

NO DUMMY

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT 1

A good sized theatre somewhere in the NORTH OF ENGLAND, during the mid-1980s.

Music and laughter can be heard from within.

CUT TO:

2 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT 2

On stage is a middle aged VENTRILOQUIST - EDDIE TREEBOYS. Slick, confident, already a massive star in his native country.

His dummy, MONTY, is an oversized BABY in a top hat and nappy. He speaks with a plummy English accent.

They're singing a duet, a big song-and-dance number; a deeply misguided big band version of I GOT YOU BABE.

The AUDIENCE claps along enthusiastically.

The number ends with a chorus line of SEXY DANCERS - leggy girls, and chiselled guys - all dressed as BABIES.

EDDIE

...Yes, I got you, babe!

Rapturous applause follows.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You're too kind, ladies and gentlemen. Too kind.

MONTY

Clapping is the least they can do, Mr Eddie. Your voice is so sweet it gave my ears tooth decay.

The audience laughs.

EDDIE

Stop it, Monty. You'll make me blush.

MONTY

Like that time I walked in on you in the shower?

The audience falls about in hysterics.

EDDIE
For the last time, I was just
washing myself.

MONTY
Well, you must have the cleanest
little chappie in the world.

More laughter.

EDDIE
Talking of little chappies... Why
don't we get young Derrik out here?

MONTY
Do we have to? That kid is so dull
he could bore through concrete.

EDDIE
That's my son you're talking about.
I saw him being born, you know.

MONTY
I'd have taken one look, and shoved
him straight back up there. "This
little freak ain't done yet!"

CUT TO:

3 INT. THEATRE - STAGE RIGHT - CONTINUOUS 3

14 year-old DERRIK TREEBOYS stands in the wings, squeezed
into a SAILOR COSTUME that's far too ill-fitting to be
dignified.

He bristles at the sound of the audience's laughter. This is
his life, night after night.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THEATRE - CONTINUOUS 4

Back on Eddie and Monty.

EDDIE
(calls off)
Derrik, come out and meet the
ladies and gentlemen.

DERRIK steps reluctantly onto the stage, courtesy of a stage-
hand's PUSH. He waves half-heartedly, to a round of applause.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Say hello, son.

Eddie waves the microphone under Derrik's nose.

DERRIK

Hello.

MONTY

Mr Eddie, Mr Eddie - What's wrong with Derrik's face?

Hysterical laughter from the audience.

EDDIE

Monty, what have I told you...?

Derrik burns with emotion, years of abuse welling up inside.

MONTY

(to Derrik)

Do you know which letter the word Ugly is under in the dictionary, young man? That's right - it's YOU!

The audience explodes with laughter, the blood pumps in Derrik's head. THUMP THUMP THUMP. Every other sound seems to drain away, silenced by his rising anger.

EDDIE

Stop it, Monty.

DERRIK'S POV The audience laughs. Monty jabbars. Eddie fails to intervene. Laughter. Mockery. Laughter. THUMP THUMP THUMP.

Derrik clenches his fists, pressure building inside him. Until he SNAPS.

DERRIK

Shut-up. All of you, just shut-up!

Derrik swings a punch at Monty - misses - and runs off stage.

ANGLE ON the confused, but curious, faces of the audience.

EDDIE

Derrik? Derrik!

Eddie flounders, motions for the curtain to be lowered.

CUT TO:

5

INT. THEATRE - DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

Eddie and Derrik's dressing room. Monty's TRAVEL CASE is propped up against the wall, open.

Furious, hurt, Derrik is packing a bag

- he kicks out at the travel case.

Eddie bursts in, Monty still on his arm.

EDDIE

What do you think you're doing?

DERRIK

I've had enough of being insulted.
Derrick stinks. Derrick's hideous.
Derrick has a girl's voice.

EDDIE

But it's not me saying those
things. It's Monty.

DERRIK

Monty's a dummy.

MONTY

And you're a tubby little quim.

EDDIE

See? It's just hilarious banter,
probably.

DERRIK

Sometimes I think you love Monty
more than you love me. Sometimes I
think you don't love me at all.

EDDIE

Don't be daft, son. Of course I
like you.

Eddie tentatively pats Derrick on the shoulder.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look, if it wasn't for Monty we'd
so poor we'd be forced to eat parts
of our own body for food. Do you
really want to chew off your own
hand, and eat it?

DERRIK

Of course not.

EDDIE

You'll understand one day - when
you're a ventriloquist too.

DERRIK

I'll never be a ventriloquist.

EDDIE

I beg your pardon?

DERRIK

I'm going to be an actor. I'm going
to be a success, without needing a
stupid puppet stuck on my arm.

EDDIE

How dare you speak that way about Monty? If it wasn't for Monty we'd be poor.

DERRIK

Monty can go to hell. I don't need him. I don't need you. I don't need anyone.

Derrick grabs his bag, runs out.

EDDIE

Derrick, wait -

MONTY

Good riddance to the awful young scrote.

EDDIE

Stop it, Monty.

Out on Eddie, broken.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

6

Derrick bursts out of the theatre. He turns back, rages.

DERRIK

I will be an actor. Then people will respect me, and nobody will ever make fun of me again.

A group of nearby LADS start making fun of Derrick.

LAD

(mocking)

"Ooooh. Nobody will make fun of me ever again!"

Weeping, Derrick runs off into the night, their mocking laughter echoing.

Looming over everything, is a two-storey BILLBOARD, advertising Monty and Eddie's variety show.

FADE TO:

7 EXT. DERRIK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

7

Modern day LONDON. The camera settles on a run-down apartment building.

DERRIK (v.o.)

Picasso.

CUT TO:

8

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

8

DERRIK - now in his 30s, deluded and desperate, but possessed of humanity and optimism - stands in the open doorway to his apartment, speaking with his East European LANDLORD (deadpan, scruffy, sarcastic).

LANDLORD

Picasso?

DERRIK

The painter.

LANDLORD

Oh ok. I thought maybe you meant one of the many other Picassos.

DERRIK

Picasso used to pay for meals by painting a picture. Well, I'm an actor -

LANDLORD

(incredulous)

Pfft.

DERRIK

- so maybe I could pay this month's rent by doing some acting.

LANDLORD

I'm sorry, but - what the fuck?

Derrick clears his throat, adopts an actorly pose.

DERRIK

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings".

Beat.

LANDLORD

You got one week to pay up. One week, or you're gonna be evicted so hard you'll wish your tits were coconuts.

DERRIK

(frowns, baffled)

Please. I don't get paid for another three weeks.

LANDLORD

Go ask your old man for a loan. I hear he's playing Vegas now. Gotta be coining it in.

Derrick bristles; this hits a nerve.

DERRIK

I don't have a father.

LANDLORD

Then I guess that makes you two types of bastard: a bastard, and the other type of bastard.

The Landlord stomps off, calling back.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Seven days, Derrick - seven days or you is out. Out like a fire what I just done a big piss on.

CUT TO:

9 INT. DERRIK'S BEDSIT - DAY

9

It's a tiny flea-pit. A sink piled high with greasy plates and pans sits next to an unmade sofa bed.

Against the wall is a LARGE BOARD covered with ICONIC PHOTOS of great stage actors - Derrick has stuck pictures of himself alongside them; there he is on stage with Gielgud, and McKellan, and Berkoff...

Nearby, there's a pile of unpaid bills in a bin, and somewhere amid this mess, the toast is burning.

Derrick looks at his phone, scrolls down to 'DAD'

- but he's immediately distracted: he can smell smoke.

Panicked, Derrick grabs a fork, fishes the burning toast out of the toaster with a knife; and gets an ELECTRIC SHOCK.

CUT TO Moments later, Derrick shoving a well-thumbed SCRIPT into a shoulder bag.

He leaves the apartment, slams the door

- the photos fall off the board

CUT TO:

10 EXT. DERRIK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

10

Derrick exits his building.

Further along the street a DWARF - PATRICK - is approaching the building. He's being hassled by a pair of DRUNKS, wearing FOOTBALL SHIRTS - BECKHAM and ROONEY.

Patrick's smart, but embittered, defensive, and - right now - understandably surly.

The Drunks march behind him, singing.

ROONEY
Hi-ho, hi-ho!

PATRICK
Hilarious.

BECKHAM
Where's your crock of gold, little feller?

PATRICK
Funny guys.

ROONEY
Are you actually an embryo?

Patrick stops, turns to confront them, anger rising.

PATRICK
Comedy gold, my friend. Comedy gold. Yes, I'm an embryo.

He rolls up his sleeves, adopts a fighting stance.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(furious)
I'm the embryo who's going to fuck you up. I'll strangle you with my umbilical cord, you piece of shit.

Derrick looks over, sees what's happening.

DERRIK
Hey! Leave him alone.

BECKHAM
Who do you think you are - Snow White?

ROONEY
Nah, he's Gandalf. He's got a hard on for Hobbits.

Rooney pats Patrick on the head - he bats his hand away.

DERRIK
Do you have any idea how rude that is? People have feelings you know.

PATRICK
 (to Derrik)
 Hey, man, listen. I've got this.

DERRIK
 With all due respect, mate, there
 are two of them.

PATRICK
 You think I can't take them,
 because of my size?

DERRIK
 I never said that.

PATRICK
 You're as bad as they are.

BECKHAM
 Yeah, stop picking on him.

ROONEY
 We should teach you a lesson, mate.

DERRIK
 Wait, how am I suddenly the bad -
 Beckham kicks Derrik up the backside.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Ow! Hey! Out of order.

Derrik's roughly dragged to the ground, and again kicked up
 the backside.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Do not kick my bottom again. My
 anus is extremely sensitive to
 knocks and pressure -

They kick him again in the bottom, much harder. Derrik cries
 out in pain.

The Drunks empty a can of lager over Derrik, then head off.

Derrik struggles to his knees.

PATRICK
 You ok, man?

DERRIK
 (feels his bottom)
 Yes. No. I don't know. Yes.

PATRICK
 Ok then.

Patrick pokes Derrik in the side of the head, hard.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Don't ever underestimate me again.

DERRIK
I was trying to help you.

PATRICK
I don't need your help. I know all kinds of shit. Karate. Hapkido. The Ninja Hex. I know shit you couldn't even conceive of, my friend. I am a loaded weapon waiting to unleash an unholy hellstorm upon thee.

DERRIK
Right. Ok. I'm happy for you.

Patrick heads towards the building.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Wait! You live here?

PATRICK
You think we all live in toadstools, or something?

DERRIK
No. It's just, I live here too.

PATRICK
And...?

Derrick shrugs. Patrick goes inside.

Annoyed, Derrick picks up his belongings, heads off.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SMALL THEATRE - NIGHT 11

Small, and tucked away in a West End backstreet, this tiny, rundown theatre is barely able to fit more than 100 people in the audience.

The marquee tells us that HAMLET is playing.

CUT TO:

12 INT. SMALL THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 12

Derrick enters, and is immediately confronted by the anxious STAGE MANAGER.

We follow them through the backstage labyrinth, heading towards the dressing rooms.

MANAGER
(very stressed)
Where have you been? Why are you so late?

DERRIK
I'm not late.

MANAGER
Don't give me your pathetic excuses. Tom's broken his ankle.

DERRIK
Badly?

MANAGER
It's an utter crapfest. He's out of action for at least six weeks.

Derrik stops dead in his tracks, the cogs whirr in his head.

DERRIK
If Tom can't play Hamlet, and I'm his understudy, that means...

MANAGER
Work it out, Brainlord.

DERRIK
(excited)
I'm actually going to be in the show? For real this time?

MANAGER
You're in the show. Ok? Happy?

Derrik hugs the Stage Manager, far too tightly.

The Manager sniffs Derrik's clothes, pushes him away.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Have you been drinking?

DERRIK
I was defending a dwarf.

Beat.

MANAGER
Don't balls this up.

DERRIK
I've been waiting my whole life for this. No way will I balls it up.

CUT TO:

13 INT. SMALL THEATRE - NIGHT

13

The house is a third full - mostly people here to keep out of the cold, or with nothing better to do.

CUT TO the stage.

A minimalist set, all the theatre's budget will extend to.

It's Act 1, Scene 2: A Room of State in the Castle.

Derrick is in costume, giving his all to the actress playing GERTRUDE. He's not terrible, but does verge on the hammy.

GERTRUDE

If it be, why seems it so particular with thee?

DERRIK

Seems, madam? Nay it is. I know not seems. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother. Nor customary suits of solemn black. Nor windy suspiration of forced breath. No, nor the fruitful river in the eye. Nor the dejected -

Derrick is distracted.

DERRIK'S POV. A WOMAN sits in the front row, TEXTING on her PHONE.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Nor the dejected -

He's still distracted. Gertrude looks concerned.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Dejected, uh -

The Woman laughs to herself, as a PICTURE MESSAGE pops up on her screen.

HER POV: the picture is of a CRYING CHILD, stuck in a TOILET.

On stage, Derrick bristles, and is briefly lost.

ANGLE ON the Stage Manager, hissing from the PROMPT BOX.

MANAGER

Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage. Jesus.

DERRIK

Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage, Jesus. Uh...

(MORE)

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Together with all forms, moods,
 shapes of grief, That can denote me
 truly. These indeed seem -

Derrik is interrupted by the woman blurting out a GIGGLE.

Blood THUMP THUMP THUMPS in Derrik's head, as he unravels.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Uh. That can denote me truly. These
 indeed seem... these indeed seem -

He can't go on, can't take his eyes off the sniggering woman.
 He snaps, leaps off the stage, and grabs her phone.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Stop laughing. Stop laughing at me!

With an almighty roar, he throws the phone to the back of the
 auditorium, where it hits an OLD WOMAN in the face.

There are gasps.

Derrik immediately realises he's gone too far.

CUT TO:

14 INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

14

Derrik is pleading desperately with the Manager, and the
 actress playing Gertrude.

DERRIK
 Please. I won't do it again.

MANAGER
 You can't assault the audience,
 Derrik. It's not good theatre.

DERRIK
 But who's going to play Hamlet if
 you fire me?

GERTRUDE
 The understudy.

DERRIK
 I'm the understudy.

MANAGER
 We have an understudy to the
 understudy.

Manager points to a GORMLESS MAN sat on a stool, twitching
 and scratching.

GORMLESS MAN
(twitches)
Ham omlette.

The Gormless Man lets out a BARK, followed by another, smaller, involuntary bark.

The Stage Manager opens the stage door for Derrik.

MANAGER
Look, if you need money, why don't
you become a ventriloquist like
your old man?

CUT TO:

15 INT. PUB - NIGHT

15

It's half-empty, depressing, full of the lost and the damned.

A TV plays a NEWS PROGRAMME with the sound turned down. Sat at the bar, Derrik knocks back a beer.

He counts out his change, sees if he can afford another; he can't.

Derrik sighs, tries to get a final drop out of his glass - and notices footage of his DAD and Monty on TV.

It's a retrospective of their career, showing them from the late-70s variety roots, through to a BIG VEGAS CASINO residency.

The older Eddie is all tan, glowing teeth, and toupee, every inch the mega-star. Even Monty has had a Vegas make-over.

Derrik shakes his head bitterly - it's the final indignation. He turns to leave.

But as he reaches the door, something niggles. Derrik stops, turns back to the TV, now showing another ventriloquist.

It's LORNA LORD, pretty, Southern States, sweet and simple. Her dummy is a cute lamb, FLUFFER. They're in VEGAS.

In Derrik's eyes, she's the most beautiful girl he's ever seen. It's a real BULLET-FROM-THE-BLUE moment.

Derrik walks over to the TV set, turns up the volume, and he can now tell she's been crying:

LORNA
I saw him only last night. Right
before he went on stage. I'm sorry.
It's all too much. Sorry.

She blows her nose - wetly, noisily. Derrik frowns.

CUT TO another ventriloquist. A caption tells us this is MIGUEL CRYSTAL. Sipping a cocktail by the pool, he's slick, gorgeous, and he knows it. His dummy, PEDRO, is a Mexican bandito. Both wear a black armband.

MIGUEL
 (faking sincerity)
 Eddie will leave a big void. But I know he would've wanted for me to fill his hole.

PEDRO
 Ay yi yi!

MIGUEL
 I will enter the World Ventriloquism Championship. I will win it for my friend Eddie. It's what he would've wanted.

CUT TO a NEWSREADER, a still of Eddie, and the caption: Eddie TREEBOYS, 1945 - 2012.

NEWSREADER
 The ventriloquist Eddie Treeboys, who died earlier today.

On Derrik, stunned.

CUT TO:

16

INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Derrik sits opposite VINCENT CLAYTON, solicitor.

Vincent opens Eddie'S WILL.

VINCENT
 As you'll appreciate, your father was a very wealthy man. His entire fortune was estimated in the region of eighty seven million dollars US.

Before Derrik can full absorb this, Vincent continues.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 However, I'm afraid he has chosen to leave the vast amount of that to the Foundation for Crippled Ventriloquists.

DERRIK
 What?! How much has he left me?

VINCENT
 In cash terms? Absolutely faff all.

DERRIK

That despicable old bastard. I knew he'd do something like this.

VINCENT

I have a letter that he asked me to read to you.

DERRIK

Well I've got two letters for him. 'F' and 'Off'.

Vincent produces the hand-written letter.

VINCENT

(reads)

"Derrick. I want you to know how much I regret that we never had a better relationship. Alas, nothing I say now can change that. However, I hope that in time you come to appreciate this, your inheritance. Kind regards. Dad".

DERRIK

That's it? What sort of millionaire dies, and then leaves his son nothing but 'kind regards'?

VINCENT

Mr Treeboys, the letter isn't your inheritance. This is your inheritance.

Vincent produces a battered, but familiar looking, TRAVEL CASE - the penny immediately drops for Derrick.

Vincent unbuckles the catches, opens the case.

CRASH ZOOM, horror movie style, revealing Monty is inside. Derrick backs away, stumbles, mortally terrified.

DERRIK

No. No no. Not that. Burn it.

VINCENT

Derrick, your father's dummy is a piece of showbiz history. If you don't want it, you could sell it.

Out on Derrick; he's right.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. LONDON - THEATRE SHOP - DAY 17

A creepy old shop selling theatre supplies. The window is full of mannequins, old dummies, masks.

Carrying Monty's travel case, Derrik hesitates momentarily, before entering.

CUT TO:

18 INT. THEATRE SHOP - CONTINUOUS 18

The door creaks over the DING of an entrance bell as Derrik enters.

The shop is all shadows, and peeling paint. Ventriloquist dummies and marionettes are suspended from the ceiling, sit on shelves and in alcoves. The atmosphere is oppressive, like some vaudevillian nightmare.

Derrik steps up to the counter, raps his knuckles upon it, clears his throat to get some attention.

An OLD BLIND MAN steps out from the shadows. His name is ERIK VAN DEURSTEN - all mystery and a tapping white stick.

VAN DEURSTEN
Good evening.

DERRIK
It's morning.

VAN DEURSTEN
Hurmh.

DERRIK
Do you buy dummies?

Van Deursten whacks Derrik's leg with the stick - sniffs the air, and sniffs Derrik.

VAN DEURSTEN
I know you...

DERRIK
I very much doubt that.

Van Deursten grabs Derrik, tightly, and SNIFFS HIS FACE.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Get off me!

Van Deursten stops sniffing.

VAN DEURSTEN
The death of your father is a great loss, Derrik Treeboys.

DERRIK

How do you know my name, you
mysterious old man?

VAN DEURSTEN

I never forget a smell. Eddie was
the best student I ever had.

DERRIK

You taught my dad?

VAN DEURSTEN

You cannot teach, only steer.

DERRIK

Who are you?

VAN DEURSTEN

My name is Van Deursten. And no, I
will not show you how to become a
ventriloquist.

DERRIK

I don't want to be a ventriloquist.

VAN DEURSTEN

Good. Because I am retired.

DERRIK

That's alright then.

VAN DEURSTEN

I take my secrets to the grave.

DERRIK

Whatever.

VAN DEURSTEN

I will not teach you!

DERRIK

Good.

VAN DEURSTEN

Then what brings you to my humble
shop?

DERRIK

How much will you give me for my
dad's old dummy?

VAN DEURSTEN

(suddenly interested)

Monty? You have Monty here? Come.
We have much to discuss.

Van Deursten heads into the back of the shop. Derrik throws up his hands, and follows.

CUT TO:

19

INT. THEATRE SHOP - KITCHEN - DAY

19

Small, dank, rundown. Derrik sits at the kitchen table, impatient, while Van Deursten is making coffee.

VAN DEURSTEN

The word ventriloquism means 'to speak from the stomach'. Ancient Greek gastromancers would interpret intestinal gurgling as the voices of the restless dead.

DERRIK

Fascinating. And how much will you give me for the dummy?

Van Deursten puts a steaming mug down in front of Derrik.

VAN DEURSTEN

Your father did not leave you Monty so that you could sell him. He wanted you to become a ventriloquist.

DERRIK

Well, that isn't going to happen.

Derrik sips his coffee - immediately spits it out.

Derrik looks over to the sideboard, and kettle.

ANGLE ON a jar of GRAVY POWDER.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

This is gravy.

VAN DEURSTEN

You don't like gravy?

DERRIK

I'm obviously wasting my time here.

Derrik stands to leave.

VAN DEURSTEN

Do you know of the World Ventriloquism Championship?

DERRIK

Not really.

VAN DEURSTEN

It is being held in Las Vegas,
later this month. There is a
ventriloquist, Miguel Crystal. You
must stop him from winning.

DERRIK

Why me?

VAN DEURSTEN

Because if he wins, he will be
given your father's residency at
the Amazonia Hotel and Casino.

Van Deursten grabs Derrik's arm, full of intensity.

VAN DEURSTEN (CONT'D)

That residency belongs to the heir
of Treeboys. Only you can stop
Miguel Crystal.

Beat; Derrik considers.

DERRIK

Even if I wanted to, I can't afford
to go to Vegas.

VAN DEURSTEN

You can pay me back when you win
the million dollar prize money.

Derrik's eyes widen, ears prick up.

Van Deursten SNIFFS around for Monty, picks him up, thrusts
him into Derrik's arms.

It's a moment loaded with symbolism.

VAN DEURSTEN (CONT'D)

Win the World Ventriloquism
Championship. Keep your father's
legacy alive.

Derrik takes a deep breath, and - for the first time in his
life - attempts to be a ventriloquist.

He's utterly, and completely, useless.

DERRIK

"'Ello, Derrik. 'Ello, Mr Van
Deursten. I'm Monty. Would you like
a biscuit?"

Beat.

VAN DEURSTEN

Actually, forget it.

DERRIK

What? Why?

VAN DEURSTEN

I made a mistake.

DERRIK

What about ventriloquism being my destiny and all that?

VAN DEURSTEN

That was before I knew you were so profoundly awful.

DERRIK

Oh, thanks very much.

VAN DEURSTEN

Your father could make you believe his dummy was alive. In his hands, Monty was a real little man. Unless you too can do that, you don't stand a hope of winning.

CLOSE UP on Derrick - inspiration strikes.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. DERRIK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

20

Derrick is lurking behind some bins.

Patrick approaches.

Derrick steps out, with a big, friendly grin.

DERRIK

Hello again.

Patrick recoils, startled, jumpy - pulls out a PERSONAL SECURITY ZAPPER - and ZAPS Derrick with it.

He falls to the floor in pain.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

I was just saying hello. I thought you might buy me a coffee.

PATRICK

Why would you do that?

DERRIK

To say thanks for saving you from those toughies.

PATRICK

I told you, man - I could've taken them.

DERRIK

I got kicked up the bum for you. A bit of gratitude wouldn't go amiss.

PATRICK

(deeply sarcastic)

Why thank you, my brave hero.

Patrick walks off. Derrik follows.

DERRIK

Ok, ok. We've obviously got off on the wrong foot.

Patrick turns, confronts him.

PATRICK

Keep following, and you'll get another jolt. I mean it.

DERRIK

Ok, look, stop. I've got a business proposal.

Patrick primes his zapper; it CRACKLES. But he's listening.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

I'll just say it. Basically, how would you like to help me win a ventriloquism competition by pretending to be my dummy?

Derrik smiles, sincerely. Then Patrick zaps him one more time - in the balls. Derrik cries out in pain, drops out OOV.

CUT TO:

21

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

21

Rubbing his crotch, Derrik runs in, just in time to see Patrick enter his apartment - a few doors down from his own.

He runs over, opens the LETTERBOX, calls inside.

DERRIK

Hello again. It's me. Thanks for electrocuting me in the balls.

DERRIK'S POV looking through the letterbox, into Patrick's cramped bedsit.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Sorry if I offended you, but if
 you'd just listen to what I -

Derrik's view is suddenly blocked. Moments later he's reeling away from the door as a powerful jet of WHITE POWDER is squirted into his face.

He falls backwards, coughing and spluttering.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Ack. Jesus Christ. What have you
 done? Is that talcum powder?

Derrik claws at his eyes, coughs talc out of his mouth.

The Landlord appears, confronts Derrik.

LANDLORD
 You! I gave you extra time because
 of your stupid dead dad dying, but
 enough is enough. I want my money.

DERRIK
 I don't have it.

LANDLORD
 Then you are evicted. As of now,
 you are an evicted person.

The Landlord heads to Derrik's apartment, lets himself in.

DERRIK
 Don't! No!

Derrik's belongings start being thrown into the corridor - clothes, a few knick-knacks... SMASHING and breaking.

Derrik winces harder with every smashed belonging.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Mr Sterescu, please...

The Landlord throws the board of photos into the corridor, scattering the photos.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 No! Not the wall of dreams...!

Derrik hammers on Patrick's door, desperate.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 We'll split the prize. Fifty-fifty.
 Half a million dollars, just for
 putting on a dummy costume. Please
 just think about it.

Derrik drops to the floor, broken.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
It's so much money.

And then Patrick's door opens. Patrick looks down at Derrick.

PATRICK
I've thought about it.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BOEING 747 - DAY 22

An aeroplane. High in the sky. Flying.

CUT TO:

23 INT. BOEING 747 - DAY 23

Open on a BATHROOM DOOR. The toilet flushes. The door sign changes to VACANT.

The door opens, but nobody seems to emerge. We TRACK along to a vacant seat...

Which Patrick climbs onto - next to Derrick.

DERRIK
How was it?

PATRICK
What's it to you?

DERRIK
Just being friendly.

PATRICK
I'm not looking for a friend. Our arrangement is purely business.

Patrick fidgets in his seat, trying to get comfy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Couldn't your sponsor stretch to premium seats?

DERRIK
My sponsor doesn't know about you or our plan. It was either this, or check you in as baggage.

PATRICK
(still fidgeting)
Would've been comfier...

DERRIK
You've got more legroom than
anyone.

PATRICK
Hey!

DERRIK
It's true.

PATRICK
It's bad enough having to
compromise my principles, without
you cracking wise.

DERRIK
Which principles are those?

PATRICK
My grandmother was a circus freak,
my grandfather was an Oompa Loompa,
my mom and dad were Ewoks...

DERRIK
I'm amazed you turned out looking
so good.

Derrick laughs, trailing off when he realises Patrick isn't.

PATRICK
Fact is, man, showbiz screwed them
over. All of them. I swore I'd
never follow down that road.

DERRIK
I guess we all have our price.

Derrick pops a boiled sweet in his mouth, smiles. Patrick
barely resists punching him in the face.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LAS VEGAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 24
We see THE STRIP, in the distance.
The PLANE roars overhead, comes into land.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. LAS VEGAS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TAXI RANK - DAY 25
With a shoulder bag slung over his back, Patrick pushes
through the crowds, towards the TAXI RANK.

He's followed by Derrik, struggling with Monty's Travel Case, and a large suitcase.

DERRIK

Patrick, wait. I didn't mean to annoy you.

PATRICK

Keep away from me.

DERRIK

We need to work as a team.

Patrick grabs Derrik by his shirt, pulls him down.

PATRICK

Do you really think it's a good idea if we're seen together?

Derrik looks around.

Posters for the World Ventriloquism Championships, and lots of VENTRILOQUISTS, with their DUMMIES - humans, animals, aliens, dragons etc. - either on their arm, or in a travel case, some rehearsing their schtick.

They're surrounded by them.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll meet you at the motel.

DERRIK

Where are you going?

PATRICK

It's Vegas. Where do you think I'm going?

Patrick jumps in a cab, speaks to the driver.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

To the strip club, my good man. I demand to see some boobies.

The cab PULLS AWAY.

Derrik struggles with his baggage. And then he looks up:

At a huge BILLBOARD, promoting Eddie & Monty's show at the AMAZONIA, as it's being TAKEN DOWN by workers.

CLOSE UP on Derrik, the weight of destiny pushing him down.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

26

A flea pit motel, on the farthest reaches of The Strip.
The buzzing motel sign promises XXX MOVIES, WI-FI, and ICE.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

27

The shadows thrown by the neon sign are eerie, surreal.

Derrick lays on one of two beds, fully clothed, as sound asleep as only the jet-lagged can be.

Monty's travel case sits upon a chair. And then it OPENS with a CREAK, revealing the lifeless MONTY within.

Monty TURNS HIS HEAD to look at Derrick.

ANGLE ON Derrick, as he wakes.

DERRIK'S POV: Monty is straddling his chest.

MONTY

Everybody hates you, Derrick.

Derrick screams - throws Monty off the bed, and runs to the far side of the room.

He looks around, terrified - where did Monty go? Derrick rubs his face, looks again; the room is still empty.

And then Monty appears at Derrick's shoulder.

MONTY (CONT'D)

I hate you.

Derrick runs to the door, tries to open it - but it's stuck. Monty advances on him.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Your own daddy hates you. But most of all...

Derrick clamps his hands over his ears.

MONTY (CONT'D)

...you hate yourself.

DERRIK

You're not real. How can you have opinions when you're not even real?

MONTY

If I'm not real, then I won't be able to cut you into little pieces.

Monty produces an AXE, runs at Derrik. Derrik runs into:

CUT TO:

28

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Derrik slams the door behind him, locks it.

Monty's axe SMASHES through the door, barely missing Derrik's face. THUNK! The axe begins gouging chunks out of the door. THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Derrik stumbles backwards into the bath, bringing the shower curtain and POLE down with him.

Monty has smashed a hole in the door. He peers inside.

MONTY

Ice and a slice...!

Monty reaches in, unlocks the door, kicks it open.

Derrik grabs the shower curtain pole, swings it blindly - and DECAPITATES Monty. Monty's head rolls across the floor, comes to rest facing upwards.

ANGLE ON Monty's head, as it EXPLODES in a FLASH of smoke.

When the smoke clears, reveal DERRIK'S FACE within the head. Written upon his forehead is the word "METAPHOR".

Derrik screams, and starts STAMPING on his own face. Derrik hears the sound of AUDIENCE laughter. He turns to face it.

PULL BACK: we reveal that the bathroom and motel room are a SET, on a THEATRE STAGE.

And the audience keeps on laughing.

HARD CUT TO:

29

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

29

Derrik wakes from his NIGHTMARE with a start, falls out of bed, hard.

He looks over to Monty's head and body - utterly lifeless, adapted so that Patrick can fit inside.

The door opens, and Patrick swaggers in, very drunk, singing 'VIVA LAS VEGAS'.

DERRIK

Where have you been?

PATRICK
Do not lecture me, you towering
abomination.

Derrick glances at the clock: 7.04AM.

DERRIK
The preliminary round starts in
three hours. We've not even
rehearsed my script yet.

Derrick produces a handwritten SCRIPT, waves it at Patrick.

PATRICK
We don't need a script. Scripts are
for girlymen.

Patrick fetches himself a glass of water from the bathroom.

DERRIK
That sort of attitude won't get us
to the final.

PATRICK
Relax. You'll get the sympathy vote
because of your old man.

Patrick gives Derrick a friendly slap on the cheek.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What can possibly go wrong?

Patrick topples OOV, unconscious.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - DAY

30

A breakfast TV news broadcast - JENNA SACKWELL, reporting,,
in front of this shining, glorious, Amazon-themed complex.

Banners proclaim this the venue of the 33rd WORLD
VENTRILLOQUISM CHAMPIONSHIPS - 'AUDITIONS TODAY'.

She's with three judges - MAX (Simon Cowell-esque, self-
consciously important), DAKOTA (ice maiden), and 'CRAZYMEN'
(painfully wacky).

JENNA
Today marks the opening of the
thirty third World Ventriloquism
Championship here at the Amazonia.
Over the next seven days, scores of
hopefuls will be walking through
these doors, with their eyes on
that million dollar prize.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

With me now are the judges who'll
be picking the winner - Max Futon,
Dakota McKenzie, and Calvin
'Crazyman' Cole.

Crazyman pulls a face, moos. Dakota and Max hate him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Guys, this year's competition is a
little different, isn't it?

MAX

Absolutely, Jenna. The tragic
passing of Eddie Treeboys casts a
shadow over everything.

Crazyman makes 'bunny ears' behind Dakota's head.

JENNA

Is it true that in addition to the
money, the winner will also be
awarded Eddie's former residency?

DAKOTA

(smirks)

You may have heard that rumour, but
I couldn't possibly comment.

JENNA

Well ok then -

Crazyman suddenly LICKS Jenna's microphone.

CRAZYMAN

Ice cream, ice cream. Licky licky.

Jenna's momentarily thrown, snatches the microphone away.

JENNA

(to Max and Dakota)

And what are you looking for from
today's hopefuls?

MAX

It always comes back to
originality.

DAKOTA

Vocalisation skills.

CRAZYMAN

I like-a dis ice cream!

Crazyman grabs the microphone, sinks his teeth into it, gets
a NASTY ELECTRIC SHOCK - BANG! - cries out in pain.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

31

Patrick is DRY RETCHING into the toilet.

He's wearing the Monty costume, sans head, while Derrik is in his show clothes.

DERRIK

What were you drinking?

PATRICK

Rancid Horse Milk.

Derrik reacts, disgusted. Patrick stands - he looks dreadful.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's a cocktail. Rum, vodka, champagne, red wine, Belgian beer, cranberry juice, stir with a stick of butter. Add a pinch of salt.

He wipes his mouth, then dons Monty's head. The head has been adapted, so that Monty's mouth moves when Patrick speaks - it's very effective.

Derrik stares at Monty-Patrick, his old nemesis - now brought to life.

MONTY-PATRICK

What?

DERRIK

We should go.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - DAY

32

Hopeful ventriloquists flock into the hotel.

CUT TO:

33 INT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - DAY

33

Ventriloquists mill around, or pass through en route to the auditorium.

At the Officials' table. Derrik is carrying Patrick, in the Monty costume. Derrik is stressed.

DERRIK

What do you mean all the places are taken?

OFFICIAL

Registration was a minimum of 48 hours in advance.

DERRIK

But I've come from England.

OFFICIAL

(smirks, fake English accent)

Then why don't you phone the Queen and complain, old bean? What what.

DERRIK

(irritated)

I'm sorry?

OFFICIAL

(more English)

Shall we all eat some eggy scones?

Derrick is speechless.

LORNA (o.s.)

He can have my place.

Derrick turns to see LORNA and FLUFFER - and BAM! Lorna looks great - real girl-next-door beauty, far removed from the sobbing figure we saw on TV.

LORNA (CONT'D)

It'd be my honour.

They shake hands, Derrick is instantly smitten.

LORNA (CONT'D)

I'm Lorna. Fluffer and I used to open for your dad.

DERRIK

I saw you on the TV. You looked sad and pretty.

LORNA

Thanks. Can I get my hand back? You're a little sweaty.

Derrick lets go. He wipes his sodden hand on his shirt - leaving a wet hand print.

OFFICIAL

(squeals)

Wait, Eddie Treeboys was his father? Why didn't you say so? God, I'm so sorry about all that England stuff. It's just, I've got this weird kind of casual racism thing. Leave it to me. I'll get you in.

The Official rushes off. Lorna smiles at Derrik, nudges him in the ribs.

LORNA
Well how about that? You're in.

Derrik giggles, smitten.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - DAY 34

A LIMOUSINE pulls up. People scatter in its wake.

A DRIVER - TREY (young, cool, eager) - opens the door, and MIGUEL CRYSTAL steps out, carrying a TINY POODLE, and PEDRO.

Miguel looks up, pouts smugly.

TREY
Just don't get cocky, boss.

MIGUEL
Chillax, funky chunks. With Eddie Treeboys gone, I'm going to slice through this competition like a freakin' laser beam.

CUT TO:

35 INT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - CONTINUOUS 35

Miguel enters, with Trey, drawing as much attention from everyone as he possibly can.

Lorna and Derrik look over.

LORNA
(groans)
Oh god.

DERRIK
Who is that?

LORNA
My ex boyfriend.

DONNY
Isn't that Miguel Crystal?

LORNA
Yeah.

Monty-Patrick turns his head to look at Derrik.

Miguel blows kisses at swooning pretty girls, grabs cameras, taking pictures of himself - portraits, down his pants - before handing them back.

He moonwalks, break-dances, shows off however he can.

He eventually reaches Lorna and Derrik.

MIGUEL
Hello, Lorna baby.

Miguel leans in to kiss Lorna on the cheek,
She pushes him away, with a hand in his face.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Still not forgiven me?

LORNA
What do you think, Miguel? You
cheated on me fifteen times.

MIGUEL
Yeah, but only with twelve
different girls.
(rolls his eyes to Derrik)
Holy freaking moly!

Derrik smiles, politely.

LORNA
This is Derrik Treeboys.

TIGHT ON Miguel. His eyes widen; Treeboys?!

LORNA (CONT'D)
Eddie's son.

Miguel manages to suck his rising anxiety back down, forces a smile, speaks through a gritted smile.

MIGUEL
I didn't know Eddie had a son.

DERRIK
Well, here I am. Hello.

LORNA
Derrik's entering the competition.

Miguel shrugs, finding it hard to pretend he doesn't care.

MIGUEL
May the best man win.

Miguel gives Derrik a final once-over, glances at Lorna, then swans off, Trey trailing.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Did you know Eddie had a son?

TREY
Boss, until last month I didn't
even know I had a son.

Back on Lorna and Derrick.

LORNA
Ok then. Guess I'll see you in
there, Derrik Treeboys.

Lorna smiles, and heads off with a spring in her step. She
glances back at him one last time.

Derrik gives a small wave, sighs, wistful.

But then Monty-Patrick makes a worrying BELCH. Derrik glances
at him, concerned.

CUT TO:

36 INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - DAY 36

A small-ish auditorium, in the bowels of the hotel, the stage
set aside for the preliminary round.

This daytime audience is only half full.

A VENTRILOQUIST is performing, on stage, with his dummy - a
LARGE COCKEREL, with a BRONX accent.

COCKEREL
I know it's wrong, but I just love
omelettes. (CALLS OFF) Woman! Hurry
up and lay me some lunch!

CUT TO:

37 INT. MENS RESTROOM - CUBICLE - DAY 37

The distant sound of audience laughter.

Patrick - wearing Monty's body - has his head over a toilet
bowl, breathing heavily.

Derrik stands over him, concerned, holding Monty's head.

DERRIK
I need you focused, Patrick.

PATRICK
I am focused. I am focused on
trying not to die.

We hear the restroom door open. Somebody enters, whistling.

DERRIK
(whispers)
Puke under your breath.

Derrick looks beneath the gap at the bottom of the cubicle door, sees a pair of CUBAN HEELS pass by.

Derrick peers out of the cubicle.

CUT TO:

38

INT. MENS RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

38

DERRIK'S POV: MIGUEL has entered the Restroom, carrying his Poodle. He places the dog down on the floor.

Miguel struts to the sink, checks himself in the mirror.

MIGUEL
(sings)
You are so beautiful, to me...

He spots DERRIK, trying to sneak out, with Monty-Patrick.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Hey! Brownfinger! Not washing up?

Derrick, caught out, heads over to wash his hands.

DERRIK
I was just going to.

He puts Monty-Patrick on the ground - where the Poodle begins to sniff around him.

MIGUEL
You know how many germs there are
on a toilet handle, my friend?

DERRIK
Lots?

ANGLE ON The POODLE, clambering over Monty-Patrick, whining, unbeknownst to Miguel and Derrick. Patrick tries to shoo the dog away, without being noticed.

MIGUEL
Lots. Germs like Vegas. Why do you
think that is?

DERRIK
Because it's dirty?

MIGUEL
 Because it's hot. Hot like a chili
 up the cabrón. Bron! Bron!

Miguel forcefully demonstrates, jabbing his fingers between
 Derrik's buttocks. Derrik is taken aback, slightly violated.

Miguel gives Derrik a friendly slap on the arm, and begins to
 wash his fingers.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 So. Here to carry on the family
 business, right?

DERRIK
 Maybe.

Monty-Patrick is FIGHTING with the dog - pushing it away,
 only for it to rush back over.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 And then what? You hit the cruise
 ships? Your own TV special?

ANGLE ON Monty-Patrick and the Poodle. The Dog is now having
 sex with Monty-Patrick's face.

Derrik turns to dry his hands, spots the Poodle, grinding
 away in Monty-Patrick's face.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Um... oh. Ah...

MIGUEL
 Don't worry about her. Cocoa's a
 transsexual.

DERRIK
 Your dog is a transsexual?

MIGUEL
 She was a bitch trapped in a dog's
 body. She had the operation just
 last month. Cut and tuck, baby.

DERRIK
 If she's really a girl dog, should
 she be doing things like that?

Beat; Miguel processes this. Then:

MIGUEL
 Cocoa! Come away! You'll burst your
 stitches again!

Miguel scoops Cocoa into his arms.

Derrik glances at Monty-Patrick, who sags, relieved.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Ok, English. Here's an offer. How would you like to come work for me? Six thou a month for doing whatever you want. Consider it my thank you for agreeing to drop out of the competition.

DERRIK

I'm not dropping out of the competition.

MIGUEL

It's not like you're going to win.

DERRIK

I might win.

MIGUEL

You won't win. See this profile? It was custom built for fame. No offence, but your face looks like it was pieced together in a dark cave, by a tiny monkey man with a broken brain.

DERRIK

It's a kind offer, but no.

MIGUEL

Your loss, guy. Just hope you don't embarrass yourself and die on stage like your dad did. Like he literally did. Ha ha.

Miguel leaves, clearly angered - kicking the door open in front of him. Derrik breathes a sigh of relief.

Patrick removes Monty's head, shudders, revolted.

DERRIK

How are you feeling?

PATRICK

I just got face-fucked by a post-op transsexual poodle. How do you think I'm feeling?

CUT TO:

39

INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - DAY

39

Mexican music plays. Miguel and Pedro DANCE ONTO THE STAGE - a furious FLAMENCO.

PEDRO

Olé! The two amigos!

Miguel throws off a sombrero, pulls out a pair of castanets, and plays them, expertly.

There's applause from the audience - as well as the THREE JUDGES, sat in front of the stage, behind a desk.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Senor Miguel - I need your help!

MIGUEL

What's eating you, Pedro?

PEDRO

It's these mosquitoes, senor. They are always biting my culo. Ay yiii!

The audience laughs.

CUT TO:

40

INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

40

The JUDGES sit behind their desk, as a breathless Miguel and Pedro listen to their verdict.

MAX

Sloppy, unprofessional, and boring...

Beat.

MAX (CONT'D)

...Is the exact opposite of your routine. It was sensational, Miguel. Everything we'd expect from a seasoned pro like you.

He holds up an '8.5' card. Applause from the audience.

DAKOTA

I couldn't have said it better myself. It almost made me want to eat Mexican food.

Dakota holds up a '9'. More applause.

CRAZYMEN

I have but one thing to say.

Beat.

CRAZYMEN (CONT'D)

Ay yi yiiii!

He holds up an '8.5'. Laughter, applause.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - SIMULTANEOUS 41

A nervous Derrik and Monty-Patrick are waiting in the wings, watching Miguel take a bow.

MONTY-PATRICK
Derrik.

DERRIK
What?

MONTY-PATRICK
I don't feel so good.

DERRIK
You feel fine.

Derrik looks across to Lorna, practising with Fluffer. Lorna notices him, gives a little wave, mouths 'Good luck'.

He waves back, smitten.

MONTY-PATRICK
She's out of your league, man.

DERRIK
Shut-up.

CUT TO:

42 INT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 42

The stage is empty, save for a single spotlight.

A drum roll builds.

ANNOUNCER
(over the PA)
Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome to the Amazonia stage, a
surprise late addition to our
roster of hopefuls - Mr Derrik
Treeboys and Monty.

There's polite applause and curious whispers from the audience - let's see what the son of Eddie Treeboys can do.

ANGLE ON Lorna, entering from the back of the hall, applauding enthusiastically, whooping.

CUT TO the stage.

Derrik, carrying Monty-Patrick, runs on, to MUSIC, trying to hide his nerves.

He stumbles on a microphone cable, takes a deep breath, and launches into his ineptly-scripted routine.

DERRIK
Well, hello, everybody!

CUT TO Lorna, at the back of the hall.

LORNA
(shouts)
Hello!

There's a muted "Hello" from a few people in the audience.

DERRIK
I'm Derrik, and this is Monty. Say
hello, Monty.

MONTY-PATRICK
Hello Monty.

There's some applause, and cries of support for Monty.

DERRIK
Some of you probably remember my
dad. Well, you can forget all about
him now, because this apple fell a
long way from the tree. And what
happened to that tree? It got cut
down - by the Grim Lumberjack!

A drum roll and cymbal sting plays over the PA.

BA-DUM-TISH!

Derrik expects a laugh which doesn't come.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Trees. They're -

An unexpected BA-DUM-TISH! interrupts Derrik, throws him off.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
...Trees. They're basically
nature's step-ladders, right? Well,
forget step-ladders. Sometimes I
wish I'd had a step-father...!

BA-DUM-TISH!

Beat. No laughter.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Instead of my real father.

BA-DUM-TISH!

Inside the costume, Patrick makes an unpleasant sound.

Derrik is momentarily distracted.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Talking of trees, what did the tree
 say when it met the Queen? Nothing -
 it just took a bough!

BA-DUM-TISH!

ANGLE ON the confused faces of the audience.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 B-O-U-G-H. Like a branch. It sounds
 like bow. B-O -

WOMAN IN AUDIENCE (o.s.)
 B.O. is right. This act stinks.

MAN IN AUDIENCE (o.s.)
 Make the dummy talk!

DERRIK
 (tries to ignore them)
 Monty, why don't you tell the
 people why you and I were always
 getting into fights.

Monty-Patrick slumps, breathing heavily. There's a groan from
 within the suit.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Montague?

BA-DUM-TISH! The unexpected ba-dum-tish throws Derrik. He
 calls off to whoever's responsible.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Not then... Monty!

Derrik gives Monty-Patrick a shove.

MONTY-PATRICK
 What do you want?

DERRIK
 (starting to panic)
 Wasn't there something you were
 going to say?

MONTY-PATRICK
 Restroom. Now.

DERRIK
 Not until you apologise for all
 those hurtful things you said when
 I was a kid.

Derrik is starting to forget Patrick is inside Monty.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Remember all those times you said I
 was ugly and stupid? All that upset
 you caused me. All that -

Inside the suit, Patrick RETCHES loudly, shudders.

Derrick recoils, surprised, eyes wide.

ANGLE ON the audience; what's going on?!

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Oh Jesus.

Then Monty-Patrick retches and hurls again, vomit SPRAYING
 out of Monty's mouth, in staccato spurts.

The audience gasps; general noises/reactions of revulsion.

Followed by another gush of vomit.

Panicked, Derrick tries to stem the tide with his hand, but it
 spurts through his fingers.

ANGLE ON the audience. Appalled, shocked, nauseated.

As Patrick's vomiting finally subsides, Derrick tries to make
 the best of it, and strikes a pose. Vomit drips from Monty's
 mouth, and Derrick's sleeve.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Ta-da!

BA-DUM-TISH!

CUT TO Lorna, shocked, disappointed.

Miguel sidles up next to her, grinning.

MIGUEL
 What does he do for an encore -
 shit on his father's corpse? Oh
 wait. I think he just did.

He applauds - the only person who does. Lorna is crestfallen.

CUT TO the shell-shocked judges.

Max holds up a '0'.

Dakota holds up a '0.5'.

Crazyman, grinning, holds up a '10'.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - NIGHT

43

Jenna is doing a piece to camera.

JENNA

...Although Treeboys scraped through the preliminary round, on the basis of his bizarre performance, nobody is betting he'll make it any further.

CUT TO shaky AMATEUR VIDEO FOOTAGE of Derrik and Monty-Patrick's performance, taken by an audience member.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I spoke with some of those who witnessed this afternoon's spectacle.

CUT TO a series of VOXPOP INTERVIEWS.

VOXPOP 1

He should be ashamed of himself. I was so angry I went home and threw my cat under a bus.

VOXPOP 2

If I was his father I'd be rolling in my grave. Rolling, and setting myself on fire.

VOXPOP 3

Eddie Treeboys spent his whole life building a legacy, and that punk destroys it within five minutes. No wonder Eddie disowned him.

MATCH CUT TO:

44 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

44

The news report plays on the TV. Derrik switches it off. He's depressed, sulking.

Patrick, still hungover, is cleaning the sick off of Monty.

DERRIK

How can one midget produce that much vomit? It's a disaster.

PATRICK

We got through, didn't we?

DERRIK

Barely.

PATRICK
 Your hopeless script didn't help.
 This town loved your old man. You
 can't go bad mouthing him on stage.

DERRIK
 He spent years bad-mouthing me.

PATRICK
 Isn't it about time you let that
 go? You're a grown man.

DERRIK
 At least one of us is.

Patrick sighs.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Wait. I didn't mean that. I'm
 sorry.

Patrick picks up his jacket, heads for the door.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

PATRICK
 Away from you.

DERRIK
 Well, can I come?

Patrick slams the door behind him.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. RUN-DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT 45

Patrick heads off down the street. Derrik emerges from the
 hotel room, looks across at Patrick

- and heads in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

46 INT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT 46

A busy casino floor. Derrik is forlornly putting coins into a
 slot machine.

Lorna enters. She spots Derrik, turns to leave. But too late -
 he's seen her.

DERRIK
 Lorna!

LORNA

Oh. Hey.

DERRIK

I was hoping I'd see you. I wanted to explain about earlier.

LORNA

Your dad never resorted to that kind of shock humour, Derrik. Vomiting is the lowest form of wit.

DERRIK

I know. Let me explain.

LORNA

I'm listening...

Derrik struggles to think of an explanation for a painfully long time.

DERRIK

It was a puppet malfunction. It wasn't meant to come out his mouth.

LORNA

Where was it meant to come out of?

DERRIK

Nowhere. It was just some... soup.

LORNA

Some soup?

DERRIK

My lunch. I was using Monty to keep it warm, and I accidentally burst the bag, or something...

LORNA

Since when did soup come in a bag?

DERRIK

I put it in the bag.

LORNA

Why?

DERRIK

So it would fit better inside Monty.

LORNA

Couldn't you use a thermos?

DERRIK

No.

LORNA
Why?

DERRIK
(flounders)
I'm allergic.

LORNA
To what?

DERRIK
...Soup?

LORNA
Then why were you having soup for
lunch?

Beat. Derrik tries to unravel his thoughts. Eventually:

DERRIK
How about I explain over dinner?

LORNA
(turning to leave)
You've explained just fine.

DERRIK
Then just let me take you to
dinner.

LORNA
Derrik, I'm not looking for a hook-
up, and after Miguel I swore I'd
never date another ventriloquist.

DERRIK
You think I'm asking you on a date?
No! God no. I need your advice,
Lorna. I don't know what the hell
I'm doing here.

She considers it, then softens.

LORNA
Ok. I guess I owe that to Eddie at
least. But we're skipping the soup.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BUFFET RESTAURANT - NIGHT

47

Lorna sits at a table, eating, as Derrik comes to join her -
his plate PILED HIGH with salad.

LORNA
You fixin' to take some back to
your rabbits?

DERRIK

This is like no salad I've ever encountered. In England, a salad is basically half a rancid lettuce leaf that somebody has coughed on.

LORNA

Is there a Mrs Derrik back home?

DERRIK

No. I've, uh, been too busy with my acting career. So, how long did you go out with Miguel for?

LORNA

13 months.

DERRIK

Unlucky for some.

LORNA

Damn right. There wasn't a day when that jerk didn't lie about something. He lied about who he was out with, his age, where he was born...

DERRIK

Where he was born?

LORNA

(perfect Miguel
impression)

"In a tiny fishing village called San Sexidor". I looked it up. There's no such place as San Sexidor.

DERRIK

Wow.

LORNA

I mean, For the first four months he even lied about his height. I ended up measuring him in his sleep. He was six inches shorter than he'd said.

DERRIK

Serious?

LORNA

Do you know the one thing that's worse than dating a ventriloquist?

DERRIK

Dating a rapist?

LORNA

Dating a dishonest ventriloquist.

Derrick smiles, wanly - tucks into his salad.

CUT TO:

48 INT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

48

Patrick sits at a table, looking out over the Vegas lights.

He glances over at the patrons of the bar: couples, groups - it's full of beautiful people having a great time.

He knocks back his drink, isolated, lonely.

A JERK comes over.

JERK

Excuse me.

PATRICK

Yeah?

JERK

Could ask a favour?

PATRICK

Go on.

JERK

I wondered if you could put in a good word with Santa for me.

The Jerk looks over at his LAUGHING FRIENDS. Patrick simply gets up, and leaves.

JERK (CONT'D)

Where are you going? C'mon. It was a funny joke.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BUFFET RESTAURANT - NIGHT

49

Derrick and Lorna finish a bottle of wine, and their dessert, warming to each other's company.

DERRIK

No way can you throw your voice.
Nobody can really do that.

LORNA

See those three?

Derrick looks over.

ANGLE ON two YOUNG NEWLYWEDS, sat next to a DINER, who is intently devouring his meal, while reading a MAGAZINE.

Lorna covers her mouth, clears her throat.

She THROWS HER VOICE, adopts a deep, male voice, so that it appears to be emanating from the diner.

LORNA-DINER
I can hear you eating, you disgusting man.

The Newlyweds look up.

YOUNG HUSBAND
I'm sorry?

LORNA-DINER
You have the manners of a pig.

Derrick tries not to laugh.

LORNA-DINER (CONT'D)
Oink oink! Why don't you go back to rooting for truffles, Porky.

YOUNG HUSBAND
Hey! At least look me in the eye, while you're insulting me.

The DINER looks up, confused, points to himself: 'Who Me?'

ANGLE ON Lorna and Derrick.

Derrick gives her a round of applause.

DERRIK
That is fairly incredible.

LORNA
Now you try it.

Derrick clears his throat, and cups his hand over his mouth - then sharply recoils in pain.

DERRIK
Ow!

LORNA
What?

DERRIK
I bit my tongue.

Derrick is BLEEDING PROFUSELY from his mouth.

LORNA
Oh my god. Here.

Lorna wraps his bleeding tongue in a napkin.

Across the restaurant, the Husband and Diner are involved in a scuffle.

CUT TO:

50 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 50

A larger hall; more lights, music, glitz.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to
the second round of the 33rd World
Ventriloquism Championship!

The crowd goes wild.

ANGLE ON The JUDGES, sat behind their desk.

MAX
(to Dakota)
They're putting Treeboys junior on
first. Gets it out of the way.

Crazyman leans over to Max and Dakota - with a large, CLEARLY
FAKE flower on his lapel.

CRAZYMAN
Do you want to smell my bloom?

DAKOTA
I dunno, Calvin. Do you want to get
punched in the throat?

Crazyman sits back, admonished.

CUT TO:

51 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 51

Derrick and Monty-Patrick wait to be called. The atmosphere
between them is frosty.

DERRIK
Did you read the new script?

MONTY-PATRICK
For what it's worth.

DERRIK
You know, Patrick, it's little
wonder you don't have any friends.

MONTY-PATRICK

If I was going to have a friend, it certainly wouldn't be you. If I met some guy who held me down and repeatedly pressed his testicles into my face, every day for five years, I would still take him as a friend over you.

Derrick and Monty-Patrick turn their heads to see a shocked STAGE HAND who has overheard their exchange.

Derrick smiles, wanly. The Stage Hand scurries off.

CUT TO:

52

INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

52

The stage lights go crazy.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

Please welcome the first of tonight's second round hopefuls - Derrick Treeboys and Montyyyyy!

The audience BOOS, as Derrick runs onto the stage, with Monty-Patrick.

DERRIK

Scream for me, Las Vegaaas!

MAN IN AUDIENCE (o.s.)

Go back to England, jackass.

DERRIK

Thank you. So, here we are again in the City of Angels. Monty and I have been hitting the tables hard. Isn't that right, Monty?

MONTY-PATRICK

Last night we were in a casino, and we saw a pair of Siamese twins on their way out.

DERRIK

Monty asked them if they'd won. And they said - Yes and no!

Beat. Nobody laughs.

WOMAN IN AUDIENCE (o.s.)

Was that even a joke?

MAN IN AUDIENCE (o.s.)

Did that really happen?

ANGLE ON The Judges, not amused, shaking their heads wearily. Not even Crazyman is impressed.

CUT BACK to the stage.

DERRIK

Monty, who's the most useful member of the USS Enterprise crew to have around when you're eating?

MONTY-PATRICK

(flatly)

Oh, please do tell me.

DERRIK

Mr Spork! As in -

MONTY-PATRICK

(interrupts)

Woah, woah, woah. Listen, man. We can't go on like this.

DERRIK

What are you talking about?

Monty-Patrick has gone off-script, scaring Derrik.

MONTY-PATRICK

You can't deliver a gag. I've met people with a brain haemorrhage who were funnier than you.

There's a tentative ripple of laughter from the audience.

DERRIK

Monty, what's going on?

MONTY-PATRICK

Face it - our act is a disgrace. I know it, the audience knows it. And deep down inside, you know it. You are a sad and desperate man.

The audience laughs. Derrik is starting to panic.

DERRIK

(SOTTO)

What are you doing?

MONTY-PATRICK

I'm giving the people what they want. And what they want is seeing you get screwed over by a puppet.

The audience laughs, hysterically.

ANGLE ON Lorna, in the audience, loving the show, relieved for Derrik. But Derrik is unravelling.

DERRIK
Don't do this. Not again. Please.

MONTY-PATRICK
(mocking)
Don't do this. Please. I'm a whiny
limey. Whaaaa! I still wet the bed.

DERRIK
That isn't true.
(to the audience)
It isn't true! I've not done that
in years.

More laughter. Derrik is hyperventilating, THUMP THUMP THUMP!

MONTY-PATRICK
Word of advice, ladies and
gentlemen - when sharing a bunk bed
with this man, make sure he takes
the bottom bunk. Either that, or
sleep with an umbrella.

The audience explodes with laughter, applauds, loving it.

ANGLE ON Lorna, grinning.

CUT TO Derrik in a terrible state, helpless, as the audience
laughs at him.

ANGLE ON Miguel, at the back of the hall, darkly, frowning.

CUT TO:

53

INT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - CORRIDOR - DAY

53

Miguel BURSTS through a door, full of rage. He's trailed by
Trey.

MIGUEL
This competition belonged to me.
Find out where that English titty-
bitch came from.

TREY
England, I guess.

MIGUEL
Then find me something we can use
against him.

TREY
Yes, boss.

Trey nods, and rushes out.

MIGUEL

I will crush you, Derrick Treeboys.
I will crush you as easily as I
crush this ordinary light bulb.

Miguel reaches into a LAMP, and clamps his hand around the
LIGHT BULB - he immediately recoils; that's hot.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - LOADING DOCK - DAY

54

A quiet loading area, somewhere underneath the hotel.

Derrick is crouched down, hyperventilating, hands clasped over
his head, emitting strange groans; he's broken. Patrick is
wearing the Monty costume, sans head, concerned.

PATRICK

Talk to me, man. Preferably using
something other than vowels.

Derrick sniffs, weeping.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Derrick, c'mon...

Patrick touches him on the shoulder - Derrick flinches, turns
away from him.

DERRIK

You don't know what it was like.
Growing up I had to endure that
kind of abuse night after night.

PATRICK

But they loved us. You heard them
chanting our names.

DERRIK

They were chanting for Monty.
Monty! Monty! They only ever love
Monty.

PATRICK

C'mon, guy. We're through to the
next round. We could actually win
this thing now, and this is how we
do it. It's the only way.

Derrick looks up at Patrick, softening - just as Lorna steps
out of a doorway - with Fluffer.

LORNA

Derrick?

Patrick quickly puts Monty's head back on, goes prone.

Lorna spots Derrik, still crouched down, and upset.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Hey, you ok?

DERRIK
Yeah. I was just decompressing with
a cheeky cigarette.

LORNA
Can I steal one?

DERRIK
Oh. I smoked them all. You know
what cigarettes are like. Once you
have one, you've got to smoke the
whole packet.

LORNA
Yeah. Anyway, I just wanted to say
you were amazing out there. So
funny and brave. Your dad would've
been so proud.

DERRIK
Doesn't sound likely.

LORNA
Well, I'm proud of you.

Lorna smiles, goes to leave

- then turns back and kisses Derrik on the cheek.

She gives him one final glance, before heading back inside
the hotel.

MONTY-PATRICK
Are you and her -

DERRIK
(interrupts)
She doesn't date ventriloquists.

MONTY-PATRICK
Good. Because we're in with a
chance now, man. We don't need any
distractions. It's time we got
serious.

CUT TO:

55

MONTAGE

55

Set to Music - a BIG BAND version of EYE OF THE TIGER - we
see:

- Derrik and Monty rehearsing in their Motel room.
- Derrik and Monty watching DVDs of other famous ventriloquists, taking notes as they do so.
- Derrik and Monty designing new stage clothes.
- Derrik and Monty collaborating on a new script, laughing at it.
- a mound of VENTRILOQUISM LIVE DVD CASES piling up.
- Derrik shopping for CLOTHES, as TREY SPIES ON HIM, lurking behind a rack of clothes.
- Back in the motel room, Derrik and Monty-Patrick admire themselves in a mirror; they look hot in their new clothes, professional, slick.
- Outside the Motel, Trey watches from across the street, with a pair of binoculars, as Derrik and Monty-Patrick emerge.
- Derrik and Monty-Patrick stand outside the Amazonia, full of purpose.
- The Main Auditorium, for the quarter finals.

JENNA

You join me for the quarter
finals...

- Lorna and Fluffer go down a storm with the judges and the audience, receiving high marks: 8.4, 8.8, 8.6.
- Miguel goes down an even bigger a storm: 9.2, 9.3, 9.8.
- The COCKEREL VENTRILOQUIST performs badly. His marks: 4.4, 6.6, 3.3. He slopes off stage, head bowed.
- Lorna looks over at Derrik, nods.
- Several other Ventriloquists - a COWBOY, an ASTRONAUT, a PIRATE - receive similarly poor marks, slope off the stage.
- Finally, Derrik and Monty-Patrick take to the stage, getting laughs as Monty-Patrick insults Derrik.

MONTY-PATRICK

You disgust me.

DERRIK

I disgust myself.

- The Audience, and the Judges, laugh at their act.
- And Derrik is relaxing into it, starting to enjoy the laughter, rolling with it, playing to the crowd.

- Miguel watches Derrik and Monty-Patrick's routine, seething.
- Lorna looking on, over the moon. She smiles at Derrik, and he smiles back.
- The judges award them: 9.1, 9.0, 8.9.
- Derrik and Monty-Patrick receive a STANDING OVATION; Derrik is actually loving the adulation.

JENNA (v.o.)

And with that, Derrik Treeboys, son of the legendary Eddie Treeboys, is through to the semi-final of this year's World Ventriloquism Championship! There are just two rounds standing between him, and that million dollar prize...!

- Derrik punches the air, Lorna applauds
- Derrik lifts Monty-Patrick's arm into the air, triumphant
- and a furious Miguel storms out of the Auditorium.

FADE TO:

56 EXT. VEGAS VENTRILOQUISM MUSEUM - DAY 56

A relatively nondescript, off-Strip attraction, dedicated to the history of ventriloquism.

CUT TO:

57 INT. VEGAS VENTRILOQUISM MUSEUM - DAY 57

Derrik and Lorna walk past displays showing the history of Ventriloquism - with a focus on its history in Vegas

- large, blow-up, black and white archive photos show ventriloquists (with their dummies) back in the 50s and 60s, watching atomic tests, gambling with the Rat Pack, standing in front of the Sands Hotel...

Derrik and Lorna are too busy talking to pay much attention.

LORNA

There was one street into town, and in summer the place got overrun with mosquitos. They'd get in your hair, your ears, you'd be picking them out of your gravy and biscuits. Becoming a vent was my way out.

DERRIK

For me it was acting. For just a moment I could become someone else. Someone with a different life.

Lorna looks at Derrik, smiles sadly.

They stop at a display dedicated to EDDIE AND MONTY; old photos, merchandising etc.. Derrik sighs.

LORNA

There he is.

DERRIK

I don't even know how he died.

LORNA

Peanut allergy.

DERRIK

Seriously?

LORNA

Every night, before he went on stage, Eddie would have a bowl of muesli. On that last night, a single peanut somehow got mixed in. He stepped out on stage, and within two minutes his head had swollen to the size of a hippity hop.

Lorna touches a photo of Eddie, tenderly.

LORNA (CONT'D)

The paramedics did all they could, but his face was just too darn fat.

She has tears in her eyes.

Derrik doesn't know how to comfort her. He settles for patting her on the shoulder.

Lorna suddenly smiles, brightens.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Want to catch a movie? We can make out in the back row!

Derrik looks shocked.

LORNA (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, obviously. C'mon.

Lorna grabs Derrik's hand, drags him off.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. VEGAS VENTRILOQUISM MUSEUM - DAY

58

Miguel's limo pulls up. Trey climbs out. A window winds down, and Miguel leans out to speak, Cocoa licking his mouth.

TREY

This is the place, boss.

MIGUEL

Get in there and scare him so bad he'll have no choice but to drop out. Make that bastardo fear for his freakin' life.

TREY

Leave it to me. I've got something that'll give Derrik Treeboys nightmares for the rest of his days.

Trey holds up a BAG. He and Miguel cackle, sinisterly.

CUT TO:

59 INT. VEGAS VENTRILOQUISM MUSEUM - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

59

A small, darkened viewing room, with uncomfortable seats; there's an electric atmosphere between Derrik and Lorna.

Derrik and Lorna watch a Ken Burns-style documentary - lots of archive stills etc.

ANGLE ON the screen, and a still of 1940s Las Vegas.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Las Vegas, 1941. Ten years after the legalisation of gambling, one year before America entered the war.

CUT TO stills of 1940s casinos.

NARRATOR

A new casino was opening every day, and Vegas was fast becoming the hottest destination in the desert.

ANGLE ON the viewing room door, opening; a shadowy FIGURE enters.

CUT TO the FIGURE'S POV of Derrik and Lorna.

CUT TO the screen, and footage of a COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR

Money was pouring into Vegas like a flash flood - or, if you will, cash flood.

CAPTION: 'PROFESSOR WILLIAM TRANNY III, FLAGSTAFF COUNTY COLLEGE'.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

And with that money came the vice.
The mafia.

ANGLE ON The shadowy figure approaching Derrik and Lorna.

CUT TO the screen: a still of some gangsters.

PROFESSOR (v.o.) (CONT'D)

And the mafia brought drugs, guns,
and prostitution.

CUT TO a still of a BROTHEL being CLOSED DOWN by the police.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Prostitution was illegal in Vegas,
then as it is now. And so, the
brothel owners used a loophole to
get around the law.

CUT TO a still of a ranch.

LEROY (v.o.)

My momma she worked at the first
Vegas Ventriloquism Whorehouse.

CUT TO to a still of a young black woman.

PULL BACK to reveal she has a DUMMY on her arm, dressed like a BORDELLO GIRL.

LEROY

People would charge five dollars a
time to have sexual relations with
her puppet.

CUT TO the figure, creeping up on Derrik and Lorna; they look into one another's eyes.

CUT TO the screen, and footage LEROY. He's in his 60s, overweight, black.

He holds up his mother's tattered puppet.

LEROY (CONT'D)

This here is Missy, momma's
original puppet lady.

(MORE)

LEROY (CONT'D)
 Momma would put Missy on her arm
 while the gentlemen guests - she
 always called them guests - would
 do what they was there to do, and
 she would make the appropriate
 noises.

Leroy puts his arm in the puppet, demonstrates.

LEROY (CONT'D)
 (woman's voice)
 Ooh! Ooooh! That's good! You're a
 bad boy! Do me like you mean it!

Beat.

LEROY (CONT'D)
 Me and Missy look after each other
 now.

CUT TO Derrik and Lorna.

Derrik turns to Lorna. She turns to him. They lock eyes, move
 a fraction closer.

And then Trey LEAPS in front of the screen, wearing a CHEAP,
 HOME MADE GORILLA MASK, startling them.

He screeches, windmills his arms, manically.

TREY
 Raaagh! Raaaaagh! Raaaaaaaaggh!

Derrik and Lorna recoil slightly, but are more confused than
 scared.

And then Trey runs out of the room. Derrik and Lorna shrug at
 one another.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. VEGAS VENTRILOQUISM MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

60

Trey runs out, removing the mask, pleased with himself.

He runs over to Miguel, at the limo.

TREY
 I did it, boss. He literally
 crapped himself sore.

MIGUEL
 So what did he say?

TREY
 He was too scared to talk.

MIGUEL

But he agreed to pull out of the competition, right?

TREY

I dunno. Maybe.

MIGUEL

Maybe? What exactly did you say to him?

TREY

What did I say?

MIGUEL

Yeah, what did you say to scare him out of the competition?

Beat.

TREY

Raaagh.

Trey holds up the gorilla mask.

MIGUEL

You're a freaking idiot.

CUT TO:

61 INT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - LORNA'S SUITE - NIGHT 61

Lorna lets Derrick into this modest suite. She's done her best to make it feel like home.

LORNA

Here we are. Home for the last two years.

DERRIK

It's bigger than my old place.

LORNA

Drink?

DERRIK

Whatever you've got.

LORNA

Ever tried a Rancid Horse Milk?

DERRIK

A Diet Coke'll be fine.

As Lorna takes two Diet Cokes from her fridge.

Derrick's noticed a photo of Lorna and Eddie.

LORNA
You must miss him.

DERRIK
I barely knew him. We hadn't spoken
in so long.

LORNA
I barely knew my parents. They died
in a tractor accident when I was
very young.

DERRIK
What happened?

LORNA
My dad got wasted on a jug of
moonshine. Drove them straight into
a swamp.

DERRIK
Jesus. Still, they do say drowning
is a fairly nice way to go. It's
just like falling asleep, with your
lungs full of water.

LORNA
They didn't drown. They were torn
apart by alligators.

DERRIK
Oh.

Derrick takes a swig of Diet Coke - some dribbles down his
chin.

LORNA
Look at you. You're like a baby.

Lorna takes a tissue, wipes Derrick's chin - they lock eyes,
move closer, about to kiss...

And then Lorna breaks away.

LORNA (CONT'D)
No. I just can't go there again
with another ventriloquist. I'm
sorry.

DERRIK
It's ok. I understand.

Derrick stands, goes to the window, and looks out.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Look, what if I told you I'm not
really a ventriloquist?

LORNA

But you are.

DERRIK

But what if I said I wasn't?

LORNA

But you are. And the only thing that would make it worse is if you were a liar and a cheat too.

DERRIK

Yeah. I should probably go.

LORNA

Stay. We can watch TV, maybe. We can always just be friends.

DERRIK

No. I should go. This isn't going to... it's not... Look, it's probably best if we keep away from each other from now on.

LORNA

That's an overreaction.

DERRIK

No. This would be an overreaction.

Derrick starts shouting wordlessly, jumping up and down, flailing his arms about.

Then he stops.

LORNA

Yeah, that was an overreaction.

DERRIK

Bye. Sorry. Yeah. Bye.

Derrick leaves. Lorna curses.

CUT TO:

62

INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

62

The semi-final.

Derrick and Monty are on stage, seemingly going down well.

But there's something wrong with Derrick - he's unshaven, his timing is off, he's distracted.

MONTY-PATRICK

Hey - who's this an impression of?
(ENGLISH ACCENT)
(MORE)

MONTY-PATRICK (CONT'D)

"I say, please stop being so frightfully nasty, I'm a sensitive soul". That's right - it's you, you whiny English wetnurse.

The audience laughs.

DERRIK

Come on, Monty. Don't be like that. I have feelings you know.

MONTY-PATRICK

Sure you do. In the same way that molluscs and single-celled organisms have feelings.

The audience laughs even harder.

DERRIK

You're being completely -

Derrick spots Lorna at the rear of the audience, and trails off. She averts her eyes, leaves.

Derrick is thrown. An awkward moment.

MONTY-PATRICK

Um, Derrick? Completely what?

Beat.

MONTY-PATRICK (CONT'D)

Derrick...!

ANGLE ON the judges; what's going on?

MONTY-PATRICK (CONT'D)

We're doing a show here, man.

DERRIK

I know. I mean - er, I know! I know - sorry. Please stop insulting me. I can't take much more.

The audience laughs, relieved that he pulled it back.

CUT TO:

Derrick enters, followed by Monty-Patrick - who removes the Monty head.

PATRICK

What is going on with you, man?
These last few days you've been
barely focused. It's a miracle we
made it through to the final.

DERRIK

Sorry.

PATRICK

Sorry doesn't cut it. It's the big
one this weekend. We can't sleep-
walk through that.

Derrick lays on the bed. He puts a QUARTER in a slot, and the
bed begins to VIBRATE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's that girl. She got inside your
head. Just like I knew she would.

Derrick's voice warbles from the vibration.

DERRIK

There's nothing happening between
Lorna and I. Not now, not ever. Ok?
I'm just sick of coming back to
this same room night after night.

PATRICK

We need to get out. Blow off some
steam. We deserve it.

DERRIK

We can't be seen together.

MONTY-PATRICK

I know a place a few miles outside
of town. They're very discreet.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. COZY COYOTE RANCH - NIGHT 64

A BROTHEL, just over the border in Nevada.

CUT TO:

65 INT. COZY COYOTE RANCH - LOUNGE - NIGHT 65

Derrick and Patrick are eating dinner, over beers.

Derrick is clearly very uncomfortable, whereas Patrick
couldn't be more at home.

Derrick chews his food, with a pained face, Patrick looks at him, aghast.

PATRICK
Will you relax?

DERRIK
Why do they have to stare at us?

PATRICK
Are they staring? Hadn't noticed.

ANGLE ON the LADIES - a dozen or so, scantily clad, sat around the lounge, and at the bar, watching Patrick and Derrick eat - at a table in the middle of the room.

DERRIK
This must be what it's always like for you. Everyone looking.

PATRICK
Just eat your steak.

DERRIK
I've never been in a place like this before. What if we catch something off the food?

PATRICK
Like what?

DERRIK
A sex virus.

PATRICK
You think our steak is infected with a sex virus?

DERRIK
It might be.

PATRICK
Explain how that could possibly be.

DERRIK
Maybe they have a cattle farm round the back.

PATRICK
And the cows have VD?

DERRIK
Yes. Maybe.

PATRICK
How do the cows have VD? Are the customers sleeping with them too?

DERRIK

The meat could've picked up an airborne sex virus.

PATRICK

If it's airborne, it's not a sex virus. The very definition of sex is the act of sex itself. Women don't get pregnant from airborne sperm that just happens to be floating by on the breeze.

Derrick spits his steak out onto his plate, as surreptitiously as he can manage.

DERRIK

Lost my appetite. Did we really have to come here?

PATRICK

How else am I gonna get laid?

DERRIK

Woah. Hello. Was that self-pity?

Beat.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Just maybe if you weren't so completely unapproachable, and didn't constantly pretend to be so unlikeable, you wouldn't be so lonely.

PATRICK

Who says I'm lonely?

DERRIK

Asks the man sat in a brothel.

PATRICK

You're here too, buddy.

Two LADIES come over - ABBIE and CHARDONNAY.

ABBIE

Hey, fellers.

PATRICK

Ladies. I'm Patrick, and this is Derrick.

Derrick emits a strange, high-pitched NOISE, that's intended to be a greeting. He stays peering at this food.

ABBIE

Where in England are you from, Derrick?

DERRIK
How did you know I was from
England?

ABBIE
You're the only guy all week who's
been unable to look us in the eye.

Derrick once again makes his noise.

CUT TO:

66 INT. COZY COYOTE RANCH - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

66

A tiny room, set aside for examinations.

Abbie lets a deeply nervous Derrick inside, closes the door.

ABBIE
Drop your pants, honey.

DERRIK
Couldn't we start with a little
chat - get to know each other?

ABBIE
Rules is rules.

Abbie puts on a pair of latex gloves.

DERRIK
But -

ABBIE
Drop 'em.

Derrick, hands trembling, unbuckles his belt.

DERRIK
What are you going to do to me?

ABBIE
Gotta give you the once over. Check
for anything nasty.

Derrick lowers his jeans a fraction.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
All the way down, sweetie.

Derrick strips down to his ankles. Abbie bends down, mostly
OOV, to inspect his private parts. Derrick winces, profoundly
uncomfortable.

He looks at the ceiling, starts whistling a tune, awkward.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Don't be nervous.

As Abbie continues to examine, Derrik pulls faces, wishing this would end.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
So. Hey. I love your accent.

DERRIK
Thanks. I like your... fla -

Abbie touches Derrik in a way that's clearly a little sensitive. He doubles over, ticklish, giggles nervously.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
..fla-a-a-a-aag.

ABBIE
Sorry, honey. Say, what are those things you have there?

DERRIK
(panicked, looks down)
Where?!

ABBIE
In England. What are they called - Scotch eggs? What are they?

DERRIK
They're a hard boiled egg, wrapped in sausage meat, covered in breadcrumbs, and deep fried.

ABBIE
Are they tasty?

DERRIK
Yes. Nice on a pic -

Derrik appears to have an orgasm. Abbie recoils.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
- nihiic.

ABBIE
Oh.

DERRIK
God, I'm sorry. I swear, that's never happened before.

ABBIE
No problem.

Abbie grabs a box of tissues, starts cleaning him up.

DERRIK
Do I still have to pay?

CUT TO:

67 EXT. COZY COYOTE RANCH - LOUNGE - NIGHT

67

Derrick and Patrick sit on a swing seat, sharing a beer, staring up at the stars.

DERRIK
How come you know this place?

PATRICK
Grew up in Los Angeles. Spent many a weekend in Vegas. A city full of the weird was the closest I ever came to blending in.

DERRIK
Why did you leave LA?

PATRICK
The moment I felt the pull of Hollywood, I ran. All the way to the other side of the world.

DERRIK
Where you met me.

Patrick raises his beer bottle, in a toast.

PATRICK
To us.

DERRIK
To us.

PATRICK
May we never be friends.

DERRIK
Amen to that.

They clink bottles.

A LIMOUSINE pulls up in front of the Ranch. The DRIVER - unseen for now - leans out and speaks to them.

DRIVER (o.s.)
Gentleman. Can I offer you a ride back to Las Vegas?

REVEAL that the driver is TREY.

CUT TO:

68

INT. MIGUEL'S SUITE - NIGHT

68

A PENTHOUSE SUITE overlooking the city.

Miguel spoons CAVIAR into a golden bowl, which his Poodle then eats.

Pedro sits on a chair, while Trey - still in his chauffeur uniform - stands by.

MIGUEL

You're sure it was a dwarf? Not a normal size person standing further away?

TREY

It was a dwarf, boss. He barely came up to here.

Trey points to halfway up his thigh.

MIGUEL

Maybe he was standing in a hole.

TREY

There was no hole.

MIGUEL

Were you looking at him through the wrong end of a telescope?

TREY

Boss, it was a dwarf. Him and Treeboys were like bosom buddies.

Miguel paces.

MIGUEL

What are you saying here? That he's using the tiny guy as his dummy?

TREY

Until last month Treeboys was some no-name, zero talent Brit actor guy. Then suddenly he's the Second Coming.

Miguel paces, thinks. Picks up Cocoa and kisses her.

MIGUEL

If I expose him, I not only take him out of the competition, leaving the way free for me to win - but I destroy his old man's legacy. The Treeboys name will be worse than dirt in this town. It will literally be super-dirt.

Beat.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Find me that dwarf.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CONCERT HALL

69

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE of EDDIE and MONTY's live show, from a few years back.

MONTY
Hey, remember when your son used to be part of this act? Whatever happened to that loser?

EDDIE
Derrick wasn't a loser.

MONTY
You're right. If that kid entered a competition to find the world's biggest loser - he'd probably lose.

The audience laughs.

EDDIE
(sighs)
Will you ever stop making fun of my son?

MONTY
It's what gets me up in the mornings.

More laughter.

MATCH CUT TO:

70 INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

70

OPEN ON a PORTABLE DVD PLAYER - Patrick is watching, laughing, the 'EDDIE & MONTY LIVE' DVD PACKAGING at his side.

Derrick enters from the bathroom, fresh from the shower.

PATRICK
Did you know your dad has a whole store dedicated to him?

Patrick's wearing a t-shirt showing EDDIE TREEBOYS & MONTY.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Take that off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(coquettishly)
Aren't you going to buy me a drink
first?

Patrick produces a novelty MONTY PUPPET, on his hand.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(as Monty)
"I hate you, Derrik."

Derrik starts grabbing at Patrick's t-shirt, and the puppet.

DERRIK
I mean it. Take it off!

Patrick pushes Derrik away.

PATRICK
Calm down, man. I was just trying
to pick up some tips.

Derrik calms down, a little.

DERRIK
I've made a decision.

PATRICK
About?

DERRIK
Lorna. I'm going to tell her
everything. About you and I. About
our plan to win. She doesn't like
ventriloquists, and she doesn't
like liars. If I tell her the truth
I kill two birds with one kick.

PATRICK
Excuse me, but are you insane?

DERRIK
Last night made me realise that I
really like her, Patrick. I think I
might love her.

PATRICK
Jesus. Somebody shows an interest
in you, for the first time in your
life, and you think you love them?

DERRIK
Just because you've got nobody, you
want me to be alone too.

PATRICK
I want my half a million dollars. I
won't let you do this.

DERRIK
You're so small minded.

PATRICK
Excuse me? Small minded?

DERRIK
Don't be daft. I didn't mean it
like that.

PATRICK
I hope for your sake you didn't.

DERRIK
You have such a short temper.

With a ROAR, Patrick launches himself at Derrick.
They go SMASHING into a table, breaking a LAMP.
They fall to the ground.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?!

Patrick clambers on top of Derrick, pummeling him in the face.

PATRICK
You don't call me short or small.
You don't get to call me that!

Derrick fumbles around for a weapon, finds the TELEPHONE
- he starts hitting Patrick in the head with the receiver.
Patrick empties a JAR OF INSTANT COFFEE GRANULES in Derrick's
face
- then BITES Derrick in the nose, drawing blood.
Derrick cries out in pain, picks Patrick up - holds him at
arm's length
- and HOOKS HIM ON THE DOOR, several feet off the ground.

DERRIK
Now what are you going to do? Huh?

Patrick KICKS Derrick in the face.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Ow! You piece of... ow!

Patrick's T-shirt RIPS, and he falls to the floor
- he runs at Derrick, knocks him into:

CUT TO:

71 INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 71

Patrick knocks Derrick onto the toilet, jumps onto his lap.

Patrick grabs a toothbrush, and starts BRUSHING Derrick's face and eyes with it.

DERRIK
Stop! Stop that!

Derrick grabs a bottle of MOUTHWASH, tips it over Patrick's head.

Patrick falls backwards, rubbing his eyes.

Derrick starts WHIPPING HIM with a towel.

Patrick runs back into:

CUT TO:

72 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 72

Derrick continues to whip Patrick.

DERRIK
Ya! Ya!

Patrick spins around, grabs the towel. There's a tug-of-war over it.

Derrick gives an almighty HEAVE, pulling Patrick off his feet, and towards him

- where their foreheads COLLIDE with a CRACK!

CUT TO:

73 INT. MOTEL ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER. 73

The room is TRASHED. Derrick and Patrick sit amid it, exhausted, post-fight.

They are bruised, dishevelled, clothes torn.

DERRIK
After the final, I don't ever want to see you again.

PATRICK
Fine with me, man. We are through.

DERRIK
I'm still telling Lorna.

Patrick seethes.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. MOTEL - MINUTES LATER 74

Having changed clothes, Derrik bursts out of the Motel Room, slams the door behind him.

ANGLE ON Trey's LIMO, parked across the street.

He winds down the window, looks over.

CUT TO:

75 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 75

Patrick lays on his bed, idly flicking through TV Channels.

He pulls out his wallet, and opens it. Inside is a photo of TWO EWOKS. He looks at it, sadly.

And then the door is KICKED OPEN, splintering.

Before Patrick can register what is going on, he is BUNDLED ROUGHLY INTO A SACK by a chuckling Trey.

CUT TO:

76 INT. MIGUEL'S SUITE - DAY 76

Trey dumps the sack containing Patrick at Miguel's feet.

MIGUEL

What is this?

TREY

The dwarf.

MIGUEL

Why is the dwarf in a sack?

TREY

You said to bring him to you.

MIGUEL

Did I say bring him to me in a sack?

TREY

I just assumed -

MIGUEL

I don't pay you to assume, silly
sausage. Did you hear me say
anything to do with a sack?

Trey thinks, long and hard.

TREY

Don't know, boss.

MIGUEL

If I send you out to buy me
something nice, do you bring it
back in a sack?

TREY

I'd bring coal back in a sack.

MIGUEL

Coal. That's your idea of something
nice?

TREY

It turns into diamonds eventually.

Beat.

MIGUEL

Get him out of there.

Trey lets Patrick out of the sack. Patrick immediately adopts
a defensive stance, understandably terrified.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Hey, itty-bitty!

PATRICK

I will break your faces into forty
different pieces.

MIGUEL

Mr Dwarf-guy. Please. I am not
your enemy. I am here to make an
offer that'll change your life.

TREY

He means for the better.

MIGUEL

Obviously for the better.

OUT ON Patrick, his eyes flicking from Miguel to Trey, and
back again.

CUT TO:

77

INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

77

The auditorium is mostly empty. Lorna is on stage, rehearsing.

FLUFFER
Miss Lorna, Miss Lorna.

LORNA
Yes, Fluffer?

FLUFFER
There was a dead male sheep in the street this morning. Do you know what I said when I saw it?

LORNA
Nope.

FLUFFER
Ewwwwwwe!

Derrick enters, approaches the stage, applauding.

LORNA
I thought we were staying away from one another.

Lorna packs away Fluffer.

DERRIK
I wanted to congratulate you on getting into the final.

LORNA
That it?

DERRIK
There's something I have to tell you.

LORNA
I'm listening.

DERRIK
Basically, I'm... Monty is... what I mean to say is... I want to be completely honest with you.

LORNA
Get to the point, Derrick.

DERRIK
I've been cheating. Monty - my Monty - is a dwarf. I met this dwarf called Patrick, and I asked him to help me cheat. And now I've told you, and now you know.

(MORE)

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 So, not only have I told you my big
 secret, but I'm not even a
 ventriloquist.

Beat.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Which is good, right? I mean, we
 can go on a proper date now.

Without another word, Lorna runs out.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Lorna! Wait.

CUT TO:

78 INT. MIGUEL'S SUITE - NIGHT

78

Trey plays on a HANDHELD VIDEOGAME, sat at the kitchenette.

Patrick is sat on the leather sofa, as Miguel tops up his
 glass of champagne.

They're cosy.

PATRICK
 Let me get this straight - two
 million dollars? Just for revealing
 on stage - in the middle of our act
 - that Derrik Treeboys is a cheat?

MIGUEL
 You got it.

PATRICK
 Why would you pay me double the
 prize money?

MIGUEL
 Because it's not about money. Do
 you know how rich I am already? I
 ordered a pair of shoes made out of
 gold. Trey, tell him.

TREY
 They're so heavy, he can't even
 walk in them.

MIGUEL
 I can't even freakin' walk in them.

PATRICK
 So what do you want?

MIGUEL

I want his father's residency, and I want the world to know that Eddie Treeboys had a son who is worth less than nothing. I want that wang jockey humiliated while the whole world is watching. Are you in, or are you in? What do you say, Baby Gap?

PATRICK

Don't call me that.

MIGUEL

Anything you want, big guy.

Beat.

PATRICK

Ok. I'm in.

They shake hands.

MIGUEL

Ooh. Funny hands...

Patrick glares.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

I was talking 'bout my hands. Look at them freaky hands I got. Like turtles without their shell.

OUT ON Patrick, face like stone.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - NIGHT

79

Lorna runs out of the front of the hotel, and across the street.

Derrick runs out after her.

DERRIK

Lorna!

He runs into the middle of the street.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Lorna! I love you!

Lorna turns around, stunned.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Why can't we be together?

LORNA
Because... Because I'm your sister.

DERRIK
What?

And then Lorna's face drops.

LORNA
Derrick, look out!

Derrick turns.

HIS POV: a TRUCK is bearing down on him.

C/U on Derrick, eyes wide, all too aware of what is about to happen. There is a screech of BRAKES and the HOWL OF A HORN.

ANGLE ON Lorna. She screams.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Derrick!

CUT TO BLACK.

PATRICK
Derrick. Wake up!

FADE IN:

80

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

80

DERRIK'S POV as he opens his eyes. Patrick is looking down at him.

PATRICK
You're back, man. Thank god.

REVEAL Derrick's arms are in PLASTER, at uncomfortable-looking angles. His neck is in a BRACE, his face BRUISED and CUT - and he's spaced out on morphine.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I bit your nose.

DERRIK
Ok. I'm sorry I whipped you with a towel.

PATRICK
I'm just glad you're alright.

DERRIK
I'm not alright, Patrick. I got hit by a truck. How bad is it?

PATRICK

You broke every single bone in your arms. Turned them to tiny splinters the doctor said.

DERRIK

(sudden)

Wait. Woah. We shouldn't be seen together. How did you even know I'm here?

LORNA (o.s.)

I told him you were here.

Reveal Lorna.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Now you're awake, I'll leave you guys to it.

DERRIK

Wait. Lorna, you said you're my sister.

LORNA

(winces)

Yeah. Sorry. That's not strictly true.

DERRIK

Then why did you say it?

Lorna shrugs.

LORNA

I thought if I lied to you it might make me feel better.

DERRIK

And?

Lorna bows her head, goes to leave.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Lorna, wait.

LORNA

You were dishonest with me Derrik.

DERRIK

But I told you the truth eventually.

LORNA

Eventually ain't soon enough.

Lorna leaves.

PATRICK

Never mind her. Let's get you out of bed. We've got a final to win.

DERRIK

I can't go like this.

PATRICK

Of course you can. It's just your arms.

DERRIK

I mean I don't want to go. I'm a fraud. A cheat. I've lost potentially the best thing to come into my life ever.

PATRICK

Think of the money.

DERRIK

What's the use of money if you don't have anybody to share it with?

Patrick hesitates, momentarily, Derrick's words striking a chord.

PATRICK

Well, you've got me. C'mon, man. Let's get you to your feet.

Patrick helps Derrick to the edge of the bed. Derrick gets to his feet, and immediately loses his balance

- without being able to put out his arms to stop him toppling backwards into the window blinds.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You ok?

DERRIK

Maybe it's the morphine, but I feel completely fine.

Derrick giggles, weirdly.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - NIGHT

81

The big night, the final.

SEARCHLIGHTS roam the sky, as the great and the good pull up in their LIMOS to walk the red carpet.

CUT TO Jenna, performing a to-camera news piece.

JENNA

We're here once more at the Amazonia Hotel and Casino, for the long awaited final of the World Ventriloquism Championship. Competing for the million dollar prize are Miguel Crystal, Lorna Lord, and newcomer Derrik Treeboys, who will no doubt be feeling the pressure of his father's legacy bearing down upon him.

CUT TO:

82 INT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 82

Derrik - arms still in plaster - is attempting to DRAG Monty-Patrick along the corridor, towards the Auditorium.

DERRIK

It would be a lot easier if you could walk.

MONTY-PATRICK

Well, I can't.

DERRIK

I could still have concussion, you know. I should be in hospital.

MONTY-PATRICK

All that matters is you make it onto that stage tonight. Leave the rest to me.

CUT TO:

83 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 83

Miguel and Pedro - accompanied by a troop of FLAMENCO DANCERS and a BIG BAND - are performing a carefully choreographed number.

The Audience CLAPS ALONG.

MIGUEL

I, yi, yi, yi, yi, I like you very much!

PEDRO

I, yi, yi, yi, yi, I think you're grand!

MIGUEL

Why, why, why is it that when I
feel your touch...

PEDRO

My heart starts to beat, to beat
the band? Yeah!

CUT TO:

84 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

84

The judges giving their verdict, as Max and Pedro listen.

MAX

Seriously, Miguel, you are the
consummate showman. You literally
make Bette Midler look like a big
mound of horse manure in a bra.

DAKOTA

I echo that sentiment, and I'm a
big fan of Bette Midler.

CRAZYMAN

And I'm a big fan of horse manure.
Which is useful when you have to
sit next to Dakota.

Dakota throws a glass of water in Crazyman's face.

Nevertheless, the judges give TOP MARKS. The audience cheers,
applauds.

MIGUEL

(blowing kisses)

Thank you! I love you all!

CUT TO:

85 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

85

Lorna is on stage, her act homely and warm after Miguel's
bombastic effort.

Fluffer is sobbing.

LORNA

What's wrong, Fluffer? You seem
kinda down.

FLUFFER

Miss Lorna, is it true that after
you die you go to a better place?

LORNA
Of course you do, Fluffer.

FLUFFER
Good. Because my TIVO died, and I
want it to be happy.

The audience 'AWWWWs' sympathetically.

CUT TO:

86 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

86

The Judges give their verdict.

MAX
You're cute. The lamb is cute. Your
act is cute. Too bad for you, I
hate cute.

The audience BOOS.

DAKOTA
Lorna, honey, you're a seasoned
professional, we've seen you
perform amazingly throughout this
competition, but that was your
worst performance yet. From one
sister to another - tell me; is
everything ok?

LORNA
Sure. I'm fine.

Lorna walks off stage.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

87

Lorna comes off stage, and is confronted by a smug Miguel.

MIGUEL
Too bad, Lorna baby.

LORNA
Drop dead, Miguel.

MIGUEL
Now I just wait for your boyfriend
to fall flat on his ugly face-hole,
and this competition is mine.

LORNA
 He's not my boyfriend. And I'd be
 very surprised if Derrik even shows

-

Lorna looks over his shoulder, sees Derrik struggling with
 Monty-Patrick.

LORNA (CONT'D)
 - up.

Lorna pushes past Miguel, leads Derrik and Monty-Patrick
 aside.

LORNA (CONT'D)
 Are you crazy? You shouldn't be
 here.

DERRIK
 I know. You don't have to remind
 me. I'm a cheat.

LORNA
 I meant you shouldn't be here in
 your condition.

MONTY-PATRICK
 Stay out of this, girly. You made
 your choice.

LORNA
 Whatever.

Lorna throws up her hands, storms off.

CUT TO:

88 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - LATER

88

An expectant hush has descended over the darkened auditorium.

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)
 Ladies, and gentleman, please give
 a big Vegas welcome to our final
 finalists tonight - Derrik Treeboys
 and Montyyyyyyy!

Pyrotechnics EXPLODE, a FANFARE plays, and the lights STROBE.

The crowd goes wild, but falls silent, as Derrik - still in
 his plaster casts - PUSHES Monty-Patrick onto the stage, with
 his foot.

The Judges frown; what's going on?

ANGLE ON Miguel, in the front row, rubbing his hands
 together, expectantly.

Derrick struggles to the microphone, in considerable pain.

DERRIK
 Good evening, everyone. Nice to see
 so many of you in the audience.

MONTY-PATRICK'S POV looking at Miguel in the front row,
 willing him on.

Derrick pauses for breath, he's slurring, spaced out.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 ...Yes. Oh. You're probably
 wondering why I'm in plaster. Well,
 it's a funny story. You see -

Derrick emits more morphine-induced nonsense.

MONTY-PATRICK
 If I could just interrupt you
 there, Derrick.

There are curious whispers - Monty-Patrick's mouth is moving,
 but Derrick is nowhere near him; how could he be doing that?

DERRIK
 Er... Yes, Monty?

MONTY-PATRICK
 There's something I wanted to tell
 the ladies and gentlemen. Something
 very important.

Miguel grins.

DERRIK
 (aside to the audience)
 Ha ha. Look at the funny little
 man.. He thinks I don't like him,
 but I do. Don't tell him. Sssh!

Beat. Monty hesitates, taken aback by Derrick's confession.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 What were you going to say?

MONTY-PATRICK
 It's about us.

DERRIK
 What about us?

MONTY-PATRICK
 It's about our act.

ANGLE ON Miguel.

MIGUEL

(sotto)

Do it, do it. C'mon...

Monty-Patrick looks at Derrik, who smiles back.

Monty-Patrick looks at Miguel.

Then back at Derrik.

Then back at Miguel.

And finally, back at Derrik.

DERRIK

What about our act?

MONTY-PATRICK

You're ruining it. Ladies and gentlemen, you are looking at Derrik Treeboys. The light entertainment equivalent of the R101 airship disaster.

The audience laughs.

MONTY-PATRICK (CONT'D)

My friends, words cannot describe how completely hopeless this man is. So excuse me while I just let out a big fart instead.

Monty-Patrick farts.

More laughter.

MONTY-PATRICK (CONT'D)

He's so ugly he makes blind babies cry.

Even more laughter - even Derrik laughs.

At the side of the stage, so does Lorna.

Miguel is furious; Patrick has backed out of their deal.

MIGUEL

No! No! No!

He pushes past SECURITY and clambers onto the stage.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

This isn't how it's supposed to be.

The audience quietens down.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 (to Monty-Patrick)
 Tell them. Tell them the truth.

MONTY-PATRICK
 I don't know what you mean, man.

MIGUEL
 Tonight there was going to be a big
 revelation that was going to change
 everything.

ANGLE ON Lorna

- she picks up a microphone, covers her mouth, and throws her
 voice in the direction of Miguel.

LORNA-MIGUEL
 (perfect impression)
 I wanted to tell you all that I
 have the world's smallest penis!

There are gasps, laughs.

MIGUEL
 What? No! Don't laugh at me!

LORNA-MIGUEL
 I can't help having a micropenis!

The laughter builds.

MIGUEL
 I never said that. What's going on?

He's drowned out by the laughter.

LORNA-MIGUEL
 It's less than an inch long!

MIGUEL
 Fine! Laugh. Laugh at my medical
 condition. You don't know what it's
 like. Growing up, I was the
 laughing stock of San Sexidor. It
 made me bitter. Jealous of those
 who have more than me. That's why I
 hated Eddie Treeboys. He never
 deserved greatness. Great men
 aren't killed by one tiny peanut.

Lorna steps out onto stage.

LORNA
 You knew about his peanut allergy?
 Nobody knew about Eddie's allergy.
 (MORE)

LORNA (CONT'D)
 Nobody but me, and that's only
 because I went with him in the
 ambulance.

Beat.

MIGUEL
 Lucky guess.

LORNA
 Doubly lucky. You even guessed
 that's what killed him.

MIGUEL
 I'm a lucky guy.

DERRIK
 Did you kill my dad?

MIGUEL
 Don't be ridiculous, bitch-tits.

LORNA
 You're lying. You do that thing
 with your eyes when you lie.

MIGUEL
 What thing?

Miguel's eyes dart from side to side.

LORNA
 That thing.

The audience gasps.

Miguel knows he has been found out. Cornered, out of options
 he GRABS Monty-Patrick, and RUNS.

DERRIK
 After him!

Derrick swings his plastered up arms in Miguel's direction.

There are screams.

Derrick gives chase, followed by Lorna, and several SECURITY
 GUARDS.

CUT TO:

Miguel runs up the stairs, as Monty-Patrick repeatedly hits
 him in the head.

MONTY-PATRICK

Let go of me, man. Put me down.

MIGUEL

Stop hitting me, Papa Smurf!

ANGLE ON a FIRE DOOR.

Derrick bursts through it, getting snagged on his plaster arms.

Lorna, and the Security Guards barrel into him.

CUT TO:

90

EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - ROOF - NIGHT

90

Miguel kicks open a door, runs out onto the roof, towards the edge of the building.

MIGUEL

We had a deal. I could've made you rich.

MONTY-PATRICK

What's the point of money if you don't have anybody to share it with?

Derrick, Lorna and the Security Guards emerge onto the roof.

Miguel backs away from them, edging closer to

MIGUEL

Keep back, or I drop the dwarf.

MIGUEL'S POV looking down at the ground, thirty storeys below.

Monty-Patrick's HEAD falls off, revealing Patrick within.

ANGLE ON the head, falling over the side of the building, swallowed up by the distance.

The two Security Guards exchange a look; so the dummy is a dwarf?

One of the Guards takes a photo with his phone.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

I'll throw him over. I swear.

LORNA

Miguel, give it up.

DERRIK

Put Patrick down.

MIGUEL

No. I want a helicopter and a billion dollars, and Eddie's residency or I drop him.

PATRICK

Derrick, help me. Do something.

Beat.

And then Derrick has an idea; the anger swells inside him; this is his moment to be a hero.

SLOW MOTION Derrick strains, and groans, and shakes

- and SHAKES OFF HIS PLASTER CASTS, cracking them into pieces

- revealing that his shattered arms are like two useless TUBES OF PINK RUBBER.

Lorna and the Security Guards recoil, profoundly repulsed.

With a ROAR, Derrick runs towards Miguel, his arms flapping wildly.

Miguel looks terrified, and revolted at the sight.

MIGUEL

You freak!

Grossed out, he THROWS Patrick at Derrick, and JUMPS over the side of the building.

ANGLE ON Miguel, falling.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - CONTINUOUS

91

Miguel CRASHES onto Trey's Limo, trashing it.

There are screams from bystanders.

Trey rushes out from inside the building.

TREY

Goddamit, boss. I'm still paying for that.

CLOSE UP on Miguel. He's still alive, just.

Cocoa, the Poodle, crawls out of the wreckage of the car.

MIGUEL

Cocoa. My baby. Help daddy. Please.

Cocoa licks Miguel's face

- and then she starts dry-humping his head.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Cocoa! Stop that! Bad girl!

CUT TO:

92 EXT. AMAZONIA HOTEL & CASINO - ROOF

92

Derrick collapses, in indescribable agony, his arms limp at his side.

PATRICK
You saved me, man.

LORNA
Derrick, you're a hero.

Lorna kisses him.

DERRIK
You're definitely not my sister,
right?

LORNA
Definitely not.

She kisses him again.

DERRIK
I think the morphine is wearing
off. I'm in indescribable agony.

Patrick and Lorna help him to his feet, and back towards the fire escape door.

The Security Guards shake their heads, watch them go.

SECURITY GUARD
Frigging ventriloquists. They creep
me out.

FADE TO:

93 EXT. LONDON - WEEKS LATER

93

The sun is shining over Van Deursten's Theatre shop.

Taking pride of place in the window, is MONTY - not for sale,
just for display.

CUT TO:

94 INT. THEATRE SHOP - DAY

94

The shop has been given a SPRING CLEAN make-over - it's no longer the creepy place it once was.

Derrick and Patrick are behind the counter, chatting; they work here.

Van Deursten is sat in a chair, in a corner.

DERRIK

You know what we could sell? Glove puppets that look like famous people.

PATRICK

'Put your fist up a celebrity'.

VAN DEURSTEN

Hey! I decide what we're going to sell.

(yawns)

I'm going to bed.

PATRICK

Mr Van Deursten, it's 11am.

VAN DEURSTEN

Hurhm.

Van Deursten sniffs the air.

VAN DEURSTEN (CONT'D)

You have a customer.

Van Deursten leaves, heads into the back of the shop.

The DING of the door signals the arrival of a customer.

REVEAL It's Lorna - looking amazing.

Derrick couldn't be happier to see her.

DERRIK

Hey, you!

They hug.

PATRICK

How's Vegas?

LORNA

Mad. I've got two weeks off, then they're upping Fluffer and I to two shows a night, plus a matinee.

DERRIK

And you've used your vacation to come see me? Awww.

LORNA

There's somebody I want you to meet. Derrik, this is Rory Pulip.

Lorna opens the door of the shop.

An OLD DWARF enters. He's bad-tempered, bitter, glares at Derrik.

DERRIK

Pulip?

MR PULIP

Like tulip, but with a P.

Pulip speaks with a familiar plummy English accent.

MR PULIP (CONT'D)

(to Derrik)

Still the same vacant expression. God, it makes me want to retch.

DERRIK

Sorry, who is this?

LORNA

Derrik, you inherited your lack of talent from your dad. Mr Pulip was his Monty.

DERRIK

Huh?

MR PULIP

Wake up, Mr Catshit-for-brains. Eddie knew it was the only way he could pass himself off as a ventriloquist.

DERRIK

You're kidding?

MR PULIP

I was the talent in that partnership. For 40 years he took all the credit.

LORNA

Mr Pulip was working with your dad from the very beginning. Eddie was so ashamed, I was the first person he ever confided in.

MR PULIP
 Can I go? I despise being near this
 ugly little prick.

Derrick laughs in Pulip's face.

DERRIK
 All those things Monty used to
 say...

MR PULIP
 They were me. And I meant every
 single word, you ghastly bastard.

Derrick laughs again, louder, almost hysterical.

Mr Pulip looks at Patrick.

MR PULIP (CONT'D)
 What are you looking at, fuck face?

Everybody laughs - everybody except Mr Pulip.

MR PULIP (CONT'D)
 Stop laughing at me! Stop laughing!

CUT TO:

95 EXT. LONDON - DAY

95

And their laughter rings out over the city

MR PULIP (v.o.)
 Shut-up. All of you, just shut-up!

THE END