

BREAKFAST WITH GOD
(EPISODE #3)

Written by
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INT. PETER'S GUESTHOUSE - NIGHT

The microwave timer goes off. Peter removes the steaming hot Top Ramen noodle bowl, and puts a second-generation tea bag in the coffee cup filled with hot water.

He flips on the TV, and turns the channel to MTV.

A graphic appears onscreen. It reads:

The Making of the Video:
 MANIRA - These Lips
 Directed by David Mathers

Peter gags some of the noodles back into the bowl and turns up the volume.

He is overcome by frustration.

EXT. DIVE CAFÉ - DAY

Peter sits with a cup of coffee, the teepee again in his sightline.

Skip steps out of the teepee and executes a mighty stretch.

Peter whistles and waves him over.

Peter pantomimes another coffee order to the waitress as Skip comes stumbling over.

SKIP
 Hey, Frito Bandito. How early do you get up?

PETER
 When I'm in the hunt, I'm up with the sun, daddy. We've got a lot of work to do.

SKIP
 We? Like what? I thought I gave you the bum's rush.

The waitress arrives with Skip's cup, which Peter intercepts.

PETER
 You want this or not?

Skip takes a seat on the double entendre.

SKIP
 What's the plan?

PETER
For starters, I want to see
your first ten pages.

SKIP
You're kidding! I...

PETER
(sternly)
You want to be the writer.
I'm the director. As your
director, I'm asking to see
your first ten pages. You've
had three days -- if you can't
deliver...

Peter's jaw drops as Skip pulls out a rolled up stack of
hand-written papers from his back pocket and drops it
heavily on the table.

SKIP
Ten pages? Here's forty-six
double-sided, single-spaced
pages of pure manna. What do
you got?

Peter is pleasantly speechless.

PETER
These will need to be typed
out. I'll on it as soon as I
get home.

Peter attempts to grab the screenplay, but Skip
forcefully clamps down on it.

SKIP
Nope. I'm holding onto this
until I see you're for real.

PETER
If I'm for real?!

Skip shoots him a look.

SKIP
We should do a camera check.
I've got a few rolls of film
ends, if you can pay for
processing. Meet me here
tomorrow evening around five.

PETER
(uncertain)
Sure. Does this mean your dad
will let us use the camera?

Skip grabs his coffee and heads back to his teepee.

SKIP
I'm working on it.

Peter's excitement partially fades.

INT. VENICE CANAL HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Skip sets the Arri up on the fluid head and tripod.

MONTAGE

Skip tweaks and adjust the stands, flags, filters and lights with surgical precision, changes camera positions, etc.

END MONTAGE

Skip is finally ready.

SKIP
Stand on that mark there.

Peter obliges.

PETER
Speed it up before your dad catches us.

SKIP
(angry)
Don't rush me. I hate being rushed!

Skip hits a switch, and the garage fills with magical, ultra-bright halogen light. Peter absorbs the moment.

SKIP
Okay, let's do a scene. I assume you know how to act?

PETER
(lying)
Of course.

Skip callously flips through the stack of papers.

SKIP
Here -- page fourteen. Start at the top, and read the entire page. Let me know when you're ready.

Peter starts to read the script, and becomes more and more engrossed.

PETER
Where did you learn to write?
This shit ain't half bad.

SKIP
(perturbed)
Tell me when you're ready.

PETER
Okay, okay -- I'm ready
already! Jeez!

SKIP
Camera's rolling...speed...
and... (shaky voiced) action!

INT. PETER'S GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Peter, Skip and Malone sit on various stools, buckets and chairs.

Peter takes the DVD out of the Foto-Kem package, and anxiously puts it in the DVD player.

SKIP
If this looks good, I've got
about two and a half miles of
film we can use. It's all
outdated, but if it looks
good, who cares?

PETER
It's show-time.

Peter hits 'play' on the DVD player.

ON THE TELEVISION

Peter stands alone in the middle of the void, head down. The lighting is DaVinci-esque - a warm blend of beautiful muted colors; the interplay between light and shadow sublime. This does not look like a crowded garage.

Peter acts out the scene.

PETER (AS ERIC)
You quit the team. You quit
the halftime show. Now you've
even quit your own alter ego.

SKIP (AS CEE)
 (o.s.)
 I was famous for never
 quitting, never letting go.

PETER (AS ERIC)
 The only thing you never quit
 was that medallion, and that's
 what you needed to quit the
 most. The 'Cee Pride' from
 the play would know exactly
 what needed to be done, and do
 it.

SKIP (AS CEE)
 (o.s.)
 The medallion was the greatest
 prize imaginable.

PETER (AS ERIC)
 'Cee Pride' isn't a fictional
 character; he's the person you
 were supposed to be, had life
 not thrown you a curve.

SKIP (AS CEE)
 (o.s.)
 I broke Mama's heart.

PETER (AS ERIC)
 (aggravated)
 It's not that you're
 impersonating 'Cee Pride';
 'Cee Pride' the character, is
 impersonating Clarence
 Thigpen; the Clarence Thigpen
 that should have been.

SKIP (AS CEE)
 (o.s.)
 I killed my twin brother.

PETER (AS ERIC)
 (emphatic)
 Go be Cee Pride. Chip away
 all that is not Cee Pride.

SMPTE bars fill the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

The threesome eye each other, as if waiting for someone
 else to give the first opinion.

MALONE
 Oh my God, that was so cool!

PETER
Skip, what do you think?!

SKIP
It was good.

PETER
Guys, I think we might have something here. We just need to get lucky and have all the elements to come together.

Malone nods in agreement.

PETER
First things first. We need to gather a crew. A small crew, no more than ten or twelve people.

MALONE
I have experience with Hair/Make up, and a little bit of Wardrobe.

PETER
Fantastic! Skip, you can DP and Gaff. Don't worry, we'll get you a Grip.

MALONE
What's left?

PETER
Let me think...we'll need to feed everyone, so we'll have to spend real money there, no way around it.

Malone starts writing down what Peter says.

PETER
Okay, then we'll need a genny, more real money. A sound person and boom holder, we can't scrimp -- there's a rental fee involved. An A.D. How many is that?

MALONE
Six.

PETER
Well, we'll definitely need a P.A.

Peter starts to fill positions in on one of the bulletin boards.

PETER
How about an Art Director?

SKIP
You think everyone will work
for free? Where are you going
to get these people?

PETER
Craigslist.

SKIP
Who's Craig?

EXT. PETER'S GUESTHOUSE - NIGHT

Skip and Malone prepare to head back to their teepee.

PETER
Thanks for coming over. This
could be the start of
something big.

MALONE
Should we start pricing that
Malibu mansion?

Skip's attitude changes. He wobbles back and forth on his feet, and won't make eye contact.

SKIP
I want it on film.

Peter's a little taken back by the sudden change of topic.

PETER
Yeah, we'll shoot it on film,
and transfer it to HD later.
There's no need to blow it up
to 35mm...

SKIP
(shouting)
I said film!

Skip throws the ragtag screenplay at Peter and runs off wildly into the night with Malone chasing him, screaming for him to stop.

PETER
Shit!

INT. CALIFORNIA FILM COMMISSION - DAY

Peter waits in the Film Commission office lobby, bored. He opens his brief case and reviews his resume. Graduate of CSUN's film department with honors, work on several feature films, awards, etc.

In the second tier of the briefcase is Skip's ragtag screenplay, neat as can be expected from its previous rough treatment.

Peter puts it in some sort of order, and reads with increasing interest.

JIM PETERS (36), in the typical bureaucratic suit, enters the lobby.

JIM
Hello, Peter? Would you
follow me please?

IN JIM'S OFFICE

Jim motions for Peter to have a seat.

JIM
I've looked over your resume
and contacted some of the
producers you've worked for.
I've even contacted some of
your professors at CSUN. They
all say the same thing. You
are a dependable, reliable
individual.

PETER
(dryly)
Dependable and reliable.

Peter absorbs the meaning of those words, not very pleased.

JIM
The job entails distributing
notifications to areas that
will be having filming in
their area. I think you are
very well suited for the job.

Peter looks out of Jim's office, and takes notice of the white-bread, slow-paced environment.

JIM
I guess what I'm trying to
say, is that if you want the
job, it's yours. The pay is
twenty five thousand per year,
paid twice a month...

Peter glances his briefcase, and clutches it, almost lovingly.

PETER
No. Thank you, but no.

Jim is not happy.

JIM
I must say I'm disappointed.
I did the due diligence, and
you seemed to be perfect for
what we need. May I ask why?

Peter rises and heads to the door. He faces Jim.

PETER
Sure. I'm overqualified.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Peter arrives at the site of the teepee, only to find that it's no longer there.