

The Cluess: The New begining

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Written by

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Based on, If Any

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FADE IN.

EXT. WOGAWOGA

The camera pans across the vast openness of the Australian outback. Into shot we see a small town. One gas station and grocery store. A local bar and a used car lot next to the towns bank.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK.

Kenny Kipper (48) tall and thin stands at the reception desk, behind the desk is a small round balding man, Frank Jones (60) the bank manager.

FRANK JONES

Do you have an appointment?

Kenny looks around the empty bank.

KENNY KIPPER

You know I do, you asked me to be here yesterday.

Kenny's eye's follow Frank Jones as he walks from the reception area over to a large and plush desk. Kenny moves over to the managers desk.

KENNY KIPPER (CONT'D)

So what's this all about Mr Jones?

Frank Jones looks at some paper work. As Kenny sits himself down.

FRANK JONES

Your father was a nice fella Kenny, and so was his father. Outstanding people of our community. Good strong hard working fellas. But there comes a time when you have to look reason straight in the eye.

Kenny looks like a question mark.

FRANK JONES (CONT'D)

From what I can see here Kenny it's not working for you mate.

KENNY KIPPER

What?

FRANK JONES

Look son I like you, and I understand trying to run a business out here in the bush is tough, I admire anyone that takes on the challenge, but let's face it mate you've accumulated more debt than a small third world country.

Frank Jones gets up and straightens his jacket.

KENNY KIPPER

No we're doing fine Mr Jones, this could be our best year.

FRANK JONES

Kenny you've had them brand new cars on your lot for past five years. Their worth nothing and yet you still owe us for them.

KENNY KIPPER

How about if I have a super sale, that will get things moving along.

Frank Jones sighs.

FRANK JONES

You owe one hundred and twenty thousand dollars Kenny, I think a super sale would be pointless.

Kenny turns looking out the window of the bank. There's a silence in the room.

FRANK JONES (CONT'D)

And what about that other case?

KENNY KIPPER

What other case?

FRANK JONES

Child support.

KENNY KIPPER

I suppose you keep a file on that too.

FRANK JONES

It's old news Kenny, I think everyone in town knows apart from..

Kenny looks hard at the bank manager.

KENNY KIPPER
Please don't remind me.

Kenny gets up to leave.

FRANK JONES
Look all I'm trying to tell you is
the debt here at the Bank and the
child support thing is not going
away mate.

As Kenny walks to the door he turns.

KENNY KIPPER
If I was you, I'd stick to Bank
business and stop being a nosy
bastard by poking into the private
affairs of the town's people.

Kenny slams the front door to the Bank.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL PUB

The bar tender (Paul Hogen) is wiping a glass.

TERRY
So what did Marge say?

The camera pans round to see Brian Bunion (50) downing a pint
in one. He finishes, wipes his mouth and burps.

BRIAN BUNION
The last words she said to me was
get out.

TERRY
Hmm, you gotta be careful when a
woman say's that, it could be a
sign.

BRIAN BUNION
Sign?

TERRY
Oh yeah, if you don't listen to the
signs mate it could be lethal. The
worse thing you can do is walk away
from an angry woman. They're like a
pitbull.

BRIAN BUNION

Pitbull?

TERRY

Oh you better believe it, before you know it she's thrown your Tom Jones collection out with your clothes.

BRIAN BUNION

I don't think Marge would go that far. Would she?

Charlie (40) an indigenous gentleman walks in with a live chicken called Matilda under his arm.

TERRY

Alright Charlie, how's life treating you today mate?

CHARLIE

I'm sober bro, ask me when I've had a couple of drinks.

BRIAN BUNION

Hello Charlie.

CHARLIE

Boss, how's tricks?

TERRY

What can I get for you?

CHARLIE

Just a beer for me.

TERRY

And what's your chicken having.

Terry laughs.

CHARLIE

That's Matilda to you, don't want to hurt her feelings do we.

Charlie puts his ear to Matilda the chicken, as if she's saying something.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

She said Dom Perigon 1954

TERRY

Tell her we have beer.

CHARLIE

That's alright give her a beer then, I mean what do I care, I'm gonna eat her next week anyway.

Charlie turns to Brian.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What's up with you Brian, Dingo stole your baby?

TERRY

Brian's got Marge problems.

CHARLIE

Oh bugger.

TERRY

I was just telling him, never turn your back on an angry woman.

CHARLIE

The worst kind mate, I remember woman number three, right bastard she was. I tried to tame her but in the end. (beat) I had to shoot her.

BRIAN BUNION

You shot your old lady?

CHARLIE

No forgive me that was a blatant lie, I can't help myself these days. What I meant was, I would have liked to have shot her, lucky for me a Croc got her. Came in through the back door, dragged her out the kitchen and left her leg less. Poor bastard.

Brian laughs out loud.

BRIAN BUNION

Good one, so what really happened?

Terry leans over the bar towards Brian.

TERRY

The last part was true.

Brian turns to Charlie.

BRIAN BUNION

Oh I'm sorry mate, that must have been a awful.

CHARLIE

No not at all, she left me her car. Talk about a stroke of luck.

Charlie drinks up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well back to the heat.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIAN BUNIONS HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Brian stumbles onto the porch, searching his pockets for his keys. Skippy (18) his daughter is sitting on a hammock out of sight.

SKIPPY (O.S.)

It's open.

Brian turns towards the voice.

BRIAN BUNION

What you doing up so late?

SKIPPY

Praying the aliens will take me away.

Brian looks puzzled. He walks over to her.

BRIAN BUNION

Is mum home yet?

SKIPPY

Ha! Like you care

BRIAN BUNION

What does that mean. I've always cared.

SKIPPY

Mum could have done so much better.

BRIAN BUNION

That's not a nice thing to say to your father.

I/E. TERRY'S PUB

Charlie is sitting outside the pub playing his Didgeridoo. His chicken Matilda walks about.

CHARLIE

I'll play Smoke on the Water for you, while Matilda break dance's for a couple of dollars mate.

BRIAN BUNION

I can sing Smoke on the Water myself for free AND probably dance better than your chicken.

CHARLIE

Oh come on you cheap bastard, I've got ten kids to feed.

Brian fumbles through his pockets.

BRIAN BUNION

Here.

Charlie plays one continuous note on his Didgeridoo!

BRIAN BUNION (CONT'D)

That's not Smoke on the Water, and your chickens not even moving let alone dancing.

CHARLIE

I know, sorry about that. I lied again.

Brian shrugs his shoulders and walks into Terry's pub.

Cut TO:

INT. TERRY'S PUB - BAR

Kenny kipper sits at the bar, in front of him is a tall glass with a whole carrot, a piece of lettuce sticking out.

BRIAN BUNION

G'day mate.

Kenny turns.

KENNY KIPPER

Brian you old bugger. Glad you could make it.

BRIAN BUNION

Kenny it's only been like three days since I saw you last.

KENNY KIPPER

But still, time flies and I thought to me self, blimey it's been a long time since I saw my old mate Bunion. Terry if you don't mind a drink for Brian.

Terry walks over.

TERRY

What can I get you?

Brian looks at the drink in front of Kenny.

BRIAN BUNION

What's Kenny drinking.

TERRY

That my friend, is a Manhattan smoothie.

BRIAN BUNION

What's in it?

TERRY

Gin, vodka orange juice, a carrot and a slice of lettuce.

BRIAN BUNION

Taste any good?

TERRY

It'll put hair on your chest.

Both Terry and Kenny look at Brian who is covered with hair.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You should probably stick to beer mate.

Terry serves Brian his beer, then walks away leaving Brian and Kenny to their own.

KENNY KIPPER

I heard you and Marge are having problems?

BRIAN BUNION

Christ, is nothing a secret in this town.

KENNY KIPPER

Well come on, what happened?

BRIAN BUNION

I don't know what's going on kenny, she's been a bit off lately.

KENNY KIPPER

Off?

BRIAN BUNION

Yeah off.

KENNY KIPPER

Meat goes off Brian.

Terry looks up from his tabloid gossip magazine. The front headline reads 'Charlize Theron: my Ludo addiction shame' We see there is a square shape ripped out of the back page of the magazine.

TERRY

She told him to get out. Not good when a woman says that.

Brian looks at Terry, wondering how he knows all this.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Left him a letter on the kitchen table an' all.

Brian, is now really puzzled how Terry knows all this detail. Terry returns to reading his paper.

KENNY KIPPER

This true Bri?

Brian pulls out a letter.

KENNY KIPPER (CONT'D)

Oh, the old dear John letter. Well that's it mate, game over for you.

BRIAN BUNION

Don't say that Kenny, she's all I've got.

Kenny sips his drink and takes a bite of the carrot.

KENNY KIPPER

There is a way of maybe getting her back. It's not certain of course, but then again nothing in life is Brian, I'm I right Terry or am I right?

Terry looks up from his news paper and nods.

BRIAN BUNION

I'll do anything.

KENNY KIPPER

You see Brian I've been secretly working on this project, its all very hush hush, but there is however room for a fella just like you if you're interested.

BRIAN BUNION

A secret project!

KENNY KIPPER

Shh, keep it down, we don't want the whole town to know about it.

BRIAN BUNION

But will it get me Marge back?

Kenny gives him a wink.

KENNY KIPPER

If we play our cards right, she'll be begging for you.

BRIAN BUNION

Oh giddy up.

CUT TO:

I/E. SUNRISE OUTSIDE KENNY'S CAR LOT

Brian turns up outside Kenny's tiny office on the car lot making a noise because of the pots and pans tangling from his back pack. Kenny pops his head out of the office door.

KENNY KIPPER

Will you be quiet, Christ this is supposed to be a secret mission Brian. And what's with all the kitchen supplies?

BRIAN BUNION

I thought you said we are going on an adventure of a life time.

KENNY KIPPER

I did but you won't need that where we going. Hang on will you, just stand there and don't make a sound.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kenny lifts up a large plastic flower from the pot, revealing a plastic bag filled with cash. He stuffs it in his brief case.

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNY KIPPERS CAR LOT

Kenny walks out to Brian, who is stuffing himself with potato chips. Kenny looks at his watch. In the distance an old beat up car approaches, smoke bellowing from the back. It pulls up. The driver, Charlie looks up

KENNY KIPPER

Phew. Just in time Charlie I was starting to worry you weren't coming.

CHARLIE

Sorry bro, bastard wife number four lost the car keys, had to search the whole house, then I realized she'd put them in the box with kryptonite, that's why my super powers weren't working.

Brian and Kenny look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR.

Brian sits shotgun with Kenny as Charlie drives. Matilda jumps up and down in the back seat.

BRIAN BUNION

So is Charlie in on the secret mission too?

KENNY KIPPER

Nope, his taking us to the airport, that's why I told you to bring your passport.

BRIAN BUNION

How far are we going?

KENNY KIPPER

The land where dreams are made of. America.

BRIAN BUNION

America!!

KENNY KIPPER

We are going to be richer than your wildest dreams Brian.

BRIAN BUNION

Doing what?

KENNY KIPPER

Don't you worry about that, it's all part of the mission.

CHARLIE

You're a lucky man Brian, I remember being in Las Vegas in the nineties. They treated me like a rock star, cocaine, women, food all day, more cocaine.

Brian listens, amazed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I even got to be on stage with Elvis.

KENNY KIPPER

Didn't Elvis die in the seventies?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I know, it's these bloody lies, they just pop out willy nilly.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOGAWOGA AIRPORT EARLY MORNING

Charlie pulls up at the airport entrance.

KENNY KIPPER

Ok Charlie, remember you never saw us, or took us here, it's all part of the mission.

CHARLIE

Bro, its all cool mate.

Kenny hands him a hundred dollar bill.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S PUB MIDDAY - HOURS LATER

Charlie strolls into the pub with Matilda the chicken and approaches the bar where, Frank Jones the bank manager is having a pint.

CHARLIE

G'Day Terry. Drinks on me.

He slams a hundred dollar bill on the counter.

TERRY

Where did you get that?

CHARLIE

I can't tell you it's a secret.

FRANK JONES

He probably stole it.

CHARLIE

As a matter of fact bro, Kenny gave it to me for driving him and Brian to the airport this morning.

FRANK JONES

You've got to stop all this lying Charlie. We all know Kenny doesn't have that kind of money.

CUT TO:

INT. WOGAWOGA AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Brian is searching through all his pockets.

BRIAN BUNION
Blimey Kenny I've lost my wallet.

KENNY KIPPER
I'm sure it'll turn up somewhere
mate.

Kenny slips Brian wallet back into one of Brian's bags' pocket without him noticing.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Fast cuts in style of 'Snatch'

- Smiling stewardess closes door to airplane.
- 'Occupied' sign slides across on toilet door, Brian exits, other passengers react to smell.
- Brian and Kenny asleep in their seats.

Jump cut to Brian and Kenny in same framing, eyes wide open, with blue sky and palm trees in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Brian and Kenny stand outside a typical motel.

KENNY KIPPER
We're here mate, in the land of
dreams, look at it.

Brian looks around unimpressed and stares strangely at Kenny.

BRIAN BUNION
It's a motel mate?

KENNY KIPPER
Not just any motel Brian. It's a
motel in Hollywood.

Kenny gives Brian a triumphant friendly punch on the shoulder as he passes him towards the reception area.

BRIAN BUNION
Christ you sure you don't want to
lick it as well

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Kenny approaches the receptionist with a large smile on his face. He wears a suit jacket and a matching pork pie hat, whereas Brian wears a dirty T shirt and shorts, covered by a large overcoat.

The receptionist a lovely looking young woman greets them with a big warm Californian smile.

RECEPTIONIST (TO BRIAN)
Hi how can I help you?

Kenny is mildly put out that she appears to ignore him.

KENNY KIPPER
We're looking for a room for the
night.

The receptionist gives Brian another smile before turning back to Kenny. Brian seems not to notice.

RECEPTIONIST
Would that be a single or a double?

KENNY KIPPER
Just a room please with two single
beds thank you, just so you don't
get the wrong idea.

The receptionist rolls her eyes at Kenny.

RECEPTIONIST
You're in LA honey.

KENNY KIPPER
Yeah I know but, I didn't want you
to think that we we're. (Beat) you
know.

Unimpressed the receptionist slides over the keys.

RECEPTIONIST
Check-out is at eleven.

Brian shuffles over to the receptionist.

BRIAN BUNION

He doesn't want you to think that
he likes sausage.

She giggles.

KENNY KIPPER

Brian!

BRIAN BUNION

Well that's what you meant.

She hands them a key. As they turn to leave, without Kenny seeing, she makes a phone motion with her hand and mouths silently to Brian 'Call me'. Brian looks puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Brian and Kenny enter a small dingy room.

BRIAN BUNION

Crikey smells like dog in here.

Kenny opens his small bag and starts to search through it.

KENNY KIPPER

Don't worry Bunion we won't be here
long, we've got a job interview
this afternoon.

BRIAN BUNION

I have to say Kenny I'm impressed
at the speed you work mate.

KENNY KIPPER

I told you, I'm on a mission Brian.

We see in Kenny's bag a piece of paper the exact size and shape of the square ripped out of the back page of Terry the Bartender's gossip magazine. On it there is an ad that reads:

'Wanted - Hollywood style clean up for Hollywood style dirt.
Got what it takes? Call J. Pickle! 310 580 5555'

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKEL'S DETECTIVE OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA

Nancy, a large woman in a loud dress and ridiculous purple rimmed glasses, sits at her reception desk compulsively eating candy. The phone rings. Reluctantly she picks up.

NANCY

J.Pickel's Detective Agency.
 Detectives that get the job done in
 half the time and half the cost how
 can I help you? (Beat) One moment
 please.

Nancy turns and yells to an office behind her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Hey Pickle!

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKLES OFFICE.

J.Pickle a large Texan man wearing a cowboy hat sits flicking cards over his desk and into a paper basket.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKEL'S DETECTIVE OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA CONTINUOUS

Nancy shouts out over her shoulder.

NANCY

It's one of those big movie studios
 on line two.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKLES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pickle thinks for a moment.

J.PICKLE

Which one?

NANCY (O.S.)

I don't know.

J.PICKLE

Thank you Ladybird.

He picks up the phone.

J.PICKLE (CONT'D)
J.Pickle, how may I assist you?

CUT TO:

EXT. RENTAL CAR.

Brian and Kenny driving. Dramatic music plays.

KENNY KIPPER
Now remember what I told you?

BRIAN BUNION
What? Don't share the buttplug? Bit late for that now Kenny.

KENNY KIPPER
Lie about everything you dummy, we need this job.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - J. PICKLES OFFICE.

Kenny pulls the car up. Dramatic music continues to play as they exit the car. Brian scratches his nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKEL'S DETECTIVE OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA

The men enter the office.

KENNY KIPPER
G'day. We're here about the detective vacancy.

Nancy looks up unenthusiastic.

NANCY
Do you have an appointment?

KENNY KIPPER
We do, I'm Kenny Kipper and this is Brian Bunion.

Nancy looks at them both and is clearly taken by Brian.

KENNY KIPPER (CONT'D)
All the way from WogaWoga.

Brian leans into Kenny.

BRIAN BUNION

She's not going to know where WogaWoga is, you should have told her we're from Melbourne.

KENNY KIPPER

What difference does it make. Most American's don't know where their own front door is, let alone Melbourne.

NANCY

Jack is on the phone right now, if you gentleman would like to take a seat, he'll be with you shortly. And just for your information the little boys room is down the hallway, please lift the seat, and if you happen to dribble wipe it up please, I'm not your mother, and there's hot coffee in the pot, I made it fresh 8 hours ago.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKLES OFFICE.

J.Pickle Has his legs stretched out on his desk.

JACK PICKLE

Well, I really don't know what to tell you Mrs Clayton. The truth can be deceiving at times. But it does seem like your husband has been seeing a Hungarian transvestite stripper on a regular basis's, but of course that don't mean your husband's a bum bandit, but from my experience he probably is. Excuse the French, Mrs Clayton but some men like to see the fury weasel go down the hole.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKEL'S DETECTIVE OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA CONTINUOUS

Nancy is typing away at her computer. Brian is half asleep leaning against Kenny's shoulder as Kenny reads a Hollywood gossip magazine.

JACK PICKLE

NANCY!

Brian jolts as Pickle bellows out Nancy's name. Nancy turns to the men.

NANCY

You gentleman can go in now.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKLES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kenny and Brian face J.Pickles Desk. Kenny looks composed, and holds his hat politely. Brian stands slackly open mouthed.

J.PICKLE

Gentlemen, It's a pleasure to meet you!

Pickle and Kenny shake hands.

KENNY KIPPER

The pleasure's all ours Mr Pickle.

J.PICKLE

Please, call me Uncle Jack.

Pickle reaches his hand out to Brian who just stares at him.

J.PICKLE (CONT'D)

We like to think of ourselves as one big happy family here at J.Pickle.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S RECEPTION AREA

INSERT:

Nancy mouths mockingly 'One big happy family' as Pickle speaks.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKLES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pickle looks back to Kenny and points at Brian, who remains slack jawed, starring ahead.

J.PICKLE

And this is?

KENNY KIPPER

This is my associate Brian, the other half of our death defying crime team.

Brian looks at Kenny amazed.

KENNY KIPPER (CONT'D)

We're sort of along the lines of Starsky and Hutch, wouldn't you say Brian?

Brian turns towards Pickle.

BRIAN BUNION

I would Kenny. Except we don't drive a big red Ford Gran Torino with a white obnoxious stripe down the middle.

Pickle looks at Brian warily.

KENNY KIPPER

We like to be as inconspicuous as possible.

Brian continues, on a roll:

BRIAN BUNION

We like to drive my mum's nineteen sixty three Mini Cooper.

Kenny interrupts.

KENNY KIPPER

A great little runner she is uncle Pickle. Twenty five miles to the gallon.

BRIAN BUNION

Four speed manual gearbox.

KENNY KIPPER

Double exhaust pots.

BRIAN BUNION

Sunken suspension.

KENNY KIPPER

Trim sunroof.

BRIAN BUNION
Leather reclining seats.

KENNY KIPPER
Pink furry dice. And an eight track
sound system.

BRIAN BUNION
And a double sided overhead
camshaft, with interacting valves,
and a Dingo in the back seat.

Pickle stares at the two of them, unsure what to make of
this.

J.PICKLE
(Beat) Okey Dokey..

Kenny and Brian stand there. Kenny smiles. Pickle inhales and
leans forward.

JACK PICKLE
Here's the low ball, I've got a
client who's got a client, who's
also my client, and they pay me
bucket loads of cash to clean up
the mess their stars get into.

The boys look on attentively.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

A glamorous blonde woman Miss Demeanor talks in an urgent
dramatic fashion to a younger Asian girl Shaleen.

MISS DEMEANOR
You see this Shaleen?

She points off screen. Shaleen looks, and nods, concerned.

MISS DEMEANOR (CONT'D)
This is what happens when you get
thrown into the bowels of the
Devil's soul.

Shaleen listens avidly.

MISS DEMEANOR (CONT'D)
We must protect this fallen knight,
from the clutches of Lucifer.

SHALEEN
Lucifer Miss?

MISS Demeanor
Yes, and his merry gang of producers. The very men that will rip out your virginity, promising you IMDB credits and a SAG card, but leave you all alone with three kids in some shitty North Hollywood apartment.

Shaleen contemplates this.

MISS Demeanor (CONT'D)
Can I trust you Shaleen?

SHALEEN
Of course you can Miss Demeanor. My brother always trusted me with his hamster.

Miss Demeanor pause's for a second.

MISS Demeanor
Is that what they call it these days?

Shaleen looks confused.

MISS Demeanor (CONT'D)
Anyway I've got another client, so I'm leaving you in charge.

SHALEEN
What am I supposed to do?

MISS Demeanor
Don't worry, I've called my good friend J.Pickle. He's sending over some of his best men.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARDWARE STORE

Kenny and Brian exit a hardware store with a mop, bucket and detergents. As they pack the cleaning supplies into the rental car we hear J.Pickle's VO.

J.PICKLE (V.O.)
So here's the deal boys I need you
to go down this fancy hotel on
Sunset Boulevard.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING SHOT

Kenny and Brian drive down glamorous Sunset Boulevard,
Dramatic music.

J.PICKLE (V.O.)
Go to room 312 and ask for Shaleen,
and whatever you do, keep my
client's client safe for the next
forty eight hours, til I can figure
out what to tell my other client.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL 6

The pair pull up in the parking lot.

BRIAN BUNION
Fancy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR.

In a dramatic shot, the pair walk down a dingy motel
corridor, Brian carrying the mop and bucket.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROOM 312

Kenny knocks on the door. Shaleen opens the door slightly.

SHALEEN
Who is it?

Kenny pushes forward.

KENNY KIPPER

Listen sweetheart we don't have
time to play twenty questions,
we're the detectives.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM.

Shaleen motions for them to be quiet and leads the pair in.
As they enter a bedroom Brian leaps back in shock and
exclaims:

BRIAN BUNION

Holy minge-fingers it's Batman!

Passed out on the bed, surrounded by bottles and a crystal
Meth pipe is a fully costumed Batman.

SHALEEN

Shhh! Can I just ask you to keep it
down. Mr Affleck had a very rough
night.

BRIAN BUNION

Are you telling us we're looking at
the real deal?

SHALEEN

In the flesh guys, in the flesh.

Kenny doesn't know what to say.

SHALEEN (CONT'D)

Why do you have a mop and a bucket?

The men look at each other.

KENNY KIPPER

Er.. Someone thought it was a clean-
up job.

SHALEEN

Ok, here's the deal. The studio
wants the costume back, like asap,
but Mr Affleck is not willing to
give it back unless they sign a new
contract with him for the next
Batman film.

BRIAN BUNION

Christ he's going to make another
one?

BATMAN (MURMERS IN SLEEP)
Alfred...

KENNY KIPPER
So we're baby sitters is that it?

SHALEEN
Well, basically yes.

BRIAN BUNION
Why can't his friend Matt Dillon
look after him?

KENNY KIPPER
I think you mean Matt Damien.

BRIAN BUNION
Same shit different wrappings.

SHALEEN
Er.. Look guys Mr Affleck's, umm,
friend Miss Demeanor.

Shaleen winks at Brian and Kenny.

SHALEEN (CONT'D)
Asked J.Pickle To get him sobered
up and out of here without the
press finding out.

KENNY KIPPER
Miss Demeanor?

SHALEEN
Yes, she's with another client
right now. But if you rent another
room...

Shaleen touches her lips and licks her finger.

SHALEEN (CONT'D)
I'll show you where I hide my
popcorn, all for three hundred
dollars.

BRIAN BUNION
Blimey you sound like my mate
Charlie back home, only he charges
me a dollar for his popcorn.

KENNY KIPPER
Brian you twat, she's a hooker!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL 6 PARKING LOT.

Batman sits slumped over in the passenger seat, while Brian struggles with the mop and bucket in the back seat. Kenny starts the motor as Batman makes retching noises.

KENNY KIPPER
Brian! Brian! Bucket! Quick.

Brian passes the bucket to Kenny just in time for Batman to throw up into.

KENNY KIPPER (CONT'D)
Oh, for Christ's sake rubber wings.

CUT TO:

INT. J.PICKLES OFFICE.

J.Pickle Sits back in his chair with his feet on the desk, while talking on the phone.

JACK PICKLE
J.Pickle, How may I assist you?

END EPISODE 01

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