

T H E W I N G M E N

screenplay by
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T H E W I N G M E N

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

CUE *GENERIC MILITARY SNARE DRUM BEAT*

MOS: TWO MEN -- TOM ANDERSON (late 20s, dark hair, imposing) and BRIAN WINGMAN (early 20s, skinny, clean cut) -- in orange jumpsuits, handcuffs, legs chained, are lead by two CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS through the office hallways.

MILITARISTIC VOICE (V.O.)

In 2003, a crack production unit
consisting of two men was sent to prison
in a cubicle farm to make generic videos
for news stations.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - AVID EDIT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Tom and Brian sit in front of an Avid, both handcuffed to the desk. Tom is editing, while Brian points out shots and makes comments.

MILITARISTIC VOICE (V.O.)

These men promptly became comrades,
preparing to break into the entertainment
industry by way of the Los Angeles
underground.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DUSK

THE SUN sets on the DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE.

MILITARISTIC VOICE (V.O.)

Today, still unknown to the power players
within the industry, Avid editor Tom
Anderson and screenwriter Brian Wingman
survive as production lackies, making
crap no one cares to see.

THE SKY, and subsequently THE WHOLE SHOT, starts turning RED--

MILITARISTIC VOICE (V.O.)

If you need shit spun into gold, if no
one else can help, and if you can find
them, maybe you can hire... THE WINGMEN.

THE ENTIRE FRAME TURNS FIRE ENGINE RED--

INSERT WHITE LOGO: **A BLANK FLIGHT ATTENDANT BADGE WITH A 'W' IN THE MIDDLE** (SHOT OUT like bullet holes, ala *THE A-TEAM*)

CUE *A-TEAM OPENING THEME*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOS MONTAGE (VARIOUS LOCATIONS):

Tom and Brian (wearing different movie-themed t-shirts for every scene from now on) work in various "production capacities" (giving a THUMBS UP and a SILLY GRIN at the end of every shot): SWISH PAN BETWEEN SHOTS as they set up lights, assemble props, check cameras...

FREEZE FRAME (w/ NAME SLATE) on TOM THE EDITOR drinking coffee, THUMBS UP!--

...they get yelled at by ACTORS and SUITS, fix computers, fix cars, serve coffee...

FREEZE FRAME (w/ NAME SLATE) on BRIAN THE (ASPIRING) SCREENWRITER getting kicked out of a bar, THUMBS UP!--

...they smoke cigarettes, clean toilets, fall asleep in production meetings, pump gas, and yell at people over the phone... The montage ends with a random CAR CRASH, in sync with the MUSIC.

SLAM TO BLACK.

INSERT SUBTITLE:

**"Buck up, son."
-Tom**

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

CUE *THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR SOUNDTRACK* - "GLIDER PT. 1"

A CAR rolls in, passing an OLD SIGN hanging on the GATE:

Helle There! Welcome!

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN (V.O.)
Working full time at a hole-in-the-wall production company can sometimes feel like working at McDonalds. Nobody shows up on time, if at all. The customers, or as my company likes to call them, "clients," are all cheap scumbag assholes, and of course, the employees don't ever want to be there, especially not for the full 10 hours they're supposed to be there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOS MONTAGE:

Various shots of people working in a production office, introducing THE EMPLOYEES: JANITORS empty the trash, LANDSCAPERS water plants, DIANNA THE RECEPTIONIST (mid 20s, jovial and well-dressed) puts paper in the printer--

BRIAN (V.O.)

You never know when you're gonna be busy either, especially when all your company produces is B-roll... with an emphasis on the "B."

CRYSTAL THE PRODUCTION MANAGER (early 30s, blonde cutie) runs a production meeting.

CU on CRYSTAL'S ASS, perfectly ROUND AND FINE--

BRIAN (V.O.)

"B" as in secondary to "A," or "B" as in boring, how 'bout "B" as in bullshit? If you watch TV around the time Jeopardy and Wheel of Fortune is on, you might know our work.

INSERT GOOFY FOOTAGE OF PARIS HILTON.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Ever see Paris Hilton fucking a fire hydrant at some party on E!, Access, or Extra? That's all us baby. That's what we do -- "entertainment news." The veritable butthole of video production.

(short beat)

(whispering)

But at least you get a health plan.

We TRACK to the back half of the office, where all the SALESPeOPLE and MANAGEMENT sits. All of them are on the phone--

BRIAN (V.O.)

For the most part, a small operation like this will try to keep you busy so the powers-that-be don't feel like they're wasting money on you, when in reality, that's *precisely* what they're doing.

QUICK CUTS as we see PRESS KITS and REELS being assembled, as if this were another room in Willy Wonka's factory--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN (V.O.)

Cold calling potential new clients,
sending out press kits, trying to play up
the limited capabilities of a production
facility filled mostly with equipment
bought off eBay... whatever you do with
your day, it doesn't matter, it's all
just a desperate attempt to keep everyone
busy. A single job here generally takes
a day to prep, shoot, and kick out the
door. How much time do we normally get?
A week.

CUT TO BLACK as the MUSIC reaches its last few beats...

BRIAN (V.O.)

...but that's not to say we all believe
in this so-called "hard-working"
mandate... Some of us have *other things*
we wanna "accomplish," so to speak...

(beat)

...like *Crystal*.

CUE TOM WAITS - "WAY DOWN IN THE HOLE"

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - SMOKER'S LOUNGE/BACK COURTYARD -
LATER

Tom and Brian sit outside in a far corner, smoking cigarettes
and drinking coffee.

BRIAN

Is she single? Do you know?

TOM

I know that she's cute. I know that any
sane man would wanna hit that fine ass,
any man that likes the taste of only the
finest breast milks.

Brian LAUGHS--

BRIAN

Well, yeah.

TOM

And 32.

Brian SPITS OUT his coffee--

BRIAN

Are you frakkin' serious? 32??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Yeah, and goddamnit if she doesn't have the sweetest juicy juice to walk these hallways since I started here.

BRIAN

Shit, I'd guess... 26. 28 tops. But 32? Fuckin' LA.

(beat)

You guys talk, right?

TOM

She's cool, a little crazy, but cool... and yes, single. Not really a good sign for someone who's 32, but I'll do some fishing for ya if you want.

(short beat)

Buck up, son. This is *big game* we're talkin' about. But hey, we come here, we gonna conquer, and we gonna *take some*...

CUE ALIENS SOUNDTRACK - "COMBAT DROP"

Tom gets up abruptly, looking down at Brian with a DEVILISH GRIN, cigarette dangling from his mouth. He starts PACING--

TOM

(channeling Apone from *Aliens*)

That is what we're gonna do, sweethearts, we are going to go and get some.

(animated)

All right, people, on the ready line!
Are ya LEAN???

BRIAN

Yeah!

TOM

ARE YA MEAN??

BRIAN

YEAH!!

Tom gets in Brian's FACE--

TOM

WHAT ARE YOU???

BRIAN

(yelling)

MARINES!!

Tom wipes Brian's SPIT off his face--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM
(normal)
Nicely done.

BRIAN
My bad yo.

Just as they wrap up their little reenactment, THE ROD (late 30s, wearing only a bath robe over what can only be assumed is what he wears to sleep every night) walks out into the courtyard, planting himself down on a chair at the table, pulling out the PAPER, and LIGHTING what looks like a--

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Who the hell is that? A freelancer?
I've never seen that guy before.

TOM
(whispering, matter-of-factly)
Him? Dude -- that's The Rod.

CU on the SMOKE billowing from the top of the newspaper.

The two continue to WHISPER--

BRIAN
"The Rod?"

TOM
Yep, that's what everybody calls him.
Works alotta nights and weekends. "God
of the Trenches." Supposedly the best
producer to ever walk these halls. A
little weird, though. Don't ever touch
him. He doesn't like to be touched.

Brian SNIFFS the air--

BRIAN
Is... is that weed?

TOM
You're goddamn right it is. The dude's
got it made: he comes in when he feels
like it, doesn't talk to nobody, is
probably high most of the time, and still
manages to get all his jobs done. I
dunno how he does it. I worked a crash
edit with him last night for some GQ
party, and he only said one thing to me
in the 2 hours we sat there cutting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN
What was that?

TOM
"Fuck it."

Brian LAUGHS, but immediately realizes The Rod isn't sitting that far away. Both of them look over. The Rod hasn't moved.

BRIAN
Do you think he heard that?

TOM
Shit, like I said man, he's high most of the time. Even if he heard, he probably wouldn't give a shit.

Tom gets up, stubbing out his smoke. Brian follows--

BRIAN
Ugh, I gotta go down to Long Beach to get a damn shooting permit 'cause they refuse to take applications through the fax -- y'know if they're still doing work on the 90? When the hell are they gonna be done fixing that damn highway?

TOM
I dunno, maybe... when they finish... *the danger zone?*

Both of them LAUGH.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CRYSTAL'S CUBICLE - LATER

Tom stands at the entrance to Crystal's cubicle, CHATTING--

TOM
We're gonna need more than two days to do that edit, not to mention the graphics. Make sure you put that into the budget.

Brian INCONSPICUOUSLY walks past--

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Brian)
Hey B!

BRIAN
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
C'mere for a sec.

Brian walks into Crystal's cube.

BRIAN
Hey. What's up?

TOM
Me and Crystal here were talking about
Lost in Translation earlier...

CRYSTAL
Yeah, I love that movie...

MOS: Crystal TALKS about *Lost in Translation*...

BRIAN (V.O.)
Harmless enough. Maybe even innocent.
Definitely cute. And she knows it too.
A bit of sass, but she wields it well.
Probably thinks she's smarter than she
actually is. That could be an issue.
(short beat)
But overall, I like it.

Tom SLIPS AWAY--

CU of Tom SALUTING Brian in SLOW MOTION...

BRIAN (V.O.)
Mr. Anderson sets up the sights, I come
in and shoot it square in the center.
(channeling Agent Smith from
The Matrix)
FIND THEM AND DESTROY THEM.

Crystal gets up from her chair, revealing her BEAUTIFUL ASS--

BRIAN (V.O.)
And I can't say I disagree with Tom on
that -- god-DAYYUM!

CUE: DJ SHADOW - "THIS TIME (I'M GONNA TRY IT MY WAY)"

MOS MONTAGE (VARIOUS LOCATIONS):

Brian and Crystal hang out, watch movies, shop at farmer's markets, Brian brings her flowers at her apartment, they ride their bicycles together, they point and laugh at a MAN IN THONG on the boardwalk, we see she helps get Brian a PROMOTION at work, they have picnics together, they KISS, happy fun time all around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The montage ends with them sitting together watching a SUNSET at the beach as the MUSIC FADES OUT...

BRIAN (V.O.)
Then, without any kind of warning, it just... ended.

INT. CRYSTAL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crystal is cleaning out her closet, as Brian sits quietly in a chair nearby. She doesn't even make EYE CONTACT as she TALKS...

CRYSTAL
Yeah, I just... I just don't wanna let this get to the point where... y'know... I just don't wanna hurt you.

BRIAN (V.O.)
We coulda worked this out y'know, in a little room. In a little locked room.

BRIAN
Yeah. Okay.

MOS: Crystal keeps TALKING--

BRIAN (V.O.)
This is probably the *laziest* breakup I've ever had. She's not even fucking *looking* at me. Am I really this worthless? Is it the age thing? 8 years isn't that bad. Where the hell did this come from??
(short beat)
Then again, I do remember seeing a picture of her ex-boyfriend...

INSERT PHOTO OF HUGE, MUSCLE-BOUND BLACK GUY.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Shieeeeeeeet.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BRIAN'S CUBICLE - DAY

ECU ON BRIAN'S EYE. Cut to a WIDE to see Brian sitting at his desk, busily working at his computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (V.O.)
 Shit just got worse from there. The moment we split up, Crystal became a terror in the office, for no reason I could think of.

CUE LOST S2 SOUNDTRACK - "PEACE THROUGH SUPERIOR FIREPOWER"

Crystal SHOUTS from her adjacent cubicle--

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
 (annoying)
 BRIAN! Can you fax this for me?

Brian displays a DISGRUNTLED LOOK on his face, as if someone were running their NAILS DOWN A CHALKBOARD...

BRIAN (V.O.)
 Allow me to confirm for you that the fax machine is less than 15 paces from Crystal's desk. And given the rate at which she's typing, she can only be doing one thing right now...

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CRYSTAL'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal sips on a latte, as she INSTANT MESSAGES her friends. She stops only to check her T-MOBILE SIDEKICK, for more IMing fun.

BRIAN (V.O.)
 And this was just scratching the surface...

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - BRIAN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Brian is working feverishly--

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
 BRIAN! I need paper!!

JUMP CUT to Brian's face SCRUNCHING UP--

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
 BRIAN! The copier's not working!!

JUMP CUT to Brian, looking miserable enough to want to SHOOT HIMSELF--

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
 BRIAN! How come I can't print??

JUMP CUT to Brian, ready to TEAR HIS HAIR OUT--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
I need to go on a diet. My ass is too
big.

JUMP CUT to Brian, staring at a FLASHING GREEN CURSOR on his
monitor--

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
BRIAN! BRIAN!!
(short beat)
Brian?

CUT BACK to Brian, EXPRESSIONLESS, as the LOST MUSIC
CRESCENDOS to a conclusion--

SLAM TO BLACK.

TOM (V.O.)
This is my life, and it's ending, one
minute at a time.

INSERT SUBTITLE:

**"I hate my life."
-Brian**

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Crystal leads the production meeting. As we PAN AROUND, we
see many NEW FACES. Brian is ASLEEP, DROOLING. A WRITING
PAD sits on his lap, a BAD DRAWING OF CRYSTAL on it.

CRYSTAL
(not focused)
Everyone's met our new office manager,
Veronica, right?

GROUP (ALTOGETHER)
(lazy, half-hearted)
Hi.

CUE *DROPKICK MURPHYS* - "I'M SHIPPING UP TO BOSTON"

Tom PERKS UP at the introduction of VERONICA (late 20s,
redheaded bombshell). Veronica is BEAMING so bright that it
looks like she's about to EXPLODE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (V.O.)

Trouble. Nothing but trouble. At first glance, it's clear that Veronica, AKA Red, as I like to call her, is a firecracker of a woman, ready to blow at any moment. Once a sorority chick, she could effectively melt wax just by *looking* at it. Thank the gods I didn't wear sweatpants today.

Tom looks over at Brian, ASLEEP.

TOM (V.O.)

I'm sure once Red starts boozin' it up it'll be in the bag, but it's probable that she's a bit too flighty, a tad too uninhibited. Sometimes, you can just tell. But what the heck -- you wanna live forever? I mean, who in their right mind WOULDN'T wanna mount Veronica?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom is playing GTA on PS2.

TOM (V.O.)

I feel like I'm watching Prison Break -- I can see the whole thing coming from a mile away, but it's taking forever to get there. Everyone's gonna make a ton of stupid, ridiculous decisions along the way, for what? Just to stall the inevitable. It's like knowing you're gonna fail before you even try.

Brian BURSTS IN--

BRIAN

We're in the pipe, 5... 5-5!

Tom WHIPS AROUND.

TOM

Really? When?

BRIAN

Thanksgiving. Dinner. You and Red. And, uh, me too, 'cause I don't wanna be home alone on Thanksgiving when I could be with friends. At her place. Hey, gotta start somewhere, right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 (imitating Dave Chappelle
 shooting a jump shot)
 Kobe!

TOM
 (surprisingly disappointed)
 Great.

BRIAN
 (still doing Chappelle)
 BAM!
 (channelling Chappelle's
 impersonation of P. Diddy)
 It's Bad Boy baby. Can't stop. WON'T
 stop. Eh-eh, eh-eh.

Brian's dancing like a FOOL, lost in his Chappelle imitation.
 Tom goes back to playing PS2, a WORRIED LOOK on his face...

TOM (V.O.)
 The fuck is he so happy about?

CU on the TELEVISION, as Tom BLOWS UP A CAR with a rocket
 launcher...

CUE MOGWAI - "WE'RE NO HERE"

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - EVENING

MOS: Brian drives, Tom in the passenger -- both OVERLY WELL-
 DRESSED. Brian POINTS at a store on the corner.

TOM (V.O.)
 I hate this setup. It's bound to go bad,
 even if Brian ISN'T trying for her.
 Thanksgiving motherfucking dinner. For
 three. Forecast says it'll be awkward,
 with a healthy dose of godawful.
 (short beat)
 --the fuck is this now...

MOS: Brian pulls over and parks, getting out. We see its a
 FLOWER SHOP.

TOM (V.O.)
 You've gotta be joking.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Brian looks at FLOWERS.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Tom sits, impatient.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (V.O.)

This is horseshit! He never called dibs!
I know he's seen me trying to eyefuck her
during the production meetings. He's
seen it! Fuuuck thiiis -- I WON'T BE
BEAT!

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tom STORMS IN, looking PISSED--

TOM

Are you buying flowers for Veronica?

BRIAN

Yeah? Why?

Tom STORMS OFF, SLAMMING the door. Brian, SHOCKED, looks at
the CASHIER, who's completely UNFAZED by the situation.

BRIAN

(to the Cashier)

I hate my life.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Brian chases after Tom, yelling at him--

TOM (V.O.)

Fuck that man, fuck that. We're supposed
to be friends, he's supposed to be my
wingman, aerial support for my storming
of the beach. I give you Crystal and
this is how you repay me? Fuck that. No
wonder he's been sayin' "Kobe" all day.
Motherfucking ball hog!

Brian stops chasing Tom, trying to CATCH HIS BREATH. He
lights a cigarette before YELLING at Tom--

BRIAN

(yelling to Tom)

You don't have a ride home!

Tom turns around, walking RIGHT PAST Brian back to the car.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - NIGHT

MOS: Tom and Brian sit quietly as Brian drives home. The
scene has a very *Miami Vice* feel to it, as if these two men
were about to face DEATH. They don't speak a word to each
other for the entire drive down LA's 10 freeway...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, they arrive home, just as the song is FADING OUT...

TOM
(just before getting out)
Never rub another man's rhubarb.

BRIAN
(yelling)
COFFEE IS FOR CLOSERS!!

PAUSE.

TOM
You just made my little black book.

Tom WHIPS OUT a LITTLE BLACK BOOK from his pocket -- then SLAMS the door.

INSERT PRISON BREAK COMMERCIAL BUMP.

SLAM TO BLACK.

BRIAN (V.O.)
A wingman should *never* try to lead the charge. He should always follow.

INSERT SUBTITLE:

**"We need to make something."
-Tom**

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

The last meeting. Crystal is gone. Veronica is gone. Lots of NEW FACES... but Tom and Brian are still around.

Brian runs the show--

BRIAN
Grant, bring in some fucking work.
Seriously. You're a goddamn salesman.
What the hell are you good for?

GRANT (mid 30s, looks like Clark Kent) flips Brian THE BIRD.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Hey, flip me off one more time Smallville
and I'll strip away your petty cash
allowance faster than you can say
"Krypton." I hope Z'od finds you and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dianna CHIMES IN--

DIANNA

Just so everyone knows, we're done
interviewing for interns. One's gonna
start tomorrow, the other on Thursday...

Brian looks over at a very AMBIVALENT-LOOKING Tom.

DIANNA (CONT'D)

...And don't forget, my birthday is this
Saturday, and you're all invited, so I
expect to see some of you there!!

ALMOST EVERYONE SHIFTS uneasily in their chair, practically
OFFENDED by the idea of spending time with a coworker outside
of work...

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY - LATER

Brian is fiddling with the photocopier.

BRIAN

(surprised)
PC load letter? The fuck?

Tom comes down the hallway towards Brian, a cup of coffee in-
hand--

CUE AC/DC - "BACK IN BLACK"

MOS: In walks CHERYL THE INTERN (early 20s, brunette cutie)
in SLOW MOTION. Brian does a DOUBLE-TAKE, noticing that Tom
has STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS and DROPPED HIS COFFEE, STARING.
Brian turns around and realizes he's staring at Cheryl.

MOS: Brian turns back around and looks at Tom, still STARING,
FROZEN like a DEER IN HEADLIGHTS. Cheryl GLANCES SUBTLY at
Tom as she walks by. He's too transfixed to notice.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - SMOKER'S LOUNGE/BACK COURTYARD -
NIGHT

Tom and Brian sit in their corner, smoking cigs and drinking
coffee. The Rod sits at the table, MOTIONLESS as usual.

TOM

(inspired)
I've been thinking a lot about this. We
need to make something. A movie. A TV
pilot. A short film. A cartoon.
Anything! Shit it's not like we don't
know how!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (CONT'D)

"Creative Agency" my frakkin' ass. We need something that buys our ticket outta this godforsaken shithole. I... hate this place. Another dead week like this and I'm gonna cry, really, I'm gonna break down and sob like a bitch. This place is sucking me dry, it's killin' me man. We must get out. We must... get... *free...*

BRIAN

I hear you. We've been here too long and don't get paid enough to care. But what could we do? Any ideas?

TOM

I got a couple but... nothing that's developed. We should pool our ideas together and cook something up, whaddaya think about that?

BRIAN

I dunno... I'm a shitty writer, and to come up with an idea worth shooting, let alone getting excited for...

TOM

I'd like to just take an idea and run with it, it doesn't even have to be the most original thing. We need to make something and get it out there.

(short beat)

Well, think about it.

There's an AWKWARD SILENCE. Brian moves to SPEAK--

TOM

(dispirited)

I'll see you later, I gotta take my car in -- it's not starting again.

Tom stubs out his cigarette and LEAVES ABRUPTLY, VISIBLY DISAPPOINTED that Brian wasn't more enthused.

Brian looks over at The Rod. He stubs out his cigarette, brushes the ash off his shirt, and walks over to the table, sitting down--

BRIAN

Hey--

The Rod drops down his newspaper, a JOINT in hand, EMOTIONLESS--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Everyone around here says you're the smartest guy in the room.

THE ROD

People say alotta things, mostly unnecessary, inaccurate things. I hear them y'know, everything. Saying things, about me. In the hallways. I have excellent hearing. I hear *all of them*.

BRIAN

Uhh, right. Well, I was hoping you could give me some advice.

THE ROD

(sits back)

Shoot.

BRIAN

I have this, uh <ahem> friend of mine, who digs this chick, but they don't ever talk for very long. It's like he's gone into shut down mode, he's giving up before he's even tried anything. I dunno if he's hesitant about getting involved with someone he has to see everyday at work, uh, I mean, at the, uh, gym, or if he just doesn't have a game plan, y'know? I wanna help, but what the fuck could I do without making it seem like I'm tryin' to get with her?

The Rod hands Brian the joint -- he gladly accepts it, taking a loooong drag--

THE ROD

Life is simple. You surround yourself with people you like, and you see where it takes you. Don't overcomplicate things, don't try to plan, try to manipulate the world, people aren't chess pieces... at least most of 'em aren't. Just integrate yourself and go for the ride, move forward instead of moving sideways. Take what you know, who you know, involve yourself when you want to, then let things play out naturally.

(short beat)

Besides, she's a friggin' intern. Tom needs to grow a pair. For shit's sake she's outta here in a month anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

We hear the SOUND OF THUNDER--

BRIAN

Thanks man, and for the smoke--

Brian goes to slap The Rod on the back--

The Rod GRABS HIS HAND and TWISTS IT in one SWIFT MOVE--

BRIAN (CONT'D)

AGH!--

THE ROD

Don't even think about it.

BRIAN

So-rry!

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - FRONT DESK - DAY

Brian stands by the front desk, sipping coffee and half-reading a magazine while TALKING to Dianna--

BRIAN

Where're you having your birthday party?

DIANNA

This cute little bar in Hollywood -- are you coming? I'll send you the e-vite.

BRIAN

Yeah, I'll be there. Who else is going? Anybody I know?

DIANNA

Let's see, Grant said he'd swing by, I think Hamilton's coming with his friend Keira... Mick, you've met my boyfriend Mick right? Oh, and Cheryl the Intern said she'd come. She doesn't have a ride though, shit that reminds me...

Dianna stops to write herself a note--

BRIAN

(overly intrigued)

Really? Cheryl the Intern huh?

DIANNA

Brian... she's only 21, and she's only been in town for like, a month. Take it easy, she's like my little sister...

(short beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANNA (CONT'D)

(looking around, whispering)
*But we have already seen each other naked
 at the gym already.*

BRIAN

Yeah? Any good?

DIANNA

She's got a tight 'lil body.

BRIAN

In-deed.

DIANNA

Y'know she has a little thing for your
 buddy Tom. It's very cute.

BRIAN

(scratching his chin)
 Really?

DIANNA

The moment he turns the corner, she's
 jumping around, giddy as a schoolgirl.

BRIAN

Tom, huh? Hmm...

DIANNA

Yeah. But she won't make a move on it,
 so you better get to work.

CUE DJ SHADOW (F. Q-TIP & LATEEF THE TRUTH SPEAKER) - "ENUFF"

INT. BAR - CABANA - NIGHT

MOS: Tom and Brian sit with Cheryl, Dianna, and FRIENDS, all
 of them engrossed in some conversation. Tom and Cheryl look
 cozy, maybe even SITTING CLOSELY?

Brian SLIPS AWAY, pretending to take a phone call. Turning
 the corner, he promptly closes his phone.

CUE FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS SOUNDTRACK - "YOUR HAND IN MINE
 (GOODBYE)"

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Brian walks out with a SATISFIED LOOK on his face,
 lighting himself a cigarette. He pulls out his CELL PHONE,
 and starts TAPPING into it.

INT. BAR - CABANA - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Tom subtly slips out his CELL PHONE, reading Brian's TEXT MESSAGE:

**intel confirmed: shes into u, make it happen.
i'm bouncin-yer on yer own. have fun!**

MOS: He moves to reply as Cheryl's DISTRACTED...

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Brian gets Tom's TEXT MESSAGE:

i never said thank u.

MOS: Brian SMILES and immediately starts to reply...

INT. BAR - CABANA - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Tom gets Brian's REPLY:

and u'll never have to.

MOS: Tom SMILES.

EXT. BAR/LA STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

MOS: Lighting himself a cigarette, Brian starts to walk...

CUE *KNIGHT RIDER OPENING THEME*

He gets into his CAR and DRIVES OFF into the night. We stay with him, as the car slowly becomes a DOT ON THE HORIZON...

STEREOTYPICAL VO VOICE (V.O.)
Night rider. A shadowy flight into the dangerous world of preproduction, for a film... that does not exist.

(beat; match cue with *Knight Rider* intro)

The Wingmen: young filmmakers on a crusade to champion well-made, entertaining fare, and to save the helpless, the powerless... in a world of executives who operate above the law, and below the industry standard.

The MUSIC is ending as the car DISAPPEARS...

CUT TO BLACK.

INSERT WHITE TITLES: **T H E W I N G M E N**