

The Reality Suck

"Pilot"

by

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Semi-true story.

Based on one of the soul sucking *reality* TV shows I've worked on.

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NOTE TO READER

* When the CASTS' mics are ON the CREW can hear their mics on their IFB EAR PIECES.

** A 3rd CAMERA we never see captures the crew and cast.

*** CREW are communicating on walkie talkies connected to ear pieces all day, all the time during production.

OVER BLACK

"When you're born into this world, you're given a ticket to the freak show. If you're born in America, you get a front row seat."

-- George Carlin

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

A single, sad stoplight sways over the crossroad.

A gas station/mini-mart on one side of the road and a fenced-in gravel lot littered with cars on the other.

A garage saddles the lot where business is done. TV PRODUCTION CREW MEMBERS MILL ABOUT, setting up cameras, lights etc.

A paint-chipped church looms catty-corner over all this.

CLOSE on the rusty *welcome to town* sign that reads:

DIPSPIT, N.C.

Population: Git the lick out!

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

MUM (O.S.)
(Irish accent)
You get sacked yet?

JILL (O.S.)
(whispers)
No, mother. That was last year.

INT. CHURCH MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: **JILL McMAHONEY** (30s, smart, too empathetic, hyper-sensitive and hates it) as she FaceTimes her Mom in Ireland. Jill has earbuds in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUM (FACETIME)

Just get sacked from that stupid show again and move home to your mummy, Jilly.

JILL

Not a lot of TV shows going in Cork, mum.

Dad pops into Mom's FaceTime screen.

DAD

We just want you happy and healthy, bug.

MUM

Impossible with that fat, crazy Lonnie making her loony.

JILL

"Donnie," mam.

MUM

Donkey.

JILL

Well that jackass is the key to getting my own show. If I can handle him I can handle anything.

MUM

Come home and do your own show here. About cupcakes!

JILL

Well if I don't get it then I'm unemployed, deported and back in your shack, *tuisti*. Forever.

MUM

Yay! Oh, what *craic* it'll be!

JILL

Yep, "crack." I'll need it. Ok, I gotta go back to work--

MUM

Why are you whispering? Where are you?

JILL

A meeting.

MUM

That druggie cult?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL
It's not a cult.

MUM
And you're FacTiming?

PULL OUT TO REVEAL SHE'S IN A NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING. And sitting isolated in the back seats.

JILL
Cheers, mum. Love you maniacs.

DAD
Love you, bug. But remember - life is not a trip. It's a trick.

Jill smiles.

JILL Shazam. DAD (CONT'D) Shazam.

She tears up and hangs up as N.A.'ers stare daggers at her. An oblivious METHY NA'ER finishes his share --

METHY NA'ER
... And I wanna conclude with, uh, that just because I smoke glass all night and jack off to clown porn all day doesn't mean I'm a pervert, okay?

LONG HAired NA'ER
Kinda does.

LEAD NA'ER
Alright. Time for our serenity prayer...

Everyone stands and holds hands. Jill runs out.

SMASH TO:

A LOUD AGGRESSIVE TV COMMERCIAL

CU as a big technical compound bow shoots an arrow and slams into a DEER...

REVEAL it's just a dummy deer. The arrow was fired by a big redneck named **DONNIE WHIRLEY**, our reality TV God.

He holds the big bow like a pro, and sports a blonde double mohawk converging into a long mud flap of hair.

DONNIE
Bowtech. For when you're ready for the real thrill... Of the kill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT FROM THE COMMERCIAL TO A TV SHOW BROADCAST:

"RIP 'N ROLL REPO" graphics

SHOW BATTLE CRY
Gittin' to the rippin'!

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY (ON THE TV SHOW)

A tough, redneck roadhouse.

Two verite camera POVs capture the action of **"Rip 'n Roll Repo"** reality TV show over a "Dukes of Hazard"-type VO:

RIP N' ROLL REPO V.O.
Welcome back to "Rip n' Roll Repo," folks, where we last left Donnie and Billy in a bit of a pickle...

Donnie backs up the "wrecker" tow truck in full speed.

DONNIE
Hope ya'll saved enough for new buttholes, cause you about to get ripped!

CUT TO SIT DOWN INTERVIEW OF DONNIE IN SHOW:

DONNIE (CONT'D)
See, bo, I'm not so much a conversation starter as I am a conversation steroid. A verbal assassin of sorts.

CUT BACK TO THE REPO ACTION IN THE SHOW:

BILLY
Motherfather! Get the heck off me!

BILLY BARNETT (co-star) fights off a **HUGE BIKER** as DONNIE slams on the breaks of the wrecker in front of the new pick up truck they're repo'ing.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You don't pay your note, we gotta take the truck back, man! We just doin' our job!

3 BIKERS run out of the bar to stop the repo.

They attack Donnie as he jumps out of the wrecker to hook up the repo'd truck. He fights back, but they're winning.

Another BIKER jumps on Billy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY (CONT'D)
Help me, Donnie!

DONNIE
Heck, Billy, you help me!

Donnie & Billy are bigger than the Bikers and can fight, so they turn the tides and start kicking ass.

CUT TO SIT DOWN INTERVIEW OF DONNIE IN SHOW:

DONNIE (CONT'D)
And as an ordained minister, it's why doin' God's work is important to me. Like repo'in vehicles - cause if you don't pay the bill, then it is my will.

CUT BACK TO THE REPO ACTION IN THE SHOW:

A **CAMERAMAN (MICK)** is attacked by **BIKER DOG** (*tattooed saliva down his chin*) and is about to get beaten...

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Get off my cameraman!

Donnie grabs Biker Dog from behind to choke him out.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Told ya what I was gonna do, bo!
Told ya I was gonna take you out back, leave you out front, and keep your mama in the middle!

Biker Dog's face turns red. He taps out, but Donnie ain't budging. He wants him asleep.

Biker Dog sleeps. Donnie saves the day. Or kills the guy.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Come on, cuz!

Donnie throws Cameraman Mick over his shoulder and throws him into the truck cab - all seen thru POV of the camera.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Come on, Billy, I got the truck!

Billy hops in his "spotter" (*a regular pick up truck used for spotting the repo'd vehicles before they repo them*) and drives off hootin' & hollerin'.

BILLY
Woohoo!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Donnie & Billy yell to the chasing bikers, but not Biker Dog who finally stands up and wobbles around:

BIKER DOG

(dazed)

What the *bleep* was that?

DONNIE

(yells out window)

You just got ripped!

BILLY

And rolled!!

Biker Dog is pissed. Vengeance on his face.

INTERCUT: Donnie & Billy walkie-talkie truck-to-truck:

DONNIE

Someone better buy that biker a new butthole, bo, cause he just got ripped!

BILLY

(deadpan)

Yeah, you already said that, Don.

Donnie, embarrassed, silently curses Billy.

Billy burns, kills his mic and radios **FATIMA** (29, producer)...

THIS IS WHERE WE FOLLOW OUR SHOW WITHIN THE TV SHOW:

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm sick of this second fiddle shit, Fatty!

FATIMA

Shhh! Turn your mic off.

BILLY

No ssshhhhiiiiTTT, Isis!

FATIMA

I'm not Muslim, Oath Keeper.

BILLY

His performance is a rusty epidural needle and he's making me look bad.

FATIMA

How do you know all the syllables to "epidural?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILLY

Huh?

FATIMA

(moves on
w/enthusiasm)

But you're killing it, Billy, and
that's all that matters!

BILLY

I ain't his Huckleberry.

FATIMA

(not so sotto)

Yeah, you're his *Jim*.

BILLY

Huh?

FATIMA

"You're better than him."

BILLY

Oh... That's right. I am indeed.

Fatima flicks off the radio/Billy.

JILL/SHOWRUNNER (O.S.)

Cut! Great stuff, gentlemen. Super
super-stars!

We pull out to reveal **JILL** in the back seat of Donnie's
truck with **SANDAG THE CAMERAMAN** in the passenger seat.

Donnie aggressively tenses up at the sound of Jill --

JILL

Donnie, let's reset and do it one--

Donnie suddenly whips the truck into a skidding 180
sending Jill and Sandag flying across the truck cab.

DONNIE

Nope! We got it!

Off Jill's annoyance as she's Zero-G slammed in the cab --

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: **THE REALITY SUCK**

INT. MEGA CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

We pull out to REVEAL the TV SHOW plays on a huge screen as **500 TEENAGERS** watch in a stadium-style mega church.

They erupt in applause, loving the show playing for them.

INT. MEGA CHURCH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A group of TEENS, PASTOR RICK and our star DONNIE hold hands in a prayer circle.

Donnie's eyes are hidden by mirrored sunglasses.

PASTOR RICK

May Donnie deliver us a sermon
tonight to uplift our youth and
spin their sinning souls.

TWO TEEN BOYS stealthily eye each other lustily.

ALL

Amen.

They break.

DONNIE

I'll meet ya'll in there, I'm just
gonna vain-drain right quick.

Donnie kisses his wife **TAMMY WHIRLEY** (30s, mega make-up, scary muscular), then enters the restroom.

We don't enter but we hear him thru the crew's IFBs.

We expect to hear peeing but instead we hear SNORT..
SNOORRRRTT.

Jill rips out her ear buds because it's a trigger.

Then Donnie exits sniffing and struts down the hall.

And we pull back to reveal him walking past 2 CAMERAMEN
(**SANDAG** and **MICK**), AUDIO GUY (**PHIL**), PRODUCER (**FATIMA**)
and SHOWRUNNER **JILL** - a reality TV crew - an exhausted,
disheveled, embattled, embittered reality TV crew.

Jill quickly hops over to walk-n-talk with Donnie.

JILL

So, Donnie, I was thinking I'd--

But he rudely walks right by her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL (CONT'D)

(sotto)
Kill myself if I never get off
this show.

Tammy approaches Jill, who has to endure this woman.

TAMMY

How do I look?

JILL

Lovely, Tammy.

TAMMY

Don't judge me, Jill.

DONNIE (O.S.)

Come on, baby!

Tammy does the Sign of the Cross as she stink-eyes Jill & the crew and follows her man.

She discreetly eyes the CAMERAMAN **SANDAG** lustily.

Billy approaches Sandag standing amongst the crew.

BILLY

Why them jeans so tight, Sanfag?

SANDAG

It's San-DAG, HILL-Billy.

BILLY

My bad, blade.

SANDAG

But I'm glad you like what you
see.

He kicks out his hip and smiles at Billy.

SANDAG (CONT'D)

They fit me so firm cause they're
womens jeans.

BILLY

You wearin' girls jeans? Man, you
yankee snowflakes are strange.

SANDAG

So are you redneck PRIDE Boys.

BILLY

"PROUD".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDAG

"BOYS." Sounds like a gay cult.

Zing. The crew laughs, embarrassing Billy, so he gets in his face but Sandag isn't scared and sticks the camera in Billy's face, taunting him. Uh oh, Jill butts in --

JILL

Relationship goals. You two been together long?

This eases them up. For now.

NETWORK TOM (O.S.)

Jill?

Jill turns to **NETWORK TOM** (50s, douche network exec, toys/flirts with Jill but it's not returned.)

He signals to follow him for privacy...

INT. MEGA CHURCH - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jill & Network Tom pass a group of CHURCH TEENS.

JILL

Tom, are you fucking mental?!

NETWORK TOM

Is he?! That's what we're asking, Jill.

JILL

The nutter's gonna blow his wig. And he already treats me like shit - and my crew. And humanity.

NETWORK TOM

Which is partly why Donnie needs to do this - so he doesn't hurt someone. Or worse.

JILL

Fuck-all he's gonna consent to it.

NETWORK TOM

Well he's gonna have to, honey.

Jill gags at the "honey."

JILL

Well then someone should tell him, Tom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NETWORK TOM

(pointed)
Someone is.

JILL

He's not gonna do it.

NETWORK TOM

Then maybe a new *showrunner* can convince him?

JILL

Seriously? Job threat?

NETWORK TOM

Career threat. You're in showrunner jail with us, Jill, and if you want to be paroled you have to make sure this season goes smoothly.

JILL

I know I know.

NETWORK TOM

We take your past addiction very seriously at the network. Using on the job wasn't a good look. You still going to meetings?

JILL

Haven't missed a day in a year.

NETWORK TOM

Good. And if Donnie really wants his holiday religious-preacher-cult special or whatever the hell it is you're shooting here then we gotta be sure of... who he is. Who he really is. And why he's always sniffing.

JILL

Allergies.

NETWORK TOM

Pfft. Appalachian allergies. If TMZ or some other cyber-vulture gets whiff of our cash cow we're porked. He's the only show on our network that the big ads are buying right now, baby. We need pharma's feeding.

(money fingers)

Dupixent dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

Tom--

NETWORK TOM

Just tell the Beverly hillbilly
that he can always go back to the
meth-lab life he'd be living if it
weren't for me discovering him.
Get it done, Jill. Network orders.

JILL

Speaking of orders - are you gonna
order my show?

NETWORK TOM

Your pilot presentation needs
work.

JILL

I can run my own show, Tom.

NETWORK TOM

Let's see how you run this one
first.

JILL

Why am I here? Really?

NETWORK TOM

Beauty and the beast. You're the
only one who can tame him. And I
got you on a probation rate.

JILL

Ah. I'm cheap. Like a tugboat
whore.

NETWORK TOM

Riverboat casino.

Seriously?! Gag. Then Tom changes gears to flirty --

NETWORK TOM (CONT'D)

Alright, I gotta get to the
airport, but we should grab dinner
when you're back in New Yor-

She walks away, past the CHURCH TEENS...

JILL

Jesus fucking Christ!

Who react to Jill's blasphemy as we SMASH CUT TO --

INT. MEGA CHURCH - SERMON STAGE - CONTINUOUS

-- Donnie busts thru the doors as the Lord's disco light blinds, God's techno-beats bump and TEENS SCREAM for him:
Donnie Whirley - Redneck Reality TV God.

The doors close on the OUR CREW still in the hallway.
Silent. Contemplating escape or suicide.

INT. MEGA CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Donnie mid-sermon, sweaty, sniffy and kung fu grips mic.

DONNIE

... and to thank ya'll for having
me here tonight I'm gonna share
some of who I am as a God fearin'
Christian...!

The crew films it. **SANDAG** (cameraman) shoots arty shots.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

And as a boy who everyone thought
would amount to nothin'! Just
cause I dropped outta high school!

MICK (2nd camera) sits in a chair amongst the Teens with
the camera in his lap "filming" Donnie, but he's too
bored, exhausted and fed up to shoulder the cam.

A HOT TEEN sits aside him and bends over in her chair and
as her shirt rides up the small of her back we see a
tramp-stamp TATTOO of angel wings.

She smiles back at him. He smiles, zooms in on her tat.

Then pans back to Donnie as he preaches like the Devil --

DONNIE (CONT'D)

... I done been in prison! I been
a thief! I been struck by
lightnin'! Twice! I fornicated! A
lot!

(smiles, braggy mode)

I tell ya, cuz, I was basically a
pornographer - of myself.

(back to intense)

I done snorted "brown-brown" like
a crazy African warlord. Ya'll
know what "brown-brown" is?

Nope.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Cocaine mixed with gun powder!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donnie mimics snorting a line then shooting hand guns.

Jill stands in back texting, immune to the insanity:

When do you need him in NY?

NETWORK TOM: Wednesday

3 days?!

NETWORK TOM: Tick tok. "Showrunner"

Jill sighs, stressed.

BACK ON DONNIE'S SERMON - which has switched gears, or personalities, to jovial.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

(comic timing)

... and if you believe that than I
bet ya'lls also believe that
dolphins aren't just gay sharks!

Donnie laughs, but the TEENS don't, so Fatima directs the Teens to laugh. Even the GAY TEENS who eye-glance scared.

As Fatima watches Mick's camera on her monitor, he pans to a NICE ASS. Her phone buzzes "HUZZY" and she answers:

FATIMA

Hey honey, can't talk, I'm shooting.

RICHARD (PHONE)

Ugh. Busy day manipulating? You're always shooting--

FATIMA

Call you after. Love y--

He hangs up on her. She looks at her phone, hurt. Then pissed. Focuses on her monitor and work.

ON Mick who's still close on the NICE ASS IN JEANS.

Then a FINGER WITH A BIG WEDDING RING fills the frame. Mick tilts up to Fatima, flicking him off w/ her RING FINGER.

FATIMA (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)

See what Billy's doing, dumbshit.

Mick frowns and pans to Billy across the room, who flirts with a MILF, pulls out his phone, gets her number.

Fatima sees this, stomps over to Billy & yanks him away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Come on, Billy, you have to participate in this. We're cutting away to you and you're being gross.

BILLY

Why? What does this manure have to do with getting my own spin-off show, Fatty?

FATIMA

Well if the network sees you trying to get laid in a church instead of supporting Donnie's sermon or at least praying with him then you definitely won't.

BILLY

Fuck that prima-Donnie! Look at him all Christ-crank'd-up on Ritalin-Redbull and Illuminati!

FATIMA

Supporting him increases your chances of getting--

BILLY

You said my own show was a done deal!

FATIMA

If you make your mark this season, yes, I can make it happen.

BILLY

Fine. I'll participate in this...
(waves his hands
around at church)
Donnie's God complex horseshit, but you better not be lyin' to me about my own gig, *Walk-Like-an-Egyptian*.

FATIMA

(crosses her fingers)
Of course I'm not lying, *Save-a-Horse-Ride-a-Cowboy*, your success is my success.

Billy stink-eyes her as he walks away.

BILLY

I'm watchin' you, Timbuktu.

Fatima uncrosses her fingers and exhales.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FATIMA

(sotto)

I'm not Egyptian, you illiterate
inbred cousin fucking rube.

MICK (OVER THE RADIO)

Fatima the fibber.

Fatima startles at being overheard. Then Mick slinks up.

MICK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I can keep a
secret... If there's two of em.

He slimes away holding sexy/creepy blackmail eyes.

INT. MEGA CHURCH - SAME

Donnie finishes his sermon. He's a sweaty, strung out,
sobbing, emotional mess.. but composes himself.

DONNIE

Just remember - the dream is a
lie... but the dreaming is real.

Teen faces: Wow.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

And... everybody dies. And
everybody gets bitched.

Teen faces: Huh? Jill head-shakes/sighs: *Oh Donnie.*

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Jesus hates a pussy. God bless.

Mic drop. The Teens erupt in scattered APPLAUSE as Donnie
walks stage-side to hug his wife & kids.

Donnie covers his tears with his sunglasses. Then breaks
free and exits like he's Elvis Presley.

The crew all look at each other - and Jill mimes to them
to keep rolling for the real finale, coming in a few...

Jill approaches Fatima.

FATIMA

You ok? You look like someone shit
your knickers.

JILL

Four weeks down, eight to go. Fuck
this show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATIMA

Do you know what U.S. soldiers
called the Iraq war?

JILL

The lie?

FATIMA

"The suck."

JILL

Makes sense.

They look out as the lights go down and a Teen DJ pumps
techno-Christian beats and hundreds of Teens dance.

Jill gets a text from NETWORK TOM: **10am Wednesday.**

O.S. they hear Donnie's mic as he enters the bathroom.
Then SNNNOOOORRRTTTT! Jill rips out her ear buds again.

JILL (CONT'D)

Do you think Donnie tests well?

Fatima: uh oh.

ON MICK and his camera POV - as he pans from a Hot Teen
twerking like a good Christian girl to a big, naked,
gruesome, bloody, crucified Jesus Christ hanging on the
wall. Overlooking this entire TV sin.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

A 10 person van drives thru cow pastures.

INT. VAN - SAME

The exhausted crew stare silently out the windows.

As the RADIO ends a shit song, a TEST OF THE EMERGENCY
BROADCAST SYSTEM starts droning.

Jill rides shotgun - and cranks up the volume on the Test
- effecting no one.

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jill sits at a table alone. Until Donnie exits the
bathroom and joins her - sniffing and wired.

Jill clocks this feeling, shifts in her seat triggered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Donnie - you mind if I ask you a
rude and possibly invasive
question?

DONNIE

(sniff)
Better than anyone I know.
(he laughs)
See what I did there with your
words?

JILL

Yes. Very clever, Donnie.

DONNIE

Shoot.

JILL

Are you on drugs and if so, do you
have a drug problem?

Donnie calmly straightens up. Shuffles silverware. Uh oh.

DONNIE

I'm not and I don't have a
problem. Yes I've done em. More
than most. But nowadays.. It's not
a problem.

He smiles victoriously. Jill notices clear snot starting
to leak from his nostril. SNIFF! Gone. Moving on.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

So what we got tomorrow?

JILL

You got the schedule and script,
right?

DONNIE

Nope. And it's not the first time.
You should get your people in
line, Jill.

He's stares her down, lying. He sniffs.

JILL

Oh, ok, well we have the big
confrontation at the lot with the
bikers--

DONNIE

How's the special looking so far?
Do we have an air date yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

No date yet, but the special is looking great, Donnie. You were amazing in church last night. Your sermon was so inspiring.

DONNIE

I hope so, Jill. I was up all night writing it - over and over - so I just hope those kids felt me, ya know? I really hope they felt me. Cause that's what I'm all about.

JILL

I think they felt you, Donnie.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Hi. Can I start you off with some drinks?

Waiter looks to the lady first of course --

JILL

I'd like--

DONNIE

I'm sober, cuz, so just a Mountain Dew for me. Thanks, bo.

WAITER

Umm, I don't believe we have Mountain Dew, but we have other sodas...

DONNIE

Lemme get a Rockstar then, bo.

WAITER

We have Red Bull, I believe.

DONNIE

No can do, cuz, I'm signed with Rockstar and the Dew exclusively.
(faux pleading)
Jill, think we can call a PA to get me somethin' on sign? My throat is killin' me, I just need a little somethin' I can drink contractually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JILL
It's 10 o'clock so I'm sure all
the PAs are at asleep from their
14 hour days, Donnie.

Donnie stares at her in disbelief.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

The crew parties. The 3 PAs are drunk: ROSIE & JERRY down
a shot and make out.

DREW downs a shot, tries to join in on it but falls off
his stool.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - SAME

Donnie continues his stare, but then recovers, but not
without holding a silent grudge.

He turns to waiter --

DONNIE
A glass of half & half, bo.

WAITER
Umm, would you like coffee with--

DONNIE
Half & half, cuz. Full pint.
Nothin' else.
(eyes Jill)
I'm a country boy. I like to taste
the teat.

Donnie stares her down. He's a weird read.

WAITER
Yes, sir. And you, miss?

JILL
Skyline cabernet, please.

Waiter splits.

JILL (CONT'D)
So Donnie, back to that question--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNIE

You know I don't do questions,
Jill.

Due to the PA/Dew debacle Donnie has switched moods.

JILL

On camera, I know. But we're not
on camera right now.

DONNIE

I'm always on camera, Jill. I'm a
star. Under the lights. Shining.
Non-stop.

JILL

I know, Donnie. I know you're a
star.

DONNIE

A big, bright shooting star - say
it.

She laughs and plays along, trying to tame this beast.

JILL

You're not a star, Donnie. You're
a solar system.

She's good.

DONNIE

(sniffs)
That's right. Just wish your
dipspit network knew it.

JILL

You know I'm not a network
employee.

DONNIE

But you work for 'em.

JILL

On contract. Just like you. Like
we all do. They control the money.

DONNIE

Bastards hoard it.

JILL

Speaking of bastards, I got a call
yesterday from Tom at the network--

DONNIE

Hate that liberal weed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL
(placating)
Oh, I know, Tom is such a.. weed--

DONNIE
He don't do no marketin' or
advertisin' for me. It's all for
that prank show and "Awful People"--

JILL
(sotto because he
doesn't listen)
Love that show.

DONNIE
-- I swear my crazy train is
runnin' outta track with him,
Jill.

JILL
I know, but that will change this
season.

DONNIE
You promise?

JILL
I promise. You follow my lead and
this will be the best season yet.

She can lie with the best. Their drinks arrive.

DONNIE
So Tom, what'd he want? Which of
my hilarious scenes does he wanna
cut this time?

Donnie chugs his half & half like an animal, leaving
thick cream dripping from his goatee.

EST/EXT - HOTEL - NIGHT

Extended stay hotel living. Lively restaurants and bars
surround this little community.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

The crew parties at the bar. Mick drunkenly harangues
Fatima, who waits impatiently to order her drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK

I'm not talking over-the-hill penetrado or glacial facials, Fatima, just good ole fashion passion.

FATIMA

Oh, well my husband will understand that.

Fatima waves for BARTENDER but he's busy and slow.

MICK

Come on, you're in an arranged marriage.

FATIMA

No I'm not. I'm American, he's Swedish and we met in an Irish pub. In America.

MICK

You met on curryconnections.com, and now he's 2,000 miles away.

FATIMA

Richard is only 500 miles away in the West Village.

MICK

Yeah, bangin' some hipster lot lizard in your bed while you're away makin' the bacon.

FATIMA

And where do you live, Mick? When you're not squatting in a hotel or your parent's basement?

MICK

Depends where I park.

FATIMA

(head shakes)
You're a hobo.

MICK

(defensive; didn't hear her correctly)
You're a **homo**.

FATIMA

A **hobo**. A bum. Deadbeat. Loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICK

Yet, I think we have different rates, right? What's the Senior Producer rate these days? Higher than cameramen? Because not even Directors make more than cameramen - at least not in reality TV. And I doubt your rate is higher than the Director's.

Zing - she steams because she knows he makes more money.

MICK (CONT'D)

Come on, don't you wanna have a passionate crew affair while you're young and hot and not fat, Fatima? Come on, let's go half-way on a baby in my hotel king, my tandoori queen.

FATIMA

Wow. My thighs just became Slip n' Slides.

MICK

So all the way on a baby?

She head-shakes in disbelief.

MICK (CONT'D)

Come on, Fatima. If I have to spend one more night in this fuckin' hotel feedin' the ducks I'm gonna turn into a bread crumb.

FATIMA

Mick, for the last time, I'm hot and happily married, and you're gross and utterly disgusting, so - fuck..

(extends her middle
finger in his face)

... off...

(extends ring finger
in his face)

MICK

Don't make me cash in that secret about your Billy aspirations.

Fatima hard-eyes him, challenging his bluff, steals a bottle of vodka behind the bar and walks away.

MICK (CONT'D)

Sapiosexual my ass!

EXT. HOTEL - LATER

Fatima roams the grounds on her phone, swilling the vodka bottle. She calls Richard... straight to voicemail.

She checks his Instagram - and sees video of him out partying with a group of GIRLS. Off her anger --

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - SAME

Back on Jill & Donnie.

JILL

The network wants you to do... a test--

DONNIE

A test? Like a drug test?! I told you I was an addict, Jill! WAS! I been clean for years! And I ain't about to prove it to you, Tom or anyone at the network!

Restaurant DINERS stare at Donnie's teary rampage.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You and the network can lick me where the good Lord split me, cause I ain't doin' no drug test! CAUSE I AIN'T ON NO DRUGS!!!

Donnie sniffs loudly. Jill stares stunned. Then --

JILL

... A psychiatric test.

DONNIE

A psychiatric test? Like for my skull?

JILL

It is part of your brain, so yeah. The whole head let's say.

DONNIE

(laughs manically)
Shoot, Jill, why didn't you just say so. Sure. Cause my skull's aces!

Off Jill's... relief?

INT. HOTEL HOUSE - NIGHT

Jill returns and to get to the elevator she'll have to pass the bar.

She stops and salivates at the glistening bottles and lively fun. She redirects to take the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jill enters the hallway. She looks up to see Fatima stumbling down the other end gripping the vodka bottle.

Fatima stops at a room. Then POUNDS on the door and waits. It opens and Mick pulls her in.

FATIMA

Wash your feet first, hobo.

Off Jill's shocked face --

INT. RIP N' REPO LOT & GARAGE - MORNING

This is half car lot with all the repo'd vehicles and half garage where they also function as a repair shop.

MORTY (prod. manager) concludes the "safety meeting" with Donnie, Tammy, Billy, **CUCKOO MAGOO** (50s, goofy mechanic) and 4 of the BIKERS from the Biker repo at the open.

MORTY

... so please don't post pictures
on any social media...

ON DONNIE - tired & strung out, leans into Billy, who reads the script beat sheet.

DONNIE

What the hell is this scene?

BILLY

You gotta start readin' the
scripts, boss.

DONNIE

It's my show - what I do and say
is the script, cuz.

Billy hides his steam.

BILLY

It's a continuation of the rivalry
we have with those bikers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNIE

Bikers. Pfft. *Bitches.*

Donnie dives into his phone, reading fan tweets. Billy dives into the script. Morty completes his spiel --

MORTY

... and also no guns, knives, weapons of any sort. If you have them on you please give them to our security guard Small-E.

Morty points to **SMALL-E**, (40s, black, short, muscular, 4-inch jheri curl rat tail, stutter and southern twang).

SMALL-E

Hello, I'm Small-E, like Wall-E but I'm not a robot, I'm a man. If you got-got any guns, knives, lasers, nut-nutchucks--

MORTY

Thanks, Small-E. And our safety word in case anything goes wrong is "TANGO." I repeat, if anything goes wrong or you feel unsafe or you get hurt just yell "**TANGO**" and we'll stop shooting. Questions?

(nope)

All yours, Jill.

Small-E grumbles at Morty for cutting him off.

JILL

Thank you, Morty. Ok. So, gentleman - our biker gang - you'll ride up angry and approach the door, which will be locked so you'll bang on it. Donnie, Billy and Cuckoo Magoo will come out and you'll fight over the repo of the truck. Tammy, you can join in too.

TAMMY

Duh.

JILL

Sound good?...

Donnie ignores Jill, as he's busy texting.

JILL (CONT'D)

... Alright, cool, everyone to their marks. Sam, you can roll the exterior Go Pros.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM (early 20s, Asian PA).

SAM

You wanted Go Pros set up, ma'am?

Everyone deflates. Donnie head-shakes in annoyance.

BILLY

(to Sam)

Motherfather! Come on, corona!

Sandag stink-eyes Billy.

JILL

Yes, sorry, Sam, I thought I told you.

DONNIE

Workin' with ya'll is like playin' cards with my brother's kids.

As he walks back inside, Tammy follows.

TAMMY

Unbelievable.

DONNIE

Let me know when ya'll are ready. Ready-ready.

JILL

Of course, my apologies. Sam, how long do you need?

SAM

Ten minutes.

BILLY

Meanin' 30. Bat soup mother...

Everyone exhales and pulls out their phones for the wait.

A SCHOOL BUS passes and KIDS yell out the window with saluting middle fingers --

KIDS

Fuck you! Eat a dick! Your show sucks! Nice hair, faggot!

The crew ignores it because it happens every day.

As Donnie walks past Jill & Fatima --

DONNIE

I ain't doin' your test, Jill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

What?! Jill panics and for back up looks to--

MAN (O.S.)
(Swedish accent)
Fatima!

Fatima turns to **RICHARD** (Swedish, black, very handsome).

FATIMA
Richard? What are you doing here?

RICHARD
Surprise!

He kisses her as she eyes Mick, who swoops in.

MICK
No fans allowed on set, guy.

RICHARD
Oh, no. I'm Fatima's husband.

MICK
(mock-shock)
You're married?

Richard is stunned by this. And growing concerned/pissed.

FATIMA
You know this.

MICK
Nope. You never mentioned a
husband. Or any man. So surprising
since we spend so much time
together. Like all day every day.
For weeks now. So weird.
(extends hand to
Richard)
Hi, I'm Mick.

RICHARD
Richard.

MICK
"Richard?" That's long for "Dick,"
right?

Mick laughs and back-slaps him.

MICK (CONT'D)
Ha! Just goofin', dude. Nice to
meet you. I gotta get back to
work. Enjoy your wife. I know I--
we all do.
(still faux baffled)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICK (CONT'D)

Husband? Crazy.

(re: Fatima)

You're a lucky man, Dick. Very lucky.

Mick splits, leaving his mess behind for them to clean up. Richard throws a what-the-fuck face to Fatima --

RICHARD

It's weird enough that you lie for a living, and now you're lying for what?... Love? Marriage?

He walks off to his rental car, leaving Fatima upset.

INT. RIP N' ROLL REPO OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Donnie & Jill argue.

DONNIE

... then it's a GoPro thang, I just can't trust anything y'all say.

JILL

And I apologize about that, but that's just the nature of TV. You should know this after doing this show for 4 years.

DONNIE

5.

JILL

Right. 5 years. But what does that have to do with the test?

DONNIE

Trust.

JILL

What will it take for you to trust me?

DONNIE

200 thousand.

JILL

200 thousand what? Apologies?

DONNIE

Dollars, duckets, quid, whatever you colonists call it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

200 thousand dollars to take the test?! Why?

DONNIE

You snooze I choose.

JILL

And that's what I'm supposed to tell the network?

DONNIE

No. Tell em "the riches are in the niches, bitches."

JILL

It's just a test.

DONNIE

About my brain, Jill. My precious brain. My brain is important to me. It's all I got, and you TV folks wanna peak inside, fish around and fuck it up. And for what? I'm fine.

JILL

I know you are, but this isn't my decision, Donnie.

DONNIE

Sure it is, Jill. Just tell em I'm all good under the hood and don't need no brain shame. I even started readin' the scripts and know what all my scenes are about'n stuff.

JILL

And that's great, but that's also your job.

Donnie switches his performance to sincere evangelist.

DONNIE

I'm just trying to grow, Jill, not be judged by a bunch of coastal elites.

JILL

You live in North Carolina--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE

But I'm tryin'. I've learned from all my fame, power and riches that we live two lives: There's the life we learn with, and the life we live with. I'm livin' that learnin'.

Donnie's a crazy dick but he can talk.

JILL

I'm going to lose my job if you don't do this test.

DONNIE

(who cares)
Seasons change.

JILL

You will too.

DONNIE

(who cares harder)
Not this solar system.

Damn he's good.

JILL

But I'll get deported.

DONNIE

Bon voyage, build that wall.

JILL

I'm trying to get my own fucking show going so I don't have to do this shit anymore and you're fucking it all up for me!!
DONKEY!!

DONNIE

(faux cerebellum
shock)
Why, Ms. Jill. So unlady of you.

Jill steams. Then clears.

JILL

You want me to go to bat for you?

DONNIE

I just want you to swing, slugger.

JILL

For 200 thousand for a simple psyche test?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE

Bases loaded.

JILL

Then you have to promise me that you'll keep up this attitude - reading the scripts, showing up on your call time and being nice to the crew.

DONNIE

I promise.

Their duel is interrupted by Sam over walkie:

SAM (OVER WALKIE)

Sam for Jill. Go Pros are ready, ma'am.

JILL

Go Pros are ready. Are you ready?

DONNIE

As Eddie.

(runs hands thru
hair)

Lemme just check my "dos-hawk" right quick.

Donnie ducks into the bathroom. SNORT. SNOOORT. Jill rips out her earbuds and tries to Zen out. Tries.

EXT. RIP 'N ROLL REPO - SAME

Sandag and Billy argue as Sam sits calm.

SANDAG

Sam's not even Chinese!

BILLY

Manure! Look at him.

SANDAG

Yeah, look! He's obviously Japanese!

SAM

I'm not Japanese.

SANDAG

But you're something.

SAM

Yeah. I'm American.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDAG

Of course, but what-American?
Filipino-American or something?

SAM

I don't know, dude. A bunch of
Asian shit I think, but I was born
here. In North Carolina.
(mock Asian accent)

USA.

SANDAG

Whatever.
(to Billy)
Calling Sam "corona" is bigoted,
Hill-Billy.

SAM

So's calling him "hillbilly."

Sandag eyes Sam: WTF? Jill breaks it off --

JILL

Hey! No more hate!

BILLY

This yankee libtard blade started
it!

SANDAG

Whatever, QAnon!

JILL

Let's kill the political social
warrior shite, ok?! Where I come
from, across the pond, everyone
looks like me. Here in America,
everyone looks like...

She points around the group.

JILL (CONT'D)

Us. So let's get along like
Americans. Yes, we're different
and divided and all that shite,
but we're here to make a fun TV
show, not run for congress or
Black Lives Matter Grand Wizard.

ALL

WHOOAA! / Not cool! / And I'm the
racist?! / You're not American! /
What the shit does "shite" mean?

JILL

It's not "Grand Wizard" is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY

Not down here.

They laugh. A light beat.. then to Jill --

SANDAG

Go back where you came from!

BILLY

Speak American! Learn the language!

SAM

Illegal alien!

They all laugh.

JILL

Get to work, you bloody yanks.

Jill saves the day again. She's good at her job.

EXT. RIP 'N ROLL REPO - MINUTES LATER

The Crew, Billy, Magoo and the Bikers chat and cut up.

Coked up Donnie mighty-mouths to Biker Dog & Bikers.

DONNIE

... I'm more than just a TV star, know what I mean, bo? I'm an ordained minister, evangelist, I run my branding and personal appearance businesses, own a couple charities, I'm a published author, poet, lyricist and all around verbal assassin, bo. I'm a world record holding power lifter, BBQ pit master--

JILL

Donnie, you ready?

Biker Dog & Bikers swap smirks re: Donnie's flapping.

JILL (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, you wanna get on your bikes and ride in on my cue, please? Thanks.

Donnie stink-eyes Jill for interrupting him and walks inside the shop to start the scene.

EXT. RIP N' ROLL REPO - MOMENTS LATER

Cast and crew in place, cameras rolling...

JILL

And... ACTION!

The scene proceeds as planned: Bikers pull up on their choppers, kick down and approach the door.

It's locked so they start kicking it violently.

BIKER 1

Get the fuck out here, you faggots! I want my truck back!

Jill head-drops at the language.

INT. RIP N' ROLL REPO - CONTINUOUS

Donnie, Billy, Tammy & Cuckoo Magoo watch the Bikers on their security camera.

BILLY

Faggots?! I'ma Christian. Did that motherfater just call me a faggot?! I ain't no cookie monster!

EXT. RIP N' ROLL REPO - CONTINUOUS

Donnie, Billy, Tammy & Cuckoo Magoo exit and confront the Bikers - standing face to face.

DONNIE

We can't give you your truck til you pay your note, goat.

BIKER DOG

I paid my note!

BILLY

Then you'll git your truck.

DONNIE

Show us proof of payment and the truck is all yours, cuz. Until then - it's all ours.

Biker Dog attacks Donnie, and the other Bikers attack Billy and Cuckoo.

A BIG BRAWL ensues. They're not really hitting each other, just WWE stunt fighting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But these boys are big and it's rough. Tammy gets in the mix and holds her own.

Suddenly Biker Dog takes a big swing and connects with Donnie's jaw and DROPS him. He's out cold.

TAMMY

Donnie!

Tammy slaps him awake. Donnie stands, woozy. Then comes to, realizes what happened and looks into both cameras.

He grows embarrassed - then pissed.

DONNIE

You muthafucker!

Donnie swings at Biker Dog but he dodges it, grabs Donnie by his long mud flap of hair and swings him into a truck.

BIKER DOG

Power lifter, huh? I think you been eatin' too much of that BBQ you master. "Bo."

Bikers laugh. Billy hides his.

BIKER DOG (CONT'D)

Look atcha about to waterfall.

Donnie does look like he may cry.

BIKER DOG (CONT'D)

You couldn't scare a kitten with a heart condition. Let's ride, boys.

They turn to leave, laughing.

Humiliated, Donnie stands & looks right at Mick's camera.

DONNIE

Cut! Turn that off!

Like a deer in headlights Mick keeps filming, but side-eyes Jill for direction, who whispers into her walkie --

JILL

Keep. Rolling.

DONNIE

Gimme that film!

MICK

It's not film.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE

Gimme that tape.

MICK

Not tape either. You've been making this show for like 5 years and you still don't know the format that made you rich and fatter? Jeezus, you Trumper Bible Belters are stupid.

JILL

Mick!!--

Donnie steps to Mick, so Mick scurries back.

JILL (CONT'D)

Donnie...

DONNIE

Gimme that camera, cameraman!

ON the PAs smoking and watching from afar --

JERRY

(re: Mick)

I love that Donnie still doesn't know his cameraman's name.

ROSIE

Any of our names.

DREW

Where's Small-E? This could turn into a security situation.

JERRY

Probably twirlin' his tail.

Security Guard Small-E is off on his phone, oblivious to the chaos, twirling his 4 inch rat tail.

BACK ON THE SCENE --

Donnie chases Mick but can't catch him because he's a fat drug addict.

Donnie gives up and huffs inside the shop, where we hear him destroying things.

JILL

I'll talk to him.

MICK

(terrified)

Well, is that a fucking cut?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sandag continues composing arty shots of the scene.

JILL

Yes. I guess. Cut. I don't care.

As Jill heads into the shop, Donnie barges out loading a **COMPOUND BOW & ARROW!** (*Same one from the ad at open.*)

JILL (CONT'D)

Donnie!

DONNIE

Give me that fucking footage!

Everyone starts to scatter - even the Bikers.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Nobody fuckin' move!

Donnie pans the loaded bow - everyone a target. They freeze. 8 more arrows are slung on his back.

BILLY

Donnie, dude--

DONNIE

(sniff/snorts)

Shut your pole-hole, fan-fucker!

Billy throws his arms up and walks off. Then folds em in prayer: *Please do it, dummy.*

Donnie takes aim on Biker Dog.

BIKER DOG

What'chu gonna do with that bow,
Tonto?

Donnie rattles with rage.

BIKER DOG (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Look at him. Shakin' like a puppy
shittin' peach seeds.

Biker Dog squares his stance so he's a bigger target.

BIKER DOG (CONT'D)

Bring it, boy. Let's turn this
rape into a murder.

Donnie pusses out and takes his aim off Biker Dog. Mick ducks behind a truck.

DONNIE

Where you at, cameraman?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Donnie sees Mick's feet under the truck. The crew shifts.

CU as Mick's thumb presses RECORD on the camera.

Mick closes his eyes. FOOTSTEPS...

DONNIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

What up, cuz?

Mick looks up to see Donnie looms.

Barely a foot away, Donnie pulls back on the bow and takes dead aim down at Mick's face.

The crazy in his eyes frontin' the cocaine in his skull.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Bowtech. For when you're ready for the real thrill...

MICK

(whimpers)

Tango.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NETWORK OFFICE - DAY

DONNIE (PRE-LAP)

Person. Woman. Man. Camera. TV.

INT. NETWORK OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donnie sits in front of a DOCTOR taking a cognitive test.

DOCTOR

Can you repeat that?

DONNIE

(very focused)

Person. Woman. Man. Camera. TV.

ANGLE ON Jill & Network Tom watch outside the glass conference room.

Jill is still rattled from the last few stressful days, looks tired & vulnerable.

NETWORK TOM

Well done, Jill. You tamed the beast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

As long as Kong thinks Mick can sue him I can keep him chained, caged and zoo'd.

NETWORK TOM

Can he? Sue him? Us?!

Jill smirks - hiding her leverage. And in her hand, the MEDIA CARD DONNIE'S INCRIMINATING FOOTAGE IS ON.

Jill gets a text from Mum: **Everything ok over there?**

Jill smiles and replies: **Couldn't be better, Mum**

BACK ON DONNIE & DOC --

DOCTOR

Ok that's very good. If you get it in order that's extra points.

Donnie smiles, impressed with himself.

DONNIE

My skull is crushin' this test, Jill!

JILL

(thumbs up)
Like a very stable genius!

Donnie soaks in her statement... realizing --

DONNIE

"Very stable genius!" I could be President someday!

NETWORK TOM

(gags a laugh, then to Jill)
And you could run your own show someday.

Jill absorbs the threat. Determined but stressed:

JILL

(sotto)
Shazam.

NETWORK TOM

We should celebrate...

She side-eyes him like "eww not with you".

NETWORK TOM (CONT'D)

Like the good ole days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He discreetly flashes a cocaine vial. Which changes her face tune...

JILL

(sotto)

Jesus hates a pussy.

END OF PILOT