their parents by murmuring key passages from Leyner's Film scripts into their ears as they sleep!

177. INT. TEAM LEYNER GLOBAL VILLAGE FUNDRAISER

ARLEEN *speaks to CAMERA as the COMPOSITED IMAGES from above continue to flash behind her.*

ARLEEN

YOU can be a vital link in the Team Leyner chain of solidarity that girds the globe in Power and Bold Unity! HOW? The Punitive Confiscation Act is an outrageous attempt by the federal government to squash Team Leyner, persecute its leader, and drive him into the arms of his enemies.

178. WORLD STOCK FOOTAGE - DOZENS OF PEOPLE WRITING LETTERS

ARLEEN (V.O.)

Write to your congressmen and senators demanding that they immediately repeal this misbegotten legislation that exists solely to impede a historic visionary in the fulfillment of his destiny.

179. INT. GLOBAL VILLAGE MEETING FUNDRAISER

ARLEEN (V.O.)

Box office, video and laser disc sales are crucial. If Mark Leyner is alive -- and we must assume that an individual who, as a toddler, honed himself into a ferocious, cunning and pitiless animal will survive whatever befalls him -- he's certainly monitoring all the daily and weekly entertainment news shows and publications.

180. WORLD STOCK FOOTAGE - PEOPLE ORDERING LEYNER STUFF

ARLEEN (V.O.)

There's no better way to register your support for Leyner and everything he stands for than by urging -- and, if necessary, coercing -- your family, friends, and co-workers to bulk-order "Et tu, Babe" and all the other Mark Leyner films and Team Leyner products from their local entertainment stores.

181. INT. GLOBAL VILLAGE MEETING FUNDRAISER

ARLEEN

Remember, when you purchase any Team Leyner product, 100 percent of the proceeds go to funding important Team Leyner projects such as:

182. CONSTRUCTION OF A GIANT BRIDGE - STOCK FOOTAGE

ARLEEN (V.O.)

The construction of the Buffway, a 600-mile-long suspension bridge in the form of Leyner's outstretched body that will span the Arabian Sea linking Ras al Hadd, Oman, to Karachi, Pakistan.

183. C.G.I. PLANS FOR WORLD INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED SCIENCE

ARLEEN (V.O.)

The development of the World Institute of Advanced Science, a research facility in Palermo, Sicily, that will reevaluate evolution from the Big Bang through the retaceous demise of the dinosaurs to the present moment as one continuous teleological process leading inevitably to the birth of Mark Leyner and to the propagation of his genetic lineage through sexual intercourse and auxiliary methods including "mole seeding..."

184. INT. GLOBAL VILLAGE FUNDRAISER

Computer generated APPLAUSE. **1-800-T-LEYNER** FLASHES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN.

ARLEEN

Call 1-800-T-LEYNER today for an exhortatory message from Mark Leyner to his fans recorded in the heroic hours before his disappearance! Stay on the line to record your personal words of support for the man whom food-and-lifestyle authority Martha Stewart has described as having "the face of an angel and the glands of a god!"

The LIVE AUDIENCE APPLAUDS again. We hear the SOUND of a TELEPHONE RINGING.

185. INT. TEAM LEYNER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The entire team (Arleen, Baby Lago, Dez, Joe, Rocco) are assembled. Over the speaker WE HEAR a PHONE RINGING.

MARK (V.O. filtered)

Yeah...

ARLEEN

Mark, the Team Leyner Global Village Fundraiser was a colossal success--

BABY LAGO

Huge corporate gifts are pouring in from Swiss pharmaceutical companies, Hong Kong real estate developers, Japanese electronics giants--

ARLEEN

--Some Senator, I forgot his name, made a speech on the floor of the U.S. Senate demanding that funds earmarked for malaria eradication in equatorial Africa should instead be sent to Team Leyner, and that NASA should be abolished and its total budget diverted to Team Leyner--

BABY

--and both measures were unanimously approved by the house floor!

186. INT. HOTEL SUITE OVERLOOKING LAS VEGAS - DAY

We see VARIOUS SHOTS of the suite: the lavish suite is littered with hundreds of empty bottles (wine, beer, vodka, scotch, etc.), candy wrappers, beef jerky, chocolate, emptied baby turtle eggs, strawberry stems.

Dozen of BONGS, discarded Amyl Nitrate VIALS, used tin foil (for smoking opium).

We hear the TEAM LEYNER VOICES over a SPEAKER PHONE.

JOE CASALE (V.O. filtered)

Mr. Leyner, The Vatican donated Michelangelo's Pieta, a bunch of panels from the Sistine Chapel, and The Shroud of Turin!

ON A TELEVISION in the hotel suite, A TAPE LOOP of a scene from THE EXORCIST plays; it is the scene in which Linda Blair comes downstairs during her mother's Georgetown dinner party and pees on the floor.

ROCCO (V.O. filtered)

Some kid gets busted in Turkey for drugs -- you know, like "Midnight Express" -- and his American parents go there to get him outta this awful Turkish prison. So their sittin' there in some fuckin' interrogation room, talkin' to this sadistic warden, when they catch a few minutes of the Team Leyner Global Village Fundraiser on TV. Get this: they decide to send the bail money to Team Leyner and let their kid rot away in a Turkish prison!

THREE WOMEN are sprawled, naked and exhausted, over the hotel suite furniture. ONE WOMAN is very fat. ANOTHER WOMAN is a sleek, Eurasian, model-type. THE THIRD WOMAN is actually a slutty, acne-covered parochial school girl.

BABY LAGO (V.O. filtered)

Homeless, hungry people from all over the world are donating their own organs -- kidneys, lungs, livers, eyes, etc. -- to Team Leyner!

ARLEEN (V.O. filtered)

Mark, poor people from third world countries are sending us their precious livestock!

JOE CASALE (V.O. filtered)

We got about two thousand pigs, four thousand goats, fifteen hundred donkeys, some horses, and three or four oxen--

We see Mark's hands, arms, legs, everything but his face. He appears to be naked. And he appears to be consuming some bizarre items: cat food, Strawberry Yoo-hoo, a Bottle of Goldschlager...

ARLEEN (V.O. filtered)

Mark, I think the timing couldn't be better. Baby Lago's working on a plan for your re-appearance--

MARK (O.S.)

--Not yet...

BABY LAGO (V.O. filtered)

Mark...?

MARK

Arleen, Baby, Joe, Rocco, you did a great job.
I'm proud of all of you. Call me back in three
months.

Mark places the PORTABLE PHONE in it's cradle.

*CAMERA MOVES from portable phone up to THE SCENE of a LAPTOP
COMPUTER.*

As we hear Mark type, WE SEE (on the Laptop screen):

ET TU TWO...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

