

HIPSTER SOFTCORE
a documentary film
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“In the world of sleazy art, one queen reigns supreme...”

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHT- SKANKY HIPSTER PARTY

It's a dimly lit, coked out, 2009 hipster party like you'd find on the website "Last Night's Party." Hipsters binge drink, snort cocaine, do spastic hipster dances, etc. Their dance resembles a faux shrug shuffle that mocks the very idea of dancing. It involves a weird twitch or an ironic twist. The Artist, a transvestite man with a very affected homosexual voice, narrates over the images.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I don't know how to answer that. I mean, what do you think? Can a dirty queen make quality hipster art? I think this exhibition will be proof positive. This exhibition is going to turn the art world on its head.

We continue our tour through the party. A series of camera flashes illuminate Plum, a 19 year old hipster boy who leans up against a wall in a dimly lit corner of the party. He's got a flipped out, do-it-yourself haircut, skin tight jeans, leather jacket, vintage punk tee, and some popping high tops; is pasty, waify, delicate, exotic, androgynous, of mixed race, has soft skin, great hands, a lip ring, and lots of hipster attitude. We see a girl nearby.

GIRL

(whispers about Plum)

He's 19 and lives for the scene

ARTIST (V.O.)

The hipster is the new unicorn-
mysterious and beautiful, virile,
potent...

Plum walks up, cigarette in mouth, to a photographer who we can't clearly see.

PLUM

(demands)

Shoot me

He strikes a pose, exhales cigarette smoke, and hits a few different angles with a firmly unimpressed expression. He re-focuses on the music and submerges himself back into the sweaty funk of the crowd where he resumes a jittery head bobble with a little bit of a twitch. We continue our tour through the party.

ARTIST (V.O.)

It's a symbiotic relationship, the
hipster and I. See, for me, the hipster
is the last worthy object of art, a
contemporary Venus De Milo. And, of
course, I am the Artist. I have the
power to make the hipster, and now, at
this queer juncture, only the hipster
has the power to make me.

We notice a few flickers of light splash out from the club bathroom. The door opens to reveal an impromptu soft core porno shoot with Plum. He has his shirt off while two girls partially take off their clothes and strike trashy poses for a set of grimy glamour shots. We freeze on a particularly skanky shot of Plum. The still photo dissolves into the title page, "HIPSTER SOFTCORE."

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING- UNION POOL BAR

In documentary style, the Artist, a wildly flamboyant thirty something drag queen, very affected, garish, with fabulous fingernails, a beauty mark; chain smokes cigarettes, wears a Van Gogh t-shirt, drinks two cosmos, and speaks to the camera at Union Bar, a very

trendy hipster hang out. A Hipster Boy and Girl are seated at the bar next to the Artist. The Hipster Boy wears a digital calculator watch, jorts- jean cut off shorts- and an ironic t-shirt that says, "If There's No Bingo in Heaven, I'm Not Going." The Hipster Boy and Girl fondle each other and drink PBR. The Bartender, a scruffy twenty something hipster wearing skinny jeans and ray-bans with neon frames, looks bored behind the bar. A heterosexual hipster couple, early 20's, make out in a booth off to the side. The Make-Out Couple never comes up for air. There is only moderate activity in the bar-early happy hour.

ARTIST

Yes, I like the competitive aspect of it.
It's quite- Darwinian. Who is the
Alpha Hipster? Who is the skinny
jean-ed Mona Lisa?

HIPSTER GIRL

(We pick up a bit of her
crass, drunk conversation
as she looks past the camera)
What's up with the midgets?

The Hipster Boy obnoxiously laughs, spraying PBR out from his nose and mouth.

HIPSTER GIRL (cont'd)

Gross!

The Hipster Girl gets up and walks to the bathroom. The Artist notices her leave.

INTERCUT TO:

The Artist chats with the Hipster Boy. It is a video snapshot of his natural behavior.

ARTIST

So, you are so attractive. What's your
name? Are you a model?

HIPSTER BOY

Adam.

ARTIST

Adam, really? Have you ever modeled?

HIPSTER BOY

Yeah, who cares, I've done some stuff. But I don't really have a lot of extra time for modeling, lately

ARTIST

I love that name, Adam. So- biblical. You have incredible features. Has anyone ever told you that? Especially the shape of your eyes. Are you part Egyptian? Fellaheen?

Adam indifferently drinks his beer.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I think the eyes are so important. I believe the eyes of the soul- I truly do- the window. And I think you can look in someone's eyes and really tell what kind of person, what their heart is... (beat) The camera would love you

The Artist touches Hipster Boy's hand in a suggestive way. The boy is responsive.

HIPSTER BOY

Tell me more

ARTIST

(looks Adam in the eye)

I know stuff that white hipsters like

Hipster Girl returns and is visibly irritated by the sight of her boyfriend being so friendly with the Artist. Hipster Boy notices and pulls his hand away from the Artist.

HIPSTER GIRL

What the fuck? What the fuck was
that?

INTERCUT TO:

The Artist turns away, drags his cigarette, and sips his cosmo. We catch bits of the Hipster Girl and Hipster Boy's conversation slightly over the Artist's shoulder, in the background.

HIPSTER GIRL (cont'd)

I thought you said you weren't a fag
anymore

Hipster Boy pouts. The Artist slyly looks at the Hipster Boy longingly.

HIPSTER BOY

(to Bartender)

PBR.

HIPSTER GIRL

(to Hipster Boy)

I want one

HIPSTER BOY

(to Hipster Girl, with hostility)

So?

INTERCUT TO:

The interview with the Artist continues.

ARTIST

Everything about the hipster is ironic,
yet- not. I'm Jane Goodall of the
Hipster species- immersed in its
natural habitat, discreetly observing

my subjects in the wild. I've studied them tirelessly.

The Artist inhales his cigarette deeply. The bartender brings beers for the Hipster Boy and Girl. Hipster Boy lays down a fifty dollar bill.

HIPSTER BOY

(to Bartender)

Just this one-

Hipster Boy points to his beer and pulls it in close to him.

HIPSTER GIRL

Jesus

Hipster Girl hands the Bartender a credit card.

BARTENDER

Cash only

The Bartender and Hipster Girl look at Hipster Boy to see if he'll cave in and pay for her beer.

HIPSTER BOY

Thanks

He won't.

HIPSTER GIRL

(frustrated)

Fuck!

The Bartender takes Hipster Girl's beer back. Hipster Girl pouts and nurses her original beer. The Bartender brings Hipster Boy his change. Hipster Boy tips him a 5\$ bill, then takes out a fantasy book from his pocket and starts reading, ignoring Hipster Girl. The fantasy book has a cool, far out cover on it- something with a dragon or a spaceship.

ARTIST

Of course- This exhibition means everything. My reputation is on the line. I feel like Van Gogh before Les Artistes Independants in Paris. It's so-terrifying and- invigorating, like firing a pistol into one's own chest.

Hipster Boy glances at the Artist. Hipster Girl leans over Hipster Boy to address the Artist.

HIPSTER GIRL

I kind of want to be your friend, but at the same time I really want to gouge your eyes out of their sockets. And if you're interested in my boyfriend, sorry, you've arrived at the party too late

The Artist blows cigarette smoke in her face, aristocratically ignores her, and continues his interview. She grinds her teeth and tightly grips her beer can, crunching it.

ARTIST

And I find it funny, now that you've chosen to make a film about me. It's the ultimate twist of irony. They will be studying me. The Hipsters will be ruthlessly raping me with their eyes and judging me as I awkwardly answer questions, secretly quiver in my panties, even though I am the one who is supposed to be doing the judging. I am the one who is supposed to undress them with my eyes. It's almost too much irony to tolerate

INTERCUT TO:

The Artist turns and touches the Hipster Boy on the knee. Hipster Boy looks up from his book and puts his hand affectionately on the Artist's hand. Hipster Girl notices, it's the last draw, she throws her beer can at the Artist.

HIPSTER GIRL

Asshole!

ARTIST

(like a banshee)

Alright, you Lousy Fucking Bitch!!!

That's it!!!

He flashes his long cat-like nails.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG

A montage of Williamsburg as the opening credits roll. The soundtrack is mash up hipster electro pop. Fixed gear bike riders, skinny jeaned hipsters, hipsters in jorts, mustaches, 80's sunglasses; Bedford L-train, subway, warehouses, bowling alley, bars, etc. About half way through the montage, the Artist enters with a voice over.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Williamsburg, Brooklyn- is the mother ship. This is where the thump of the coked out, legs spread eagle, heartbeat comes from. It is the hipster Oz; a hipster empire. It is to hipsters what Antarctica is to Penguins, What Castle Grey Skull is to the Skeletor, what a black dildo is to the anus.
This...

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

The voice over blends into the picture of a ghetto Williamsburg apartment building on South 5th street. The Make-Out Couple leans against a wall locking lips. A crew of cute black Dominican kids, between six and nine years old, sit on the front stoop while others play hopscotch on the sidewalk. The front door is propped open with a soda can. There is a pink paper taped to the front door that says, "Auditions, 4th floor," scrawled in black marker. Luke, a hipster boy in his early twenties with handle bar mustache, tattoos of coy

goldfish, wearing high tops and a pop inspired Japanese outfit with cute anime characters, pulls up on his very expensive fixed gear bike while talking into a high tech cell phone.

LUKE
(to his cell phone)

Duh

He hangs up the phone and carries his bike up the steps, barreling his way through the kids.

KID ON STOOP
Daaaaaaaaaamn

Luke steps on the soda can, crushing it, and kicks it out of the way so the door locks.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LOBBY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

The kids laugh audibly.

LUKE
(bitterly mutters, referring to the kids)
Fuck you

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

The kids happily play hop scotch.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LOBBY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

Luke fixes his hair, greases his mustache, and collects himself.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKE'S APARTMENT

Luke, in a silk robe, sits cross legged on a bamboo tatami mat beneath Japanese ink brush paintings and samurai swords in a stylish, Japanese themed, apartment.

LUKE

I first saw the flyer and thought,
"What kind of loser would waste their
time with this-" I mean, a model
search by some reject photographer?
(Beat) But then I thought, Whatever.

INTERCUT TO:

LUKE (cont'd)

I was short on sleep, operating on only
like eleven hours after a night of
serious... Not to mention, I was
reluctant when I got to the building, I
mean with all the gang members out
front.

Luke sips tea from Japanese tea cup.

LUKE (cont'd)

But then I thought of Basho and
composed a Haiku:

He pulls out an ink brush scroll painted with Japanese characters.

LUKE (cont'd)

(translating)

"Hebrew Prince, thrust among funky
ghetto blacks, a Star is born."

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

In a dark and scummy hallway and stairwell, an eclectic mix of people line up along the wall. A couple of hipsters share a bump of cocaine. There's a random Old Guy, 65 years old, wearing overalls, holding a brown spotted bunny, waiting among the weirdos and hipsters. A Mexican Woman, plain looking, late thirties, low income appearance, also waits there. Her baby cries in its stroller. Luka, a hot hipster girl, 24 years old, attractive,

with colorful tattoos, tough, slightly masculine, a bad attitude, smokes a cigarette and looks annoyed. It feels like a line at the methadone clinic.

LUKA

Jesus, this place is crawling with
hipsters

The Mexican Woman brushes her accidentally.

LUKA (cont'd)

Don't touch me!

INTERCUT TO:

Luka is interviewed in the hallway, documentary style.

LUKA (cont'd)

I don't really care. I mean, who cares...
I can't stand these fucking people

INTERCUT TO:

LUKA (cont'd)

My name? Psshhhh...

One of the cokehead hipsters sneers approvingly. Lorisha, a very dark and beautiful black girl, big afro, early twenties, waits patiently in line reading a thick academic book. The Old Guy, in overalls, holds his bunny like Lennie from "Of Mice and Men," and looks like a plumber or a dirty electrician.

INTERCUT TO:

OLD GUY

Huh? I heard they're giving away
238\$. I could take that money and go
into town and get whatever I want

INTERCUT TO:

LUKA

My ex boyfriend is in the arts. He's a chocolatier. He's a real artist. I love him. Do you know him? This guy seems like a moron. I don't know.
(beat) You know him, right?

She turns to Dustin, a greasy 28 years old hipster guy with a scraggly beard; her current boyfriend. He wears very expensive jeans, a trucker hat, has his ear pierced, and holds a guitar case with one hand.

DUSTIN

I've got to go

LUKA

Dustin, you said you'd stay

DUSTIN

Sorry

LUKA

You're such a fucked up boyfriend!

Dustin walks away. He throws away a parting comment.

DUSTIN

Hope you get raped and killed

Dustin goes down the steps, out of sight.

LUKA

He gets like that sometimes. We love each other; really, really love each other. His dad is a vice president with Exxon

INTERCUT TO:

A hipster aggressively puts his hand up over the camera. He sounds like a spastic, like an animal.

HIPSTER 1

Ahhhhhhhh!!!

INTERCUT TO:

LUKA

God! Will you quit with these questions? You're driving me nuts! Bringing me back to all of this. I thought this was going to be very different. What is this place? And I didn't think you'd be extracting my whole life story- I could sum it up so much more quickly. You're driving my brain to have to work- which isn't good. Ugh!

She lights a new cigarette. The camera stays on Luka for an awkward pause.

LUKA (cont'd)

Dustin? I guess. I don't care. I mean if I really looked. I mean really, really looked, somewhere deep inside myself I might vaguely be interested in what he's doing right now.

Luka bites her bottom lip and tries to hide her look of concern.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- PARK

The Artist sits on a park bench in a flamboyant outfit. He has a Van Gogh button on. We see Dustin nearby feeling the breast of a random hipster girl. A postman urinates on a tree behind the bench. A guy sells a joint to a kid. The kid smells it, "Good Shit". A pack of hipsters play on swings and slides close by. They look like a group of retarded kids. Two hipsters, one slight framed guy and one quirky, hairy legged girl with glasses, play on the teeter totter.

TEETER TOTTER GIRL

I have one goal and one goal only.
Find a dance party and get laid

Pepito, a queeny looking Salvadorian, mid 30's, fat, sits next to the Artist on the bench eating an ice cream. He is flamboyantly dressed, too, wearing a Miami t-shirt. The Make- Out Couple kisses nearby.

TEETER TOTTER GUY

Dancing and getting laid are mutually
exclusive

TEETER TOTTER GIRL

You wish

TEETER TOTTER GUY

At least I'm secure enough with myself
to actually dance, unlike all those
other losers.

TEETER TOTTER GIRL

I guess

The Artist snaps pictures on a Polaroid camera of hipsters as they pass. He talks to himself as he snaps shots.

ARTIST

Parachute pants... Bubble butt... Look
at the skinny jeans on him- junior miss
section

INTERCUT TO:

The Artist speaks to Pepito.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I don't know what the world would be like without art. I can say, for myself, that I would be like a stray kitten without her milk.

Pepito licks his ice cream.

ARTIST (cont'd)

See, we should start with my first memory around puberty. I would say my first artistic statement...

Pepito raises an eyebrow. Just then, a teenage boy rides by on a skateboard. The Artist leaps up, pulls out a pink flyer, and starts clumsily chasing him, waving the flyer. The documentary camera follows the action.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(panting)

Hi! Wait, Wait!

The kid on the skateboard accelerates, perturbed by the charging queen. The Artist crumples the flyer in frustration and throws it at the skater with futility.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Jerk Sauce! Hipster Failure!

The skater, at a safe distance, gathered with his friends, flips off the Artist and cusses him out.

SKATER

(along with friends)

Pickle Chugger! Fag! Fuck you!
Sword Swallower! Butt Pirate!
Tallywhacker!

The Artist looks dismayed.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist, smoking a cigarette and drinking a mimosa, sits on a couch in his apartment. Aerosol bug spray is within reach. Vaseline jars, some empty, some open, are scattered around the nasty apartment. Also, a weird clay statue of the Artist, nude with a big penis down to his ankles, is within sight.

ARTIST

Oh where should I start? The beginning? Ok, I was born- Hah! I was born February 14th, I'm not giving the year, but I was born February 14th, Valentines Day, in Domestic Rapids, New Mexico. We were right across from the Mexican border. And my nickname was Horse Cock because I was always so well endowed and Fairy because I was always free and easy and I enjoyed school. Horse Cock and Fairy. I never knew my father, my mother was knocked up in high school- my daddy was her swim coach. Which is funny, because I've always been a strong swimmer. Go figure. Go figure! And I was very shy- It's True! I was very shy- I was a very shy little girl. But loved to make people laugh. In fact, there's a little place in the baby book that mother wrote about me that I thought was funny. She said, even when I was one and two years old I just wanted to make people laugh. If they didn't laugh than I would do whatever I was doing until, twirling my willy, until they did laugh. She said I needed a spanking; but grandmother wouldn't let her give me one. So I think I was always- wanting to have fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- PARK

The Artist sits on the bench. Pepito is still eating his ice cream. The Artist flips through Vice Magazine. Close by, a hipster buys a snow cone from an ice cream man with a big bling smile. The hipster hands him a \$100 bill. The hipster takes a bite of the snow cone and pulls a bag of cocaine out of his mouth. He looks happy.

ARTIST
(to Pepito)

Sure. I could photograph 1000 hipsters in their underwear, or partially nude. But then what? Really?

Pepito licks his ice cream.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Fully nude, of course, that always works. Too obvious. God, what would Vincent do?

Pepito licks his ice cream.

ARTIST (cont'd)

What about the blackie? Hmmmm. I like Luka. Me finds her... poetic. I like her catatonic state of misery. The others? Some of the others have potential...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

We see a disturbing image of the Old Guy in the hallway. He smiles crookedly and sloppily chews tobacco.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- PEPITO'S ROOM

Pepito has a small room in the Artist's apartment. It is full of pictures and trinkets of Miami, as well as some Catholic iconography. He looks longingly at a picture of Miami Beach and mumbles some prayers in Spanish while holding a rosary. Pepito only speaks Spanish. His Spanish is translated to English with subtitles.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

I come from a very small town in El Salvador

Cut to a picture of a very rural town in El Salvador.

PEPITO (cont'd)

Was a shithole, man

Back to Pepito.

PEPITO (cont'd)

My family owned a farm. I took care of the chickens

Cut to a series of photographs of a young and fabulously flamboyant Pepito as a boy holding a chicken.

PEPITO (cont'd)

We had live chickens. Baaahk, Baaaaahk (like a chicken) People paid us for chickens. I feed the chickens and I also eat them

Back to Pepito.

PEPITO (cont'd)

I always dreamed of going to Miami and being a great painter

Cut to a picture of a young Pepito in a Miami t-shirt painting a donkey on the side of a donkey. Back to Pepito.

PEPITO (cont'd)

The Artist visited my town. He was like something from the movies, like a grand queen.

Cut to an awkward photo of the Artist and a young Pepito sitting on a donkey that is painted like a zebra.

PEPITO (cont'd)

He asked for me to take him to a
Donkey show. Donkey show!

Back to Pepito.

PEPITO (cont'd)

The Artist discovered my talent and
brought me back with him.

Cut to a picture of the Artist and a young Pepito reclining on the farm. The Artist is massaging Pepito's feet as Pepito wears speedos. Dissolve into a series of surveillance photos of the Artist stuffing a young Pepito into the trunk of a Ford Pinto and driving across the border.

PEPITO (cont'd)

It was the beginning of a new life...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist's living room is scummy, disheveled, and filled with odd bits of old furniture. There are all kinds of Van Gogh trinkets. Large, dirty, Van Gogh paintings hang on the wall- "Cafe Terrace at Night" and "Sunflowers." It is hazy from cigarettes burning in an ashtray. Also, incense burns before a shrine of Miami; we see Pepito, a sash around his neck, light a new stick in his room. Luka maneuvers on a couch in a series of sleazy and slutty poses. The Artist is engrossed in the process of taking her picture with a 1970's Polaroid camera. After quickly lighting the incense, Pepito rushes to shine a big ever-ready battery powered flashlight onto Luka.

ARTIST

(to Pepito)

More on the chin! The chin! (Beat)
Yes, yes...

The Artist tries to take a picture but the film is all used.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Shit! More Film! Now!

Pepito looks in his pockets and around the room. All the Polaroid film canisters are used. The Artist is getting worked up into a frantic rage.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Fuuuuuuuck! Fuuuuuuuuck!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- KITCHEN INSIDE OF ARTIST'S APARTMENT

Pepito barges into the kitchen, desperate to find film for the hysterical Artist. The kitchen is nasty and full of dirty dishes. The refrigerator door is plastered full of Miami magnets and postcards and also Vincent Van Gogh magnets and postcards. A wet rat scurries from a pile of unwashed dishes in the sink.

PEPITO

(calmly)

Rata

He looks longingly at the postcards of Miami on the refrigerator door.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It's an interview with the Artist as he smokes a cigarette and drinks a mimosa. He grips the can of bug spray and unloads it on a cockroach for a full twenty seconds, drowning the cockroach in poison.

ARTIST

He'll feel that in the morning

The Artist continues with the interview.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I was ten years old when I found art,
and it changed my life, it totally
changed my life. It seemed I don't
know why you'd think a little ten year
old would carry around a lot of
burdens. You wouldn't think of little
ten year old would have much need to
express representational and non
representational, structuralist and post
structuralist, classic or neo- classicist
imagery in their lives. But one night,
deep in a dream, Vincent Van Gogh
came to me. He came in my mouth
and came into my heart- He appeared
like the heavenly father surrounded in
swirling halos of light, majestic blues,
fiery passion, and touched my soul
with the magic of his gift of art. At
that moment, it was like a million
burdens all the way off of my
shoulders and it was like every sense
of confusion, guilt, work, and sin fell
away. Oh!

A cockroach scurries on the coffee table. The Artist sprays it and violently smashes it
with the can. He continues with his interview.

ARTIST (cont'd)

And on from that day forward I began
to talk to Vincent and I would talk to
him all the time- even in class and at
the roller park- I would get down on
my knees and mouth the words and
mouth the words and mouth the words

The Artist bobs his head forward and back as he says "mouth the words."

ARTIST (cont'd)

And I believe those conversations I
had with Vincent as a young girl is
what has seen me through my life

actually- gotten me to the place I am
today

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist withholds Luka's clothes even though she fights for them. He dangles a zip lock bag with some cash and spare change in front of her with his free hand.

ARTIST

I see you tearing up. Don't let it defeat
you.

LUKA

Give me my shit!

ARTIST

You're screaming, pleading, crying by
way of your body- Don't fall victim to
the misconceptions of beauty!

LUKA

Creep!

ARTIST

Contemplate why I want this picture,
become extremely self conscious,
refuse, proceed to question your
identity, become depressed

LUKA

I'm leaving!

ARTIST

We're not done!

Some of Luka's clothes tear. The Artist pushes her down onto the couch. She is stunned. He cranks up the stereo, bad electro pop, and dances in a creepy hipster dance. Pepito scurries through the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- APARTMENT BATHROOM

Pepito scrambles to find some camera film. It is a skanky drag queen bathroom with open make up containers, false eyelashes, powder, Vaseline jars, etc. Water damaged Van Gogh postcards are taped to the mirror. Pepito takes some pills from the medicine cabinet and quickly eats a handful of them. He sees some Polaroid film beneath a hair iron and grabs it; lipstick smudged all over it.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist squirts Luka with water from a spray bottle. She flinches and hisses with every squirt. Pepito rushes in and gives the Artist the film.

ARTIST

Finally!

The Artist raises his arm like he's going to hit Pepito. Pepito flinches.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Hah!

The Artist takes the film, loads the camera with one hand, and then furiously takes pictures of Luka.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Spray the Bitch!

Pepito grabs the spray bottle and starts squirting Luka. Eyeliner runs down her face. She looks like a wounded, lunatic animal.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- PUBLIC BATHROOM INSIDE ADULT BOOKSTORE

It is a relatively small bathroom, one sink, a urinal, one or two stalls. The Artist leans in close to the dirty, scratched up mirror and applies heavy lipstick. A stack of 'barely legal' gay porn magazines sit on the counter nearby. The Artist talks while applying makeup.

ARTIST

My girlfriend... My girlfriend Baby
Anna Mielky introduced me to
mascara..at about 6 years old in her
mother's bathroom. And did I fall in
love with it?

Just then we see a tough looking man, early forties, enter the bathroom and take notice of the Artist. The Artist, totally engaged in applying his makeup doesn't even notice that the man is staring at him, panting like a dog, and opening up the zipper to his pants.

ARTIST (cont'd)

What do you think? I've never gone a
minute without lipstick since then.
And I fell in love with mascara
because I put it on and all of a sudden,
I realized I had these really long
eyelashes!

He flutters his eyelashes.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Don't be jealous, it's just a trait I
inherited from-

Just then the Bathroom Man walks up to the Artist with his junk hanging out the front of his pants. We don't actually see Bathroom Man's private parts, but the Artist looks down below his belt.

BATHROOM MAN

So, do you like my St. Bernard?

ARTIST

Honey, looks more like a Chihuahua
to me. And don't you think you

should put him back in his kennel,
hmmm? Now please leave me alone
while I use this mirror for a second
and-

The man aggressively and repeatedly slams a bathroom stall door until it breaks, barking all the while. The Artist watches, relatively unnerved.

BATHROOM MAN

Aghhhhhhhhh! I'm sick of people
neglecting my dog!

ARTIST

Well maybe you should call the SPCA.
Got some aggression to work out?

The Bathroom Man approaches the Artist with renewed resolution.

BATHROOM MAN

I've been waiting all my life for this.
My St. Bernard and me is going to get
us some Puppet Show Freak

We see the Artist's long nails glimmer.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- VAN GOGH'S ADULT VIDEO AND MAGAZINES

The Artist shuts the bathroom door behind him, holding the gay porn magazines from the counter close to his bosom. We hear the Bathroom Man barking, whimpering, and screaming in pain.

BATHROOM MAN

Oh God! Arf! Arf! (whimper)
(whimper)

The Artist collects himself and smiles to all the creepy patrons and employees of "Van Gogh's Adult Video and Magazines."

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- CAFE/ RECORD SHOP

It's a cafe/ record shop- The sign is simply stenciled white spray paint on the metal above the door, "Eat Records Coffee Food." Luka flips through records while speaking to the camera, documentary style. The Make Out Couple is in there locking lips.

LUKA

I wasn't sure at first. Like, what kind of artist doesn't have a real camera? Is this just some kind of joke? Is he just some perv who is going to post all these pictures online? Every one of these scenarios crossed my mind today. But there is no way I can decipher what is going on in his head. I wish I knew what he thought of my pictures. Not that I care. I doubt I'll go back. I wonder if he liked my poses?

INTERCUT TO:

Luka, with a cigarette and coffee, chats with the girl behind the counter, a hipster chick, early 20's. We are witnessing her in a natural day to day interaction.

LUKA (cont'd)

I hate all these fucking yuppies. I mean, why should I have to take out more money from my trust fund in order to live near some professional stock loser? I would way rather be mugged any day than hear Air Supply through my wall

CASHIER GIRL

I'm wondering why men either A, become obsessed with me or B, never call me back. Is it my semi- secret drug problem? My lack of career driven motivation? Is it so much to want somebody to like me enough to

call, but not enough to call twenty times a day? I just want a skinny guy into street art...

LUKA

I mean, then what? Should I get a job, wear corporate attire and learn to cook? Go to the opera?

CASHIER GIRL

Luka, I'm having dark thoughts. My therapist won't return my calls. I'm thinking about slitting my wrists. I may pull the plug. I want to end it all.

Luka sees a hipster guy with big hair flipping through records.

LUKA

It's all about the quaff in the East Village. I mean, I don't know what the difference is- Assholes there, Assholes here. They're all assholes, just different types.

CASHIER GIRL

What?

LUKA

Do you have any cigarettes?

CASHIER

Were you listening to anything I said?

LUKA

Yeah. Some of it. So what? Do you want a summary? Do you have any cigarettes, or what?

The cashier glares at Luka.

CASHIER

I hope your eggs fall out

INTERCUT TO:

The interview continues over a stack of records as Luka pulls out some heavy metal vinyl.

LUKA

I mean, at first I thought it was just an obnoxious circle jerk for a bunch of privileged assholes. But I can tell you, in case you were wondering, that Artist, he's... he's a total genius

INTERCUT TO:

LUKA (cont'd)

I mean, wow. A dirty old queen holds a contest to discover a top model. A hipster muse? It's fucking hot, hot.

Luka pulls out a new record.

LUKA (cont'd)

You know, it's not easy to let yourself get judged. It's hard enough walking down Bedford Avenue. I didn't think it was possible, but maybe this will lead to an even deeper state of self-ambiguity

Luka reflectively gazes at some extreme hipsters in the cafe and record shop.

LUKA (cont'd)

It's so much more than neon ties and metallic converse high tops. I know I have to be perfect. I have to be the perfect hipster to win this contest.

Like all the other models probably have someone cheering for them back home. Who do I have? Dustin? He dumped me this morning with a text message.

She drags her cigarette.

LUKA (cont'd)

The hardest part was telling my kid sister that she couldn't crash at my pad anymore. She is a runaway, but I need my space to concentrate on the contest. Yeah, she was pissed, but you can only really ever count on yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT- DARK STREET CORNER

A teenage girl, provocatively dressed like a hooker stands on a trashy corner. A man, too dark for us to see, pulls up to her in a 1981 Buick. He reaches across the bucket seats and manually rolls down the passenger side window.

BUICK MAN

How much?

GIRL

30 dollars

BUICK MAN

Get in

The Girl opens the door and gets in the Buick.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist prepares the space for the next photo shoot. He fluffs pillows, lays out props- a football, Viking helmet, etc.

ARTIST

(yells into the kitchen)

Pepito, please, we need some
appetizers for the models. (Beat)

Pepito? (Beat) Pepito?!

(Screams)

Fuck! Can't you do anything?!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- KITCHEN INSIDE OF ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist storms into the kitchen. We see the refrigerator full of Van Gogh magnets and Miami postcards. Pepito is preparing very attractive, gourmet looking appetizers set on crackers. The Artist dangerously pushes Pepito against the wall who then cowers on the floor. The Artist aggressively pours cheerios and chex mix into a bowl and squirts ketchup and mustard on it. He grabs Pepito's plate of treats and yells at Pepito.

ARTIST

Huh?! Was that hard?

The Artist returns to the living room. With the Artist out of the room, we see that Pepito was using dog biscuits as crackers. A moment, then-

ARTIST (O.S.) (cont'd)

(from the other room with a mouthful of food)

Oh God!

Pepito smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

Pepito appears in the doorway of the kitchen. Tears stream down his face for the edification of the artist.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

I try- I try, I really do!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It's an interview with the Artist, bug spray in hand, as he smokes a cigarette and drinks a mimosa.

ARTIST

Yeah, in high school, the guys were always trying to pick me up- dance with me- or pick me up- put me in the trunk of the car- I never knew what they were going to do- Guys are fun- uh, so funny. But I always wanted to be a performance artist, photographer, or modern dancer. Always did. And they didn't understand that. They were accustomed to girls being cheerleaders, or strippers, or waitresses. But an artist? I don't think that was very common. Especially for women like me. There were very few artists in Domestic Rapids, New Mexico, let alone women artists, at least at that time, but I had a calling in my life from Vincent uh, from that night when Vincent Van Gogh came into my heart and mouth and I got a desire to be an artist which has never left

The Artist sprays a cockroach to death and sips his mimosa.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist, dressed in an African inspired outfit, is doing a photo shoot of Lorisha in his apartment living room. Lorisha is a natural in front of the camera; a top model. She wears soulful Brooklyn clothes, lot's of bracelets and jewelry. Pepito assists the Artist by holding the Artist's cigarette and cocktail.

ARTIST

Go Girl!

He snaps pictures.

ARTIST (cont'd)

That's right sista! Uh huh! Snap! Go Girl! Show me some sass!

Lorisha is doing a great job. Nevertheless, the Artist sighs, exacerbated. He doesn't like what she's giving.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Stop! Stop Sucking! Did Van Gogh have to put up with this?! Do you know anything about hipsters? Who are you?

Lorisha looks repentant.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Look, I'm doing you a favor, I'm giving you a chance. You know about being a ho, right? A hipster is like a ho, but sluttier.

The Artist strikes a pose, coaching her.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Ho!

He strikes a related pose.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Make it sluttier

The Artist strikes a pose.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Ho!

He strikes a related pose.

ARTIST (cont'd)

But make it sluttier

PEPITO

(to the Artist- in Spanish with
English Subtitles)

How about some music?

ARTIST

(upbeat, to Lorisha)

Girl! You want some music? You
want some rhythms?

LORISHA

Uh yeah, sure.

She is self assured but a bit confounded by the Artist and Pepito.

ARTIST

Alright then! That's right, you're a ho!
A hipster ho!

(he whispers to Pepito)

She's wrong, all wrong...

The Artist pulls out an old Casio keyboard and presses play on its pre-programmed beats.
It plays just the drum track of a terrible funk beat. The artist acts like a cheerleader.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Alright, now you're feeling it? Now
you're feeling more at home- feeling
like you're a little less African...

LORISHA

(perturbed)

What'd you say?

ARTIST

Ah yeah, sista!! You go girl!

She tentatively gets back into it. Pepito looks at her with love struck eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- IVY LEAGUE LIBRARY

Lorisha conducts a meeting around a mahogany table with a very scholastic looking group. It has the feel of a Harvard conference room. The Make-Out Couple leans against a book case, kissing.

LORISHA

As James Scott points out, "We may consider the dominant discourse as a plastic idiom or dialect that is capable of carrying an enormous variety of meanings, including those that are subversive of their use as intended by the dominant-"

HARVARD GUY

I see, but how would you relate this to the primitive, or the id forces?

LORISHA

I'm glad you asked. Marianna Torgovnick notes, "Primitives are mystics, in tune with nature, part of its harmonies. Primitives exist at the lowest cultural levels, we occupy the highest in the stratification of hierarchy. The ensemble of these tropes- however miscellaneous and contradictory-

INTERCUT TO:

The students mill around and gradually file out of the room. An interview is being conducted with Lorisha. She sits in a dignified chair.

LORISHA (cont'd)

I am so impressed by the Artist- I think he has a firm grasp of what G.S. Trow posited- that television has obliterated the context of American life. He actively challenges White Masculinity and the dominator culture through his work, clearly attempting to bring to wider attention the subjectification, whereby particular meanings of identity come to form potentially limiting understanding of identity-

INTERCUT TO:

LORISHA (cont'd)

I feel like the Artist, as a gay man in a fiercely heterosexual society, and I, an African woman in a fascist male white nation, where we intersect, we illuminate the complexities of race, gender, class, and sexuality- working out of our shared histories based on shared locations in unjust power relations.

The end of her thought is expressed as a voiceover that blends in with the following scene of the Artist, garish as ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- IN FRONT OF A HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

The Artist smokes a cigarette. The filter on the cigarette is stained a rude color from his lipstick. He has awful Jean Benet Ramsey like make-up. He holds an artist's portfolio. An interview:

ARTIST

Success is a very key word here- because to stay in the business; you see, they love virgins and I'm not talking sexually. They love to excavate the next ingenue. My darling hipster model winner will be the next-ingenue

INTERCUT TO:

ARTIST (cont'd)

The last show was- it was a success for so many reasons- but really, let's face it, the critics and the general public, of course... They can't seem to get a grasp on nuance.

INTERCUT TO:

ARTIST (cont'd)

The space? Oh, the space itself was glorious-

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HOT DOG STAND

We see the Artist wearing a beret. He's in a hot dog fast-food restaurant. There are awful pedophilic pictures of boys, with fake mustaches, in police outfits and fireman's outfits hanging on the bright walls. The poses are suggestive like playgirl or Tom of Finland. Also, there are photos of young girls in bikinis, or with martinis, in suggestive positions. The colors are very saturated. Pepito is there with a cone party hat on. People ignore the paintings and just try to get at the mustard, etc. The Make Out Couple is in there, kissing.

ARTIST (V.O.)

After 9/11, I was moved to contribute in the best way I knew how, by making art. My work paid homage to the brave policemen and firemen who risked their lives on that tragic day, and also to the vulnerable and heroic

housewives across the country who were forced to witness the "breaking news" special coverage instead of their usual programming. There are so many different people, so many different stories, it's so much more shocking than what we see on television. (Beat) It was so moving to see people touched by my work.

A working class family notices the photos and look disturbed.

MOTHER

Good Lord

A radio is turned on, off screen. We hear very loud, annoying, Mariachi music.

ARTIST

Huh?

The Artist fumes.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- DISHWASHING STATION IN HOT DOG STAND

An ethnic man, sweaty, with dew rag, washes dishes. His radio blares nearby. The Artist barges in the kitchen.

ARTIST

Shut the Fuck Up!

He grabs the radio and throws it in the dishwashing water. It sparks and fizzes.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HOT DOG STAND

Pepito looks sad. Cops look at the paintings with concern and call on their radios. The Artist is detained in handcuffs.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It's an interview with the Artist, bug spray in hand, as he smokes a cigarette and drinks a mimosa.

ARTIST

I used to listen to the radio a lot- because that was all we had. Even more than listening to the radio I would draw. I loved to draw and we would take- I would take a flashlight- and hide under my covers at night so that mother wouldn't see the light so I could draw or look at pictures from her catalogs. And I would draw all night long sometimes.

The Artist sprays a cockroach and sips his mimosa.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Pictures of truckers and construction workers and all those wonderful pictures- firemen- like that and it would take me away- it would take me away for just- uh, um you know- for the few hours that I was drawing. I would be in another land. I would be in a another world- would be doing things I never got to do- in Domestic Rapids, New Mexico. So drawing and reading catalogs was an escape for me...

INT. DAY- KITCHEN INSIDE OF ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It's a photo session featuring Luke. Luke is on top of the filthy kitchen table. The Artist snaps pictures as Pepito assists him.

ARTIST

Can you slide your leg up the chair?

Luke slides his leg up the chair.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Good.

The Artist snaps off some Polaroids.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Now more attitude- more pouty- like
you just ran out of coke- Yes!

Luke starts giving more to the camera.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Now touch yourself. Yes! Yes!

Luke runs his hands through his hair
and over his mustache. The Artist is
enthusiastic and in the flow.

Suddenly, a bell goes off. The Artist
looks annoyed and violently irritated.

ARTIST (cont'd)

What the fuck?!

Pepito opens up the oven. He pulls out a delicious looking roasted pig with an apple in
its mouth.

INTERCUT TO:

The pig is cooling on the stove. The photo session resumes.

ARTIST (cont'd)

More chest hair- oh that's gorgeous

PEPITO

(softly, very queer, in Spanish

with English subtitles)

Maybe one less button

ARTIST

(to Luke)

Will you?

LUKE

What?

ARTIST

One less button.

The Artist leans in and flicks off a button. Pepito gasps. The Artist looks thrilled. We see Luke. He has 3 nipples.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Yes.

The Artist walks over and fixes Luke's mustache, brushes the 3rd nipple with his finger, dangles the zip lock bag of money in front of his face, and then hands him a plastic banana.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Maybe a few with this

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- FANCY CAFE

Luke leans on his expensive fixed gear bike, scowls, and smokes a cigarette on the sidewalk in front of a very trendy and expensive hipster cafe. Every table is filled with hipsters drinking bloody marys, mimosas, and eating high calorie breakfast plates. A very Skinny Girl sits at a table with her friend, another thin girl. Her friend only drinks coffee, while the Skinny Girl simply smears her pancakes into the plate. A waitress comes up.

WAITRESS

You done with that?

SKINNY GIRL

(to the waitress)

It's kind of rich

The waitress takes the plate.

WAITRESS

(to both girls)

Can I get you more coffee?

SKINNY GIRL

Yes

SKINNY GIRL FRIEND

Yes

The waitress leaves to get more coffee.

SKINNY GIRL

(to her friend)

I'm used to living off of vegan soup
and cigarette tar

SKINNY GIRL FRIEND

Eating makes me physically ill

A Hipster Cafe Patron, male, 29 years old, chats with a female hipster, 16, at another table.

HIPSTER CAFE PATRON

(to his table companion)

I'd rather pay a dollar for a dead man's
clothes than \$100 for something sewn
by a Chinese street urchin any day... I
have tons of Levi's redline single stitch
jeans from the 50's and 60's. It would
take me a year to wear each pair. I

have enough snap button shirts to
clothe an entire audience at a 1998
Pavement show.

HIPSTER CAFE PATRON GIRL

Who?

Cigarette smoke plumes from every table. Luke wears a fresh Japanese anime outfit, a Japanese frog backpack, skinny jeans, high tops, etc. The sidewalk is teeming with hipsters. We see one try on neon frame 80's sunglasses at a street vendor.

HIPSTER CUSTOMER

How much?

VENDOR

40\$

HIPSTER CUSTOMER

These are like 5\$ glasses, max

VENDOR

So? What's up? Your trust fund
dwindling?

HIPSTER CUSTOMER

Yeah, right. I'll take it

We focus on Luke.

LUKE

I used to only drive my Lexus. It was
cool. Had a good sound system,
leather interior, top of the line rims,
power everything...

We hear a disco like song. It is Luke's cell phone. He looks at the caller i.d. and takes the call, rudely, in the middle of the interview.

LUKE (cont'd)

Did you send the check? (Beat)
What? Fuck! (Beat) Look, you don't
send that check and you'll regret it
(Beat) Shut up. Shut up. I've got an
idea, why don't you kiss my ass?
(Beat) Look, I don't care what Dad
says, if you don't mail me that check,
Mom... What? I'm hanging up. No, I
won't wait... It better.

He abruptly hangs up the phone. A few hipsters hog the sidewalk and kind of bump
Luke.

LUKE (cont'd)

(to the hipster, sarcastically)

Sorry?!

HIPSTERS

(as they walk on)

Schmoozle Face!

INTERCUT TO:

LUKE

The Lexus was cool, and I still keep it
in the garage, just to have. But ever
since I learned about the Kyoto... The,
ah, Kyoto- Well, it's all about this
\$3000 baby, the red dragon

We hear a heavy metal guitar chord and get a close look at Luke's bike, the "red dragon."
The bicycle morphs into an animated dragon.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG STREETS

Luke, wearing giant, trendy sunglasses, rides his bike through the streets of
Williamsburg. He conducts his interview as he rides. He runs red lights and causes near
accidents. He doesn't yield to pedestrians, etc. He balances, reluctantly, at a red light

without putting his feet on the ground, waiting for his chance to run the light. He has a Japanese drink in a plastic bottle with a cute straw. A hardcore hipster speeds by on his bike and looks back.

HARDCORE HIPSTER

Nice safety goggles, jock!

LUKE

(to the hard core hipster)

Racist Douche bag!

Luke resumes his interview.

LUKE (cont'd)

It's important to think globally. People are generally so fucking narcissistic and selfish. Especially all the yuppies and hipsters around here. I feel good though. I feel like I'm part of the solution now that I ride my bike all the time.

He throws his plastic water bottle down a storm drain.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

We see dolphins trapped in plastic.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG STREETS

We continue with Luke's interview on the bike.

LUKE

The Artist? It's obvious that I'll win, but I'm kind of over it. I mean, he seems like a major sell out. I'm starting to wonder if he's a yuppie in

disguise. If he's so obsessed with hipsters, why doesn't he just get a job at American Apparel? He could drool all over them and have access to all the leggings his queeny heart could ever desire. And I mean, what does he really expect? \$238? Big Fuck. Dangling in a plastic bag? If the exhibition gets me laid, then that's cool. But I don't know. I'm more into other things.

He pulls up and a Mr. Miagi type Japanese man, in traditional Japanese attire, performs Kabuki theater beneath a cherry tree. We hear a gong clash.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It's a straight on interview with the Artist while he smokes a cigarette and drinks a mimosa. His bug spray is within reach.

ARTIST

I planned to go to art school and, which I did, and that's how I- that's where I got into huffing. My sculpting professor was the one who got me into it. We'd huff turpentine and glue until we were dizzy and sick, then make love until the dawn. And his real body was everything he revealed in his self portraits. He was very representational. But- His boyfriend caught us one night, tubes of glue everywhere. It was a big scene. The professor broke down crying and blah, blah, blah; and begged him for forgiveness. I went home so they could "talk"

The Artist uses finger quotations on the word, "talk."

ARTIST (cont'd)

And the next day the professor broke up with me. He told me it was beyond his control; that he had no choice. I couldn't understand the rest of what he said because his mouth was full with my... Well, as a parting gesture, he did make this sculpture of me.

The Artist holds up the clay sculpture of himself. His penis on the sculpture hangs down to his ankles.

ARTIST (cont'd)

My feelings were hurt, but I took it as a sign. Art school was too small for a "talent" as big as mine, so within a week I had packed my heels and lipstick and was hitchhiking to New York, making money along the way giving blow jobs to travelling salesmen at truck stops

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- A HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

The Artist is out in front of the same posh art gallery as before. It is a continuation of that interview. The Make Out Couple, situated nearby, kisses. The Artist looks a little bit nervous.

ARTIST

This is the "Gallery" Gallery. Any artist worth his manicure shows his work here. And I think they're ready for moi. Oh my God. I can't believe it- I'm so nervous! My butterflies are fluttering! I wonder if Vincent ever felt this way? Did Vincent take Adivan? God, you'd think that my work had never been coveted

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HOT DOG STAND

The Artist is with a snot nosed boy, 12 years old. They are in front of one of the Artist's photos, a picture of a "suburban housewife" eight-year-old girl in bikini with a suggestive expression. The kid has a happy meal from the hot dog stand. It has a plastic toy truck in it.

SNOT NOSED KID

I'll trade you my crane truck for that one.

He points at the bikini girl photo. The Artist hesitates.

SNOT NOSED KID (cont'd)

I'll throw in half my fries

The Artist ruminates on this.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

The Artist opens up a prescription bottle and dumps some pills into his mouth. He pulls out some nail polish from his pocket, opens it, and huffs it. He looks in the window with his nose against the glass. Make up smears on the window. There are two fabulously dressed men, a la "sprockets," effeminate, caucasian, stereotypically queer, in the gallery straightening out paintings and setting up flowers. They have a 3 legged, white, fluffy cat with a diamond collar and a gold pendant heart. The Owners seem blissful and very successful.

ARTIST (V.O.)

What does it do? It just calms me down. I felt like I was about to hyperventilate. And anybody who has hyperventilated knows that you feel like you can't breathe and you're going to die, and I'd take the little pill and huff some nail polish. My dealer gave it to me for that. For nerves. It's a good drug

INTERCUT TO:

We see the Artist up close, a little glassy eyed. He presents his portfolio to someone, though we can't quite see who.

ARTIST (cont'd) (ON CAMERA)

Now, I know what you're thinking. Is this just another fly by night wanna be photographer with nothing to say? Huh? You're thinking that aren't you? Well, my work speaks for itself. You'll have a line of collectors out this door scrambling to get a piece. That feature in Art Forum? You'll get it. Riches. You never dreamed of such riches...

INTERCUT TO:

He opens up his portfolio. We see some of the pictures of Luke, Luka, Lorisha, the Old Guy, and the Mexican Woman.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Hipsters, dear. Hipsters. Do you think I'm fucking with you? Do you think I'm putting you on? Do you think I'm wasting your time? We are surrounded by them. By their glory. By their beauty. A hipster is a work of art.

An obnoxious group of Hipsters walk by.

HIPSTER GUY

She sat next to me at Barcade, I beat her in a game of Ms Pac Man, an hour later I spanked her.

HIPSTER FRIEND

Sweet, you are cooler than America, man, seriously.

HIPSTER FRIEND 2

Two words. Dig. Dug.

ARTIST

(longingly)

Every last one of them. (Beat) I have
the best of the best. Pedigree.
Pedigree...

A couple of pictures fall out of his
portfolio. Some are from his last
exhibition.

PERSON HE'S TALKING TO (O.S.)

(thick southern drawl)

I think it sounds pretty good, really
good. I think it is just what this place
needs. Gee, I sure like that picture.

He refers to the top picture that fell on the sidewalk, a little boy in a fireman's outfit. The camera pulls out and we realize it's just the janitor, a 52 year old dirty white man, that the Artist is talking to at the front door. The real gallery owners enter the scene. Impeccably dressed, they look imposing. Owner 1, a blond man in his early forties, tanning salon look, picks up the fireman picture.

OWNER 1

Is that chilly cheese?

We see the picture has a lump of chilly cheese on it.

OWNER 1 (cont'd)

Perhaps Deluxe Burger would be a
more appropriate place for you to
display your, your, your pedophile
photo napkins- I don't know

Owner One and Two laugh along with the janitor mercilessly at the Artist. The pristine 3-legged white kitty licks the photographs that fell on the floor.

OWNER 1 (cont'd)

Here Princess, try this one

He has Princess lick the chilly cheese off of the fireman picture, right in the crotch.
Owner 2, a very neatly dressed queer man in his 40's, smart looking glasses, chimes in.

OWNER 2

Ooooh yeah, right there

They laugh at the Artist.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist photo-shoots a lame girl. She is eighteen, almost retarded, out of shape, and awkward. She just sits on the couch and cries. The Artist exploitatively and enthusiastically takes her picture. He dangles the zip lock bag of money in her face.

ARTIST (V.O.)

This contest has changed my life 99%.
I had no idea how things, artistically,
would open up for me

Pepito licks an ice cream but still looks unhappy in the back. The Artist notices his attitude.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Oh. Who is a sad clown?

He quickly and adeptly throws an ashtray at Pepito who narrowly dodges it. It takes a chunk out of the wall. The Artist resumes his work without missing a beat. Pepito looks at himself in a mirror in the room. We zoom in on his Miami Beach t-shirt. Miami sound machine fills the air.

INTERCUT TO:

The Artist and Pepito do a synchronized swimming dance with sock puppets on their hands to inspire the crying girl. She cheers up for a second then starts bawling again.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The pasty Artist, in his underwear and wearing a big wig, with a mimosa and cigarette, flips through a catalog as the Mexican woman cleans in the background.

ARTIST (V.O.)

The biggest misconception about me? That I'm frivolous and just a ball of pink fluff- I have much deeper thoughts- I'm a deep person, believe it or not- I like to have fun but I also know there's a time when you have to get serious- and I'm a thinker- And I have a very, very good IQ I found out one day. And so I think people think of me as a little bunny- pink ball of some sort with lipstick and eyelashes. But I am really a very deep thinker. I, I love art with all my heart. There's not anything I wouldn't do in the name of art. I'm very creative and uh, they'd be surprised.

He sneaks a picture of the Mexican Woman as she cleans. He counts the money in the zip lock bag. The Mexican Woman slyly looks at the money in the zip lock bag with greed. There is a quarter stuck in the carpet. She puts it in her pocket.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

It's rather sad. Of course in a perfect world we wouldn't have to pay the models. It's really so tacky. You think they'd be eager to participate in the artistic process. But, sure enough, in the royally cheap style of the trust fund hipster, I must dangle in front of them their foul carrot.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- FANCY CAFE

The Artist and Pepito sit together at a table full of Polaroid pictures of the models. Pepito licks an ice cream while the Artist carefully studies the photos. A hipster kid, carrying a

man purse, arrives at the cafe counter. The Artist skillfully sees him, gets up, and stands in line behind him. The Make-Out Couple is in there, kissing.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I don't have Coca-Cola and Pepsi and Diet Pepsi and Pepsi Free and Speedstick Deodorant and Tide and Tampax tampons and all that shit-corporate sponsorship. Instead I have to turn to the people, to my real supporters to offset my costs and to offer the necessary financial assistance

HIPSTER IN CAFE

Hi, I'd like two almond croissants, a cappuccino, and what are those?

The Hipster puts his man purse down on the counter and points in the bakery case. The cafe worker, a bleach blond in retro beach-wear looks irritated. She clearly resents her job.

CAFE WORKER

Organic cream eclairs with white chocolate.

The Hipster ponders this and looks at some of the other treats. While the cafe worker leans back and checks her text messages, the Artist casually snags the Hipster's man purse and shoves it in his shirt.

HIPSTER IN CAFE

Ok, I'll take two of those, too. One for my dog. He loves sweets!

The cafe worker rings up the total.

CAFE WORKER

\$17.50.

The Hipster looks on the counter, then pats his pockets. No man purse.

HIPSTER IN CAFE

Shit! Where's my bag? I just put it here a second ago.

ARTIST

My God? Something happened to your man purse!?

HIPSTER IN CAFE

What do you think?

(a moment of realization)

Hey. You took it. Give it back. Give back my purse.

ARTIST

What! What are you looking at!? I'll rock your world, sissy! (beat-to the cafe worker) Refill, please.

She reluctantly refills the Artist's coffee. The Artist returns to his table and the stack of Polaroid pictures.

CAFE WORKER

(indifferently to the hipster)

Maybe you forgot it at home

HIPSTER IN CAFE

I swear to God that weirdo took it

CAFE WORKER

What do you want me to say?

The Hipster scowls at the Artist. The Artist smirks back at him as the Hipster angrily leaves the cafe empty handed. The Artist runs his hand and taps his fingers over the Polaroids.

ARTIST

We have all these hipster beauties, and now it is time to decide who has to go home. Who will it be? Let's start with the Old Guy.

A few pictures of the sketchy Old Guy come up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

The Old Guy is very compelling, but I'm not sure if he is model material. I see him as a postman, not as a top hipster model. Although I love the fact that he committed to this picture. There's a lot of energy in that. It was good, not great. I like the body language. I like the snooty factor. The, "Look at me, I'm too important for you."

The next pictures he pulls up are of Luka.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Luka. I like that she's on the couch. She's a rebel. The eyes look naughty, too. She's that bad girl. Finally she has separated herself from the pack. I think Luka is the one to watch. This is a hipster photograph, see how slutty. And look, she's on the verge of hipster tear droplets. But then again, maybe not.

A trashy afrocentric photo series of Lorisha comes up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Lorisha. I don't see hipster potential here. I don't think she knows what to do in front of the camera. She does have one more photo shoot to prove herself. I haven't decided yet, but I have a feeling I'm going to wrap her ass in bubble wrap and ship her out.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

I love her bone structure, I love her eyes. She has one of the prettiest faces- the camera loves her

The Artist gives Pepito a perturbed look. Pepito licks his ice cream. The next pictures are of the Mexican Woman.

ARTIST

Next we have the Mexican Woman. She has a tendency to get soft and sweet which turns into commercial and safe. A hipster has to inspire others to be apathetic. I don't get the sense that she's willing to do nothing

Trashy pictures of Luke come up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Next, we have Luke. I think his are some of the worst pictures in the bunch, even though I know he is one of the most 'hipster' of the models. He seems to have the most street cred, but I'm missing that spark. He's a little bit too scummy, too greasy. Although the third nipple is very hot. I would think there's a fine line between hipster and scumbag. Though he has something when it comes to communication. He's got so much beauty but needs so much coaching. I think he has to be willing to give me more.

The Artist grabs his crotch and squeezes.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Yeah, something more

A picture of the traumatized, "Retarded," crying girl on the couch comes up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Finally, we have this girl. I love the hipster droplets. Amazing. Still, she doesn't look strung out enough for me. I don't get the sense that she'd take some stranger into the bathroom, show her tits, and give him a blow job. To me, it's as if she's in a beauty pageant, not a hipster model slut. She's got to think more trashy.

The Artist takes a long drag on his cigarette.

ARTIST (cont'd)

What do you think, Pepito? I think it's time to say "Fuck Off" to some of our contestants.

Pepito licks his ice cream.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist stands sternly at the front of the room. The contestants, Lorisha, Luke, Luka, Mexican Woman, Retarded Girl, Old Guy, and some random others enter the room. Luke whispers to Luka.

LUKE

Your face looks like used toilet paper

Luka isn't fazed; she ignores him and coolly smokes a cigarette with general disdain. Some of the contestants are on their cell phones, others eat beef jerky, etc. The Artist controls them with his hands, like a magician, as they squat and rise doing a weird dance.

ARTIST

And down. (Beat) and up. (beat) We are working on movement (beat) you look like an octopus!

They all laugh nervously.

ARTIST (cont'd)

There are twelve beautiful hipsters that stand before me, but I only have three photos in my hand. And these photos represent the remaining hipsters who are in the running to win the cash prize of \$238 and be the subject and muse of my next photo exhibition, "The World's Hottest Hipster."

The Retarded Girl claps. No one else does.

ARTIST (cont'd)

First off, I want to give you all an "A" for effort, even though you don't deserve it. (beat) The first names I'm going to call are- Luke and you, the Retarded Girl.

Luke and the Retarded Girl come forward. The other contestants look nervous.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I have a photo here. And this photo is either of you, or you. And this photo represents a hipster who is going to stay in the running for the World's Hottest Hipster. And I will only call one name. And the name that I do not call must immediately gather your belongings, pack your things and fuck off. (Beat) Both of you take some of the trashiest pictures out of everyone in the room. Both of you have something very dirty about them. But one of you has what it takes, and the other doesn't.

The Artist pulls out a dirty picture of Luke.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Luke, congratulations.

Luke gasps and hugs the Retarded Girl. The Artist hands him his photo.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Congratulations. You are still in the running to be the The World's Hottest Hipster.

LUKE

(overcome with emotion)

Thank you

The Retarded Girl hugs the Artist. The Artist looks grossed out by the hug and pushes her off.

ARTIST

Gross!

The Retarded Girl stands and cries. She is talking, a voice over, as we see her packing her things up. Luke smirks.

RETARDED GIRL (V.O.)

I really wanted to win. I wanted to prove I could do this. I first came in here thinking my disability would be way more of a problem than it really was. I thought, you know, I wouldn't be able to get along with any of the other hipsters, I'd be too different. And since I've been here, I've learned so much. I've learned to be more confident. I've learned to not always be so self-conscious and that not everyone is going to judge you because you have- You were a certain way. I wish my boyfriend was here because I know he would be really

proud of me still and he'd hug me and be like "you tried your best." Even though it's hard to hug him because he's in a wheelchair.

We see color copy pictures of the core contestants. They are cut out and taped together on a poster board. Pepito pulls off the picture of the Retarded Girl and crumples it up. She slinks to the corner and cries.

ARTIST

The next names I'm going to call are-
Luka, and you, the Old Guy.

Luka, smoking a new cigarette and chewing gum, and the Old Guy, holding his bunny, come to the front. Everyone else, except for a nervous Lorisha, looks indifferent. Luke scowls at Luka.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(to the Old Guy)

The judge keeps saying that she's not sure if you're hipster material. She says you're still trying to figure it out. I don't know if we have time to figure it out. (Beat) Still, I hear that you give the other hipsters strength here. That you give them peace and spirituality. These aren't qualities I look for in a hipster model.

The Old Guy looks nervous. He looks to his bunny for reassurance.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Luka. Such a slutty hipster. And for you to be so slutty, you should really be standing out so strongly. But the judge feels like you're fading into the background. She doesn't think you're special

Luka looks repentant.

ARTIST (cont'd)

So who goes home? The Old Guy with the heart of gold? Or the slut who takes a good trashy photo but the judge has a hard time remembering and doesn't feel a spark? (Beat) I only have one photo in my hand. And this photo represents the hipster who is still in the running toward becoming the World's Hottest Hipster. I will only call one name. The hipster that I do not call must immediately leave my face, pack your lame belongings, and fuck off.

The Artist pulls out the picture.

ARTIST (cont'd)

It's the Old Guy.

Lorisha gasps. The other models remain unmoved.

OLD GUY

I no longer want to be here.

ARTIST

You no longer want to be here?

OLD GUY

No

ARTIST

Why not?

OLD GUY

I'm not happy. Sorry.

ARTIST

Tell me. Talk to me.

All the other models look indifferent, except for Lorisha who looks shocked.

OLD GUY

Modeling is not for me, sorry.

ARTIST

You know what I think is not for you? I don't think it's modeling, it's people telling you what to do. I think it's people telling you you're not perfect. I think that's what you can't handle. I think it's you realizing that you are fundamentally flawed and defective as a human being. When did you first begin to hate yourself? What are you missing in your life? What if you were found dead- propped up against the toilet seat or lying in a fetal position on the floor? Would anyone care? The most unattractive thing in the world to me is a grown man who wears diapers. And, even worse, lacks irony. And for that- you can go.

OLD GUY

Thank you.

ARTIST

(sarcastically)

Good Luck!

The Artist turns to Luka.

ARTIST (cont'd)

So Luka, a free pass has been given. I tried to recruit another hipster to take your place this morning but he dropped out. So here you are. And I know a lot of people are really surprised right now but there's

something very beautiful about this situation because this competition is about giving people a chance to people who really want this. And I know that you really want this. You have to use that natural talent of yours. You are so slutty. Take that and own that and prove those judges wrong that you were the one who was supposed to fuck off.

LUKA

I will

ARTIST

It was destined to be

Luka is crying. She and the Artist hug. The Old Guy stands blankly. We hear the Old Guy talking as he packs up his meager belongings- rabbit feed, some fishing line, a couple of beers, tomato seeds, chewing tobacco, a newspaper opened to the escorts page, a copy of Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men."

OLD GUY (V.O.)

I seen dozens of hipsters come by with the same damn thing in their heads. Dozens of them. They come, an' they quit an' go on; an' every damn one of 'ems got a little piece of being famous in their head. And never a god damn one of 'em ever gets it. Just like heaven. Everyone wants a little piece of famous.

He looks around at the tragic faces of the hipsters.

OLD GUY (cont'd)

Still, I didn't mean any harm. That's why I said sorry to the Artist. But I can say sorry to him again. Or her? For wasting her time, but I don't know. Sorry. I thought I wanted to be a model but this whole thing made me

realize it's not for me. I just want to
be happy so- I just don't feel like that
anymore so I just had to say
something.

The Old Guy walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

The Old Guy, holding his bunny, talks into the camera. The scene is labeled as being
from the day of the audition. Dramatic music plays.

OLD GUY

Pick me. Please. You will not regret
it. Please pick me. I love you. Bye.

It cuts to the group shot of the main contestants on the poster board. Pepito pulls off the
picture of the Old Guy and crumples it up. The Artist gives Pepito a stern look.

ARTIST

Ah-hem

A picture of the bunny is still up. Pepito grabs that, too, and crumples it up.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LORISHA'S APARTMENT

It's an interview with Lorisha in her very afro centric apartment. However, it is also very
high class. Lorisha clearly comes from a very wealthy family. She wears traditional
African garb and looks very beautiful, vivacious, and bright. Smooth Jazz plays on the
radio.

LORISHA

I couldn't believe I hadn't been called
yet. I was so nervous! I wanted it so
bad and it had all come down to the
last contestant. The Artist and I had a
really great photo shoot earlier that

day. I felt like we had made a breakthrough. I thought for sure he was going to pick me

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The elimination round continues.

ARTIST

Many of you stand before me, but you know I only have one photo in my hand. And this photo represents the last finalist who will be competing for the World's Hottest Hipster. So if I don't call your name, take a hint, it means go fuck yourself. (Beat) The first name I'm going to call- Lorisha.

Lorisha breathes a sigh of relief and steps forward.

LORISHA

This is a dream. I've been dreaming about this moment right here for a long time.

ARTIST

(Jive Accent)

Step back, sista.' You haven't made the finals, yet. Shit, sucka.' (beat) The next. (Pregnant Pause) The next. And last. Will you please step forward.

The Artist points at the Mexican Woman. She just stands motionless, looking confused. The other random contestants look indifferent to their defeat. We see up close one Waify Boy in very skinny jeans. His eyes roll back into his head and he faints onto the floor. No one does anything. He looks dead.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- TATTOO PARLOR

We see Luka, cigarette and beer nearby, interviewed as she gets a tattoo that says, "Tattoo." The interview is part on camera, and also partly with her voice over on shots of the Waify Boy passed out and potentially dead. Everyone is apathetic about his unconscious state.

LUKA

When something like this happens- you can't believe it just happened. I mean I know a kid who has a pre-existing condition, where he collapses and goes into seizures. He's had tests done since he was like 3. It's been like two and a half weeks since his last collapse.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The elimination round continues. The Waify Boy lays on the ground, potentially dead.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles
to the Mexican Woman)

Get your ass up there

She steps over the Waify Boy and approaches the Artist. Lorisha and the Mexican Woman stand side by side.

ARTIST

I only have one photo in my hand and this photo represents the last hipster that will compete in this high stakes competition. Who has what it takes?

The Artist stares at them intently.

ARTIST (cont'd)

And the one I do not call must immediately pack her skanky

belongings, get out of my face, and
fuck off.

Lorisha looks competitively at the Mexican Woman. The Mexican Woman adjusts her
rubber cleaning gloves. Her baby cries off to the side.

ARTIST (cont'd)

The Mexican Woman- who came into
this competition and everyone said,
"Oh my God," a Mexican Woman.
And then the Mexican Woman comes
into this competition and girls like
Lorisha, clean and healthy, as
un-hipster as can be, stomp all over
her. But there was something about
the Mexican Woman that was special.
We felt her hipster lack of potential.
So she remained in this competition
and the trashier and trashier her photos
got.

Lorisha whimpers. The Mexican Woman starts cleaning.

ARTIST (cont'd)

And we have Lorisha. A girl with
hardly any experience with hipsters
but walked into this competition
taking photos that rivaled some of the
skankiest hipsters of our day. And
Lorisha, today you climbed to the
other side of that couch and connected
with that empty little person that
Lorisha is. You exposed yourself.
You learned that a large part of being a
hipster- do you want to say it?

Lorisha nods, "No."

LORISHA
(whispers)

No

ARTIST

Is flashing your vagina.

Lorisha looks conflicted. The other contestants couldn't care less.

ARTIST (cont'd)

So who continues on in this
competition and competes against
Luke and Luka?

The air is heavy. The Artist pulls the picture.

ARTIST (cont'd)

The Mexican Woman.

LORISHA

What the fuck, man?

The Mexican Woman, who is still cleaning, turns on the vacuum.

ARTIST

Shut that fucking thing off! Here, take
the god damn picture, bitch, you've
been chosen.

The Artist hands her the picture.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Get over with them.

He pushes the Mexican Woman toward Luke and Luka.

LORISHA

What the fuck?!

Lorisha is in the Artist's face.

ARTIST

Did you hear what I said about you?
About having some of the trashiest
pictures I've seen in this competition?
There's a career for you. Yeah,
somewhere in some, some ghetto JC
Penny catalog or something,
somewhere sista', now pack your
bracelets and beads and fuck off.

LORISHA

This is bullshit, man.

ARTIST

A simple tear says a thousand words.
Your story began as a child. Where
will the ending be?

LORISHA

You are fucked up

ARTIST

Mmmmm... Love them sour grapes.
Your hunger for love and acceptance
has influenced your desire to pursue
beauty at all costs. How sad does that
feel?

LORISHA

(intimidated)

Shut up

ARTIST

(in a soft, caring psycho voice)

Don't be afraid to heal the frightened
child within. Nobody deserves that
much pain and suffering, not even
you!

LORISHA

(enraged)

Shut Up!

Lorisha shoves the Artist.

ARTIST

You want to get up in my face? You
want to throw down, bitch?

The Artist gets in Lorisha's face. He flashes his nails. Lorisha looks frightened, capitulates, and grabs her things with frustration. As she grabs her things, the Artist continues with his "caring" words of advice.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Isolation makes your heartache grow
stronger. With it comes emptiness in
the most complete sense

Lorisha, perturbed, takes one last look back and storms out of the room. The room stands shocked and quiet. Then, gradually, the Artist starts giggling, and then Luke and Luka join in. Everyone is laughing at her, even the Retarded Girl and the other losers, even the Waify Boy on the floor, at Lorisha's expense; everyone except for Pepito.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWAY

Lorisha cries down the stairs.

LORISHA (V.O.)

I'll miss everybody. They totally
touched my heart. I'm disappointed
because I know I have potential to be a
hipster model. I feel sad to have left
so early in the competition but I need
more mirror time, more time at the
thrift store, more venereal diseases,
and I need to practice more. I wish I
had just given more sluttiness to the
camera. I feel like my pictures didn't

show my real ability. (beat) I'm embarrassed of my pictures. Yeah, I'm in the top 12 of the entire world, but I'm also the third to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

While all the others are doubled up laughing, Pepito quickly scrolls a letter and folds it into a paper airplane.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

Lorisha comes out of the front door onto the street. The hysterical laughter is audible all the way down to the street. The Make-Out Couple leans against a wall nearby, kissing. Lorisha looks up toward the Artist's 4th floor window.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

The window opens and Pepito sticks his head out. He makes eye contact with Lorisha and tosses the paper airplane. It makes an elegant spiral down to Lorisha. She catches it and dashes off, crying.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It's an interview with the Artist as he smokes a cigarette, drinks a mimosa, and bug sprays cockroaches.

ARTIST

My mom was really funny. She was really talented. Every Christmas she decorated the house even though we were a very poor family. She decorated the house with streamers and, and all kinds of things. She got this fireplace that she would use every year- this real heavy cardboard

fireplace. It had a little, um, we'd put a little bulb behind it that flickered so it looked like it had a little fire and we would sit around that fireplace like it was the real thing. We would sing Christmas carols and Christmas was always wonderful at our house because Mom ordered from Sears Roebuck and that was kind of an order catalog, a catalog order thing, you know. Because um, down in Domestic Rapids, New Mexico. It was a very small town and uh, so by Christmas it was always filled with just the toy I wanted or 2 or 3 toys-

Cut to archival footage of 1970's catalog pictures and commercials for Lee Press On Nails, High Heels, Virginia Slim cigarettes, etc.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Mama sacrificed to give us a good Christmas. So, um I had a wonderful family- my mother would decorate the dining room table. She would make villages with roller skating rinks on them and I would roller- I would roller skate all the time- not on the village or the table of course, hah! I would go down the back alley of our house, wank my weaner, and there was a big roller skating park and I would roller skate for hours and hours and hours everyday except when it was church time

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ARTIST'S BATHROOM

The Mexican Woman gives a demonstration on how to clean a toilet.

MEXICAN WOMAN
(in Spanish with an English

Translator layered over.)
Use the toilet brush to lift up the lid.
(beat) Now scrub. (beat) Like go
around you have to do the inside a
long time. (beat) It hasn't been
cleaned in a long time. (beat) scrub,
scrub, harder, scrub

She is breaking into a sweat.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist lounges on the couch in his underwear drinking a mimosa and smoking a cigarette. Pepito sits on the floor, very close to the TV and watches Miami Vice. The Mexican Woman cleans the apartment.

MEXICAN WOMAN (V.O.)

(in Spanish with English

Translator layered over)

I saw an ad in the laundromat. My
English isn't very good, but it said
something about \$238. So I came here
and I guess I was chosen to be the
cleaning lady. (Beat) He hasn't paid
me, yet. I asked for my money, but he
just dangles a plastic bag with money
in front of me and takes my picture. I
don't like him. But I need to work and
\$238 is a very good price for an
apartment this size.

It switches to an on camera interview of the Mexican Woman in the bathroom, cleaning supplies nearby.

MEXICAN WOMAN (cont'd)

(in Spanish with an English

Translator layered over)

Oldest of 8 kids- And we were Me,
Juan, Jose, Juanita, Gerardo, Pedro,
Maria, and Andrea. And well, you

helped raise the kids. You- I was never- I never got to be a little child because I was always being part mama, you know. I helped my mother wash clothes. I helped her- I ironed for hours and hours. I always cleaned the house. And then we'd make a deal. If I cleaned the house, she'd take care of the kids. But if she was going to clean the house that day, I'd take all the kids to the textile factory. (Beat) My husband is angry. The car broke down and he wants money to fix it. He hits me. He tells me he'll kill me if I don't bring home money.

Down the hall we can see the Artist, from the Mexican Woman's POV, fixated on a picture of Luke.

MEXICAN WOMAN (cont'd)

(in Spanish with an English

Translator layered over)

I think he is a homo.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE LODGE CAFE

The Lodge is a trendy brunch cafe in Williamsburg with tables that spill onto the sidewalk. The Artist sits with a cigarette, mimosa, and coffee. He flips through trashy photographs of Luka. The Make-Out couple kisses at an adjacent table. Rich Hipsters fill the place- knitting, text message-ing, on their lap-tops, smoking, drinking bloody marys, etc. Two hipsters converse within ear shot. They have the usual hipster uniform; slip on pumas, v-necked shirt, homemade khorts (khaki cut-off shorts), etc.

HIPSTER CONVERSING

Yeah, just moved into a sweet
Bushwick 2 bedroom railroad with a
view of some dumpsters and the JMZ

HIPSTER CONVERSING 2

I know that area. I walked across a cement plot covered in dead rats to get to a party

HIPSTER CONVERSING

Well, whatevs. I guess you can get murdered or fall victim to infectious disease anywhere

The Artist sees an unattended jacket hanging on a chair nearby and moves to take it. A Hipster Dude enters just then.

HIPSTER DUDE

What the hell?

The Artist puts the jacket back and retreats to his seat.

ARTIST

God, it fell on the floor

He continues flipping through the pictures. Hipster Dude sits at the chair with the jacket and gives the Artist the evil eye.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was shocked. Shocked, when the Old Guy dropped out.

INTERCUT TO:

A straight on interview with the Artist as he goes through the pictures. He shows us the pictures he likes. First, he shows a trashy picture of Luka.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Luka is okay. She's not bad, really. I like that she possesses no talent beyond sleeping til traditional dinner hours, binge drinking, and pimping her internet profile. And I like the way her mouth is always open with a

little bit of a drool. Very hipster.
Especially when it makes her shirt wet
around the tit.

He flips to another picture. We see that Luka has a tattoo on the bottom of her foot.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(perturbed)

What? What's this?

The Artist pulls out a magnifying glass. We see the tattoo more clearly, the "Ohm" symbol.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Fuck! That dumb bitch. I knew the
Old Guy was hotter. God, why did he
drop out? What kind of poseur gets a
tattoo of an "ohm" on the bottom of
her foot?

The waitress drops the check at the Artist's table. He extinguishes his cigarette on it, slams back his mimosa, and leaves without paying. We can hear a nearby hipster girl conversing with her friend.

NEARBY HIPSTER GIRL

Something I think of as a combination
between corporate-chic and food-
service chic, which is ironic because I
would blow my brains out, if I ever
had to work in either of those
industries

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKA'S KITCHEN IN HER APARTMENT

It's a narrow and dark Williamsburg apartment. Luka sits in her kitchen flipping through junk mail, chewing gum, smoking a cigarette, and drinking a Jack and Coke. The Make-Out Couple is propped up against the kitchen counter, kissing.

LUKA (V.O.)

But I think the Artist can sense who is-
you know- like sincere. He knows,
deep down, that I'm a hipSTAR.
(beat) Still, even though I don't care, I
was totally crushed when I thought I
was out of the running.

It is a straight on interview.

LUKA (cont'd)

I couldn't believe he chose the Old
Guy over me. But, then- you saw it,
he chose me. I know I got a second
chance for a reason. It's almost like
Karma, you know.

She nimbly crosses her legs. She is bare foot and you can see the "Ohm" symbol on the
bottom of her foot.

LUKA (cont'd)

And I want to announce here, in front
of everybody, for everyone to know,
that I made the cut. The time has
come to officially announce that I,
Luka Von Lukas, am destined to be the
World's Hottest Hipster

She takes a deep drag from her cigarette.

LUKA (cont'd)

As for the Mexican Woman...

Just then, the apartment door opens in the kitchen. We see a cute 22 year old girl, skinny
and alternative, confusedly look at the camera and scurry through the kitchen.

ROOMMATE

(as she scurries by)

I didn't think you were home today...

Luka lurches up and chases after her. You can hear here screaming down the hallway.

LUKA

My towel, bitch! You used my towel!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ROOMMATE'S ROOM

The roommate has her back propped against the door. She is clearly distressed, at the end of her rope, tears pouring down her face. She clenches a long pair of scissors in her hand. Luka pounds on the door and screams from the other side.

LUKA (O.S.)

My Towel Bitch! How's that nose job treating you? My towel!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKA'S HALLWAY

Luka, in a rage, screams and pounds on her roommate's door.

LUKA

Have you fallen in love with your stupid piercings, yet? You used my Towel!!! My Towel. Give me my towel!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ROOMMATE'S ROOM

Tears stream down the angst ridden face of Luka's roommate.

ROOMMATE

(quietly)

Go away. I hate you. Stop yelling sentences at me. I didn't touch your damn towel. I hate you.

(building into a scream)

I hate you. I Hate you. I HATE
YOU!!!!

The roommate starts violently stabbing at the door with the scissors.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- SUSHI RESTAURANT

The Artist and Pepito photograph Luke in a Sushi bar.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Luke is hot. Probably the hottest of
the three. But he's not that hot. I'm
beginning to think the Mexican
Woman is going to be our winning
model. The sushi bar- Luke's idea.

LUKE

How about one like this?

Luke poses in a slutty way while licking raw fish.

ARTIST

Luke, I'm trying to work here! This is
total shit! Why the fuck are we
shooting in a god damn sushi
restaurant? Why don't we just go back
to my apartment, like I said, take some
pictures, and fuck?!

LUKE

Hey, I'm no queer, man. And I'll say it
for the last time, call me Mako!
(Beat) You're lucky I even showed up.

ARTIST

Am I?

The Artist dangles the plastic bag with the money in front of him.

LUKE

You think I need your chump change?

ARTIST

Chump change?!

Luke tries to knock the bag out of the Artists hand, but misses. The Artist kicks him back with his platform boot into the sushi bar. This helps Luke get into it and he gives his best modeling looks. The daytime sushi patrons witness this and look confused. The Artist snaps some more pictures of Luke.

INTERCUT TO:

Luke is interviewed in one of the sushi restaurant booths. He is eating sushi.

LUKE

This whole competition is ultra lame. What a sideshow. The Artist claims that he will be showing these pictures at the "Gallery" Gallery. Sure, that place is hot, but I went there and mentioned the Artist and they didn't know who the fuck I was talking about.

A demure Japanese waitress accidentally spills a tiny amount of miso soup on the table.

ARTIST

Shit! Watch it!

INTERCUT TO:

LUKE

Anyhow, my Sensei says I'm wasting my time. He says I should focus on my meditation. He says I need more discipline.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING- A KABUKI THEATER PERFORMANCE

We see Luke's Sensei acting in a brief and impassioned scene from the Kabuki theater classic, Kanadehon Chushingura.

LUKE (V.O.)

The money? What do I need the money for? I've got a great 2 bedroom apartment. I write my landlord a \$4000 check and still get to wear clothes from the Salvation Army or whatever I want.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- BAR BATHROOM

Luke is in a dive bar bathroom with a couple of male hipster friends. There is graffiti on the mirror that says, "Every time a hipster moves to Williamsburg, somewhere a real person dies." There's a drawing of a penis next to it. Luke has a little zip lock bag with cocaine. He and his friends pass it around and take bumps of the powder from the tip of Luke's Lexus key.

LUKE (V.O.)

Not to mention, thing is, I'm not sure if there's really even \$238 in that zip lock bag.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- INTERNET GARAGE

It is a casual day at the Internet Garage. It's the kind of business that you wonder how ever stays afloat. The employees dress sloppily and are apathetic. It's more of a hipster hang out than an actual business. Plum, in skinny jeans, hangs out behind the counter talking to his friend, another 19 year old hipster, nerdy, prone to awkward side glances, and with an expensive digital camera dangling around his neck. We vaguely recognize Plum's Friend- he is the one who photographed Plum at the very beginning of the movie.

PLUM

My wardrobe is primarily thrift store items and maybe 25% ironic childhood t-shirts. The remaining 10% are jeans I stole from my sister.

PLUM'S FRIEND

Is she still anorexic?

PLUM

Yeah, completely

PLUM'S FRIEND

Yay- thrift stores. It's actually kind of awesome that looking poor is cool when you are poor

PLUM

Do you ever think you're gay?

PLUM'S FRIEND

I don't know

PLUM

I still haven't figured that much out. I mean, I basically like girls, but I basically like guys, too, I think. I mean how can I keep my eyes off of someone like that?

He refers to a scruffy faced, skinny, hipster guy with sunglasses surfing on the internet; the Hot Internet Guy.

PLUM'S FRIEND

I don't know, man. I don't know.

Plum's Friend snaps some pictures of the Hot Internet Guy; shows them to Plum.

PLUM

Slay me. (Beat) Cute boys make me so nervous. I'm too terrified to even approach him. God. And, I have to figure out a way to pay for Lola's abortion. I need money.

PLUM'S FRIEND

Like the world needs another hipster pregnancy.

PLUM

You're telling me.

PLUM'S FRIEND

What is she going to do? Have the child and ironically raise it to be a sexually confused blue collar pseudo intellectual who wears a rainbow headband and rape whistle to parties?

PLUM

It's getting late in her term and she's threatening to keep it.

PLUM'S FRIEND

Doesn't it have fetal alcohol syndrome by now? It must be pickled in bloody marys

PLUM

I wish it would just self combust

PLUM'S FRIEND

Go to a free clinic-

PLUM

I wish. She's nuts. She's insisting on her doctor doing the job. I think she has a major crush on him.

PLUM'S FRIEND

How much?

PLUM

Like 600 bucks. But her gyno is running a promo right now for like \$200.

PLUM'S FRIEND

Damn

PLUM

She says she won't kill the baby unless I pay for it. She says if I don't dish out the dough, then she'll have the kid and stick me with it, as some kind of punishment. She says maybe it will give me purpose in my otherwise directionless existence

PLUM'S FRIEND

Seriously sucks, man.

PLUM

For schnizzle, and I just spent all my money at the party last night.

They watch the Hot Internet Guy. The computer screen says, "Click Here to Begin." But instead of clicking, he keeps trying to press the screen with his finger.

HOT INTERNET GUY

Fuck!

PLUM

So hot

PLUM'S FRIEND

(excited)

Oh, did you see the pictures from the party? They're rad.

PLUM

(excited)

Cool! Where are they?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ARTIST'S KITCHEN

The Artist looks concerned as he examines a piece of pizza in the refrigerator. He feels his waist like a woman might who is worried that she's getting fat. He closes the refrigerator door and leans against it, tormented.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I'm dismayed. Very dismayed. Ever since I saw that tattoo on Luka I've just completely given up on her.

The Artist, unable to resist, opens the refrigerator and shoves the pizza down his throat. He slouches against the refrigerator on the floor and looks defeated.

ARTIST'S(V.O.)

The sushi shoot with Luke was a complete disaster.

From his pocket, he pulls out some awful pictures of Luka's foot and of Luke from the sushi shoot. He mourns over how bad they are.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- APARTMENT BATHROOM

The Artist rushes into the bathroom and starts gagging himself until he pukes up the slice of pizza.

ARTIST'S (V.O.)

What would Diane Arbus do? The only hope for this exhibition is the Mexican Woman. But even she sucks. And she is really getting on my nerves.

He has purged himself. He grooms himself in the mirror, fixes his eyeliner, hair, and wipes some puke from the corner of his mouth. He smiles.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I'm just like anybody else. I know I'm only pretty when I am skinny. It has always been the key to my success and popularity. The same holds true with anything, if anyone is going to like you, you have to be perfect.

The Artist refers to his bathroom counter.

ARTIST (cont'd)

See all this stuff? Look at all this stuff. That's my lipstick. It's almost gone. I have to get some more. I shoplift it from Walgreens. My eyeliner, that kind of- when I cry, it isn't supposed to run, but it does; cheap. This is for my beauty mark, although I don't really need it because my beauty mark is permanent. Bug spray for the cockroaches. This turns color when you put it on. See it's- but it's a different color to start with. Tampons. Well, here's- I don't know what that is. And here's my eyelashes that I'm so famous for. And my mascara, as you can see it's much used, much loved. They are put on with this glue and with lots of mascara. They're like concrete. I mean, they have to literally, kind of, erode. So once in awhile, one will fall off and then I put another one on. Without them, I wouldn't be the Artist.

I don't know who I'd be, but I wouldn't be me.

He applies some heavy lipstick.

ARTIST (cont'd)

There.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

The Artist pushes the Mexican Woman out of his apartment. The Make Out Couple locks lips in the hallway.

ARTIST

Yes, yes, thank you. I appreciate that you just cleaned my apartment, but that won't guarantee you anything. That would be unethical. Do you understand the word ethical? Eth-i-cal? Do you know that word? Comprende ingles, bitch?

MEXICAN WOMAN

(Heavy Mexican accent)

Pay me. I clean apartment. You pay money.

ARTIST

Sure, I'll pay you something- a platform boot up your ass.
The Artist rudely slams the door on her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG STREETS

The Artist, wearing a Kelly green button up belted dress, walks down Bedford Avenue in Williamsburg. He has his Polaroid camera and snaps random pictures of hipsters.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Bedford Avenue, the hipster embassy.
So many beauties.

A mob of hipsters engage in an all out pillow fight while wearing panda costumes. A bad hipster band, with tuba and accordion, play on Bedford and North 6th. The Artist strolls by the Make-Out Couple. A long-haired blond hipster boy, with a thin headband, wearing jorts, casually throws chewing gum at the Artist and carries on. It lands in the Artist's wig.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(on camera)

Motherfucker!

The Artist tries to get the gum out of his wig. It sticks all over his fingers and his fabulous fingernails.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Crap!

The Artist narrates to us in a voice-over. He takes a turn off of Bedford Ave. He intentionally steps on a dog's tail, knocks out the walking aid of an old lady, spits on a baby in its stroller when its mother isn't looking, etc.

ARTIST (cont'd) (V.O.)

I hate the thought of it, but every great artist must overcome adversity. Van Gogh lost an ear. Warhol was shot. Beethoven went deaf. And me, the Artist, has an incredibly shitty crop of hipsters. What else can I do except fluff my hair, persevere, and suffer through another round of hideous auditions? (Beat) Maybe this time require some kind of actual skill, like taking off panties beneath a onesy while shotgunning a beer. That would be nice.

He lands outside the Internet Garage.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Internet Garage. They know me there. They've been very supportive of my work over the years. It's embarrassing sometimes, walking down the street and people recognizing me and wanting to talk to me. Everywhere I go. But I think it's nice- it's a- it's a nice compliment when people stop you and want to talk to you and feel that you're their friend and say, I love you, I worship you, I want you on TV, we love your work, we wish we could be you, when is your next exhibition, When are you going to go back and do it again?

A customer walks out the front door. The voice-over concludes.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(on camera)

Hi, good to see you!

The customer looks at him like, "Who the fuck are you?" The Artist puts on a pair of very oversized hot pink framed sunglasses, looks around suspiciously, and enters the Internet Garage.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- INTERNET GARAGE

The Artist has a stack of color copies printed on pink paper. A sign says, "1\$ per color copy." A random Businessman tries to send a fax. He looks very uptight and type-A. The Artist unplugs the fax machine, mid fax- a childish prank. A couple of snark hipsters vaguely approve of the move.

BUSINESSMAN

What?

He looks at the Artist with spite. He is about to confront the Artist when the Businessman's cell phone rings. He answers it.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

(to his phone)

Yeah Carl, I'm trying to send the fax right now. I'm in this weird shop- I'm sorry, I know, our fax machine broke today

From the inside, we can see through the glass windows that Plum is on the sidewalk smoking a cigarette out front. The last pink copy comes out of the xerox machine. The Artist looks around suspiciously, and then starts to walk out the door with the copies. Just then, Plum enters into the shop and bumps into the Artist. The flyers scatter on the floor. Some of the other people notice, especially the Businessman.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

Carl? Hold on- I'll call you right back. We have a situation here

PLUM

What the fuck?

BUSINESSMAN

Hey! I watched him. He didn't pay for those!

PLUM

Who cares?

ARTIST

Excuse me

The Artist looks at Plum. He is in love. Plum doesn't care about the copies or the Artist.

BUSINESSMAN

(aggressively)

Call the cops! Who are you?! You freak.

Businessman gets a good look at the Artist's long and luxurious fingernails.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

Look at those cat claws! You're in big trouble, man. Citizen's arrest!

The Businessman runs and grabs the Artist. The Artist punches him in the ribs and scratches him in the face. The Businessman doubles up in pain.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

Ugh!

As the Artist escapes, he snaps off a couple of rapid pictures of Plum, hands him a flyer, and slips away.

ARTIST

Call me. The money is yours. You're a star-

The Artist darts off. Plum looks at the flyer.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- INTERNET GARAGE

Plum, smoking a cigarette, leans up against a copy machine for an interview. He acts indifferent and shakes his bangs so they fall in a perfect a-symmetrical pattern; then an awkward silence.

PLUM

Yeah I've been working here awhile.
Whatever. I'm in a secret society.
Yeah, can't really talk about it- a secret society

The camera stays on Plum for an awkward pause. He glances off to the side, tosses his bangs, and finally continues.

PLUM (cont'd)

I mean, it's just a job. I'll probably just quit and move to Narnia.

INTERCUT TO:

PLUM (cont'd)

Who? The business guy? What a douche. No? What? The Queen? Look, can you hurry up, I way rather be playing Atari right now.

Plum shifts angles slightly.

PLUM (cont'd)

If you're really desperate, just tell them I'm the singer from Blink 182.

He flicks his cigarette ash at the camera. Another awkward moment passes.

PLUM (cont'd)

Let me see that take.

Plum walks up directly to the camera.

INTERCUT TO:

Plum takes a sip from a Capri-sun and looks at one of the Artist's pink flyers, many of which are still scattered on the floor.

PLUM (cont'd)

I don't know. I guess it's some kind of contest. Hipster Models. "A cash prize of \$238. Must be trashy hipster to participate." He said the money is mine.

We see the flyer. It has an awful and garish picture of the Artist on it and a small fuzzy reproduction of Van Gogh's "The Starry Night."

PLUM (cont'd)

Too bad I'm not a hipster

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKE'S APARTMENT

Luke's apartment is littered with \$100 bills. It is furnished in state of the art electronics and all the furniture and decorations are Japanese. We see a large photograph of his Sensei in Kabuki garb. A group of hipsters, all dressed in Japanese Kimonos, mill about. Some are the same hipsters who were in the dive bar bathroom snorting cocaine with Luke. Soothing Japanese flute music plays from a vintage "Hi-Fi" record player. A couple of the hipsters look at some of Luke's Japanese antiques.

TEA HIPSTER 1

I can't believe I'm awake at this hour.
What time is it? 3pm?

TEA HIPSTER 2

(yawns)

A major oddity... my natural waking
time is between 4 and 6

Luke's Friends 3 and 4 are in a different wing of the apartment. They look in a big, expensive mirror.

TEA HIPSTER 3

Who is that?

TEA HIPSTER 4

I don't know? Us?

TEA HIPSTER 3

Can't be

TEA HIPSTER 4

I've never seen myself without
photoshop. That's not me.

TEA HIPSTER 3

Me, neither. I can't look

We return to the other room with Luke's Friends 1 and 2.

TEA HIPSTER 1

Huh? No. I don't really like him. Do you?

TEA HIPSTER 2

Luke? No, not really

TEA HIPSTER 1

Jesus man, how does he afford all this? I mean, even with a trust fund like mine, I can't buy this kind of shit. Sucks.

TEA HIPSTER 2

Oh, you don't know? His old man is the Jewish carpet king of Milwaukee.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- CARPET SHOP

It's a low budget commercial for Luke's Dad's carpet shop. There are rugs with menorahs, Stars of David, and the Hollywood sign. Luke's Dad wears a tacky suit, has a yamaka on, and is very vivacious.

LUKE'S DAD

Carpets? Oh Vei! We've got carpets! We've got carpets for the living room, the bedroom, and even the closet! Oh vei! We've got carpets for your carpets! A home is not a home without a bathtub carpet!

A very Jewish looking woman is starting her bath. It overflows with bubbles; also there's a carpet in it.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG STREETS

The Artist prepares to make a call at a pay phone. He scrounges up some change and flips through a ragged public phone book. As he does, we overhear two male hipsters converse nearby.

PHONE HIPSTER 1

Hipsters completely depend on their parents, generate practically no income, and are essentially useless to the U.S. economy outside of consumers in the tobacco and cocaine industries...

PHONE HIPSTER 2

Skinny Jeans...

The Artist points at a page in the phone book. He has found the number he was looking for. The Artist inserts change and dials a number.

PHONE GIRL (O.S.)

(Ring) Internet Garage

ARTIST

I was in your shop recently and one of your employees was so nice, he was helping me, oh, what was his name again- he had dark bangs, skin tight jeans, high tops...

PHONE GIRL (O.S.)

That's pretty much everyone who works here. What's your question?

ARTIST

He was so helpful... a lip ring...

PHONE GIRL (O.S.)
(perplexed)

Ok...

ARTIST
Soft Hands

PHONE GIRL
Plum?

ARTIST
(getting worked up)
Plum... That sounds right. He was so helpful. Gorgeous, right?

PHONE GIRL (O.S.)
Sure. What can I help you with?

ARTIST
Unbearably delicious to look at?
Piercing eyes? Made me tingle in my
panties?

PHONE GIRL (O.S.)
What do you want? Who the hell is
this?!

ARTIST
I could run my tongue all up and down
his delicate torso tasting his unbathed
flesh and then unbutton those skin
tight-

PHONE GIRL (O.S.)
(Click)

Phone Girl hangs up on the Artist. The Artist looks satisfied.

ARTIST

Plum...

INT. DAY- LUKE'S APARTMENT TEA ROOM

A gong clangs. Luke gathers his friends for a PBR "Tea ceremony." A shaggy group of 4 or 5 hipster guys, barefoot, in kimonos, sit cross legged in a circle in a very beautiful and traditional Japanese room. There is tatami on the floor, a traffic cone vase with an Ikebana style arrangement of TV antennas and peacock feathers, and a Japanese scroll painting with the silhouette of a Brooklyn water tower.

LUKE

Welcome to my Ocha ceremony

The guests bow. Luke places incense in a small charcoal burning hearth. There is an ancient tea kettle on the hearth. He holds up an earthenware cup.

LUKE (cont'd)

Admire, this is from the Fujiwara period, AD 973. It is a rare example of the early Raiku glazing technique and at one time belonged to the famed tea master Sen- No Rikyu in AD 1590.

The hipsters, all smoking cigarettes, solemnly pass the cup around. They use a special brocaded cloth to handle it- a pair of pink panties. Next, Luke passes around a bamboo tray of Japanese sweets.

LUKE (cont'd)

These delicious treats are to cleanse the pallet so we may fully appreciate the rich tones and texture of the beverage we are about to experience. They are lightly infused with hashish oil and crushed rohypnol.

The hipsters, in accordance with tea ceremony tradition, eat the sweets from a special paper called kaishi, in their case- twenty dollar bills, receipts, Bazooka Joe bubble gum wrappers- which each guest carries either in a decorative wallet or in the breast of their kimono. One of them takes a bite of one, puts it back, and tries a bite of another.

TEA HIPSTER
(with reverence)

Thank you.

Luke holds up an ice bucket, the kind you'd find at a cheap motel.

LUKE

And finally we have this precious artifact from the dynasty of the last king- Elvis. This was unearthed in the King's Las Vegas hotel room filled with half eaten candy corns. I acquired it, at no small cost, from an esteemed art dealer in Memphis. Please admire the certificate of authenticity.

Luke, holding the ice bucket with one hand, passes around the certificate of authenticity from "Rick's Pawn and Artifact." The hipsters examine it with reverence.

LUKE (cont'd)

Today it is filled with the spirit of a different kind of king

Luke opens the ice bucket. There is an ice cold, frosty, can of Pabst Blue Ribbon in it. The hipsters gasp. Luke wipes the tea bowl with a tea towel called a chakin, in this case- his shirt sleeve- cracks open the PBR and pours it into the rare ceramic cup. He hands the first drink to the nearest guest. They exchange bows. Then the first guest bows to the second guest and raises the bowl to Luke in a gesture of respect. The guest rotates the bowl to avoid drinking from the front, takes a sip, and murmurs.

FIRST GUEST
(murmurs)

Fuck yeah

He takes two or three more sips before wiping the rim, rotating the bowl to its original position, and then passes it to the next guest with a bow.

INTERCUT TO:

The last guest bows and returns the tea cup to Luke. Luke rinses the bowl with hot water from the hearth and sets it aside.

LUKE

And finally, now that we have shared
in the pleasure of this ancient
ceremony, something to cleanse your
spirit.

He claps and five Japanese geisha girls carrying cold PBR's shuffle in and sit on the hipsters' laps.

LUKE (cont'd)

I humbly offer you the hospitality of
my home.

The hipsters look pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

The Artist sits and drinks champagne with the flamboyant gallery owners.

OWNER 1

And I told him, 'Darling, you'll be
lucky if it's only my salad you're
tossing!'

They all laugh mirthfully.

OWNER 2

Shall we toss? I mean, toast!?! Hah!

The Artist and Owners raise their glasses.

OWNER 1

To the greatest living artist since
Roman Polanski.

OWNER 2

Bravo

They cheers and sip.

ARTIST

Oh, this champagne is divine.

OWNER 2

It should be considering what we paid
for it.

OWNER 1

Practically Care Bear piss, worth its
weight in gold

OWNER 2

(to the Artist)

And you better get used to it. After
this exhibition, you'll be taking baths
in it.

OWNER 1

It's true, so true. Golden Showers!

ARTIST

(coyly)

Oh, please!

Owner 1 takes out the picture of Plum that the Artist snapped off before he made a run
for it from the Internet Garage.

OWNER 1

This is amazing. Simply amazing.
Inspired. This is art. That's all I can
say. Art. Magnificent. I could have a

dozen dealers across Europe begging
for this picture right this second

OWNER 2

And this is just the tip of the- ah hem

OWNER 1

You're so bad!

OWNER 2

The ice berg! The tip of the ice berg.
God, you had to go there!

The Artist laughs assuredly.

ARTIST

Plum is my star model. He'll do
anything for me. He is everything
everybody wants to be.

OWNER 1

And everything that I'd like to fuck!

OWNER 2

Me, too! I want him to cum on me, in
me, all over me. I will put him in my
mouth and swallow him all up. Last
night I came while looking at this
picture.

Princess, the three legged fluffy cat, enthusiastically meows, jumps, and humps the
Artist's leg.

ARTIST

Frisky!

They all laugh heartily together and drink their champagne. The Artist reaches down to
pet Princess. Princess suddenly turns on the Artist and scratches him.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Ouch! Fuck!

OWNER 1

Oh Princess!

The Artist stares down Princess for the briefest moment. The Artist extends his "claws." Princess meows in fear and retreats.

OWNER 2

Oh, we are so sorry!

ARTIST

It's nothing, nothing at all!

We get a look at the Artist's arm; it has a deep cat scratch gash. The Artist raises his glass.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Care Bear Piss!

They all shrug off the awkward moment and celebrate again.

INTERCUT TO:

The Artist is gone. It's an interview with the two gallery owners. We see Owner 1 on the phone. Owner 2 is using a pink feather duster to dust off the paintings. Princess naps on a fluffy pink pillow. Tasteless homoerotic art adorns the walls.

OWNER 1

(on the phone)

Of course Sergio! (beat) Yes, you get first dibs, no sloppy seconds for you. I've got five collectors aching for that piece, aching- but I already told them, 'I'm sorry, that man is taken.' (beat) You're welcome, Sergio. Listen, these are not just conversation pieces,

they're masturbation pieces. It's going
to look just fabulous in your collection

We see that Owner 1 is referring to a large painting of a black man with an enormous
erection bulging in his pants a la Tom of Finland. Owner 2 straightens the painting and
brushes the bulge with his finger. Owner 1 puts a red "sold" sticker on the frame. They
look pleased.

OWNER 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)

And then one morning we woke up
together. And I remember this, I was
making eggs

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

God, I was sore-

OWNER 1 (V.O.)

Stop!

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

It's true, and you blew my whistle all
night

INTERCUT TO:

It is a straight on interview. They are seated in the gallery. Owner 1 is petting Princess,
who rests on his lap.

OWNER 1

I was making eggs and bacon

OWNER 2

Sausage

OWNER 1

No, it was bacon

OWNER 2

I clearly remember. I remember
because they had that stud on the box
of sausages- that's why I bought it,
remember?

OWNER 1

Oh, no you didn't!

INTERCUT TO:

Owner 1 looks withdrawn and serious. Owner 2 is teary eyed.

OWNER 2

It was late on a Friday and I had been
drinking. I was watching videos
trying to relax. It had been a difficult
day

OWNER 1

(bitingly)

Why? How could that have been a
difficult day? You slept in and then all
you did was drop me off at the airport

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- AIRPORT

It is a docu-drama of their story. Owner 2 helps Owner 1 take his numerous bags of
luggage out of the trunk of a slick BMW. They struggle with them, they seem heavy.

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

I told you, I almost got in an accident

Owner 1 drops the last piece of luggage onto the curb. The voiceover is replaced by
on-camera docu-drama dialogue.

OWNER 1

There

OWNER 2

Bye darling, tell mother "hi"

OWNER 1

I will- give Princess a kiss for me, will
you

OWNER 2

Oh you!

Owner 1 starts to pick up his luggage as Owner 2 circles around the car to the driver's seat.

OWNER 1

Pick me up Sunday, right?

OWNER 2

I'm counting the seconds- God, do you
need help with those things?

OWNER 1

Christ, they're filled with bricks!
Remind me never to pack that extra
pair of heels!

They laugh and blow kisses to each
other. Owner 2 gets in the car and
pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- BMW

Owner 2, pulling away, looks in his rear view mirror and watches Owner 1 enter the airport. He smiles devilishly. Just then, we hear a scream.

OWNER 2

Shit!

Owner 2 swerves and narrowly misses running over a pair of Indian Hindu nuns and then a troupe of girl scouts exiting the airport, but hits one of their suitcases and launches cookies everywhere.

OWNER 2 (cont'd)

Jesus!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- AIRPORT

The den mother flips off Owner 2.

DEN MOTHER

Asshole!

A box of thin mints slides on the hood of the BMW. Owner 2 leans out and grabs them while he's driving.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- BMW

Owner 2 opens up the thin mints and eats one.

OWNER 2

Yum!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- GALLERY OWNERS' BEDROOM

Owner 2 is in bed with an empty bottle of whiskey and king size bottle of olive oil nearby. Numerous bottles of video head cleaner- poppers- litter the bed and floor. He smokes a cigarette and watches furry animal porn- people dressed up like furry animals having sex.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

The Owners are seated, as before, and continue to tell their story.

OWNER 2

I was watching a home video...

OWNER 1

Oh, God

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- GALLERY OWNERS' BEDROOM

The docu-drama continues. Princess, with all four legs, meows at the bedside.

OWNER 2

(sounding very drunk)

Fucking feed yourself, Princess

Owner 2 drops a key on the floor. Princess picks the key up in his mouth. It takes effort, but Princess also manages to snag a small bottle of the video head cleaner that was on the floor. He scurries out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- OWNERS' APARTMENT KITCHEN

The keys dangle in the kitchen door lock. Princess, with the video head cleaner, nudges the door open and dashes into the night.

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

I left Princess to fend for her own
needs

OWNER 1 (V.O.)

Which we agreed never to do

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

I'm sorry

OWNER 1 (V.O.)
Sometimes "Sorry" isn't good enough

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY
The Owners are seated, as before.

OWNER 2
(bitingly)
Your mother always said it was fine

OWNER 1
What does that bitch know?!

The Owners glare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- HALLWAY OF OWNERS' APARTMENT
The docu-drama resumes. Awful sexual noises emanate from the bedroom. The blue flicker of the TV leaks from the bedroom doorway.

OWNER 2 (V.O.)
It was late. I had been- busy- busy
trying to relax

OWNER 1 (V.O.)
(exacerbated)
God, just say it

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT- STREET
A rowdy car full of teenagers screeches around the corner. They toss beer cans out of the window and play loud heavy metal music.

TEENAGE PASSENGER

Crank it up!!!

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

I heard a terrible screech. It still sends
shivers down my back.

The car lurches up onto the sidewalk and throws back an old lady who happens to be
there.

OLD LADY

Oh!

The teenagers speed off.

TEENAGE PASSENGER 2

Let's get out of here!

Sirens approach from the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- GALLERY OWNERS' BEDROOM

Owner 2 hears the screech, looks highly alert.

OWNER 2

Huh?!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- OWNERS' APARTMENT KITCHEN

Owner 2, in his robe, notices that the kitchen door is open. Ambulance lights seep into
the room.

OWNER 2

Princess? Princess?!

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT- STREET

Ambulance lights fill the street. A concerned looking crowd surrounds the old lady that was clipped by the car. She is immobilized and in a neck brace.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

The Owners are seated, as before.

OWNER 2

I don't know if I can ever forgive
myself

OWNER 1

I'm still trying to forgive you. (Beat)
I'm trying

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

The docu-drama continues. Owner 2 looks around frantically. He notices something off to the side in the driveway, away from the action. He walks down the driveway and peers into the garage.

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

I had the sense- I knew something was
wrong. I followed my instincts. We
never leave the lights on in the garage.

Owner 2 peers in the garage through a small window.

OWNER 2 (cont'd)

Princess was barely breathing. I
couldn't believe it.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- OWNERS' GARAGE

Princess has a plastic bag around his head. He is butt fucking a cloth doll, Clarence. The video head cleaner, busted open, forms a small puddle on the concrete floor. One of Princess' legs, detached from his body, twitches nearby. Princess has a crazed look in his face.

OWNER 2 (V.O.)

He was sniffing poppers and butt
fucking Clarence.

OWNER 1 (V.O.)

God, where did he ever learn to do
that?!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- GALLERY OWNERS' BEDROOM

Princess, with all four legs, looks up with wide eyes toward the bed. We hear grunts and nasty gay sex sounds.

OWNER 1 (O.S.)

That's right daisy duck

OWNER 2 (O.S.)

Slick and slim up my old dusty road!

OWNER 1 (O.S.)

This stargazer is riding the highway to
heaven

OWNER 2 (O.S.)

Smear my tuna!

OWNER 1 (O.S.)

Shit, feel that turtle snap!

OWNER 2 (O.S.)

Ohhhhhhhhhhh!

EXT. NIGHT- OWNERS' DRIVEWAY

Owner 2, frantic, runs to the crowd and paramedics.

OWNER 2

Help! Oh Lord! Help!

From a distance, we see him implore the paramedics for help with large gestures describing the situation- Princess sniffing poppers and butt fucking Clarence. The paramedics, perturbed, dismiss him and drive the Old Lady away.

OWNER 2 (cont'd)

He was so high he gnawed off his own leg. His own leg-

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

We see the Owners, seated as before. Owner 1 is stone faced while Owner 2 is teary eyed. Owner 2 completes the story.

OWNER 2

The veterinarian said Princess probably thought it was chicken.

Owner 1 can't bring himself to look at Owner 2. Owner 2 glances remorsefully in Owner 1's direction. Princess, in his three-legged glory, looks worried on Owner 1's lap.

OWNER 2 (cont'd)

Here Princess

Owner 2 reaches to pet Princess. Owner 1 blocks him.

OWNER 1

Stay away!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- FLOWER STAND

The Artist, now with a bandage on his arm where Princess scratched him, looks through an assortment of flower bouquets. An old, reverent looking, Chinese man in an apron assists him.

ARTIST

I need something for a special
someone.

The Chinese man pulls out a bouquet.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Oh no. Too much blue. Don't you
have any sunflowers?

CHINESE MAN

(thick Chinese accent)

You want yellow?

The Chinese Man pulls out some yellow daisies.

ARTIST

No. How about something with more
pink?

The Chinese man pulls out another option.

ARTIST (cont'd)

No, no. How about that one.

The Artist points at a bouquet with a lot of pink flowers. The Chinese Man grabs it and hands it to him.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Yes. It's perfect

CHINESE MAN

(thick Chinese accent)

12 dollar

ARTIST

(insulted)

12 dollar? Fuck you. I give you 5
dollar.

The Artist throws five crumpled dollars in the face of the Chinese man. The Chinese man calmly pulls out a 9 millimeter pistol and points it in the Artist's face.

CHINESE MAN

(thick Chinese accent)

You think you fuck with China man? I
crazy China fucker. I blow lipstick off
freaky face

The Chinese man shoots several rounds toward the sky and laughs like a maniac. The Artist steadily puts the flowers down and gradually makes a run for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- OUTSIDE A CHURCH

The sound-track is happy calliope music. There are hearses and limousines parked outside a church. Clearly it is a funeral. Flowers decorate the hoods and grills of the parked cars. The Artist happily skips around, helping himself to the flowers, creating a bouquet. The service lets out and the funeral attendees spill out to the front of the church. It is slow motion and dream-like as the Artist dances around the funeral attendees who are bawling and forlorn. The pallbearers appear with the casket. The Artist whimsically plucks flowers from atop of the casket. The Make-Out Couple is nearby, kissing.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I wish Vincent Van Gogh could see me
now. It just goes to show that dreams
really do come true. I mean, it's
something that you always hear, and
sometimes you think it can't happen to
you, but it can. It's really true.
Dreams do come true. And then you
get new dreams. I'm living proof of

that. Everything that I ever wanted
out of life is finally coming true.

The pallbearers load the coffin into the hearse.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ARTIST'S KITCHEN

Pepito demonstrates how to make homemade flour tortillas. He has ingredients set out on the counter; flour, baking powder, salt, vegetable oil, and milk. He also has a bowl and rolling pin handy.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

First, you decide whether to make
flour tortillas or corn tortillas. Corn
tortillas are good. There are only two
ingredients, corn flour and water.
Flour tortillas are good, too. They are
good for gorditas, fajitas, quesadillas,
and other dishes. The Artist wants a
quesadilla so we'll make flour tortillas
today.

Pepito stirs together flour and baking powder into a large bowl. He adds vegetable oil and salt to luke warm milk which he then mixes in with the flour.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

You mix the flour and baking powder
with milk and vegetable oil. Like this

Pepito mixes the ingredients.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

It has to feel a little sticky, kind of like warm ice cream. Ok, this is looking good. If you think tortillas from the supermarket taste fine, you really don't know how a tortilla is supposed to taste.

Pepito takes the dough and divides it into small balls. He dusts his work surface with flour and pats the dough into 5 inch circles. Then he takes the rolling pin and rolls them out to about 7 inches.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

So divide the dough into little balls and squish it into a circle. Then, dust the counter with flour and roll it until it's about this size. Then, transfer the tortilla to a hot skillet like this

Pepito places the tortilla onto a hot skillet.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

Let it cook for 30 seconds or until it blisters like- that, good- turn it, and let the other side cook for 30 seconds.

Pepito picks up the fresh tortilla.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

There, a fresh, handmade tortilla produced right in your home

INTERCUT TO:

Time has elapsed. The tortilla ingredients have been replaced with a block of government cheese and a stack of fresh tortillas. Pepito grates the block of cheese into a bowl. He narrates in a voice-over.

PEPITO (cont'd) (V.O)
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

At first, the Artist was so charming and sweet. He constantly told me how wonderful I was, how talented and special I am. Everything was so, so good. He lost his temper, every once in awhile, and this bothered me, but I just brushed it off and always let him have his way.

Pepito dices up jalapeños and tomatoes.

PEPITO (cont'd)
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I remember the first time he hit me- I was watching Bob Ross on PBS. I mentioned to the Artist how lovely I thought Bob's landscapes were. The Artist looked at me, walked up and, "Bang!" I never even saw it coming; just felt my head snap back and my face burn. Everything went black. When I opened my eyes, Bob Ross was painting "happy clouds" and my nose was bleeding. The Artist said he didn't mean it and that it was an accident. He handed me a mint chip ice cream cone.

Pepito places some butter in a hot skillet, then a tortilla. He places the cheese on the tortilla with jalapeños and tomatoes.

PEPITO (cont'd)
Usually it is my fault. The Artist says the problems with his art are because

of me. If he makes a mistake or if nobody likes his pictures it is because I have distracted him or made him untasty empanadas. But I understand. It is only because he is a passionate artist. If I would just be better, my spices tastier, than he wouldn't have to get angry. I'm scared to leave.

Pepito flips the quesadilla.

PEPITO (cont'd)
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I've seen how bulls act when they are not satisfied, when their testicles swell. I have seen animals act in strange ways. I grew up on a farm. I'm a farm boy. Sometimes it's because of me that animals act in strange ways, hee hee- I've seen them kick and howl. When the Artist hits me-

Pepito slices the quesadilla and takes a bite of it. Cheese squirts out the side onto his chin. He places more butter on the skillet and makes another one.

PEPITO (cont'd)
To make art- art can mean many things. Some people say I deserve what I get, the beatings and punishment, that I must like it, somehow. But I know he doesn't mean it and wants to change. He told me. After he hits me he sometimes says, "Pepito, what have I done, god, I'm so sorry. I've messed up everything, what am I going to do?" He apologizes and sometimes gives me ice cream, almost any flavor I want. He gave me Cherry Garcia this morning.

Pepito smashes an avocado and mixes the ingredients for guacamole; avocado, lime, salt, pepper, onion, and tomato.

PEPITO (cont'd)

Still, I think I am beginning to have permanent problems with my speech, memory, nightmares, flashbacks, hearing, and masturbation; but the Artist says so did Van Gogh. That makes me feel better. Van Gogh is a very famous painter. (beat) I am very, very, very happy. The Artist treats me well and buys ingredients for our food. He likes to eat quesadilla with guacamole.

Pepito completes a beautiful plate; a quesadilla garnished with guacamole and a sprig of cilantro. It looks perfect, like the cover of a Tex-Mex cookbook. Pepito forces a smile. A tear drops down his cheek and lands on the quesadilla.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG STREETS

The Artist joyously dances down the streets with his bouquet of flowers. He hops in a double dutch jump rope game, slam dunks a basket in a pick up basketball game, hits a home run in a softball game, says a prayer with some Hasidic Jews, slams down a domino, does the limbo, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- INTERNET GARAGE

Plum is by the copy machines with Lola, a haggard, very pregnant looking woman of about 35 or 40 years old. Lola smokes a cigarette.

LOLA

It's almost closing time. The end of my second trimester is merely days away. What are you going to do? What are you going to do? What are you going to do about it?

Plum remains quiet.

LOLA (cont'd)

I wonder. Hah! How do you say,
"nothing?" (Beat) I'm going to have
to squirt this puppy out, aren't I?

Lola points at her belly; takes a drag of her cigarette.

LOLA (cont'd)

Can you afford this? Can you afford
this? Huh? Can you afford this?

PLUM

I don't care.

LOLA

Figures. Well, you better start caring,
pretty boy. Time is running out fast.
And your DNA is scribbled all over
this shit

The Artist enters with his bouquet of flowers.

ARTIST

Plum, the gallery loves the picture.
We're a success!

LOLA

Oh-my-God. What the fuck are you?

It is a Jerry Springer-esque encounter. Plum's Friend takes pictures throughout the interaction.

ARTIST

The Artist, bitch. Plum, where did
you find this knocked up American
Apparel reject?

LOLA

Nice nails- Howard Hughes meets
Jean Benet Ramsey? Huh? Jean
Benet Ramsey? Huh? Howard
Hughes meets Jean Benet Ramsey?

ARTIST

Do you have a stuttering problem?
Will you look at what the Bridge and
Tunnel hacked up- that cheap tan don't
lie

PLUM

(to Artist)

How do you know my name?

Plum indifferently lights a cigarette, the last one in his pack.

ARTIST

Plum, don't act like we don't know
each other! Who is this hag cougar?

LOLA

I am Plum's girlfriend and the mother
of his child. He loves me.

ARTIST

I don't think so. Honey, don't tell me
this skank ho' is your baby mama?
Plum is in love with me. Aren't you,
sugar?

PLUM

No.

Plum flicks his cigarette ash at the Artist.

LOLA

Hah! Why don't you go back to the hole where you came from, you dick smoking troll?

ARTIST

That thrift store maternity dress isn't so ironic anymore, is it?

LOLA

I thought monsters like you only existed in bad aerobics videos from the 80's, from the 80's, from the 80's

ARTIST

I'll scratch your eyes out, bitch!

LOLA

I'll shove that cheap wig down your throat!

The Artist penetrates Plum with a sincere gaze.

ARTIST

Plum?

PLUM

(nervously)

I don't know. I got to go.

Plum takes out a new pack of cigarettes. A random hipster notices the cigarettes.

RANDOM HIPSTER

Hey, I'll give you \$3 for a cigarette

PLUM

Sure, but only if you pack them

RANDOM HIPSTER

Not a problem

The Random Hipster expertly packs the cigarettes. Lola and the Artist witness this. The guy hands over 3\$ and walks away with his cigarette.

LOLA

Fuck you. Fuck yourself you little shit. And your queer friends. You've got 31 hours to pony up. The clock is ticking, ticking, ticking. (she makes a baby sound) Waaaaaaahhhhhh-

Lola moves to exit. The Artist trips her with his platform boot. She lands on her belly with a groan.

LOLA (cont'd)

Oh God.

She pulls herself up, looks green, and is about to puke. She stumbles out the door. Plum watches her leave. The Artist hands her the flowers.

PLUM

You really have \$238?

ARTIST

Darling, please don't make it about this

The Artist pulls out the plastic bag from his bosom with the \$238 and dangles it in front of him.

PLUM

Alright, I'll do the photo shoot.

ARTIST

We are going to be so happy together.

The Artist smiles grotesquely.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Tomorrow- my place

Plum indifferently drags his cigarette, looks off to the side. Plum's Friend, using his zoom lens, discreetly snaps a photo from behind the counter of Plum and the Artist.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKE'S APARTMENT

All of Luke's friends are laying around the apartment satisfied. The geisha girls, in lingerie, feed them grapes, massage their feet, make them origami, etc. Cans of PBR are discarded everywhere. They are all drunk.

TEA HIPSTER 3

I love Bushwick- it's full of drugs,
murders, rapes, and robberies- all the
makings of a hip neighborhood

TEA HIPSTER 4

Yeah, but that place is hella' toxic.
Everything living there is dead except
for hipsters, cockroaches, bed bugs,
AIDS, herpes, and hepatitis A, B, and
C

LUKE

(with a start)

Oh Shit- Dude, I got to get to my
photo shoot.

TEA HIPSTER 1

Huh?

LUKE

I'm a model, remember?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

An interview with the Gallery Owners, seated with Princess nearby. They are relaxed, and in their element again. It is a continuation of the previous interview with them.

OWNER 1

The first time the Artist came to meet us- Well, I wasn't at all convinced.

OWNER 2

It just seemed like it was a little-premature. Like he hadn't found his voice, yet. Like the way Bab's had to reach for it in "I Can Get It For you Wholesale." I mean, it was Babs, but not quite.

OWNER 1

As you can see, we only represent artists who are already at the peak of their talent.

He refers to the Tom of Finland-esque exhibit up in the gallery. The camera pans over the homo-erotic paintings.

OWNER 1 (V.O.) (cont'd)

For example, this current exhibition features an internationally renowned artist. He frequents men's bath houses in a small Finnish town, locks himself in a room, strips naked, and strokes himself with one hand while creating with the other

Back to the seated interview with the Owners.

OWNER 2

(referring to their current exhibition)

Now this is art. It's something you can wrap your- ah hem- head around

The Owners giggle.

OWNER 1

What we're trying to say is, it's established work.

(concerned)

However, We're taking a real risk bringing the Artist into this space. He is as unknown as unknown can be

OWNER 2

To say the least

OWNER 1

I mean, compared to him, it makes our janitor look like Jackie O

OWNER 2

The Artist needs to create a buzz, increase his visibility, get people to take notice. Even Monica Lewinsky managed to do it. It doesn't take much.

OWNER 1

Or Lorraine Bobbit?

OWNER 2

Ouch-

OWNER 1

Something- But this picture. Lord, this picture is phenomenal.

He holds up the snapshot of Plum and looks at it with lust. The camera zooms in on the photo.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

We dissolve into a nearly identical photo- the second one the Artist snapped off before he escaped the Internet Garage- and zoom out to see the Artist holding it. He slumps on the couch, beneath a Van Gogh poster, with one hand down his pants, obsessing over the picture of Plum. Pepito brings out a plate of beautifully prepared triangles of quesadilla from the kitchen.

ARTIST

What the fuck is that for?

The Artist calmly takes the plate of quesadillas and places them on the coffee table.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

For you- and Luke. I thought you had
a photo shoot with-

Pepito looks confused. The Artist gets directly in his face.

ARTIST

Huh? You like Luke? You think Luke
is hot?

Pepito, intimidated, cringes. The Artist head butts him and pushes him down to the floor in an act of domestic violence. Pepito crawls to the corner and whimpers.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I don't. I like Plum.

The Artist sips his mimosa, lights a cigarette, and gazes at the photo of Plum.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I love Plum. (Beat) But where is that
shithead, Luke? He's late.

Pepito is still on the ground, stunned. The Artist looks around for something to throw- a remote control, a lighter, a pack of cigarettes. None of those will do; he looks at his glass, swigs down his mimosa and chucks it at Pepito. It breaks dangerously near him.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Clean it up

The Artist dips a piece of quesadilla in the guacamole and eats it.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Mmmmmm, this is delicious!

There's a knock on the door. The Artist opens it. It's Luke, clearly drunk. Luke notices Pepito on the floor.

LUKE

What happened?

ARTIST

Shut up. You're late.

LUKE

So?

Luke pushes his way in.

LUKE (cont'd)

(drunkenly)

I'm ready for my shoot

Pepito gets up, takes the plate of quesadillas and offers Luke a snack.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

Would you like a treat?

The Artist knocks the quesadillas on the floor.

ARTIST

Why are you late, Lucas? Tell me. I'd really like to know. I mean, I'd really, really like to know.

The Artist gets in Luke's face.

LUKE

I told you to call me Mako. What's your problem?

ARTIST

No problem, Luke. No problem at all.

The Artist thrusts Luke to the floor. Using his platform boot, he pushes Luke's face down into the carpet into the quesadillas and guacamole.

LUKE

Don't make me angry. You won't like me when I'm angry.

The Artist shoves the picture of Plum into Luke's face.

ARTIST

You think you stand a chance against this? You think you're a player in this game?

LUKE

(looking at the picture of Plum)
Who's that fag?

ARTIST

Get out.

The Artist kicks Luke in the gut and opens the door.

ARTIST (cont'd)

You're through

LUKE

Give me the money

ARTIST

I'll give you something. You like my
platform boots?

He kicks Luke in the ass with his platform boot, knocking him into the hallway.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles, to Luke)

Get away while you can!

The Artist slams the door on Luke.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

Luke stumbles out into the hallway, unzips his pants, and urinates on the wall next to the Make-Out Couple. They, oblivious to Luke, continue to lock lips.

LUKE (V.O.)

I never realized what an asshole the
Artist is. I sorta knew all along.
(Beat) Still, what a wanna-be. That
contest belongs to me. That money is
mine.

Just then a toddler steps into the hallway from another apartment and stares blankly at Luke pissing.

LUKE (cont'd)

(yells)

What are you looking at?!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

A slice of quesadilla landed on the coffee table. The Artist feels his waist. The Artist huffs some nail polish. Pepito shivers on the floor. The Artist can't keep his eyes off of the quesadilla. After a moment of internal conflict, the Artist devours the slice of quesadilla.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I felt... Yes, I was depressed, somewhat depressed. But I never went on Prozac. I did it totally free of anything like that. I would just huff some glue here and there. I sung a lot to myself, I didn't sing out loud. I sung the songs I used to sing when I was a little girl. "I'm a little tea cup short and stout, here is my handle, here is my big stiff snout."

The Artist darts out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- APARTMENT BATHROOM

The Artist runs into the bathroom and gags himself, throwing up into the toilet.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Luke was a disappointment. But I kept telling myself, "You can make it, don't give up. You're on the brink of a miracle. And Vincent is with you." And I would sing those songs in my head over and over again.

The Artist flushes the toilet, looks in the mirror, and fixes himself. He goes especially heavy on the fresh lipstick.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

I believe that each one of us has to make choices in life, whether they be wrong choices or right choices. And Luke chose to act like a complete jerk.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- INTERNET GARAGE

A crowd of people congregate around something. We get a closer look and see that Lola is collapsed on the sidewalk doubled up in pain. It is shortly after the Artist tripped her, although the Artist is gone. Hipsters take her picture with their cell phones, etc. There is a doctor, a dignified looking man in his fifties, in the crowd who pushes himself to the front and assists Lola.

DOCTOR

Please, make room, I'm a doctor

LOLA

Oh God, the pain!

Lola holds her belly and moans. Plum and Plum's Friend casually saunter from inside the Internet Garage to check out the action. They enter the crowd and strain to get a look at Lola and the doctor. We see that the Gallery Owners, holding Princess, are among the gawkers.

PLUM

(apathetically)

What's up?

Plum vaguely addresses a Man, early thirties, dressed in a conservative suit and tie. The Man has a thin plastic bag with some kind of garments in it. The plastic bag is like one you would get at a grocery store, yet reused several times.

MAN

I guess something

The doctor is trying to comfort Lola.

OWNER 1

Is that?

OWNER 2

Oh my God

They recognize Plum from the picture. Lola groans in agony. Plum's Friend takes rapid fire pictures of Lola. The Man sees this.

MAN

Can you take some of me?

PLUM'S FRIEND

(caught off guard)

Uh, I guess

The man strikes expert hipster poses and tries to look hot in the photos.

MAN

Let me see

The Man steps up to see the screen of Plum's Friend's digital camera. Plum's Friend shows him.

MAN (cont'd)

Hmmmmm, not right. Re-take it

PLUM'S FRIEND

(irritated)

What's your deal?

MAN

Look

The Man opens his plastic bag and pulls out a royal blue t-shirt; a remnant from a JP Morgan event that reads, "Corporate Challenge," in bold print across the front.

PLUM'S FRIEND

Wow

MAN

Corporate attire legal assistant by day,
binge drinking singer songwriter by
night

PLUM'S FRIEND

(astonished)

A Po-Mo hipster

MAN

You know it. Just spent the first half
of my lunch break at the Salvation
Army.

PLUM'S FRIEND

(impressed)

Nice

Lola, in agony, suddenly notices Plum. She points to him.

LOLA

(to the doctor)

He's the father! The father, he's the
father!

Lola looks insane, points with her sickly arm at Plum. The doctor looks gravely serious.

LOLA (cont'd)

Him!

DOCTOR

I'm very, very sorry, son, but this
woman- this woman has just had a
miscarriage. Your baby is lost

Plum smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist returns to the living room. Pepito, on his knees, cleans up the spilled quesadilla.

ARTIST

You surprised? You surprised I put a platform boot up his ass?

Pepito has a blank expression.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Don't be. We don't need that loser when we have this

He kisses the picture of Plum. We hear ice cream truck music. Pepito becomes alert like a bloodhound. We know what he wants. His nostrils flair. The Artist has calmed down. He reclines on the couch and smokes a cigarette while admiring the picture of Plum. Pepito looks outside and sees the ice cream truck.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

Is Luka coming? You want ice cream?

ARTIST

(without lifting his eyes off the picture of Plum)

She's on her way now. But who cares?
(Beat) A fudge-sicle.

The Artist opens the ziplock bag and gives Pepito 2 dollars. Pepito exits. The Artist, on a hunch, gets up and looks out the window. He sees Luke and Luka, with cigarette in hand, making out on the street below. He is visibly grossed out.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Yuck

Pepito, indifferent, walks past them to the ice cream truck stopped on the street in front of the apartment building. The Dominican kids from before jump to get ice cream, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

The Artist leans out the window and calls down.

ARTIST

Luka! Oh Luka!

Luka takes a momentary break from the make out session and looks up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Fuck off! You're done! Go fuck yourself!

The Artist slams the window shut. Luke and Luka resume their make out session. They make out very passionately and sexually against a light pole.

PEDESTRIANS

Get a Room! Find a phone booth!

Luke flips them off while still making out with Luka.

LUKA (V.O.)

It was like so clear. I mean I always thought he was hot. But I never saw him quite that way. Usually he would just avoid eye contact or scowl at me, or just ridicule my face. But he looked so good with that \$100 haircut from the Sportsman's Club. It was so cool that you couldn't even tell he got it. And the way he stank like beer and body odor and said, "Get out of my

way, ugly bitch," it totally turned me on

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKE'S BEDROOM

Luke and Luka are in post coital position. They smoke Nat Sherman cigarettes and Luke sips a PBR.

LUKA

And I called him a motherfucker and he stepped up to me and stuck his tongue in my mouth right there. He is such a stud

INTERCUT TO:

Luke, PBR in hand, has his shirt off, showcasing his three nipples.

LUKE

I let her know the score. I let her know that she didn't stand a chance compared to me in the contest and that she generally sucks and is worthless. I also let her know it didn't matter because the Artist is a complete fag poseur

INTERCUT TO:

LUKE (cont'd)

The sex? She's pretty good. I've been showing her some zodiac sexual positions. Whatever. I like that she's on the pill. Actually feels nice not to worry about knocking another chick up.

LUKA

Sorta. I take the morning after pill. I heard cocaine and vodka make the regular pill less deadly to embryos or something so I switched to just taking this other thing. It's more convenient. You have to take birth control pills everyday. How can I be expected to do something everyday? It's only by fucking that I even remember to take this shit.

She holds up a bottle of emergency contraception pills.

LUKA (cont'd)

Which I guess is everyday

LUKE

Yeah, at least. And she knows how to talk some hot D&D

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

Pepito, ice cream in hand, watches with wide eyes past some trash cans. We hear the fucking sounds of Luke and Luka. Although we don't see them fucking, it is clear that Pepito witnesses it. They are most likely in a doorway or behind some trash cans.

LUKE (O.S.)

(Grunt) Oh yeah, I'm about to roll

LUKA (O.S.)

Plus five points! Slay my dragon!
Roll again! Roll again! Extra Life!

LUKE (O.S.)

Ohhhhhhh!

Pepito calmly licks his ice cream and watches.

LUKA (V.O.)

I mean, I really thought I was going to win the contest, really. At least until Mako was awesome enough to set me straight and remind me what a total loser I am. It's way better this way. Instead, we fucked, then went binge drinking, and then fucked again. It was great, I've never bagged a guy with three nipples before

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- L-TRAIN BEDFORD AVE PLATFORM TO MANHATTAN

The Artist waits for the L-train among throngs of hipsters. He is wearing the same outfit from when we saw him earlier in the movie in the adult video bathroom. Pepito, in a Miami t-shirt, eats an ice cream and waits with him.

ARTIST (V.O.)

If I could be any artist besides myself?
Easy. Born March 30, 1853. Who else?

The train arrives.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- L-TRAIN TO MANHATTAN

The Artist pushes his way onto a seat past a disabled man and an elderly woman. The Elderly Woman points to a sign that says, "Priority Seating for the Elderly and Disabled."

ELDERLY WOMAN

Excuse me, but these seats are reserved for the elderly and disabled

ARTIST

You want a disability? I'll disable your face with a platform boot!

None of the jaded New Yorkers on the train could care less. The woman backs off and goes to the other side of the train. The Artist, as it happens, sits beneath the NYC Metro map. It's the usual collection of NYC freaks on the train. He looks at them suspiciously. Some are impressed by how freaky he is. Pepito remains standing and continues to eat his ice cream. The Artist doesn't pay any attention to him. A teenage, folksy, black girl with guitar keeps staring at Pepito.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I often dream that I am Vincent,
usually during his L'Auberge Ravoux
period- a bottle of absinthe, a canvas,
painting "Wheat Field with Crows."
Overcome with unbridled passion,
turbulent intensity, ready to burst with
color.

A woman looks over the Artist's shoulder to get a closer look at the Metro map.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Stop breathing on me!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- ROCKEFELLER CENTER

The Artist and Pepito, his ice cream almost gone, exit the subway and walk past Radio City Music Hall.

ARTIST

Radio City Music Hall. Ugh. Makes
me sick. Rockettes. What trash.
Nothing but commercial trash around
here. Manhattan is worse than
Disneyland. I can't stand leaving
Williamsburg. Only for Vincent will I
do it.

Pepito orders an ice cream from a vendor. A waft of smoke smothers the Artist from a hotdog stand.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

Ice cream, please

ARTIST

Do something about your pollution,
asshole!

VENDER

(thick New York accent)

Fuck You, Freak!

The Artist and Pepito walk up toward the MOMA, past street venders, etc.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I feel so, so, so connected with
Vincent. I think I may have been Van
Gogh in another life.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- MOMA

A sign announces that it's free day at the MOMA. It's a total zoo of people. The Artist arrogantly pushes his way through the crowds with Pepito in tow, giving his commentary as he walks. He wears the same outfit as when he was approached by Bathroom Man and his "St. Bernard" in the rest room of the adult bookstore; it is the same day.

ARTIST

I hate the Cretans who come to
MOMA. It's like the Dairy Queen of
the art world. Complete junk food for
all the herds of amateurs with no taste.
And it's even worse on free day. If I
could eat this place and puke it up into
the toilet I would.

Pepito raises an eyebrow. A group of school kids block the Artist's aggressive path.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Out of my way assholes! It's a
goddamn circus. What bus did these
clowns come off of?

We see a cross section of attractive and sophisticated New Yorkers.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Spectators! Shouldn't they be at
WalMart or the mall? It just disgusts
me how all these people gawk with
their mouths open like their at the
fucking zoo.

The Artist approaches a college student staring at a painting, his mouth hanging open.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(to a college student)

Be careful, the flies may get in

The Artist and Pepito continue forth, passing Henri Rousseau's "The Dream" and then
"The Sleeping Gypsy" which Pepito takes special interest in.

ARTIST (cont'd)

In the meantime, a serious, authentic
artist, like myself, has to fight his way
through these monkeys like I'm on a
god damn jungle expedition

The Artist rudely pushes his way through a thick crowd and emerges before the Van
Gogh masterpiece, "The Starry Night."

ARTIST (cont'd)

Excuse me! Hello!

VIEWER

Hey!

VIEWER 2

Jerk!

The Artist makes his way to the absolute front. Pepito follows closely behind him, licking his ice cream.

ARTIST

Oh God

The Artist, overcome by the magnificence of the painting, touches his bosom.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Pepito- Quick! My sketch pad!

Pepito hands the Artist a pad and some crayons. The Artist furiously starts scribbling in the pad. He narrates in a voiceover.

ARTIST (V.O) (cont'd)

"The Starry Night." June 1889.
Vincent committed himself to a mental hospital in St. Remy to help him deal with his feelings, so noble. All he could do is gaze into the deep night through barred windows capturing the celestial beauty in all its swirling and spiraling majesty. I can feel the magic swirling through me, too.

The Artist holds up the sketch. The voiceover has concluded.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Done!

We see the sketch. It is crazy looking and all wrong. The Artist impulsively hands the sketchbook and crayons to Pepito, lurches forward, and runs his hands and tongue all over the thick slabs of paint of the masterpiece. Paint gets caught beneath his claw-like fingernails.

MUSEUM GUARD

Hey You!

The Museum Guard rushes up.

MUSEUM GUARD (cont'd)

What the hell?! No licking the artwork! Can't you see the line? Stay behind the line, asshole.

Pepito licks his ice cream.

MUSEUM GUARD (cont'd)

(to Pepito)

And you- you can't be eating that here.

ARTIST

Fucking Asshole. I need it to be inside my body. I am Van Gogh! I'm the Artist! Someday you'll be guarding my work for minimum wage, peon!

The Artist voraciously licks his fingers, savoring the bits of paint.

MUSEUM GUARD

Get out of here!

He pushes the Artist and Pepito away.

VIEWER 3

Finally

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- MOMA (DIFFERENT GALLERY)

Pepito and the Artist stand in front of "The Seed of the Areoi," by Paul Gauguin. The gallery is empty, except for the two of them. Pepito licks his ice cream.

ARTIST

Paul Gauguin is such a loser. Does it come as any surprise that this gallery

is vacant? That no one is looking at this?

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

I think it is a pretty painting

The Artist ignores him.

ARTIST

Dull. What is this? The reject wing? I guess what can you expect from a creep who deserted sweet Vincent after living and working side by side in harmony, brushing paint strokes together in Arles, exchanging fluids from their long tubes of paint. Paul turned his back on him. That filthy tearoom queen. I would have stayed with Vincent. I would love him forever. I would scrub him and prime his raw canvas and understand him. Ugh! Vincent cut off his ear for that slimy bushwhacker! If anyone did that for me, I would melt.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles, referring to the painting)

I like her, she looks delicious like chocolate.

The Artist takes Pepito's vanilla ice cream and squishes it on the Gauguin painting.

EXT. DAY- STREET

The Artist and Pepito gaze up from a seedy street. Pepito licks a new ice cream.

ARTIST

(to Pepito)

Vincent's work is everywhere. His influence is so far reaching. But it breaks my heart how ruthlessly co-opted and commercialized his work has become. Still, he is, by far, the master. He influenced Matisse, the German Expressionists, the Abstract Expressionists- they all owe it to him. Everyone.

They're looking at the Van Gogh painting, "Vincent's Bedroom in Arles." The camera pulls out and we see that the painting is part of a sign- "Van Gogh's Adult Video and Magazines." The Artist enters. Pepito waits outside licking his ice cream.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist sets up the casting couch, ostensibly for Plum. The Artist practices different angles with the camera, fluffs pillows, adds a teddy bear, etc. He lights a cigarette, sips a mimosa, and sets up nail polish on the coffee table. Pepito sits on the floor with a 1000 piece "Miami" puzzle. He eats from a bowl of ice cream.

ARTIST

I'm very excited. Aren't you, Pepito?

Pepito cautiously looks up at the Artist. The Artist takes a good look at his fingernails.

ARTIST (cont'd)

A lot of people who only sometimes do nails or even those that do have practice or, you know, they will paint their nails really good with their right hand on their left so their left hand looks perfect. But when they paint their right hand with their left hand, if they are right handed, you know it's usually all, nail polish all over, all jacked up. Measure your nails so-

He lets out a loud belch.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Excuse me. So you know they are the same length

He holds his hands up to demonstrate.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Ok, I have to file this one down

He files down his right pinkie fingernail, then holds up his fingers again.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Ok, now they're even. Because I am matching up- they may not look even, but they are because I'm matching up my pinkies together

He holds his pinkies in front of the camera.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Another way to do it is like this

He fans his hands out and crosses them, then switches the fingers to demonstrate every angle of his perfectly even fingernails.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Like this (beat) And so forth. My right hand nails are bigger so- uh, so my nails are always bigger on this side but you can still make it look even in shape.

He drags his cigarette and opens some nail polish.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Get your product on- bright pink- Take your time. Start off- ok

The Artist looks around.

ARTIST (cont'd)

You want to start- if you have something little you can put your fingers on, perfect

The Artist grabs the plastic banana from his collection of props on the couch and leans his hand on it.

ARTIST (cont'd)

You want to start in the middle and spread the brush out as evenly as possible over your entire nail and then bring it over. And then when you go over with your second coat

He paints his nail.

ARTIST (cont'd)

But what I did was- give me one second-

He lights a new cigarette, then fixes a spot on his nails.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Go over your nail evenly from the middle then drag the color over and- in the middle and just drag the color over using the same color and that's not a very good example because I'm holding my hand up in the air

He holds up his hand in the air, trying to demonstrate with his hand elevated for the camera.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Use a flat brush because when you dip it into your nail polish remover to do

clean up on your nails- easily just dip it, it's flat, you'll get into all those little crevices- clean up the area, you can even slightly put a little bit of nail polish remover and just tap, tap, tap to clean up any mistakes

He cleans up the polish job.

ARTIST (cont'd)

And then your nails look good- clear coat it, you can go in with a clear coat - clean that part up around the nail as well if you want- or just leave it because it, your clear coat should peel off your skin

He examines the polish job carefully.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Um, and nobody should be able to see it because it is clear and it should peel off your skin after a couple washes

He takes the cap off of the nail polish remover and splashes some on a towel. He takes out the nail polish brush. He brings them both close to his face.

ARTIST (cont'd)

And now, for my favorite part

He fiendishly holds the towel up to his nose and inhales quickly and deeply, getting a radical rush off of the fumes.

INTERCUT TO:

A few minutes have elapsed. The nail polish bottles are knocked over. The Artist seems somewhat crazed and out of it. He is crying. The nail polish has gone to his head. Pepito looks scared. It's a straight on interview.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Because I have a heart. I care, I care enough. A lot of people just don't care to be in it and it's a shame. And I will never ever apologize for crying. Because I think if this world cried more they'd live longer, they would get a lot more things out in the open. I think people that, that don't cry live shorter lives. We have emotions for a reason.

Still worked up, he takes a deep huff of nail polish.

ARTIST (cont'd)

"And we're to cry with those that cry and laugh those that laugh," my grandma always said. "Weep with those who weep and laugh with those that laugh." And I think that's what we should do. We should never be afraid to cry.

He glares at Pepito and raises a bottle of nail polish as though he were about to throw it at him.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Right!?

Pepito flinches and whimpers. The Artist takes the bottle to his face and inhales, instead.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Thank God Plum is coming. It's really frustrating to think about the time and film I wasted on Luke and Luka. I could have used those precious resources on Plum. Ugh, I can't believe I ever gave them a chance. I guess we all make stupid mistakes and give useless people opportunities they don't deserve.

The Artist takes an extra huff of nail polish.

ARTIST (cont'd)

The Mexican Woman? I would call her and tell her to fuck off but I don't think she has a phone. I don't think she even has a fucking brain. I'll tell her to fuck off when she gets here. In the meantime, I'm going to keep this casting couch nice and warm for everyone's favorite twinkie- you know who.

He takes one last huff from the nail polish towel, blows on his nails, slips his hand down his crotch, and gazes at the snapshot of Plum.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKE'S APARTMENT

Luka is in nothing but her underwear and an open silk kimono robe, smoking a cigarette and drinking sake. Luke practices Karate in the background.

LUKA

I mean, it shouldn't come as a surprise, really. My friends said I was just being exploited all along; that I was dreaming if I really thought I could ever be a model. I'll admit, it was starting to feel claustrophobic. You can definitely get claustrophobic.

INTERCUT TO:

LUKA (cont'd)

But, then again, my friends don't know shit. They basically say he's just a big turd packing queen user. A poseur. (Beat) That may be true, but there's no doubt that zip lock bag was for real.

Luka, seeing that Luke is too busy to notice, slyly steals one of the hundred dollar bills laying around Luke's apartment.

INTERCUT TO:

Luka, cigarette dangling from her mouth, holds planks of wood for Luke as he Karate kicks them in half. Then Luke splits a brick in half with a Karate chop. We see that he has taped the Artist's pink flyers to the wood planks where he strikes them. Luka is still in nothing but her underwear and kimono robe. Luke gives a weak kick to a plank of wood.

LUKA (cont'd)

(like Bruce Lee)

What was that? An exhibition? We need emotional content. Try again.

Luke tries again with a mean look on his face. The plank remains unbroken.

LUKE

Hi-Yah!

LUKA

I said emotional content, not anger. Now try again.

Luke goes for it using mind, body, and spirit. The plank of wood snaps in half; Luke's foot rips through the Artist's face on the pink flyer.

LUKA (cont'd)

That's it. How did it feel to you?

LUKE

Let me think... Hmmmmm

LUKA

(in Luke's face)

Don't think- feel! It is like a finger pointing a way to the uni. Don't

concentrate on the finger or you will miss all the heavenly glory.

Luka opens her panties for Luke to gaze down.

LUKA (cont'd)

Do you understand?

Luke nods and bows. Luka whaps him on the head.

LUKA (cont'd)

Never take your eyes off of your opponent, even when you bow. (Beat)
That's it. Yeah, that's it

Even though we can't see it, it's obvious that Luke has started munching Luka's muff.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist chats on the telephone. Pepito fits the last pieces into place on the "Miami" puzzle.

ARTIST

(on the phone)

They told me it was internal hemorrhoids, my gynecologist did. (beat) Yeah, finally, it got so bad my gynecologist said maybe you had better find a doctor other than me. Well, I finally found the only woman proctologist in captivity, I think. She was in Bed Stuy. (beat) Bed Stuy. Brooklyn. (beat) It's a part of Brooklyn. (beat) And you know I wouldn't go to a man, see. (beat) I know, I almost died of embarrassment. So I went to her and by that time it was too late. (beat) Well, sure, obviously (beat) Listen- (beat) Wait,

you're not listening (beat) Right, a wonderful doctor named Dr. C did do my surgery and...

The Artist sips his mimosa.

ARTIST (cont'd)

No more leak

There's a knock at the door.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Oh, hey I've got to go- I've got to fire my maid. (beat) Yes, I've got a maid (beat) Huh? (beat) No, I'm sorry I don't have time (beat) I simply don't have time to respond to any stupid telemarketing survey. That is really sad. God, get a real job

The Artist slams the phone down. Pepito looks up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Look who is here- The Mexican bitch!
Hola!

The Artist takes his sweet time answering the door. He even does a little dance. We hear repeated knocks. Pepito eats his ice cream, the Miami puzzle completed in record time.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(sings)

La Cucaracha! La Cucaracha! About to deport my stupid fucking maid...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

The Mexican Woman's husband, a mean looking man in his late 30's, waits on the other side of the door with a led pipe. He has tattoos and a sinister smile. He knocks again.

ARTIST (O.S.)

(through door)

Hola Bitchie Bitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- RANDOM STREET CORNER

It is a corner where day laborers congregate. There is a group of Hispanic men whistling at cars as they look for work. The Mexican Woman's husband is among them.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

(in Spanish with English

translator layered on top)

\$238 is good money. Some days I don't work at all. When I do work, I make \$35. I work 17 hours mixing concrete or clearing debris. \$238 is very good money.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- BACK OF STORE

The Husband, in an apron, mops the back of a corner store. Suddenly, immigration control busts in.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Immigration!

The Husband makes a run for it. He hides behind a dumpster as immigration agents in pursuit, rush by.

HUSBAND (V.O.)

(in Spanish with English

translator)

Other days I work at a corner store. It's a good job, but it doesn't pay much.

The Agents pause. The Husband holds his breath

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

I smell Nicaraguan

The agents carry on. The husband breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- RANDOM STREET CORNER

It's a straight on interview with the Husband among the day laborers.

HUSBAND

(in Spanish with English
translator)

My bitch cleaned the apartment. She says the Artist don't pay her. I pulled her hair and told her to give money. She says the Artist is dirty and touches himself and wears women's underwear. I don't like- a man is not supposed to wear women's underwear.

He takes a swig from a tall can of Budweiser.

HUSBAND (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English
translator)

I need money- If he don't pay my bitch, he will pay me

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist moves toward the door to open it.

ARTIST

Listen, you twat

He opens the door and is perturbed by what he sees. The Husband grabs the Artist by the shirt, ready to beat the shit out of him.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Who the fuck are you?

HUSBAND

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

My bitch cleaned your apartment.
You pay money. \$238.

ARTIST

Sorry, not possible

The Husband lifts the led pipe.

HUSBAND

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

Yes, possible

ARTIST

What your ugly wife failed to realize
is that this is a glamorous world of
modeling and photography she entered

The Artist makes a proud, sweeping gesture with his arm of the apartment.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Not a contest to mop my palace. And,
thanks to you, asshole, she is
disqualified. Back off!

The Artist disengages himself and wipes the wrinkles from his blouse.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Besides, look at this

The Artist holds up the picture of Plum to the Husband's face.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Say "Hola," to the winner of the \$238.

The Husband calmly but forcefully pushes the Artist's arm down. He pulls out a switch blade and extends the blade.

HUSBAND

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I'm not interested in pictures of little
boys. I'm not interested in your
"palace." I'm interested in money.
You pay. You pay or you bleed.

He holds the blade up to the Artist's throat.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist slams the door. It's moments after the mugging. The Artist, hyperventilating, fiendishly inhales nail polish.

ARTIST

My pills! Help! I'm
hyper-vent-i-lating

He dumps Adivan down his throat. The mugging and the huffing have really gotten to the Artist; he looks even crazier than usual.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

He huffs some glue. Pepito looks timid.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(to Pepito)

You. You fat insect. You caused this!
Stand back alien, step back.

We see Pepito through the Artist's POV. Pepito looks like an awful alien cockroach creature.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Step Back!!!

The Artist throws nail polish bottles, glasses, and assorted household objects at Pepito. He also sprays bug spray at him.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Stay away Demon!

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

It's only me, Pepito

But the Artist, high out of his mind, hears something totally different.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(as perceived by the Artist,
Pepito the cockroach creature,
in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I'm starving to feed on your dripping
intestines

ARTIST

I'll kill you venomous cockroach!

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

The nail polish is in your brain-
Please, Stop!

PEPITO (cont'd)

(as perceived by the Artist,
Pepito the cockroach creature,
in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I'm going to shred your flesh and
liquefy your face with my digestive
fluids

The Artist continues to attack. Pepito does his best to dodge the assault, but finally gets pegged on the side of the head with a cheap bottle of champagne. He drops and falls on his completed "Miami" puzzle, splitting it into hundreds of pieces. The Artist, exhausted after the exertion, passes out, drunk and high.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

It's a new interview with the gallery Owners as they bustle to set up their latest exhibition.

OWNER 1

Who?

OWNER 2

I think I vaguely remember him

OWNER 1

The one with the chilly cheese
pictures?

OWNER 2

Please!

The gallery buzzes with activity as workers prepare for the opening of the exhibition. Among other tasks, they hang paintings covered in protective brown paper. It is a mystery what lies beneath the paper.

OWNER 1

It's a very hectic time for us- we're bringing in a brand new exhibition featuring hot new talent. This may be the most important art event of the century. The gala opening reception will be this weekend.

OWNER 2

It's going to be fabulous. Wine, Champagne, caviar, you name it. And, in addition, by the artists' request, we'll also be serving Colt 45 and Past Blue Robin. Yum!

Phones ring, there's a lot of activity.

OWNER 1

The press is calling non stop

OWNER 2

They know this is big

OWNER 1

It's everything that is now. It is everything that matters.

OWNER 2

Thank God for our new friends, we owe it all to them

Plum and Plum's Friend, full of awkward looks and side glances, as always, enter the room. The Owners dramatically tear the brown paper off of the frames on the wall. The pictures are the photos from the beginning of the movie. The sleazy impromptu bathroom pictures of Plum are particularly prominent. Also, tasteless pictures of Plum smirking

while Lola groans on the sidewalk, etc. There are also snapshots of Plum with the Artist at the Internet Garage. We can see bits of documentary film equipment in those shots.

OWNER 1

We call it, "Hipster Softcore"

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist groggily wakes up after being passed out on the couch. Based on the window light, not very much time has passed. He notices Pepito unconscious on the floor, his head splaying apart the "Miami" puzzle. He registers the thrashed condition of the apartment after his tirade. He also registers the copious amount of nail polish splashed everywhere.

ARTIST

Where am I? What time is it?

He screams at Pepito.

ARTIST (cont'd)

What have you done to me!?

Pepito half-way opens an eye and passes out again.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Where's Plum?

The Artist frantically looks at the underside of his forearm where he has scrawled a phone number in black marker. He dials the number on the house phone. It rings off screen. No answer.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Fuck

He nervously tries to clean nail polish off of the casting couch, hoping to salvage the upcoming photo session. He dials the phone number again.

PERSON ON PHONE (O.S.)
Internet Garage

ARTIST
Hello. Is Plum there?

PERSON ON PHONE (O.S.)
No

ARTIST
No? Where the fuck is he!?

PERSON ON PHONE (O.S.)
(click)

The Artist fluffs pillows, huffs some nail polish, etc. He tries to call again. They won't pick up. He tries again; no answer.

ARTIST
Aghhh!

He aggressively throws the phone against the wall. The crash of the phone finally wakes up Pepito. The Artist notices that Pepito is conscious again.

ARTIST (cont'd)
Clean this fucking place up!

PEPITO
(in Spanish with English
subtitles, with a slightly
passive aggressive tone)
Yes, of course. Anything for you

Pepito smiles from the floor. The Artist is perturbed by the tone of Pepito's voice but is far too preoccupied to engage with him.

ARTIST

Do it.

Pepito gets up and starts to pick up the nail polish bottles. He puts the phone back and plugs it in. He checks for a dial tone. It still works. The Artist puts on his platform boots, leaves the apartment, and slams the door. He narrates in a voiceover.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

At first I thought Plum was just running late, but I began to get this queasy feeling, like maybe something was wrong. Like maybe he was hurt. I had to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

The Artist rushes out past the Dominican kids on his stoop. They give him a look like he's a freak.

KID ON STOOP

(same kid as the beginning
of the film)

Daaaaaaaaamn!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- BEDFORD AVENUE

The Artist runs flailing down Bedford Avenue through throngs of hipsters. He yells to the camera as we follow his action.

ARTIST

I'm scared! I need to know! I just
have to know what is going on!

He pushes hipsters out of the way and knocks them down.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Watch it! Out of my way!

As he rushes down Bedford, Lorisha, wearing a Miami t-shirt, walks the other direction on the sidewalk. They briefly make eye contact. Lorisha smirks.

PEPITO (V.O.)

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I was 16 when I met the Artist. I felt happy but it all went so wrong. (beat)
The other night, he hit me when I got myself in a bad situation and made his taquitos too spicy. He dragged me into his room and "taught me a lesson."

The Artist looks slightly surprised and perturbed to see Lorisha, but they quickly carry on in their respective directions.

LORISHA (V.O.)

I think he's a motherfucker, a real motherfucker

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LORISHA'S APARTMENT

Smooth jazz plays on the stereo. Lorisha wears traditional African garb- It's the same outfit from the last interview in her apartment, i.e. excerpts from the same interview. Pepito, wearing his signature Miami t-shirt, sits beside her on a plush leather couch and eats ice cream.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

It always started with cruel name calling and very x-rated belittling, then the threats, and then the beating which could be choking, a kick in the balls, and even titty twisters at times. He put a cigarette out on my anus, once. I still have a mark, see

Pepito stands up and unbuttons his pants. The camera cuts just before we see his butt.

INTERCUT TO:

Pepito and Lorisha are seated again in the same positions. Lorisha sips a steaming tea.

PEPITO (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

He did sort of threaten to kill me the other day, he said, "You're lucky I don't have an umbrella handy or I would shove it up your butt and open it wide." I should have got out then, but I didn't.

LORISHA

Such a bastard

Pepito licks his ice cream. Lorisha shakes her head in disbelief about what an asshole the Artist is. She starts to roll a marijuana joint.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

Then, if I told people, they said I must like it, that I must be making it up, that by staying I was choosing the abuse and I deserved it. I was so low and vulnerable that I believed what they said. I used to scream for help and nobody would come. People would hear my cries, but ignore it.

LORISHA

It's alright now, Baby

She lights up the joint. They pass it back and forth.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

On a good day, he'd just pass out
drunk on the couch. On a bad day I'd
get a beating. Fortunately, most of it I
blacked out, but what I do remember
left deep wounds. Deeper than French
vanilla ice cream. When he beat on
me it would be relentless, shoving me
against walls, twisting my fingers, and
banging my private parts against
things. (beat) Then he would get
aroused

LORISHA

Pepito, don't

She squeezes his hand.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

He liked to intimidate me by raising
his hand and watching me flinch, other
times he would smash things and leave
the mess for me to clean. There wasn't
a day that passed when he didn't abuse
me verbally or mentally or violate me
sexually, but he had made me forget
what was real so I let him do it,
thinking I owed him this, thinking that
this was just the price for some ice
cream

LORISHA

You don't owe him nothing, oh no.
You don't need to trade no dignity for
ice cream. You're safe now, baby. I'm
your Abe Lincoln, MLK,
emancipation proclamation, and
underground railroad, all rolled into
one.

Pepito looks confused, but continues.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

Self esteem seems like such a simple thing; a belief in yourself. But you can only really ever start to have any self respect the moment you decide to leave. (beat) I am determined not to be an angry person and try not to think of my experience as bad. I cannot change the past and feel that I have grown because of it and am more positive about myself. I know that what happened will always affect me, but I refuse to be resentful and, more importantly, to ever be molested or abused again

Lorisha takes a long drag off of her joint.

LORISHA

That's right, baby.

Pepito licks his ice cream.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I get flashbacks. Most days I'm fine and don't really think of the past. Then something will bring back a memory and it flows from there- a taco smashed in my face, my penis seared with a curling iron. I find myself breaking down, I start shaking and can't concentrate or eat ice cream. I cry, then tell myself to get a grip. Most days I'm fine, I can sometimes

go minutes or hours without one of these little breakdowns. They are getting less frequent and I am getting better everyday.

LORISHA

MMMM-hmmmmmm

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

And now, my relationship could not be better. Lorisha is a wonderful person and makes me happy. Everyone loves her. I love her!

LORISHA

Everything is going to be just fine.
Good shit.

She passes the joint to Pepito who takes a long toke. He coughs it out, unaccustomed to the strong smoke.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

Just fine.

Lorisha and Pepito smile at each other. Pepito finishes the last bite of his ice cream. Lorisha, out of nowhere, hands him another ice cream cone.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- BEDFORD AVENUE

The Artist is almost to the Internet Garage. He looks frazzled.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Especially after feeling so violated-
having been robbed by that beaner.
But I knew Plum didn't really care
about the money. The truth is, a
hipster will do anything for fame.
And on top of that, he was in it for
love. We love each other. Oh my
God, I was so concerned about his
well being. I was terrified maybe that
psycho pregnant bitch had done
something awful to him

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- INTERNET GARAGE

Plum casually smokes a cigarette out front. The Make Out Couple locks lips nearby. The Artist rushes to Plum.

ARTIST

(panting)

Plum, baby, are you okay?! Did you
forget we have a photo shoot today?

PLUM

I don't know

ARTIST

Well, Plum, come on! You may be a
superstar, but even Marilyn managed
to make her photo shoots. Let's get to
it!

The scruffy Hot Internet Guy, wearing 80's glasses and a narrow headband, comes out from the Internet Garage.

HOT INTERNET GUY

Buzz Off

ARTIST

Who are you?

HOT INTERNET GUY

I'm just a well mannered yuppie whose clothes fit well and I do good for my community. I'm also interested in meaningful relationships

ARTIST

Huh?

HOT INTERNET GUY

I'm pretty decent looking so I'm told. Ages 22-30 only. I'm not a hipster, but I could fit into that category possibly. TTYL. I like tattoos, bulimia, and intellectuals. I'm cute and I'm looking for a NSA fuck buddy. Maybe I'll respond, maybe I won't. Wanna' see my junk? Sicko!

ARTIST

Excuse me, but Plum is my model. Please, but-

PLUM

You wish

HOT INTERNET GUY

Beat it, Hipster

ARTIST

Who you calling Hipster?

PLUM

See ya'

Hot Internet Guy pushes the Artist. The Artist clumsily falls onto the sidewalk. A crowd quickly gathers and laughs- the Waif Boy who fainted, the Retarded Girl, and random

others from the judging. The Business Man, on his cell phone, walks up with scabs on his face from where the Artist scratched him.

BUSINESSMAN

Carl, hold on one second, we've got a situation here

The Businessman takes a running kick into the Artist's ribs, and then walks on.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

(to his cell phone)

Ok, I'm here, tell me about that property

The Crowd continues to torment the Artist.

CROWD

Hipster Scum! Corporate Loser!
Fashion Victim! Jock! Yuppie!

The crowd pushes the Artist around like a rag doll. The Retarded Girl spits on the Artist. She then boards a short, yellow bus. All the retarded kids on the bus flip off the Artist as it pulls away.

RETARDED KIDS

Shit Face! Dork! Fuck You! Retard!

The Artist, delirious, manages to stumble away.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LORISHA'S APARTMENT

Lorisha plays drums and dances around her apartment waving a palm cornel.

LORISHA

This is a West African rhythm- the dance of the phallus

Pepito licks his ice cream. There is an extremely enormous bulge in his pants outlining his erection.

INTERCUT TO:

Pepito, eating ice cream, and Lorisha sit happily together on the couch. It is a continuation of their previous interview.

LORISHA (cont'd)

I never believed in love at first sight until that day. We have been on our honeymoon ever since. Pepito is the real thing. That letter he wrote me- it would make Shakespeare drool. There's no doubt in my heart that I have found my true soul mate.

Pepito licks his ice cream. Lorisha takes out the letter that Pepito wrote. It's in Spanish. She reads it out loud with a terrible Spanish accent.

LORISHA (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

"When I see you, I taste sweet chocolate on my lips, better than ice cream. I love you. From, Pepito."

(in English)

My heart melted when I read this. I fell in love with him from that moment on.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

Every night, I prayed to my shrine that Lorisha would want to see me again. Then, to my joy, she invited me for ice cream. I climbed out of my window and we met and she made me cry because she guessed what kind of ice

cream I liked- Double fudge
chocolate. She's the one that I've been
waiting for all my life. Even though it
took courage to send her that letter, it
was well worth it. Everyone deserves
to be happy and feel the love that I
feel. Now if we could only find
someone for my mother, that would be
a miracle in itself.

Pepito holds up a garish picture of his mother and licks his ice cream.

INTERCUT TO:

Lorisha puts all her academic books in a box. Pepito eats his ice cream and follows her
as she carries them downstairs to the front sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING

Pepito and Lorisha place the box on the sidewalk. Lorisha, with a marker, scrawls onto
the box, "Free." Pepito writes next to it, "Gratis." They smile at each other. Lorisha
tapes a sign to the wall, "Fully Furnished Fine Ass Apartment for Rent, \$3000/month"
She and Pepito hug and kiss.

LORISHA (V.O.)

My advice to every woman out there:
don't just open your eyes, open your
heart and give the nice guy who
doesn't seem to be your "physical
type" a chance. You may find a good
friend or you may find the love of
your life. I was lucky, I found both. I
found the man that I am spending the
rest of my life with. I found the
needle in the haystack. (Beat) We're
both incredibly happy. He's so
sensitive, such a creative force. It just
breaks my heart to know he ever got
mixed up with that dirty Artist

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- WILLIAMSBURG STREETS

The Artist, completely disoriented stumbles down a street. We see the Chinese Man eating Chop Suey with chopsticks near his flower stand.

CHINESE MAN

(thick Chinese accent)

Ahhh, make my day....

He pulls out his 9 millimeter pistol and fires at the Artist across the street. Bullets riddle all around the Artist. This tickles the Chinese Man.

ARTIST

Oh God!

A bullet hits the heel of one of the Artist's platform boots which deflates like a tire. The Artist, limping, quickly turns the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- HIGH END WILLIAMSBURG ART GALLERY

Delirious, the Artist stumbles in front of the "Gallery," Gallery. He looks up and sees trashy photos of Plum in the front window display. There's a trashy style poster taped to the front door. It features the original picture of Plum from the Internet Garage that the Artist took. It says, "Hipster Softcore."

ARTIST

No. It's not possible. Those vicious Spider Ladies! Plum is my model! I love him!

The Artist opens the door and stumbles inside. The Owners are sniffing poppers and although we can't explicitly see it, it is implied that they are butt-fucking. Princess simultaneously butt fucks Clarence, his cloth doll. Plum's Friend photographs the sexual acts.

OWNER 2

(looking toward the Artist
as he gets butt fucked)

What do you think of our new
exhibition?

It feels surreal, carnival freaky, and like a nightmare. Plum's Friend turns the camera toward the Artist and flashes pictures of him. The Artist blocks his face from the photographs, like a celebrity under assault by paparazzi, and stumbles out.

ARTIST

Don't!

A big, Tijuana style, bus screeches by. Chickens hang out of its windows and ragged suitcases are strapped to the top. It blows dust and diesel in the Artist's face. Pepito and Lorisha hang out of the window, blissful and joyous, while sipping piña Coladas. It says, "Miami," on the marquee. Miami Sound Machine blares from the colorful bus.

PEPITO

(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

La Vida Loca!

The teenage skater kid from the park at the beginning of the film skates past the Artist and dumps a container of Nachos on the Artist's face.

SKATER

How about some Nachos, Penis
Butter!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LUKE'S APARTMENT

It is very quiet, calm, and focused compared to the previous chaos of the Artist's world. We see the impeccable tea room, the living room, kitchen, and then the karate training space. Luke trains with nunchucks while Luka trains with throwing stars. They smoke cigarettes and Luka drinks rum and coke, Luke drinks PBR, while training.

LUKA (V.O.)

The way of the Samurai is rooted in
discipline. Revenge is honor. The
Artist has insulted Mako. The Artist

has insulted me. For this, he must suffer.

Luke rips through one of the Artist's pink flyers with a swipe of his nunchuck. Luka uses one of the Artist's pink flyers as a bulls-eye. She lands a throwing star directly in the Artist's forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist lays passed out on the floor. The Apartment is ravaged and stripped. Anything of value is gone. The walls are spray painted, "Loser!" "Asshole!," Etc. All in Spanish with English subtitles. Then some say, in English, say, "Honkey!" "Cracker!" The Artist slowly awakens. He takes a tour of the apartment. In the bathroom, scrawled in lipstick, it says, "Fuck You!" (In Spanish with English subtitles.) He smells the carpet. It has been pissed all over. The couch has been tossed out the window. Pepito narrates in a voice-over.

PEPITO (V.O.)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

Yes, well, I wrote a letter to him and I told him everything I felt had gone wrong with us and the things that I didn't think could ever be fixed

We see spray painted on the wall in Spanish, translated with subtitles, "Dear Asshole, you're a shit out of a llama's ass, you're permanently fucked in the enchilada."

PEPITO (V.O.) (cont'd)

(in Spanish with English subtitles)

I had, I had been just- I had fallen out of love, but that had nothing to do with it. What had to do with it was I had so much hurt inside of me that I could not forgive the Artist unless I fucked his place up. And so I did. With Lorisha's help, we fucked it up good. I felt like a giant weight had been lifted from my shoulders, like a

horrible burden had been thrust away.
It was so amazing to trash all his
things, smash his most cherished
possessions, and finally come to a
peaceful place in my heart where I
could finally forgive him, not just for
my sake, but for his sake, too- So we
could both move on with our lives.

There's a dead rat hanging from an electrical wire in the living room with lipstick all over
its "lips."

PEPITO (V.O.) (cont'd)
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)

I am free now. He has begged,
pleaded, and threatened, wanting me
to take him back. He has said awful
things, called me "Nothing but a
bindle boy and another filthy Paul
Gauguin." But I can no longer hear
him. I have closed my ears and heart
to him. I am beginning to remember
who I am, and realize that the things
he said about me weren't true. I'm not
stupid, lazy, or worthless, or fat and
eat too much ice cream. I have
something to offer, and I can make it
on my own

The Artist continues to assess the damage. He looks at the floor in the living room. The
clay sculpture of the Artist is smashed, its penis pulverized. His Van Gogh paintings are
spray painted with a sombrero over them. There's a roasted pig on his bed. There's
graffiti, translated from Spanish to English with subtitles, that says, "Gauguin Rules!!!"
The Artist sees that, gasps, and has to turn away.

ARTIST
(gasps)

No-

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- KITCHEN INSIDE OF ARTIST'S APARTMENT

It is a straight on interview. The Artist leans against the kitchen counter. The kitchen has been trashed. He sprays random cockroaches that scurry through with bug spray.

ARTIST

It was a curious moment of recognition. That all these people who I had done so, so much, so much for could just turn on me like this.

The Artist bug sprays a roach.

ARTIST (cont'd)

How was this possible? I asked myself, "Was this something that I caused somehow, that I deserved, or brought onto myself?"

He sprays a cockroach.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Got it-

He returns his focus to the interview. He looks around at the thrashed kitchen.

ARTIST (cont'd)

No. Definitely not. Of course I made the mistake of believing in these people- by allowing them into my life. (Beat) But, that's who I am. I see the best in others.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist looks around the thrashed apartment.

ARTIST

I see people's potential. Not everyone is ready to live out their glorious potential to the fullest and be a star. They just simply are not ready. It's hard for me to understand, but they simply don't get it. They don't get nuance.

The Artist looks in the shower. It has been shit in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- MIAMI BEACH

Pepito and Lorisha soak up the sun. Pepito drinks a pink margarita and eats an ice cream cone. He has a hand on Lorisha's chocolate thigh. She lounges on a beach towel in a string bikini, glistening in her black glory. She reads Ebony magazine. The Make Out Couple locks lips nearby.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I laid on the floor for 3 hours and cried. I couldn't quit crying. I couldn't believe what happened in my life. I would have thought- to me, Pepito was a saint, you know, and he... (beat) I hope for the best for Pepito. He was someone very special to me. Of course, this kind of way to end things was- rather sick. It makes the Manson Family look like The Brady Bunch. (Beat) And my heart goes out to Lorisha because I know it takes two. And so it was as much one's fault as the other. I never have been angry at that skanky ho. (Beat) Yeah, sure, it leaves an unpleasant taste. But I will always cherish the fond memories.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APRTMENT

The Artist feels on top of a closet shelf and pulls down a picture. It has been spared the vandalism and pillaging. The Artist admires it; it's the picture of him and Pepito on the donkey that is painted like a zebra.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I didn't think Pepito was capable of this. And of course, it's an affront to me as an artist, because- Was it because I wasn't good enough? I'm not pretty enough? I'm not everything? All of a sudden, all of my self worth feels just flushed down the commode, and I'm just this hurting, hurting little girl. I mean- I mean, yes, things happened, and that was sad. But I forgave him. I forgave him because I care for him, and if I didn't forgive him, I would have bitterness on my heart. And I don't want bitterness on my heart

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- STREET

A group of tricked out cars make their way down the barrio street. They have hydraulics, thumping sound systems, etc. They park and everyone parties. The Mexican Woman, in a very slutty tight dress and stiletto heels, reclines on the hood of her Husband's cherry Monte Carlo at a pimped out car rally. As it turns out, she is beautiful in a slutty Mexican way.

ARTIST (V.O.)

It hurt my feelings that the Mexican Woman had to resort to violence. It was hell on earth, literal hell. You know, if you're going to be accused of something that you feel you're guilty of, I think that's much easier to take. But when you're being accused of something that you don't feel that you're guilty of, it's like hell because there's no way to prove- Because they say- there's an old saying- my grandma used to say, he doth- what is

it? He doth something too much. In other words, if you defend yourself-protest too much... It's really discouraging.

The Mexican Woman's Husband, drunk, gives her a big wet kiss and squeezes her tit, takes a swig from a tall can of Budweiser.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'm amazed that thugs like her and her husband are allowed to walk the streets. Yeah, she cleaned a good apartment, but she turned out to be a real jerk. And to send her husband to rough up and rob a struggling, sensitive artist? What's that about? How low is that? They have no values. They are like animals.

The Mexican Lady and her Husband enjoy themselves with friends. It's a lovely evening at the car rally.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist, frazzled, scurries about in the living room searching for something.

ARTIST

Where is my nail polish? Fuck!!!
(Beat) How do I feel? How do you think I feel? Pepito is gone. My apartment is trashed. Plum left me- he turned on me. The money is gone. The exhibition is in the shitter. How the fuck would you feel?

The Artist pulls out his picture of Plum. His voice gets choked up.

ARTIST (cont'd)

God, I'm losing it

He loosens his dress.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Sometimes, when I'm sad, it helps to masturbate.

He looks around the area. He gets worked up for a moment then gives up, resigned.

ARTIST (cont'd)

They even took the Vaseline. They even took the mother fucking Vaseline. My God.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- HIGH END MIAMI HOTEL ROOM

Pepito is in speedos, the same color and style from his picture with the Artist on the farm. Lorisha, in string bikini, sits on the ledge of a private jacuzzi. Pepito rubs Vaseline all over her back. He has a cool, mischievous smile on his face. Salsa music blares.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist tries to squeeze the last bit of chapstick out of a tube.

ARTIST

Come on, just a little more, just a tiny bit more

An envelope swishes underneath the door.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Huh?

The sound startles him. He notices the envelope.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Now what?

He quickly leaps up, grabs a jagged piece of metal, and opens the door and looks in the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING

The Artist aggressively steps out. The hallway is eerily still. A Japanese gong sounds. The Artist looks uneasy. He retreats back into his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist, with his back against the door, takes the envelope and opens it. Inside is a note composed of cut out letters from newspapers and magazines.

LETTER

It was a pretty fucked up thing to pull.
Your hipster contest has turned into a
death sentence. I hope you're happy
because you're days are numbered.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

A shiny, black, Lexus is parked across the street from the Artist's apartment building.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LEXUS

It's a top of the line Lexus with all the amenities. Dangling from the rear view mirror is an American flag air freshener in the shape of a Christmas tree. The plastic is still on it, it says, "Vanilla Pride." Luka's feet rest on the dashboard and her seat is reclined. She wears big, expensive sunglasses, drinks rum and coke, and smokes a cigarette. She is dressed in a Ninja outfit. Luke, also dressed in a ninja outfit, drinks a PBR, smokes a cigarette, and counts a stack of money. Next to Luka's feet, high tech surveillance

equipment is attached to the dashboard and fixed on the Artist's building. Luka reads to Luke from "Catcher in the Rye" while they wait.

LUKA

"Sex is something I really don't understand too hot. You never know where the hell you are. I keep making up these sex rules for myself, and then I break them right away. Last year I made a rule that I was going to quit horsing around with girls that, deep down, gave me a pain in the ass. I broke it, though, the same week I made it - the same night, as a matter of fact."

Luka puts the book down and ponders this.

LUKA (cont'd)

So true, so true. I did the same thing with Lisa- made all these rules just to get drunk and-

Luke hardly pretends to listen.

LUKE

(dryly)

I hate it when my bike is in the shop

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist digests the note and begins to buckle under the pressure of his dilemma. He looks like a wrecked Tammy Faye Baker, eyeliner streaming down his face.

ARTIST

Turn it off. Please, turn off the camera. I'm so sick of all this Hollywood crap. I'm sorry, I've been a big waste of your time. Please, your

little documentary movie is a failure. I feel- I feel- Oh shit. Please- You should find someone else for your little documentary.

The camera stays steadily on him, they won't turn it off.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(screams)

This documentary is shit! I'm shit!
Turn it off! Turn it off! Just go away,
you little assholes!

The Artist knocks the camera out of the documentary filmmakers' hands. It tumbles and lands. It faces the filmmakers. They are two cigar smoking midgets in 3 foot platform boots. One of them holds a boom microphone and sound gear. They look unaffected.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- APARTMENT BUILDING

The Artist, disoriented, stumbles down the front stairs of his building.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I kept thinking I'd bottomed out, I've bottomed out. But then another deeper bottom would seem to come. I thought being bottom was supposed to be fun

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LEXUS

The surveillance equipment blinks and beeps. Luke becomes alert. Luka lights a long cigarette attached to a pink extension like Audrey Hepburn.

LUKE

There he is

LUKA

Look who is strutting down the
catwalk

She pulls out a crossbow.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

The Artist stumbles down the street. The Lexus conspicuously trails him, slowly.

PEDESTRIAN

What's up with the clown show?

A homeless guy pushes his shopping cart down the sidewalk.

HOMELESS GUY

Out of my way, Sucka!

He pushes the cart into the Artist's shin.

ARTIST

Oh God!

The Artist stumbles into a corner store.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- CORNER STORE

The Artist clamors down the aisles in the detergent section of a tiny Brooklyn ghetto corner store.

ARTIST

(yelling, hysterical)

Where's the turpentine?! Where's the
fucking bleach! I need to huff some
fucking turpentine!

A Hispanic employee calmly enters the aisle. He's holding an industrial sized container of turpentine. It's the Mexican Woman's Husband.

HUSBAND

I can help you, Senior

He gives his big, ugly, bling smile. He pulls out his switchblade in his other hand and extends the blade. The Artist recognizes the Husband and flees the store in a panic.

ARTIST

Oh!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- STREET

The Artist continues to stumble down the street as the Lexus creeps behind him. He stumbles upon a 99 cent store. There's a big ghetto advertisement on the window.

ADVERTISEMENT

Nail Polish Remover, .79\$!

The Artist sees this. He pauses. Relief. His eyes light up.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- LEXUS

As the Artist stares at the sign, Luka begins to unroll her tinted window. The Lexus pulls up beside the Artist. Luka aims her crossbow at him.

LUKE

Now!

Luka, cigarette in mouth, fires the crossbow.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- STREET

The arrow pegs the Artist in the upper right thigh.

ARTIST

Oh!

He crumbles. He sees the arrow in his thigh and turns to get in the door of the .99\$ Shop. Like ninja magic, Luke is in the doorway, blocking the entrance. The Artist turns the other way, but Luka blocks his escape. A Japanese gong sounds.

LUKE

I've been waiting a long time for this

Luke pulls out a set of nunchucks and does a skilled routine. Luka, chewing gum, holds up a throwing star, glimmering.

LUKA

I have a throwing star here. And this throwing star is either for you, or you.

She zeroes in on the Artist both times.

LUKA (cont'd)

And this throwing star represents a world of hurt for a poseur hipster Artist who is about to get his shit rocked. I will only call one name. And for the poseur Artist whose name I do not call, you may gather your belongings, leave with all appendages attached, and fuck off. The first name I'm going to call-

Luke smiles, Luka smiles. She puts the Artist in her sights. Suddenly she looks unsettled. Luke looks unsettled. They release the tension on their weapons.

LUKE

What is your name?

LUKA

Yeah?

The Artist looks enormously relieved.

ARTIST

A free pass has been given!

Luke and Luka look at each other.

LUKA

Yeah, right

She launches the throwing star at the Artist's forehead. He moves out of the way but it severs off his left ear. Luke comes in from behind and flying kicks him in the back. The Artist is thrust forward to Luka who holds him for Luke to attack. Luke gets in the Artist's face.

LUKE

You couldn't leave well enough alone, could you little twirp? No, you had to push it. Now you're going to pay.

Luke gives the Artist a very hard kick and punch.

LUKA

Give him a front kick, Mako!

Luke kicks the Artist hard. He falls down, beaten up badly. A public bus pulls up to an adjacent bus stop and the door opens. Random passengers embark and disembark. The driver, a Black Woman in her late thirties, notices the scuffle, leaves the door open, leans over, and yells out.

BLACK WOMAN

Leave him alone, he's had enough

The jaded passengers on the bus couldn't care less.

LUKE

(to the bus driver)

Shut up!

BLACK WOMAN

Look at him, he can't even stand up

LUKA

So what!?

LUKE

That don't mean squat!

BUS PASSENGER

Let's get moving!

BUS PASSENGER 2

Si! Vamanos!

BLACK WOMAN

Leave him alone, he's had enough!

LUKE

I'll decide when he's had enough, lady

LUKA

The enemy deserves no mercy

LUKE

Right!

LUKA

Right!

BLACK WOMAN

You're crazy, man

She closes the door and pulls away. The passengers remain apathetic. Luke and Luka are hyped up. Luka holds up the weary and beaten Artist. The Artist, somehow, summons some strength and gives Luke a stiff jab to the gut. Luke is momentarily stunned.

LUKA

That's okay Mako! Sweep the leg.
Kill him!

Luke looks scared.

LUKA (cont'd)

You have a problem with that?

LUKE

No, no Sensei

LUKA

No Mercy. Kill him.

Luke starts fiercely punishing the Artist. Luka blows a bubble with her gum.

LUKA (cont'd)

Do it Mako! Destroy him! Finish
him!

Luke elbows the Artist in the thigh where the arrow is. The Artist is in terrible shape.

ARTIST

Agh!

LUKA

It's over Mako, you did it! Get him a
body bag! Finish him! No Mercy! No
Mercy! Finish him!

LUKE

(to the Artist)

You're dead

Luke is about to finish the Artist off when a hand pulls him back and kicks him down. It is the Old Guy with his Bunny.

LUKE (cont'd)

(to Luka)

Get him!

Luka goes after the Old Guy but the Old Guy rocks her, too. They both get karate ass kicked by the Old Guy.

OLD GUY

Hi-Yah!

Luke and Luka, shocked and scared, jump into Luke's Lexus and speed off.

LUKA

Let's get out of here!

The Artist notices the blood from his ear and faints. The Old Guy rifles through the Artist's pockets and takes his empty chapstick, the picture of Plum, and all his money, a few bucks and change.

OLD GUY

Asshole

He kicks the Artist in the kidney and walks off, tossing the chapstick and the picture of Plum into the gutter. The Artist is left for dead in the concrete sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- GARDEN

It's an interview with the Old Guy in his garden. He rakes leaves, plants seeds, pulls weeds, and feeds his bunny scraps, etc.

OLD GUY (V.O.)

Whatever we ain't got, that's what you want. I don't need no modeling contest, no trouble. No mess at all.

The Old Guy talks to us while he is raking.

OLD GUY (cont'd)

Most guys like me that work on gardens, are the loneliest guys in the world- Got no family, belong no place. With us it ain't like that.

The Old Guy looks at the rabbit on the ground who is nibbling on a carrot.

OLD GUY (cont'd)

We got a future

The rabbit looks up at the Old Guy.

INTERCUT TO:

The interview continues. The Old Guy leans on the rake, talking straight on.

OLD GUY (cont'd)

That boy and girl? I seen them go around alone. That ain't no good. They don't have no fun. And you saw it, they turn mean. They get wantin' to fight all the time.

The Old Guy picks a sugar snap pea from his garden and tosses it to the bunny who nibbles on it.

OLD GUY (cont'd)

You know, I don't know. But the Bible says, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart." And we're all so darn' guilty of looking on thing's outward appearances but it's what's inside that

counts. Shucks, strange thing, lord knows, just wanted to get some washers at the hardware store when I saw what I saw. I reckon I just did what any decent fella' might.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APRTMENT

It is a straight on interview with the Artist. The Apartment is perfectly clean, but we don't necessarily notice this since we only see the Artist and a light wall as a backdrop. Soft, new age music plays.

ARTIST

I suffered severe trauma. I was bleeding out the ear, thigh, and most of my ribs were broken. That's what they say happened to my body, but what happened to me was completely different. For the first moment, I thought I was on a balcony looking down and I saw this ragged queen passed out on the sidewalk. I thought, "who is this drunk old hag?" I stared at it. That was my body. I stopped and thought for a moment, "How can that be my body?" Then, who am I? In an instant, I was sucked away like a piece of dust in a vacuum hose and I was cascading through a dark tunnel. But it was more like maybe a roller coaster that was going through loop de loops and into the heavens and I saw the stars. And quietly and steadily, a white light got closer and closer until I was surrounded by it. Surrounded and almost wrapped up like going into a hot bath tub after being screwed up the ass and chilled to the bone in the cold.

EXT. DAY- GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

The Artist lays unconscious on the sidewalk. Jaded New Yorkers walk over and past him. A fly lands on his eyelid, a dog licks the coagulated stump of his ear. A pigeon and rat fight for his severed ear.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I was in a loving presence and white light that just filled me with a sense of peace, a kind of safe loving presence that's impossible to describe but so wonderful that I can't stop trying to find words for it. I knew I was in another world- a world that is as real as this world is to anyone listening to this. There was a long tunnel. The light was so beautiful. It was huge, bright, white light, but it did not hurt to look at. I knew exactly where to go, like going home. I felt relaxed and in no pain. I sensed I was floating.

We melt into the Artist's head and enter his dream. We see Dali, Picasso, Frida Kahlo, Andy Warhol, Jackson Pollack, etc. lined up along the tunnel. They cheer him on as he roller-skates down the tunnel, giving him "thumbs up."

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

Then, as if I had eyes all around my head, I saw saints, souls that were in heaven- multitudes. I was received with so much love and they seemed genuinely happy to see me, and I so genuinely happy to be back where I belonged.

The Artist, moved by his own story, sniffles.

ARTIST (cont'd)

I need a Kleenex.

A pudgy midget hand reaches on camera and hands the Artist a Kleenex tissue.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Thank you.

The Artist continues.

ARTIST (cont'd)

They were floating on what appeared to be a crystal mirror or cloud or smoke. The saints were saying in unison, "We were waiting for you-"

The famous artists, benevolently, one at a time and in unison call out to the Artist.

FAMOUS ARTISTS

We were waiting for you, we were waiting for you-

ARTIST (V.O.)

Then, I could hear my mother's voice. Her voice pulled me toward her like a magnetic field. She was surrounded by light, an angel. Then I was a boy again.

ARTIST'S MOTHER (O.S.)

(distant, echoey)

Honey, you are the greatest artist in the whole wide world, the whole wide world, yes you are! Yes you are!

The Artist, a cherubic boy of about eight years old, wearing a dress, descends down a slide, his arms up in joy. It's a sunny, beautiful day at the park, full of joyful activity. The Artist's Mother catches him in her loving arms, twirls him about. He laughingly takes a bite out of a bright piece of watermelon. His mother pushes him high on some swings.

ARTIST'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Look at you fly, honey! Look at you fly!

At the peak of the arc of his swing, the Artist blends into an image of him completely airborne. A circle of joyous hipsters launch him up and down on a parachute.

ARTIST (V.O.)

It was like floating on a pink cloud. It was so warm and peaceful.

HIPSTERS

Let it go! Hurray, Let it go!

We see an angelic vision of the Artist's Mother.

ARTIST'S MOTHER

Let it go, honey. Go on. Let it go.
Let it go-

ARTIST AS A CHILD

It is wonderful in this place. I want to stay

ARTIST'S MOTHER

You are always here, if you would only know it. Let it go-

ARTIST AS A CHILD

Just a little longer

ARTIST'S MOTHER

Find the beauty wherever you go. It radiates from you. Let it go-

ARTIST (V.O.)

Her look was so beautiful, I didn't want to turn away. But I could hear from somewhere, "Come back"

KID WITH BALLOONS (O.S.)

(distant, echoey)

Come back. Come back. Come back.

ARTIST (V.O.)

I wanted to ignore the voice, I was so peaceful and warm. Like a warm pool of love.

The Artist starts to get pulled out of the scene like a vacuum, back into the tunnel with increasing velocity.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APRTMENT

It is a straight on interview with the Artist with the light background.

ARTIST

I was never afraid... Not one single time. You know, when I was a boy, our priest would keep me after choir practice. We played all sorts of fun games, but some weren't so fun. And if I looked sad, Father Michael would say to me-

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- CHURCH

Father Michael, a handsome and pale priest in his early thirties speaks to a young Artist, although we don't see the Artist. It is hazy and fuzzy, like from a cloudy memory.

FATHER MICHAEL

The bible says that he will bring into you a peace that passeth all understanding. And I'm going to bring into you a piece that passeth all understanding

CUT TO:

INT. DAY- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The interview continues with the Artist.

ARTIST

Oh! It hurt! But, for the first time, I feel like I understand. I felt a peace that passeth all understanding. There was no reason for just total peace to come over me- but it did. I knew I was going to be ok. And I wasn't afraid. And I just looked inside myself and I said, "Well, I was the Artist yesterday, and I'm still the Artist today, nothing's changed, let's get to it-"

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY- GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

The bright light from the dream merges into the sun from real life. It is hazy, very blown out. It's the POV of the Artist.

ARTIST (V.O.)

It was so strange. I had just had the most beautiful experience of my life and there I was, back in that ghetto. I was aware of my body again. It hurt to open my eyes. But when I did, I couldn't believe what I saw- A million glittering butterflies. Like I was still in that heavenly place.

KID WITH BALLOONS (O.S.)

(still echoey, distant)

Come back. Come back. Come back.

We see twinkling lights. It's still the Artist's POV. We see a bizarre reflection of the Artist. He recognizes himself. We pull from the POV and see that the reflection is inside the mylar balloons of a boy pointing at the Artist. The balloons are the source of the sparkle and reflection. The Kid's Mother is next to him, trying to pull the Kid away.

KID WITH BALLOONS (cont'd)

What's that? What's that? What's that?

We realize that he was never saying "Come back", but rather "What's that?"

KID'S MOM

Hell if I know. Come on, let's get the hell out of here

The Artist slowly regains consciousness.

ARTIST

(weakly)

No, please, wait

KID WITH BALLOONS

It moved!

The Mom and Kid stare. The Artist slightly shifts his position to see his reflection in the balloon again.

ARTIST

Where did you get that balloon? Huh?
Where?

The Kid points a little ways off. We can see in the blurry distance a man in a purple outfit with a giant bouquet of mylar balloons.

KID'S MOM

(still nervous)

Come on, honey. Now!

ARTIST

Please, one more second

The Artist shifts again. We experience his POV and see his warped reflection in the balloon. He smiles with a touch of exaltation, pulls down his top, exposes his nipple, and gasps at the artistry of his reflection in the balloon, his pink nipple erect. We pull out from the POV.

KID'S MOM

Oh! You dirty perverted old goat!

The Kid's Mom kicks him hard in the side with her stiletto high heel.

ARTIST

Fuuuuuuuuuuck!!!

The Kid's Mom yanks the Kid away. The Artist summons his strength, rolls over with strain, struggles, and stands up. He yanks the crossbow arrow out of his leg.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(in great pain)

Son of a bitch!

The Artist drops the arrow, collects himself, and stumbles toward the man with the balloons. Bikes, taxis, cars, and buses whiz past him as he recklessly crosses the street. He is oblivious to the world of activity around him. He makes it to the sidewalk and as we get closer we notice that the man has a strong resemblance to Vincent Van Gogh, pre bandaged ear.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Vincent?

VINCENT VAN GOGH

(in Dutch with English
subtitles)

I've been waiting for you

ARTIST

You have?

VINCENT VAN GOGH

(In Dutch with English
subtitles)

Darling, the world's greatest artists are
never appreciated in their lifetime.
Let it go. Let it go. Let it go.

Van Gogh hands the Artist the bouquet of balloons.

ARTIST

Vincent?

VINCENT VAN GOGH

(in Dutch with English
subtitles)

Let it go-

Vincent Van Gogh drifts backward and stumbles into the street. A taxi cab comes careening around the corner, hits him, and launches him against a telephone pole. His body falls limp. He is dead. A woman comes running out of an apartment building.

WOMAN

(thick Brooklyn accent)

Vinnie?! Oh God, Vinnie LaSalle, I told you! How many times have I told you!? No wandering around on your meds! God!!! Hurry! Someone call an ambulance! Hurry! 911!

She is grief stricken. The Artist stands there, holding the balloons in amazement. The paramedics, the same who rescued the Old Lady earlier in the film, come and try to resuscitate Vinnie, using EKG pads to administer defibrillating shocks. Nothing.

ARTIST'S(V.O.)

I don't care what anyone says. It was a miracle. It was a dream come true. Vincent Van Gogh. I met Vincent Van Gogh. "The greatest artists are never recognized in their time." Of course. I knew it all along. I've known this for years. He could have told anyone, yet, Vincent told me.

It's a straight on interview with the Artist. It is a bright backdrop of his apartment window.

ARTIST

I got the message. It came straight
from the source.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTERNOON- "GALLERY" GALLERY

Expensive, gourmet preparations are being placed. Plum and his friend are treated like royalty by all the staff and by the Owners.

OWNER 1

(to the caterer)

The Caviar?

OWNER 2

How about over there?

The caterer moves according to Owner 2's direction.

OWNER 1

Wait

The caterer pauses. Owner 1 fills a cracker with caviar.

OWNER 1 (cont'd)

Carry on

Owner 1 bends down and feeds it to Princess. The Owners laugh gluttonously. Plum yells to one of the caterers carrying a tray of Pabst Blue Ribbon and Colt 45's.

PLUM

Hey, over here!

Plum grabs two beers, slams half of one, pours out the rest on the floor, and cracks open a fresh one. The Owners love it. Plum clinks beers with Plum's Friend, camera still around his neck, as always.

CUT TO:

INT. AFTERNOON- THE ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist's apartment is immaculate. All the furniture is gone, the only decoration is fresh flowers, and the mood is upbeat and determined. The Artist has a bandage around his ear and head, just like Van Gogh. He takes self portraits with the aid of a string attached to his Polaroid camera. He snaps a pic. The Polaroid spits out a weird photo.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Most people in my shoes, or platform boots in this case, would probably have just given up. But Vincent spoke to me- and all the others, Pablo, Jackson, Frida, Salvador... I don't live in regrets, I think regrets- there's nothing you can do about them- it's like an egg that you've broken on the floor and there's no way to ever put it back together again, no matter how badly you want to. And people that look in their rear view mirror can never go forward. And I have decided to go forward in my life and leave all the hurts behind. To forgive all the people that have hurt me and leave that behind and move on

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING- "GALLERY" GALLERY

Crowds of artsy and snobby people gather at the opening of Plum's Friend's exhibition starring Plum. The owners, dressed like sprockets to the extreme, schmooze with the guests. The attendees are superficial, fabulous, arrogant, and adoring.

ATTENDEE

I was in London last weekend and-

OWNER 1

(Holding Princess)

London, oh London is fabulous! I was there the other day-

OWNER 2

Darling, is that Sergio?

OWNER 1

Oh, Sergio!

Owners 1 and 2 arrogantly and abruptly leave the conversation to speak with Sergio.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING- ARTIST'S APARTMENT

The Artist glues Polaroids to the mylar balloons. Sometimes he also attaches them to the balloon strings. He works beneath a dangling light bulb. The room is filling up beautifully with balloons that have Polaroid self portraits glued to them. The Artist huffs a little glue and a tear runs down his face.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Well, you know, when art touches me,
I cry. And that's true. I actually- I feel
art in my soul, and I love it so much.
And when I feel art in my soul and it
touches me- It just rolls over me and I
get so teary eyed, I get so- aroused

The Artist smells his index finger.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- "GALLERY" GALLERY

The Make Out Couple lock lips in the corner. All of the Tea Hipsters are there, too, but there is no sign of Luke or Luka. Plum's Friend and the Hot Internet Guy, as is hipster fashion, self consciously mingle. Owners 1 and 2 are at the front of the room.

OWNER 2

Excuse us! Excuse us!

They clink their champagne glasses. The murmur of the party calms down.

OWNER 1

Plum has something to say! Plum-

Plum, in all his hipster glory, stands up on a chair.

PLUM

Fuck You! Fuck you self righteous
anarchist outsiders and corporate
yuppie scum! Fuck All Of You!!!

The guests wildly applaud. Plum unzips his fly and pisses onto the crowd.

ATTENDEE 2

He's a genius. A total genius

A gay man, a bear daddy in leather, opens his mouth beneath Plum's arc of urine. It splashes all over his face. He loves it. Everyone loves it. The guests enthusiastically applaud some more.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT- "GALLERY" GALLERY

The Artist stands across the street with his bouquet of balloons and portfolio, watching the party calmly. He pulls out a tube of glue and takes a huff. A group of four hipsters trash the sidewalk with beer cans and cigarette butts. Three are clad in identical skin tight black jeans, an assortment of black and white shirts, and black leather jackets. The other one sports a plaid button down. They snort bumps of cocaine.

LEATHER JACKET HIPSTER

Do you think we should do this in the
bathroom?

PLAID BUTTON DOWN HIPSTER

No. Why? The bathroom has been
locked for like the last twenty minutes,
anyway. Probably some jocks in there
doing meth and tickling each other's
beef sticks

The Artist observes all of this reflectively.

ARTIST (V.O.)

How do you measure your life? Do
you measure your value as a person by
the price of your artwork? The
number of people at your party?
There they were, all the adoration, all
the glamour, with everything I thought
I had ever wanted; being the people I
always wanted to be

The Artist opens his portfolio and dumps all of the pictures into the street. Wind sweeps them away and cars run over them.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'll never forget that night. The
pictures scattered like dust. I felt so
clear, so calm, at ease for the first time
since I was a child.

The crew of hipsters re-enter the party. When they open the door, Princess sneaks out.

LEATHER JACKET HIPSTER 2

Whose cat?

PLAID BUTTON DOWN HIPSTER

Who cares?

LEATHER JACKET HIPSTER 3

How many legs did that cat have?

They enter the party. Princess, with Clarence in his mouth, prances over to the Artist.

ARTIST

Princess? Is that you?

PRINCESS

Meow

Princess drops Clarence just long enough to cough up a fur ball onto the Artist's platform boot. Princess then picks Clarence back up.

ARTIST

Oh Princess, you are adorable. Would your little friend like a balloon, maybe two?

The Artist wrestles Clarence away from Princess.

ARTIST (cont'd)

Give me that!

PRINCESS

Hissssssss!

The Artist ties a bundle of balloons to Clarence and releases him. Clarence starts to float away into the night. Princess leaps up after him and tries to rescue Clarence. We hear a car screech off screen and a small thud.

PRINCESS (cont'd)

Meooooooooow!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT- "GALLERY" GALLERY

Owner 2, mid- conversation, is visibly startled by the sound of the car screech.

OWNER 2

Princess?

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT- STREET

The Artist limps down the streets with the bouquet of balloons.

ARTIST (V.O.)

The pain in my leg was nearly unbearable. It was one of those things, where you don't know how you can possibly do it. But somehow, the pain wasn't pain. It meant nothing. I- I wouldn't allow myself to have pity parties. Not now. If I felt- And if I found myself wanting to have a pity party, I would let it last for maybe three or four minutes-

The Artist leans against a wall, resting. The 1981 Buick from earlier in the film pulls up. The passenger window unrolls.

BUICK MAN

How much?

ARTIST

Fuck you!

BUICK MAN

Bitch!

The Buick peels out and takes off.

ARTIST (V.O.)

And then I'd get up, and I could hear my Grandma Zsa Zsa would say to me, you pull your bootstraps up, girl, and keep going. And I remember grandma saying that when I was a little girl- and I would pull myself up by my bootstraps and march right into the shopping center and shoplifted the lipstick she wanted.

The Artist, inspired, gets up and resumes his trek.

ARTIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

I felt like the treasure in my heart, buried for so long, had finally been unlocked and held the power to carry me ahead. It was as if I had no choice in the matter. It was something that was meant to be. I felt relaxed and in no pain. My leg didn't hurt. My ear didn't hurt.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAWN- PARK

The Artist stands in the middle of the park, the same one as from the dream in his near death experience. The first hints of dawn touch the sky. The Artist sits on a swing, just staring out and sitting.

ARTIST (V.O.)

Well, let me tell you the difference between bitter and better. The- it's just the "I" in bitter, is the difference between bitter and better. And so I have chosen to become better and I let the bitterness go, because it's "I" that had to make the decision. (beat) I never want to go back to the way things were before. Never. It's hard to believe I ever lived like that. Things are different now. Things are different. This has been a lonely and magical life. I'm so grateful. And, thanks to Vincent, I've come to confirm that no, I am not crazy, I'm just misunderstood. I had an opportunity to connect with a higher power, Vincent Van Gogh. And now I know. I really, really know... The true gift of life is giving, the gift is in what we give- Not what we get to have, but what we get to give away, what we get to give away...

The voice-over concludes.

ARTIST (cont'd)

(softly)

Let it go, Let it go

Birds chirp in the dawn. The Artist stands up. It is a beautiful sunrise. He steps to the center of the park, spins, and let's the bouquet go. The balloons float beautifully into the sky. He raises his arms. The balloons fade into the atmosphere.

FADE OUT:

THE END