

Pilot LA Project

written by

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

Stu is crawling in tattered clothing and cracked lips in the barren wasteland of a desert. Two sets of well dressed legs approach him. We pan up and see two middle aged government officials, Justin and Waller.

JUSTIN

Shouldn't we just shoot him, sir?

WALLER

That's a stupid question. Do you want to tell me why that is a stupid question?

JUSTIN

I am afraid sir. Afraid to disappoint.

WALLER

You cannot disappoint me, Justin.

JUSTIN

Oh, that is so good to hear from you, sir.

WALLER

Because you simply are a disappointment. The reason we're not wasting a bullet on this frail desert crawler is because we have to account for every bullet our weapons discharge.

JUSTIN

Right. So... kill off the remaining witness to our follies, sir. Seems simple enough. Want me shoot him?

WALLER

If anyone at the agency discovers what we've done we'll be in prison for the rest of our lives, Justin! There will be no shooting!

JUSTIN

Ah... that's why you didn't want me to tell my mom where I was going today. I felt bad. She packed us a lunch and everything. Did you want the turkey or the ham sandwich?

WALLER

Never those sandwiches are awful. You realize your mom intentionally leaves her fingernail clippings in your sandwiches.

JUSTIN

It's a condition she has. Her nails have been falling off in my meals since I didn't get into Harvard.

WALLER

how long have you been living with your mom? I don't care. Look, there isn't anywhere for this poor sap to crawl off to. Let the sun and snakes and heat and thirst and wind pushing sand down his throat finish him off.

Stu spits out sand and grabs Wallers shoe.

STU

Water...

WALLER

Gross.

Waller kicks Stu's hand away and turns around to return to the car behind him with Justin in tow.

INT. STU AND LIBBY'S ROOM - DAY

We are looking through the lens of a video camera. Stu, Caucasian 30 something, is sitting looking nervous and holding a letter. Darren, 20's, is behind the camera.

DARREN (O.S.)

Ok. Are you ready?

STU

Yeah. I'm just getting my thoughts together. If I have any chance of getting into Sundance I have to do it right this time.

DARREN

You've done this before?

STU

Sh... sh... sh... OK. I know people think... I can't mature. Like... I'm dense.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

But that's only because I can't keep my story straight. I lie a lot. I lie a lot about my past. Mainly because I have no idea what happened to me in my past. There's literally years of my memory that are missing.

DARREN

Did you want to start over? I thought you were going to read the letter.

STU

I'm getting there, buddy. That was an intro.

Darren throws a thumbs up.

STU (CONT'D)

Ahem. But recently I found a letter. A letter from my brother. Which I guess my parents were trying to hide from me? Well, I'll just read it.

(opens letter)

"Hey Stu. I know you've done some really stupid things in the past. But no matter what stupid things you have done in the past, you can shove those memories deep in the back of your brain, and you can move forward. You never have to think of them again. And the reason I know that is because I've killed a lot of people in this war. I'm actually watching some one I stabbed in the neck bleed out in front of me right now. He keeps murmuring to me in a language I don't understand and... wait. Now he stopped moving. He's dead... He continues. So, shoving those memories in the back of my brain is the only way I can eat in the morning. I hope this brotherly advice to you can get you through life because I have just been shot in the shoulder and the bullet has traveled through my left lung. It now seems the little lung sacs are filling with blood and my vision is going dark.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

Don't look under my bed there are weird sex things there." And then there is scribbling and there's a line to the bottom of the page. Anyway. I wanna make this documentary about how I'm going to forget that I can't remember my past and become who I was meant to be. A man, like my brother. I really look up to him. Like, kind of wish I was him. Except he's dead.

The door opens and Libby, black late 20's, pokes her head in.

LIBBY

What's going on?

STU

Baby, what are you doing?

LIBBY

(sitting next to Stu)

What are YOU doing with this child behind closed doors?

STU

He's my intern.

DARREN (O.S.)

So... how did you two meet?

STU

Wait. What? This is a documentary about *me* and *my* life.

DARREN (O.S.)

Libby is part of your life. Right?

STU

I mean... I guess. But she's only here because she burst in. We'll get to your chapter of my life later.

LIBBY

Continuing the documentary about THE GREAT director Stewart Blevin... Y'know. You have to actually make films or do something significant to have someone make a film about you.

STU

Can we just do this please?

DARREN

So... how DID you two meet?

STU

We're not starting with that!

LIBBY

My friends and I kicked his ass at the park for being a racist idiot.

STU

I'm not racist.

LIBBY

I know sweetie, but the way you choose to use words made you look like one.

STU

And you didn't kick my ass.

LIBBY

I knocked your tooth out, Stu. And while he lay there helpless, like a bug on his back my, my friend took a picture of his license. After my friend did a background check on him and found out he wasn't a pedophile, I decided to return the tooth. Cuz. He's cute. And docile. And something I can control y'know. But I'm not about to date a man with out a front tooth, so I told him to fix that thing before he called me. The rest is history.

Stu exits.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

What did HE tell you about us first meeting?

DARREN

He said he approached you and told you that he understood the struggles of a black woman... because of his **own** terrible past... It was a little weird. And looking at you while I say this... now it feels weirder.

LIBBY

**Wow.** We have to work on that boy's lying don't we?

DARREN

Oh... k...

LIBBY

Hey. I saved the footage from that day.

DARREN

Footage?

LIBBY

Yeah. He thought he deleted it but... I always keep **something** on **everyone** incase things get... weird. Survival habit.

DARREN

You... scare me.

LIBBY

Noted. And appreciated. So... wanna watch it? Figured since he's a lying asshole you might as well see the truth. This being a "documentary" and all.

DARREN

Of course.

LIBBY

Leave your number. I'll call you when I know he's not home. But for now... get out of my house.

INT. STU, LIBBY AND GALES HOME - DAY

Gale, late 30's, is walking out of her room with Libby following her.

LIBBY

You can't just throw me out on a whim!

GALE

I'm the only one on the lease.

LIBBY

We're going to sign the lease!

GALE  
I don't want you to.

LIBBY  
Why not!?

GALE  
Because you're always yelling at me!

LIBBY  
Maybe stop listening to horrible chanting music!

GALE  
It's for meditation! To calm me!

LIBBY  
Wow. Working wonders!

GALE  
It would if you would stop banging on my wall every time I play it!

LIBBY  
Ever heard of headphones?

GALE  
Yes. And they put pressure on my ears when I have enough pressure in my head as it is!

LIBBY  
OK. GALE!

GALE  
Why do you always say my name like that when you're mad at me?

LIBBY  
Because it's the name for a great grand mother.

GALE  
I was named after my great grandmother.

LIBBY  
Awesome. **You're** being the bitch and now **I** feel bad.

Libby crosses gale and pulls out knives from her knife box.





GALE

Ok. Fail. And it's probably going to be hard to hear this with a knife in your hand but you and Libby need to move out.

STU

Oh no... um... Can we still do Sunday Funday?

GALE

Sure.

STU

Ok. Cool. I'll leave my Monopoly board here.

GALE

That's fine.

Gale walks up the stairs. Stu turns to the blade in his hand.

STU

Hey! Do you know what to do with this knife situation? Do I pull it out?

GALE

I don't know, Stu! That's what 9-1-1 is for.

STU

Right. Gale! I left my phone in the kitchen!

INT. EDDIE AND KATE'S HOME - DAY

Eddie and Kate, a couple in their 50's, are staring across at Gale. They are all seated.

KATE

You can't kick Stu's girlfriend out.

GALE

I'm kicking Stu and Libby out. They're terrible.

KATE

How could they be so bad?

GALE

For one. I'm sick of hearing Stu cry after they have sex.

EDDIE

Maybe we should've started with; we're Stu's parents.

GALE

I was kidding about the sex.

KATE

No you weren't

GALE

This is awkward now.

EDDIE

Nothing to feel awkward about. Stu's an adult.

KATE

I would like to talk with him about that crying though. That can't make Libby feel very good.

GALE

Well actually... when he's crying is when I hear Libby finally climax.

EDDIE

That's enough. Ok. Back on track.

KATE

You're not kicking them out.

GALE

Do you know about the knife wall?

KATE

Knife wall?

GALE

Yeah. She uses it for "therapy." She says it calms her down to throw knives into the wall.

EDDIE

The bitch is ruining our walls.

KATE

Temper, Eddie.

GALE

Well, she actually put a board up over the wall so... no wall damage.

EDDIE

Alright, well... Ok. Interesting...

KATE

We really need this to work. We wanted to give Stu a sense of independence.

GALE

What do you mean by "sense?"

EDDIE

What do you think Stu does for a living?

GALE

He's a director.

EDDIE

Of what?

GALE

I dunno... movies...?

EDDIE

Have you seen one? Yeah. Neither have we.

GALE

So... What does he do all day?

EDDIE

I don't know. But what I do know is we're sick of paying our selves for his damn rent. Eating a thousand bucks a month for his "independence."

GALE

Isn't he... old?

KATE

You're making our poor child sound horrible, Eddie. It's only for a year. That was the deal.

EDDIE

That could be a 12 grand vacation to Paris.

KATE

Why always Paris? It's just another New York that smells worse and has people that hate Americans.

EDDIE

That's not true.

KATE

Have you ever been?

EDDIE

A 12 grand trip to any friggin-where then! This kid is a parasite to our bank account, KATE!

KATE

Cool it. This is a slippery slope. Remember those anger management classes you hated?

EDDIE

Yes.

KATE

And they were at night so you had to drink coffee to stay awake. Remember?

EDDIE

Yes.

KATE

And for months you never slept well and we found out that your SLEEP is very much connected to your erections. And you had that year and a half residual effect of impotence.

EDDIE

Why the hell are you saying all of this in front of a... ANYONE!

KATE

Breathe, baby.

Eddie stands.

EDDIE

Damn it. Kate!  
(walks toward exit)  
Move GALE!

KATE  
Where are you going?

EDDIE  
I'm going to check out this Knife  
Wall.

Eddie exits.

KATE  
Well, if he won't support our son.  
I will. California's laws  
protecting renters is not good for  
my husband and I in this  
situation... So... How about... you  
let them stay... and we'll... cover  
your rent for 3 months...

GALE  
6 months.

KATE  
Deal.

They shake.

GALE  
I should have said one year  
shouldn't I have?

KATE  
Yes. Yes you should have.

INT. LIBBY, STU AND GALE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Eddie let's himself in and looks across the apartment to the  
"Knife Wall." Mesmerized he walks to the wall and pulls three  
knives from it.

Eddie backs up and throws a knife but it does not stick. He  
throws another one. Fail. Then he is about to throw one more  
and we see Libby appear from thin air. Eddie is startled.

LIBBY  
You have to throw it from the blade

Libby grabs a blade from Eddie.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
And let it rotate once.

Libby throws and it sticks. Then she walks to her box behind  
her and removes 6 knives. She hands Eddie three.

Eddie stares at her and she keeps her gaze at the knife wall. Eddie looks To the wall and throws. It sticks. Eddie smiles. He looks to Libby. Libby looks to him. A smile is shared between them.

INT. STU'S ROOM - DAY

Stu is looking directly into the camera. Cindy, early 20's, is behind the camera.

STU

So, today is finally the day that I do something different. It's been a long time coming. That's why Cindy is here today my intern-

The camera flips around and we see a young woman with a smile on her face. She waves and smiles into the camera. Stu's hand grabs the lens and flips the camera back on himself.

STU (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Do you know how friggin hard this is for me?

CINDY

How would I know that? I just met you today.

STU

Friggin interns, dude.  
 (looks back to the camera)  
 Not that I've had any before.  
 (nods to himself.)  
 That feels good. Being honest.  
 (back to camera)  
 That's something I suggest to all of you out there. Be honest. See how good I feel? Well, that's what this documentary is about. Being the person I was meant to be. I thought it would happen in my twenties... but uh... all that happened was a lot of crying.

Stu looks off in deep thought.

CINDY

So, what are we doing here?

STU

We're not talking is what **you're** doing.

CINDY

If this is a documentary. Aren't I supposed to ask questions?

STU

No. You're supposed to push the record button and shut up. This is monumental for me.

CINDY

Why?

STU

Stop it! It's time for me to take my career seriously that's why! So can you just push the record button and close your lips!? Huh?

CINDY

Fine...

STU

Good. Because this next part is my true heart -

The camera stops recording.

The camera turns on again. Stu has a warm smile on his face and dried tears on his cheeks.

CINDY

Oops.

STU

Oops? What oops?

CINDY

I think when you were mad at me and told me to close my lips and hit the record button... I did. But it was already recording so I stopped recording.

STU

So, it's recording now?

CINDY

Yeah.

STU

Turn it off.

CINDY

Let's just do it again.



STU

I just cried on camera in front of a stranger. I can't just "do that again."

CINDY

Why not? From your story it sounded like you did that a lot.

STU

Oh my god.

Stu stands up and reaches over the camera and turns it off.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Stu is looking at Cindy behind the camera.

STU

It says "record?"

CINDY

Yes.

STU

And you're not going to hit the record button again until I say "cut" right?

CINDY

Yes.

STU

(back to camera)

OK. For experiment number one of this documentary. We're at this park. And I thought this would be a good place to... well... I'm going to just do whatever it is my brain tells me to do. Because FEAR used to own me! But no more. I don't care how crazy it seems... I just have to break this **spell** fear has on me. Impulsivity has **never** been something I could give into...

Stu stops talking as he looks off camera and is caught in a daze. The camera flips over to a group of black women then the camera comes back to Stu.

CINDY

What is it?

STU  
I hate your voice Cindy.

CINDY  
Who's over there?

STU  
Women.

CINDY  
Ok... is this... should I still be filming? You look like a teenager spying on his best friend's mom in the shower.

STU  
Those are the type of women that I never had the courage to talk to in High School.

CINDY  
You're tall and... kinda handsome... you really have trouble with women in high school?

STU  
Thank you for the compliment. BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH!

CINDY  
WOAH!

STU  
Oh my sweet lord god my heart is throbbing.

CINDY  
Are you sure something *else* isn't throbbing?

Offended, Stu walks up to the camera and grabs it out of Cindy's hands.

STU  
You're fired.

CINDY  
Fine. You suck.

Pause. They stare at each other.

STU  
Well... leave.

CINDY

I'm not going anywhere. I want to see this... what ever this is.

Stu shakes his head and removes himself from Cindy's presence. Stu aims the camera at his face as he walks to the women; Libby and a few of her friends. We see Cindy watching him in the background.

STU

This is as real as it gets people.  
This is chapter one of the new Stu.  
Stu for you. Stu the Goliath.  
Conquering all obstacles -

DEB (O.S.)

Who the hell are you?

Stu flips camera to the women staring at him. Deb, Libby's best friend, steps forward.

LIBBY

Don't fucking film us.

STU

I'm here to face my fears.

DEB

So you're afraid of black people?

STU

No.

LIBBY

That's literally what you just said. Stop filming us!

STU

I... I...

DEB

What? You're being a creep, bro.

STU

When I was 15 ... it was bad... And I'm a new **me** now. And you guys are like those high school girls.

LIBBY

What the fuck?

STU

Ok. No. Back to fears. Sorry. Or how about I don't focus on fears.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

How about love... I love women. I fear them. But they smell great. Like you guys. And I want to hug every single one of them.

DEB

Don't you dare even try to hug any one of us. And. Let's go back to when you said, high school girls?

STU

No. I'm not saying I'm into high school girls. I'm not. I'm into developed women. And like intelligence. But I'm not like a nerd. I don't like nerds. Nerds suck... I like... y'know butts and boobs and stuff. But not high school butts. Butts of **women**, such as yourselves. And being from African American descent, you guys have particularly amazing butts... and yeah...

LIBBY

High School girls? and African Butts, huh...

As the camera flips back to Stu's face we see Deb start walking quickly toward him. He looks into the lens he's scared but elated.

STU

It wasn't exactly how I wanted to face my fears but... I did it. See. I'm living the new Stu and I feel Great!

A fist enters the frame and punches Stu in the face. Stu hits the ground and the camera falls next to him filming his face: bleeding.

DEB

If I EVER see you near a high school. I'm going to put a squad of cops up your ass.

A shoe enters the frame and kicks him in the face. Deb bends down and grabs Stu's wallet.

LIBBY

Are you mugging him?

DEB

No! I'm checking his ID to do a background check on this creep!

Deb snaps a shot of Stu's ID. Then she throws the wallet on Stu's body. Libby bends down and looks at the ground.

DEB (CONT'D)

Guys. Let's go! People are watching.

LIBBY

Oh. Damn. I knocked his tooth out.

DEB

Libby! Someone is coming.

Libby picks up Stu's tooth from the ground then runs away with her friends. Cindy approaches and crouches into frame.

CINDY

That was AWESOME! Are you doing more of this kind of stuff? I want you to reconsider firing me. I want IN. Sorry for my little attitude earlier.

STU

(spitting blood)  
Can you... cut please.

CINDY

Oh. Sure thing, boss.

INT. STU LIBBY AND GALE'S HOME - DAY

We see Libby and Darren watching a computer screen.

DARREN

So, **that's** why he fired the last intern. **He** told me she was coming on to him too much. That was your foot?

LIBBY

Yeah. Not worth it in retrospect. Had to throw away those shoes. Blood stains are real.

DARREN

This is **great** content.

LIBBY  
What do you mean?

INT. STU AND LIBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Stu and Libby are laying in bed.

STU  
Oh my GOD. That was the best sex ever. A little dryer than usual. I guess we'll re-order that lube... cuz that went fast.

LIBBY  
You're not crying.

STU  
It's just... I feel great. When Gale had a change of heart. **Wanted** us to stay. Even apologized... geeze. I feel like moving out of my parents is starting to have a profound effect on me. Next month... We'll be living in our own apartment for the second month in a row.

LIBBY  
Right. But... if you're not crying... how am I going to get off?

STU  
My mom had my therapy sessions recorded if you want to listen to those. Plenty of tears there. I just can't cry right now.  
(sigh)  
So, this is what independence feels like.

LIBBY  
I'm going downstairs. Throw a few knives.

Libby walks to the bedroom door and opens it.

STU  
Sounds good baby.

LIBBY

Find those therapy tapes for me though. I would like to have a listen.

STU

Of course, baby.

LIBBY

You're cute when you're happy. Keep it up.

STU

(happiness disappears)

That feels like a lot of pressure.

LIBBY

(closes the door excited)

Enough pressure you might cry?

STU

No baby. I can't right now.

LIBBY

Fine.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS OF STU AND LIBBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Libby is coming down the stairs and we see Eddie enter the house.

LIBBY

Woah. Just walking in again, huh?

EDDIE

I wanted to have a throw. A little tense today, y'know?

LIBBY

I've never had a knife throwing partner. Let's play a game. Closest to the center wins.

EDDIE

Sounds good. You first.

MOTAGE: UPSTAIRS: Stu gets out of bed smiling. DOWNSTAIRS: Libby and Eddie each throw a knife.

LIBBY

I win!

EDDIE

Wait. Where are you saying the center is?

LIBBY

Right there. Here. Throw again.

EDDIE

Uh... ok.

LIBBY

Loser first.

UPSTAIRS: Stu unwraps the bandage from his knife wound.  
DOWNSTAIRS: Libby and Eddie each throw another knife.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Victory again! We should do this more often!

EDDIE

What do you mean "victory"? If you're saying THAT's the center, then my knife is closer.

LIBBY

THIS is the center, Ed. Same as last time. Let's go again.

EDDIE

We should paint a bullseye.

LIBBY

Loser first.

EDDIE

Stop saying that.

UPSTAIRS: Stu catches himself in the mirror, nods, smiles and exits his room. DOWNSTAIRS: Libby and Eddie throw two more knives.

LIBBY

I win again!

EDDIE

Ridiculous! You've changed the center 3 times now! We need a bullseye.

LIBBY

I'm not painting a goddamn bullseye on my knife wall for some stupid game!



EDDIE

Stupid game!? You're the one who suggested it!

LIBBY

Y'know. This knife wall thing... might just be a "me" thing from now on.

EDDIE

Good! I don't want to throw another knife at that shitty wall.

LIBBY

Shitty wall!?

Stu is now half way down the stairs.

STU

Dad! Please don't call my girlfriends wall shitty.

EDDIE

I would check on her. if she cheats a friendly game of knife throwing... 10 to 1 odds she is cheating on YOU!

LIBBY

Hey!

STU

No, Dad! She's one of the most honest people I've ever met. **Painfully so** at times.

LIBBY

Thank you, baby.

EDDIE

You want honesty? Well, how about this. The only reason GALE let you two stay in OUR apartment is because your mother! She agreed to pay her rent for 6 months!

We hear Kate from across the hall.

KATE (O.S.)

TEMPER EDDIE!

EDDIE

You have squandered years of vacation money on this child!

KATE (O.S.)  
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!

STU  
Child? I'm a man!

EDDIE  
No... you're not. Your brother was a man.  
(catches himself)  
But... I do love you son. You just...  
I'm leaving. I'm driving the coastline to blow off steam before I burn down this building.

Eddie exits and slams the door.

KATE (O.S.)  
Honey!!

EDDIE  
Call me when you win the lottery!

Gale pokes her head out from the stairs above.

GALE  
**Please** keep it down.

STU  
You're living here rent free?

GALE  
So are you.

STU  
What?

GALE  
What do you do for a living Stu?

Stu stares at Gale then turns to his parents apartment.

STU  
MOM!

Stu exits.

HALLWAY

Stu goes across hallway to parents apartment.

INT. EDDIE AND KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Stu bursts into the living room.

STU

You told her you pay my rent?

KATE

It's the truth. What do you want me to do?

STU

Lie!

KATE

Not my style.

STU

You lie all the time! And you're ruining my reputation.

KATE

What reputation?

STU

Stop paying my rent right now.

KATE

It's not like we pay your rent we just don't collect \$1,000 every month.

STU

Stop **that** then.

KATE

Stop not-collecting \$1,000?

STU

I'm going to get it.

KATE

How?

STU

I'm going to... get money. And be a man like my brother!

KATE

You Don't have to do that. You're a creative.

STU

I'm a failed filmmaker, mom!

KATE  
Well, did you fail? You never  
seemed to try.

STU  
Ah! I'm getting a job. I'm going to  
be a MAN.

KATE  
Ok.

Stu exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Libby is standing in the hallway and she had obviously been listening.

LIBBY  
Baby. I've never heard you like  
that. Standing up for yourself. My  
loins. Their frothy.

STU  
Frothy?

Stu walks up and grabs her waist like a romance scene.

LIBBY  
Yes. Haven't felt that in ages. Can  
we have sex right now please?

STU  
I can't now, sweet thing.  
(looks off)  
I have to go be a man.

Stu exits like the cowboy at the end of a western. Libby stares after him with love in her heart. Eddie walks past Stu toward Libby with a hammer, nails, knives and a lot of wood.

LIBBY  
What you got there? I thought you  
were taking a drive.

EDDIE  
Change of plans. I'm building my  
OWN knife wall.

KATE (O.S.)  
No you're not!

Eddie drops everything he is holding and turns around and exits the way he came.

EDDIE

Back to the car. Screw you all.

KATE (O.S.)

You don't mean that.

EDDIE

Of course I don't fucking mean that!

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Stu, with pride and confidence in his stride, walks in and directly up to the woman behind the bar: Brooke.

STU

Ok. I'll take the job.

BROOKE

Uh... hi, Stu. Been... decades.

STU

Yeah. Hi. The busboy job. Remember you offered that to me?

BROOKE

I believe I offered that to you when you were a teenager.

STU

Yeah. I'll take it.

BROOKE

How old are you now?

STU

I'll take the job. What's the problem?

BROOKE

I don't have a job for you, Stu. That's the problem.

STU

So, make a job for me. That's what my parents would do.

BROOKE

Your parents have made you into an entitled little prick haven't they?

STU  
Why the insults?

BROOKE  
Why do you need this job anyway?  
Your film career seems to be taking  
off.

STU  
Don't mock me, damn it. See. Now  
look what you did. The tears are  
coming. I know my therapist says I  
have control over how I react to  
things. But YOU made me react this  
way!

Brooke holds her phone out for Stu.

BROOKE  
Here. 70 thousand subscribers. See?

STU  
What is this? I don't have a  
YouTube channel.

We see the clip of Stu being knocked out by the women at the  
park.

STU (CONT'D)  
70 thousand people have seen this?

BROOKE  
No. Looks like over 4 million  
people have seen this.

Stu pukes on the floor.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Stu storms out of the building, wiping his face with this  
sleeve; tears in his eyes. A black man, Hal, and a white man,  
Phillip, are across the street looking at a phone together.  
Hal looks up and points at Stu.

HAL  
Hey! It's that racist dude! The one  
those sexy black chicks knocked the  
fuck out.

Stu stops in his tracks and looks at the two men.

PHILLIP

Yup that's him. Definitely that racist dude from the video here on my phone I'm looking at.

HAL

Objectifying black women's butts huh?

STU

I'm not racist! My girlfriend is black.

PHILLIP

Oh, he's pulling THAT card.

HAL

Spoken like a true racist.

PHILLIP

Hey. From here on out. Anytime you think of walking from wherever the hell you came from to wherever the fuck you're going. Do NOT use this sidewalk. Find an alternative route. We don't want to see your racist face on this street ever again. UNDERSTOOD?

STU

Yeah. I get it.

HAL

Maybe your new detour will give you time to think on your racism and how to change every thing about how your brain works you tall in stature but little in mind, bitch!

Stu turns away from them and sprints away.

PHILLIP

Nice bro!

HAL

You too man. I was going to try to compliment you first but you beat me to it.

PHILLIP

We're good friends aren't we?

HAL

Yes we are.

The two men high five then turn on a tune that praises big butts and dance to it.

INT. STU'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Stu bursts in. Gale is sitting on the couch looking at her phone.

STU

Hey, GALE!

GALE

Hey, Stu. Looks like you've been crying a lot. Want me to fill up that bucket with ice again?

STU

No. Numbing my face didn't numb my tear ducts like I hoped it would. And you're a backstabbing horrible human!

GALE

What?

Libby pokes her head out from upstairs.

LIBBY

Stu, what happened? You went out to be a man and you came back crying. I knew the world would be too cruel for your thin skinned cowardice.

STU

"thin skinned cow -" I've been betrayed! Gale put my failure of a documentary up on the world wide web of judgement and ridicule to make a mockery of me!

GALE

No I didn't.

STU

You're the only one who has access to my computer!

GALE

Uh... why don't you ask the person who lives in the same room as you?



LIBBY

Yeah. I gave that footage to Darren.

STU

Libby loves me and and would NEVER do anything that would make me... WHAT?

LIBBY

He guaranteed it would go viral and I wanted to help give your film career a jump start.

STU

JUDAS! We'll talk about your betrayal later. But for now. I need to know where that RAT poop crap nugget Darren lives.

LIBBY

Damn baby. This new passionate you is making me frothy again.

They have a brief passionate stare at one another.

STU

Don't tell me that now! I need to focus on my revenge!

Stu's phone gets an alert.

GALE

Just texted you his address.

STU

What?

GALE

Me and Darren used to bang. Then he started banging this **Younger** bitch... so... you now have his address and you can have your revenge.

Stu exits.

INT. DARREN'S HOME - DAY

We hear a BANG at Darren's front door. Darren looks up from his laptop with surprise. Cindy, sitting next to him, clutches Darren's arm. BANG.

Darren stands, putting his laptop on the couch and slowly approaches the front door. Cindy pulls her knees to her chest.

DARREN  
Who's there?

BANG.

STU  
Damn it! Darren! It's Stu!

DARREN  
Dude. My door is unlocked.

Stu enters.

STU  
Bro! Kicking in a door is not easy.  
(caught off guard)  
**You two** are banging?

CINDY  
I never came on to you.

STU  
yeah... uh... I thought I'd never see you again.

DARREN  
You lie a lot.

STU  
Oh, I'm so SORRY I want to be seen as a person who isn't a failure!

DARREN  
Bro. You're not a failure. That video is hilarious.

STU  
At my expense!

Stu punches him in the face. Then Stu looks in pain as he hold his hand and drops to the ground.

STU (CONT'D)  
You broke my hand.

DARREN  
(holding his face)  
Sorry, dude.

CINDY

He just punched you in the face,  
don't apologize!

STU

Why is your face so hard!?

DARREN

I dunno, man. I think it's just how  
human bones work.

CINDY

(to Stu)

Are you going to cry? Should I run  
a get some tissues?

STU

NO!

DARREN

I mean. If you think you broke your  
hand. It would be a perfectly  
appropriate time to cry a little if  
you want.

STU

I moved out of my parents to become  
a man. I declare myself a  
filmmaker. First attempt at making a  
movie I get knocked out by a group  
of women who I just wanted to tell  
I loved. They called me racist. One  
of them decides to date me. I'm not  
going to say no to that. But then  
she moves in and throws a knife  
through my hand and we get kicked  
out of the apartment! Of course my  
parents bail me out! Emasculating.  
Then YOU betray me! And now  
MILLIONS of people have seen me  
taken out by a gaggle of hot  
ladies! Everyone thinks I racistly  
objectify hot black chicks  
butts!... I'm not a man. Definitely  
not a filmmaker. I'll never get  
into Sundance. And I can't even get  
a job.

DARREN

Do you want to hear the good news?

STU

What good news?

DARREN

I monetized your YouTube account.

STU

What does that mean, Darren!? You speak in riddles!

DARREN

You've made over 8 thousand dollars on that video.

STU

Wait. Wha...

DARREN

Yeah dude. And obviously I'd like to take a percentage cuz I did-

STU

Oh my god! I can pay rent!

DARREN

Yeah. About that. I'd like also pay my rent. So the percentage I was thinking of -

STU

Shut the fuck up Darren. Don't you see? Not only have I now become a man. A man who can provide for himself and his woman. And stop suckling off the teet of his dear mommy. But, what am I paying rent with? Money made from a film I created! Next stop Sundance.

DARREN

Well... we created. I edited it. Let's get to that percentage part.

STU

Darren let me have this moment!

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Justin, a federal agent, is scrolling through his social media. A co-worker, Connor, walks in and peeks over his shoulder. We see the clip of Stu being hit in the face. Connor laughs. Justin looks terrified.

CONNOR

Hey! Let's watch that again.

Justin stares at Connor. Justin waves his hand like a Jedi.

JUSTIN  
You will forget about this  
encounter when you wake up.

CONNOR  
When I wake up?

Justin swings at Connor and misses. Connor jabs Justin in the stomach.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Are we throwing down right now?

JUSTIN  
Ah! Don't hit me. I'm sorry. Don't  
watch that video.

CONNOR  
Uh... only my wife tells me which  
videos not to watch.

Justin runs away. Connor reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone. Immediately the video plays on his social media. He laughs.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - WALLER'S OFFICE - LATER

Justin walks in knocking meekly.

WALLER  
Justin. I don't have time for  
scrabble today. Due to our  
consistent after work scrabble play  
my wife is beginning to suspect I'm  
having an affair. So, I must be  
home at a decent hour to perform  
sexual duties and quell the  
suspicion.

JUSTIN  
This is not a matter of scrabble  
play, sir.

WALLER  
Then why the hell are we talking?

JUSTIN  
Stu Blevin survived the LA Project,  
sir.