

AUTEUR

Written by

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ACTION DESCRIPTION

JONNY

KANDI

KIRSCHENBAUM

PRODUCER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN MCMANSION - NIGHT

PORN-Y MUSIC starts.

JONNY (32), buff, confident, delivering pizza, RINGS the doorbell. KANDI (23), naïve, playful in short-shorts answers the door.

Jonny and Kandi's lines should be read poorly acted.

JONNY

Enormous Sausage Pizza - here to fill you up for thirty minutes... or more.

KANDI

Oh, yes, the pizza that I ordered. But... here's the thing: I don't have any money to pay you with.

JONNY

Well, then I can't give you this triple meat deluxe.

KANDI

Are you sure there isn't... another way I can pay you?

Kandy lowers to her knees.

KIRSCHENBAUM (O.S.)

(angrily)

CUT!!

Cut the music. Jonny and Kandi are petrified, as the director, KIRSCHENBAUM (44), think JK Simmons in "Whiplash", appears, script in hand.

KIRSCHENBAUM (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

JONNY

(mumbling)

I was saying my lines.

KIRSCHENBAUM

What?

JONNY

I was saying my lines.

KIRSCHENBAUM

Well that's great. You know who says lines really well? Daniel Day-Lewis, Meryl Streep, Cate Blanchett, Denzel Washington. Oh, they SAY their lines perfectly. But do you want to say lines, or do you want to fucking act?

JONNY

Sorry I'm not them.

KIRSCHENBAUM

And you never will be!
(turning to Kandi)
And you. What do you want?

KANDI

(beat)
To exchange sexual favours for free pizza?

KIRSCHENBAUM

Is that a question? You don't know if you want free pizza? What do you want?! Not Kandi Suxx the character, Kandi Suxx the person.

KANDI

(welling up)
To act.

KIRSCHENBAUM

Are you sure? Because that's not what I'm seeing from either of you.

JONNY

I'm sorry.

KIRSCHENBAUM

Don't be sorry. Be. Better.

KANDI

I just feel that the characterization is a bit thin. Like... what's the arc, here?

Kirschenbaum nods, pleased for the first time.

KIRSCHENBAUM

Who wrote this? Come here.

The PRODUCER (45), think early-90s David Cross, slinks up, avoiding eye-contact.

PRODUCER

Uh, I did, Mr. Kirschenbaum.

KIRSCHENBAUM

How long did it take you to shit this out, huh? Eight minutes?

PRODUCER

Three weeks.

KIRSCHENBAUM

THREE WEEKS?! No wonder these two can't act, when you're feeding them surface-level dreck!

Kirschenbaum slams the script down.

KIRSCHENBAUM (CONT'D)

What is this about? Did you even think about that?

PRODUCER

It's about exchanging sexual favours for--

KIRSCHENBAUM

If I hear that one more time, I swear to god, I will shit in your hat. Guys, is it about that, or is it about labour exploitation and the middle class? The pornification of social media? Economic strife amidst a society that can only consume to try and avoid the yawning chasm of existential dread that lies just out of sight?!

KANDI

(beat)

Exploitation. I occupy the upper crust of polite society, and on a whim, I've decided that I should be entitled to food and labour without paying for it, even though I can clearly afford it.

JONNY

A pizza that she's probably only going to throw away. There's no one else home, and look at her. Does she look like she eats entire pizzas by herself? That only reinforces the unrealistic body standards that women face daily.

Kirschenbaum is delighted.

KIRSCHENBAUM

Yes. Yes. Use it. Places, people!

Kirschenbaum drags the producer out of sight, taking the discarded script with him. Kandi retreats behind the closed door of her McMansion.

KIRSCHENBAUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

ACTION!

BEAUTIFUL STRING MUSIC starts playing - think The First Glimmer of Wind by Lowercase Noises.

Jonny and Kandi's lines are now read with gravitas and emotion. Take your time, allow the music to swell.

JONNY

Enormous Sausage Pizza - here to fill you up for thirty minutes... or more.

KANDI

Oh, yes, the pizza that I ordered. But... here's the thing: I don't have any money to pay you with.

JONNY

Well, then I can't give you this triple meat deluxe.

KANDI

Are you sure there isn't... another way I can pay you?

Kandi runs the back of her hand on Jonny's cheek, he closes in, then she turns away dramatically.

KIRSCHENBAUM (O.S.)

And... cut.

Cut the music. Kirschenbaum walks back into view again.

KIRSCHENBAUM (CONT'D)

That. Now THAT, was marvelous.

He puts his arms around both Jonny and Kandi.

KIRSCHENBAUM (CONT'D)

You understand why I had to do that, right? You understand? I love you both, truly. That was fantastic.

JONNY
(emotional)
Thank you so much for
believing in me.

KANDI
(emotional)
Thank you, sir. Thank you.

PRODUCER (O.S.)
Hey, uh, Mr. Kirschenbaum?

The Producer enters the scene again. Kirschenbaum is immediately hostile again.

KIRSCHENBAUM
What what what, what is it? I'm
creating, here.

PRODUCER
I know, but... here's the thing: I
don't have any money to pay you
with.

KIRSCHENBAUM
Well, then I can't direct, can I?

PRODUCER
Are you sure there isn't... another
way I can pay you?

The Producer drops to his knees, then...

Everyone MUG TO AUDIENCE with a cheesy MUSICAL STING.

FADE OUT.

Note: Sting should be something like:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4vTCzi8WY3Y&ab_channel=eman42
40 (plays @ 1:30)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BZLwnylCC0I&ab_channel=LediunChannel