

MOVIE JOB

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A long tent shades the lawn of a country club. PEOPLE line up as a CHEF prepares burgers on a grill. Others make their way down a long table of cheese, crackers, fondue, and fruit.

Outside the tent, a MIDDLE-AGE MAN lightly tosses a frisbee to a TODDLER. Three WOMEN play against three MEN as they laugh in a game of volleyball.

MIKE CHAMBERS, tall, 30, and with a thick red goatee, speaks quietly into his cell phone. He sits in a lawn chair on the club's deck.

MIKE

(into phone)

Oh God, these family things are worse every year. And of course they all want to know what it's like to be James Cameron's personal assistant. Maybe next year I should just say I was fired.

Mike laughs into the phone.

CHAD CHAMBERS, 12 and obese, with thick glasses and messy hair, drags a lawn chair across the deck, scraping it. He plops it down next to Mike and sits.

Mike notices and offers a half-hearted wave.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Right. Oh I'd say by ten. I mean it's two here, so, that's doable.

Chad stares at Mike. Mike takes note with a confused frown.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Tim, I'm gonna call you back. Yep. Later.

Mike puts his phone in his pocket.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Chad, what's going on big guy? Hey you've grown! Am I right?

Chad shrugs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

How's school? What grade are you in now?

CHAD

Sixth.

MIKE

Nice man. I think I had my first girlfriend in sixth grade.

Chad bites his nail. No response.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You got any new friends? Any girls?

CHAD

I have an idea for a movie Uncle Mike.

MIKE

Oh. Okay, yeah. So you're into like, A/V stuff? Man, your generation has it made, anyone can make a movie now.

CHAD

No, like, my movie would cost millions of dollars.

Mike appears speechless. He gets up from his chair slowly.

MIKE

(trailing off)

That's awesome Chad, there's some great books on movies and things...

INT. TENT - DAY

Mike travels down the food table, preparing a plate. Chad cuts in line with Mike at the chocolate fondue fountain. Mike sees him and hides his annoyance with a grin.

MIKE

Grabbing some chocolate?

Chad cups his hands under the chocolate and tries to pour it onto his plate. Mike watches in awe and disgust.

CHAD

My movie, right? It stars Chevy Chase and Dudley Moore. And they're two detectives. Right? Except!

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

To like, catch some drug runners,
they have to go in disguise as
strippers. To catch the drug
runners. Like, women strippers.

Mike forces a smile and walks away quickly.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Mike sits and eats his food closer to the volleyball game.
Chad drags a chair across the lawn and plops down in it, next
to Mike.

CHAD

So do you think you can make my
movie? With your movie job?

Mike sighs.

MIKE

Um. I'm not so sure Chad. I mean
for one, Chevy Chase hasn't been a
big comedy star for almost fifteen
years. I doubt he'd even do it.

CHAD

You could get Steven Spielberg to
talk him into it.

Mike laughs in disbelief. He grows more frank.

MIKE

Right, Spielberg. And the other
thing is, um, Chad? Dudley Moore?
He's fucking dead.

CHAD

(gasps)
Eeeeeee.

A woman in the volleyball game turns around sharply. Mike
mouths "sorry." Mike turns sweet again.

MIKE

But yeah bud, poor ol' Dudley's
been gone for some time.

Chad stares back at Mike. No response.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you even know who Dudley Moore -

CHAD
Arthur, Foul Play, 10, Santa Claus:
The Movie...

MIKE
(laughs)
You've seen those? How old are you
again?

CHAD
They're funny. Dudley Moore is
funny.

MIKE
He WAS funny, Chad.

CHAD
Yeah, I know.

MIKE
(confused)
So then why do you think this movie
can be made?

Chad silently ponders for a beat.

CHAD
I guess it doesn't have to be a
movie. It could be a novel or
something.

MIKE
Novels don't have actors Chad.
There's no casting to be done.

CHAD
Which is why it would be perfect!

Long silence.

MIKE
...and...I'm not a book publisher.

CHAD
But maybe you could convince Steven
Spielberg to make a book out of it.

Mike stares at Chad, bewildered. He rises from his chair and
walks away. Chad waddles after him.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Right? Uncle Mike? With your movie
job?

MIKE

(turns sharply)

Hey, I tell you what. Just...write it all out. And when you're done, I'll see what I can do. And that's the last we'll talk about it.

Mike walks away. Chad stands in place and calls after him.

CHAD

But I did write it.

Mike stops, rolls his eyes, and turns around. Chad pulls a rolled up comic book out of his back pocket and reaches out to Mike. Mike frowns and slowly takes the book from Chad.

CLOSE ON COMIC BOOK: Mike flips to the middle of the book and sees a full color, professionally drawn comic book panel of Dudley Moore and Chevy Chase in trench coats and fedoras.

Mike flips to a page toward the end. He sees a panel with Chevy Chase dressed in a G-string and bra, being handed a dollar by a cartoon character.

BACK ON MIKE.

MIKE

(laughs)

Chad, did you do this?

Chad nods. Mike continues to flip through.

MIKE (CONT'D)

When did...this is incredible. Why did you do this?

CHAD

Because, Dudley Moore is funny. So is Chevy Chase.

MIKE

Right.

CLOSE ON COMIC BOOK: Mike flips to a new page. Here, both Chevy and Dudley are in G-strings and bras, standing in an alleyway with guns drawn at thugs.

BACK ON MIKE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Chad, you don't need me and my "movie job." This thing is hilarious! You could sell this as is, right now!

CHAD

Yeah...but does Hollywood want to
make movies about comic books?

Mike tilts his head in confusion. He ponders for a moment.
His eyes widen in shock. He holds up the book.

MIKE

Do you...mind if I borrow this?

Mike walks off. He takes out his cell phone and starts
dialing. Chad stands by himself on the lawn, silent for a
beat.

CHAD

Uncle Mike?

Silence. Chad waits for a response. Finally:

MIKE

Chad, come on, I want you to talk
to someone.

Chad waddles after Mike.

FADE OUT.

THE END