

**"NORM THE MOVIE"**  
by  
Sam Esmail

AGENCY:  
William Morris

MANAGEMENT:  
Energy Entertainment  
310-274-3440

FADE IN:

NORM GOLDWORM (30s), a man so proudly uncomfortable with his own skin, lies in bed looking up at nothing.

He sits up and pulls out a notebook from the night stand. It reads on the cover in black marker "WEIRD DREAMS BOOK."

He flips it open and writes: "896. I dreamt I danced with a beautiful woman. Weird." He underlines weird a few times.

CUT TO BLACK.

NORM (V.O.)  
Definition of Life...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

NORM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Life is a biological condition...

NORM downs a few prescription pills from his medicine cabinet.

NORM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But may also refer to  
phenomenological life...

NORM, in business attire, walks down a busy New York street.

NORM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Personal life...

NORM sits in a cubicle, blankly staring at his computer.

NORM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A biography...

NORM sits outside by a water fountain, eating a sandwich.

NORM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A life bar-- used in videogames to  
indicate how many life points a  
character has...

NORM takes a dump in the office bathroom while playing on his Iphone. Someone TRIES his stall which makes him JUMP.

END MONTAGE:

INT. RIPLEY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

NORM reads Wikipedia search results off his Iphone.

NORM

And life imprisonment, often  
shortened to "life."

Last definition doesn't sit so well. He puts away his Iphone with a quiet growl of discontent and does a shot of Jameson.

He continues to nurse a Jack and Diet. A witnessing bystander could argue the Jack and Diet is nursing him.

IN THE CORNER

A BAD KARAOKE SINGER wails the pop tune "Dreams" by Gabrielle.

BAD KARAOKE SINGER

*Dreams can come true, Look at me babe  
I'm with you, You know you gotta have  
hope, You know you gotta be strong,  
Dreams can come true...*

NORM

(scoffs cynically to  
himself)

Dreams can't come true. Stupid.

Sufficiently drunk and disgusted, Norm stands to leave when...

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN sits next to him. She is precision beauty, a genuine breath taker sans self-awareness.

He decides to sit back down to the confusion of the BARTENDER. Norm quickly chugs his full glass of drink, then raises it.

NORM (CONT'D)

Barkeep, another Jack and Diet.

The BARTENDER reluctantly complies with odd hesitation.

Norm peers over at the attractive woman and the alcohol's powers channels the otherwise elusive courage to speak.

NORM (CONT'D)

I'm Norm.

She completely ignores him, preferring to blankly stare into the nothingness in front of her.

NORM (CONT'D)

Did you not hear me?

Again, nothing.

NORM (CONT'D)

Oh, I see, my apologies. You're  
hearing impaired...

He waves his hand in front of her just as the BARTENDER delivers Norm his drink. He glances at Norm suspiciously.

NORM (CONT'D)  
It's okay, I think she's deaf.

He says nothing and walks away.

Norm taps the woman on her shoulder. Still nothing.

He accepts the possibility this could be an unusual form of rejection.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Are you pretending I don't exist?

We're talking no response at all.

Norm recoils to his corner, claiming defeat. However, for lack of anyone else around and his drunkenness, he presses on.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Norm Goldworm is my full given name.  
It's a pretty funny name, I usually  
get a chuckle every time I tell  
people.  
(no response, no chuckle)  
Truth is I hate my name. My  
therapist says it's because I'm stuck  
in between my quarter and mid-life  
crisis, so there's that...  
(no response)  
Interesting factoid about me: for  
some reason I can't speak in a  
British accent.  
(in a really bad British  
accent)  
Hello love, your face makes me randy,  
do you have a fag I can suck on?

He shakes his head, embarrassed by his unintentional phrasing.

He stands up and puts a napkin over his drink.

OUTSIDE PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Norm wobbles as he attempts to stand. He's SLOSHED.

SALLY'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)  
This is Sally. Leave a peep at the  
beep, creep!

BEEP. Disgruntled, Norm hangs up.

BAR - LATER

Norm returns to his seat. The woman still sits there, drinking alone.

Norm continues his already-in-progress-one-way conversation:

NORM

I've had one of those lives, let me tell ya. The doctors removed a peculiar cyst that developed on my left ass cheek a week ago.

HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Norm, in a hospital gown, lays on his side while a TEAM OF DOCTORS work on his ass.

HEAD DOCTOR

(chuckles at the sight)

Ain't this the stuff of nightmares?

(to Norm)

It's benign, don't worry. Big as a golf ball though. This might tickle a touch.

Pain surges through Norm's ass. He SCREAMS.

OFFICE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Norm pensively sits in his cubicle while on the phone.

NORM (V.O.)

Found out my mom is dying.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

(flatly)

Your mother is dying.

NORM

Oh my God. Can anything be done?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

(defensive)

What? No. She's dying.

BAR (PRESENT DAY)

NORM

Tonight's my birthday and the one person that even agreed to have a drink with me bailed. And somewhere in the malaise I surmised that I have no life... Anyway, how about a birthday clink for yours truly...

He raises his drink for a birthday clink. Nothing.

He goes to clink her glass sitting on the bar, but she picks it up first and takes a sip, ignoring him completely.

This woman is really making things plain weird.

NORM (CONT'D)

If you're worried that I'm hitting on you, know that my heart is set on someone else. There's a girl I've been in love with since high school, Sally Wind...

GRAPHIC: A flurry of Sally Wind pictures fly by. It goes super fast and lands on a picture of Norm and Sally; he looks at her lovingly and she's giving him a distant buddy pat.

BAR - CONTINUOUS

NORM (CONT'D)

Except she doesn't know it because every time I try to tell her I go into a nervous cry.

(puts his hand up)

Fear not, for I have made a promise to myself to tell her how I feel by the end of this week.

THERAPIST ROOM (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Norm lies down on a therapist's sofa and looks up.

NORM (CONT'D)

Doc, I've decided to make a promise to myself...to tell Sally how I really feel about her. This week.

His face melts into overwhelming fear. On the verge of crying:

NORM (CONT'D)

I wanna shed a million tears.

BAR (PRESENT DAY) - CONTINUOUS

NORM (CONT'D)

I get the same way about flying. Deathly afraid of planes. If you ask me, it's the people who aren't afraid of flying who are weird, you know?

No, she doesn't know and thus, doesn't respond.

Norm downs his drink and raises his glass for another. The Barkeep hesitantly obliges. Norm is getting wasted.

NORM (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was supposed to tell Sally tonight but perhaps on the way here she bumped into a much better looking man, a Robin Thicke type.

Upon saying this, Norm dreadfully realizes it might be true.

NORM (CONT'D)

This is actually cathartic for me, to talk so openly to a stranger like this. It feels good, like I ripped someone off on ebay. Did I tell you I work for an online dictionary? It's very rewarding. Definitions, in a way, are the final say on the true meanings of life. To think that any idea, thing, or feeling witnessed by the human experience has been jotted down... well, words can't really describe it.

He laughs at his own ironic witticism. She does not.

NORM (CONT'D)

You're right, not laugh out loud, more of an internal smile-- a smirk of the soul if you will.

Nope. Nada. Zilch. Absolutely nothing. Norm presses on.

NORM (CONT'D)

I do have another friend. A male comrade by the name of Reynold. He's very overweight. Ever since his girlfriend Jessica died, he's turned into sort of a recluse...

INT. REYNOLD'S APARTMENT (FLASHBACK)

REYNOLD, a portly man with no shirt, smokes a cigarette as he watches "Bring it On" on his small iBook in his pig sty of an apartment.

Kirsten Dunst cheers and she is hot.

REYNOLD

(picks his ear)

These filmmakers are geniuses.

BAR (PRESENT DAY)

NORM

I can tell he doesn't even like me that much but no one's dying to be friends with him either so... I got the upper hand in that relationship.

Norm somberly takes in his own life's review with a smile.

Another huge swig, but the Jack SPILLS over his mouth. The embarrassing visage is too much to take.

NORM (CONT'D)

I see your point now. I would ignore me too. Why would you give me the time of day, you're beautiful...

He looks at her. Really looks at her. She is breathtaking.

NORM (CONT'D)

... almost impossibly so.

Norm swallows his self-respect. He's a sad sack.

The woman's eyes blink and GLANCE over at him, for the first time acknowledging him. She licks her lips, about to say something...

CRASH! Drunk out of his mind, our Norm FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

CUT TO BLACK.

OPENING CREDITS. TV ON THE RADIO'S "STORK AND OWL" PLAYS.

INT. NORM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Norm wakes up in his small New York apartment. His face wears the same sad expression owned by the night before. He yawns.

He sits up and slaps his face to wake himself up.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Norm is now in the shower, naked. He SHRIEKS and JUMPS OUT quickly. He spins around, unsure of how he got there.

Something is strange... Even for Norm. He looks in the mirror and washes out his eyes. Perhaps a dream?

With a shrug, he opens his medicine cabinet for his daily pill popping routine. Before taking the first one, he turns the bottle around.



It reads: "DO NOT MIX WITH ALCOHOL." Next to it: BADLY DRAWN FACE WITH EYES BULGING OUT.

Norm BURPS and smells the alcohol on his breath. Better to play it safe and not take the pills. He puts it away.

He brushes his teeth. A few seconds go by WHEN--

UPPITY MOVIE SCORE begins playing from nowhere. His eyes dart around. What the F?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Norm is now dressed in a business suit, standing in a crowded subway car. The uppity music score continues.

He TWIRLS around, CONFUSED AS HELL.

Norm reacts to every cut in the movie as a jump in his life.

NORM

I was just in my bathroom?

A HOMELESS PERSON nods and creepily smiles.

HOMELESS PERSON

As was I, my son.

He puts his hand on his shoulder.

HOMELESS PERSON (CONT'D)

(ominous)

As was I.

Everyone inches away from the creepy homeless person and Norm. The uppity music continues to play. Norm looks around, searching for the source.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

He is now in the throes of a New York crowd bustling down the street. Due to his jump, he stops short to the CURSES AND GROANS of his fellow New Yorkers.

Norm takes a moment and collects himself.

NORM

(mutters to himself)

This has gotta be a dream.

He shrugs off his confusion and walks with the crowd. The uppity score continues to play, encouraging him to walk.

Norm asks everyone around him:

NORM (CONT'D)  
Does anyone else hear that music?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Norm is now being shoved out of the elevator onto his floor. Again, Norm is befuddled by the cut.

The music dies down. His cell RINGS. He answers quickly.

NORM  
Hello?

SALLY (O.S.)  
Norm? I know I didn't show, I'm  
sorry. Happy Birthday!

NORM  
Sally?

SALLY (O.S.)  
Why are you being weird?

NORM  
I don't see how I'm being weird, but  
something weird *is* going on.

SALLY (O.S.)  
Are you still on Percocet from your  
ass surgery? It's probably the  
Percocet. They have weird side  
effects. My mom was high off it once  
and woke me up in the middle of the  
night to sing the entire Abbey Road  
album to me. You would like that  
album Norm. It's strange and sweet  
like your face.

NORM  
I don't think it's Percocet. I've  
been jumping.

SALLY (O.S.)  
I don't understand, you mean up and  
down?

NORM

No, not literally jumping. Time jumping. One second I'm by my bed, the next I'm in the shower, then I'm in the subway, then I'm walking down the street.

SALLY (O.S.)

Naked? Hold on, I'm on YouTube, if you were, it's probably already on here. I slept with a guy who works there, he can delete it for me... Unless you want me to leave it up?

(beat)

Do you want me to leave it up Norm?

Norm searches the hallways for the source of the uppity music.

NORM

There's music, like an orchestral score playing.

SALLY (O.S.)

That cute black Israelite on 10th street that plays the Schindler's List soundtrack? God I love that score. I used to listen to that CD after every break-up in Junior High. It was like my own personal holocaust everyday... everyday.

NORM

Why are you answering everything with a clever quip?

SALLY (O.S.)

What? Norm, you're not making any sense. I'm always clever.

DENTON, a nerdy co-worker, walks up to Norm.

DENTON

Norm, we're late for the staff meeting.

NORM

(into the phone)

Sally, can we pick this up later?

SALLY (O.S.)

Pick what up? You're still being weird. I'll come by your apartment tonight. Toodles!

Norm hangs up and shoots Denton a crazed look.

NORM

Denton... Is this real? Or is this a dream?

DENTON

(taking this question way  
too seriously)

Hmmm... I will study this brain  
teaser and have an answer by noon if  
that's acceptable?

NORM

What? No, I meant--

Norm lets a SIGH subside his fears.

NORM (CONT'D)

Let's get to that staff meeting.

He walks with Denton, anticipating and fearing another jump.

Maybe it's okay now. He picks up the pace, irrationally  
racing away from the invisible nightmare.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Norm, again shocked by the JUMP/CUT, looks around the  
conference room filled with his co-workers.

His boss, a mean Bill Gates-esque named RICHARD WINCHELL, 50s,  
is at the head looking over finances. He eyes Norm who seems  
discombobulated.

RICHARD

Goldworm!

Norm tenses up.

NORM

Yes?

RICHARD

Are you going to answer the question?

NORM

A question? I'm sorry Richard I must  
have missed it.

RICHARD

Have you been paying attention to  
anything at all in this meeting?

NORM

To be honest Richard, I haven't. I'm not feeling well today. I think I might be sick. I think it might be a memory disorder. I took ecstasy a few years ago. I'm not sure what I'm saying right now.

His co-workers look away, not wanting to witness the impending doom. Richard leans back, locks his fingers together.

RICHARD

Goldworm, did you know it has been a long held fantasy of mine to find the one thing you care about most in this world and destroy it?

This doesn't shock anyone. They've clearly heard this before.

NORM

(shaky voice)

You've shared that with me before, yes.

RICHARD

I hate you and what you represent. But not the kind of hate that a nerd has toward a schoolyard bully, no, that's too pedestrian. This is a special, purer kind of hate usually reserved for child pornographers and socialists. If you have to take the rest of the day off, then take the day off. But don't tongue me in the ear while you pinch the toosh of the guy next to you.

THE GUY NEXT TO NORM shakes his head and whispers:

THE GUY NEXT TO NORM

Don't. Not interested.

Richard SLAMS his fist on the table to mark his final plea.

RICHARD

Sell human empathy somewhere else,  
I'm trying to run a motherhuggin'  
company.

Startled by the odd use of the word, Norm looks up.

NORM

Sorry, I'm just... what'd you say?  
Motherhugger?

Everyone in the room GASPS. Richard licks his lips, thinking he's in for a challenge.

RICHARD  
(defensive)  
You flippin' callin' me a  
motherhugger now?

NORM  
Flippin'? Why are you talking like  
that? Are you trying to say flip?

Except Norm didn't say flip, he said fuck.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Why am I saying flip when I'm  
supposed to be saying flip?

Norm stands up, perplexed more than ever.

NORM (CONT'D)  
This must be a dream. I have to see  
my therapist.

He RUSHES OUT of the room in a panic.

Denton CHUCKLES, thinking he's solved the brain teaser.

DENTON  
Oh, I see, so this *is* a dream.

INT. DR. NORTON'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Norm is now transported to his therapist's waiting room. A TV  
PLAYS A REPEATING AD FOR DR. NORTON'S BOOK.

ON TV:

*DR. NORTON, 60s and gray-haired, sits in a chair pretending to  
read his book. He stops to look into the camera.*

DR. NORTON  
*Why hello! I didn't notice you were  
there.  
(fake chuckle)  
I bet that's how you feel all the  
time, isn't it? Walking about life,  
invisible to your friends and family.  
Thinking you're not so special.  
(his fake smile fades)  
The truth is you're not. You see,  
we're all born into the biochemical  
prisons of our minds and bodies that  
impose certain limitations on our  
lives.*

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

*A lot of hogwash out there claim that you can be special and escape these genetic walls, but the fact is it's simply impossible. That's why I've come up with this...*

*He lifts up his book, showing the title "UNDERSTANDING YOUR LIFE'S PRISON CELL."*

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

*Understanding your life's prison cell. Rather than being disappointed time and time again by living in some lofty denial that you can be more than the sum of your genetic parts, accept your mind and body for what they are. The better you understand your life's prison cell, the better you can understand you, and the freer you will be.*

*HAPPY PEOPLE RUNNING in a grassy field. Pull back to reveal they're in a huge prison cell in the middle of a park.*

*GRAPHIC appears: "UNDERSTAND YOUR LIFE'S PRISON CELL TODAY."*

The video repeats itself.

THE CHEERY RECEPTIONIST shouts out:

CHEERY RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Goldworm!

Shocked by the sudden voice, Norm SCREAMS... For awhile... then it drops off as he realizes he's embarrassed himself.

He stops and walks past the SHOCKED PATIENTS waiting in the room and goes up to the receptionist.

CHEERY RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(with a fake smile)

Next time, please try to remember to scream on the inside. Okay?

THERAPIST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Norm jerks at the cut. He's now laying on Dr. Norton's couch.

DR. NORTON

You okay, Norm? You look a little silly today.

Norm lies back down on the couch and takes a deep breath.

NORM

Please tell me this is a dream.

DR. NORTON

Dreams are odd, furry monsters, aren't they then? One good way to tell if this is a dream is by looking at your watch. If the characters are unreadable or odd, that's a good indication you're in one.

Norm looks at his watch. Nothing odd about it.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

Any odd characters?

Norm lets out a sigh of confusion and shakes his head.

NORM

No. How can this not be a dream?  
Nothing is making sense today.

DR. NORTON

Why don't you start from the beginning? When did things stop making sense...  
(patronizing)  
... to you?

NORM

Last night I was supposed to make good on the promise to myself to finally tell Sally Wind how I feel about her. I went to a bar after work because she wanted to buy me a birthday drink.

DR. NORTON

Happy belated. I had no idea.

NORM

Actually your office sent me a card, misspelled my first name too. Added a couple of n's so it read Nnnorm. Happens a lot, I've told you about it before because it screws up my online billing. Regardless, Sally stood me up, so I got drunk on my own-

DR. NORTON

-Drunk you say? You never get drunk.

NORM

I wanted to live a little.



DR. NORTON

But you never live a little.

NORM

Can we move on from this? Thank you. I remember trying to talk to this beautiful girl but she completely ignored me. It was really bizarre.

DR. NORTON

Come now, is it that unusual for a woman to be ignoring you at a bar?

NORM

You're right, a thousand thanks for the spot on perspective. Anyway, I woke up this morning. That's when things stopped making sense. I was jumping in time. One second I was in my apartment, then on the subway, then at work, like that.

He SNAPS his fingers.

DR. NORTON

Please refrain from making sharp sounds, it makes my office turtle anxious.

Sitting in the corner of the office is a LARGE SLEEPY TURTLE. He pops out his head briefly...then returns into his shell.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

Now then, you don't recollect getting on the subway or arriving at work?

NORM

No. And I heard music, like instrumental score.

DR. NORTON

So an auditory hallucination?

NORM

And Sally, she was speaking in clever quips. Not like usual. I took ecstasy three years ago if that helps. Does that help?

DR. NORTON

No. Go on.

NORM

And here's something weird: I can't say the word flip.

DR. NORTON

Flip?

NORM

Or shoot, or crud, or funbags. I can't swear. You try it.

DR. NORTON

I don't swear.

NORM

Not the point. I mean I physically cannot swear. I go to say the words and those words come out instead. It's gotta be something with my synapses. I can't be sure the ecstasy wasn't mixed with something. You know how drug dealers LOVE doing that, for cost reasons I'm sure.

Dr. Norton crosses his legs. This could be serious.

DR. NORTON

Did you stop taking your medication?

NORM

I skipped it this morning because I still had some alcohol in my system.

DR. NORTON

Ah. There's our filthy skank.

NORM

Skipping one day's worth of medication can't be the source of all these issues, can it?

DR. NORTON

Perhaps. I'm going to call a neurologist friend of mine. I can pull a few strings, get him to do an MRI right away for us. We'll see if there's something wrong with that strange little noodle of yours.

Norm sits up quickly with tremendous glee.

NORM

Thank you so mu--

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Norm, still sitting up from the previous scene, HITS HIS HEAD HARD against the MRI Scanner and is KNOCKED OUT COLD.

Through the intercom, the neurologist DR. GARZA speaks:

DR. GARZA  
Mr. Goldworm, please be still or the  
MRI will do us no good.

A HOSPITAL ATTENDANT sees that Norm is unconscious.

HOSPITAL ATTENDANT  
I think he's unconscious Dr. Garza.

Dr. Garza gets extremely angry, then calms himself down.

DR. GARZA  
(to the attendant in a  
forced calm voice)  
No, this is my fault. Somehow I led  
you to believe I cared about your  
thoughts.

INT. HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY LAB - XRAY ROOM - LATER

Norm is now sitting on a cold hospital bed looking at x-rays of his brain. Dr. Garza is in mid-explanation:

DR. GARZA  
... which shows zero indication of  
damage in the cerebrum or frontal  
lobe...

Dr. Garza pauses as he looks at Norm, who is thoroughly confused and playing catch up.

DR. GARZA (CONT'D)  
Mr. Goldworm, are you okay?

NORM  
To be fair, I wasn't really okay  
before this, but after this, I think  
the word okay decided to give me the  
finger and peace the eff out of my  
life forever-- There I go again with  
the clean swearing.  
(shakes his head  
disapprovingly)  
I'm so effed. So very, very effed.

DR. GARZA  
(not impressed)  
I see.

DR. GARZA (CONT'D)

You know Mr. Goldworm, I cancelled an interview with Psychos, Psychos, Psychos Magazine to come see you as a personal favor to Dr. Norton. I don't find it amusing that you're not paying attention to my diagnosis.

NORM

No, no, it's not that. I keep cutting from one place to another, and in mid-conversation. I have no idea what you're talking about because I wasn't here for the diagnosis.

DR. GARZA

Mr. Goldworm, you were sitting right there as I was explaining it to you. Nurse Linde here can attest.

NURSE LINDE, a beautiful redhead, sits in a chair nearby with a clipboard in her hand. She looks up with hesitation.

NURSE LINDE

I attest.  
(unsure of the word  
'attest')  
What do you mean?

NORM

I know I was here, but I wasn't here, I missed it all. Last thing I remember I was in the MRI thingy, next thing I'm sitting here and you've concluded your diagnosis, thus methinks me mad. Did I tell you I took ecstasy three years ago? Almost to the day. It had a picture of the Batman symbol on it, if that helps. Does that help?

Dr. Garza has had enough.

DR. GARZA

Mr. Goldworm, what you are describing is severe short-term memory loss, something I assure you my MRI *thingy* would have caught. So this is either a funny little yarn you can bore someone else with or an extreme case of psychosomatic hallucinations that you should take up with Dr. Norton.

DR. GARZA (CONT'D)

Either way, I'd suggest you drink  
some warm milk, go home, and take a  
good night's sleep in your bed  
*thingy*.

With that, Dr. Garza walks away in a huff with his Nurse.

Norm braces for the cut.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. NORM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Norm stands in front of his door in the hallway of his  
rundown, shitty apartment building.

He composes himself, getting used to the cutting. He notices  
a NOTE on the door from Sally. He starts to read:

SALLY (O.S.)

Hey Norm!

Startled by the sound of Sally's voice, he stops reading and  
looks around. The hallways are empty.

NORM

Sally?

Nothing. He goes back to reading.

SALLY (O.S.)

Hey Norm! Where were--

He stops again and twirls around like a clumsy ice skater.

NORM

Sally!

Halls are empty. No Sally. He looks at the note, realizes  
what's happening. He lets out a deep breath and tries again:

SALLY (O.S.)

Hey Norm! Where were you?! I had  
some bombshell worthy news to air and  
you, my best friend, are not here to  
receive!

He smiles at the note: finally something that makes sense.

A SACCHARINE PIANO MEDLEY begins playing. Norm rolls his eyes  
at the cheesy score. He looks up at whomever.

NORM

If I'm being real with you, it's a  
little on the nose.

He continues to read:

SALLY (O.S.)  
 I bet you wanna know what the big  
 secret is? Well, too bad, so sad!  
 You're just going to have to wait  
 until I can hit you up in person!  
 Holla, Sally! XOXOXOXO! P.S. I  
 checked, no videos of your naked  
 person on subways. I got your  
 backside partner!

Norm puts the note away and walks into his apartment.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. NORM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Norm drinking a warm glass of milk, but because of the jarring cut, it SPILLS ALL OVER HIS FACE.

He dries himself off with a nearby kitchen towel.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. NORM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He's now in bed. He looks around, curls up and shuts his eyes.

NORM  
 Please let this be a dream. Please.  
 I already have so much against me,  
 please don't add insanity to the  
 list. I won't even complain about my  
 life being meaningless anymore. I'll  
 gladly accept that over insanity.  
 Thank you for your understanding.  
 Yours truly, Norm Goldworm.

He lets out a hopeful sigh and cuts the lights off.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - MORNING

Norm stands in a subway full of commuters again. He shakes his head, he can't believe it. It's still happening. The uppity music score returns.

NORM  
 No! I was just in my warm bed!

The commuters stare ahead, attempting to ignore him. The same HOMELESS PERSON, now wearing a kilt, grabs his attention:

HOMELESS PERSON  
 (Scottish accent)  
 As was I, me lad.

He goes to put his hand on his shoulder but Norm moves it away and screams like a scared child:

NORM  
 No!

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Uppity music continues. Norm now in the midst of a crowd like before. He jumps out of the people traffic.

NORM  
 This is impossible.

Norm pulls out his phone and calls Reynold:

NORM (CONT'D)  
 Reynold, I need your help. I'm coming over, okay?! ... It's Norm, Norm, how do you not see me on your caller ID? ... You did, then why did you ask? ... It's not funny to tell me you hate me, just don't go anywhere! I need your help!

INT. BLOCKBUSTER - LATER

REYNOLD is at the checkout, debating between "Can't Hardly Wait" and "Cruel Intentions." There's a long line behind him.

REYNOLD  
 (to the Store Clerk)  
 You've put me in a tough predicament dear sir.

Behind him, through the STORE WINDOW, we see Norm out on the street, confused like before, looking inside.

He BANGS loudly on the window.

NORM  
 Reynold!

Reynold looks over his shoulder and spots his unstable friend.

REYNOLD  
 Norm? Why the hell can't I have normal friends?

STORE CLERK

Hey, aren't you Jessica's boyfriend?

Reynold's face goes bright red, his anger simmers to a boil.

REYNOLD

(sarcastic)

My, how I love it when a douchenozzle reminds me of my dearly, departed girlfriend.

A DEEP BREATH keeps him from blowing a gasket.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

Let's just go with the bigger jugs before anyone gets hurt.

He picks out "Can't Hardly Wait." Norm RUSHES up to him as Reynold completes his checkout.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

Norm, does this have something to do with your pledge to tell Sally Wind how much you love her? Cause if it does, I hate to tell you I told you so, but let's face it, why would she like someone like you--

Norm puts up his hands. They begin a walk out the store.

NORM

I need to tell you something, but it's going to sound strange.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Reynold lights a cigarette as they walk down the street.

REYNOLD

Strange happens to be my subject of interest, second only to advanced poonology of course. Let's hear it.

NORM

My life, it's... It's been moving fast. I've been jumping. One second I'm in bed, the next I'm on the subway. I'm hearing music. Like this sort of awful uppity music when I walk down the street. Or yesterday, when I was reading this note from Sally, this awful piano medley, and the note! The note!



NORM (CONT'D)

When I would read the note, I would  
hear Sally's voice out of nowhere  
read the note for me!

Reynold furrows his eyebrow as he let's out a FART mid-walk.

REYNOLD

I think I'm going to need to smoke  
something else to better understand  
this situation.

He pulls out a corn cob from his pocket, stuffs some weed in  
it, and smokes it like an old, stodgy professor.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

As you were.

NORM

What if I'm on the verge of a nervous  
breakdown? Am I going to wind up  
being one of those people that needs  
religion?

Reynold takes another puff.

REYNOLD

Let's not throw out all logic just  
yet. When exactly was this bit of  
strange birthed?

NORM

Yesterday, or the night before, but  
to me that was like 25 minutes ago.  
That's how much I've been jumping  
around. The whole thing has been a  
blurry haze.

Reynold lifts up his bag of weed.

REYNOLD

That happens to be what I'm currently  
medicating myself with.

The label reads "Blurry Haze."

NORM

Wow. Always a step ahead.

Reynold clears his throat to pronounce his faux gravitas.

REYNOLD

25 minutes you say?

NORM

Yes. I've been to my therapist, I've had an MRI done. I thought for sure it was the ecstasy I took three years ago. Like a synaptic disorder?

REYNOLD

(arrogant)

Exactly what I was going to postulate. And I didn't even need a degree and a fancy MRI machine--

NORM

--except the MRI showed nothing.

Caught off guard, Reynold puffs on his corn cob.

REYNOLD

(defensive)

Well, sure, you need one of those machines to rule it out, I can't do that on my own obviously, I don't have superhuman x-ray vision.

NORM

No one's saying you were expected to have x-ray vision man.

REYNOLD

(very defensive)

I can only give you my expert advice. Nothing more, nothing less.

Reynold regains his composure, then eyes Norm suspiciously.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

You're still on your meds, right?

NORM

It's not the EFFIN MEDICATION!

His clean swearing finally gives Norm the clincher!

NORM (CONT'D)

The swearing! I can't swear!

REYNOLD

(appalled)

That is unacceptable. I won't allow clean-swearing in my presence, not while you're still considered my effin' friend!

Reynold is taken aback by his own clean words. They both STOP SHORT in the middle of the street.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)  
Fudge? Sugar!

GASP! Again, taken aback!

REYNOLD (CONT'D)  
I can't effin' swear! C-sucker,  
pearlicker, lick my hairy THUMBS!  
Dagnabbit! EAT MY FILTHY SUNRISE!  
WHAT THE EFF AM I SAYING?

Norm smiles. Finally someone understands.

NORM  
See? You can't freakin' swear.

REYNOLD  
Spank me willy... What the eff have  
you done to me?

NORM  
Something is effin' effed, and we've  
gotta freakin' figure it out before  
they eff us right in the f-hole.

Reynold nervously looks around as PEDESTRIANS walk by.

REYNOLD  
First of all, if we can't properly  
swear, then let's not clean-swear,  
because we sound like total  
starfruits. Let's go inside.

INT. REYNOLD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Same apartment as before, a pig sty.

Reynold sits in his chair, playing "Can't Hardly Wait" on his  
Ibook. He smokes his corncob, deep in thought.

Norm sits on the filthy couch. Next to him lies the CARCASS  
OF A DEAD CAT.

NORM  
Is that your cat?

REYNOLD  
(emotional)  
No, it's Jessica's, I haven't had  
time to bury her yet. Don't worry,  
she won't bite obviously.

Norm decides to stand and frenetically pace instead.

A EUREKA moment finally hits Reynold.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)  
Of course! These guys must think  
we're AMATEURS!

NORM  
What is it?

REYNOLD  
(laughing)  
It's amateur hour at the Apollo is  
what it is. Who is the number one  
public enemy of free speech in this  
country?

Norm doesn't indulge.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)  
It's the government man. This  
technology was bound to come.  
They've got us wired into their  
system. I bet you it costs them  
nothing, ten cents per person at the  
most. The most.

NORM  
(confused)  
What costs them ten cents?

REYNOLD  
That's the question, isn't it? Is it  
microchips or robotic bumblebees or  
biochemical Honey Combs? Probably  
made in China is what it is.

Norm doesn't buy nor understand this theory at all.

NORM  
Don't take this the wrong way, but I  
don't think you made any sense, even  
to yourself man.

*ON THE IBOOK, "CAN'T HARDLY WAIT" IS PLAYING:*

*Girl Whose Party It Is walks around the house party.*

*GIRL WHOSE PARTY IT IS  
Oh, wait. Is that poop? Someone  
have poop on their shoe? Oh, my God.  
Someone has poop on their shoe!*

Like a light bulb going off, Norm beelines to the iBook.

NORM  
This is interesting...

He turns up the volume.

*ON THE IBOOK:*

*An Asian Girl sits on the sofa, crying to her friend:*

ASIAN GIRL  
And then I heard... that he slept  
with some sophomore.

Norm looks over at Reynold.

NORM  
On what planet does a hot high school  
teenager whose boyfriend just banged  
another chick says the phrase "he  
slept with some sophomore"?

Reynold nods his head knowingly.

REYNOLD  
She said "slept with" instead of  
"flippin'", I mean "EFF" I mean-- eff  
me in the orifice--

Norm puts his hands on Reynold's shoulders to calm him.

NORM  
Do you see what I'm saying?

Reynold wraps his hands around Norm's shoulder.

REYNOLD  
You are stuck in a movie! A bad PG-  
13 rated movie!

Their eyes lock for a moment, the improbable theory lingers in the air. Then logic crashes down on Norm's face.

NORM  
Except it's impossible to be stuck in  
a PG-13 movie.

REYNOLD  
If you're lucky. It might even be  
PG, in which case, leave me the eff  
out of it. I've got something that  
resembles respect hidden somewhere.

NORM  
This is impossible. Let's go back to  
your government theory.  
(shakes his head)  
But that's so stupid too.

REYNOLD

Don't you see? You're in a movie where anything is possible, that's how they get you!

Norm pulls away and rejects the ridiculous premise.

NORM

I can't be stuck in a movie. We need rational thought here. Let's pull up WebMD and start searching symptoms.

REYNOLD

You do that you're gonna be dying of nasal chlamydia within three clicks and I don't even know if that exists.

NORM

It doesn't.

REYNOLD

That's what I just said. Listen, Norm, those sites are not to be trusted. This however makes sense! You're jumping around just like they do in the movies. You see it all the time, one minute they're at work fake typing at a computer, doodly-doobie, next they're making whoopie with the romantic lead, whoopie-woo! They cut out all the boring parts in between! The score, you said you heard score! It's MOVIE score! The voice-over, Sally's voice-over of her own note!

NORM

So?

REYNOLD

So? That's what they do in the movies because people watching them don't or can't read.

Norm sits down, taking this all in. Reynold sits next to him. Two minds gelling on the proposed absurd reality.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

It makes sense. I'm the wacky fat friend, you're the aloof loner, these are definitely the ingredients of one of those bad tragicomedies.

(gets an idea)

Look at this.

Reynold stands up and begins undressing.

Norm retreats to a corner of the room.

NORM

Please stop getting naked.

Reynold strips until he's BUTT-NAKED. Norm has his eyes shut.

REYNOLD

Look Norm.

NORM

You understand that if I see you naked, it can't be undone.

REYNOLD

That's how strong my convictions are.

Norm peers over at Reynold who is naked, but his genitals are being covered by the TV.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

You can't see my penis, can you?

NORM

Because you're behind the TV.

Reynold JUMPS from behind the TV, into the open and suddenly BALLOONS APPEAR out of nowhere covering his penis mid-air.

ON LANDING, A NIGHT STAND with a LONG VASE appears to cover his penis.

NORM (CONT'D)

What! Where did those balloons come from, and how did that vase with-- you don't own vases!

REYNOLD

They're Jessica's, she thought they opened up the room. But that's not the point. You're in a clean movie, you can't see me naked no matter what I do!

Reynold does a HANDSTAND on one of the walls. Norm at first shies his eyes away, but then looks:

Reynold, upside down against the wall, his penis covered by the LONG BEAK OF A PELICAN hanging in a birdcage.

NORM

Since when do you own a pelican?

REYNOLD  
 (full of emotion)  
 A month ago as an emotional  
 substitute for Jessica's cat...

NORM  
 You've had that carcass in here for a  
month? Reynold, you really have  
 issues with letting go man.

Reynold gets off his handstand and angrily walks over to him.

REYNOLD  
 ... again, not the point! And if I  
 were you, I would tread very  
 carefully when speaking about my  
 beloved.

He shakes his head angrily and walks into his bedroom.

NORM  
 What are you doing?

Reynold returns with a PISTOL. HE LOADS IT.

Deeply frightened, Norm backs away.

NORM (CONT'D)  
 Reynold, please don't trust yourself.

REYNOLD  
 You said you were about 25 minutes  
 in, so seeing how you're the main  
 character of a movie, you can't die.

NORM  
 Reynold! Stop! Try to remember how  
 out of touch with reality you can be--

Reynold cocks and aims the gun at Norm.

NORM (CONT'D)  
 NO!!

HE FIRES!

Norm stands there, unscathed. He checks his body, nothing.  
 No bullet holes, nothing.

Reynold has a huge smile plastered on his face.

REYNOLD  
 See?

HE FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN!!



Norm SCREAMS throughout. But no actual harm comes to him.

The dust settles as the lunacy of their theory is confirmed with a resounding bang.

NORM  
I'm stuck in an effin' movie.  
 (beat)  
 I need to drink a lot.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Reynold (fully dressed now) PUSHES Norm in front of an oncoming HUGE CITY BUS.

Norm SCREAMS, but the bus at the last minute JERKS AWAY and TOPPLES OVER.

Reynold laughs at his friend's comical powers.

NORM  
 Reynold, this isn't a game. This is  
 my life we're talking about--

Without warning, Reynold SHOVES him into the street again.

An oncoming FIRE TRUCK swerves out of control and SMASHES into the toppled bus, BURSTING INTO FLAMES.

The FIREMEN jump out and SPRAY THEIR HOSES ON THE FIRE.

Norm looks at Reynold incredulously. He smiles back at him.

NORM (CONT'D)  
 You can't be this easily entertained--

Reynold CHUCKLES dumbly at the spectacle.

REYNOLD  
 --Look, it's firemen putting out  
 their own fire. That's so great.

Norm returns to mission and MARCHES DOWN THE STREET.

NORM  
 I need to drink a lot.

INT. RIPLEY'S TAVERN - LATER

Norm and Reynold walk into the mildly busy bar. Norm fights his way to the bar and shouts his order:

NORM  
 Barkeep! I need to drink a lot.

The same BARTENDER as before shoots him an odd look, but complies with his order.

Reynold GAWKS at the BEAUTIFUL WOMEN that litter the place.

REYNOLD

Unbelievable. I would marry any one of these girls right now, without precondition. I swear. They could be unconscionably evil and I would give my heart to them if they allowed it. I'm being serious Norm. Even my love Jessica would approve.

NORM

Reynold. If I'm stuck in a movie, don't you think we should find out how or why--

REYNOLD

(shakes his head  
furiously)

--No, no, I don't think that at all.

NORM

I think I'm going to check myself into a mental asylum until this thing straightens itself out.

Sensing this special gift could be snatched away, Reynold quickly stops his friend from leaving.

REYNOLD

Okay, okay, okay. If you have to know why, let's figure it out then. Usually in these type of movies there's some stupid device used to make the magic happen.

NORM

Like what?

REYNOLD

Like... did you make a birthday wish?

NORM

A birthday wish to be stuck in a movie? No, that would be stupid.

REYNOLD

Did a kooky Christopher Walken type offer to help fix your life?

NORM

Absolutely not.

REYNOLD

God?

NORM

God? No.

REYNOLD

While you were watching a movie recently, did you ever utter a phrase "if only my life were a movie" or something to that effect?

NORM

(impatient)

I did not.

REYNOLD

Did you do *anything* out of the ordinary?

NORM

(thinking)

I got drunk on my birthday.

REYNOLD

Drunk? You never get drunk.

NORM

I wanted to live a little.

REYNOLD

But you never live a li--

NORM

(annoyed)

--yes, I know, thank you, what's your point?

REYNOLD

Somehow you getting drunk on your birthday caused you to be stuck in a movie.

NORM

How exactly would that happen?

REYNOLD

Does it matter? Don't over think this gift Norm. Your life is boring, monotonous, meaningless. You think about suicide multiple times a day, as do I. But now you've been given the opportunity to live like they do in the movies, the MOVIES...

Norm takes pause to swallow this insight in earnest.

NORM  
I see your point. Maybe this  
experience could open me up.

REYNOLD  
(with a nod)  
Yeah, I'm probably gonna start a bar  
fight.

Reynold SUDDENLY SCREAMS and DECKS the GUY next to him.  
Bedlam follows as a HUGE BAR FIGHT gets underway.

Even Norm musters the courage to join in the festivities. He  
weakly PUNCHES the GUY next to him.

The GUY DECKS Norm back, SENDING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

SLOW-MO as Norm FALLS...

He CRASHES ON THE FLOOR, wearing an aloof expression. He lies  
still, watching the SHOES of the ensuing MADNESS,  
contemplating the ramifications of his predicament.

In the stillness of thought, two beautiful feet in SMALL RED  
SHOES encroach his vision. Feet not part of a fight, but two  
splashes of color in a sea of chaos.

Norm's eyes turn sideways, to seek the owner of the red shoes.

POLICEMEN help him up by LIFTING his arms aggressively and  
HANDCUFFING him.

Norm's eyes stay locked on the owner of the red shoes...

It's the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN from the first scene. She STARES at  
him confused. Looks at him. Acknowledges him.

Their STARE stays locked as the POLICEMEN drag their captives,  
Norm and Reynold, out of the bar.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Norm and Reynold sit like dopes in a crowded jail cell with  
other victims of the aforementioned bar fight.

A huge smile is still plastered on Reynold's face.

REYNOLD  
Look at this cheap jail we're in?  
(checking out the jail  
with disgust)  
They've got a clown school in charge  
of this production!

NORM

We just got arrested for starting a random bar fight for no reason.

REYNOLD

It felt great--

NORM

--Stupid was the word I landed on.  
(with assurance)  
It felt stupid.

REYNOLD

(re: jail)  
We'll get all the street cred of regular jail and none of the sodomy. If you chew on that for a minute it'll make your head spin.

NORM

(softer, more discretion)  
That silver lining aside, we can't keep ignoring the fact that I am magically stuck in a movie since the very notion of that idea defies the laws of sane reality. What's the plan here?

REYNOLD

Norm, you can't figure this out? This is monkey business they're doling out here!

NORM

I'm really puzzled as to why you think you have all the answers? Have you been stuck in a movie before?

REYNOLD

Not only have I NEVER been stuck in a movie, but you can be sure as bukaki is sticky that I wouldn't be caught dead watching trash like this.  
(as if screaming at the movie)  
Caught DEAD!

POLICE OFFICER bangs on the cell to quiet Reynold down.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

It's not rocket science Norm. If you're stuck in a movie then the movie has to end at some point.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

We just ride this out for another hour, enjoying all the hijinks and fun along the way.

NORM

Let me just say this out loud so I don't risk actually internalizing any of it. What you're saying is, we just go along with the extremely bizarre logic that I'm stuck in a movie, and when it ends it ends and my life will go back to normal?

REYNOLD

Exactly what I'm saying, and by the looks of it, it's not even going to be that long. Look at you. You're a goofy loser, clearly whatever movie about you isn't going to be some three hour biopic of any real significance.

(whispers)

I don't even know how they're gonna get a feature length out of all this if I'm being honest.

Norm ponders a movie about his life.

NORM

Well, you cut out all the boring parts of my life and you're pretty much left with...

Reynold sympathetically pats him on the back.

REYNOLD

Let's face it pal, you and I both know there's not much there. But that's not a slight against you...

NORM

It isn't?

REYNOLD

Well, it is and it isn't.

NORM

What do you mean?

REYNOLD

It's self-explanatory.

NORM

(confused)

How is something is and isn't--

REYNOLD  
 --Just leave it alone.  
     (pats him on the back)  
 Leave it alone.

With sexy gusto, a voice shouts:

SALLY (O.S.)  
 Norm!

From the other side of the crowded police station, a stunning, beautiful and cool SALLY WIND (30s) walks towards Norm. She is the definition of hipster.

She uses her looks to PART CLUSTERS OF PEOPLE out of her way.

She uses her smile to convince POLICEMEN to let her by.

She uses her limberness to DODGE ESCAPING CRIMINALS.

All to make her way to Norm's cell.

NORM  
Sally Wind?

Their eyes remain locked, they share a smile between them.

SALLY  
 After our weird phone call the other day, somehow I had a hunch you'd wind up in jail. I guess you can call me your Samantha Stephens.

NORM  
 (with a goofy smile)  
 What?

SALLY  
 Give me a minute, I'm gonna bail you out crazy man.

With a LAUGH, she heads over to a policeman's desk to post the bail.

Norm can't believe his eyes. Sally Wind is here. A sudden realization slaps him across the face.

NORM  
 (to Reynold)  
 Oh my God. I made a promise to myself to tell Sally Wind that I love her. What if the movie has something to do with this? What if it's about us getting together?

The realization of how crazy his suggestion sounds out loud, slaps Norm across the face even harder.

NORM (CONT'D)

What am I saying? The minute I tell Sally we have to be together because I'm stuck in a movie she'll mace me blind. I can't be blind, my life is already full of so much darkness.

(shakes his head)

So much.

REYNOLD

Norm, you're thinking in real life terms again. Of course in the real world Sally would have nothing to do with you because she's a winner at life and you're... well, you've lost a lot. Everyone knows that. But you're not in the real world, you're in a movie.

He stands up and walks over to a mirror above the toilet.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

Come here and look in the mirror.

Norm reluctantly acquiesces.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen your skin so clear?

Norm's skin is immaculate.

NORM

It can't be. My doctor diagnosed me with severe adult acne until I reached seventy when he said the advanced wrinkles would hopefully sag the pimples away. Hopefully, he said.

REYNOLD

Look at your hair.

Norm shakes his head and brushes his hair wildly, then looks in the mirror again. Perfectly quaffed.

NORM

That's impossible.



REYNOLD

Look at those jeans! Those are like  
\$400 jeans you buy at douchebaggery  
dot com, not the \$20 jeans you buy on  
sale at TJ Maxx.

POLICE OFFICER unlocks the CELL DOOR.

POLICE OFFICER

Goldworm! Your free to go.

Standing across the way is Sally Wind wearing a sly, sexy  
smile as she waits for her presumptive hero Norm.

Reynold puts his hand on Norm's shoulder.

REYNOLD

Go, win Sally's heart. But remember,  
don't be yourself.

NORM

Who do I be then?

REYNOLD

Be the better version of you Norm...  
be the movie you.

INT./EXT. SALLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Norm sits quietly in the passenger seat as Sally drives  
through the city streets. They curiously smile at each other.

Romantic music SWELLS. The scene is heart-gushing.

SALLY

You look really good Norm.

NORM

(extremely flattered)  
Thank you so much.

Sally inspects Norm's face with concern.

SALLY

Are you okay?

NORM

People have been asking me that a lot  
lately.

SALLY

Maybe it just means you're the only  
normal person in a world full of  
crazy.

NORM

Or I'm the only crazy one in a world  
full of normal.

SALLY

Is there really a difference?

Norm nods, fair enough.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Normal or crazy, I'm taking you to my  
place. I've got news so big that  
it's not fit to print.

NORM

(feigning shock)

Wow. That sounds big.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Norm stands in the kitchen, and not realizing from the cut  
that he's holding a drink, DROPS A WINE GLASS.

SALLY

Whoa, Norm, what up with that?

NORM

(shakes it off)

Sorry, it's been very, well, somewhat  
psychologically horrific recently if  
I'm being truthful.

(a shrug and a chuckle,  
playing it off)

Keeps me young.

They share a forced laugh, followed by a beat of odd tension.

SALLY

I'm sorry, it's actually not that  
funny. That wine glass was a gift  
from my dead aunt who succumbed to  
cancer only a year ago this February,  
so...

NORM

Oh. Let me pay something--

SALLY

(serious)

--That's actually really offensive, because it's priceless, in the way a baby's smile or a shared sunset with a lover is. Let's just drop it before feelings get hurt.

She grabs a towel and starts cleaning up the spill as an awkward moment passes. Norm tries to help. His voice shakes as he closes in on his goal.

NORM

Sally, there's something I need to tell you...

Terror strikes his face again. He's on the verge of tears.

Not noticing, Sally takes the recent spill to the trash.

SALLY

Honestly, feelings got hurt. I don't think you understand how much I loved my aunt. I have nothing to remember her by now. She was a very simple woman.

She turns to see that Norm is fighting back tears.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. You're going to make me feel bad about being honest? Well I refuse to feel guilty. She was simple Norm. Really simple. Spartan-like almost.

He shakes his head vigorously. In the midst of this, he SPOTS THE DIAMOND RING on Sally's finger. His face regains normalcy.

NORM

Is that an engagement ring?

SALLY

Oh, right, with all the emotional trauma over my aunt's wine glass I almost forgot my big news. I'm getting married! Tom proposed!

Norm's heart sinks 20,000 leagues under the sea.

NORM

What? Who's Tom? When did this happen?

SALLY

Last weekend, that's what I've been trying to tell you this whole time but you've been... well, Norm, you've been acting very creepy. And not in a good way.

Norm clears his throat to mute his inner turmoil.

NORM

I-- ummm...

Words escape him. Color and blood drain his face.

SALLY

Norm? What's the dealy, yo?

A moment of silence. Norm TAKES THE PLUNGE AND KISSES HER.

Sally pulls back.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Back up mofo. What's this?

NORM

It's me kissing you. It's me wanting you to be with me, not Tom.

SALLY

(discombobulated)

I don't know what to say, my mind is like speed racer right now.

(looks at Norm like he's a stranger)

It's like I don't even recognize you anymore!

NORM

I want you to be with me. I love you, and Tom's a douche, I know I've never met him but if it's consistent with your previous trysts, what I mean is you develop a pattern, and when one studies your judgment in men, it's like a drunk person who shouldn't drive sort of, cause they'll get into accidents that could kill people, you know?

SALLY

(angry)

--Trysts?

NORM

*An agreement, as between lovers, to  
meet at a certain time and place.*  
Look, Sally, I've always loved you.  
You and I should be together, not you  
and Tom. The only one for me is you,  
and you for me. Happy...  
(stops before he quotes a  
song)  
That's it... just happy.

Sally shakes her head in disbelief.

SALLY

I can't believe you. I mean, I do,  
but...  
(shakes her head in  
disbelief)  
I don't at the same time.  
(gets weepy)  
It's like a paradox. You're like a  
big paradox monster right now.

She quickly gets up and STORMS OUT of the house.

Norm puts his head down in defeated humiliation.

NORM

Why? Just why?

He gets up and runs after Sally.

EXT. SALLY'S BROWNSTONE - STREETS - NIGHT

It's POURING RAIN. Sally is marching down the street,  
drenched. Norm follows her and looks up at the rain.

NORM

When did it start raining?  
(to Sally)  
Sally! Sally!

Sally turns around, pissed off.

SALLY

What!

Norm looks at the rain.

NORM

You wanna have this conversation out  
here? It's like a category five.

SALLY

Don't change the subject!

Norm nods. He looks into her eyes.

NORM  
I love you and I want to be with you.  
I'm sorry, but it's true. I had to  
tell you.

They sadly look at each other as the rain pours down.

SALLY  
Why? Why are you telling me this?

NORM  
Because I promised myself I would.  
Because I've been waiting to tell you  
since the day I met you, like  
everything in my life was put on hold  
until this moment.

Pete Townsend's "Let My Love Open The Door" starts playing.

NORM (CONT'D)  
(reacting to the song)  
Do you hear that?

SALLY  
Hear what?

NORM  
The song.

SALLY  
Oh my God Norm, are you  
schizophrenic?

NORM  
I don't think so, my blood work  
appears to be clean.

The rain comes down hard, Sally and Norm locked on each other.

SALLY  
Do you really love me?

NORM  
Yes Sally. I love you with every  
ounce, pound, gram, really any metric  
system you want to use to describe  
the weight of my love for you  
applies. It's a love with a good old  
American obesity problem. I love you  
Sally. And I don't want you to marry  
Tom, I want you to marry me.

Sally starts to cry.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Just so you know, if you're crying I  
kinda can't tell because of the  
monsoon we're standing in.

SALLY  
I am crying Norm. I'm crying  
because... I think I love you too.

NORM  
(taken aback)  
You do?

SALLY  
Yeah, I do.

She smiles and nods her head.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
I do.

The rain POURS DOWN hard.

NORM  
What's say we get back inside and let  
God piss on nature and homeless  
people like he intended--

Sally runs up and kisses Norm. The chorus SWELLS and it is  
romantic. THUNDER CRACKS THE SKY to underline the majesty of  
the scene.

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dripping wet, Sally rips Norm's clothes off.

NORM  
We're taking off clothes?

Norm starts taking her clothes off as they passionately kiss  
and fall on the bed.

Sally pauses the passion and looks into Norm's trembling eyes.

SALLY  
I love you.

NORM  
I love you too.

They kiss sweetly for a few moments.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Sally, in her bra and panties, lies next to Norm catching her breath post-sex. She speaks while a lit cigarette dangles from her mouth.

SALLY

God Norm. You were so boss.

Confusion strikes Norm as he realizes he missed the sex.

NORM

I was?

SALLY

You were.

Norm sits up in disbelief. He missed the sex!

NORM

(mutters to himself)

I gotta get out of this movie.

SALLY

Norm... this might sound stranger than strange, but every time you say something that's insane in the membrane, I get turned on.

She straddles him sexually, cigarette still dangling.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Pump me full of nonsense Norm...

She starts to take off her bra and we--

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

Lying next to each other again, Sally is even more out of breath. This time the sheets cover her breasts. She BURPS.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Yowser, Norm, that was on point. I have to say, you were even better the second time.

Norm holds back his frustration on missing the sex AGAIN.

NORM

I'm never better the second time at anything.

(shakes his head)

God has to be dead.

SALLY

What's wrong?



NORM

Nothing, how about we go again?

SALLY

Again? Seriously, Norm, this is the last time, and then we have to take a breather and just talk because I have a lot of feelings to get to.

Norm wastes no time and quickly disappears under the covers in some attempt to out psych the movie...

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

TOILET FLUSH! Now Norm is sitting up in bed, having missed the sex again, and reading "Water for Elephants" with a pair of old man's reading glasses on.

Sally walks of the bathroom in a silk robe.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You can't tell me you wanna go again, that last go around was probably the best sex I've ever had in my life.

NORM

(angry)

Of course it was the best sex ever.

SALLY

Oh my God, am I lame or something? Was that like the worst for you?

NORM

No, no, no, it's just that it was so... crazy... sexually... like old school crazy... I can't even remember any of it, cause it was so wild and old school--

SALLY

(fondly)

--Sometimes I wonder who you are behind your silly little idioms.

She kisses him. They lay there in a mound of bliss.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're not schizophrenic, because you're exhibiting all the signs. Seriously.

NORM

I'm just so overwhelmed by actually being with you. All this is going to take some getting used to. I've been waiting for this moment for a long time.

Sally playfully lies her head on Norm's stomach.

SALLY

Since we met? Back in high school?

Norm smiles at the memory...though the memory of their first meet cannot be placed at all.

NORM

Actually, how did we meet?

SALLY

(scoffs)

Gee, Norm, you really know how to sweet talk a girl into having sex.

NORM

We already had sex.

SALLY

Well, know this, I would have never agreed to any of these shenanigans if you really couldn't remember.

Norm sits up a bit, alarmed that the most significant memory in his life seems to have evaporated.

NORM

Seriously, I don't remember.

SALLY

Don't say that and it be true! Come on, it was senior year...

Norm's eyes dance nervously as the screen DISSOLVES...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL (FLASHBACK, LATE 80S) - DAY

A HIGH SCHOOL NORM, with longer hair, a Super Mario shirt, and a misguided attempt at a goatee, sits in a classroom.

NORM

What the hell is this?

(looks at his shirt)

Why am I wearing a Super Mario shirt?

NEARBY PRETTY GIRL  
 (sarcastic)  
 Because girls like you.

GIGGLES.

MRS. SCHMICK, the angry white-haired teacher at the head of the class, screams loudly:

MRS. SCHMICK  
 Mr. Goldworm! Are you lost again?

GIGGLES. Sitting next to him is HIGH SCHOOL REYNOLD, a little thinner, and wearing a shirt that reads "Give Me Head Until I'm Dead."

REYNOLD  
 Smooth, dude, real smooth.

NORM  
 Reynold, where the hell are we?

MRS. SCHMICK  
 Mr. Goldworm! Would you and your rotund friend like to take thou lover's quarrel to a nunnery?

GIGGLES.

REYNOLD  
 Thanks a lot dude, now I'm gonna be called the rotund nun for the rest of the year.

NEARBY PRETTY GIRL  
 Hey rotund nun, you got an eraser I can borrow?

GIGGLES.

REYNOLD  
 (mutters)  
 And I was just getting my weight under control. It's like the dumb leading the dumber! Eff it.

He takes out a cupcake from his desk and EATS IT.

Norm mentally fights to place the memory.

MRS. SCHMICK  
 Before Mr. Goldworm so rudely interrupted, I was about to introduce a new student to the class.

MRS. SCHMICK (CONT'D)

She hails from Cleveland, Ohio.  
Let's give a warm homeroom welcome to  
Sally Wind.

At the head of the class, HIGH SCHOOL SALLY stands up. She's stunning, gorgeous, and the light hits her perfectly through the windows. The rest of the class DIMS.

A nearby BLACK STUDENT begins playing NEW EDITION through his BOOMBOX. Norm and Sally exchange awkward teenage smiles.

Reynold interrupts the moment by whispering to Norm:

REYNOLD

I think I'm gonna be sick, I just ate  
four cupcakes in a row after being on  
a 3 week Disco Sweat intensive...

He covers his mouth, but the geyser shoots. HE THROWS UP.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Norm stands tasked with wiping throw up off his shirt.  
Reynold is in a nearby stall PUKING.

NORM

Reynold? What the h-e double hockey  
sticks is going on? I don't remember  
any of this.

REYNOLD

I'm yakkin' sprinkles dude, let's  
reconvene post-haste--

BARF!

Norm backs away from the stall and darts outside.

HALLWAYS

SMACK! He bumps right into Sally, getting vomit on her.

SALLY

Gross. You got vomit on me.

Norm attempts to make light of the situation.

NORM

Prove it.

He laughs at his own wit but Sally does not.

SALLY

Why should I prove anything to you?

He stops smiling at his miscalculated joke.

DOUCHE FOOTBALL PLAYER walks by with his clique and LAUGHS.

DOUCHE FOOTBALL PLAYER  
Hey look, it's the vomit twins!

GUFFAWS GALORE. Sally stands up for them.

SALLY  
Lay off dirtbags. We may have vomit  
on our sleeves but you guys have  
vomit in your hearts.

The douche clique collectively exchange puzzled looks.

Norm attempts clarity in his explanation:

NORM  
No, it just means we have vomit on  
our sleeves, there really isn't much  
more of a commentary than that...

Sally grabs Norm and says:

SALLY  
It means *this*.

She hugs him tight, the vomit getting all over their clothes.

NORM  
Don't do that, that's not even really  
explaining anything, oh God...

The douche clique quickly disperse at the disgusting sight.

SALLY  
Are they splitsville?

NORM  
Yes, please back away now.

She doesn't.

SALLY  
Good. I'm Sally by the way.

NORM  
(shakes his head  
disapprovingly)  
I'm... Norm.

SALLY  
Hey Norm. Wanna be my first Jersey  
friend? It'd be très killer.

NORM

Sure, but can we stop smushing the  
two vomit stains, I think it's  
procreating.

Sally laughs.

SALLY

You're like Woody Allen funny.

She laughs more.

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

High School Norm is now sitting in the bleachers next to High  
School Reynold who is disguised in a hat and sunglasses.

NORM

Reynold?

REYNOLD

Shh! Don't say my name, someone  
might hear you!

A HOT CHEERLEADER points from the field.

HOT CHEERLEADER

It's the rotund nun everyone!

A NEARBY DOUCHE seated next to them laughs hard.

NEARBY DOUCHE

Hey rotund nun...

He pulls down his pants and moons Reynold.

NEARBY DOUCHE (CONT'D)

Give me 5 hail marys, I've been a bad  
student!

His douche friends join in the laughter. Reynold turns from  
the ass to Norm.

REYNOLD

(sad and desperate)

Life keeps slipping away.

Sally sits next to Norm.

SALLY

Hey Norm. Why is that guy mooning  
your friend?

NORM

They think he's a rotund nun.

SALLY  
 Okay, how's the game? Are we  
 winning?

DOWN ON THE FIELD

The DOUCHE FOOTBALL PLAYERS from before score a touchdown.

The crowd goes nuts. The CHEERLEADERS cheer.

Sally stands up to chastise the football players.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 Boo!!! They have vomit in their  
 hearts!!! BOO!!! Vomit-hearted  
 football players!!! BOO!!!

Everyone throws trash at Norm as he miserably sits in between  
 an embarrassing preachy Sally and Reynold who is inches away  
 from a bare ass.

Norm suddenly SPOTS the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN from the bar, now a  
 cheerleader wearing a bright RED HAIR-TIE.

The picture begins to DISSOLVE. Norm RACES towards the woman.

NORM  
 Wait!

He stumbles down the bleachers as the DISSOLVE chases him.

He YELLS after the Attractive Woman.

NORM (CONT'D)  
 I need to talk to you!

He runs, but the DISSOLVE wins...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Norm and Sally lying in bed as the memory dies slowly.

SALLY  
 I should have known that first time  
 there was something other than that  
 vomit between us...  
 (looks at him endearingly)  
 Something special.

NORM  
 (lost in thought)  
 Do you remember other details of our  
 friendship?

SALLY

Norm, why are you getting all Bourne-Identity on me?

Something's not right. Norm sits up and begins dressing.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Norm continues to dress frantically.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Norm? What up with you?

Norm looks at Sally, contemplating whether or not he should break the craziness to her.

NORM

Ok, I'm gonna tell you, but know I do so with tremendous amounts of regret.

Sally listens intently with a mischievous grin.

SALLY

This sounds like it's gonna be muy loco. I'm already getting hot--

NORM

--I'm in a movie.

SALLY

Okay, Norm, you've said that joke already. And frankly, if you have to explain it, how funny is it to begin with?

Norm has to use other measures. He stands up quickly and looks around the enormous bedroom.

NORM

Look at this place. You make nothing at your job, yet you live in a huge brownstone in Manhattan.

Sally looks around her nice, spacious bedroom. It is HUGE.

Norm goes through her big closet and pulls out her CLOTHES.

NORM (CONT'D)

Look at this. You've got expensive designer clothes that you could NEVER afford.

Norm frantically points at her ROBE.



NORM (CONT'D)  
Take off your robe.

SALLY  
Norm, you're scaring me. And not in  
a good way.

NORM  
Sally, please. Take off your robe.

Sally slowly takes off her robe. Underneath, is a sexy nighty.

SALLY  
Okay, so what?

NORM  
Take off the nighty.

SALLY  
Norm, if this is some role-play  
aggressive thing, I'm down, but we  
should agree on safe words first.

NORM  
Sally, please.

Sally takes off her nighty. Underneath, a bra and panties.

Confused, Sally takes off her bra and panties, underneath a  
bikini top and bottom.

She takes those off, underneath whip cream over her nipples  
and vagina.

SALLY  
What's going on?

NORM  
You can't get naked. That's what's  
going on. Because I'm stuck in a  
movie. A PG-13 movie. Do you  
understand now?

Sally finally concludes, without question, that Norm is crazy.

SALLY  
I think you should leave.

NORM  
Sally--

SALLY  
--Norm, I love you, I always have.  
But this isn't right. I'm engaged to  
Tom now.

SALLY (CONT'D)

The wedding is this weekend. I can't call it off. He's a Quaker for Peter's sake. I can't leave him, it's virtually impossible.

NORM

Sally, you don't understand--

She goes into the bathroom on the verge of tears and SLAMS the door shut.

Norm is left baffled but not necessarily hurt.

Sally's CALENDAR catches his eye. He sees that this weekend is circled in RED. It reads inside the bubble: "Getting married to Tom in Lehigh, Pennsylvania!! XOXOXO!!"

With that, he leaves.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Norm walks down the street, drowning in a sea of confusion and grief. Why can't he remember anything? What does it all mean?

He walks past TWO MEN deep conversation. He stops and turns, noticing something odd about the exchange. They're not really talking, just MOUTHING silently to each other.

Norm waves his hand between them.

NORM

Hello?

Nothing.

He SLAPS one of them. Really hard. Still nothing. They continue mouthing to each other.

A LOUD WHISTLE from behind causes Norm to spin around. He SEES Reynold desperately running towards him.

REYNOLD

Norm, GO!

Behind Reynold, a TEAM OF HULKING FIGURES chase him.

Norm and Reynold run as the TEAM OF HULKING FIGURES are on their tails. They DUCK into an...

ALLEYWAY

Reynold stops, out of breath.

NORM

What are you doing, we can't just stop, they're gonna find us--

THE HULKING FIGURES run past them. All is quiet.

Our heroes speak through short breaths:

NORM (CONT'D)

What happened back there?

REYNOLD

It's nothing. A girl blew her rape whistle.

NORM

Why?

REYNOLD

I licked her areola through her bikini top. Figured if that worked, it'd prove I was stuck in a movie along with you, ya know?

NORM

(disturbed)

No, and honestly I don't think that's a leap of logic a normal person would make.

Taking this as a compliment, Reynold pats him on the back.

REYNOLD

Agreed. So how goes it, did you bang Sally?

NORM

Sort of. Every time we tried to have sex it cut away, but look, that's not what my main concern is.

REYNOLD

She didn't like your banging?

NORM

She said I was her best.

REYNOLD

Aces dude! Look at you, maybe it was better you weren't there.

NORM

Absolutely, but that's not what I'm concerned about. She's marrying Tom.

REYNOLD

(scoffs)

Tom? He sounds like a total douche.

NORM

You know him?

REYNOLD

You know what's funny, I've never even met a Tom in my entire life!

NORM

Get this, he's a Quaker? I don't even really know what that means. She's marrying him this weekend, but again, NOT what I'm concerned about.

REYNOLD

The love of your life getting married to a Quaker douchebag named Tom this weekend, I say this is cause for concern.

NORM

No, Reynold, what I'm concerned about is that I don't have any recollection of meeting Sally.

REYNOLD

Norm, I recall vomiting sprinkles like it was 10 minutes ago.

NORM

That's because it *was 10 minutes ago*. Until the flashback happened, I didn't remember any of it. Do you understand now?

Long beat.

REYNOLD

(feigning comprehension)

I see exactly what you're saying.

Norm knows he doesn't.

NORM

I know you don't.

REYNOLD

Thing is, I don't know if it's me or if it's how you're saying it, gotta be honest on this one.

NORM

I don't remember any other detail of my life. Meeting you, being a kid, my parents, your parents, Christmases, birthdays, anything!

This gives Reynold pause for some very serious concern.

NORM (CONT'D)

The only things I remember are the things that happen in the movie.

REYNOLD

Which means... you're in some kind of *Total Recall* comedy of errors nightmare?

Norm is baffled by Reynold's utter illogic.

NORM

No. It means I'm not *stuck* in a movie. Reynold... we are not real people... we are just characters in a movie.

Reynold desperately attempts to grasp the implications.

NORM (CONT'D)

Think about it, can you think of anything that happened the hour, week, or month before I saw you yesterday?

Reynold shakes his head like a scared kitten.

NORM (CONT'D)

That's because you didn't even exist until I showed up, until the movie introduced you. We're not real. We're just characters in a stupid comedy. That's it.

REYNOLD

That can't be. How do we know we're friends if we didn't exist outside of the movie?

NORM

Those were just our pre-defined back stories. The movie set us up as friends. Like it set me up as a guy pining away after Sally Wind, a guy who is miserable, a guy who loses at life.

Norm sinks back into his self-pity comfort zone.

NORM (CONT'D)  
 I'm not even a real loser. I'm just  
 a fake loser thought up by a real  
 loser... I thought I had no life  
 before, now it's confirmed.

The gravity of the realization grounds them simultaneously.  
 They sit against the wall, destroyed beyond recognition.

REYNOLD  
 Hold the phone. If this is all true,  
 then what happens when the movie  
 ends?

After a moment of dooming realization...

NORM  
We end, we die.

SAD MUSIC begins playing. Reynold yells at the heavens:

REYNOLD  
 Amateur hour!

As if responding, the music continues to play.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)  
 Norm, this can't be true. What about  
 Jessica?

NORM  
 She wasn't real--

REYNOLD  
 --don't you dare!!

Reynold GRABS Norm by the neck and CHOKES him.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)  
 SHE WAS REAL!! SHE WAS REAL!!!

NORM  
 (through the choking)  
 Reynold... she didn't exist... none  
 of it did...

Norm KNEES Reynold in the balls, SENDING him to the ground.

Reynold curls up in a fetal position, dreaded with the thought  
 of his utter non-existence.

REYNOLD

Her death, all that pain, everything  
was fake? What kind of SADISTS are  
we dealing with here?!

Reynold shakes his head furiously.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

No, no... I can't believe it...

NORM

Face it Reynold, we have to accept  
what we are. We're not real and in  
less than an hour, we'll be dead.  
Erased from existence...

A harsh silence with sad music as the two characters are  
wrought with existential peril.

REYNOLD

Well, it's not like we looked forward  
to living anyway. Let's face it,  
Norm, we did not live.

NORM

No we did not.

Norm stands and walks towards the end of the alley, looking at  
a HUGE CROWD OF PEOPLE passing through WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK.

NORM (CONT'D)

All those people are only there for  
the benefit of my pathetic story.

Old couples, kids, dogs, hippies, and pot dealers walk around  
in harmonic bliss. Norm's heart goes out to them.

NORM (CONT'D)

These people don't deserve to die.  
Even if I don't want to live, that  
doesn't mean they shouldn't.

REYNOLD

(scoffs)

In no way whatsoever did we live. We  
didn't even come close.

Norm nods his head in agony.

NORM

This existential crisis is giving me  
a massive headache, I need some  
aspirin--

Norm spots a BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN on the ground. He curiously picks it up.

NORM (CONT'D)  
I need some water too...

A BOTTLE OF WATER SMACKS HIM IN THE FACE.

He searches around, looking for the source. No one's around.

NORM (CONT'D)  
(thinking)  
Wait a minute...

Norm gets an idea. He looks back at the CROWD IN THE PARK.

He closes his eyes and thinks hard. After a beat, he opens them up, searching for something or someone...

NORM (CONT'D)  
Where are you...

His gaze LANDS on the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN! She walks through the crowded park alone.

Norm's heart skips a beat. A flicker of hope.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Come on Reynold, we've gotta go. We can't let these people die...

REYNOLD  
(disgusted)  
People? Not only would I let them die, I would with glee watch every one of their individual deaths. That's 6 billion deaths I would watch with glee. With masturbatory glee--

Norm spots the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN getting into a cab.

NORM  
(to Reynold)  
We gotta grab a cab.

REYNOLD  
Why should I do anything for you? We don't even have a real friendship. I'm just a fat sidekick whose sole purpose is to fart for laughs.

NORM  
Be that as it may, I still care about you despite the fact that this is all imaginary.



REYNOLD

You're just written to care about me.  
How do I know you *really* do?

NORM

Because I think I figured out a way  
to save you and everyone else from  
total non-existence. I think I  
figured out a way to stop the movie  
from ending.

BEGIN CHASE:

Our two heroes hop into a CAB and scream at the DRIVER:

NORM (CONT'D)

(gestures to the cab of  
the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN)

Follow that cab!

The CAB PEELS away and turns down a busy city street, only to  
hit a major TRAFFIC BLOCKADE. The cab with the ATTRACTIVE  
WOMAN turns onto another street, getting away.

NORM (CONT'D)

She's getting away.

They quickly hop out of the cab and make their way into  
another CAB on a less trafficked street.

NORM (CONT'D)

(gestures)

Sir, please, follow that cab!

The CAB PEELS out and the CHASE IS BACK ON.

Reynold pulls out his corncob from his pocket and stuffs it  
with weed.

NORM (CONT'D)

Reynold, what are you doing--

Reynold puts his finger up. With full pomposity, he takes a  
puff, returning to his professorial, cocky demeanor.

REYNOLD

Allow me to mullify.

NORM

Not a real word.

REYNOLD

Immaterial. We both are intelligent  
peop-- characters.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

As such we've deconstructed that the movie, our known universe that we currently coexist in, is indeed a horrible comedy. One that involves effing with my emotions and you professing your long lost love to your high school crush Sally Wind.

NORM

Except that's not true because there was nothing long and lost about it. She's a figment of some weinerface's imagination, as am I, as are you, as is this entire world we occupy.

Reynold jockeys back Norm's logic with glee.

REYNOLD

The movie, our universe, clearly wants you, Norm, the main dude, to crash the wedding that Sally is having this weekend to the Quaker douche Tom--

The CAB SWERVES off road and the DRIVER suddenly is in the midst of a FULL-ON SEIZURE.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

(gestures to the driver)

He's flopping around!

The CAB RAMS right into a brick building.

Norm again exchanges glances with the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN who is in her cab getting away.

Our heroes JUMP OUT and in another cab and Norm again screams:

NORM

Follow that cab!

ANGRY CAB DRIVER

With pleasure.

Cab SPEEDS faster than the others, and the chase is still on. Norm and Reynold pick up their conversation in progress.

REYNOLD

If you don't crash the wedding at the last minute, don't stop Sally from marrying Tom, and don't have her marry you to live happily ever after, then we're golden. All we have to do is *not* give the movie the ending it wants.

NORM

Exactly. All I have to do is not  
marry Sally Wind...

(looking at the cab ahead  
of them)

... and fall in love with someone  
else.

REYNOLD

Whoa movie man. That don't make a  
whole lot of sense. You fall in love  
with someone else, you might as well  
be giving these clowns ass-to-mouth.

The cab ride gets VERY BUMPY. FAINT SCREAMS are heard.

NORM

(pursing his lips,  
nervous)

Except I won't *actually* fall in love  
with her. As long as I don't crash  
Sally Wind's wedding and make the  
movie about a new girl I *never* fall  
in love with...

EVEN BUMPIER, MORE FAINT SCREAMS.

REYNOLD

Genius! Movies can't end like that!  
Makes no sense! Proud children of  
incest could have figured this--  
(gestures towards the  
road)  
He's killing people!

The cab DRIVES through a street fair, MOWING DOWN PEOPLE LEFT  
AND RIGHT. Norm and Reynold exchange equally horrified looks.

NORM AND REYNOLD

(to the driver)

Here is good.

Angry Cab Driver stops abruptly while toppling PEDESTRIANS.

ANGRY CAB DRIVER

What a rush.

They quickly HOP out and walk away as AMBULANCES flood the  
street fair now lined with DEAD CORPSES.

Norm shakes his head in horror.

NORM

The movie...it's turning on us...it's  
getting darker.

Norm spots the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN walking into a SKYSCRAPER across the way.

Our heroes follow her.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Norm and Reynold run through the crowd of mouthing, quiet EXTRAS. Reynold curiously tries to get their attention.

Norm grabs him, and they ESCAPE into an...

ELEVATOR

... in the nick of time and catch a moment of reprieve.

Norm and Reynold, winded, catch their breaths as they stand next to even more EXTRAS who are quietly mouthing words.

REYNOLD

They're extras. How pathetic is this?

Reynold waves a hand in between them.

DING! The elevator doors open. Norm has a feeling.

NORM

She's on this floor.

OFFICE

They run PAST SECURITY through a busy office.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, you can't come in here!

Norm and Reynold sneak into an empty cubicle. Norm peers around the corner and sees the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

NORM

She was the girl in the bar that I was hitting on.

(unsure of himself)

She's the one I'm gonna not fall in love with.

REYNOLD

Perfect pick. About the only thing this beautiful flower would share with you is a few seconds of her time while she's on a quick fart walk. She'll never fall in love with someone like you.

Norm sadly agrees.

NORM  
She's perfect.

The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN walks into an office.

BEHIND THEM, a collection of SECURITY GUARDS are searching.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Let's relocate to her office.

They quickly sneak into the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN's office and shut the door. The dark-haired beauty, now posing as an office worker, sits at her desk and mindlessly mouths into the phone.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hello! Hey!

The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, not knowing anything beyond mouthing into the phone, ignores Norm completely like before.

Norm walks around the desk and stands in front of her.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Listen! Please stop! We're in trouble, we need your help!

Like a broken robot, the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN repeats her action.

REYNOLD  
Of course! Why didn't I think of this before? Any half-wit can see she's a computer generated copy by the odd texture in her face! Wave your hand through her.

Norm attempts to wave his hand through her face but SMACKS her hard on the nose instead.

The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN SCREAMS AND JUMPS FROM HIM.

NORM  
You're not CGI, you're real! You don't have to mouth everything, you can speak. Try saying something.

The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN speaks as if talking for the first time.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
What do you want?

Taken aback by her own words, the Extra blanches. Norm beams, he got her say something.

NORM  
Me and my friend, we need your help.

Norm looks behind him to see Reynold already plasticuffed by the SECURITY GUARDS.

REYNOLD

Plasticuffs? What'd this cost? Ten cents? It's like we're in an infomercial made by assfaces!

Norm and the Woman move close to each other, backing towards the window.

The HEAD SECURITY GUARD lifts up his GUN and inches towards Norm. The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN SHRIEKS with fright.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Please don't! I didn't do anything!

He FIRES!

Norm JUMPS in front of the bullets, grabs the Woman, and CRASHES through and out the window. They sail through the air...

... AND LAND in a moving truck-bed full of SOFT PILLOWS. The truck drives away.

The Security Guard shakes his head at his misfortune.

REYNOLD

Only in the effin' movies.

END CHASE:

INT/EXT. TRUCK BED - DUSK

The truck leaves the city and goes onto a winding highway as the sun sets. Norm and the Woman sit looking opposite ways.

NORM

I'm sorry I dragged you into this.

The Woman, in spectacular confusion, looks at Norm. She sees no bullet holes in his shirt.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

What exactly is it that you dragged me into?

NORM

ME? This is all your fault, if you hadn't sat next to me in the bar then I wouldn't have-- trust me, when this truck stops, you can go back to your mime life and pretend to pretend I don't exist.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(shakes her head)

I don't think I can do that. I don't feel the same. Something feels very wrong. Something's changed.

Norm mulls over how to empathize with such an experience.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm talking... to you. I'm not in my office. This doesn't feel right.

NORM

I don't know how else to say this without sounding like I flew over the cuckoo's nest, so I'm just gonna say it. You're in a movie.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

What do you mean?

NORM

You're in a movie. This, all this, it's a movie. We're in a movie.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

A movie? About what?

NORM

About yours truly, okay, I know, not what you'd expect, but there you have it in its full frontal absurdity. You're in a movie about me.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Who would want to do a movie about you?

NORM

Let's just take it easy with the mind-bending questions.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

And why would a movie about you have anything to do with me?

NORM

Don't you understand? We are in a movie right now. This conversation is just a scene in a movie. You were an extra in an office scene, now you're a plot twist. Try not to analyze it, trust me, you start going down that path and you'll wind up tripping balls.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(hurt)

I was a what?

NORM

An extra. Background.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I'm just a background character in a movie about you?

Norm catches the horror of the Woman's logic and considers it deeply for perhaps the first time. The Woman's face jaunts through pain and confusion.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, it's just the realization my life has little to no purpose... it's overwhelming me.

NORM

That's not lost on me. I'm going through the same thing. I used to think my life was meaningless then discovered it did have meaning... just a really really stupid one.

(mulling)

Ironically it turns out I had it better when it was meaningless. I should have quit while I was ahead.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

This movie sounds like a sort of hell.

Norm agrees, it's exactly like a sort of hell. But he has a plan that could potentially save them both. He looks around for discretion, then shares the plan in a whisper:

NORM

So far we're heading north. As long as we keep going further and further away from a wedding taking place in Pennsylvania then the movie can't end and we can live... sort of.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

If we don't go to a wedding in Pennsylvania, we live... sort of?

NORM

We keep our distance, then my friend Sally Wind should be able to get married. After that, we should be fine as long as we don't...



Norm gets caught up staring at the Woman's intense beauty.  
The truck RATTLES, snapping him out of it.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

This is so strange... it's like I  
have no personality, no memories, no  
likes or dislikes, no soul... I don't  
even have a name.

The Attractive Woman sits glumly, lost in her own emptiness.

She catches a GLIMPSE of herself in the truck's back window  
reflection. It's the first time she's ever seen herself.

Norm attempts to console her:

NORM

How about Mary? Mary's a nice name.

She shakes her head.

NORM (CONT'D)

Tiffany, Cindy, Debbie?

She shakes no, doesn't like it.

NORM (CONT'D)

Too 80's pop star. How about  
something funky, like Star, Amber, or  
Precocious?

Nah, she doesn't like it.

NORM (CONT'D)

Yeah, too 80's porn star.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Precocious?

NORM

There's a successful porn franchise  
from the mid-80's called "Precocious  
Puberty."

EXTRA

(thinking...)

Is that what it sounds--

NORM

--exactly what it sounds like.

(thinking)

How about Amelia?

EXTRA

(smiles and nods)

That works. I like it. I'm...

AMELIA

... Amelia.

Norm likes it too. The name fits beautifully. Sensing he's getting carried away, he fake yawns in an attempt to dispel any emotion he might have.

NORM

Listen, Amelia, I'm glad we did this, but I'm super sleepy. I've only been up for only an hour but it feels like days...

Amelia looks at him, dripping with concern.

AMELIA

Norm... We're really not real?

NORM

(shakes his head)

Looks like we're just pre-conceived fictional characters created for the amusement of a-holes, d-bags and c-rags.

The news hits Amelia hard. She solemnly looks at OTHER DRIVERS IN THEIR CARS: a family, a couple, a lonely man.

Norm SEES what she sees, the other drivers living out their nothing existences.

AMELIA

We're not real. I don't understand how you can take that so lightly?

NORM

It's like my therapist always said, when life's got you on your knees, you might as well shut your eyes and hope it'll stop at foreplay.

AMELIA

I'm serious. If this whole thing is fake, including us, then what's the point of even fighting it?

NORM

Because I don't have any better ideas.

NORM (CONT'D)

Because part of me actually holds out hope that I'm crazy and this whole thing is just a horrible existential misunderstanding.

She doesn't really get it, but...

AMELIA

Okay.

They share a look and a moment.

NORM

I think you like red.

(gestures)

Your shoes, and hair-tie, and your...

Embarrassed, he references the red bra underneath her top. She looks down with a smile, somewhat proud of herself.

AMELIA

You're right. I think I do like red. Red's a good color.

NORM

Yes, well, not for sports cars, high insurance rates, but that's not what you were referring to, so...

He pathetically lets his own voice trail off.

She sweetly looks at him.

AMELIA

Thank you for taking me with you.

NORM

Don't thank me yet. I don't know how this is all going to end.

AMELIA

Thank you for saving me from the background...

They exchange timid smiles, when Amelia notices something...

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Norm, is your ass pussing?

Norm sits up quickly. He looks down and sees his ass is indeed PUSSING through his PANTS.

NORM  
 (trying to laugh it off)  
 Shoot, my ass is pussing. Well,  
 isn't this embarrassing?

Amelia nods in agreement.

AMELIA  
 Yes. It is.

NORM  
 Don't worry, I had an abscess removed  
 from my left ass cheek not so long  
 ago and I haven't changed the bandage  
 in awhile.

Amelia GAGS on the evil of the situation.

AMELIA  
 Really bad job at lowering the worry.

The truck JERKS to a stop. They both see a MASSIVE GAY  
 PROTEST in the middle of the highway. A POLICEMAN walks up to  
 the TRUCK DRIVER and directs him to an off ramp.

POLICEMAN  
 Sorry sir, you're gonna have to turn  
 around. There's a peaceful gay  
 protest going on. Hey, I don't like  
 it either, but what are you gonna do?  
 They're people from far away.

Amelia looks over at Norm.

AMELIA  
 A gay protest in the middle of the  
 highway?

Norm sees the off ramp sign: "SOUTH - PENNSYLVANIA"

NORM  
 The movie's doing this. We have to  
 get off this truck.

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Amelia helps Norm walk towards a SMALL AIRPORT.

AMELIA  
 Let's get to that airport, we'll head  
 up north faster--

Norm shakes his head vigorously, his face melting in fear. A  
 PLANE FLIES OVERHEAD, turning Norm into a scared little girl.

NORM

No, no, no, no. I can't fly or I'll die on the inside.

He spots a TRAIN STATION nearby.

NORM (CONT'D)

Trains are so nice, let's try that.

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

Amelia helps Norm through the busy station.

AMELIA

Do you have any money?

NORM

Check my back pocket.

Amelia looks at his back pocket and it's drenched in GOO.

AMELIA

I don't think I can and still want to live.

NORM

I understand. Tell you what. Just flirt with the ticket guy.

AMELIA

Come on, that stuff only works in the...

Norm gestures with his head "exactly." Amelia nods in agreement.

She lets her hair down, unbuttons her blouse, and puts on a smile. She's stunning.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Am I good?

Norm is too mesmerized by the sheer power of her sexuality.

NORM

Good as wood...

(not realizing what he's saying)

... Woodchuck could, would, what, I forgot how that went, how does it go again? That second part, ah, it's such a stupid limerick, I'll get it though, give me a minute.

Amelia awkwardly waits while Norm struggles to remember.

AMELIA  
Is whatever you're thinking about  
important?

NORM  
'Important' isn't the right word, no.

Amelia hands Norm her RED HAIR TIE and STRUTS toward a TICKET BOOTH and flashes a huge smile at the GUY manning the station.

AMELIA  
I need two tickets for any train  
going as far north as possible and I  
have no money.

TICKET GUY  
Money is for ugly people.

He quickly HANDS her two tickets.

INT. TRAIN CAR BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Norm and Amelia sit in a tiny booth as other PATRONS walk back and forth. Norm is still in pain from his ass pus.

NORM  
I can't sit for much longer. My ass  
is on fire dammit!

AMELIA  
Inside voice Norm. Inside voice.

NORM  
(leans in and whispers)  
I'm sorry, I just need a new bandage  
soon. My ass is starting to feel  
like the humid swamps of the Amazon.

AMELIA  
I didn't mean whisper it to me, I  
meant keep your thoughts inside your  
head. Kind of like you're talking to  
yourself, but not out loud.

Amelia spots a GRAY-HAIRED MAN carrying a DOCTOR'S BAG with a stethoscope hugging the handle.

He walks past them and sits in the booth behind them. Norm looks at the back of the man's head. He seems familiar.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
That guy's a doctor.

NORM  
How do you know?

She points to the DOCTOR'S BAG which now sits on the floor.

AMELIA  
Go to our car. I'm gonna steal his  
bag and meet you there in a minute.

Norm stares at the back of his head.

NORM  
Something weird is happening. I know  
that guy.

AMELIA  
The doctor?

NORM  
Yeah.

AMELIA  
Who is he?

Norm draws a blank.

NORM  
I don't know.

AMELIA  
Want me to take him out?

NORM  
Why would I want you to do that?

AMELIA  
(shrugs)  
Because he might be dangerous?

NORM  
That's a possibility.

AMELIA  
So I should take him out then?

NORM  
Just so we're clear, are you talking  
about killing him?

AMELIA  
No, I don't want to kill anyone.

NORM  
Knocking him out then?

AMELIA

Why on earth would I do that?

NORM

Okay, this conversation probably isn't going to be a useful exercise. How about I go back to our car and you steal the doctor's bag and no one goes out?

Amelia nods. Norm stands up and stammers away.

The DOCTOR looks behind him and sees the back of Norm, recognizing him as well.

INT. TRAIN CAR - LATER

Norm is lying face down on the fold out bed. Amelia is straddled on top of him, wearing a surgical mask, and changing the bandage.

In mid-conversation:

AMELIA

(gagging at the smell)

God this reeks like a thousand farts.

NORM

I get it, you don't have to keep upping the number.

Amelia finishes putting the bandage on.

AMELIA

All done. Here, I stole the doctor's pants too. Don't ask me why, just thank your lucky stars I'm that good.

Norm sits up and puts the oversized pants on. Amelia removes the surgical mask. They sit on the fold out bed together.

NORM

Thanks again. Feels much better.

(re: pants)

That wasn't some sly way of telling me you slept with the doctor, right?

Amelia puts her head down, deep in thought.

AMELIA

Norm, we have to face... fictions here. Every movie has to end. It's inevitable.

Norm LAUGHS in relief.



NORM

Oh man, I really thought you were about to tell me you DID sleep with that doctor. I am rah-lieved.

Beat as Norm's awkward laughter continues to trail off.

AMELIA

Do you ever wonder why you were picked to be the star of the movie?

NORM

Have not, no.

(wonders...)

But even now that I'm thinking about it, I can't really see it. I'm a guy so familiar with failure we're practically Facebook friends. I'm alone, my friends only relate to me on an opportunistic level, I shuffle paper around for a living, only I don't even do that cause everything's online, so we use emails and PDFs.

Norm's realization hits him in the pit of his stomach.

NORM (CONT'D)

I literally just push buttons that aren't even real for a living. If you can even call it 'living.'

AMELIA

(sympathetic)

That doesn't mean you shouldn't like yourself...despite all the overwhelming reasons to the contrary.

The proposition is foreign to Norm.

NORM

My therapist always told me it's dangerous to like myself unless I had a very good reason.

AMELIA

(horrified)

Who is this f-face? Norm, not everything has to have an explanation. Besides, if this is all a movie, isn't that stuff pointless to believe in anyway?

A moment of understanding breaks through Norm's force field.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

If this movie is about you, then why not make it about what you really want and forget all that malarkey your therapist said.

Norm's heart drips with emotion. He fights it off.

NORM

A, I think you're just getting swept up in the little adventure we're on and b, I can't have what I want or everyone dies. It's hard to explain, you'll just have to trust me.

She looks into his eyes fearlessly.

AMELIA

I know why they picked you. Overwhelming reasons to the contrary notwithstanding. You see things.

NORM

(scoffs)

Me? No, I'm spiritually blind, I can't see anything.

AMELIA

You saw me. You saved me.

Norm's force-field is obliterated.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why they picked you. They thought, no way this could happen with someone who hates himself so much that it's almost funny.

(beat)

But you aren't what they see Norm, you're something more.

Norm is uncomfortable by the intensity.

NORM

You really mean all that?

AMELIA

Asking me with such definitiveness is making think about it a little but let's go with it.

Norm shifts, he's never felt this kind of adoration before.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You started to say something earlier, that this was all my fault. What did you mean by that?

NORM

First scene of the movie, I was sitting in a bar having a drink. I should have gotten up and went home, but you sat next to me so I stayed to talk to you. If I hadn't done that, then I wouldn't have gotten drunk, I would have taken my pills, and the movie would have gone on as planned.

AMELIA

Then why did you stay?

NORM

Because you were so b--

He stops at beautiful, remembering he can't do this at the risk of everyone's existence. He can't fall in love with her.

NORM (CONT'D)

Because I was lonely, I wanted to talk to someone. It didn't matter anyway, you completely ignored me.

AMELIA

That's not my fault, extras aren't allowed to talk. Sort of by definition.

NORM

You don't recall meeting me at the bar, do you?

Amelia searches, but can't place the encounter. Norm's fleeting happiness is suddenly muted.

NORM (CONT'D)

If I'm something more, then don't you think you would have remembered me?

An awkward, sad moment passes. The SUN RISES through the windows and the scene is romantic.

Norm pulls away, closes his eyes and thinks hard.

AMELIA

What's wrong, what are you doing?

NORM

Nothing. I just don't want the movie getting any ideas... I need to pee.

EXT. BATHROOM - HALLWAYS

Norm looks at both pictures on the bathroom doors. One is of a PINK ALLIGATOR, and the other is a GREEN CHEETAH. He's confused as to which sex is which. He goes for the green cheetah.

OUT comes a MAN from the pink alligator. Norm switches to the pink alligator, and OUT comes a WOMAN with disheveled hair and a smile. Clearly she's just had guilty sex with the MAN.

NORM

Sorry, is this the men's--

PINK ALLIGATOR WOMAN

(guilty, frantic)

--So what? I didn't do anything!  
It's not against the law to have sex on the train, is it? Is it? He raped me!

SCREEEEEECH!! The train JERKS to the right.

Amelia JUMPS INTO THE HALLWAY and runs to Norm.

AMELIA

What's happening?

Norm looks out the window. The train is turning ONTO ANOTHER TRACK, in effect doing a complete 180.

NORM

The movie's turning the train around.

Norm sees TWO TRAIN SERVICEMEN KNOCKING on car doors.

Norm and Amelia run down the hallway away from the two train servicemen. The servicemen SPOT them and run after them.

BEGIN CHASE:

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

Through the windows of the moving train, we see Norm and Amelia being chased by the two train servicemen throughout the different cars.

CAR #1 - KITCHEN CAR. Norm and Amelia dodge ERRATIC KNIFE PLAY by the CHEERY, ALOOF CHEFS.

Norm dodges one dangerous KNIFE SWIPE, which stabs the leg of TRAIN SERVICEMEN #1 behind him. He now BLEEDS PROFUSELY. The chase goes on.

CAR #2 - DINING CAR. Norm and Amelia dodge WAITERS AND FOOD CARTS as they try to make their way across.

Close on their tails, TRAIN SERVICEMAN #2 helps the limping Train Serviceman #1 who still bleeds profusely from his leg.

Norm dodges A FLAMING DISH aimed for him, which lands on Train Serviceman #1 instead and sets him on FIRE. Train Serviceman #2 puts it out with a nearby fire extinguisher.

CAR #3 - BAR CAR. Norm and Amelia dodge the DRUNKS of the bar as they make their way to the other side. Train Serviceman #2 continues to help the limping, blackened burn victim that is Train Serviceman #1.

Norm accidentally bumps into a PRETTY WOMAN which angers her HUGE BOYFRIEND. The boyfriend turns to see Train Serviceman #1, thinking he's the culprit. He PUNCHES THE SHIT out of him.

CAR #4 - DANCE CAR. Norm and Amelia dodge and dance around the CRAZY DANCERS as they make their way across.

Train Serviceman #2 helps the limping, blackened, bloody mess that is Train Serviceman #1. In the midst of the dance floor, Norm eludes an AGILE MALE DANCER who instead takes Train Serviceman #1 by the hands and sweeps him in between his legs.

Train Serviceman #1 SLIDES across the car into the...

LAST CAR - END OF THE TRAIN. Norm and Amelia see the sliding serviceman heading their way. They JUMP on the rails of the end car as Train Serviceman #1 SLIDES through and OFF THE END of the train to his death.

END CHASE:

Train Serviceman #2 RUNS to the rails and watches his friend fade in the distance. He looks at Norm and Amelia who stand defiantly against him.

TRAIN SERVICEMAN #2

Please. Stop. No more. The doctor  
just needed his bag and pants back.  
I will beg if you require it.

Norm and Amelia don't quite know how to respond.

NORM

I'm sorry but I think your friend was  
the victim of a horrible movie gag.

TRAIN SERVICEMAN #2  
 (thinking they're crazy)  
 Very well then.

He kneels and begins BEGGING.

BEHIND NORM AND AMELIA

The DOCTOR stands with an alarmed expression and no pants.

DOCTOR  
 Norm?

Norm turns around and sees his...

NORM  
 Dad?

Norm's Dad hugs him tightly, on the brink of tears.

NORM'S DAD  
 I've missed you so much. Where have  
 you been?

A mix bag of emotions, Norm hugs him back.

NORM  
 Dad... it's you? It's really you.

Norm clings on to his understanding of the non-reality he is  
 stuck in and pulls away abruptly.

AMELIA  
 Norm, is this your father?

Confusion tears through Norm's face.

NORM'S DAD  
 Son, it's me. We have to get off at  
 the next stop. Your mother's--

NORM  
 --Sick? She's dying.

Norm's Dad solemnly nods.

NORM'S DAD  
 That's right.

The train JERKS to a stop as Norm and his father look at each  
 other. Amelia doesn't know what to make of any of this.

NORM'S DAD (CONT'D)  
 Your mother's been asking for you  
 son. I don't know how much longer--

He can't bring himself to say the words.

A wave of confusion crashes over Norm. His eyes tremble.

NORM

I... I have to see her.

INT. GOLDWORM FAMILY HOUSE - LATER

Norm and Amelia look around the aged, dimly lit living room. Amelia attempts to bring Norm back to our preposterous logic.

AMELIA

Norm? This guy really your father?

NORM

I don't-- yes, I think so?

AMELIA

But how can he really be your anything--

Norm spots FAMILY PICTURES on the mantle.

NORM

--Oh my God. It's me. As a kid.

Norm's Dad enters the living room.

NORM'S DAD

What's the matter Norm?

Norm looks at his dad. Amelia senses something's sketch.

AMELIA

Norm, we should think about this.

Norm's Dad holds up a picture of a CHUBBY KID AND YOUNG NORM in little league uniforms.

NORM'S DAD

Here's you and Reynold. You weren't the best in little league, but you weren't the wor--

(stops himself before  
making a false statement)

Hmm.

With a CHUCKLE, he lifts up another PICTURE.

NORM'S DAD (CONT'D)

And here's one of me and you buying your first car. Lasted four days before you totaled it.

NORM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Kinda broke the bank on me a little  
cause that was the same year of the  
88 recession when my holdings went  
down by 50%.

(chuckles uncomfortably)

As it happened anyway.

A rapid flurry of emotions swipe at Norm's understanding.

NORM'S DAD (CONT'D)

And here's another one of you and  
your...

A PICTURE of LITTLE NORM and his BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

NORM

Mom. That's my mom. Where is she?

MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Norm slowly walks into the arcane bedroom. There, his sick  
MOTHER lies still in bed.

Amelia hesitantly stands by, unsure of her place now.

AMELIA

Norm? Please tell me what's going  
on...

He offers no response, his eyes locked on his MOTHER. He  
walks over to her and kneels by her bed.

NORM

Mom.

She WHEEZES AND COUGHS. Her eyes light up when she sees Norm.

MOTHER

Norman. Where have you been my boy?

(inspects his skinny body)

Skin and bones, skin and bones.

(to Amelia)

Girl, wipe that gawk off your face  
and fix my dear son a sandwich before  
I dock your wages.

NORM

No. This is Amelia. She's a friend  
of mine. Sort of. We're like cousins.

MOTHER

You seem lost Norm. True, you always  
were, but different this time, more  
stupefied. Tell me, are you still  
mentally ill?



NORM  
 More than ever, more than ever.  
 (emotional)  
 Mom... I don't remember anything.

MOTHER  
 Do you remember that I'm dying  
 Norman?

NORM  
 I do.

MOTHER  
 My wish was to see you.

Norm's eyes begin to well up.

NORM  
 I'm here now.

His mother shoots Amelia an evil glance.

MOTHER  
 I thought I raised you better than to  
 date the help.

NORM  
 (with a smile, fondly)  
 You were always critical of my  
 choices as an adult.

MOTHER  
 Marry Sally Wind, Norm.

The mention of Sally FLOORS Norm.

NORM  
 What?

MOTHER  
 Marry her. She made you so happy.  
 You two were so perfect together.  
Marry her.

NORM  
 But Mom, she's already getting  
 married. Today. To Tom.

MOTHER  
 She doesn't love him. She loves you.  
 A mother can sense these things. Go  
 to her Norm. Go to her...

She COUGHS AND WHEEZES.

Norm's Dad rushes to her aid. Norm backs away with care.

NORM  
What's happening?

Norm's Dad checks her vitals. He listens with his stethoscope. After a moment, he puts his head down.

NORM'S DAD  
She's passed son. Perhaps she was  
holding on to see you one last time.

Norm looks around with a long face of guilt and grief.

NORM  
Where's the sad music?  
(he looks up, angry)  
Where's the sad music!

Silence only greets him.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Norm, wearing a petrified and exasperated expression, sits next to Amelia who remains suspiciously concerned.

AMELIA  
Norm, I know you're confused but we  
can't stay here. We have to head  
north, remember?

Norm is too dizzy with emotion to comprehend.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Norm! Look at me.

She pulls his face to hers.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Remember this is a movie. Those are  
your fake movie parents.

NORM  
That was my mom.

AMELIA  
What are you talking about? Remember  
me, Amelia, I'm the office extra that  
you saved. Remember that?

Norm is lost in a gaze.

NORM  
I officially don't know what's  
happening anymore.

Norm's Dad enters the living room with Dr. Norton behind him.

DR. NORTON

Hello Norm.

NORM'S DAD

I called Dr. Norton and told him that your mother passed. He felt it would be prudent to pay a visit.

Norm reluctantly nods and stands up.

DR. NORTON

Perhaps a moment in the den.

He follows Dr. Norton into the den.

Amelia follows, but Norm's Dad interrupts her.

NORM'S DAD

I think they'd like to speak in private. Would you like some tea?

As Norm leaves her, Amelia feels her life slip away.

DEN - LATER

Norm lies down on the couch. Dr. Norton takes a chair behind the couch, using the same set up as he does in his office.

DR. NORTON

How do you feel about your mother's death Norm?

NORM

How do I feel? It just happened five minutes ago? I don't know how I feel. Let me kill your mother and ask you in five minutes.

DR. NORTON

Have you fantasized about killing my mother?

NORM

What? No, why would I fantasize about that?

DR. NORTON

Because you secretly want to cause me pain?

NORM

Is that what you think--

DR. NORTON

--You said something curious before. You said your mother died five minutes ago. But your father said it happened about three hours ago. This morning in fact. Have you still been experiencing some memory loss?

NORM

It's not memory loss Dr. Norton.

He sits up, looks him eye to eye.

NORM (CONT'D)

I'm a movie character.

DR. NORTON

Say again?

NORM

This...

He gestures at the world they occupy.

NORM (CONT'D)

Is a movie. About me. There's a score, there's flashbacks, and voice over--

DR. NORTON

--Norm. You're not in a movie. I'm afraid you're experiencing what is commonly known today as the "Truman Show" disorder. A schizophrenic delusion that engenders a creeping, pervasive feeling that your every move, inside your home and out, is being filmed for a movie starring you.

The news sucker punches Norm.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

Since the proliferation of video and digital media, this disorder was birthed as sort of a nasty by-product of the YouTube generation. These cases have unfortunately been reported around the world in growing numbers, usually to patients who feel they lead mundane existences such as yourself.

NORM

This can't be all in my head. What about Amelia? She's an extra.

DR. NORTON

Norm, you weren't with anyone when your dad found you. You kept referring to someone with that name, but no such person was there.

NORM

What are you talking about? She was with me.

With a PANIC, he WALKS out of the den and into the...

LIVING ROOM

And sees his father sipping tea.

NORM (CONT'D)

Where's Amelia?

Dr. Norton walks in behind him.

NORM'S DAD

There is no Amelia, Norm. You kept calling the maid Amelia.

He gestures to the OLD SPANISH MAID.

NORM'S DAD (CONT'D)

But Karla doesn't even speak English.

KARLA

(in Spanish, subtitled)

I put something special in your sandwich Norm. The same special sauce your dear, dear evil mother ate the day before her sickness. Your death will be even sweeter.

NORM'S DAD

(not understanding her)

Yes Karla, you may bring out the sandwich now.

Karla exits. Norm's Dad shakes his head.

NORM'S DAD (CONT'D)

The Mexicans sure do flap a lot for a little. All that for a sandwich?

NORM

What about my ass pus?

He pulls down his pants. No bandage.

NORM (CONT'D)

What about Reynold, talk to Reynold.  
He's in jail because they were trying  
to stop us. Ask him!

DR. NORTON

Reynold phoned us. Last we spoke, he  
was heading down to Sally's wedding  
to take Tom out on the town for his  
bachelor party. He said you never  
showed up. He took all your  
designated lap dances as a result.  
He's uploaded them on flickr and  
emailed you a share link.

Norm desperately tries one last attempt at his movie theory.

NORM

Okay, you wanna know how I know I'm  
not crazy. Listen to this: FUCK!

The word ECHOES with deafening certainty.

Reality crashes down on Norm. He covers his mouth quickly.  
He shakes his head at the defining realization.

He said the word FUCK. It's official. He is crazy. FUCK!!!!

NORM (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. I'm going  
crazy. I'm actually nuts. It felt  
so real... Reynold, Sally, Amelia...  
all of it felt so real.

Norm's Dad rises quickly.

NORM'S DAD

How about we take in some fresh air?

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Norm, his Dad, and Dr. Norton walk through the large grounds.  
The fall colors are beautiful. Norm sees a TIRE SWING, a TREE  
HOUSE, an OLD BICYCLE. He's dumbfounded.

NORM

All my old stuff.

DR. NORTON

It's going to be okay Norm.

NORM

Tell me Doc, was it the ecstasy?

DR. NORTON

The reasons for this kind of thing are different in each case. I read in one case a patient reported that he came to New York to see if the Twin Towers were still standing, because he believed that seeing their destruction on television was part of his reality show. If they were still standing, he said, then he would know that the terrorist attack was all part of the script. Who knows what the actual onset was in your case, what we have to do right now is focus on getting you better. We have all the time in the world for psychoanalysis.

Norm swims in his own pathos, the moment so unreal for him.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

It's foreseeable when a close relative is dying, such as your mother, and one feels the illness is without their control, they will slip into schizophrenic delusions as a way to deflect coping with the pain. In your case it physically materialized as a fabricated abs abscess initially then progressed into this whole movie business thereafter.

Norm nods, the full extent of his mental illness coming into focus. He looks at his Dad with regretful eyes.

NORM

I'm sorry I took ecstasy three years ago. A girl swindled me into taking it. She said I'd feel like Batman. I didn't.

NORM'S DAD

It's okay, son. Like the doctor said, the key right now is to get better.

NORM

And Dr. Norton, I'm sorry. I broke your cardinal rule and thought I was special.

DR. NORTON

Don't tear yourself up about it Norm,  
lots of people suffer from that  
belief. Your father's right, the key  
is to really make a breakthrough  
today and help you get healthy again.

Norm nods.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

Tell me something Norm. What did  
your mother say on her death bed?

NORM

What does that matter?

DR. NORTON

I'm curious is all. Your dad felt  
she mentioned something of peculiar  
interest.

NORM

She told me to go to Sally Wind.

DR. NORTON

I see, the girl we have discussed  
being the cause for most of your  
social anxiety in a number of our  
sessions together.

NORM

Yes. She's getting married today.  
In Lehigh, Pennsylvania. She wants  
me to go to her.

DR. NORTON

(smiles)

Sounds like your mother was a  
hopeless romantic?

NORM'S DAD

(nods with a forced smile)

She was.

(shakes his head, mutters  
to himself bitterly)

Hopeless.

DR. NORTON

If you want, the White Plains  
airfield is nearby. I could get you  
to Lehigh on my small private plane  
within the hour. I know you have a  
deathly fear of flying, but--



NORM  
 (suspicious)  
 --What? You wanna take me to Sally  
 Wind's wedding now? I knew it, this  
 is all a trick! That's what the  
 movie wants!

Dr. Norton and Norm's Dad trade concerned looks.

DR. NORTON  
 You think the movie wants you to go  
 to Sally Wind's wedding?

NORM  
 Yes. It wants me to crash it so I  
 can stop her from marrying Tom and  
 ask her to marry me instead. Now  
 you're suspiciously offering to take  
 me! Why on earth would I do that?  
 I'm clearly not well, why would you  
 be encouraging me to crash a wedding  
 at a time like this?

NORM'S DAD  
 But Norm, you wouldn't be crashing  
 it. You were invited, see?

Norm's Dad holds up the wedding invitation that has a POORLY  
 MADE SKETCH of Sally and Tom. He grabs it and begins reading.

After a moment, he searches in the air. Reads, then searches  
 once again. Once more, he resigns to his hallucinations...

NORM  
 No voice-over... That's impossible,  
 people who see movies don't read.

DR. NORTON  
 Perhaps going to the wedding could  
 help demystify this whole movie  
 illusion once and for all?

Norm's trust for Dr. Norton wavers. He looks at his father.

NORM'S DAD  
 Only do it if you want son.

DR. NORTON  
 It's completely up to you Norm. We  
 don't want to push you.

NORM  
 (nods)  
 I'll do it. For Mom. Because she  
 was a hopeless romantic.

NORM'S DAD  
 (smiles)  
 She was.  
 (mutters with disgust)  
 Hopeless.

I/E. DR. NORTON'S SUV - LATER

Norm sits in the passenger seat next to Dr. Norton who's driving. He smiles at Norm.

DR. NORTON  
 You doin' all right slugger?

Norm doesn't respond. Dr. Norton nods.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)  
 We'll be on the plane in no time.  
 You sure you don't want any Dramamine  
 for the flight? No extra charge of  
 course. I'll bill your insurance  
 directly.

NORM  
 (adamant)  
No more pills. Besides, I'm too  
 depressed to be scared.

I/E. DR. NORTON'S PLANE - LATER

Dr. Norton checks his dials as he prepares for take-off. Norm uncomfortably sits in the passenger seat.

Dr. Norton looks over at Norm.

DR. NORTON  
 How ya doin' chief--

NORM  
 --Feels uncomfortable when you call  
 me kid nicknames. A little  
 pedophilic even, though I'm of age.  
 Let's just stick with Norm.

Norm lets out a sigh as he mulls over the consequences of his present actions. He thinks long and hard about the craziness inside him. How long has it been there? How did he get here?

DR. NORTON  
 Don't worry Norm, you'll be with  
 Sally in no time. You'll finally  
 have what you've always wanted.

Is this what he wanted? He shakes his head.

NORM  
This isn't what I want. I want  
some...one else

Dr. Norton laughs this off nervously.

DR. NORTON  
Who?

Norm stops himself from saying 'Amelia.' He turns away from the doctor and stuffs his hands in his pockets. He feels SOMETHING. It's a RED HAIR TIE. It's Amelia's.

Norm's been had.

He looks over at Dr. Norton with contempt.

The ENGINES SPIN UP.

NORM  
You motherhuggin' eff-faced child-effer.

The jig is up.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Everyone knows you're allowed one use  
of the 'F' word in a PG-13 movie.

DR. NORTON  
(angry)  
You're going to the wedding.

The plane makes its way down the runway.

NORM  
Stop this plane.

DR. NORTON  
This is what you're meant to do Norm.  
All of this, us, were created for  
this purpose.

NORM  
STOP THE PLANE DR. NORTON.

DR. NORTON  
Think about this Norm. What's the  
alternative? If we miss out on our  
only purpose, if that wedding doesn't  
get stopped by you, then what? We  
walk about with no meaning, no reason  
to live, no end in sight? Is that  
really what you want?

Norm contemplates the doctor's conjecture.

DR. NORTON (CONT'D)

This is what we're created to do.  
This is what we were meant for. This  
world was made for you to win Sally  
Wind's love. Do you really want your  
existence to mean nothing? Do you  
wanna feel like you did before? A  
life without definition?

A faint voice from the outside is heard:

AMELIA (O.S.)

Norm!!!

He looks out the window and sees AMELIA BEING CHASED BY  
HOSPITAL ORDERLIES as she runs after the plane. Norm tries to  
open his door but can't.

NORM

Amelia?

Dr. Norton with more determination than ever, continues to  
accelerate the plane down the runway.

Norm starts HITTING all the dials.

The plane slows down on the runway as Dr. Norton struggles to  
stop Norm from damaging the plane.

Amelia still chases the plane, getting closer to the plane's  
backseat as the ORDERLIES get closer to her.

Norm jumps in the back and tries to open the door.

He grabs a fire extinguisher and JAMS the lock open.

Amelia inches away from the door, RUNNING.

Dr. Norton SPEEDS UP, JERKING THE PLANE AWAY.

Amelia falls behind.

Angry, Norm walks back to Dr. Norton.

NORM (CONT'D)

What I'm meant for isn't good enough.

Dr. Norton says nothing and continues to drive.

NORM (CONT'D)

This is a lie. All of it. I want to  
really swear. I want to pick out my  
own songs for my life.

NORM (CONT'D)  
I want to like who ever I really  
like. I want real meaning Dr.  
Norton.

The airplane SHAKES VIOLENTLY.

DR. NORTON  
(chuckles)  
You're not even real. Real meaning  
isn't possible for me and you.

NORM  
It's the movies. Anything's possible.

NORM SPRAYS DR. NORTON WITH THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Dr. Norton can't see at all, and the plane stalls again.

Amelia finally catches up to the plane. Norm pulls her in.

They kiss! They're reunited.

AMELIA  
We gotta go!

Norm pushes the foamed out Dr. Norton out of the driver's seat  
and onto the runway. He climbs into his seat.

The ORDERLIES catch up to the plane. A FAT ORDERLY jumps at  
the door, but Amelia CLOSES it in the nick of time.

Amelia takes the passenger seat.

AIR TRAFFIC POLICEMEN AND HUMMERS make a wall with drawn guns  
IN FRONT OF THEM.

Norm presses the gas and the plane SPEEDS past the COPS.

The COPS FIRE at them from behind, but nothing.

NORM  
Eff the police.

AMELIA  
Eventually we have to fly.

Amelia points ahead. The runway ends and the WOODS begin.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Are you still afraid of flying?

NORM  
Deathly afraid.

Norm closes his eyes and pulls the lever down. The plane is AIRBORNE. They SCREAM in unbridled enthusiasm.

She looks down at the ground. The policemen and dogs are getting smaller and smaller.

Norm looks at the COMPASS. It points north.

NORM (CONT'D)  
We're heading north.

Amelia looks out the window. A HUGE HURRICANE starts to appear before their very eyes.

AMELIA  
Norm... Norm...

Norm sees the hurricane.

NORM  
No...

AMELIA  
That's a hurricane...

NORM  
How the hell can a hurricane come out of nowhere?

AMELIA  
(troubled)  
It's the movies. Anything's possible.

The enormity of the storm multiplies before their eyes.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
You have to turn around.

The hurricane grows larger and more menacing.

NORM  
Can't turn around.

AMELIA  
Norm, there's a hurricane right in front of us. Turn around NOW!

The hurricane's winds build faster and faster.

NORM  
If they think a hurricane is going to make me turn around, then they apparently don't know that people that lead mundane existences don't have very much to lose.

AMELIA

You wanna fly into a hurricane?  
Really think about that one. Really  
dig in there.

NORM

Amelia, we have no choice. If we go  
to the wedding and this movie ends,  
we end. We'll die anyway.

Amelia knows they have no other options.

AMELIA

You're right. This is it.

They look at each other. This is it.

THE HURRICANE IS MASSIVE AND UP CLOSE NOW.

THEY SCREAM AS THE PLANE GETS ENVELOPED INTO THE HURRICANE'S  
HUGE WINDS. COMPASS GOES BERSERK.

DEBRIS SMACKS THE PLANE, TEARING IT APART.

Norm and Amelia continue to SCREAM!

MORE DEBRIS SMACKS THE PLANE! THE HURRICANE ROARS!

Amelia looks over at Norm and SHOUTS:

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It was your birthday. You're in  
between your quarter and mid-life  
crisis. You hate your name. And you  
talked with a weird accent that you  
claimed was British but come now.

Windows inside the plane CRACK OPEN. COMPASS SPINS.

NORM

You remembered me?

AMELIA

It took me a second, but I was  
initially conceived as a one-  
dimensional character. Can you blame--

Amelia's head hits the door, KNOCKING HER OUT COLD.

Wind sucks from within as Norm attempts to hang on.

NORM

(screaming at the  
hurricane)

What do you want?

NORM (CONT'D)  
What will make you stop? Tell me!  
What will make you stop? I'll do it,  
I swear.

He looks over at Amelia's beautiful, lifeless face.

BANG!! MORE DEBRIS!

NORM (CONT'D)  
(full of emotion)  
Please stop! Please...

WOOSH! THE PLANE'S ENGINE IS SHOT. COMPASS POINTS SOUTH.

Norm holds Amelia's limp hand.

The plane HEADS DOWN RAPIDLY.

Norm looks out the front window and he sees a HUGE CHURCH quickly approaching.

CRASH!!!!!!!!!!

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The plane nose dives right through the roof of a church.

A weak Norm looks at Amelia.

NORM  
Amelia?

He shakes her and she stirs awake. Norm smiles in relief.

NORM (CONT'D)  
We movie landed.

They climb out of the wrecked plane, COUGHING from the dust as they wipe themselves off. Norm looks around. He can't believe it.

A wedding in service. SALLY'S WEDDING. A crowd of SEATED WEDDING GUESTS stare at them.

Sally, in her bride's dress, runs to Norm and hugs him.

SALLY  
Norm, you came after all.

Stunned, Norm tries to explain by gesturing the hole in the roof.

NORM  
The hurricane got us--



Except the sun is SHINING beautifully through the plane-sized crack and there's no hurricane.

Norm sees Reynold, in NUN ATTIRE, standing in between two beautiful BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN off to the side.

NORM (CONT'D)

Reynold?

REYNOLD

(whispers to him)

They offered me a spin off, the misadventures of the rotund nun, it sounded campy in a good way. Look.

He sticks his TONGUE OUT, towards the AREOLA of one of the BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN.

A FLURRY OF BUTTERFLIES appear out of nowhere to COVER the salacious licking.

REYNOLD (CONT'D)

See? No rape whistle.

NORM

You sold us all out for a spin-off?

REYNOLD

They dangled a dream sequence with Jessica Norm. That or a zombie subplot where she comes back from the dead. I'm sorry Norm. I had to do it. I still miss her, even though she never existed.

He puts his head down in shame. Norm HUGS his friend.

NORM

It's all right man. I think I understand what you mean.

REYNOLD

I'm sorry I ever doubted you Norm. I don't care what dumb-f's are in charge of this make-believe we're in, you're my friend for real.

QUAKER TOM, 30s, in full stately Quaker attire walks over to Norm and offers his hand and a smile.

Sally rushes to save Norm from what she perceives to be Tom's lashing out.

SALLY

Don't you dare Tom! If I want Norm here then I will have Norm here. You're impossible!

She breaks down in tears.

QUAKER TOM

Honey, I'm glad Norm's here.

SALLY

(through tears)

Every time you say his name I want to squeeze all the air out of your lungs.

QUAKER TOM

Are you sure?

Norm takes Tom's hand with a smile.

NORM

Thanks for the invitation Tom. But I'll be honest with you, I didn't want to come to your wedding.

The whole congregation swap stares between Norm and Amelia.

NORM (CONT'D)

Truth is, I'm not here to stop the wedding.

SALLY

But Norm, I love you!

GASPS FROM THE CROWD.

QUAKER TOM

Sally, is that true? You love Norm?

SALLY

It is true Tom.

Tom, clearly rattled by this, is lost for words.

QUAKER TOM

We can make this work. As long as we love each other it's still worth--

SALLY

--I'm also questioning my love for you.

QUAKER TOM

Hmm. Interesting.

Amelia looks at Norm and forces a smile. Fueled by this, Norm returns his attention back to Sally.

NORM

Sally, it was never my intention to interrupt the wedding, because the truth is... I don't love you.

Gasps, utter shock in the crowd.

In the back of the church, DR. NORTON and a TEAM OF HOSPITAL ORDERLIES barge in. Dr. Norton wipes fire extinguisher foam off his face and eyes Norm.

SALLY

Norm... how can you say that? Did you tell me you loved me just so you can lay me three times.

GASPS.

QUAKER TOM

Just out of curiosity, was the sex befo--

SALLY

--after we were together, only a couple of days ago.

QUAKER TOM

Got it, I'll just keep the pain to a quiet whimper.

He nervously CHUCKLES.

NORM

(to Sally)

I told you I loved you because I thought I did. I thought it was what I was supposed to feel. I thought it was real.

SALLY

So you are schizo.

NORM

I don't think I completely get what I am. But I do know this, that contrary to everyone's opinion, Quaker Tom is not a douche.

MURMURS.

QUAKER TOM

Was that... like the popular opinion?

Crowd nods. Norm puts his arm around him.

NORM  
(to Sally)  
He's just a guy that loves you and  
wants to marry you.

Sally smiles at Tom. He smiles back at her.

NORM (CONT'D)  
And I know deep down you love him and  
want to marry him too.

Norm brings Sally into his arms, so that he's bringing the  
bride and the groom together.

NORM (CONT'D)  
(looking at Tom)  
How we're perceived is not the  
reality. And who we think we are  
isn't all that accurate either. The  
only place we truly exist...  
(he looks at Amelia)  
...is in that space between. We  
can't be jotted down as just a  
collection of words, phrases, or even  
stories. We exist off the pages.

Tom and Sally beam.

SALLY  
What do you say Uncle Tom? Anyway  
you can forgive a girl for being a  
complete jackass. Give me some  
credit for not drinking my own pee.

QUAKER TOM  
Clever reference, but I'm not going  
to lie, it's kind of a big mountain  
to climb at this point what with the  
questionable love and cheating...

Dr. Norton, worried the wedding might happen, begins MARCHING  
towards Norm with the rest of the ORDERLIES.

Norm sees Amelia and continues his speech:

NORM  
All of us can be more than our  
definitions...  
(pointing to a random  
WEDDING GUEST)  
You! Say something! I know you're  
just an extra and you've never talked  
before, but SAY SOMETHING!

WEDDING GUEST

Something!

Dr. Norton and the Orderlies MARCH FASTER.

Wedding Guest now HAPPILY BLABBERS ON AND ON.

Norm points to ANOTHER GUEST.

NORM

Say something!

ANOTHER GUEST

(with a goofy smile)

Boy are my arms tired! What does  
that even mean? Why did I just say  
that? I feel alive!

Laughs. BLABBER. JOY!

Dr. Norton and Orderlies MARCH FASTER.

NORM

(pointing at all the  
guests)

You, you, you! Say something!!

All the WEDDING GUEST EXTRAS STAND UP AND TALK FOR THE FIRST  
TIME. This causes a LOUD HUGE CROWD OF JOY. Dr. Norton and  
the Orderlies struggle to march through.

Norm turns back to Sally and Tom quickly.

NORM (CONT'D)

Now is the time. Tom, don't be  
douche. Marry the girl.

Tom thinks fast as he looks at Sally. They love each other.

QUAKER TOM

I do.

The PRIEST jumps in on cue:

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and wife!

The crowd CHEERS! Wedding BELLS go off.

Norm and Amelia stay locked on each other, the space between  
them remaining defiant to the infringing disorder.

The noise of chaos reprieves, the bells soften into quiet, and  
the crowd goes slow-mo, save for Norm and Amelia.

They walk towards each other. TV on the Radio's "Family Tree" begins playing.

CREDITS START TO ROLL. THEY BOTH SEE THEM. THEIR HEARTS SINK.

AMELIA  
(horrificed)  
Norm? What's going on? Are those  
the ending credits?

Norm drudges up the courage to nod at the sad realization.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Why Norm? We did what we were  
supposed to do! Why is the movie  
still ending?

She frantically searches the faces of the joyful crowd cheering in slow-mo.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Don't they get it? It's all gonna  
end! We have to do something!

NORM  
Amelia--

AMELIA  
--Do something! We have to stop this!

NORM  
Amelia, we can't!

AMELIA  
Why! We didn't give the movie what  
it wanted! It can't end!

NORM  
Yes it can!

A silence as Norm's voice begins to quiver.

NORM (CONT'D)  
It can because I made the movie about  
what I wanted.

His face is about to melt into fear and weeping, but he successfully fights it off with a smile.

NORM (CONT'D)  
You.

AMELIA  
What? Why?

NORM  
 (hurt by her reaction)  
 It was an accident, the hurricane was  
 going to kill us.

AMELIA  
 (upset)  
 You fell in love with me because you  
 were scared of a little wind and  
 rain?

NORM  
 (angry)  
 Listen lady, movies don't end because  
 someone loves the other someone  
 without that someone loving them  
 back. You had to have fallen in love  
 with me too.

The anger subsides. It's true. The moment is bittersweet.  
 The end is near. Our heroes lost. They fell in love.

Amelia's smile breaks. She puts her head down to mask the  
 grief behind her eyes.

For Norm, the real joy found in the surrounding molasses of  
 faces gives him peace. He resigns to the movie's ending.

NORM (CONT'D)  
 Dance with me.

Once again, Amelia is flummoxed by Norm's cavalier reaction.

AMELIA  
 Does impending doom not worry you?  
 He answers by pulling her close. They slow dance.  
 Amelia CRIES on his shoulder. Norm hears it.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
 I don't want us to end.

NORM  
 'End' has so many definitions.

AMELIA  
 Isn't one of them death?

NORM  
 Yes. But there's also "the point in  
 time when an action, an event, or a  
 phenomenon ceases or is completed;  
 the conclusion." That's doesn't so  
 bad, to be a phenomenon.

Amelia's eyes react with a half-smile. Doesn't sound bad.

AMELIA  
Phenomenon sounds nice.  
(then again, with a smirk)  
But I'm pretty sure it can also mean  
death.

Broken smiles at the morbid wise crack. Yes it can mean death.

An intimate silence is shared as the music softly continues.  
Full of emotion, Amelia whispers softly in Norm's ear:

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
I don't care what anyone says, this  
was real to me.

Norm holds her tight and whispers back:

NORM  
Don't let me go, even after it ends.

Amelia never had any intention of letting go.

They slow dance, holding each other tight, as the song fades  
away and the last credit rolls off screen.

Norm and Amelia exchange looks of sadness, grief, love,  
happiness, exhilaration, life, and death. The moment is  
theirs and theirs endlessly.

CUT TO BLACK.