

LOUIE

"GAG PASS"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. BEDROOM - LOUIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THWUMP!

Something tumbles over in the apartment, jarring LOUIE awake.

He lies perfectly still in his bed, unsure.

The home is still. Silent. Maybe it was nothing...

A THUD is followed by a muffled curse.

INTRUDER (O.S.)

Shit.

There's an INTRUDER inside Louie's home!

Louie, scared, crawls deeper under his COVERS, turning to his side. He tries to ignore the intruder and go back to sleep.

There's another THUD, then a CRASH. Louie rolls his eyes, not able to sleep with someone wrecking his home.

Another CRASH. Now it sounds like the guy is just breaking things.

Enough is enough.

Louie tries to summon his courage.

LOUIE

(to himself)

Please don't have a gun. Please,
please don't...

Louie gets up and grabs the LAMP next to his bed. He practices swinging it a few times. "That'll do".

He attempts to leave the room with it, but forgets it's still plugged in.

As he pulls the lamp, the CORD goes taut and knocks his WATER GLASS, ALARM CLOCK, and BOOKS to the floor!

The ensuing noise is absurdly loud, especially the SHATTERING of the water glass.

Louie mouths "SHIT" to himself over and over.

He remains perfectly still, anticipating how the intruder will respond.

At first, nothing.

Then he's greeted by the sounds of more stumbling and cursing. How could they not notice?

Louie carefully steps around the shattered glass and unplugs the lamp from his wall.

INT. HALLWAY - LOUIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Louie moves down the hallway slowly, passing his daughters' empty room. They aren't home, their beds still freshly made.

On the floor are a few of Louie's personal items the intruder knocked over.

One of the items on the floor is a PICTURE FRAME. Though the frame remains intact, the glass interior and PICTURE are now destroyed. It was a sweet picture, Louie with his daughters.

Louie grimaces at the ruined print as he inches closer to the LIVING ROOM.

The intruder has stopped stumbling, but as Louie draws closer, the sound of WATER dribbling becomes audible.

Louie presses against the wall. The intruder is just around the corner.

After a few pathetic deep breaths, Louie jumps out at the intruder.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOUIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He SCREAMS incoherently, THROWING the lamp right at the intruder's head!

The intruder doesn't move, the lamp flying right past him. Louie completely missed!

KRASHHH! The lamp goes through Louie's window, leaving only a jagged hole behind.

Louie stops screaming when he realizing who it is - his friend, JIM NORTON.

Jim looks half awake. He's standing on top of Louie's COUCH, facing the wall, pants dropped.

... And he's PEEING on the wall, behind the couch. It is ceaseless and continuous through their entire conversation.

Jim is remarkably docile and calm.

LOUIE
Holy shit, dude! What the hell - !

JIM
What's a matter with you?

LOUIE
I - what are you doing here? You
scared the shit out of me.

JIM
Asshole, you wouldn't let me go
home.

LOUIE
What?

JIM
You said I was too drunk, so I
crashed here.

LOUIE
I - I...

It dawns on Louie and his entire demeanor changes.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Holy shit, I think I did say that.
I must have had too much too.

JIM
Yeah you did.

LOUIE
I'm sorry, man.

JIM
S'whatever. Where's your bathroom,
by the way?

LOUIE
It's down the... the, uh...

Instead of answering, Louie just stares at Jim, who is still peeing.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
Are you... are you peeing on my
couch?

JIM
(like Louie's the asshole)
Uh, no? I'm peeing behind it.

Louie just stares at him, incredulously, and Jim stares right back, both thinking the other is being an idiot.

Jim continues to pee relentlessly.

Louie walks off and grabs a WASTEBASKET. He places it in front of Jim and his stream of piss before exiting back to his room.

LOUIE
Good night.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THE STRESS FACTORY - NEW BRUNSWICK

Laughter rings out as the MC works the crowd. There's almost a HUNDRED PEOPLE gathered around the stage.

The MC's actually a VENTRILOQUIST, a PUPPET sitting on his lap. The audience loves it.

By the BAR, Louie sits on an especially HIGH CHAIR, leaning on a WOBBLY TABLE.

His beer rests on the table next to sheets of papers. BILLS and FINANCIAL STATEMENTS.

Every time he leans to write on the paper, the table wobbles slightly and a little beer spills on his bills.

Louie curses and tries to hold the beer in his hand, but drunk PATRONS keep bumping into him. The beer spills regardless.

As Louie rushes to dry off the bills with his jacket, patting it down, a MANAGER (60's) puts his hand on Louie's shoulder and smiles.

MANAGER

Bad news, kid, you're getting bumped.

LOUIE

Are you kidding? No -

MANAGER

We're gonna let the puppet guy do a longer set. Puppet guy keeps a crowd.

LOUIE

Come on, man. I drove all the way to New Brunswick and I'm getting upstaged by a - by some toy -

MANAGER

Puppet guy keeps a crowd. What do you want me to say?

LOUIE

You can say I'm still getting paid.

MANAGER

(annoyed)

Why would you get paid? You didn't perform.

LOUIE

Look man, it's 10PM, it's Friday. All the gigs in the city are booked. Please, please help me out here.

The manager pauses before exiting.

MANAGER

That drink's on us.

Louie looks on, annoyed, as the "puppet guy" continues garnering laughs.

After downing his drink, Louie gets up to leave when a WAITRESS (20's) stops him.

WAITRESS

Hey. Pay up.

LOUIE

No, the manager said this drink's on him.

WAITRESS

Yeah. Two drink minimum.

Louie grimaces and reaches into his wallet for any money he has left.

LOUIE

You know, I'm a comic.

WAITRESS

I didn't see you perform.

He pulls out two CRUMPLED DOLLARS and hands them to the waitress before exiting.

LOUIE

Just pour a glass of soda down the toilet for me, will you?

WAITRESS

(calling after him)

Hey, asshole, what about my tip?!

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE STRESS FACTORY - NEW BRUNSWICK - NIGHT

Louie, clad in his LEATHER GEAR and MOTORCYCLE HELMET, walks through the very FULL PARKING LOT towards his MOTORCYCLE.

He pulls out his KEY, hops on, and turns the ignition.

It won't budge.

He continues to turn the key with all his might, now audibly GRUNTING. Nothing.

He tries to rev the HANDLES, but they're stuck too. Is it jammed? Frozen?

He shakes the handles, YELLING in frustration, but the bike doesn't respond.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE STRESS FACTORY - NEW BRUNSWICK - LATER

People begin to exit towards their cars as Louie continues to try and start his motorcycle.

He makes an effort to regain his cool, no longer screaming. He plays it like there's no problem with the bike.

The facade crumbles when he tries to start his bike again.

Louie carries on like a petulant child.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE STRESS FACTORY - NEW BRUNSWICK - LATER

The parking lot is now half empty.

Louie is yelling into his CELL PHONE. His voice is mostly drowned out by the patrons and their cars.

LOUIE

(furious anger)

I don't know why it won't turn, but
it's not - ! Why would you build
something like this into a bike?!

(defeated calm)

... Yeah, I'll hold.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE STRESS FACTORY - NEW BRUNSWICK - LATER

The lot is now empty, snow covering where the cars once were. Louie's been there a while.

He looks up at the sound of a SPATTERING engine to see a TOW TRUCK pulling into the lot. A MECHANIC exits the vehicle in a very warm COAT.

The mechanic puts his hand out.

MECHANIC

Key?

The shivering Louie reaches into his pocket and hands it over.

The mechanic puts the key into the bike. Just like Louie, he begins attempting to rev the handles and turn the key.

LOUIE

Hey, I tried that -

The mechanic ignores Louie, doing what looks like the exact same thing. Though the mechanic's motions look more intentional.

He eventually stops and hands the key back to Louie.

MECHANIC

Try it now.

Louie's nearing his limit. He marches back to the bike and places the key in the ignition.

It turns with ease and STARTS! Holy shit!

Louie's both perplexed and overjoyed -

Until he sees that the mechanic is writing out a BILL.

Louie's expression drops as the mechanic hands him the bill and walks back to his truck.

The bike sputters beneath Louie as he looks at his brand new bill.

LOUIE

Thank you.