

H20
by
Unknown

Unfinished Script

FADE IN:

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

A FIGURE walks down a long dark hall, facial features briefly lit as the figure walks under the infrequent lights that shine in single spots from the ceiling, each giving illumination to a small circle of floor. He approaches a workbench, covered in trailers and bits of film, splicers and dirty rags. He turns on a small radio. The music of Liberace sounds along the booth speakers. He begins to thread up the make-up pattern of a professional projectionist. As the film slides quickly through the air, his finger gets sliced. He inspects the finger carefully and turns to look suspiciously off screen. As he looks in one direction a MAN comes up right behind him from the other, standing a mere few inches away.

MAN

Working Late?

The figure gives a startled JUMP and whirls on his laughing prankster friend.

FIGURE

Jesus Christ, Thomas! You know it's creepy up here. Ass. The least you could do is jingle some keys.

THOMAS

You newly-trained projectionists get scared if you hear yourself breathe too loud. You really need to lighten up, Steve.

STEVE

Eat a dick, you pseudo-intelluctual quasi-european wannabe republican.

THOMAS

'Eat a dick,' huh? Real nice, Steve.

STEVE

I never pretended to be nice. But I do come in on time and work the duration of my shift. Can you say that?

THOMAS

I brought you a sandwich. Do you want tuna fish or peanut butter?

STEVE

Well, that depends. How long is it going to take you to make them? Wait...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE (CONT'D)

let me guess. I'll be running the shows and you'll be making sandwiches. Am I close?

THOMAS

What's with all of this pent-up hostility? Of course you'll be running the shows. I'm useless.

STEVE

You did teach me how to use a flathead screwdriver. That alone makes you worth four hundred dollars a week. Oh, and by the way, management was looking for you earlier. Since you weren't here, I told them your ass was exploding in the bathroom and you'd probably be indisposed for a while.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE - NIGHT

The General Manager rapidly consumes several strips of beef jerky and begins scribbling on a legal pad. Behind her, a small dog paces. Three teenage girls walk past where an usher should be standing to tear their tickets.

JANICE

Where the fuck are the doormen? Girls, girls! Come here and let me rip your tickets. I'm sorry about that. I don't know what the fuck is going on.

She picks up a walkie-talkie

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER NUMBER FOURTEEN

MIKE, a pale-faced adolescent doorman wearing the standard company uniform, hurriedly sweeps popcorn kernels from the floor. He notices candy stuck to the floor. As he bends to scrape it up, his walkie-talkie falls from his pants pocket to the ground.

JANICE

(warbled through walkie-talkie)
Steve! Has Thomas finished exploding his ass yet? I need one of you to come down here and rip tickets! God damn it! My doorman is missing and my concessionist isn't wearing a tie!

KAIN, without a uniform, picks up cups and popcorn bags in the last row.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAIN

Dude, that's not cool. She yells at us
when we swear over the walkies.

Mike merely shrugs.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE

Janice puts her dog, WOOKIEE, in her lap as her walkie-talkie
SQUAWKS a response.

THOMAS

(over walkie-talkie)
What do you need, Janice?

She picks the walkie-talkie up.

JANICE

I need you to send one of your guys down
here to help clean, please.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

Thomas rolls his eyes and gives Steve a knowing look. He
lifts the walkie to his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER NUMBER FOURTEEN

FAVORING MIKE

Mike lifts his walkie-talkie to his mouth.

FAVORING KAIN

Kain, his back to Mike and his arms nearly full with half-
empty cups, lifts his walkie to his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE

Wookiee jumps as a loud burst of static comes over the
walkie. Janice attempts to calm the now-yipping dog as she
once again speaks into the walkie.

JANICE

What was that please?

THOMAS

(exasperated, over walkie)
Kain is already down helping Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janice noticeably slumps

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE - MOMENTS LATER

Janice is at the podium tearing tickets and muttering after each group of customers is out of earshot.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER HALLWAY

Six people in theater uniforms stand in the hallway, some holding brooms, none of them using them. They chat jovially and laugh frequently.

Mike and Kain enter the hallway from theater fourteen, both carrying full trash bags.

KAIN

Dude, what the fuck?

Mike and the six ushers stare at Kain, blankly.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Isn't there something you should be doing? Look, there's popcorn on the floor. Right there!

Mike and the six ushers stare at Kain, blankly.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Dude, fuck this. Six of you can clean twenty theaters. I'm going upstairs. Tell Janice to leave me the fuck alone.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Kain finds Steve and Thomas bowling with trailers. He is almost tripped by the heavy onslaught of film carnage rolling toward him.

KAIN

Damnit. The last thing I need from you guys is to break my leg.

THOMAS

Why? You would still do the same amount of work as you always do, just slower.