

SON OF SEAGAL

A TRUE & EMBARRASSING STORY

Written by

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EXT. BRICK HOME, FRONT LAWN - MORNING

Grainy footage. Slow motion.

Sunlight floods the lens, obscuring the silhouettes of TWO MEN engaged in a good old fashioned karate fight.

As we swing around the action, we realize it's not two men, but a moustached FATHER, and his SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SON.

They're not even really fighting, they're sparring. Although the father plays rough, his young son clearly loves it.

After trading blows, the boy kicks his dad square in the nuts.

SUPER: SON OF SEAGAL

EXT. GARDEN WEDDING, SANTA BARBARA - AFTERNOON

It's the perfect day for a wedding; a few puffy clouds dot the blue sky, and the view of the Pacific Ocean is stunning.

One hundred elegantly dressed GUESTS are seated in the manicured gardens of Santa Barbara's historic country club.

A young couple, MATT ALLEN (27) and his bride to be, LAUREN HAYS (27) stand in front of a hipster OFFICIANT under an arch of twisted rose bushes. The couple is flanked by THREE BRIDESMAIDS and GROOMSMEN.

SUPER: SANTA BARBARA, 1999

Matt forces a smile.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

They say a wedding is a funeral
where you smell your own flowers.

(Beat)

That's me - the groom with the
stupid grin. I'll be your escort.

Lauren trembles with wedding jitters.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Lauren was everything a guy could
ask for: smart, beautiful,
athletic, employed - It was
perfect. That said, **I'm about to
make the biggest fucking mistake of
my life.**

OFFFICIANT

Before I begin, Matt's Mother,
Michelle, has asked to say a few
words.

In the gallery, Matt's parents, ROB (50s) and MICHELLE (50s) sit ten feet apart from each other - on purpose.

Michelle has dirty blonde hair, and appears young for her age. Rob has badly dyed hair and moustache to match.

Rob's current girlfriend, a young dark skinned woman from Kazakhstan we'll come to know as SABINA (30s), sits next to him with a TINY POMERANIAN poking it's head from her counterfeit Gucci purse.

As Michelle stands up and heads for the podium, we realize she looks like an older version of the bride. Upon reaching the mic, she begins a rambling manic speech.

MICHELLE

Hi - I'm Matt's mother, and I'm so proud to be here today. Especially because I have some very special news to share. Oh, so special!

There's some RUMBLING in the gallery. Special news? Huh?

MICHELE

As *most* of you know, Matthew has been a talent agent at one of the biggest agencies in Hollywood. What many of you don't know, is that Matthew just recently sold his own movie project to New Line Cinema. Matt was encouraged to follow his dreams when he was young, but there is one man in particular who is responsible for his success.

ON ROB ALLEN

Believing Michelle is about to give him some credit, Rob feigns humility as he begins to stand.

BACK ON MICHELLE

MICHELLE

That man is...
(Overly dramatic pause)
Mr. - Steven - Seagal.

Embarrassed, Rob sits back down.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

A decade ago, Matt got to meet Mr. Seagal, who encouraged him to write. To be somebody. Now, unfortunately Steven couldn't be here today, but he did send this letter...

As Michelle pulls a LETTER from her purse, Matt's stocky best man, CALEB WILSON (29), bursts into LAUGHTER.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(Reading letter)

Dear Matt, congratulations on selling your script to the studio. We all know how hard it is to get anyone of importance to listen to your idea. To have your project sold was a major accomplishment. Best wishes for a wonderful life and continued success in your career. I am always interested in good stories, so if you have one with me in mind, I would love to look at it. Sincerely,

(Dramatic pause)

Mister - Steven - Seagal.

Michelle holds the letter above her head like it's a trophy.

LAUREN

What the hell does Steven Seagal have to do with our wedding?

MATT

I. Don't. Know.

Matt's mouth is agape in embarrassment, Caleb laughs so hard he hits the floor, and Rob is clearly angry.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I felt bad for my Dad. He didn't need to have Steven Seagal thrown in his face again. Not today. My Mom knew what she was doing. But I'm getting way ahead of myself. We'll come back to this.

TO BLACK:

Then WE SUPER: **CHAPTER ONE - ABOVE THE LAW**

EXT. BRICK HOME, SACRAMENTO -- DAY

An '81 Mercedes 240D sits in the driveway of this middle class brick home. A WHITE PICKET FENCE outlines the front yard.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I grew up in this middle class home in Sacramento. Also, we didn't really have a white picket fence.

The fence disappears.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Matt's teenage room is distinguished by a white Lamborghini Countache print, and a framed poster of Steven Seagal's first film, **ABOVE THE LAW**.

Preppy 17-YEAR-OLD MATT attempts to demonstrate Aikido moves on his best friend, Caleb (Now 17), who we recognize as his future best man.

A clunky VIDEO CAMERA is positioned to record the action.

SUPER: 1989

MATT

(Bad Seagal impression)
You're going down Salvano!

Matt attempts to flip Caleb over with a Seagal-esque twist of the wrist, but it doesn't work.

MATT (CONT'D)

Dammit! Why aren't you flipping over? I do this in Aikido class all the time.

CALEB

Dude, Steven Seagal is a potato chip. He'll break so easy. His moves don't work in real life.

MATT

Are you kidding? That's all his martial arts is! It's all real life stuff!

Matt tries to flip Caleb again. And again, it doesn't work.

MATT (CONT'D)

Shit.

We push into the "Above The Law" poster as Matt continues to try and flip Caleb with a wrist throw.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
 Ever since I saw his first film,
Above The Law, I wanted to make my
 own Steven Seagal movie. Be careful
 what you wish for.

EXT. BACKYARD, ALLEN HOME -- CONTINUOUS

A 45-year-old Rob Allen soaks in an above ground HOT TUB,
 nursing a Michelob. He's graying, but there's no bad dye job.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
 My father was a successful labor
 attorney. He claimed that he was a
 "master of Kempo karate". Not
 unlike me, my father was a Steven
 Seagal fan. Although in truth, Dad
 was always a Chuck Norris man.

INT. PATIO ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Caleb enter the patio area to find Matt's mother,
 Michelle (now 44) snorting Neosynephrine nasal spray.

Through the glass slider door, Rob slowly bobs up and down,
 pressing his backside against the hot tub wall.

MATT (O.C.)
 What's Dad doing out there?

CALEB (O.C.)
 Looks like he's pushing his butt
 against the jets.

ON MICHELLE

MICHELLE
 Probably is. Your father has
 hemorrhoids. The jets soothe them.

CALEB
 I'm never hot tubbing here again.

Rob hops out of the tub wearing burgundy Speedos, but covers
 up with a terry-cloth robe, before heading inside.

MATT
 Hey Dad.

Still wet, Rob plops down on the leather recliner.

ROB
Hey Tiger. Caleb.

CALEB
Nice Speedos Mr. Allen.

MICHELLE
Would you like some lunch, Rob?

ROB
BLT and another Michelob. Thanks.

EXT. ALLEN HOME -- CONTINUOUS

A white Toyota Supra crawls past Rob's parked 240D. The driver is an attractive African American woman we'll come to know as CATHERINE (30s).

Catherine speaks with another woman O/C.

CATHERINE
This is Rob's house.
(Pointing at 240D)
That's his car.

INT. ALLEN HOME - PATIO -- MOMENTS LATER

Rob picks up the remote and changes the channel.

MICHELLE
Hey, I was watching that.

ROB
(Curt)
Michelle - The 49er game is on. You boys wanna watch the game?

MATT	CALEB
Sure.	Yeah. Should be a gnarly game.

Rob fiddles with the REMOTE CONTROL, when the DOORBELL starts RINGING with annoying repetition.

CATHERINE (O.C.)
Rob! ROB! Get out here! Don't hide, bitch!

Rob stiffens.

CATHERINE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 I see your broke ass car! Old-ass
 Mercedes Diesel bullshit!

MICHELLE
 Who the heck? You know that voice?

INT. ALLEN HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, Michelle, and Caleb enter to see Catherine through the front BAY WINDOW. Conversely, Catherine now can see them.

CATHERINE
 Yeah! There's your pussy ass! Don't
 hide behind your family! Man up,
 mutha-fucka!

Rob pokes his head out from behind Matt, only to make unintentional eye contact with Catherine.

ROB
 Oh shit.

CATHERINE
 That's right! I see your ass! Get
 out here! Get out here, Rob - now!

MICHELLE
 Who is that?

ROB
 Just a woman that used to work in
 my office.

Catherine presses her face against the window.

CATHERINE
 Whatcha go'n do?! Huh, Rob? Whatcha
 gonna do?!

ROB
 Ignore her. She went nuts when I
 fired her last week.

MATT
 Ignore her?

EXT. ALLEN HOME - DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

At this point, a BUTCH LESBIAN wearing tan slacks and combat boots emerges from the passenger's seat of the Supra.

BUTCH LESBIAN

Rob! Get out! We see you in there!

CATHERINE

You think you can just cut it off?!
Get out here, chicken shit!

BUTCH LESBIAN

Get out here! You don't want any of
this! I don't fuckin' play!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Rob can only watch the chaos unfold. There are no good options for him.

ROB

Let's go back to the patio. They'll
leave.

MATT

(Off butch lesbian)
Who's the lesbian, Dad?

Rob attempts to wrangle the family back to the patio room.

CATHERINE

Don't you turn your back on me!
You'll never eat this pussy again!
You hear?! You ain't never gonna
eat this pussy!

ROB

She doesn't know what she's saying.

Then...*CRASH!* Rob spins around to see the butch lesbian kicking out the front window.

BUTCH LESBIAN

We ain't going away! I told you - I
don't fuckin' play!

In an instant, Rob's demeanor shifts to unhinged anger.

ROB

That's it.

CATHERINE

Got your attention now, bitch!

EXT. THE ALLEN PORCH -- SECONDS LATER

Now rabid, Rob bursts out the front door!

ROB
Trespassing! Hi-yah!

Rob throws a karate chop to the butch lesbian's neck! She falls like a sack of bricks.

ROB (CONT'D)
Self-defense! Trespassing!

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
Okay - freeze it.

The SCREEN FREEZES with Rob standing over the butch lesbian like Ali stood over Liston.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
This was the first time I saw my father use his "karate" in real life. The fact that he used it to go all Chuck Norris on a 40-year-old butch lesbian wearing chinos was disappointing.

The screen UNFREEZES, and Rob continues to yell at both women in an attempt to give himself legal cover for the assault.

ROB
Trespassing! Get the fuck off my property! Property damage!

In a frenzied counter attack, Catherine jumps on Rob's back.

CATHERINE
Motha - fucka! Mutha-fuck!

ROB
Catherine! No! Trespassing!

Catherine starts scratching Rob's face.

MICHELLE
Ahh!! No! I'm calling the police!

ROB
No cops!

Finally, Rob is able to throw Catherine off his back, and make a run for his Mercedes 240D.

CATHERINE
You ain't getting away!

Rob starts the car, just as Catherine gets to her feet.

BUTCH LESBIAN
Get that cracker fuck!

Catherine and her friend jump into the Supra, and give chase.

ON MATT...as he witnesses his father and the women race down the block, and out of sight.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
I will later discover that today's
"neck-chop incident" is only about
a three out of ten on the *Rob scale*
of disappointments.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLEN HOME, LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

We're tight on a WASHING MACHINE as it's loaded with white clothes.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

Pull back to reveal Michelle Allen doing the family laundry as Matt peppers her with questions about her marriage.

MATT
You think you and Dad will get a
divorce? Or at least a separation?

MICHELLE
Absolutely not. I was a child of
divorce and I'm not letting that
happen to you.

MATT
Divorce is not a bad thing. Dad's a
good Dad and you're a great Mom,
but it's always so tense around you
guys.

Michelle tries to contain the tears running down her cheek.

MICHELLE
Well sorry to disappoint you, but
your father and I are going to
counseling now. I'm not just giving
up, okay? Can you understand that?

MATT

No.

MICHELLE

When you're older, you will...

Michelle is interrupted by the annoying RING of a HUGE CORDLESS PHONE.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Hello. Yes, this is Michelle Allen.

(Gasps)

Really? Are you shitting me?

(Manic smile)

Hiiii! Oh my god I can't believe it's *really* you. Uh-huh. Really? The studio...in Burbank...got it. Thank you so much. Yes, we can do this Monday. Okay. Will do. Matt will be so excited! Goodbye.

MATT

Who was that?

MICHELLE

You're not gonna believe it!

MATT

Who? Who?

MICHELLE

Mister - Steven - Seagal.

MATT

Yeah right. I'm sure it was just Caleb pulling a joke.

MICHELLE

No. We're going to meet him - next week on the Warner Brothers lot - building 81.

MATT

But...how?

MICHELLE

Last week I wrote him a fan letter on your behalf.

MATT

You did what?

MICHELLE

Sometimes your mother can be pretty cool.

MATT

I can't believe this. You wrote him a letter? What did it say?

INSERT: Copy of Michelle's typed letter to Steven Seagal.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Seagal:

My only son, Matt Allen, will graduate from Jesuit High School here in Sacramento on June 3, of this year. The gift he most wants, but is certain is unattainable, is to meet with you and talk about your film, "Above the Law"...

The Letter becomes transparent - Underneath, we see images of Matt and Michelle pack up the family Audi 5000 and make the journey to Burbank on the 5 South freeway.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

....He thinks the film is one of the best action films of all time. I've seen it twice and agree with him. When he's not in class, he can be found working 20 plus hours a week at Uptown Video....Blah, blah, blah...**It would especially be nice since Matt experienced a horrific incident with his father, that ended in tragedy....**Mr. Seagal, there is every probability that you won't even get this letter, but...

MATT (O.C.)

Wait!

INT. MICHELLE'S AUDI 5000 - CONTINUOUS

Michelle is questioned by Matt as she takes the PASS Avenue exit in Burbank.

MICHELLE

What?

MATT

You told Steven Seagal that Dad is ...dead?

MICHELLE

I didn't say he died, I said there was a horrific experience that ended in tragedy.

Michelle snorts nasal spray.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS, BURBANK - MORNING

It's an unusual cold and cloudy day in the valley as Matt and his Mother pull up to GATE 4 of the famed studio lot.

Michelle rolls down the window to greet the SECURITY GUARD.

GATE GUARD

Morning Ma'am. Who are you here to see?

MICHELLE

Mister Steven Seagal.

GATE GUARD

I.D.?

Matt looks ahead, mesmerized by the iconic movie studio.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I had seen enough Hollywood documentaries, and episodes of "Entertainment Tonight", to know that the Warner Brother's lot was a historic and magical home of filmmaking. A dream factory. I wanted to belong here.

Michelle and Matt pull into the lot and make a hard left towards Seagal's office.

EXT. BUILDING 81 PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

As they enter, Matt notices a series of parking spots reserved for various celebrities; Clint Eastwood, Mel Gibson, and Candice Bergen.

Then, when the Audi rounds the corner, Matt sees it...

The empty parking spot for **"MR. STEVEN SEAGAL"**.

MATT

(Off Seagal parking space)

Woowww.

INT. BUILDING 81 -- MOMENTS LATER

The office is sparse; an "Above The Law" poster, a fern, a couch, and a charming British secretary, VIVIAN (50s).

VIVIAN

Hello! You must be Matt and Michelle. I'm Vivian. Welcome. Steven's running a tad late because of the weather. Can I offer you something to drink?

MATT

I'm okay, thanks.

MICHELLE

Bless your heart for arranging this. Thank you.

VIVIAN

Of course. Please, have a seat.

Matt fidgets and stares out the window, waiting for his idol.

MICHELLE

You excited?

MATT

No doy.

Then, Matt HEARS it. The ROAR of a sports car.

ON MATT'S EYES...as they go wide, like a kid at Christmas.

MATT (CONT'D)

He's here!

CUE SONG, PERSONAL JESUS by Depeche Mode.

Slow motion as a black Maserati Biturbo rolls into frame and into the space marked "**Steven Seagal**". It's him.

The driver's door swings open. Black boots hit the wet pavement, and his lanky 6'6" movie star frame unfolds from the Maserati.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's a moment I'll never forget. Steven Seagal in the flesh. At the time, I was surprised that a big action movie star would drive this shitty Maserati BiTurbo, but whatever. Steven Fucking Seagal.

INT. BUILDING 81, SUITE 115 -- MOMENTS LATER

Steven glides in, and Vivian snaps to attention.

VIVIAN

Good morning Steven. You only have two calls. Lorenzo Di Bonaventura, and Jules.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Off Matt and Michele)

Who's this?

Vivian gestures to Matt, frozen in awe.

VIVIAN

Steven, this is Matt Allen, and his mother, Michelle. Matt is one of your biggest fans.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Nice to meet you, Matt.

Steven extends his huge banana hand to Matt, and they shake.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I was so bummed out that Vivian referred to me as a "fan". I did not want to be relegated to "fan status". Sure, my ATM password was "SEAGAL", I studied the same martial art as Seagal, and had seen "Above The Law" about 20 times, but I didn't want to be identified as a "fan". I wanted to be Seagal's friend. Someone that he could trust, but not a fucking fan.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Your mom told me a lot about you.

MATT

Hi, Mr. Seagal. I mean hello. Hi.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Come on back to my office.

INT. SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Steven's walls are covered with dozens of pictures of him with other celebrities and captains of industry. The centerpiece of the display is a GOLD ARABIAN SWORD with a dedication from the Saudi Royal Family.

An inscription on the sword refers to Steven being "Knighted" in Saudi Arabia, if that's even a thing.

Steven sits behind a desk cluttered with MOVIE SCRIPTS.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Welcome to Hollywood. Well,
Burbank.

(Off Matt's blank stare)

So Matt, ask me anything. The floor
is yours. Matt?

MATT

Uh. Well. Uh...Sorry, I'm a little
nervous.

STEVEN SEAGAL

It's okay. Relax.

MATT

I guess I'd like to know how you
went from a virtual unknown, to a
man who wrote, produced, and
starred in his own movie?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Let me tell you something. To make
it in this town, you've got to
create something from nothing.

MICHELLE

Are you writing this down, honey?

Matt pats his pockets as if he's fishing for a pen.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You don't have to write this down.
I was saying - Focus on one thing.
Be great at that. Yes, I'm an
actor, writer, producer, director,
and stunt coordinator, but that's
rare. But you, focus on one thing.

Matt absorbs the advice as if it's coming from god himself.

MATT

One thing.

Seagal picks up a random script off his desk.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I would start writing a script if I
were you. That's how you create
something from nothing.

(MORE)

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

With just some paper, a word processor, and your imagination you can create something valuable. No one can take that away from you.

MATT

Funny that you say that. I've always wanted to write a Steven Seagal movie. I've been kicking this idea where you'd play a bad guy.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I'll never play a bad guy. Never.

MATT

Oh.

MICHELLE

He's a good guy, honey.

MATT

No, I know. I just thought...

STEVEN SEAGAL

Listen, my next film, *Hard To Kill* starts shooting in a couple months. You should come down to the set - see how it all works.

MATT

You mean I get to come back?

MICHELLE

That's so generous. Thank you.

MATT

I really get to come back?!

EXT. SEAGAL'S OFFICE LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Steven signs an "Above The Law" poster for Matt.

It reads, "Matt, Good luck in the Biz!". Unfortunately, he spelled "Biz" - B-U-I-S. - **"Matt, Good luck in the Buis!"**

MATT

Thank you, Mr. Seagal.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Please - call me Steven.

MATT
 (Dumbstruck)
 STEVEN.

STEVEN SEAGAL
 Have Vivian here arrange for you to
 come down to set.

MICHELLE
 You made a dream come true!

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
 I didn't care that he spelled
 "Biz", B-U-I-S. I only cared about
 the fact that I was coming back to
 hang out with Steven Seagal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. T.G.I. FRIDAYS PARKING LOT - DUSK

Rob's crappy Mercedes diesel is inexplicably double parked.

ROB (O.S.)
 ...And after the incident with
 Catherine at the house last month,
 I thought you might have some
 questions for me.

INT. T.G.I. FRIDAYS -- CONTINUOUS

This cultural wasteland of a restaurant is packed with chubby
 Sacramentans wearing acid wash jeans, and big hair. Matt and
 Rob sit in a rear booth, sipping their drinks.

MATT
 I don't know. I mean I thought you
 were this conservative lawyer dad,
 and I guess...you're not?

ROB
 What do you mean?

MATT
 I don't even know where to start.

ROB
 Ask me anything. The floor is
 yours.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I remember thinking it was oddly coincidental that he used the same phrase and mannerisms as Seagal. Then again, there's no such thing as coincidences. Just patterns.

MATT

Okay. For starters, who's Catherine? The hot black chick.

Rob chuckles before taking a swig of Michelob.

ROB

She is hot, right? I've been seeing Catherine for about three years now. She's my girlfriend. You'd like her. In fact, we have a house together out in Rancho Murietta. Beautiful place. You should visit.

MATT

Wait...A house? A whole house?

ROB

Yeah, she lives there full time along with her three kids...

MATT

Three kids? You have kids with her?

ROB

Not my kids - *her kids*. Don't worry, you don't have any brothers or sisters as far as I know. Anyway, I'm out there quite a bit. It's our house. We've been on and off for years. I write off that place as a second office. Don't tell your Mom.

MATT

What? So you have...You have a double life? Have you always had a double life? I mean, when I was little and you always told me you had to work on the weekends. But...

ROB

I was probably with women. I never worked *that* much.

(Off Matt)

You okay?

MATT

Oh Jesus. My whole childhood is flashing before my eyes...except now it's making sense.

FLASH: RIVER MARINA

9-YEAR-OLD MATT and Rob board a docked 28' Cabin Cruiser, and step below deck to the bedroom area.

NINE-YEAR-OLD MATT

When did you buy this boat, Dad?

ROB

About two years ago.

Nine-year-old Matt picks a CONDOM WRAPPER on the floor.

9-YEAR-OLD MATT

What's this?

ROB

I let the Harbor Master sleep here sometimes. Don't tell your Mom.

FLASH: STREET IN FRONT OF "CLUB 400", A STRIP JOINT

11-YEAR-OLD MATT rides his bike with his friend, Dave down the street past the local strip joint when he spots his father walking out. Rob's busted.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hey, Matt, Dave - My client owns this place. Great cash business. Don't tell your mom.

FLASH: GROCERY STORE - MEAT & FISH ISLE

Rob hands 13-YEAR OLD MATT a poorly wrapped package of fish.

13-YEAR-OLD MATT

Dad, I don't like fish.

ROB

Oh I thought you did. Hand it back.

Matt hands his father the fish.

ROB (CONT'D)

This is leaking. Now we both smell like fish. Ha! Your mom will think this is funny.

(Puts fish in the basket)

Don't tell your mom.

BACK TO T.G.I. FRIDAYS

Matt reels as he attempts to process his childhood memories.

MATT

Well, that fills in some holes for me. Huh. Now I know why we never had any barbecues.

ROB

Barbecues?

MATT

Yeah, all my friend's dads would have barbecues on weekends. You know, with friends, have some beers, hamburgers. But you never did. Guess you didn't have time for friends. At least now I know why.

Rob takes his last swig of Michelob.

ROB

Oh *I had barbecues*. Did I ever.

MATT

Not that I remember.

ROB

I had **black barbecues**.

MATT

What's a black barbecue?

FLASH: SUMMER BACKYARD BARBECUE

We're in a middle class backyard packed with an African American crowd and a DJ. Everyone is drinking brown liquor, and smoking.

Then, dancing breaks out when the DJ turns up Janet Jackson's "What Have You Done For Me Lately".

WE snake through the crowd to find Rob at the helm of a Weber grill surrounded by Catherine and several women with a sexy Pam-Grier-vibe.

ROB (V.O.)
 (Waxing nostalgic)
 Catherine and her friends would
 come over and I would barbecue.
 Ribs and chicken. Always ribs and
 chicken. Sip Henny...that's
 Hennessy cognac you understand. I
 was the only white man there.

Despite wearing a Member's Only jacket and mom jeans. Rob somehow fits into the African American crowd. A welcome grain of salt in a sea of pepper.

ROB
 More Henny, Catherine?

CATHERINE
 You know it, baby-boo.

Rob raises a bottle of Hennessy.

ROB
 Ha-ha! Livin' the life!

BACK TO:

INT. T.G.I. FRIDAYS - CONTINUOUS

Matt has his head in his hands before finding the strength to look at his father in the eyes.

MATT
 I don't know what to say.

ROB
 When you date Black women, it's not uncommon to be the only white guy at a barbecue. You'll see, Tiger.

MATT
 No. No. No...

ROB
 Oh Yes. What we do in life echoes on forever. You're my echo.

MATT
 I don't want to be your echo.

ROB
 I don't make the rules. So what else would you like to ask your old man?

MATT

I, ah. Uh...Hum. Well now I'm just wondering how many women have you had sex with.

ROB

You really want to know?

MATT

Yeah, I really want to know.

Rob makes "jazz hands" as he says...

ROB

A thousand women.

MATT

What?! Holy shit?! I didn't think...I mean, that's like two every week since you got married.

ROB

It's impressive I know.

MATT

(struggles to find the words)
But...how? I mean...I'm so bad with women...but...I mean, how do you seduce them so *fast*?

ROB

Matt, **it's so easy**. All you have to do is...just **listen to them**.

MATT

Oh.

ROB

Don't tell your mom.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

By the way, this is still only about a 4 on the *Rob scale of disappointments*.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREYSTONE MANSION, BEVERLY HILLS -- NIGHT

We hear Seagal's angry voice echo from the interior of this massive Tudor estate known as Greystone Mansion.

STEVEN SEAGAL (O.C.)
I don't care! Go back to fucking
TV! Just don't fuck up my movie!
Fuck you!

SUPER: SET OF HARD TO KILL, TWO MONTHS LATER

INT. GREYSTONE MANSION, BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Steven is holding a double barrel SHOTGUN in his hands as he yells at someone O/C.

STEVEN SEAGAL
You here me, Bruce? Don't fuck up
my movie!

Pull back to reveal that Steven is yelling at the director of the film, BRUCE MALMUTH (50s).

BRUCE
I'm not gonna fuck anything. Calm
down. Too much blood scares the
MPAA - trust me, I went through
this with Sly on "Nighthawks".

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm sorry - what fucking year was
that again?

The CAST, and CREW stand idle as they witness the yelling match.

BRUCE
How many movies have you made?

Next to Steven is another actor, WILLIAM SADLER. He's actually a great thespian with a long resume, but right now he's a guy wearing what looks like red lipstick smeared all around his lips.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Look at Bill! My character just
shoved a shotgun in his fucking
face and broke all of his teeth!
There should be blood everywhere!
Bill looks like he should throw on
a fucking wig and suck cock on
Santa Monica boulevard tonight!

BRUCE
Don't be like that. The blood looks
good.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Say what you fucking want, Bruce.
Go back to fucking TV. I'm outta
here.

As Seagal storms off the set, he spots Matt trying to stay out of sight behind B camera.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Matt! So glad you made it. Welcome.

MATT

Thanks. This is so...cool.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We'll talk tomorrow. I have to walk off the set now because my director's a fucking hack, and he needs to learn a lesson.

(Turns to director)

Fuck off Bruce!

Steven continues out the door, extending his middle finger.

BRUCE

(off Steven)

One movie under his belt, and this guy's a prick already.

The FIRST A.D. shakes his head, and yells into his radio.

1ST A.D.

Okay everybody, that's gonna be a wrap for tonight.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

This was not the "fun" set I imagined visiting. But Steven was right. Bill Sadler looked like he should be sucking cock, not a shotgun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREYSTONE MANSION, BILLIARD ROOM - NEXT DAY

Seagal stabs an ACTOR in the heart with a broken pool cue. Blood spurts - the man falls to his knees.

STEVEN SEAGAL

That's for my wife! Fuck you and die!

Steven kicks the man in the face!

Matt observes Steven in the middle of an action scene from well behind the cameras as the director, Bruce, steps out from behind the MONITORS.

BRUCE
Cut! Nice. Moving on.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Wait. Let's just run through a few takes with just the "fuck you" line, and the kick.

BRUCE
Yeah, sure. Whatever you want.

ON STEVEN, as he resets.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's for my wife. Fuck you and DIE!

Kicks the man in the face again.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
That's for my fuckin' wife! Fuck you - and die!

Seagal re-sets, and kicks again.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
That's for my wife! Fuck you and Die!

EXT. GREYSTONE MANSION, PARKING LOT -- ANOTHER DAY

A makeshift catering area is set up under a large white tent. The CAST and CREW eat together, except for Steven. He sits at a separate table.

STEVEN SEAGAL (O.C.)
So Matt, how was your visit? Did you learn anything?

Matt and one of Steven's CAA AGENTS sit at the special table next to his trailer.

MATT
I did. A lot. Thanks again.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Oh yeah? What's the most important thing you learned?

MATT

That you're the boss.

CAA AGENT

Ha! Good answer.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You pick a college yet?

MATT

U.C. Santa Barbara.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You believe this kid? His mom contacts me out of nowhere after his dad dies - Says he's a fan, and wants to be a filmmaker.

CAA AGENT

Good for you. Don't let your father's death slow you down.

Matt bites his lip.

MATT

I won't.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Kid's gonna be writer. Says he's gonna write a part for me. You start your script yet?

MATT

Yep. I read Syd Field's book, and I've already started.

CAA AGENT

Syd Field. Good. This star deserves great scripts. Write one for him.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I went to that Warner Brothers screening for Batman last night.

CAA AGENT

And?

STEVEN SEAGAL

What a fucking turkey. I mean a complete disaster.

(MORE)

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

You gonna tell me that Michael Keaton is a super hero? Keaton couldn't wipe the shit off my shoes. But he's Batman? That thing is gonna flop.

CAA AGENT

Yeah, maybe. Warners has a lot of faith in this one.

Matt dares to interject.

MATT

Steven, I know I haven't seen the movie, but even if it's terrible it's not gonna flop. No way.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Trust me. Flop.

MATT

I tell you what...I'll bet you...
(Thinks)
...ONE HUNDRED dollars that Batman makes 100 million faster than any movie in history.

CAA AGENT

Whoa - you got some stones, kid. I like him.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You got a bet, Matt.

Steven extends his hand, and they shake.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

It wasn't about having "Stones". One hundred dollars was the most I could afford to lose. Plus, I knew that win or lose it was a way to keep in contact with Steven - to keep in contact with my dreams.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE DORMS, U.C. SANTA BARBARA -- LATE AFTERNOON

This cement dorm building overlooks a picturesque lagoon.

SUPER: U.C. Santa barbara, 5 months later

A few COLLEGE GIRLS peddle beach cruisers past an abandoned keg from the previous night's party.

COLLEGE GIRL (O.S.)
I should warn you, I'm terrible at
blow jobs.

We PUSH IN to Matt's room on the second floor.

INT. MATT'S DORM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Matt's in the sack with a blonde CO-ED. The curtains are drawn, but there's enough light to see his signed "Above The Law" poster above the bed.

MATT
That's okay. Blow jobs are like
pizza. Even bad pizza's still
pizza, right?

COLLEGE CO-ED (O.C.)
Well...Okay.

Matt looks down with eager anticipation. We stay on Matt's facial expressions as WE HEAR the most horrific GAGGING and COUGHING noises. Instead of stopping, she continues to gag like a sick cat.

MATT
(Off Gagging noises)
You know what, we don't have to...

Then we hear the poor woman VOMIT all over Matt's crotch.

COLLEGE CO-ED (O.C.)
I'm so sorry. Oh my god. So sorry.

MATT
It's fine. Just gonna rinse off.

Still in the dark, we follow Matt to the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

As soon as Matt flicks the LIGHT ON, he catches a glimpse of his naked reflection in the MIRROR - there's vomit all over his crotch.

MATT
(Off reflection)
Oh God.

Matt GAGS, then VOMITS all over the sink.

COLLEGE GIRL (O.C.)
I'm so sorry!

As Matt turns on the faucet to begin the clean-up process, the co-ed pokes her head into the bathroom. At second blush, we recognize the college girl as *LAUREN, Matt's future bride.*

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
There she is. My college sweetheart and future wife, Lauren. Terrible sex and destiny don't always mix.

COLLEGE GIRL
Again. I'm so sorry.

MATT
No. You warned me. It's my fault.

EXT. SPAGO RESTAURANT, SUNSET BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

A billboard looms over Wolfgang Puck's iconic eatery for Steven Seagal in *Hard To Kill*.

INT. SPAGO - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed with Hollywood execs, and Christmas decor.

WAITRESS (O.C.)
Your porterhouse, Mr Seagal.

A gorgeous WAITRESS cuts across frame with a tray of food. We track with her to a table near the front window where she sets down a steak dinner in front of...

STEVEN SEAGAL
Thank you.

Seagal has put on a few pounds since we last saw him.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
(Off waitress' breasts)
You're sexy. You an actress? You have a great look.

WAITRESS
Not an actress, but thank you.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Would you like to learn how to levitate? I can show you how at my house later.

Before she can respond, we hear boisterous LAUGHTER from across the restaurant. There, a group of executives, and a man that appears to be **Tim Burton** raise their wine glasses for a toast.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

(Off loud table)

Is that Terry Semel with Michael Keaton and that geek director?

WAITRESS

Yes, that's Mr. Keaton's party. All the Warner executives are celebrating. Batman was their biggest movie of the year. Fastest movie to make a 100 million. It made over 250 million.

STEVEN SEAGAL

What did you just say?

WAITRESS

Fastest to make a hundred million.

Seagal stares at the Warner table with eye-daggers.

WE MOVE IN ON SEAGAL'S FACE.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I could kill Batman with my little toe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S DORM ROOM, TV ROOM -- NIGHT

Matt and Lauren cuddle on the couch, as they watch the opening credits to "Saturday Night Live".

LAUREN

What are you doing over break?

MATT

Not sure. You?

LAUREN

Well, You know my parents live in Stockton - that's only 45 minutes from sac and...

Caleb, Matt's childhood friend and now college roommate, bursts into the room grasping a huge wad of mail.

CALEB

Just got the mail! Hey Lauren.

MATT

...We're watching SNL here.

CALEB

Oh, then I won't give you this letter from...

(Reads off envelope)
Seagal/Nasso Productions.

MATT

No way!

Matt yanks the envelope from Caleb, and rips it open. Within seconds he discovers a PERSONAL CHECK from Seagal for \$100.

CALEB

He did it. Holy shit. He paid.

Matt reads the note that accompanies the check.

MATT

(reading letter)
Dear Matt, A bet's a bet. Keep in touch. Good luck in the Buis. - Steven Seagal.

CALEB

Wow. Who cares if he can't really fight, or spell, and runs like a girl. That's pretty cool.

MATT

I'm never cashing this.

INT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

Steven has a script in his hands, and is clearly choked up when Vivian pokes her head in to get his attention.

VIVIAN

Steven, that young fan Matt Allen in on the phone.

(MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

He wants to thank you for some money you sent him? Should I just take a message?

He wipes his tears, shakes his head, and picks up his phone.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Hello Matt. You're welcome. Well you were right. I don't know why people wanted to see that little pansy as Batman, but you were right. I guess Warner Brothers is pretty good at marketing turds.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION AS NEEDED

MATT

Well, Thanks again.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(On the verge of tears)
Happy to do it. I...I am...

MATT

Are you okay?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I'm fine. It's just...I'm reading the most amazing and heartfelt script ever. I guess it really got to me.

MATT

Must be some script. Who wrote it?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I did.

There's a long awkward pause.

MATT

Oh...Well, great job. I hope someday I'm able to write well enough to make myself cry.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Doubtful.

MATT

Steven...Well, my school has this internship program where you get school credit for working at a real company...and well...can I come work for you this summer?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLEN HOME, PATIO -- DAY

THE Hundred dollar SEAGAL CHECK fills the frame.

ROB (O.C.)

I can't believe he paid.

PULL BACK to reveal Matt is proudly displaying the check to his parents as they sit on their patio couch.

MICHELLE

I hope you wrote him a nice thank you note.

MATT

I called him...but it gets better!

MICHELLE

What do you mean?

MATT

He said I could work for him this summer in Los Angeles! I get to be Steven Seagal's intern! Can you believe it?!

Michelle and Rob look at each other with concern, then back at Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)

Did you hear what I said? I'm getting a weird vibe. What's going on?

MICHELLE

Matt, your father has something to tell you.

ROB

I just got some news myself and things are about to change around here.

MICHELLE
You may want to sit.

Michelle sets the check on the coffee table as Matt sits.

MATT
Are you finally getting a divorce?

MICHELLE
No! Of course not. I would never
leave your father - especially now.

MATT
Especially now?

ROB
(Somber)
I have Leukemia.

MATT
Wait...*what?*

ROB
My prognosis is good, but I do have
cancer.

MICHELLE
It's the good kind of Leukemia.

ROB
The less bad kind.

Michelle snorts some nasal spray.

MICHELLE
My O.B.G.Y.N. has had this kind of
leukemia for years. And he's fine.

MATT
I'm so sorry, Dad. Shit. Well,
okay. Can I do anything? Or?

ROB
Just be there for me. You might
want to think about changing your
major to pre-law. I want you to
eventually take over my firm. In
fact, I'd like you to work for me
this summer. Start learning the
ropes.

MATT

Pre-law? But, I want to work for Seagal. I don't know anything about being a lawyer.

ROB

I know it's a shock, but I want you to know that this is the wake up call I needed. No more drinking. No more womanizing. I started exercising. A whole new me. No more smoking even.

MICHELLE

You smoke? For how long?

ROB

Michelle, don't nag. Last thing I need on top of my cancer.

MATT

Dad, I'm really sorry you have Leukemia, but working for Seagal is a huge opportunity, and...

ROB

Is he offering to pay you?

MATT

No, it's just credit for school.

ROB

Well have you thought about how you'd afford to live down there?

MATT

I could sublet a place near UCLA, it won't be that expensive. Maybe \$600 a month for rent.

ROB

Plus food, gas, and pussy.

MICHELLE

Rob!

Robs laughs at his own joke with his "Charming Chuckle".

MATT

I know it's not cheap, but it's...

ROB

An opportunity - I get it - one that I'm suppose to pay for?

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

On top of chemo, and everything else? Matt, I need you here in Sacramento this summer. I need to start grooming you to take over my practice.

Matt shrinks.

MATT

I'm a film studies major, not pre-law. Working for Seagal is my dream.

ROB

When I was your age, I wanted to be an artist. But your mother - rightly so - convinced me to be a lawyer. A job with a future. I'm sorry, but making Steven Seagal movies is not in the cards for you.

Matt gives his mother a pleading look, but all she can do is snort more nasal spray.

MATT

But Dad...

ROB

Matt, leukemia is cancer. End of discussion.

MICHELLE

I'm so sorry, Matt.

All the disappointment starts to sink in for Matt, then...

MATT

Fuck! *FUCK!!!*

MICHELLE

(Startled)

Matthew - that was scary.

ROB

Cool your jets, Matt. Don't be so dramatic. I have a better opportunity for you.

MATT

Better than working for Steven Seagal?

CUT TO:

A BUSINESS CARD:

ALLEN LAW CORPORATION - MATT R. ALLEN - PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Private investigator? Me?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE'RE IN ROB'S OFFICE -- SUMMER DAY

Rob's office is unremarkable for a lawyer; lots of dark wood, law books, a law degree on the wall, and a globe cart that opens at the equator to become a bar.

Rob slides Matt the P.I. BUSINESS CARD across the desk.

ROB
I want you to be the P.I. for my firm. I'll pay you \$1500 a month for the summer.

MATT
But I'm only 19. I have no P.I. experience.

ROB
Look, I know you want to be with Steven Seagal this summer, but I'm hoping this will allow us to become father and son again. Especially because I have cancer. Besides, it's a fun way to learn my business.

MATT
I don't know Dad.

ROB
Don't be intimidated. It's mostly just serving papers, and doing some stakeouts to find people. Have fun with it. Are you in?

MATT
Do I get a gun?

Rob lets out his "charming chuckle".

ROB
Who the hell needs Steven Seagal, huh Tiger?

Rob pulls a **9MM BERETTA** from his desk and hands it to Matt.

MATT
I was...kidding but. Okay.

ROB
(re: gun)
That's a fifteen shot clip in
there. Illegal in California.
(Beat)
Don't tell your mom.

MONTAGE: We hear the iconic MAGNUM P.I. THEME SONG as Matt drives around town in his Volkswagon Fox, doing a bunch of non-private investigator things:

- Matt makes himself a hot dog at 7-11.
- Matt shoots BOTTLES off a log with his new Berretta by the river.
- Matt's on a typical BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO date with Lauren. He eagerly points to a "Hard To Kill: Coming Soon" POSTER. She shakes her head.
- In a bookstore, Matt flips through screenwriting books.
- Matt's in a tattoo parlor getting a "Steven Seagal" tat in Japanese characters on his upper arm.

MATT
This is the logo for Steven
Seagal's Aikido Dojo. Cool right?

TATTOO ARTIST
(Rolling eyes)
The coolest.

- On a Macintosh computer, Matt writes the title page of his Steven Seagal script. It's called, "Fever Pitch".
- Matt shoots hoops with Caleb. After making a shot, Matt grabs Caleb's arm and tries to flip him like Steven Seagal - but it doesn't work, and Caleb laughs at him.

EXT. FAIR OAKS BOULEVARD -- ANOTHER DAY

Matt drives toward the office, when he spots his father's 240D Mercedes parked in the lot of "Mace's" - Sacramento's idea of a fancy restaurant.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
Dad told me he was in court all
day, so when I saw his car at
Mace's, I knew something was up.

Matt pulls into the lot across the street, within sight of his father's car.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

This is the only Private Investigator-ish thing I ever did as a P.I. - staking out my own father's car.

INT. MATT'S CAR -- LATER

Matt fusses with the radio station to kill time. After a long beat, he spots Rob exit the restaurant, and he's not alone. He's with a much younger dark skinned woman. This is SABINA, the woman we saw at the wedding with the little dog.

MATT

What the...?

As Rob escorts Sabina to her car, we notice she's dressed like a hooker with a tank top, a miniskirt that shows butt cheek, and white pumps. Before Sabina can open her car door, Rob grabs her, spins her around and jams his tongue down her throat.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

And to think I was naive enough to believe my dad's "pussy hound" days were over. Shit, now I'm wondering if he even has leukemia.

ROB (O.C.)

Her name is Sabina. I went through this service. It's great. Just pick the woman, call the number in the catalog, and pay by credit card.

INT. ROB'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Rob hands Matt a color catalog called, "**BRIDES OF THE EAST**".

ROB

Sabina showed up just two weeks after I called to order her.

Matt flips through dozens of pictures, all of scantily clad women from all over the Eastern Block countries with captions under their pictures that say things like, "I love American Men" or "I'm old fashioned!" or "Older men turn me on!"

MATT

Like a pizza?

ROB

It not immoral like that. Trust me, she's happier in the United States. Here, she has a car and her own apartment. And she's so grateful.

MATT

But...she's a mail order bride. Don't you have to marry them?

ROB

No, I'm gonna marry her off to a client so she can stay in the country. I'm an ordained minister now. *Don't tell your mom.*

MATT

You really ordered a woman from a catalog? But...Why?

ROB

Women from Kazakhstan really know how to cater to a man's ego - unlike your mother. See, your mother is so frigid, entitled, and white. She doesn't appreciate anything. Sabina on the other hand, appreciates running water.

MATT

Her country doesn't have running water?

ROB

Which reminds me, I don't like this Lauren girl you're dating very much. She's like your mother...

MATT

You're never gonna stop, are you?

ROB

You want to meet Sabina? She's in the conference room.

MATT

No.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Rob introduces Matt to Sabina wearing the same hooker-ish outfit she was wearing earlier.

ROB
Sabina, this is my son, MATT. Matt
this is Sabina.

SABINA
Hello. Nice a meet.

MATT
Nice "a meet" you too.

ROB
Isn't she young?

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
About a six out of ten on the *Rob*
scale of disappointments.

Rob's SECRETARY burst into the conference room.

SECRETARY
Rob! Michelle's here - just saw her
in the parking lot!

ROB
Quick, Matt take Sabina out the
back way!

MATT
Huh?

ROB
Go now!

INT. ALLEN LAW CORPORATION, HALLWAY -- SECONDS LATER

Matt rushes Sabina toward the back.

MATT
This way.

EXT. ALLEN LAW OFFICES, OFFICE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Sabina make it out the back door, undiscovered.

MATT
That was close. What do you think?
We just wait out here?

SABINA
I wait for you the dad.

Sabina just squats where she stands. It's a little weird, but it gets weirder when she pulls a pack of RED VINES from her purse, and starts chewing them.

Rob pokes his head out the back door.

ROB

False alarm. It wasn't your mother.
Come back in.

MATT

(Angry)
Dad, no.

ROB

What's your deal?

MATT

I don't want to lie to Mom. I can't
be a part of this.

ROB

Come on. You're my P.I. - My man on
the street.

MATT

Not anymore. In fact, I'm gonna
take that internship with Seagal.
Now, I can either tell Mom why, or
we can keep this to ourselves.

ROB

Are you blackmailing me?

CUT TO BLACK.

Then WE SUPER: **CHAPTER TWO - MARKED FOR DEATH**

EXT. 405 FREEWAY, SEPULVEDA PASS -- MORNING

The freeway is a parking lot. We move in on Matt's VW Fox,
stuck in the middle lane.

SUPER: **DAY ONE OF SEAGAL INTERNSHIP, 9:40 AM**

INT. MATT'S VOLKSWAGON FOX -- CONTINUOUS

The heavy traffic pours like molasses into the San Fernando
valley, and a stressed out Matt is stuck in the middle of it.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

First day of my internship with THE Steven Seagal and I'm late. I was so excited the night before, I didn't fall asleep until five in the morning, and I over slept. My first day and I'm fucking late. What was I gonna tell him? I mean, you never get a second chance to make a first impression. I needed a really good excuse.

Out of nowhere, Matt PUNCHES himself in the nose!

Again, and again -- PUNCH, PUNCH, PUNCH -- until blood streams down his face.

INT. BUILDING 81, SEAGAL/NASSO PRODUCTIONS -- LATER

Matt bursts into Seagal's office with his shirt covered in blood.

VIVIAN

(Off Matt)

Oh my Lord - What happened to you?

MATT

Sorry I'm so late. It's not my blood. I witnessed a car accident. I had to help this poor woman who hit her head on the steering wheel. Blood everywhere. I stayed with her until the ambulance arrived.

VIVIAN

I'm glad you're okay. Steven's been waiting for you.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Now that's an excuse.

(Beat)

Christ, what's the matter with me?

INT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

It's dim with only the flicker of a few candles. Seagal sits in the lotus position, shirtless, with several acupuncture needles sticking out of his skinny-fat body.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Enter.

Matt pokes his head in, before taking a step inside.

MATT

Steven?

Steven gently raises his eyelids.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Off Matt's bloody shirt)

Matt? You look like you've been rolling around in a pile of tampons.

MATT

Yeah, sorry about that. I witnessed this car accident, and...

STEVEN SEAGAL

Your path brought you here. That's what is true.

MATT

Okay.

STEVEN SEAGAL

How's your mother?

MATT

Good. She said to say "hi".

STEVEN SEAGAL

Is it getting easier for her? You know, since your dad died?

Matt hesitates, not 100% on board with *this lie*.

MATT

She has good days and bad.

STEVEN SEAGAL

We have much to accomplish this summer. Are you ready?

MATT

I sure am.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Chandra will fill you in on the details.

(Off Matt)

Now, help me pull some of these needles of my stomach and shoulders, chop chop.

MATT

Oh...how do I...?

Matt approaches Steven with apprehension.

MATT (CONT'D)

...Just pluck them out?

Matt slowly grabs a NEEDLE just above Seagal's naval.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Yeah, just pluck. Pluck it.

MATT

(Trying to make conversation)
So who's this Chandra?

INT. SEAGAL/NASSO PRODUCTIONS, LOBBY -- LATER

Steven's beautiful African American story editor, CHANDRA DUFFY (20s) faces camera. She wears a hip red scarf tied to one side, and holds a script. Although she could pass for a fashion model, she's no nonsense and smart.

CHANDRA

I'm Steven's story editor, Chandra. Everything "Steven" flows through me or Vivian. No, I don't sleep with him. He is married and has a pie face. Do you understand?

We pull back to reveal she's addressing a love-struck Matt.

MATT

Ah...yeah. I mean yes.

CHANDRA

This summer, we have one goal - getting Steven's next movie, "Dreadnought", into production.

Chandra hands him a copy of the "Dreadnought" script.

CHANDRA (CONT'D)

That means tweaking the script, getting it cast, and ultimately obtaining the final green light from Warner Brothers. Read it by the end of the day. Also, we need a better title than "Dreadnought". So if you think of one, tell me.

MATT
What's a Dreadnought?

CHANDRA
Exactly.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
It was love at first sight. Chandra was stunning. There was one problem.

FLASHBACK:

WE SEE a quick flash of the scene in the beginning when Catherine pounds on the front door of the Allen house.

CATHERINE
Rob! Get your ass out here!
Whatchu' go'n do?! Huh, bitch!

BACK TO SCENE

Matt's staring at Chandra.

CHANDRA
Huh? bitch!? You'll never eat this pussy!

MATT
Excuse me...sorry?

CHANDRA
I said welcome. We need the help badly.

MATT
That's why I'm here.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF MOMENTS from the Seagal internship, as WE HEAR the unmistakable intro to *N.W.A.'s "Express Yourself"*.

INT. STEVEN SEAGAL/NASSO PRODUCTIONS, COPY ROOM -- DAY

Matt makes copies of the "Dreadnought" script.

Pull back to reveal Matt's made several copies. Once copied, he painstakingly puts brass fasteners in each one.

INT. SEAGAL'S OFFICE KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt makes coffee for the office.

INT. SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt enters with coffee and scripts to find Steven with dozens of Tibetan Monks in their gold and crimson robes.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Also in golden robe)

You should know something about me,
Matt. I am the reincarnation of
Chungdrag Dorje, a 17th-century
terton of the Nyingma.

Matt nods, and hands the scripts to Seagal.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS COURTYARD -- ANOTHER DAY

Steven and Matt spar on the grass. Steven is beating the crap out of him, but teaching proper technique as he does.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Matt's making more copies of "Dreadnought."

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S STUDIO LOT -- ANOTHER DAY

Matt, and Steven race GOLF CARTS past the Warner Administration building. Steven almost runs over Mel Gibson as he exits.

MEL GIBSON

Fuck you, Seagal!

Matt hesitates, before flipping off Gibson himself.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Matt's making still more copies, and inserting the brass brads. But he's getting better at it.

INT. SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- ANOTHER DAY

Matt balances a dozen scripts when he enters to find Steven in a Reggae JAM SESSION with JIMMY CLIFF. Seagal strums a guitar and sings.

STEVEN SEAGAL
(Singing)
Marked for Death. *Oh Yeah!*

Matt does his best to stay out of the way, and sets the scripts on Steven's desk.

INT. THE ARSENIO HALL SHOW -- ANOTHER DAY

Matt, Chandra, and Vivian sit in the front row. Arsenio's on stage.

ARSENIO
...I want you to turn it out, for
mister - Steven - Sayy-Gall!!!

The DOG POUND goes crazy. Matt, Chandra, and Vivian are right there with a, "WHOOF WHOOF!"

Matt gets caught "checking out" Chandra, but Matt glances away, and "WHOOFS" some more.

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S COURTYARD -- ANOTHER DAY

Again, Steven throws Matt around like a rag doll while "training" him.

INT. COPY ROOM -- ANOTHER DAY

Matt makes more copies of "Dreadnought". We notice he's mastering the art of the brass fastener.

He grabs one of the copies, and puts it in an envelope marked, "**Tommy Lee Jones**".

EXT. ROOM 430, BEL AIR HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open revealing Tommy Lee Jones wearing a cowboy hat, and jeans. A six pack of Miller Lite hangs from the tip of his left index finger.

TOMMY LEE JONES
Are you the gentleman with the
script?

MATT
I am.

Tommy Lee sets down the beers, takes the script from Matt, and unexpectedly slaps a \$20 in his hand.

MATT (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you, but I'm not a courier. I work for Steven Seagal.

TOMMY LEE JONES

Where there is charity and wisdom,
there is neither fear nor
ignorance.

Tommy Lee closes the door before Matt can return the money.

INT. MRS. GOOCHES HEALTH FOOD STORE - DAY

Mrs. Gooches was "Whole Foods" before "Whole Foods". A half dozen gaunt actress-types push their shopping carts through this maze of so-called heal food.

Matt has a long list of organic groceries to acquire for Steven and his family.

EXT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S MANDAVILLE CANYON HOME -- LATER

Matt holds two heavy grocery bags when a braless KELLY LEBROCK opens the door wearing nothing but a tank top and jean shorts. The sides of her breasts are on display.

KELLY

Matt, thanks for doing the shopping. Come in - I'll show you to the kitchen.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Five years before this moment I jerked off the Kelly in "Weird Science". Now I'm here and I couldn't handle it.

Matt just stands in the doorway with a goofy grin, as Kelly morphs into her "Weird Science" character.

KELLY

So, what would you little maniacs like to do first?

MATT

Ahh...Kitchen?

KELLY

Matt? Are you alright?

MATT

Side boob.

INT. ALLEN LAW CORPORATION, ROB'S OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

Rob is on the phone with a client as he pours himself a drink from the globe bar.

ROB

Yeah, we sure did win big. Uh-huh. I know it was five months ago, but payment takes time with all these government regulations...Should be no more than three weeks, four tops. I know. I hate regulation too. Okay - talk later.

Rob hangs up, and turns to Sabina O/C.

ROB (CONT'D)

Drink?

Sabina wipes her undercarriage with a tissue and throws it in the trash, before sliding her skirt back on.

SABINA

(Heavy Accent)

Cap-tan Mor-han Room!

ROB

Rum. Coming right up.

Rob's secretary BUZZES the phone, "**Rob, your son is on line Two.**" He picks up without hesitation.

ROB (CONT'D)

(On speaker)

Hey, tiger. How's the internship going? Did you tell Seagal that I'm a Kenpo Master yet?

Sabina rolls her eyes.

INT. SEAGAL'S COPY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Matt's on the office phone, making yet more script copies.

MATT

Yeah, I told him. He was impressed.

ROB

I bet. So what can I do?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION AS NEEDED.

MATT

I was just checking in. See how your cancer treatments were going?

ROB

Good. Doctor says I can drink again. *Don't tell your mom.*

MATT

Oh. That's good, I guess.

ROB

Sabina says "hi".

MATT

Okay.

ROB

So what else?

MATT

Well, Steven invited me to go the pistol range at his ranch in Santa Barbara this weekend. Apparently, he's an expert marksman.

ROB

So am I.

MATT

You are?

ROB

I get it. You need to play with the big boys. I'll help.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEAGAL'S OFFICE KITCHEN -- NEXT MORNING

Matt is inserting PINK script pages into copies of "Dreadnought" while making coffee like a pro when Vivian enters with a FED-EX package.

VIVIAN

You have a package, Matt.

MATT

Oh, thanks.

She hands him the HEAVY BOX addressed from ALLEN LAW CORPORATION, and walks right back out.

Matt rips open the box, only to find a stack of YELLOW LEGAL PADS.

MATT (CONT'D)

What the...?

When he digs a little deeper, he can tell that the yellow paper was just there to conceal what's really in the box...

It's the **9MM BERRETTA**...with a note from his father, "*Have fun at the shooting range...don't tell your mom.*"

EXT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S RANCH, SHOOTING RANGE -- NEXT DAY

BAM! BAM! BAM! Steven fires three quick bulls-eyes with his gun.

PULL BACK to reveal Matt and Seagal stand side by side in this open air private range.

MATT

(Off Target)

You got all three. That's amazing.

SEAGAL

I never miss. Now you try.

Matt lines up his shot, with the Berretta.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Breathe and squeeze.

BAM! BAM! Two misses.

SEAGAL (CONT'D)

I hope you're a better scenewriter than you are a marksman.

MATT

For sure. I've starting writing that script for you, and it's coming along great...

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Not listening)

I know you're wondering why I brought you here.

(Off Matt)

I want to let you know that I think you're an asset, and if Dreadnought gets the green light soon, I'd like you to work on the movie with me.

MATT

Really?

STEVEN SEAGAL

That's what you want isn't it?

MATT

Yeah!

At that, Steven whips out his pistol - BAM! BAM! BAM! He drops all three targets in the BULL'S EYE.

Then Matt pulls out his Beretta, aims, fires, and misses.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Okay, he didn't want to hear about my script yet, but this was a 10 on the scale of Steven Seagal awesomeness.

INT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- ANOTHER DAY

Steven and a sexy African American actress, ASHA (20s), watch casting tapes for "Dreadnought".

ON SCREEN: An attractive blonde ACTRESS auditioning for a role as a stripper, delivers her audition line.

ACTRESS

...All I know is that I was naked in a cake, and now I'm here with you - the ship's cook.

Steven motions to the television.

STEVEN SEAGAL

This woman is a drinker. You can tell by her nose and eyes. She'll have trouble keeping off weight, and have skin issues as she ages.

ASHA

Yeah, totally. You really see beyond the superficial, you know. It's impressive.

Asha's a flirt, and moves closer to Steven.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I have what's called Seishin-tekina. A second sight. I developed this sense with O'Sensei in Osaka.

MATT KNOCKS, and OPENS the door.

MATT
Got your scripts.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Come in, Matt.

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S LOT, GATE 4 -- MOMENTS LATER

A Rolls Royce Corniche convertible slides into frame, and pulls up to the guard gate. The driver is Kelly Lebrock.

KELLY
(to Guard)
Hi there - It's Kelly. Just here to surprise Steven.

GUARD
Go on in, Ms. LeBrock.

As soon as Kelly pulls forward, the Guard picks up the phone in a hurry.

INT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Steven explains the roles as Matt hands a script to Asha.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Okay, Asha's reading for the Playmate role. Matt, can you read as Stranix?

MATT
Sure.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Actually, on second thought. Asha and I should work on this scene alone. It's too intimate. - Could you lock the door on the way out?

Before Matt can respond, Vivian bursts through the door.

VIVIAN
Kelly's here! Kelly's here! She's in the parking lot already!

Everyone springs into action like they know the drill.

ASHA
Oh shit. Gotta go.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Everybody out. Vivian put on more perfume.

VIVIAN

On it. Matt, take Asha out the back - hurry!

MATT

Okay.

VIVIAN

Go! Go!

Vivian sprays her neck with copious amounts of perfume.

INT. BUILDING 81, HALLWAY -- SECONDS LATER

Matt and Asha run for the back door.

ON HALLWAY

Matt and Asha speed walk down the hall, and turn into the courtyard, a half second before Kelly enters the building.

EXT. BUILDING 81, REAR COURTYARD - SECONDS LATER

Matt and Asha continue to walk away from the building at a more casual pace.

ASHA

Thank you...ah?

MATT

Matt.

ASHA

Listen, I want you to know that there's nothing going on with Steven and I. We're just friends. It's just that Kelly's really jealous and she hates me.

MATT

No. Sure. I get it.

ASHA

You're a sweetie.

Asha digs into her purse and pulls out a piece of RED LICORICE.

ASHA (CONT'D)

Red vine?

MATT

No thanks.

Asha walks away.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Not the deja vu I was looking for.

INT. SEAGAL OFFICE LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt saunters back in just as Kelly and Steven come out of his office.

MATT

Oh, hey Kelly.

KELLY LEBROCK

Hey Matt. How about that good news, huh?

MATT

What good news?

STEVEN SEAGAL

The studio just called. Tommy Lee Jones is doing the movie. We shoot in Alabama in October.

MATT

That's awesome?!

KELLY

You're going down to Alabama to work on the movie, yes?

MATT

I can't believe it.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I bet your father would be proud.

MATT

Yep. Sure would. Thanks so much.

KELLY LEBROCK

So glad you're gonna be on the show, Matt. I have to have someone down in Alabama to keep an eye on my Steven.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Curt)

Why would I need that, Kelly?

INT. MATT'S VOLKSWAGON FOX -- LATER

Matt sings to himself in celebration at full volume as he sits in the Warner Brothers parking lot.

MATT

(Singing)

Working for Sea-gal! Workin' yeah!
Don't care what your dad says!
Goin' to Alabama - yeah! Kelly Le-
brock-ock - her boobies are so
fine! Don't hate her 'cause she's
beau-ti-ful!

EXT. ALLEN LAW CORPORATION -- DAY

Rob escorts Sabina down the front steps of this corporate office park. Rob's in a three piece suit.

As usual, Sabina is dressed like a confused foreign hooker.

ROB

What do you say we head to the
apartment first for a little
afternoon delight?

SABINA

I just gave you fucky. I want
shopping.

ROB

Come on - I'll take you to T.G.I.
Fridays after.

SABINA

I love it - the T.G.I. Fridays!

FBI AGENT #1 (O.C.)

F.B.I. - Hold it right there!

TWO FBI AGENTS point guns at them from behind a Crown Vic.

FBI AGENT #2

Robin Wayne Allen - You are under
arrest!

Rob and Sabina reluctantly put their hands up.

FBI AGENT #1
Don't fucking move!

Rob thinks a moment.

ROB
Run!

Leaving Sabina behind, Rob makes a break for it...

...But the agents catch up within seconds, and tackle him to the ground.

ROB (CONT'D)
Get off me! Fuck you! I'm innocent!
Ahh!! Fuck you! Hi-yah!

INT. SACRAMENTO COUNTY JAIL -- NEXT DAY

The crowded jail lobby is a potpourri of Sacramento's downtrodden; criminals, meth heads, and their families.

MATT (O.S.)
What was dad arrested for exactly?

There's a long line to get through the metal detectors, and into the Visitation Center. Sticking out like sore thumbs in their Ralph Lauren best, Matt and Michelle are last in line.

MICHELLE
Felony theft, and mail fraud. The FBI says he stole half a million dollars of his client's money. Then he wrote them bullshit letters on why they weren't getting their money - that's the mail fraud.

MATT
Do you think he did it?

MICHELLE
Oh I know he did. I met the FBI at your father's not so secret apartment yesterday.

FLASH:

INT. ROB'S SECRET APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- DAY

This cheap corporate apartment bedroom is filled with dated Oriental rugs, lamps, a handful of sex toys, and an empty bottle of Captain Morgan Rum on the night stand.

Michelle enters with the two FBI Agents who made the arrest.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
Did you know he kept a mail order
bride there?

A clean cut FBI AGENT hands Michelle a handful of "Eastern
Bride" Catalogs.

MATT (V.O.)
I'm so sorry, Mom.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
I knew your father was a liar, but
I didn't think he was a...a
delusional sociopath.

MATT (V.O.)
A sociopath?

The FBI Agent hands Michelle Rob Allen's fake passport from
"British Honduras".

MICHELLE (V.O.)
Apparently, he was planning on
skipping the country. The FBI
Agents gave me his fake passport to
British Honduras. They said it was
such a bad forgery, they just gave
it to me.

MATT
Where's British Honduras?

BACK TO SCENE.

Matt and Michelle inch up the jail's security line.

MICHELLE
It's not even a real country. It
became Belize years ago. He is such
a fool. Apparently, this mail order
bride and your father were planning
to start an escort business
together. So typical.

MATT
You mean like a pimp?

MICHELLE
When I think about it, your father
never really had his heart into
being a lawyer. He was always
trying some get rich quick scheme.

FLASHBACK:

A SERIES OF SCENES OF ROB pitching his failed business ventures to Michelle and Matt at the dinner table:

DINER TABLE -- NIGHT

ROB

...We now own a working gold mine in Alaska...

8 YEAR OLD MATT

You own a gold mine, Dad? We're gonna be rich!

ROB

Yes we are, Tiger.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

That "Gold mine" turned out to be \$700 of scrub-brush that your father couldn't sell.

DINER TABLE -- ANOTHER NIGHT

ROB

...I bought seven Arabian horses. Their calves fetch \$25,000 a piece. And it's a tax write off. Should be very lucrative.

10 YEAR OLD MATT

We have horses? Awesome!

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Four of the Arabian horses died, and your father and I got stuck with a \$100,000 vet bill.

DINNER TABLE -- ANOTHER NIGHT

ROB

...I'm Tony "The Tiger" Lopez's boxing manager now. Tony is the IBF Super Featherweight champ. His next purse is a million dollars!

We notice Rob is inexplicably wearing a "Tony The Tiger" baseball cap, a tiger-stripped shirt, and leather pants.

13 YEAR OLD MATT

Cool!

MICHELLE (V.O.)

I don't know why your father ever thought he could be a boxing manager. Tony's people never paid him. And Tony's cousin got drunk and threatened to "cut" him one night. It was a disaster.

BACK TO SCENE IN JAIL

Matt and Michelle continue down the security line.

MATT

So NOW are you gonna divorce dad?

MICHELLE

Don't be a smart ass, Matt.

MATT

Smart ass? That's a real question.

As Matt and Michelle step through the metal detector, Michelle snorts nasal spray.

JAIL GUARD #1

You can't bring that substance in with you ma'am.

MICHELLE

It's nasal spray? Why not?

JAIL GUARD #1

Come on, lady. That's one of the most abused narcotics. You think I don't know that?

MICHELLE

It's for my allergies! You know what, forget it - you go Matt. I don't even want to see your father.

INT. COUNTY JAIL, PHONE BANK, PRISONER VISITATION -- LATER

Matt's father sits down on the other side of the bullet proof glass, and picks up the phone.

MATT

Hey Dad.

ROB
Hi Matt. How you holding up?

MATT
I'm fine...what about you? What's it like in there? When do you think you're gonna get out?

ROB
This whole thing is a farce. I should have been out already. But now, I'm sure it'll be another 48 hours tops. They don't have a case.

MATT
The FBI told mom you stole \$500,000 from your clients.

ROB
That's crazy. I owe the clients \$500,000. That's a lot different than stealing. Trust me. I'm innocent. I'm your father.

MATT
Okay.

ROB
I'll be out before you start your sophomore year.

MATT
Yeah. About that. I'm not sure I want to go back to college right away.

ROB
Come again?

MATT
Steven offered me a job working on his next movie. A real paying job. They start shooting in October in Alabama. Isn't that great?

ROB
Quit school for some production job? No way. That's insane.

MATT
Steven Seagal doesn't think it's insane.

There's a pause. That stung.

ROB

So you listen to Steven Seagal over your own father? Why, because he's a fucking celebrity? What did I ever do to you?

MATT

I don't know. Get arrested? Dabble in mail order brides?

ROB

Don't bring Sabina into this. She's a registered nurse where she comes from and she's thinking about joining the Navy!

MATT

That doesn't even make sense.

ROB

You want me to tell Seagal I'm really alive? That you and your mom conned him into feeling sorry for you?

(Off Matt)

That's right. Your mother told me all about it.

Matt is visibly shaken.

MATT

Dad....please...Don't.

ROB (CONT'D)

Doesn't feel good to be blackmailed, does it?

MATT

No, it doesn't. Just promise...

ROB

Then it's settled. You're finishing school. Now shut up. I'm under siege and we only have a few minutes to talk. Once this blows over, I'll need you to learn my business sooner than I thought. Also, I may have to transfer some property into your name for taxes.

MATT

Not sure that's a good idea. I think the FBI is involved.

ROB

Fuck those pecker heads.

(Beat)

So listen, I need you to pick up some paperwork for me in Sabina's apartment, including my passport. Now, your mother doesn't know this, but I was born in British Honduras. I need the passport to free up some money.

Matt sinks.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I knew right then and there my dad was guilty. Guilty not just of being a prolific philanderer, but guilty of being a thief. A con man. And not even a good one.

ROB

Matt?

MATT

I don't think I can do this, Dad.

Rob leans back, and takes a look at his preppy naive son wearing his stupid Polo shirt.

ROB

No, I suppose you can't.

MATT

I'm sorry, Dad.

ROB

Bottom line, even if this goes to trial, I'm looking at six months - tops. At worst I miss your birthday - it's not like I'm missing your college graduation. I'm not going to prison.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

By the way - only a six out of ten on the "Rob scale of disappointments".

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

The International terminal is packed with people of every nationality. Matt waits at the bottom on the ESCALATOR.

At the top of the escalator, TWO CHILDREN, A fifteen-year-old boy, and his eleven-year-old sister appear.

They're good looking kids, who appear to be half Asian and half white. This is KENTARO and AYAKO SEAGAL.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

On this last day of my internship with Steven, I was charged with picking up his kids, Kentaro, and Ayako at the airport.

INT. MASERATI BITURBO -- DAY

Matt drives with the Seagal kids in the back. They don't talk or smile.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Kentaro and Ayako are from Steven's first marriage. They were coming into town from Japan for two weeks to spend time with their father. I guess he doesn't see them much.

MATT

You guys excited to see your dad?

KENTARO

(Japanese accent)
Why? Obviously, he's not excited.

MATT

What makes you say that?

KENTARO

You're the one picking us up.

EXT. SEAGAL'S MANDEVILLE CANYON HOME -- LATER

Matt pulls the Biturbo down the driveway, and parks near the house.

Steven, Kelly, and their infant wave from the front porch as the car approaches. Kentaro and Ayako don't wave back.

EXT. MANDEVILLE CANYON HOME, FRONT YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Steven approaches Kentaro and Ayako as they get out of the car. He speaks to his kids in a mish-mash of English and Japanese.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Oh my god. Kentaro! Samishi katta desu. You've gotten so big.

Steven tries to play fight with Kentaro, but he's not having it. Instead, he gives his dad a half hug with dead eyes.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I knew that look Kentaro gave his father. Ain't that a bitch. But truthfully, all I could think about was my dad exposing my lie to Seagal. It consumed me.

Ayako emerges from the car.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Ayako! Ogenki desuka? You're becoming woman.

Ayako gives her dad the same half hug, with the same dead eyes.

AYAKO

Maa-maa desu.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Mite! On the porch, it's your new half brother. Go say hi to Kelly and the baby.

The kids walk toward the porch like depressed zombies.

Seeing his chance to talk, Matt timidly approaches Steven.

MATT

Steven...I have to tell you something.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Shoot.

He can't look at Steven in the eyes.

MATT

I....I lied to you. Well my mom lied. I lied too...My dad's not really...*dead*.

STEVEN SEAGAL

I see.

MATT

My mom and I led you to believe my father was dead. But the truth is he's an asshole, he fucks around on my mom all the time, but he's very much alive. In fact, he just got arrested for stealing a half a million dollars.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Why are you telling me this?

MATT

Who else am I gonna tell?

Steven looks at his own children off in the distance.

STEVEN SEAGAL

It's okay, Matt. I'm not mad.

MATT

Oh thank god. I was scared to tell you the truth. Especially since I so badly want to work on the movie with you now.

STEVEN SEAGAL

And I want you to come to Alabama and work on the movie. I do.

MATT

But...?

STEVEN SEAGAL

But you've got to finish college.

MATT

I only plan on taking off a quarter or two to work on the movie, then finish school.

STEVEN SEAGAL

If you take any time off, you'll never go back. Trust me, Matt. Finish school, and get your degree. Don't worry about a silly production job now.

Matt puts his head in his hands.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Don't be upset. Learn what you can, learn the craft of screenwriting and write that script for me.

MATT
Okay. I will.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Promise me you'll finish school.

Matt picks up his head, and faces Steven.

MATT
I promise. God, you sound like my Dad.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Maybe your Dad's not so bad.

MATT
Perhaps you're right.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'm always right.

MATT
Why are you so nice to me?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Sometimes a few acts of kindness snowball into a mountain of good.

Matt take this in. Seagal's answer is pleasing.

MATT
Oh by the way, I thought of a better title for Dreadnought.
(Off Steven)
Under Siege.

Seagal ponders this for an inordinate amount of time.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I hate it.

CUT TO BLACK.

Then we SUPER: **CHAPTER THREE - ON DEADLY GROUND**

INT. MATT'S VOLKSWAGON FOX -- MORNING

We're TIGHT ON a blue and gold "Class of '93" TASSEL that hangs from the rearview mirror.

Through the windshield a series of parked PRODUCTION VEHICLES, and HONEY WAGONS come into view.

MATT (O.S.)

Here we are.

EXT. FLETCHER OIL REFINERY PARKING LOT, CARSON -- DAY

Matt parks in front of this defunct oil refinery. Rusting steel towers and scaffolding define this semi-abandoned structure.

When both Matt and his girlfriend, Lauren, emerge from the Volkswagon, we notice his BUMPER STICKER --

"My Father was Inmate of the Month at Lompoc Federal Penitentiary".

INT. REFINERY - MOMENTS LATER

Steven Seagal ambles down this industrial corridor, when out of nowhere, a MERCENARY jumps in front of him!

MERCENARY

Fuck you, Forrest!

The Mercenary lunges at Seagal, but he sidesteps the attack, Elbows him in the nose, grabs his arm, and BREAKS IT!

MERCENARY (CONT'D)

Ahhhh! My Arm! My fucking arm, man!

Seagal spins to meet another attack by a SECOND MERCENARY.

SECOND MERCENARY

Ki-yay!

Seagal sweeps his leg, and traps his ankle - CRUNCH!

SECOND MERCENARY (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Steven strolls out and frame, and yells...

STEVEN SEAGAL

Cut! That was great. I really nailed it - you guys feel that?

The stunt men struggle to get to their feet, but nod in sycophantic agreement.

MOVE TO:

VIDEO VILLAGE, MATT AND LAUREN WATCHING THE MONITORS

As Seagal walks over to his DIRECTOR'S CHAIR, Matt calls out.

MATT
Steven. *Steven!*

Seagal turns around, but doesn't immediately recognize Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)
It's me - Matt. Matt *Allen.*

STEVEN SEAGAL
Hey you! How long has it been?

Steven approaches without really remembering Matt.

MATT
Over three years. Just graduated college - like you told me. And I wrote you that script.

Matt proudly holds up a freshly copied SCRIPT.

STEVEN SEAGAL
(Finally remembering)
Matt! With the mom, and dad who's not dead. Right. How are you?

MATT
I'm great.
(Motions to Lauren)
This is my girlfriend, Lauren

LAUREN
Nice to meet you.

Everyone shakes hands.

MATT
As promised, here's the script. It's called "Fever Pitch". It's about a rogue element in the DEA poisoning the drug supply. Wrote it just for you.

Matt hands his SCRIPT to Seagal.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Thanks, Matt. I'll give it a read.

SUPER: He will never read this.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
How's your dad? Still in prison?

MATT
Oh yeah. He got seven years, so
he's got plenty of time left.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Your mother?

MATT
Still good. Feisty. Delusional.

STEVEN SEAGAL
So, what can I do for you?

MATT
Not much. I just wanted to get you
my script. I need to find a job. If
you're hiring, I'd love to come
back to work for you.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Love to have you, but Warner's is
taking away my deal. They're not
covering my overhead anymore.

MATT
What...why?

STEVEN SEAGAL
Because they're fucking spineless
cunts who don't know what they
want. They think they should make
super hero movies with pussy
actors. You believe that shit?

MATT
That's crazy. I'm sorry.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Don't. When Warners understands
that "On Deadly Ground" is THE most
important film in a century,
they'll beg me to come back.

MATT
Oh I'm sure.

STEVEN SEAGAL
But listen, if you need a gig, I
can get you a job at a talent
agency. Agent trainee in fact.

MATT

CAA? Wow.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Not CAA. ICM. International Creative Management. They're good too.

MATT

Agent trainee?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Being an agent is a lot like being a lawyer, but better. Plus it'll help you learn the business. You can still write at night.

LAUREN

Being an agent is a great move, sweetie - say yes!

Before Matt can respond...

STUNT MAN (O.C.)

You broke my fuckin' nose Seagal!

Seagal turns to see the STUNT MAN who played the first mercenary approaching fast.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Well hit your marks, Frank - and maybe that won't happen.

STUNT MAN

You've already injured three stunt men on this show. We've had it with you, you fucking asshole! You're not even a good martial artist!

Seagal squares off with the stunt man, and Matt steps back.

STEVEN SEAGAL

That right?

Seagal drops into an Aikido pose, as a small crowd gathers.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)

Come get some.

Without hesitation, the Stunt Man kicks Seagal in the leg and punches him in the gut! Seagal tries to counter, but the Stunt Man is younger and faster - he jumps on Seagal's back, and puts him in a rear naked choke.

Before Matt can process the fight, Seagal gets choked out.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
 Witnessing Seagal become mortal was
 not my favorite moment.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT -- MORNING

This modern gray and green three story office building in Beverly Hills is suppose to be impressive. Its courtyard features a cold metal water fountain sculpture of a pyramid.

A line of BMW 5 Series and Mercedes E Class luxury cars spill into the subterranean parking lot.

SUPER: International Creative Management

INT. MATT'S VOLKSWAGON, -- CONTINUOUS

Matt wears a navy blue suit, a stifling necktie, and some false confidence as he drives into the underground parking garage behind a BMW M5.

Up ahead, the Head Valet, a portly elderly black man, EARL (50s), waves at Matt. Earl speaks in a nearly unintelligible gibberish that everyone can somehow understand.

EARL
 How you do out there now - say?

MATT
 Hi, I have an appointment with
 Jessett Sawatdee in the Celebrity
 Endorsement Department. Where
 should I park?

EARL
 Say - go on. Three level down.
 Assistants spot guest - okay now?

MATT
 Uh??? Okay.

Matt continues down the bowels of the ICM parking garage.

JESSETT (O.S.)
 You're going to love the Celebrity
 Endorsement Department, Matt.

INT. ICM, JESSETT SAWATDEE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Matt's attractive Thai soon-to-be boss, JESSETT SAWATDEE (40s) gives off a cougar vibe as she explains the job.

JESSETT

What we do is represent all the actors, singers, even directors for commercial work. That's everyone from Meg Ryan, to Richard Gere, to Tim Burton, to Arnold.

MATT

You're Arnold Schwarzenegger's agent?

JESSETT

Lou Pitt is his film agent, but I am his agent for commercial work.

MATT

But he'd never do a commercial though, right?

JESSETT

Not in the United States. But two years ago he did one in Japan. A lot of money. Cafe Latte product. Million dollars a day for three days of work. I did that deal.

MATT

Wow. Three million for three days?

JESSETT

The foreign commercial business can be quite lucrative. I'm sure we could get your friend Steven Seagal some big money as well. Too bad he's with CAA.

MATT

Yeah.

JESSETT

H.R. tells me that he helped you get your interview here.

MATT

Sure did. I know he's got a bad rep, but he's actually a good guy.

JESSETT

His star has fallen, but he's still popular overseas. You think you could get Seagal to sign with us?

MATT

I can always talk to him, but to be honest, I plan on being a writer. Not sure I want to be an agent.

Jessett sits behind her glass desk in her notably short skirt.

JESSETT

First of all, never say that to anyone here. Second, that's what they all say. And it Never happens.

She puts her shoes up on the desk, giving Matt a full panty shot. He tries to overt his eyes, but it's not easy.

MATT

I'm serious. I want to work here and learn the business, but there's no way I'll be here in two years.

JESSETT

How old are you Matt?

MATT

Twenty two.

JESSETT

Welcome to the Celebrity Endorsement Department.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ICM PARKING GARAGE, ASSISSTANT SPOT - MORNING

WE HEAR Cypress Hill's "Insane in the Membrane" at full volume. Matt is parked in his Volkswagon, listening to the music, and smoking from a weed-filled 'one hitter'.

SUPER: TWO LONG YEARS LATER

He holds in the smoke for a full minute before exhaling.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Still Jessett's assistant. Still no scripts sold. I did my best to cope. Don't judge.

Before getting out of the car, he sprays himself with a healthy dose of CK-1 COLOGNE to cover the smell.

INT. OUTSIDE JESSETT SAWATDEE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Matt sits at his assistant's desk, writing a submission letter.

Across from Matt sits another departmental assistant; a buxom blonde we'll come to know as DANICA (20s).

We move in to read the letter Matt's writing, addressed to "B. Real" of the rap group, "Cypress Hill".

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

(Reading letter)

Dear B Real, enclosed please find my client's action script, "Fever Pitch". As I mentioned, this story is about exposing the ludicrous war on drugs, and would make an exciting action film. Steven Seagal is interested in playing the lead character. We appreciate you taking a look to see if you'd attach yourself to produce the film as well as the sound track. Best regards, Matt Allen.

Matt stuffs his "Fever Pitch" script and the letter in an envelope, and puts it in his out box.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I was an assistant pretending to be an agent, pretending to be my agent. I was like the "Victor Victoria" of wannabee writers. Also, Steven wasn't interested in playing the lead, but Hollywood is a great town for liars. By the way, the blonde assistant next to me is Danica. I jerk off to her sometimes. Yeah I know, I was starting to become a bit of a pig.

JESSETT (O.C.)

Are you still trying to get those Cypress Hill stoners to read your script?

Matt looks up to see Jessett emerge from her office.

MATT

New Line said they might buy it if I got Cypress Hill on board.

JESSETT

I don't know why you keep trying this screen writing thing. You're almost an agent. You know how many people would kill to have your job?

DANICA

Yeah, Matt.

MATT

I know. No harm in trying though.

JESSETT

Fair enough...You ready for this weekend?

MATT

Sure am.

JESSETT

It's gonna be a big night. You think Seagal will sign with us?

EXT. LOMPOC PENITENTIARY -- MORNING

This fortified concrete shit-box is nestled at the bottom of the Santa Barbara mountains and is surrounded by a chain link fence with razor wire.

A few PRISONERS play handball in the YARD, as Matt's VW pulls into the visitor parking lot.

INT. PRISON CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

From behind we see a middle aged man with a gray Seagal-esque ponytail doing pull ups in his cell.

PRISON GUARD (O.C.)

Allen - you've got a visitor.

Rob Allen hops off the bar, and turns to camera. He looks markedly different, now sporting a full gray beard.

ROB

(Hardened)

Who the fuck is it?

EXT. LOMPOC FEDERAL PRISON, PICNIC AREA -- LATER

Looking semi-adult in a navy suit, Matt sits at a picnic table, awaiting the arrival of his father. A huge Mexican PRISON GUARD stands next to him.

PRISON GUARD

You know, your father was prisoner of the month again. He does free legal work for the homies. The inmates love him here. Guards too. He helped me with my divorce.

Down the hall, we see the silhouette of an approaching inmate saturated in sunlight. As the figure moves closer, Rob comes into focus.

MATT

Hey Dad.

ROB

Tiger. Long time.

Matt approaches him for a hug, but is stopped by the guard.

PRISON GUARD

Sorry, no touching.

Matt and Rob sit across from each other at the picnic table.

MATT

You look different.

ROB

Not much reason to shave anymore.

MATT

But you're getting out in a few months - that's gotta be nice.

ROB

Yeah, I'm a short timer now. My bunk mate, Shotgun, is jealous. He killed his roommate's pet chimp with a shotgun.

MATT

Jesus.

ROB

He's a good guy. So, how's your mother?

MATT

Barely hanging on. Almost lost the house. What do you care?

Rob is sorry he asked.

ROB

Well then, what brings you? Only your second visit in almost six years - you must have some reason.

MATT

I'm getting married to Lauren. In about eight months. Despite all that's happened, I'd like you to come to the wedding.

Rob leans back, and lets out his "Charming chuckle".

ROB

Married? To miss prissy, white-girl Lauren? College sweetheart. I get it. Your mother was my college sweetheart. What a fuckin' mistake.

Rob lets out one of his "Charming Chuckles", but now it feels more sinister.

MATT

Dad, when did you start cheating on mom? Was it Right away? Before you were married? After a few years?

ROB

You're fucking around already aren't you?

MATT

What? No! I'm not like you.

FLASH:

INT. JESSETT'S HOME, HER SON'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Matt pumps away on top of his boss in her son's small **FERRARI BED.**

JESSETT

Fuck me on my son's bed! Fuck me on my son's bed! Yes!

Matt hesitates for a second, but then goes back to fucking.

MATT

Yeah! Take it! Take it on your
son's bed!

FLASH:

Matt fucks Danica, from behind in Jessett's office.

DANICA

Yes! Yes! Don't cum in me!

Matt pulls out at the last second, and clumsily drops his
load on the grey office carpet.

FLASH:

Matt sits at his office desk, reading the "Newspaper" known
as the "L.A. X-press" - A classified newspaper for hookers.

Matt circles an ad featuring a half naked booty video girl -
"Smoking Hot Ebony Girl gives GFE at LAX"

BACK TO PRISON WITH MATT AND ROB

Rob responds with his charming chuckle, but he's not amused.

ROB

Shit. You didn't come here to tell
me you and Lauren are engaged. You
came here to fucking embarrass me.
Tell me about Mom being broke. Came
here to blame me for you cheating
on Lauren. Fuck that. FUCK THAT.

MATT

This is about me, not you.

ROB

Go talk to your "other dad".

Rob stands, and walks off.

INT. EL REY THEATER, SEAGAL & JIMMY CLIFF CONCERT -- NIGHT

ON STAGE, a sweat-covered Steven Seagal strums his guitar
along with the legendary Jimmy Cliff. They sing one of their
"hit" songs, "John Crow".

STEVEN SEAGAL (O.S.)

(Singing)

*...Screwface you know that your
time has come...You don't do right
you gonna dead tonight - So now a
go take you down the road to
doom...*

JIMMY CLIFF

(singing chorus)

*Jancrow a go nyam your supper soon,
boy, - Jancrow a go lead the
children astray...*

The small crowd is an odd combination of Jamaicans and fat white guys with thinning ponytails. They all sway back and forth in unison with the music.

Matt, Lauren, and Jessett watch from industry seats, feigning interest and swaying offbeat.

INT. BACKSTAGE, SEAGAL & JIMMY CLIFF CONCERT -- LATER

Matt, Lauren and Jessett walk down a long hallway toward the greenroom.

JESSETT

(not meaning it)

Glad you could make it Lauren. I wasn't expecting you to come to a signing meeting.

LAUREN

Want to keep an eye on my man.

MATT

(To Jessett)

You realize, I don't talk to Seagal much anymore.

JESSETT

But he's like a father to you, right?

LAUREN

A father? You've only seen him once in like five years.

MATT

(Defensive)

That's not true. I mean, I keep in contact with his office.

JESSETT

That's practically best friends by
Hollywood standards.

INT. EL REY, BACK STAGE - LATER

Steven Seagal and Jimmy Cliff sit in huge wicker chairs with a cadre of fans, concert promoters, and hangers-on surrounding them. They look like a couple of extras from "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat".

There are cases of *STEVEN SEAGAL CABERNET* out for everyone to drink. The wine's label features a Roman bust of Seagal enveloped in grapevines.

JIMMY CLIFF

(Jamaican pigeon English)

I say - Good fowl a go a market
sensei fowl pick up themself deh
follow back a dem!

The Jamaicans burst into laughter, but the white folks are confused.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(To white folks)

He's saying that he's a person with
class being copied by ghetto
people.

Steven sips some of his *Seagal Cabernet* as Matt and Jessett approach.

MATT

Steven! It's Matt - long time.

It takes Steven a moment, but he does recognize Matt.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Matt! It's been too long. What
brings you here?

They shake.

MATT

This is my boss at ICM, Jessett.
You remember my fiance, Lauren.

Lauren gives him a a shy wave.

JESSETT

Hi...Steven. Jessett - head of the
Celebrity Endorsement Department.
We talked on the phone.

Jimmy's eyes are as red as radishes. He motions to Matt.

JIMMY CLIFF

Yu a follow dog fi manners.

MATT

What's he saying?

STEVEN SEAGAL

He's calling you a 'yes man'.
(Beat) You still writing?

MATT

Not much. Working at ICM takes the
bulk of my energy.

JESSETT

I knew Matt would be with us
"ICMers" for the long haul.

STEVEN SEAGAL

So if I sign with your commercial
department, Matt becomes an agent?

JIMMY CLIFF

Di fus wata hog pass him wash
himself!

No one knows what the fuck Jimmy just said.

JESSETT

Yes, I guess so. Sure.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Tonight? Agent. No fucking around.
This is my boy, you know.

JESSETT

Of course.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Alright Matt, why should I sign
with you?

ALL EYES ON MATT, but he's prepared.

MATT

It's my guess that Special Artists and CAA haven't brought you jack shit in the endorsement world. Except maybe that bullshit GAP print campaign for a lousy 25K. Am I right?

STEVEN SEAGAL

They did mention that Gap crap.

JIMMY CLIFF

Gap consume like a big, ya know.

MATT

That's garbage money for you. Besides, you should be doing foreign commercials - Asia mostly. It pays well, and it's good for your brand. Jessett and I know the agencies over there. I'll bring you offers - good offers - the 'Glen Gary' offers as they say.

Steven sits back, impressed. Jimmy motions to Matt.

JIMMY CLIFF

Dis one can ride and whistle.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Alright Matt, you got me.

MATT

Really? This is great. I'm Steven Seagal's agent!

STEVEN SEAGAL

For commercials.

MATT

Still. Pretty awesome.

JIMMY CLIFF

Like a dog wit a bone but no teeth!

STEVEN SEAGAL

Let's toast with some Steven Seagal Cabernet. Best wine ever made.

Steven raises his glass to Matt.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
If there was a scale of Seagal
awesomeness - this would be a
fucking ten.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOMPOC FEDERAL PRISON - FRONT GATE - AFTERNOON

Tall metal doors creak open, and Rob Allen stands within its
frame, ready for release.

He stands there a moment, looking out to the guest parking
lot, on the cusp of freedom.

A Prison Bus ambles past the lot. When it clears frame, Rob
sees Sabina leaning on a white Cadillac Silverado. She has
that Pomeranian in her purse.

SABINA
I here for you Rob. Welcome free!

EXT. INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT - DIFFERENT DAY

Matt, now driving a BMW 5 Series like all the other assholes,
turns into the subterranean parking lot.

INT. MATT'S NEW BMW -- CONTINUOUS

Matt waves as he drives past Earl.

EARL
Say hey, Matt-tay! Look that agent
go now!

Matt continues down, but now parks on the second level.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
So the writer thing wasn't
happening, but being an agent
wasn't bad. It's still a Hollywood
job. Got a five series. I think I'm
happy. But if I'm happy, why do I
drive to work with a pit in my
stomach?

INT. JESSETT'S OFFICE - LATER

Matt enters to find Jessett on all fours, scrapping what
looks like "Dried milk" off the carpet with her fingernails.

MATT
Whatchya doin'?

JESSETT
I have no idea what spilled on my
carpet. So crusty.

Before he can look away, the other assistant, Danica, steps
inside the office.

DANICA
Matt, Cypress Hill's manager is on
the phone for you. Something about
a script called, Fever Pitch?

His eyes go wide.

INT. MATT AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Matt delivers the good news to Lauren in their Ikea themed
apartment.

MATT
B Real loved the script! New Line
said there gonna buy it! I finally
did it!

LAUREN
That's great. For how much money?

MATT
Not much. But it's not about that.

LAUREN
But how much?

MATT
Well, it's really an option for
\$2500 for six months, but...It's
still really good. I can't wait to
tell Seagal! I'm finally a writer,
honey! Isn't that cool?

LAUREN
Wait...You're not gonna quit your
agent job are you?

MATT
Well...

LAUREN
You can't. Being an agent is a
career.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Writing is like playing the
lottery...you said so yourself.
Look how long it took you just to
sell this one thing. Honey, I'm
marrying an agent - not a writer.
Promise me.

MATT

(Defeated)

Okay. I promise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN WEDDING, SANTA BARBARA - AFTERNOON

It's the perfect day for a Matt and Lauren's wedding; a few puffy clouds dot the blue sky, and the view of the Pacific Ocean is stunning. About one hundred elegantly dressed GUESTS are seated in the manicured gardens of Santa Barbara's historic first country club.

We notice that Jessett, and Matt's buxom assistant are among the seated guests.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Wait, you've already seen this
part. Let's just zip ahead...

We FAST FORWARD through the scene; Michelle's speech, Caleb laughing, Matt and Rob's stare down, and so on.

We stop FAST FORWARDING when we get to the RECEPTION.

EXT. GARDEN RECEPTION, BAR -- LATER

Matt and Lauren drink champagne near the bar, as they receive guests. Caleb is drinking with them, as Michelle approaches.

CALEB

Great speech, Ms. Allen.

MICHELLE

I still don't understand what you
thought was so funny.

CALEB

Steven Seagal. That's what's funny.

MICHELLE

Were you smoking pot today?

CALEB

Of course I was, but that has nothing to do with it.

(Beat)

You're right to be proud though. It's not easy to sell a script. I've even been writing a little.

MATT

Oh yeah? What about?

CALEB

Just a little comedy about Christmas and divorce. You know kids have to split Christmases between two families these days.

MATT

That's a good idea - and if their parents are remarried, they have to do Four Christmases.

CALEB

Four Christmases? That's a great title.

MATT

We should write that together.

CALEB

Totally! You should quit your job and write that with me, man.

LAUREN

Matt is NOT quitting a good agent job. That's ludicrous.

MICHELLE

Amen. You know, his father wanted to be an artist. Can you believe that? That's why I put him through law school.

MATT

Because *that* worked out so well. Three years of law school. One thousand affairs, and seven years in federal prison.

Michelle bursts nervous into LAUGHTER, and snorts nasal spray.

ROB (O.C.)
 So I'm a joke to you? That's why
 you invited me?

All eyes turn to see Rob and Sabina standing behind them.

MATT
 Dad, no. That's not what I meant.

SABINA
 Come on, Rob. We go now.

Rob and Sabina walk away past Jessett and Danica's table.

As Rob storms past Jessett's table, she raises her glass.

JESSETT
 I'd like to propose a toast. To the
 picture perfect couple.

Everyone raises their glasses, except Matt.

JESSETT (CONT'D)
 (Whispering to Danica)
 I give it less than a year.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS, MCMANSION -- SUNNY DAY

CAMERA TRUCKS, MAKE-UP TRAILERS, and HONEY WAGONS are parked in the front driveway. A TV commercial shoot is in progress. Various CREW MEMBERS hustle back and fourth from the set in the backyard. Matt pulls up in his BMW 5 series.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
 Only three months later, I booked
 my first Seagal commercial - for a
 Filipino Rum company.

EXT. BACKYARD OF MCMANSION - COMMERCIAL SHOOT -- CONTINUOUS

Matt walks past a CAMERA CREW, and some GRIPS setting up by the pool. Upon second glance, nearly everyone on set is Filipino, and they're all smoking. All of them.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
 Four hours of work for a quarter
 million. The spot can only be seen
 in the Philippines. Maybe, I'm not
 such a bad agent. I can do this.

Matt examines a bottle of RUM, and sniffs. Before he puts the bottle back down, he's approached by a gorgeous brunette, CARMEN ELECTRA (20s now).

CARMEN ELECTRA
Matt, I need your help.

MATT
Sure. Anything.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
Yes, that's *the* Carmen Electra. She was also one of my clients back then. This is before she was a big deal. Per his contract, Seagal got to pick his co-star for the commercial. He picked Carmen.

Carmen puts her hand on Matt's shoulder.

CARMEN ELECTRA
I need you to come in Steven's trailer with me. I don't want to be in there alone with him. I'm pretty sure that's what he wants.

MATT
Oh, I think you'll be okay. You don't need me.

CARMEN ELECTRA
I do. My manager isn't here.

MATT
Okay. Sure. Whatever you need.

CARMEN ELECTRA
Thank you so much, Matt. I really don't want to be alone with him. I've heard stories.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
I didn't know what I was gonna do. I couldn't let Carmen deal with that, but she's not the big fish. She's not Steven. Okay, maybe I'm not so good at being an agent.

EXT. STEVEN SEAGAL'S TRAILER -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt KNOCKS. Carmen stands a few feet behind.

MATT

It's Matt.

STEVEN SEAGAL (O.C.)

Come in.

MATT

Hey Steven.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Matt my boy! Just the man I wanted to see. Congrats on selling your script to New Line.

MATT

Thanks, Steven.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Your mom really wanted me to write that letter for the wedding.

MATT

Sorry about that.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Don't worry about that. Vivian wrote it anyway.

MATT

Oh.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Unbelievable. Remember when you were seventeen? I told you to become a writer. Now look at you.

MATT

Crazy, right?

STEVEN SEAGAL

I take it you're gonna quit being an agent now, right? You gotta take your shot. Selling that script was your golden ticket.

MATT

You think so? I thought you'd be mad if I quit ICM.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Mad? Matt, from day one I said concentrate on one thing. And that one thing was gonna be writing, remember?

CARMEN ELECTRA (O.C.)
What are you guys talking about?

Matt and Steven open the trailer door wider to reveal Carmen standing a few feet behind.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Hey Carmen, where have you been? We have to go over our lines.

CARMEN ELECTRA
We only have two lines.

STEVEN SEAGAL
We have to be professional, and give it our all. Come in.

CARMEN ELECTRA
Well, okay. Matt can read the part of the narrator. Come on, Matt.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Matt doesn't need to come. It's too small in here.

Matt hesitates, but Carmen gives Matt a "Don't go" look.

STEVEN SEAGAL (CONT'D)
We'll talk later, okay, Matt?
Congrats again. See you.

When Matt looks to Carmen, it's clear she's pleading with him to stay.

MATT
Okay. See ya!

Matt runs off, leaving Carmen to fend for herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DUSK

The CAMERA roams just above the famous "Hollywood" SIGN, before dipping into the spiderweb of roads that envelope the impressive hillside homes.

Finally, we fall into line next to a cream colored sedan making it's way into the suburban jungle.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

The car we're following is a Mercedes 240D struggling up a steep and narrow road. Ahead, a few members of the RUM COMMERCIAL FILM CREW are in the process of breaking down the set and loading their trucks.

With no place to park, the driver of the 240D pulls over, and blocks a random neighbor's driveway like he doesn't give a shit.

EXT. TANDUAY RUM COMMERCIAL SET - MOMENTS LATER

Seagal and Matt are steeped in conversation as they walk side by side toward Seagal's make up trailer.

STEVEN SEAGAL

...I mean it, Matt. You need to concentrate on one thing. Promise me you'll quit this agent thing, and write full time.

MATT

I'm not so sure. My Wife and Mom won't like that.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You kiddin'? Just tell 'em I said it was the thing to do. They'll get it.

When they reach the trailer door, it's already open. Inside, ROB ALLEN sits in Seagal's black "Director's chair".

MATT

(Off Rob)

Dad? What are you doing here?

ROB

That's how you greet me now?

STEVEN SEAGAL

So this is the infamous, Rob Allen?

ROB

That must make you the famous Steven Seagal.

STEVEN SEAGAL

What can I do for you?

ROB

Not much. I'd just like a word.

MATT

Dad, I'm working right now. How about dinner later?

ROB

Not you, Tiger. I'd like a word with Seagal.

MATT

Very funny dad.

ROB

I look like I'm fucking joking?

Matt looks up to Seagal with apologetic confusion.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Off Rob)

I guess I have a minute.

MATT

Dad, what are you...?

ROB

Leave us. And don't bother waiting for me. I have to drive right back to Sacramento after this or I'll violate my parole.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(reassuring)

It's okay, Matt. Just remember what I told you.

MATT

I will.

Steven pats Matt on the shoulder before he exits, and closes the door behind him.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Good kid. Still wants to please you, you know...

ROB

(Smiling)

Thanks.

STEVEN SEAGAL

...in spite of your shortcomings.

ROB

(Smile turns to frown)

We all have shortcomings.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

I understand the kids from your first marriage won't speak to you.

Seagal flexes his jaw, but remains calm and composed.

STEVEN SEAGAL

You're in my chair.

ROB

Guess I am.

Pissed, Seagal grabs another chair, and sits.

STEVEN SEAGAL

So what do you want?

ROB

Matt's my son. He should be following in my footsteps. Not yours. You understand?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Your footsteps end in prison. That's what you want for him?

ROB

My son worships you.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Millions of people do.

ROB

That's all Matt is to you, isn't it? Just some fan that will cater to your ego, and make you feel good about yourself. When you no longer have any use for him, you won't even remember he existed.

STEVEN SEAGAL

What do you want? Redemption? If that's it, then I suggest you start another fucking family.

Rob stands. Thinking he might take a swing, Seagal stands as well. They stare each other down, but Seagal's a foot taller.

ROB

You ain't so tough.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Tough is knowing when you've lost, cupcake.

Smug, Rob chuckles, then shifts his footing to a traditional karate stance.

ROB
I'm a Kenpo Karate guy. I don't
lose to primadonna's like you.

EXT. SEAGAL'S MAKE-UP TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Matt paces just a few feet outside the trailer, when - *CRASH!*

Rob flies through the door head first, but scrambles to his feet to Seagal as he emerges from the trailer.

MATT
(Off ruckus)
Dad!

ROB
Stay out of this, Tiger.

Seagal comes at Rob.

STEVEN SEAGAL
Still want some, *cupcake?*

ROB
Fuck you Seagal!

Rob throws a hasty kick, but Seagal grabs his foot, and spins him around like he's toying with him.

STEVEN SEAGAL
That's your best "Kenpo" karate
kick? You ain't shit.

Again, Seagal tosses him to the ground.

Determined, Rob jumps up and punches Seagal with a right hook, but misses.

Seagal latches onto Rob's wrist and swings him into an arm-bar.

ROB
Get off me! Get off!

Covered in sweat and dyed hair askew, Rob struggles to free himself, but he's trapped.

STEVEN SEAGAL
I'll break your fuckin' arm.

MATT

Steven - DON'T. Please!

Seeing Matt's distress, Steven Judo throws him to the pavement, instead of breaking Rob's arm.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(To Rob)

Stay the fuck away. From both us,
you piece of shit!

Embarrassed and gasping for a breathe, Rob wipes the blood from his mouth,

MATT

You okay, Dad?

ROB

The fuck do you care?

Matt can only watch as Rob gets to his feet, limps back to his 240D, and drives away.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I knew my dad deserved every bit of that beat down, but that didn't make me feel any better about it. Still, only an 8 on the Rob scale of disappointments.

INT. JESSETT'S HOME, SON'S BEDROOM -- EARLY EVENING

Again, Matt bangs Jessett in her son's Ferrari bed.

JESSETT

Yes - I love it when you fuck me on my son's bed! Yes!

Clearly not into the sex, Matt stops pumping.

JESSETT (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Fuck me.

MATT

It's good to fuck, but... I mean it's been fun...

JESSETT

What? Spit it out.

MATT

I have to quit. I'm gonna write movies full time.

JESSETT

That doesn't mean you have to stop fucking. Come on. Fuck me! Fuck me on my son's bed!!!

MATT

True be told, I already came.

EXT. JESSETT'S HOME -- NIGHT

Matt stumbles out Jessett's front door in his rumpled dress shirt. As he makes his way to his car, his cell phone RINGS - It's LAUREN. He pushes the call into voicemail.

When Matt reaches his car door he catches his reflection in the window. He sniffs his hand, and stares at his reflection a beat. Given the suit and the situation, he looks more like Rob.

SMASH! Matt PUNCHES the CAR WINDOW into pieces.

INT. MATT'S BMW -- LATER

Matt practices his speech to Lauren as he drives home.

MATT

Lauren, I quit my ICM job to write full time. I know, but I hated that job. And Steven Seagal agrees with me. Shh. Just because he's Steven Seagal doesn't mean he's wrong.

(Beat)

I know I have issues. I secretly smoke pot all the time. I may be a sex addict. I don't know why, but I'm only really attracted to black women. I masturbate next to you when you sleep. I feel like I'm becoming my father. I want to be better. I think we need counseling. Can we start over?

(Beat)

Yes. That's it. That's the one.

EXT. MATT AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Matt parks in front of a Spanish style fourplex in the slums of Bel Air, next to a gas station east of the 405 freeway.

We follow Matt walk to the front door. As he passes the windows, he notices the place looks like it's been ransacked.

INT. MATT AND LAUREN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The front door is open, and there's a note from Lauren taped to their ANSWERING MACHINE. Matt punches the button on the MACHINE, "You Have - ONE - Saved message."

JESSETT (O.S.)

Hi Matt, I just want to let you know that I accept your resignation. Perhaps you should be a writer. By the way - if you're gonna cum inside me, next time have the fucking decency to last more than two minutes...Hi Lauren.

Matt opens the note from Lauren. It simply reads, "**I don't know who you are. Goodbye. Lauren.**"

INT. MATT'S BWM -- MORNING

Matt drives like a mad man down the streets of Sacramento with Caleb in a passenger's seat, trying to calm him down.

SUPER: Sacramento. Ten hours and thirteen minutes later.

CALEB

Are you sure you want to do this?

MATT

Yes. No. Yes.

CALEB

What do you gain from this?

Matt SKIDS in front of a Rob and Sabina's low rent house, stopping just short of the front lawn. Matt doesn't bother responding to Caleb, and jumps out of the car.

MATT

Dad! Get out here! Get out here mother fucker!

A beat later, Rob emerges from the front door. He's still a little banged up from the Seagal fight. Sabina is a few steps behind.

ROB

The hell do you want?

MATT

I want you to tell me who the hell you are. Why did you marry mom?

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

When did you start cheating? When did you start losing your shit?!

ROB

Lose *my shit*?

MATT

You heard me! When did you lose your shit! When? I know there's still a real person in there. I know you know what I'm talking about.

SABINA

You don't tell Rob. You tell him nothing. He just wants the money.

MATT

What is she talking about?

Now Caleb steps out of the car.

CALEB

(Sheepish)

Hi Mr. Allen.

Rob doesn't acknowledge Caleb, and walks right up to Matt.

ROB

Get off my lawn.

MATT

Make me.

Matt pushes Rob, who pushes right back.

ROB

Don't fuck with me, Tiger. I spent seven years in the joint, and I can fuck you up.

MATT

I'm not a afraid of you. Seagal's been training me.

Matt drops into his Aikido stance. A split second later, Rob drops into his Karate stance.

ROB

Fuck Seagal. He got lucky. My Kenpo instructor trained Chuck Norris. A real man.

It's Father versus Son - on the fucking lawn.

MATT
What did you just say?

ROB
You heard me.

Matt and Rob begin to circle each other.

MATT
Answer my questions - who are you?!

ROB
I tried to take you in! From the first day you got a glimpse of my truth! And you rejected me, and ran off to some celebrity! So don't come here now blaming me for your choices.

MATT
Do you take responsibility for nothing?

ROB
Do you?

Matt kicks Rob, but he catches it and throws Matt down.

He jumps back up, and regroup, and they circle each other again.

Rob gets aggressive...*PUNCH! KICK! BAM!*

Matt tries all Seagal's counters, but Rob is relentless with street fight moves - low kicks, tight punches.

Finally, Rob kicks Matt's legs out from underneath and follows up by *SLAMING* his head into the BMW!

The blunt force leaves a huge dent in the car's door.

Sabina jumps in front of Rob to hold him back.

SABINA
Rob! Stop - it not the worth! He take the money!

ROB
Get out of here!

Matt gets back to his feet, coughing up blood.

MATT
Congrats. You win.

CALEB

Dude, your Dad kicked your ass.

MATT

Shut up, Caleb!

ROB

Matt, I think we're done. All done.
You're dead to me, Tiger.

MATT

What?

ROB

You're dead to me. It's over.
Sabina and I have a life together
now. I have no reason to have
contact with you.

MATT

If that's the way you want it.

ROB

Dead to me.

Rob and Sabina walk back into the house, and SLAM the door.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

9 on the Rob disappointment scale.

Cut to Black.

Then we SUPER: **CHAPTER FOUR - EXIT WOUNDS**

EXT. BACKYARD POOL PARTY -- DAY

WE HEAR Kanye's "Gold Digger" basting at full volume at this massive 200 person, mostly African American, barbecue party. A "Black Barbecue" as Rob would call it.

WE PUSH toward a WHITE MAN working the grill, next to a beautiful African American woman we'll come to know as LISA (30s).

As we move closer to the white man from behind, it appears to be Rob, but when he turns around it's MATT - now in his thirties.

Matt sways to the music, works the grill, and sips a Henny.

LISA

More Henny, babe?

MATT
You know it, Foxy.

After Lisa tops him off, Matt turns and addresses the camera directly.

MATT (CONT'D)
Okay. I guess my dad was right. A tiger can't change it's stripes. I am his echo - with one crucial difference. I'm not living a lie.
(Motions to Lisa)
This is my wife. And I am writing. Seagal always said -stick to one thing. In fact, I'm writing with my best friend, Caleb. We wrote that Christmas comedy and it's almost in production.

Matt points across the party to Caleb, the only other white guy there, who's talking to the only other white woman.

MATT (CONT'D)
And when you're not living a lie, being yourself isn't so bad. In fact, it can be pretty great.

Matt sips his Henny as he approaches the camera.

MATT (CONT'D)
I haven't seen Seagal in years, and I haven't seen my dad either. Not since our fight years ago. He and Sabina disappeared. No contact. Despite everything, I want him to see what became of me. I want him to know I'm the best version of his echo. I think he'd like that. I just wish I knew what happened to him.

Lisa approaches a somewhat distraught Matt.

LISA
Babe? You okay?

MATT
Not really. I have this sinking feeling something terrible has happened.

Matt sets down his drink, and heads into the house without further explanation.

INT. MATT'S HOME OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt sits in front of his computer. The Google homepage is visible.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I don't know what came over me that day. I just knew something was wrong. I must've Googled him for an hour straight. Tried every alias I could think of...Robin Allen, Wayne Allen, Doctor Wayne Allen...

ON GOOGLE HOMEPAGE:

Matt types "Robin Wayne Allen British Honduras" and hits "Search". Nothing. He then tries several of his father's aliases, doesn't hit pay dirt until - "**Doctor Wayne Allen Scam**".

A LINK POPS UP FOR A WEB PAGE: **HOW TO BECOME A BILLIONAIRE IN 12 MONTHS - A book by financial guru, Doctor Wayne Allen.** There's a picture of an ageing Rob with dyed hair.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

He was trying to sell some shitty self published book for \$49.99. I don't know who would buy this thing. Doctor Wayne Allen also gave seminars in San Diego and Tijuana.

At the bottom of the web page we see Sabina as the ticket taker at one of "Dr. Wayne's" seminars.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

Apparently, he and Sabina were running this stupid scam together.

Matt looks closer at the contact info on the web page:

ON SCREEN: To find out when Dr. Wayne will be in your town - CALL ROXANNE GOINS - 459 202-3949.

INT. ROXANNE GOINS' DINNING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jesus pictures, Jesus statues, and Jesus tchotchkes dominate the decor.

A plain woman, ROXANNE (50s), sets the table, when her phone RINGS. She answers after only one ring.

ROXANNE

Hello?

INT. MATT'S COMPUTER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Matt paces while on the phone.

MATT
Is this Roxanne Goins?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION AS NEEDED

ROXANNE
Yes.

MATT
Hello, my name is Matt Allen. My
father's name is Rob Allen, but you
might know him as Dr. Wayne
Allen...is he alive?

A beat. Matt holds his breath, waiting for her answer.

ROXANNE
Praise his name. Yes - Matt, I'm so
glad you called. I prayed that
you'd call. Everyday, I prayed.
(Beat)
You're father died about thirty
days ago in a San Diego hospital.
I'm so sorry.

Matt is crestfallen.

MATT
I see. Okay...I was afraid....How?

ROXANNE
...Oh Matt, he was in the hospital
for a while. And he wanted me to
tell you that he loved you and he's
sorry. He was so sorry.

MATT
Thank you for saying that, but...

Matt's eyes rain tears.

ROXANNE
Do you know this Sabina woman? The
woman he lived with?

MATT
Yes, I've met her.

ROXANNE

She practices black magic. DARK
MAGIC. She's evil. She killed him!

FLASH:

INT. ROB ALLEN'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Now looking feeble in bed, Rob is in and out of consciousness. He clutches a yellow "*Post-it*" note with a hand written message on it, too small to read.

ROXANNE (V.O.)

He was in the hospital for his leukemia, but I know what really happened. Your father was writing notes to the hospital but nobody did anything. Hospitals are terrible places.

We pull back to reveal...Sabina, approaching Rob dressed like a hooker. With a twisted grin, she forcibly grabs the *Post It* note from Rob's clenched fist.

ROXANNE (V.O.)

He tried to tell the doctors he wasn't pulling out his I.V.s - Sabina was.

Sabina reads the post-it, "Nurse, I'm not pulling out my tubes". Sabina crumples up the note, and shoves it in her fake Gucci purse.

ROXANNE (V.O.)

She killed your dad. She's from Kazakhstan and she hates Christians!

She leans down to Rob's level as if she's going to kiss him, but instead sadistically yanks out all of this I.V. tubes.

BACK TO MATT...

...As his tears give way to shock.

ROXANNE

I think she practices some kinda of Satanic form of Islam.

MATT

Wait, what? Black magic or Islam?
I'm confused.

ROXANNE

Matt, she's evil. No matter what you call it. She killed your father. She killed him!

MATT

I'm sorry...this a lot to take in.

ROXANNE

The hospital claims he died from complications from his leukemia, but I know the truth. Your father told her that she'd get millions of shares of stock in a Health Food company when he died.

MATT

He didn't have any money.

ROXANNE

Yeah, well, Sabina figured that out the day after your father died. Apparently there were millions of shares, but the stock was ultimately only worth about twelve hundred dollars.

FLASH:

INT. INVESTMENT FIRM - DAY

A timid BANKER hands Sabina (dressed like a hooker) a financial statement...

NEXT FOOD COMPANY, STOCK VALUE...\$1,235.00

As soon as the number registers, Sabina SCREAMS, and SPITS in the terrified banker's face.

BACK TO MATT...

Pacing faster than ever as he listens.

ROXANNE

Well, Sabina got so angry, she wouldn't pay for a proper burial. She got some mosque in National City to bury him the Muslim way. It's the cheapest way to bury someone. Wrapped in a shroud, and thrown in a hole facing Mecca.

(MORE)

ROXANNE (CONT'D)

He's in the Muslim section of the cemetery. Sabina wouldn't even pay for a grave marker.

MATT

Dad converted to Islam?

ROXANNE

No, heavens no! It was just the cheapest way to bury him.

INT. CALIFORNIA STATE OFFICE CUBICLE -- DAY

Having aged considerably, Michelle Allen plays "Solitaire" at her COMPUTER when her phone RINGS.

MICHELLE

(Into phone)

California Employment Development Department, Michelle speaking. Hi MATT! How are you? What? Are you sure he's dead? Murder? Matt slow down. Who is this Roxanne Goins person? What?

(Beat)

Okay, stop. Matt, no one's killing Sabina. No, don't do anything. Just come home, okay? Come home. Matt? Matt???

Unable to talk, he's already hung up.

INT. MATT'S HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa enters the room, as Matt hangs up. By the look on his face, she knows something is not right.

LISA

What?

MATT

My dad's dead.

With that, Matt burst into uncontrollable tears.

LISA

I'm so sorry.

Lisa embraces Matt, and rubs his back to calm him.

MATT

He died last month I guess. That cunt Sabina didn't tell anyone.

LISA

Let it out...

MATT

I shouldn't cry. I promised I wouldn't cry...

LISA

Shhh. It's okay to cry.

Matt just clings to Lisa, and cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLEN HOME, BREAKFAST NOOK - NEXT DAY

We're TIGHT ON a framed photo of the Allen family from happier times. Rob, Michelle, and Matt are all wearing multi-colored Cosby sweaters in front a cheesy Christmas backdrop.

The dialogue between Matt and his manic Mother becomes audible.

MICHELLE (O.C.)

...He really did have Leukemia, ya know. He was gonna die sooner or later. I saw the doctor's files on him. Your father lied about a lot of things, but not about that.

WE HEAR a SNORT of NASAL SPRAY.

MATT (O.C.)

Yeah, but this Roxanne woman says there was more to the story. Sabina was pulling out his tubes.

WE PULL BACK to reveal Matt and Lisa sitting across from Michelle as she nervously shuffles through thick stack of DOCUMENTS.

MICHELLE

You don't understand what I'm telling you.

On second blush, Michelle's eyes are red from a recent crying spell.

LISA
Isn't that murder?

MATT
Maybe quasi-murder.

BAM! A defiant, Michelle slams her fist on the table.

MICHELLE
No!

Startled, Lisa and Matt jump back.

MATT
Mom? What was that?

MICHELLE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's Lisa
isn't it?

LISA
Yes.

Michelle takes a long sip of coffee, before she begins
rambling.

MICHELLE
Well, I want you to know that I'm
okay that you're Black - African
American. Black. I was born in
Berkeley. Child of the sixties. I
understand discrimination, you
know? I do! I was a blonde in a
family of brunettes.

(Off Lisa & Matt)

So like your father. He loved the
chocolate. I did the best I could
you know? You know that right?

MATT
Mom, are you alright?

MICHELLE
I'm fine. I'm fine. No, I'm not. I
don't remember the last time I was
fine. He used to be a good person
you know. When he was a young man.
So carefree. So kind. Always
charming. Like you. You're not him.
Despite your African American
girlfriend. You're gonna do the
right thing. You're half me. You
understand?

MATT

What in God's name are you trying to say?

MICHELLE

Okay, listen to me very carefully. The ONLY thing I got out of the divorce with your father was his life insurance. I've been paying on it every month since he left.

She holds up a wad of insurance documents.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It pays me a half a million dollars. That's my retirement. I just read through the policy, and it **DOES NOT COVER FOUL PLAY**. Do you understand?

MATT

Not even a little.

MICHELLE

Your father was *NOT murdered, okay?* He was sick, and he was in the hospital, and that's all we need to know.

Michelle grabs Matt's face.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're father was not murdered.

MATT

Okay.

MICHELLE

Promise me you won't go to the police, or ask the doctors about the notes, about the tubes, or try and find Sabina.

MATT

I promise.

MICHELLE

Good. Good - *good*. So you'll just drive to San Diego, get his death certificate, and bring it back to me. That's it. Can you do that?

Michelle can no longer hold back her tears, and buries her face in Matt's shoulder.

MATT
I won't let you down, Mom.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUSLIM SECTION OF GRAVEYARD -- DAY

The grass is shabby and brown in this small fenced off section of the graveyard. All the graves (with markers) face east, toward Mecca.

SUPER: **NATIONAL CITY, SAN DIEGO COUNTY**

MUSLIM SECTION OF CEMETERY

Matt approaches the small patch of land beyond a wrought iron fence. Lisa is a few steps behind.

MATT
I guess this is it. The Muslim
Section.

Matt looks down at the cemetery plot map he carries.

MATT (CONT'D)
Okay...here's 44-10, so he's gotta
be over here somewhere.

They walk down the row, but have a hard time following...

MATT (CONT'D)
Wait, forty-three - ten?

LISA
Maybe over here?

Lisa points the other direction, and Matt shrugs. When a GARDNER passes by, Matt flags him down.

MATT
Excuse me, sir. Could you help me
find my father's plot, 44-21? We
can't seem to find it.

GARDNER
Sure.

The Gardner walks past Matt and Lisa, up the row a bit, then looks down.

GARDNER (CONT'D)
Ah-ha.

The Gardner takes a small FLAG MARKER (typically used for marking sprinklers) from his belt, and jams it into the dirt.

GARDNER (CONT'D)
There's your father. Right here.

With that, the Gardner walks off.

ON MATT as he approaches the Flag Marker. Lisa stays behind.

MATT
(To Rob's Muslim Grave)
Of course you would die like this.

Lisa looks on, not knowing how to comfort him.

LISA
Do you want to get him a better grave? Or maybe even a proper headstone?

MATT
What's the point? Let's go.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
Now this was a TEN out of TEN on the *Rob scale of disappointments* - *TEN*.

EXT. OCEANSIDE, CA - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD -- LATER

We follow Matt's now shabby BMW 5 series as he slowly drives past a series of cookie cutter houses.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)
Roxanne also told me where my father and Sabina were living. Some tract home in Oceanside. I had to see it. But deep down, I wanted to confront Sabina. *Maybe kill her.*

INT. MATT'S WEATHERED BMW 5 SERIES - CONTINUOUS

As Matt parks in front of a modest home, we notice the dent from Matt's head is still in the driver's side door.

LISA
We got the death certificate.
What's the point of this?

MATT

I just want to see the house my dad was living in. I just want to know.

LISA

Sabina could be in there. And I don't want you to do anything...

MATT

I'm won't. Don't worry. I just want to see.

(Off house)

It's not bad. Not too far from the Ocean.

LISA

Okay, you saw it. Let's go.

MATT

Hold on.

Matt opens the car door and gets out.

LISA

Matt - no. Don't.

After a pause, Matt heads straight for the front door.

LISA (CONT'D)

Matt!

Upon reaching the porch, we notice Matt has his **9MM BERETTA** tucked into his belt.

ON MATT...FRONT PORCH -- SECONDS LATER

Matt presses his face against the window to peak inside. He can see some tacky oriental furniture, and a bunch of moving boxes on the floor.

He then spots Sabina's little Pomeranian DOG near the kitchen. It looks back at Matt, but doesn't bark.

Matt turns back to see Lisa waving frantically for him to return to the car.

INT. ROB AND SABINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

From behind the kitchen, we see Matt peering inside.

This may be Sabina'S POV, but we can't be sure.

ON MATT, FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Matt grabs the front DOOR KNOB and turns - it's open.

Lisa bites her knuckles, as she watches Matt enter the house.

LISA
Oh God. Please don't.

INT. ROB AND SABINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

It's creepy and silent. There are pictures of Rob and Sabina in restaurants and bars, but nothing sentimental.

Then, on an end table in the family room, Matt comes across a small framed photo of a five-year-old Matt and Rob in a funny "karate" pose at Santa Cruise Beach Boardwalk.

Then, we hear a CREEK from the kitchen area. Is it Sabina?

Matt moves his hand over his gun, ready to draw on a dime.

EXT. BMW 5 SERIES -- CONTINUOUS

Lisa now paces outside the car.

Just then, Matt bursts out the door, and runs to the car!

MATT
Start the car! Start the car!
Hurry! Go!

Lisa jumps into the driver's seat and starts the car, as Matt hops in the passenger's!

MATT (CONT'D)
Drive!

At second blush, Matt's carrying something - the POMERANIAN.

LISA
Who's dog is that?

MATT
Mine now.

POMERANIAN
Whoof!

EXT. 405 FREEWAY NORTH -- LATER

The shabby BMW heads up the coast, into the sunset.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S LOT -- DAY

Matt and Caleb emerge from a bungalow with a few Warner EXECs near the iconic water tower.

SUPER: **November, 2008**

WARNER BROTHERS EXEC

Well, Matt, Caleb - they're projecting your movie will be number one this weekend. Congrats.

MATT

Nice. Thanks to your huge marketing campaign. I see the posters everywhere.

WARNER BROTHERS EXEC

Well enjoy the success, and think about that adaptation we discussed.

MATT

I Will.

CALEB

Definitely.

They all shake hands and part ways.

WARNER BROTHERS EXEC #2

You guys know how to get out?

MATT

Oh, yeah. I used to work here. Think I'll just walk around before I leave.

WARNER BROTHERS EXEC

Okay - have a great Holiday.

Matt walks ahead of Caleb, soaking in the Warner's scenery.

NARRATOR MATT (V.O.)

I took it all in. I finally made it to the dream factory. Everything was falling into place. It felt like destiny. It's wasn't a Seagal movie, but it still felt great.

EXT. WARNER BROTHER'S LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Matt continues to stroll toward the old Seagal office.

Then up ahead, someone catches his eye - it's STEVEN SEAGAL walking out of Malpasco Productions.

CALEB

Isn't that Seagal? You should say
"hi".

A gleeful Matt approaches Seagal.

MATT

Steven! How have you been...?

Steven looks at Matt without a hint of recognition.

STEVEN SEAGAL

Hello.

MATT

How are you? What brings you back
to the Warner Brothers lot?

STEVEN SEAGAL

Just some B - U - I - S.

MATT

Oh.

STEVEN SEAGAL

(Still clueless)

Listen, you need an autograph? I
don't have a pen.

Matt let's out a "charming chuckle", just like his old man.

MATT

No autograph needed. You've already
done more than you know. A mountain
of good. Thank you. Have a good
day, Mr. Seagal.

Matt strolls away, content to leave his childhood father figure behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE, HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Matt sits in front of his computer with his **FACEBOOK PAGE** visible.

Matt's "Profile Picture" features a nice shot of Matt and Lisa posing at a barbecue party. **Status: MARRIED.**

He's in the process of posting a VIDEO, but before he can post, he receives a friend request....**FROM SABINA.**

Matt zooms in on her image. She looks mean but, she's wearing a **nurse hat**. A very off putting image.

There's a message in broken English with her friend request: **"Is that you Movie? I saw your name on poster. Looks like you make a lot of money."**

Sweat builds on Matt's forehead.

He stares at her message a beat, then reluctantly ACCEPTS the friend request so he can respond.

He types back, **"Isn't this the woman who quasi murdered my father?"** SEND.

Sabina responds, **"At least I was there for him in the end."**

MATT (CONT'D)
(Off message)
Jesus fucking Christ.

Matt hits the **UN-FRIEND BUTTON**, before taking a deep breath.

RYAN ALLEN (O.C.)
Daddy, who's that nurse lady?

Matt spins around to see his beautiful biracial daughter, RYAN (4), approach. The Pomeranian follows her.

MATT
No one, sweetie. No one at all.

RYAN ALLEN
Wanna play?

MATT
Sure.

Lisa pokes her head into the office.

LISA
You guys are so cute together.

Matt finally posts the VIDEO to the page.

We PUSH IN on the video that MATCHES THE OPENING SEQUENCE.

Slow motion. Sunlight floods the lens, obscuring the silhouettes of TWO MEN engaged in a good old fashioned karate fight.

As we swing around the action, we realize it's not two men, but rather MATT, and his young daughter sparring. Although Matt plays rough, his daughter clearly loves it.

After trading a few blows, she kicks her dad in the nuts.

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK, WE ROLL THROUGH A SERIES OF TITLE CARDS...

SUPER: Rob Allen is still buried in the Muslim section of National City Cemetery. His death was never investigated.

SUPER: Michelle Allen received Rob's life insurance money and is currently retired.

SUPER: Steven Seagal went on to produce and star in several more VOD films. At last count, Seagal has seven children by four different women, and is now good friends with Vladimir Putin.

SUPER: Matt Allen is happily married to Lisa. They have two young daughters. Both are competitive Jujitsu champions.

SUPER: Sabina's whereabouts are unknown.

FADE OUT:

***Note to reader.** The following is 100% true about Steven Seagal: He answered my Mom's letter, met us in Burbank, encouraged me to write, invited me to the Hard To Kill set, made the Batman bet, paid up on the Batman bet, hired me to be his intern, encouraged me to stay in college, helped me get a job at ICM, wrote a letter that my mom read at my wedding, signed him as a commercial client at ICM, the rum commercial, and years later he did not recognize me. For legal and artistic reasons, please assume that all other Seagal scenes were either embellished and/or made up.

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