

WHO IS SOMETHINGWORTH?

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

WRITER (30'S) taps away at a computer in the living room of his apartment. He sits at a makeshift desk that seems to double as dining room table, coat rack, etc. In the bedroom GIRLFRIEND (20'S) stares at herself dramatically in a mirror reciting dialogue that she reads from a script.

GIRLFRIEND

I will ask you again, sir...

(Glancing at the script.)

I will ask you ONCE again - I WILL ask you once again, sir. Where are your pants? Where are your pants...I will ask you once again, sir. Where are your pants?

In the living room Writer types away at his computer. We cut to a split screen of him and the character he's creating who stands within an endless landscape of pure white. As the writer adds attributes they are magically imbued onto the character.

WRITER (V.O.)

His name is Phillip...*Something* - Worth, the third. Figure that out later. British gentleman circa nineteen...early nineteen hundreds. Or late eighteen hundreds, depending on what period would be more accurate for a man who regularly wears a tuxedo.

Grabbing a small tape recorder and pressing record.

WRITER

Note to self: Learn about...world history.

(Presses stop on the recorder and sets it down. Immediately picks it up again and presses record.)

And how it relates to clothing for British people...who wear tuxedos.

He presses the stop button on the recorder and sets it down as we hear Girlfriend continuing to rehearse in the background.

GIRLFRIEND (O.C.)

...Where are your pants??

WRITER (V.O.)

He is refined, smooth, but with a fire in his eyes. Does he have a bowler? No bowler. Maybe a bowler. And a cane that can turn into a sword at a moments notice. And an absurdly long mustache. Longer. The longest, weirdest mustache anyone's ever seen, emphasizing...

Grabbing his tape recorder.

WRITER

Note to self: Investigate symbolism of long mustache. We know it's funny. Now let's find out what it means.

GIRLFRIEND (O.C.)

I will ask you once again, sir!

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

A local theater production. A cheap western themed set decorates a small stage: a sad wagon, and four cowboys. Girlfriend, one of the cowboys, addresses a man with no pants, ARTURO VOLUPTUOSO, two men at his side holding his shoulders.

GIRLFRIEND

Where are your pants!?

ARTURO VOLUPTUOSO

The secret location of my pants is number seven on the priority list. I'm afraid, my lady, that we have deeper concerns.

Writer sits in the audience amongst a scattered few attendees. His view is obstructed by an old school tripod and video camera manned by a theater tech. He attempts to poke his head to the side to get a better view.

GIRLFRIEND

Nuclear war, you mean?

ARTURO VOLUPTUOUS

I'm afraid so.

GIRLFRIEND

I thought we had more time, Arturo Voluptuoso. *I thought we had more time.*

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The house lights are up as the cast bows. The few audience members clap their approval.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Writer meets Girlfriend as she rushes up to him, the rest of the small group congratulating each other behind her.

GIRLFRIEND

What did you think?

WRITER

It was - You want to get something to eat?

GIRLFRIEND

I'm starving! Let me just say goodbye.

Writer watches with suspicion as she offers goodbyes to her cast mates, lingering perhaps a little too long on the actor who played Arturo, kissing him on each cheek. A man with a bowler cap and tuxedo stands within the group, almost out of sight looking directly at Writer who doesn't notice him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Writer and Girlfriend sit a table in a bar talking over drinks. Writer awkwardly fumbles with the disproportionately large garnish atop his bloody-mary. He can't seem to get around it to take a sip.

GIRLFRIEND

The guy who played Arturo? Why would you think that?

WRITER

I don't know - you guys seemed like you had quite a connection. Sometimes I imagine...

GIRLFRIEND

You imagine me fucking other people, and you fucking other people.

WRITER

I didn't say that.

GIRLFRIEND

But that's what you're thinking
isn't it?

(Leaning in.)

Do you find any time for us to fuck
each other in your imagination?

WRITER

I don't imagine you fucking other
people in a pornographic way. It's
more like a cloudy, emotional, sad
way. And I don't imagine myself
having sex with anybody else
either... I do sometimes I think of
breasts, vague breasts of no
particular shape or hue.

GIRLFRIEND

Hue?

WRITER

Yeah, some are black, some are
milky white. Everything in between.
A lot of ochre.

Writer nods unconcerned at the couple next to them who have
begun to stare.

GIRLFRIEND

So when you're thinking about these
fake breasts ...

WRITER

Vague breasts I said. I'm not a
detail oriented masturbator.
They're very unspecific breasts.
They don't belong to anyone in the
real world. The bosom of the
collective unconscious.

Writer, frustrated with the garnish on his drink, finally
decides "to hell with it" and attempts a sip. The drink
spills all over him. Girlfriend looks at the check which,
almost unnoticed, has been delivered to them by a man in a
bowler cap and tuxedo.

GIRLFRIEND

Oh my God. That Bloody Mary was
nine dollars.

WRITER

Seriously? Should I lick it up?

GIRLFRIEND

Babe, I love you. So you can stop worrying about me, okay?

WRITER

Yeah, I know. I'm just being silly.

GIRLFRIEND

Good. Then we can worry about real things, like how we're going to pay for these drinks.

Writer chuckles at the joke, but it seems forced.

INT. MOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Writer and MOM (50'S-60'S) sit across from each other at a kitchen table sipping coffee.

WRITER

She's gonna break up with me. She's seeing somebody else, and she's obviously in love with him and she's gonna break up with me.

MOM

You do this every time.

WRITER/DIRECTOR

No, mom, this is real. This is happening.

MOM

You always let this ...
(Pointing at his head.)
... get in the way of this.
(Pointing at his heart.)

WRITER

Please stop touching me.

MOM

Your father was the same way.

WRITER

Jealousy isn't hereditary, mom.

MOM

Do you love her?

WRITER

Yes. Yes, I love her. But I can't stop these things from happening in my head. I can't.

MOM

Just talk to her.

WRITER

Mom ...

MOM

Talk to her. Stop inventing your relationship and just live it.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Writer enters to find Girlfriend curled up in a chair silently reading the script he began earlier.

WRITER

What do you think?

GIRLFRIEND

I think - You want to get something to eat?

WRITER

You hate it.

GIRLFRIEND

No, it's...it's good. The Phillip Somethingworth character is interesting, but...

WRITER

But what?

GIRLFRIEND

It's about this jealous guy swearing revenge on his cheating wife and her lover.

(Off his "And...?" Look.)

That's what all of your plays are about - a woman betraying a man - and I'm concerned that...

WRITER

That's not true. They're not all about that.

As Girlfriend rattles off names of plays we see flashes of the tacky local theater play bills they represent.

GIRLFRIEND

"Three Ninjas in Love"? "The Bearded Lady and the Sword Swallower"? The last one you wrote was actually called, "Woman Betrays Man".

WRITER

Your performances in those productions were nothing short of brilliant, by the way.

GIRLFRIEND

I'm just worried that something deeper is going on with you, and I -

Writer grabs the script from her and tosses it in the wastebasket where PHILLIP SOMETHINGWORTH III appears, now sitting in the bowl of the wastebasket looking around the apartment curiously. Girlfriend and Writer pay him no mind.

WRITER

It's crap. I get it.

Girlfriend grabs her keys and heads for the door.

GIRLFRIEND

No, I'm not saying that...Look - we'll talk later. It's good. It really is.

WRITER

Where you going?

GIRLFRIEND

I'm just - I'm late.

WRITER

For what?

GIRLFRIEND

For...an...audition. For a play.

WRITER

What's this play called?

GIRLFRIEND

The...Falcon...Has...One Eyeball.

Silence, as Writer stares at her - she a little confused by what's she's said as well.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Gotta go - bye!

She quickly heads out the door. Writer sits down. Somethingworth gets out of the basket and leans against the desk.

WRITER

The Falcon Has One Eyeball?

SOMETHINGWORTH

That's not a proper title.

WRITER

No it's not.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Madam Butterfly, The Dance of Death, The Scarlet Pimpernel - These are suitable appellations to parade above a house of drama. The Falcon Has One Eyeball?

WRITER

She's lying.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Of course she's lying. She's undoubtedly carving a path to her lover as we speak to engage in a tryst.

WRITER

A tryst??

SOMETHINGWORTH

A TRYST!!! You must pursue the strumpet to her meet, my friend, and display to her your...

(Dramatically displaying
the hidden blade within
the cane.)

...metal.

(Beat.)

That was not a phallic reference.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Writer and Somethingworth see Girlfriend down the block turning a corner and rush to keep up with her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Girlfriend crosses a street and enters a building. Writer and Somethingworth hesitate outside.

SOMETHINGWORTH

A moment, old chap. More intelligence must be gathered before we jump into the fray.
(Spotting a coffee shop.)
Fancy a cup of tea?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Writer stares out the window of the shop nervously as Somethingworth awkwardly navigates sipping tea with his too long mustache. He ends up spilling it on himself.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Confound it! What is the point of this ridiculous mustache?

WRITER

I don't think it means anything. I'm sorry. It's very funny though.

SOMETHINGWORTH

That is little comfort to *me*!

WRITER

Shh! There she is.

Writer spots Girlfriend coming out of the building.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Good. Let's make haste. Lest you've forgotten I have my own deceptive lover. Once we finish up here you can return to the writing of *my* tale and I can *attend* to her properly.

Somethingworth pulls a portion of the blade out of the cane to emphasize his point.

WRITER

Stop. Stop pulling that out all the time. I'm pretty sure that thing is illegal - you could be arrested.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Arrested? By whom? The Bobbies? I'm a wealthy man. You can't arrest a wealthy man who also happens to be a fictional character! The very thought of it is ridiculous.

Girlfriend disappears from Writers sight. He hurriedly stands and heads out of the coffee shop. Wiping his soiled pants off with a wad of napkins, Somethingworth follows behind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Somethingworth joins Writer in the street. They look in the direction she was walking, but she's out of sight. They both turn their attention to the building she came out of.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Shall we investigate the scene?
Perhaps confront this philanderer?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

They walk up to the front desk. The building they've entered is filled with Zen decor, soft new age music playing in the background. RADISH (20's), a clean looking hippie looks up at them from the front desk as they approach.

RADISH

Hey there, guys. I'm Radish. How can I help you?

SOMETHINGWORTH

You're mother named you after a vegetable?

RADISH

No, man. "Rad" like the adjective, and then "ish". The "ish" part is because I think my mom was actually trying to think of another word, but "Rad" was the closest she could come.

SOMETHINGWORTH

This man is bizarre.

RADISH

Dude, I dig that mustache.

WRITER

I'm here for the audition - for the play - the new play.

RADISH

The play?

WRITER

"The Falcon Has One Eyeball"?

RADISH

What? No, man, this is a yoga studio. You guys interested in doing some yoga today?

SOMETHINGWORTH

I don't know what this "yoga" is, but it smells like an opium den in here.

WRITER

Huh. Yoga. Maybe she was just taking a class?

SOMETHINGWORTH

If that were true why would she lie about it?

WRITER

Because...

SOMETHINGWORTH

Because it was a tryst! Don't be a blind fool!

RADISH

Okay, guys. I don't know what's going on here, but...

WRITER

A yoga studio *is* A perfect place for a date.

RADISH

No, it's a yoga studio. It's a good place for yoga.

Writer grabs Somethingworth's cane and drags the sword out. He points it at Radish menacingly.

WRITER

Short girl. Blond. She came here to meet someone and you're going to tell me who.

RADISH

Whoa, dude! No swords in here!

WRITER

You think I don't know how to use this?

SOMETHINGWORTH
This is not an idle threat!

WRITER
It's true I haven't been
professionally trained, but what's
to know?

Writer flourishes the sword to show off some of his skill and immediately stabs himself in the eye.

WRITER (CONT'D)
Agh! Jesus!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see Writer from behind as he furiously types at his laptop, Somethingworth hovering over his shoulder in support. The front door opens and Girlfriend enters heading for the bedroom.

GIRLFRIEND
Hey, I just...
(Turning to face him.)
Whoa!!! What happened to you?

We see Writer who has turned to face her. He now wears an eyepatch.

WRITER
I don't know what you mean. The
real question is where have you
been?

GIRLFRIEND
I told you, I was - Seriously, what
happened to your eye?

WRITER
I stabbed myself in the face with a
cane sword.

SOMETHINGWORTH
He was flourishing.

WRITER
I was flourishing.

SOMETHINGWORTH
Beginners never flourish - as the
old saying goes.

WRITER

I've just been sitting here writing the Somethingworth piece. What you considered weaknesses I've turned into strengths. And you? How was the audition? Should we wait by the phone for a call back?

SOMETHINGWORTH

Ooh. A well placed jab.

GIRLFRIEND

I...There was no audition. I've been taking a course. I'm going to teach yoga.

WRITER

Teach...? Why would you do that?

GIRLFRIEND

Because we haven't paid this months rent yet, and it's the twenty-first! Look, I've been putting off telling you because you're always saying we shouldn't compromise our art for comfort. So I guess I was a little embarrassed. But one of us has to have a real job. And I want that to be me. I'll still act when I can, but I'm okay with making this sacrifice because I know how passionate you are about your writing, and I want to be able to support that. Support this. Us. I love you.

A beat.

WRITER

Oh Christ. You're amazing.

SOMETHINGWORTH

I feel a little awkward.

WRITER

But you shouldn't give up your acting. You're good, you're really good - you just gotta keep going. Plus you shouldn't teach yoga at that place anyway. The guy at the front desk is a total douche bag.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Not to mention the ungodly odor
pervading the establishment. I
nearly stopped breathing entirely.

GIRLFRIEND

(Smiling sadly and shaking
her head.)

You followed me.

WRITER

In my defense I assumed you were
having an affair.

GIRLFRIEND

Do you understand how fucking crazy
that is?

WRITER

I'm beginning to.

GIRLFRIEND

You can't...

Shaking her head Girlfriend walks away towards the bedroom
before turning back.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

You need to make a decision. The
things that are happening in your
head - they're not here. This is
real life. And you need to choose
between me, and your fucking
fantasy!

With that she disappears into the bedroom, closing the door
behind her. Writer turns back to the computer screen.

SOMETHINGWORTH

Well...

(Beat.)

Back to the writing, eh? I've my
own score to settle.

Writer's face is blank as he stares at the screen. He pulls
the patch off of his eye revealing a minor scratch on his
face close to his eye.

SOMETHINGWORTH (CONT'D)

Shall we?

CUT TO:

INT. MOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Writer remembers the scene with his mother earlier.

MOM

Talk to her. Stop inventing your
relationship and just live it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Writer slowly begins closing the laptop.

SOMETHINGWORTH

What are you doing?

The laptop clicks closed. Having made a decision Writer stands and heads for the bedroom. Somethingworth blocks his path.

SOMETHINGWORTH (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

Writer attempts to move past him, but Somethingworth unsheathes his cain sword and presses the point against Writer's chest.

WRITER

Get out of my way.

SOMETHINGWORTH

You have to finish my story. I have
a dishonest wife that needs tending
to!

WRITER

No.

SOMETHINGWORTH

No?

With one swift slash of the sword Somethingworth carves a slice into Writer's cheek.

WRITER

What the hell???

Writer and Somethingworth gauge each other for a moment before Writer jumps at Something worth. They battle intensely wrestling for control of the sword. Writer punches Somethingworth who falls heavily on the table knocking the laptop to the floor.

Writer takes the sword and slams it into Somethingworth's chest. Somethingworth's eyes stare out in horror as he dies. Writer watches him die, a look of sad regret in his eyes.

WRITER (CONT'D)

Good bye.

Suddenly Writer is in the room by himself, Somethingworth is gone, only a his bowler remains resting on the table. He takes a few deep breaths to compose himself before heading to the bedroom. He knocks on the door before entering. Girlfriend is sitting on the bed. She turns to look at him, sorrow and guilt written all over his face. After a moment of deliberation she offers him a slight smile, which his own face mirrors.

WRITER (CONT'D)

Hello.

Black. Credits.

The end.