

UNGIRLFRIENDABLE

by

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INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Some raucous early 90s music echoes through the halls. Banners line the hallways displaying:

ANGLE ON: BANNER READING "SEMESTER END DANCE"

We get closer the source of the music and enter

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

The darkened gym houses young junior high students jamming away to the grunge of the 90s (ie Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, etc.) In the bleachers in the darkest corner of the gym sits MURPHY GRAYSON, 12, mushroom shaped hair, wearing giant gold aviator glasses, salmon colored long-sleeve shirt and khakis with built in suspenders. Next to him is a tiny girl, underdeveloped, plastic glasses and a cute little rainbow outfit. This is ANDREA DARLING, 13.

ANDREA

There's Kathy. You could ask her.

MURPHY

No, I couldn't.

ANDREA

Get off your butt and start moving out there.

Murphy does as he's told. He stares out into the dancing sea and spots her, he moves towards her: *KATHY KURTZ, 12, cheerleader outfit, hair braided, is dancing with her girlfriends.*

Murphy fixates on her.

MURPHY (V.O.)

Kathy Kurtz, you are the one for me.
You know it. I know it. It's destiny.

She looks right at him. Murphy panics and blows up into a heap of messy leafy chunks and pasta sauce.

REVEAL: A pencil draws that very scene, an exploded Murphy.

Murphy is drawing a comic strip in a drawing pad. He makes explosion noises with his mouth. Andrea looks at the drawing.

ANDREA

Not bad. I particularly like the chunks. There's Jaimie. Do something for once.

Andrea points out onto the dance floor. Murphy turns and spots JAMIE FAIRMAN, 12. Murphy's back on the dance floor approaching her.

MURPHY (V.O.)

Jamie Fairman you know you want me.
Check out this supreme hotness.

(he runs his hands over his body, hisses as he touches his nipple, like it's hot)

She makes eye contact. Murphy bursts into flames and leaves a pile of ash on the floor. A JANITOR comes out of nowhere and sweeps up what's left of Murphy.

REVEAL: Comic strip once again.

ANDREA

One time Murphy.

Andrea eggs him on once again. He then spots AMANDA, 13. A spotlight beams down on her.

MURPHY (V.O.)

Amanda, there is no need kidding ourselves. You have absolutely no idea who I am, but you have to love the Hershey's kiss shaped body.

She looks right at him. He gulps. He stands firm.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(under his breath to himself)

Would you like to dance with me?
Would you like to dance with me?

He steps towards her and out from behind him steps the coolest kid in their class, BRYCE TYLER, 13. He swoops right in, takes Amanda's hand and they dance away.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

He is too cool.

Murphy turns to Andrea. A chubby kid, TOBY, shaped much like Murphy, with the same hair and glasses, walks up to Andrea. She takes his hand and they walk out to the dance floor together.

Murphy's gonna get a dance partner now. He approaches another cute girl, HEATHER. Cute guy, MATT, gets there first. He sees a short girl, BROOKE. As he approaches, SEVERAL GIRLS join Brooke and they all dance together. Murphy gives up and walks to the bleachers. He picks up his drawing pad.

ANGLE ON: DRAWING PAD

Murphy draws himself in a noose. The drawing is better than previous drawings. More detail.

CUT TO:

MURPHY, now age 17, licks his lips and draws in a pad.

REVEAL:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LUNCH CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Murphy sits at a lunch table. Loud music plays as teenagers dance away in formal gowns and suits. The girls wear huge mums (for those not in the know, a mum is a big flower that is attached to a cardboard backing and lots of streamers are attached as well, along with trinkets and such, making a hideously large brooch to be worn on the lovely dresses these girls have).

Murphy is soon joined by teenage Andrea. She is decked out in way too much make-up, now has semi-large boobs and wears a big, poofy white dress. Tagging along with her is TOBY, age 15, still chubby and still looking somewhat like Murphy.

MURPHY

How's it hanging Toby?

TOBY

What might you be referring to of mine that might be hanging? If you are referencing my penis, I am what some would call a grower, not a show--er; therefore, my penis does not "hang."

Murphy turns to Andrea.

MURPHY

You want to lose your virginity to him?

Toby stares straight ahead, eyes wide. His eyes dart around. His face turns an inhuman red.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(to Andrea)

You at least know me and know we both need the sex. Lord knows, no chick in here is gonna throw any pussy my way!

This turns into a comic strip. Andrea and Toby come off of the dance floor and join Murphy at the table.

ANDREA

Whatcha drawing?

Murphy hides it.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I see, one of those personal moments.
I saw Amanda out there. Her date is
not with her.

Murphy puts his pad and pencil down. He stands up.

MURPHY

By all means, off I go then.

Andrea smiles. Murphy walks to a single girl, AMANDA, and keeps walking past her straight to the Men's Restroom.

Andrea rolls her eyes and looks down and sees the pad. She looks over her shoulder and starts thumbing through it.

Murphy comes back into the cafeteria and sees Andrea with the open drawing pad. Murphy panics and darts out of there.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Murphy is loading up his backpack with books. Andrea walks up behind him and...

ANDREA

BOO!

Murphy slams against the lockers, drops his bag and holds his hands up. He slowly turns his head to see Andrea.

MURPHY

I...was...just joking. I knew it
was you.

She hands over the drawing pad.

ANDREA

You left this at the dance.

Awkward.

MURPHY

Thanks...that's...cool.

Andrea starts to walk away. She turns back.

ANDREA

For the record, Toby and I didn't
"do it." He came in his pants.

(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Keep up the drawing. It's getting good.

Murphy opens up the pad and that very page is ripped out.

ANGLE ON: PAD READS "THOUGHT I'D HANG ONTO IT. MAY COME IN HANDY ONE DAY."

Murphy is now shirtless, he's a bit older, some scruff on his face. His face contorts.

REVEAL:

INT. DORM ROOM - A FEW YEARS LATER

The sheet bobs up and down at Murphy's crotch. Murphy shows that all too familiar grimace indicating he's about to "let go."

MURPHY

I'm...uh...going...to...

A hand comes up from below the sheet and gives a thumbs up.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Ungh.

Murphy has "release." The sheet flies up and a NAKED COLLEGE GIRL runs across the room. Just then, JAY, 20, Murphy's roommate walks in just in time to see naked chick run into the bathroom.

JAY

Niiiiiiice! I gotta get me some of that.

Jay drops his stuff and goes into the bathroom.

Murphy jumps from bed, sheet hanging from his dick. He BANGS on the bathroom door.

MURPHY

Hello!?

Naked Girl pokes her head out of the door, covering her nakedness that Murphy has already seen. Behind her, Jay stands, also apparently naked.

NAKED GIRL

Oh good, you're still here. Would you be a dear and pass me some condoms?

Murphy goes to a drawer and looks in. There are condoms and a giant handgun. He takes out the handgun and points it at Naked Girl.

MURPHY

Sex should be pretty safe when you're dead.

Shot turns into a drawing. Then pull back to see it's in a newspaper carried by a STUDENT. Student walks by Murphy.

STUDENT

Safe sex when you're dead. Good one Murf.

Murphy smiles that he is acknowledged. The fastener on his backpack then suddenly breaks, his backpack falls to the ground as papers fly out of it and off onto the campus. Murphy chases the paper and steps in a massive pile of dog shit. To top off this great experience, the lawn sprinklers come on and completely drench him.

Once again, this turns into a comic strip. Many more comic strips pass by the screen and the CREDITS are shown. The comic strip's title is shown, Ungirlfriendable.

INT. THE OFFICES OF THE AUSTIN INQUISITOR - DAY

Reveal: MURPHY GRAYSON, 25, plastic rimmed glasses, shoulder length hair and full beard. He adds some finishing touches to the comic panel and takes a sip from a coffee cup. He winces at the taste. He puts the cup back down and white plaster chunks PLUNK into the coffee. Murphy looks up.

The fluorescent light fixture above his desk teeters as some creature moves around in the ceiling. The edge of the fixture is slowly being eaten away by some rodent. From the looks of it, the light could fall at any time.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Need some coffee?

Standing at Murphy's cubicle is a petite blonde wearing an ensemble of clothes that most people would question the very existence of. This is ANDREA DARLING, 25, all grown up.

MURPHY

Maybe a cup with a little less ceiling. I have to pee though.

She motions for him to go off to the bathroom.

INT. OFFICE MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Murphy flushes, zips up and steps up to the sink. He barely turns the water on and it splashes up and soaks his crotch. After the initial shock of cold water wetting his groin, he doesn't seem to be too phased by these proceedings. He goes about cleaning his hands and toweling them off.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Murphy makes his way through the cubicles and passersby snicker as he passes.

REVEAL: Murphy is pantless. He gets to his desk and sloshes the soaked pants over his cubicle wall.

Andrea stands waiting for him. She looks over the situation.

ANDREA

You ever think of bringing a change
of clothes with you?

MURPHY

It's laundry day.

INT. OFFICE BREAK-ROOM - DAY

Murphy and Andrea jibe at each other as they carry their coffee cups into the break-room for refills. Murphy stops in the doorway and scoots back behind the door frame.

At the coffee machine is PAULA SHIMMER, 28, a model-type girl, long, flowing brown hair, slim figure, in the vernacular of today, she's hot! The coffee flows from the pot very seductively and she whisks the hair from her face by whipping her head to the side.

Murphy is infatuated.

ANDREA

Do we have to do this every day?
I'm gonna talk to her for you.

Murphy pulls Andrea aside and mutters stuff through his teeth while peering over Andrea checking to see Paula isn't witnessing Murphy's eccentricities.

Murphy straightens himself up and walks over to get some coffee. He acts coolly as he pours his coffee into his cup, mind you he is still only wearing boxers, Garfield boxers. Paula is watching him. They are eyeballing each other. She sips from her cup, he sips from his. She tosses her mug away and slaps Murphy's cup to the ground. She takes his face into her hands and starts making out with him.

REALITY: Murphy still has Andrea in his grip. Paula stirs her cup of coffee, tosses the stirrer and walks out of the room. Murphy stands apart from Andrea and watches Paula walk away. She turns back and looks at Murphy, down at his underwear, smiles more than she ought to, points at his boxers and continues on her way.

Murphy looks down at his boxers and he's sporting some major wood. A few others in the office look over and start calling other co-workers. Murphy pulls his shirt-tail over his crotch and backs away. Andrea motions behind Murphy and he doesn't get what she's trying to say. The co-workers stop their laughing and head in all directions away from the scene. Murphy walks backwards into a tall, handsomely dressed man not looking too cheery.

This is FINIUS HARDKNUCKLE, 45, the editor of the paper, Murphy's boss. He looks down at Murphy's ensemble.

FINIUS

This is not office appropriate attire.

MURPHY

Well, sir, the sink in the bathroom...

FINIUS

I'm sure the rest of that sentence
is very interesting

(pause)

And we'll just leave it at that.
You finish with tomorrow's strip?
I'd like to see it on my desk before
you leave tonight.

MURPHY

Just putting the finishing touches
on it. If you'll excuse me, I, uh...

Finius is already walking away.

FINIUS

Uh-huh.

Andrea shows concern in her face for the entire situation. Murphy slips into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Murphy's legs are pulled up to his chest as he rocks back and forth on the toilet. He continually smacks his head into the stall wall. Bathroom door creaks open and someone peaks their head over the stall. Dressed in a full suit, dark shirt, dark tie, slicked back hair, cool sideburns is SKYLER FORTUNE, 29. He is looking in on his pathetic chum.

A magazine falls from Skyler's fingers onto the bathroom floor in front of Murphy's toilet. It's MAXIM magazine. On the cover is some budding starlet wearing next to nothing with a caption reading something to the effect of "Steaming up the small screen and now our magazine pages!"

SKYLER

I'm guessing this one has something to do with your pants missing.

Murphy doesn't talk. He continues to bang his head.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

I know I can't talk you outta there. Andrea wanted me to remind you about her shindig tonight.

Murphy looks up at Skyler. Murphy gives Skyler the pouty face.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

You are going. I'm going to get us some of the stinkiest pussy this side of 35 and you are going to have a piece.

Murphy starts banging his head again. Skyler gives up and leaves. Murphy continues to slam his head, but gradually looks towards the magazine and looks at a caption on the cover.

ANGLE ON - MAGAZINE COVER: "SEE HOW THE KING OF DORKS BAGGED 100 CHICKS - DETAILS INSIDE!"

Murphy slaps his head on the metal wall one more time for good measure and then picks up the magazine. He flips through the pages. We see pictures of scantily clad women, the next page is someone's severed arm and finally we come upon the story.

TITLE: How This Dork (Peter Longfellow) Banged 100 Chicks and How You Can Too!

A page and a half is filled with back-story on the guy and how he came about getting it on with numerous women. The Five steps are then outlined, each of which is accompanied by a panel with an illustration showing just how to go about this process.

1. Visualize Your Target.

The illustration becomes a real scene. A woman sits on a bar stool stirring her drink.

2. Think of her needs.

Murphy holds hands with the woman at the bar. A candle becomes lit at the bar. He pulls out a huge wad of cash to pay for her drinks.

3.Be intuitive.

The girl gets a chill and she rubs her arms. A coat appears out of nowhere and Murphy puts the coat on her. He places a cigarette in her mouth and lights it. He has the bartender bring her another drink.

4.Get what you want.

He escorts her very lovingly from the bar to the bathroom, where he plops her up on the sink and starts humping away.

5."Most Important" Get the fuck out!

Outside of the bar, she stands waiting at the curb. Murphy tosses her panties at her from his car window as he speeds off leaving her in the dust.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Murphy looks over the pages in disbelief and tosses it to the ground. The lights go out.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

The place is desolate. Everyone has cleared out and those who haven't are scampering out of the exits. Amid all the cubicles, one light remains.

INT. MURPHY'S CUBICLE - DAY

He grabs his coffee cup.

INT. OFFICE BREAK-ROOM - DAY

Coffee cup is filled up. Sugar and cream poured in. He sips and aaahs and he's off.

INT. MURPHY'S CUBICLE - DAY

He sets his coffee down next to his drawing pad and goes about inking in the drawing he did earlier.

FINIUS (O.S.)

By tonight Murphy.

Murphy jumps in his seat as Finius stands by his desk. He's smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke into Murphy's face. Some ceiling falls onto Finius' head.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

Might want to get that fixed.

MURPHY

I've put in a request.

FINIUS

No time Grayson. The ladies don't wait forever. And you know there's no smoking in the office!

Finius throws the nearly finished cigarette into Murphy's trash can. Finius whistles as he walks away and soon the place is silent, except for some scratching noises. Murphy sips from his coffee and goes back to his inking.

PLOP! Plaster falls into Murphy's cup. He sees it and just goes back to working. More plaster falls and Murphy wipes it from his head. More CREAKING from above. Murphy sits back in his chair.

BOOM! The entire light fixture from above crashes into Murphy's desk sending the coffee into Murphy's face and all over his comic panel and dust and plaster churning up a massive dust storm around him.

The light SPARKS a little and Murphy just stares at it. Next thing, the trash can becomes engulfed in flames. Murphy watches it burn. He picks up the Maxim magazine and reads by fire.

The smoke from the trash can reaches the ceiling and sets off the fire alarm. Murphy crosses his left leg over his right. He starts to chuckle a little, then his body starts shaking as he laughs some more and soon he's in a full-on hysterical rage. The sprinklers in the ceiling come on.

Murphy SCREAMS in desperation and exhaustion. The water sinks into the fixture, sparks start zapping about and FWOOSH! A small mushroom cloud forms at his cubicle and a body goes flying from the explosion.

INT. NEIGHBORING CUBICLE - DAY

Murphy is slumped against a cubicle wall. His skin is blackened in spots and the magazine is charred and seared onto his shirt. The sprinklers still spray down. He opens his mouth to take in some water, gargles it and spits it out.

A SQUEAKY cart wheels up to Murphy. A JANITOR stands above Murphy.

JANITOR

You ok?

Murphy stands up triumphantly.

MURPHY
I'm fucking great!

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A massive house party is under way. Kegs in the corners. Guys and girls dancing in various stages of undress. Those red plastic cups are sitting anywhere a cup can sit and Andrea is walking around the party picking up trash. Skyler approaches her and grinds up next to her.

SKYLER
Good turnout.

She bumps him away from her.

ANDREA
You haven't seen Murphy have you?

SKYLER
That bitch is probably still at work
hiding in the bathroom.

Just then, Murphy bursts through the door looking like he's been struck by lightning. He's still a bit wet and charred but his pants are miraculously clean. Andrea and Skyler stare. No one else seems to notice. He makes his way straight for a keg. As he approaches people, they start to notice and back away like he's covered in shit.

He reaches the keg and plops down on his knees, takes the spigot in his hand and pumps away as he pours beer straight into his mouth. Some spills out of his mouth and onto his person, but he keeps guzzling away.

Skyler and Andrea approach.

SKYLER (CONT'D)
Murphy, you're scaring the natives.

Murphy drinks a little more and gets to his feet. He wipes some foam from his mouth which does no improvement to the state that he's in. He BELCHES a big enough burp to part the hair on your head. Murphy then proceeds to fill up some cups with beer.

ANDREA
I don't want to sound obvious Murf,
but you have a magazine burnt into
your shirt.

Murphy looks at his shirt.

MURPHY

This old thing? Pss-shaw.

He guzzles his beer.

ANDREA

You may need to slow down on the beer.

Above Murphy's head, we see the scene as a sort of picture-in-picture almost like a comic strip panel, and in the first panel, Murphy shoos away Andrea. The second panel, she runs away dramatically crying. The third panel, he's standing alone, smiling, drinking his beer. This is Murphy's new power Comic Strip Visualization(CSV).

Andrea takes a beer can off a nearby table, crushes the can and tosses it at Murphy's head. She then storms off in a huff.

MURPHY

Good enough.

He guzzles his beer and refills it.

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Time has passed and Murphy is now visibly drunk. He stumbles through the house talking to certain inanimate objects as they "jump" in his way. He then spots a girl dancing. He fixates on her butt gyrating away to the music.

COMIC STRIP VISUALIZATION (CSV):

1st Panel: Murphy gets on his knees and grabs her ass. He proceeds to actually chew on a bit of her ass.

2nd Panel: The ASS is naked and propped up on a table in front of him. Murphy wears a Chef's hat and he addresses the camera as if he's on a TV cooking show.

MURPHY

Hello and welcome to Cooking with Murphy. Today I'm going to show you how to prepare a piece of ass and show you how to eat it.

3rd Panel: BUTT GIRL smiles as if she's been pleased like never before.

MURPHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yet another Murphy masterpiece, done to satisfaction.

BACK IN REALITY:

Murphy still stands looking at Butt Girl's butt. She looks above his head as if she's reading a comic strip. She becomes disgusted by it.

BUTT GIRL

You filthy bastard. Eating my ass?!

She SLAPS him heartily in the chops. Stunned, Murphy holds his cheek in surprise and consternation. What just happened? He looks up and then around. No one seems to have seen a thing. Murphy continues his way through the party and can't help but notice a BIG BOOB WOMAN dancing to the funky beat, her boobs bouncing to the rhythm. Murphy's head bobs up and down with her breasts.

CSV:

1st Panel: Her boobs are exaggerated torpedoes and they move left, right, up and down and Murphy's eyes move everywhere they go, like a dog watching a piece of bacon.

2nd Panel: Boob Girl motions for him to come to her.

3rd Panel: Murphy's profile as he approaches her, zombie like. Suddenly, two streams of white milk spray into his face with the force of a fire hose. He rubs his hands all over his face like he is being showered with love and then we see his entire body being squirted down and he's dancing in the stream of milk like in Flashdance.

REALITY:

Murphy's head bobs along with her boobs. Boob girl plays with him a bit and moves to the left. Murphy's eyes follow. She's moves to the right. Murphy follows. She jumps up and down. Murphy smiles. She whistles. He looks up at her face. She is livid. A fist swallows up the screen and Murphy reels back holding his nose. He loses his balance and crumples to the ground.

Some girls wearing short skirts are oblivious to him and start to shake and shimmy right over his face.

CSV:

1st Panel: Murphy's POV. We look straight up a girl's skirt and watch her pink lacy panties wiggling away in her crotch.

2nd Panel: Murphy launches his face up into her skirt and the bulge of his head can be seen going to town on her crotch.

3rd Panel: SKIRT GIRL grabs his head through her skirt and SCREAMS in ecstasy.

REALITY:

Murphy is on the floor looking up into Skirt Girl's crotch. She scowls, lifts her foot up above his head and brings it crashing down into his face.

BLACK-OUT:

INT. HUGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Clouds fill the screen and soon dissipate. Murphy stands on some steps. He's decked out in a purple velvet suit with overly big buttons, a frilly shirt and bright bow-tie. He swings a cane and on top of his head sits a large top hat. He's Murphy Wonka. His land of Pure Imagination is Pure Masturbation.

The trees sport leaves of condoms. The chocolate river is now just an above ground wading pool filled with mud and bikini clad woman wrestle joyously. Murphy kicks flesh-toned beach balls with nipples painted on them. Blow-up dolls float around like pixies.

A naked woman stands with a tray at her waist. On the tray, coffee cups. He takes one and brings it up to her boob.

From off screen, a stream of milk comes from an imagined breast and into his coffee cup. He drinks heartily from the cup leaving a thick milk mustache on his upper lip.

MURPHY

(singing to the tune
of Pure Imagination)

Cum with me, And you'll be, In a
world of nude intoxication, Take a
look, And you'll see, Images for
masturbation, There'll be orgies,
Three's or foursees, With girls of
every variation, What you'll see,
Will explain my pre-mature
ejaculation. If you want to view
tits and ass, Simply look around and
view it, Anything I want, I can screw
it, Want to make her moan, There's
nothing to it, There is nuh-thing I
know, more than pure sexual
satisfaction, Only here, will you
see, things to full---ly...
arouse...me.

He stops his singing number at some large breasts that he just begins squeezing.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. ANDREA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murphy blinks awake and finds himself in a sea of stuffed animals. He's dry humping a Cabbage Patch Kid and fondling the front of Miss Piggy. He stirs awake and sees Miss Piggy staring him in the face. He abruptly sits up and tosses the doll like it's covered in shit.

A wet rag is stretched across his forehead. It falls into his hands when he looks around the room. The rag is alien to him and he screams and throws it at the wall.

We can now see a bruise forming on his forehead that looks suspiciously like a shoe print.

Andrea scoots into the bedroom with a glass and aspirin.

ANDREA

How's it going...?

Murphy, still in berserker mode, screams at Andrea and throws a Cabbage Patch Kid at her.

MURPHY

What the fuck is going on?!

ANDREA

You can't tell me you don't remember.

MURPHY

I had a fucked up dream that women stomped on my face and then I was Willy Wonka.

Again, above his head forms a comic strip panel. 1st Panel is a girl slapping him, then girl punching him, then a shoe coming at his face and finally Murphy Wonka kicking boob balls.

ANDREA

(looking at comic strip)

I've always thought I've been intuitive as to what you were thinking, but actually seeing it is disturbing.

Murphy visualizes himself peeing.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Please don't do that in here.

Murphy raises an eyebrow at her and ungraciously makes his way off the bed, down the hall and smashes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Murphy pees for a very long time. So much that he gets bored and starts circling in his spot and we can hear the pee swirling as it hits the water below.

The bathroom door flies open and it's Paula from the office. Murphy fumbles about trying to put his junk back in his pants and zipping up.

PAULA

I'm so sorry...

She immediately closes the door. Murphy is still exacerbated fumbling with his fly that he falls backwards into the bathtub pulling the shower curtain and rod into the tub with him.

INT. ANDREA'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Murphy waltzes out of the bathroom holding the shower curtain and rod. Andrea has rushed over after she hears the crash. He hands her the shower rod and curtain. Paula is still waiting in the hall, so Murphy walks by as cool as can be, flips his hair back and gives her a "Wassup!?" She steps into the bathroom.

Murphy and Andrea exchange glances. Murphy rolls his eyes and slams his head into the bathroom door out of pure humiliation. The door POPS open.

PAULA

Yes?

Murphy is a deer in headlights.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: Murphy walks out of the frame leaving an empty white space.

Paula looks up at panel.

2nd Panel: Six-year old Murphy walks into frame. He clings to the edge of the frame.

Paula looks at Little Murphy and smiles.

PAULA (CONT'D)

How adorable.

Little Murphy runs out of frame.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Did you need back in here?

Murphy mumbles about bathrooms and going to the bathroom and toilets, nothing comprehensible.

3rd Panel: Little Murphy is back in frame. He looks at Paula with big eyes.

LIL MURPHY

I just wanted to talk to you and not
look like a dumb shit.

Paula looks adoringly at the little kid then down at Murphy. She takes his hand, opens it and writes her number on his palm.

PAULA

When Big Murphy can talk to me, he
can call that number.

She pats Murphy on the head and closes the bathroom door. Some PEEING noises come from the bathroom and then massive FARTS explode in the toilet.

Andrea walks up to Murphy. She's still holding the curtain and rod.

MURPHY

She farted.

ANDREA

And it probably smells like Autumn
Sunrise.

MURPHY

(shaking his head)
No! It probably smells like roasted
ass chunks.

Paula comes out of the bathroom. Murphy looks at the ground and kicks his foot at the floor. Paula exits.

ANDREA

Did she just take a nasty ass shit
in my bathroom?

They stick their heads in the bathroom. Andrea pulls her shirt collar up over her nose. Murphy inhales deeply.

MURPHY

Yep. Autumn Sunrise.

ANDREA

(pointing in bathroom)
Are you going to call her now?

MURPHY

Should I?

ANDREA

With a shit like that, you two are
destined for one another.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Murphy looks at his hand and punches her number into his cell phone while he walks to his car. Some people huddle in the bushes. One guy pukes. The lawn is diseased with trash.

Murphy looks at his phone and is set to push TALK. He pauses.

MURPHY

Fuck Swingers!

He punches TALK.

PAULA (O.S.)

Hello?

MURPHY

Uh, hi. I was wondering if, you
know, maybe, I don't know...

Murphy is looking down at the ground by his car and fumbling for his keys. Paula is parked in front of him and she spots him. She approaches him. She stands right in front of him, phone still at her ear.

PAULA

Can you talk now?

Murphy looks up. He drops his keys, mumbles something and starts backing up.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: Murphy tosses his cell phone, takes Paula in his arms and pushes her up against his car. He kisses her neck and makes his way down her body.

2nd Panel: A hand pops into frame holding panties.

3rd Panel: Paula is smiling and nibbling her finger coyly.

REALITY: Murphy continues to mumble nonsense and backs away from Paula. She takes him in her arms and slams him into his car. She seductively moves her hands down her body and removes her panties. She plants them in Murphy's hand.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Will that work for you?

Murphy just nods his head.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH ALTER - DAY

Murphy and Paula in full wedding attire kiss and run down the aisle.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

They walk hand in hand on the beach.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Passage of time as they work their magic under the covers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They sit on a couch, big bowl of popcorn as she feeds kernels to him. They cuddle.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Paula is in a hospital gown. She screams and a baby's cry is heard. Murphy is in scrubs and looking down at baby and Paula's crotch. He smiles at his baby.

INT. BABY ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy changes the diaper on a kid. Paula stands in the background, away from the kid.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy and Paula sit in separate chairs, while a kid plays with toys on the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Paula is pushing a baby out again. Murphy looks down and his frown turns upside down.

EXT. GENERIC HOUSE - DAY

Murphy stands on the front porch. On one side is a white girl resembling Murphy in many ways. On his left is a black boy looking nothing like Murphy or Paula.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Paula is sitting in the passenger seat of a T-Top Corvette. In the driver seat is a BLACK MAN.

She wriggles in her seat and then tosses her panties out of the car. They land in front of Murphy and the kids.

The Corvette peels away and Murphy is left behind with two kids and a pair of panties.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Murphy wakes up. Paula, fully dressed, sits on the edge of the bed putting her shoes on.

MURPHY

Where you going?

Paula pats him on the leg.

PAULA

You're sweet, but I just needed a fuck.

She walks out.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: Murphy sits propped up in his bed.

MURPHY

Sex and no commitments.

2nd Panel: Open grassy field. In the distance someone runs towards us. Murphy reaches the open field and spins around like Sound of Music. Murphy screams into the void.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I can have sex with no strings! Men can be used!

(calming down a second)

Hey, wait a minute... I just had sex.

(back to screaming)

I just had sex! I just got pussy!
Yay!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Murphy bounces into the office. He's practically skipping. Above his head is a comic strip of him banging Paula. Women see it and start chatting about it. He approaches his desk where the ceiling is still in a mound of dust at his desk.

People in other cubicles are filing through warped paperwork and soggy desk items. Some people are crowded around Murphy's desk looking up at the ceiling and gawking.

Andrea and Skyler go to Murphy.

SKYLER

Sorry about your desk man. Wonder what happened.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: FLASHBACK: Murphy sitting at his desk. 2nd Panel: Ceiling crashes down. 3rd Panel: Big mushroom cloud, Murphy goes sailing.

ANDREA

You were under that?

Murphy shrugs and his comic strip goes back to Paula in the throes of ecstasy.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

And you already did Paula?

MURPHY

(puts his hand up)
Up top!

Andrea looks disgusted. Skyler slaps Murphy's hand.

SKYLER

Paula Shimmer! Did you take big ball pills or something?

Employees start parting and scattering away. Finius approaches with several people in well-tailored suits trailing behind him. He puts his arm around Murphy.

FINIUS

Walk with me Grayson. I need this to remain on the down low. We can't have an incident report.

MURPHY

The ceiling fell on...

FINIUS

Over the weekend when no one was here

(looking at Murphy
with big eyes and
motioning to the
suits)

We're going to put you up in this office for now.

INT. HUGE OFFICE - DAY

A humongous L-shaped desk adorns the room, as well a high-backed executive leather chair, and a large flat-panel LCD computer screen, which all overlooks a great view of the city out of big windows.

MURPHY

I guess this will have to do. Now
I'd like to be alone to get some
work done.

A woman in a power suit, hair up in a bun, black glasses and a clipboard approaches murphy.

SUIT WOMAN

Mr. Grayson, I'm going to need you
to sign some papers attesting that
you were indeed not here in the office
at the time of the expulsion of the
ceiling.

Murphy looks her over.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: A light hits Suit Woman and she tosses her clipboard. She lets her hair down.

MURPHY (O.S.)

I'm going to need a little something
to make this wash over.

2nd Panel: She starts removing her top and rips her shirt open revealing a very sexy black lacy bra.

3rd Panel: She crawls over Murphy's desk, grabs his shirt and pulls him to her.

SUIT WOMAN

(bites her lower lip)
Gentlemen. I'm going to need some
time alone with Mr. Grayson.

The other SUIT interjects.

SUIT MAN

But we need witnesses.

SUIT WOMAN

Get out!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Finius and Suit Man step out of the office. Suit Woman lowers the blinds and locks the door. A large RUCKUS can be heard from within the office. Skyler and Andrea scoot into the scene.

People stand up at their cubicles and look at the office. Finius adjusts his tie. A woman's SOUNDS of ecstasy can be heard quite profoundly. Suit Man lowers his clipboard in front of his zipper.

A chair slams up against the blinds. Several other objects hit the blinds as...

SUIT WOMAN

Yes! Yes! Yes! Sign those papers!
Yes!

Quiet. Everyone looks at the office. Suit Woman walks out and looks as if nothing has conspired. She passes her colleagues.

SUIT WOMAN (CONT'D)

Gentlemen.

They follow her.

Murphy comes to the door. His hair is a mess, glasses on sideways, panties hanging from his shirt pocket. Suit Woman walks back into frame and swipes the panties from his pocket. Murphy motions that those are his. She gives him a look. He backs up, puts his hands up, "Ok, they're yours." Thumbs up.

The office employees break into WILD APPLAUSE. Murphy clasps his hands together and holds them above his head in a victory stance.

MURPHY

Thank you all. I couldn't have done
it without you. Oh wait, yes I could.
Fuck y'all.

He slips in his office and SLAMS the door. Skyler and Andrea go in after him.

INT. HUGE OFFICE - DAY

Murphy straightens up the sexually destroyed office. Papers are everywhere, framed photos are no longer on the walls. Skyler and Andrea move through the wreckage. Skyler beams for his buddy. Andrea seems a bit livid.

SKYLER

Man! I've wanted to
nail her forever.
What did you do? You
sell your soul to Satan?
Where do I sign up?
(he stops and
looks at Andrea)

ANDREA

I just said to call Paula,
not fuck her! You come
into the office with your
dick out and screwing Paula
and now you're fucking the
CFO and getting a corner
office? What happened to
the good old days when a
girl just sucked some dick
and she's vice president...

Murphy and Skyler stare at Andrea. They don't blink.

SKYLER

I think I just got wood Andrea.

She punches him in the chest and storms out of the office.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(to Murphy)

Paula and boss lady? Do tell?

Skyler sits in a chair, folds one leg over the other and is rapt with attention on Murphy.

INT. BAR - DAY

Murphy and Skyler sit in a VIP section. Skyler has a girl on each side of his mini-couch. Murphy sits across from him with a HOTTIE draped across his lap. Both men chew on fat cigars.

SKYLER

You gotta get me some of what you're taking.

MURPHY

I still don't know what's going on.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: Murphy and Skyler both have briefcases full of cash sitting next to them. The girls are decked out in furs and jewelry.

REALITY: Andrea walks into bar. She bellies up to the gruesome twosome.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What are you doing in here?

ANDREA

Why should you guys have all the fun?

Skyler looks Andrea over.

SKYLER

So Andrea's finally going to give it up?

She smiles, walks up to Skyler and grabs a handful of Skyler's crotch.

ANDREA

I should do all women the world over a favor and yank.

She twists his package in a knot. Skyler sweats.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

But from the looks of your company
they might give you something far
worse.

Andrea lets go of Skyler's junk and motions for Murphy to follow her.

SKYLER

Don't know what it is, but I seriously
am moving Andy up on my boner list.

Murphy SMACKS Skyler's forehead and follows Andrea.

INT. AT THE BAR - DAY

Andrea has a massive drink set down before her.

ANDREA

I'm worried about you.

A GORGEOUS BARTENDER gives Murphy a beer.

COMIC STRIP: 1st Panel: Gorgeous Bartender is bent over the bar next to Andrea while Murphy is behind her pounding away, really over the top like he's riding a bull.

MURPHY

What could you possibly have to worry
about?

ANDREA

All these loose women. Your health.
Your integrity.

TWO GIRLS walk behind Murphy. He watches them walk away.

2nd Panel: Murphy is propped up in his bed as those FEW GIRLS are above him in skimpy bikinis, skin oiled up and they wrestle.

MURPHY

You know I don't have integrity.

SLAP! A hand smacks Murphy across the face.

REALITY: Andrea SLAPS Murphy across the face.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Oh wow!

ANDREA

Focus.

MURPHY

Are you jealous you're not getting any? I could hook you up. You're cute enough.

She SLAPS him again.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Again?! Wow!

ANDREA

Go back to Skyler and the VD twins. Some of us have to work for a living.

Andrea leaves a quarter on the bar for a tip.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Don't forget to tip your whore.

Gorgeous Bartender approaches.

GORGEOUS BARTENDER

What's up her butt?

MURPHY

Forget about that. Let's talk about what's up your ass.

TITLE: #1 Visualize Target

1st: Gorgeous Bartender is going about her duties, bending over to get bottles, cleaning glasses, etc. Murphy looks her over. Zoom in and focus on different body parts and a missile lock-on target forms around each part, boobs, butt, face, stomach, boobs(yes, twice).

2nd: Move on to the TWO GIRLS that walked by earlier. Zoom in on their body parts and target them as well.

3rd: Now we have the Hottie that Murphy was hanging out with over by Skyler. He "visualizes" her parts as well.

TITLE: #2 Think of her needs. #3 Be intuitive.

1st: Murphy loads a stack of bills into Bartender's tip jar. Murphy mixes drinks for customers while she sits at the bar and drinks a martini. She counts her tips.

2nd: Two Girls get a line of shots set before them and Murphy is thinking of them when he plops down a double-sided dildo. They take in their hands and are overly excited.

3rd: Hottie is splayed out on the bar while Murphy takes her picture. She gets in many poses and loves every second.

TITLE: #4 Get what you need.

1st: Murphy props Bartender up on barback while knocking over bottles and glasses that crash to the floor. They are all over each other.

2nd: The Two Girls kiss. Murphy watches, smiling.

3rd: Murphy moves in closer to Hottie. His shirt is unbuttoned completely and she is down to bra and panties.

TITLE: #5 "Most Important" Get the FUCK OUT!

1st: Bartender pulls her bra strap onto her shoulder. Murphy chugs from a bottle of booze and walks away. As he is around the bar, the bottle is empty so he throws it behind the bar where it crashes to bits.

2nd: Murphy slips on his shirt and leaves behind the Two Girls resting in one another's arms.

3rd: Murphy puts a camera on a nightstand and takes a roll of film and puts it in his pocket. Hottie is lying naked on her bed of stuffed animals.

COMIC STRIPS: The three different scenarios with each girl(s) becomes a comic strip.

INT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Murphy leans way back in his plush office chair, his feet propped up on his desk. His hair is now trimmed and gelled and his clothes are a bit more in the style of today. His face also seems different, no beard and no glasses. Murphy laughs heartily at a movie ROARING on his big screen monitor.

Finius barges into the room. Murphy doesn't stir. He puts a handful of popcorn into his mouth.

FINIUS

Grayson! You're late for work all the time. You're a slob. You're fat. You're having sex everywhere. Women are piling up sexual harassment notes on my desk and you're strip is the same damn thing everyday.

Finius SLAPS a newspaper down on Murphy's desk and pushes Murphy's feet off of the desk.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

He gets with a clarinet chick. Fucks her.

SLAPS down another paper.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

Swim Instructor. Does her in a pool.

SLAPS down another.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

A Bartender. So cliché.

MURPHY

Funny stuff isn't it?

Finius straightens up, thinks half a second.

FINIUS

Yeah.

MURPHY

It's a series, like Garfield smashing spiders in creative ways for weeks on end.

Finius straightens up his suit.

FINIUS

It's good! Keep it up.

Finius beams as he leaves the office. He yells bon mots about Murphy's brilliance, "Great! Awesome! Why didn't I think of it? He's the genius," etc.

Andrea passes Finius as she fumbles her way into Murphy's office. Andrea is looking different today as well. Her clothes fit a little tighter to show her body. Her hair is done up nicely and she is without spectacles.

ANDREA

Was that a smile on Fin's face?

(to Murphy)

Who are you?

MURPHY

(proud)

Murphy Grayson.

ANDREA

Where?

MURPHY

No one gives two shits about the Murphy you're looking for. I used to come into work, draw a comic, blend in and observe life. The sky falls on me and I'm getting pussy launched at me. Is it alright if God smiles down on me for once?

ANDREA

You don't believe in God.

MURPHY

Damn right and if I did, he'd probably get off his hairy ass and shake my hand, pat me on the back and light a fat cigar in my mouth with his finger.

ANDREA

(waits for her turn
to talk)

So, you do know what tonight is?

MURPHY

Wednesday?

ANDREA

And?

Murphy looks like he's thinking but overdoes it.

MURPHY

(snaps his fingers)

Oh yeah! Movie night. You know.
I'm really busy. All this pussy
piling up on my desk here.

He pats his clothes like he's looking for something.

ANDREA

(angry)

One night a month for fifteen years
and you can't go!?

Murphy makes a pouty face.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I hope you get herpes!

Murphy falls out of his chair.

MURPHY

Always straight to the crotch with
the ladies.

She scowls.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Hope you don't stay mad, cuz I gots
two tickets to "Rain or Shine" and
one has your name on it.

ANDREA

You fucker.

MURPHY
I bought her dinner too.

ANDREA
You never buy my ticket. Why today?

MURPHY
Cuz your ma frin.

She smiles. She leaves and passes Skyler on his way out.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Do you people fucking work?!

Movie still BLARES on Murphy's computer.

SKYLER
She so wants me.
(looking after Andrea)
Hook me up bro!

MURPHY
Can't do it.

SKYLER
You her Dad?

MURPHY
She's not your type.

SKYLER
She's a girl and she's breathing.
What's not my type?
(pause)
Well, then you need to get me sticky
slit somewhere else.

MURPHY
What happened to the "Skyler Can"
campaign? "No girl can withstand."
I'm hanging with Andy tonight.

SKYLER
Good deal. Can I get seconds?

Murphy SLAMS Skyler into a wall.

MURPHY
Andy is not a fling. She deserves
better than your lame ass.

SKYLER
Easy Grape Ape. I'll get some gash,
Skyler style. But don't say I never
helped you out.

Skyler makes his way out of the office.

MURPHY
You've never helped me out.

Skyler acts like he just caught an arrow in his heart.

SKYLER
Hurts. Right here.
(starts playing with
his nipple)

Murphy smirks.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: MOVIE PLAYING ON THE SCREEN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A HUNKY MALE (Henry) is running through the rain trying to hail a cab or hitchhike in a car. An OLD LADY on a moped pulls over.

OLD LADY
Where to sonny?

HENRY
I have to get up north. She's leaving
tonight and I have to tell her...

OLD LADY
Hop on and hold on to your balls!

Old Lady speeds through traffic like a bat outta hell. They arrive.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Henry gets off the bike and he is actually holding onto his balls.

OLD LADY
Remember. Don't just linger on the
clit. Get your whole mouth on that
thing. Move that tongue. She'll
love you forever.

Henry holds up his hands and backs up. She blows him a kiss and ZIPS off.

Henry pushes a buzzer for an apartment.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Yes?

HENRY

It's me.

WOMAN

You can't come up.

HENRY

Then just come to your window.

A window gets propped open and a very well made up superstar looking woman(JUNE) leans out the window. She sees Henry soaking from head to toe and gets that puppy dog look.

JUNE

You're drenched.

HENRY

Yes I am.

(they laugh together)

I don't care anymore. Rain. Snow.
Gay ex-lovers. Nothing will keep me
from you ever again.

JUNE

Oh Henry!

Lots of crashing, a cat WAILS, a gigantic BOOM and June bursts through the building front door.

JUNE (CONT'D)

I thought I lost you to Stanley!

HENRY

But Stanley doesn't have a vagina,
and you do.

JUNE

Oh Henry. I'll let you do anal.

HENRY

I love you.

JUNE

Ditto.

The kiss in the rain. We move back and away from them, a big movie ending crane shot.

TITLE: THE END

The crane shot continues back to Murphy and Andrea in the audience.

Andrea looks like she could cry but SNEEZES.

COMIC PANELS: Murphy getting it on with several different women.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Very gay.

ANDREA

You don't have to gloat.

MURPHY

Actually, I do. Before last week, I had two sexual experiences, one in high school, so that doesn't count. I'm not a great catch.

ANDREA

Yes you are.

MURPHY

Thanks Mom. I've been mostly unnoticeable, forgettable, disappointing, a career fuck-up. Would you have sex with this guy?
(points to himself)

ANDREA

I would.

MURPHY

No way.

Andrea just looks at him.

COMIC STRIP:

1st Panel: Young Andrea staring out at Murphy on the dance floor in the gym. Some guy comes to ask her to dance and she pushes him aside to look at Murphy.

2nd Panel: Valentine's Day cards through the years, all saying "Love Andy."

3rd Panel: They're both sitting on a couch watching a movie, very close, her legs draped over his. Andrea looks at him. He's oblivious.

4th Panel: They're sharing dessert at a restaurant.

5th Panel: Split-screen of them talking on the phone through the years. There they are as young junior high kids. Then they have bad eighties hairdos, then the college years (dorms in the background) and on to present day, cell phones.

ANDREA

I can't believe you remember all that.

MURPHY

I remember a lot.

COMIC STRIP:

1st Panel: Andrea with chubby nerd looking guy, SHELDON. He bears a strong resemblance to Murphy.

2nd Panel: Andrea with another nerd, OLIVER, Murphy #2.

3rd Panel: Another nerd, ETHAN, Murphy #3.

4th Panel: Yet another nerd, TOBY, Murphy #4.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Ohmigod! This is creepy.

ANDREA

Ohmigod! Cute little Toby.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I know. You seem to have a better recollection of them than I do.

MURPHY

They're all me!

ANDREA

Nyuh uh!

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Each guy stands next to Andrea and we see a side by side comparison of two and each one introduces himself and even have mannerisms like Murphy.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

They all had "skills."

MURPHY

But could any of them do this?

COMIC STRIP:

1st Panel: Murphy carries Andrea across the threshold of a new home.

2nd Panel: They both walk in a park pushing a stroller.

3rd Panel: They are both in bed. Two young children bounce up and down on the bed and then they all snuggle.

4th Panel: Murphy and Andrea are both now visibly older. They wave to their kid as he drives off, presumably to college.

5th Panel: They are both now old and grey, rocking back and forth in rocking chairs on a porch. Some adults with younger kids walk by. They carry Christmas presents.

REALITY: Andrea leans over the table, plates crashing to the floor, her clothes getting in the various sticky stuff left behind and they both kiss.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murphy and Andrea are in silhouette. They are passionate, very into each other. They are playful. They laugh, but then back to serious necking.

He kisses her naked belly.

She kisses him on his neck. She plays with his chest hair.

From Murphy kissing her stomach, we see his head move downtown.

ANDREA

I don't know if you should...we should... I mean... Oh my God! What is that you're doing?! I've never...

Andrea has a blown-out-of-proportion, screaming, shaking, hair pulling orgasm that explodes from her.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

Wait. Stop. I can't take anymore.

Murphy head pops up. He wipes his mouth with the palm of his hand. Then his head slowly lowers back down.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Oh no...you're not...oh yes...you are...oh...oh...oh...Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

MURPHY (O.S.)

(muffled)

This is amazing.

ANDREA

Don't you stop motherfucker!

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrea's head is nestled in Murphy's underarm. She strokes his chest with her hand. Murphy looks down at her, kisses her hair.

MURPHY
Your hair smells great.

ANDREA
Yeah?

MURPHY
What is it?

ANDREA
Shampoo.

MURPHY
Awesome. So...

ANDREA
Shhhh.

Murphy is about to speak but stops and lies back. He smiles, shuts his eyes and he's out like a light.

COMIC STRIP: Murphy is lying in bed with Andrea, the same scene we are in, but he's awake and she's sleeping. He watches her and strokes her hair. It's love.

MURPHY
Why did this take me so long? Like fifteen years of foreplay. Oh wow, indeed.

Andrea watches the comic strip. She smiles and is out like a light. It's bliss.

INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

BANGING on a door is heard. Murphy leaps out of bed. More BANGING. Murphy runs to the door.

POV: Door Peephole: Skyler is adjusting his crotch. He knocks again.

Murphy looks down at his naked self, smiles and swings open the door.

MURPHY
What time is it?

SKYLER

Time for you to put a band-aid over
that pimple on your crotch.

Murphy starts to look down and around and freaks out.

MURPHY

What pimple? Where...

SKYLER

You might call it your dick.

Murphy suddenly stops checking himself. He reaches out to
pull Skyler towards him and RIPS off a coat sleeve.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

What the?!

MURPHY (O.S.)

Hey! It fits alright.

Full view of Murphy's nakedness, with just a coat sleeve
hanging from Murphy's crotch like an elephant trunk. Skyler
now puts his arm up trying to avert his eyes, as if the
nakedness just now hits him.

SKYLER

Seriously. Get a towel. Shit, get
a tarp, tubbo.

MURPHY

Why you gotta head straight to the
fat? Not cool.

SKYLER

Truce.

They shake hands. Murphy pulls Skyler to him in a hug.

MURPHY

How bout a hug?

Full behind naked view of Murphy. Full glorious ass cheeks.
Skyler grabs an ass cheek and squeezes hard as hell.

Murphy pushes Skyler away.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here!

SKYLER

I want some pussy!

MURPHY

I don't have any!

They stop yelling and laugh.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

It's eight in the morning. The ladies
are at home sleeping.

SKYLER

They should be in my bed sleeping.

(pause)

It's been six days dude!

Murphy puts his hands up to his face like he's just heard something horrendous.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Can you put on some shorts? Or your
nightgown with the little sleep cap?

Murphy goes to his room and comes out with shorts on. He delicately shuts the door behind him.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Oh shit! You got a chick in there!

Skyler thinks for a moment.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

It's Andy! Holy shit!

MURPHY

Yes, now be quiet.

They move into the living room. Murphy's bedroom door cracks open and Andrea comes out smiling. She sees Skyler but he doesn't see her. She conceals herself.

SKYLER

How many women is it now?

MURPHY

I don't know.

SKYLER

Fucking liar.

MURPHY

Ten girls in one week.

Skyler pushes him hard. Andrea is disgusted.

SKYLER

Can a brother get some run-off?

MURPHY

I can just step out for a second.

They laugh. Andrea holds her mouth so she doesn't scream and quietly slips into Murphy's room.

SKYLER

Seriously?

Murphy punches Skyler in the arm, HARD. Skyler has to sit down and rub his arm.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

You ever hear of pulling your punches, Hulk?

MURPHY

She's it. That's it for me.

SKYLER

You dumb sonofabitch.

Murphy pulls back to slug Skyler. Skyler holds his good arm and hand up.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Hold it Magilla Gorilla. I've known you two would hit it sometime and wedding bells would soon follow, but what about your gift? I need it.

MURPHY

If I could stick my finger in a light socket and slap you, I would, but getting shocked hurts, really bad. And it probably wouldn't work.

SKYLER

I know a good jeweler.

MURPHY

I'll call you later.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Murphy creeps in but stops. The lights are on. Andrea is dressed.

MURPHY

Gonna do a strip tease for me?

ANDREA

Fuck you Murphy.

MURPHY

Good morning Andrea.

ANDREA

You're just gonna pass me off to Skyler? Like you're loaning your car?

MURPHY

Obviously...

ANDREA

I'm not listening to fuck all!
(long pause)
Well?

MURPHY

I'm waiting for Mr. Roper or Mr. Furley to walk in and explain the misunderstanding to Chrissy.

ANDREA

This isn't Three's Company and you don't get everything resolved in a twenty five minute time span. Fifteen years and one fuck destroys it. Do not call me. Do not talk to me. Do not look at me. You can rot in hell with Skyler and every whore you throw your dick into.

She vacates. Murphy has fixated on a spot on the wall and he can't look away or move. Devastation.

ACTUAL UNGIRLFRIENDABLE COMIC STRIPS drawn and inked by Murphy Grayson

COMIC STRIP #1: 1st: Chuck Bitterman sits with a girl on a couch. 2nd: Another girls pops out of a closet and exclaims, "I can't breathe in there. I don't want to play that game." 3rd: Girl on couch gets up. Both girls yell, "You bastard!" Chuck lays down on couch, "Ahh, warm couch."

COMIC STRIP #2: 1ST: A fat couple makes out on a park bench. Chuck is walking up behind them, "Why don't y'all get a warehouse!" 2nd: Fat chick cries and fat guy consoles her as they walk away. 3rd: Chuck sits on the bench, "Ahh, warm bench."

COMIC STRIP #3: 1st: Chuck rolls his eyes as he sits across the table from a Voluptuous Babe in a restaurant. The entire background of the panel is filled with run-on sentences that all originated from Babe. 2nd: "Am I boring you?" she asks. Chuck retorts, "Yes. When do we have sex?" 3rd: She walks off, big exclamation mark above her head. Chuck grabs a dinner roll, "Ahh, warm rolls."

COMIC STRIP #4: 1st: Chuck sits at the end of a bar and orders a drink. He turns towards the audience.

ANIMATED PAGE:

CHUCK

What the fuck now man! Am I gonna piss on the bar? Piss off some woman? Piss "on" some woman? Where is all that nasty pussy I was gettin'? Slammin' em and chuckin' em. Best week of my life. Hey! You listenin'?!

Murphy is looking at the page, at his comic strip character talking to him.

MURPHY

I'm listening to you.

CHUCK

Good. Get me back into the pussy. I'm ungirlfriendable, not unfuckable. That last panel better be me slippin' my cock into a floppy sausage wallet with the caption reading, "Ahh, warm pussy," and it better not be a fucking cat!

MURPHY

Not a bad idea. The cat.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Fuck you motherfucker.

Murphy draws a big "X" over Chuck's mouth. Chuck still gesticulates that he's mad and flips off Murphy with both middle fingers.

MURPHY

You'll get some pussy alright.

SKYLER (O.S.)

That's more like it. You get the next round of snatch.

REALITY: Murphy is at his drawing table. Skyler is peaking his head into the office. He winks and takes off. Finius trails behind, newspaper in hand.

FINIUS

This is what your strip needs. Gold. How do you write him so well? The bitterness.

MURPHY

Is this where I give you an explanation and you put up your hand and walk away?

FINIUS

We're friends here Murphy. I want to know.

MURPHY

I was getting the stinky and it was sweet. Then I got one I liked...

FINIUS

This is when I walk away. An artist doesn't do good work when he's happy. No one wants to see happy. You want happy, go rent Deep Throat. We sell train wrecks, kidnappings and murders. People love that shit. They want a bitter man pissing in people's Cheerios. Do us all a favor and stop getting laid. Bitter sells, Grayson.

*

He walks away. Skyler comes back in.

MURPHY

I'm gonna get a rotating door on my office.

SKYLER

Start walking dude. The pussy out there ain't gonna eat itself.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Murphy is splayed out over a little table in a faraway corner of the bar. Murphy is outlined in beer bottles. Skyler dances with SOME CHICK (LUCY). Skyler SLAPS Murphy on the shoulder.

SKYLER

Do the thing.

COMIC STRIP: 1st: Murphy stands up on his chair. 2nd: He ties a noose with a really thick rope and throws it over a beam in the ceiling. 3rd: His feet dangle as he has hanged himself.

Lucy goes and sits next to Murphy.

LUCY

You poor thing. What's the matter?

MURPHY

I love her, but I fucked it up.

LUCY

It'll be ok.

She kisses him on the cheek. Murphy turns to her.

COMIC STRIP: 1st: Andrea's face.

Murphy immediately starts to make out with Lucy. Just a sloppy, nasty display of public affection. Tongues fly and hands are all over each other's bodies.

COMIC STRIP: 2nd: Murphy is stripping off Lucy's clothes.

Skyler runs over to find Murphy all over "his" woman.

SKYLER

What the fuck?! I need the pussy!

COMIC STRIP: 3rd: Skyler suddenly appears behind Lucy, kissing her neck and undoing her bra.

Murphy stops making out with Lucy and he actually looks up at his own thought. He shrugs and goes back to kissing.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murphy and Skyler lie down on opposite ends of the bed, both have pulled the sheets up to their necks. They are wide-eyed staring at the ceiling. A person moves under the sheet and up and out of the sheet. It's Lucy. She French kisses each of them and puts her arms around both of them.

LUCY

My boys.

She falls asleep and starts snoring.

MURPHY

Uh huh.

SKYLER

Yeah.

They continue to lay paralyzed, both looking at the ceiling still.

MURPHY

Time to get some shut eye.

SKYLER

Oh yeah, totally.

(MORE)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(yawns)
I'm beat.

Light clicks OFF.

INT. OFFICE BREAK-ROOM - DAY

Murphy fills up his coffee cup. Skyler walks in and suddenly does an about face.

MURPHY

Wait Sky.

Skyler stops but continues to face the opposite direction.

SKYLER

Yeah...Buddy.

MURPHY

Uh...

SKYLER

Yeah?

MURPHY

Not how I saw a threesome going down.

SKYLER

Yes indeedio.

Long uncomfortable silence.

MURPHY

I think...

SKYLER

Yeah...You know...I think a part of
your dick touched my dick.

An OFFICE GUY walks by, hears this and suddenly backs away slowly, then runs.

MURPHY

And our balls might have tapped...

SKYLER

So I'm going to go watch football,
chop some wood and maybe
build...something.

MURPHY

Good talk.

The clear their throats loudly. Murphy pats Skyler on the back at arm's length, careful not to breach any boundary. Skyler still faces away from Murphy and he walks away.

EXT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Murphy peaks through his blinds and spots Andrea standing up. She still looks amazing with her new line of clothes. Murphy sips his coffee and continues watching. She looks straight his way and scowls. Blinds close quickly.

The blinds slowly creak open. Andrea crosses her arms and scowls in his direction. Blinds close again.

Murphy opens a little slit in the blinds. Andrea's eyes turn into balls of fire. She lifts her arm, which surges with electricity and points at him. Blinds close indefinitely.

INT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Murphy paces his office, fervently sipping his coffee.

MURPHY

(incoherent babble)

Gotta go talk to her. We can talk.
 Can't we? I'll clear it all up.
 Silly little nothing. Little this.
 Little that. Kiss and make up.
 Done.

Murphy sets his coffee down. Finius bursts in followed by the suits. Suit Woman secretly smiles and waves to Murphy. Finius looks at her. She looks nothing but professional to him.

FINIUS

Sorry about this Grayson, but we've had a formal complaint lodged by Miss Andrea Darling, documents drawn up by a lawyer.

Murphy's knees weaken and he takes a seat.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

On the night in question, the both of you had consensual sex. She claims that once you were "finished" with the act, you unceremoniously dismissed her. Skyler Fortune will corroborate her story saying he was there as a pawn to get her out of your residence.

Murphy swivels in his chair to face the window.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

We're not firing you Grayson, but Miss Darling and Mr. Fortune believe you will cause them unnecessary discomfort in the workplace. You are still going to be paid for Ungirlfriendable. We will have a courier come to your home or new office or wherever you are to pick up your work.

The suits step up to the desk with forms and pens. Murphy looks down at the paperwork and picks up a pen.

FADE OUT:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Murphy exits his office with that sad white box that all ex-employees are given for their "move." The suits and Finius stand just outside Murphy's old office and watch his walk of shame. Murphy walks past Skyler's desk. Skyler stands up.

SKYLER

Just seeing you. And the girl. And the dicks touching...

He sits back down at his desk and pretends to go back working.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

TWO GUARDS escort him out the door and stand, arms crossed, waiting for him to vacate the premises. Murphy makes a bee-line for his car. The lawn sprinklers go off, hitting him directly, as well as his sad box. Some birds fly overhead and one SHITS on Murphy's face. A mini-tornado/ dust storm kicks up in the parking lot which plasters him and the sadder box with dust.

INT. CAR - DAY

Murphy finally arrives at his car, throws the box in, stuff spills out all over the inside of the car. He sits in his seat and puts the key in the ignition. It doesn't start. Murphy goes ballistic.

MURPHY

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Motherfucker!

He grabs the steering wheel and rocks back and forth harshly. Hair flailing, face turning red. He reaches behind his seat, grabs a long flashlight and pops the hood.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Under the hood, Murphy spotlights several parts of the motor. He has no idea what he's looking at. He jiggles some wires. He pulls the dipstick out. He whacks the engine with the flashlight. He gets back in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

He turns the key. It STARTS. He gets out and SLAMS the hood shut.

INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Something is rotten in the state of Murphy. If just by looking at something, you can tell how badly it smells, that is his apartment. Crumbled pieces of paper pile up around his drawing table. Beer cans are stacked neatly in pyramids in every corner. Some beer cans go from the floor to the ceiling like a column. Others sit around a bottle of booze like a shrine.

Murphy has become one with the couch. His hair is disheveled and unwashed, face patchy with hair and his stylish spectacles adorn his face once more. He's wearing boxers, t-shirt and an ugly multi-colored, striped robe. He shotguns a can of beer.

(Shotgunning consists of poking a hole at the base of the can, putting that hole to one's mouth, then popping the tab to ingest the beer in a matter of seconds.)

HUGE BELCH.

He tosses the beer can onto a mound of cans not yet seen. It's a mountain, like a pile of trash you might see at the dump.

He reaches for a beer can. Nothing there. He shakes various empty cans in his reach. Nothing.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He scoots to the refrigerator. It's fully stocked with every condiment known to man; however, there is no beer to be had.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Murphy fumbles with his keys and finally manages to unlock the door to get in.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Murphy exits the store with a grocery cart stacked four feet well above the top of the cart with cases of beer.

He loads his car to the brim.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Car doesn't start. He reaches behind and wrestles out a beer can, opens it and drinks it while he pops the hood and grabs the flashlight. Outside of the car there is some screaming and banging of metal. He plops back in the car and it miraculously starts.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Murphy's car speeds down the street. He swerves to miss some cars but maintains his composure. Suddenly, BWEEP goes a police siren and the red and blue lights are flashing right after Murphy.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Murphy finishes off his beer and tosses it on the floorboard. The COP approaches the window, taps on it. Murphy can't roll down the window, it's held up by wooden clothespins.

COP

Sir, do not open your car door.

MURPHY

The window doesn't roll down.

COP

Fine. Do you know why I pulled you over?

Murphy leans out of the car, looks over the cop and then lurches forwards sending a thick and chunky stream of puke onto the cop.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Murphy stands against a white background. His hair is totally messed up now, chunks of vomit stick to his patchy chin hair. A light FLASH goes off.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Turn to the right!

Murphy turns. FLASH goes off again. Murphy stands still but teeters back and forth a bit.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Take these clothes, go in this changing room and strip. Strip all the way down to your birthday suit. Put all your clothes in this brown paper bag.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

This is a white painted, cinder block, ten foot by ten foot cell. There are no bars on the door, just a solid door with a eight inch by eight inch plexi-glass window. Murphy sits Indian style on a gym-mat like mattress, except it's much thinner and even less comfortable. He's wearing the black and white criminal outfit. A four foot by four foot nearly see-through white blanket is stretched over what he can cover. He shivers and starts crying.

COMIC STRIP: Zoom into the strip above his head to see:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Murphy's POV: Andrea sits next to him laughing. She looks at him in that loving way and goes back to watching the screen and laughing.

INT. HEN'S ROOST - NIGHT

Murphy's POV: Andrea is twirling some strands of hair with one hand and stuffing her face with French toast with the other. She laughs with her mouth completely open and full. Food chunks fall out and onto her plate.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murphy's POV: View from between her legs down in her private sector. He's looking up at her face and the contorting of it as she screams and convulses in orgasm. She is grabbing his hair (ie, the camera) and shaking it profusely.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murphy's POV: The lights are on and Andrea is dressed. She is yelling at him and wailing her arms about. She leaves the frame and Murphy stares at a blank white wall.

FADE OUT:

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Murphy wipes away his tears.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Everyone up. Out of your cells.

Murphy now really scrubs at his face wiping away the tears so he doesn't seem like such a pussy to the other inmates.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Murphy walks along a white wall. He's handcuffed to a scarred and rough looking dude.

Murphy looks at INMATE and that scary dude curls his lip very menacingly. Murphy looks down at the ground.

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - NIGHT

A large and looming desk towers before a room of handcuffed inmates. They stand up from the chairs as the JUDGE walks in and sits down. The prisoners sit down as well.

Judge flips some folders open on his desk and laughs and chats up the other STAFF behind the huge desk.

JUDGE

I am Judge Richard Giangulo. This is not a hearing or conviction. I'm just going to tell you what you are charged with and whether you would like a court appointed lawyer to serve you or will you obtain your own legal services. I will also set you bond and bail. If you are given a personal bond, it is your responsibility to take care of the costs yourself.

(pause)

Mr. Paul Mayfield. You are charged with assault and battery and assault with a deadly weapon. This is your third charge. This is considered a Class B felony Your bail is set at seventy-five thousand dollars. Will you require a state appointed lawyer?

PAUL MAYFIELD happens to be the very mean looking individual that Murphy is linked to, by metal.

PAUL

(menacing)

I will get my own lawyer.

Judge looks at him and waits for something else. A PRISON GUARD walks over to Paul and the Prison Guard puts his hand on his night stick.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(regretfully)

Your honor.

JUDGE

You see, now that wasn't hard now was it. You may be seated.

(pause)

Mr. Murphy Grayson.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You are charged with driving while intoxicated and assaulting an officer...

(pause)

With vomit.

(laughs, addresses Staff)

Are you shitting me?

(back to Murphy)

Your bail is set at ten thousand dollars. Will you require a court appointed attorney?

FADE OUT:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Murphy stands at the curb. Cars speed past him. A car pulls up to the curb where Murphy stands looking like complete and total shit.

INT. CAR - DAY

The car moves on down the road.

REVEAL: Skyler is at the wheel.

SKYLER

Oh...wow...Was not expecting that call this morning.

Murphy looks out his side window trying to hold back tears.

MURPHY

(through choked tears)
Thanks for picking me up.

Skyler reacts to the crying.

SKYLER

This is your first offence right?

Murphy nods his head "yes."

SKYLER (CONT'D)

In the end, it will probably cost you around eight thousand dollars and you'll get a few years probation, but it won't go on your record; however, if you do it again, you'll do some time. I have a lawyer for you.

Murphy straightens up. He's curious.

MURPHY

Why do you know all this?

SKYLER

My vacation back in 2002 was to that very location I just picked you up at. My second DWI. Boy do they fuck you.

MURPHY

You got fucked?!

SKYLER

(overly loud)

NO! I mean, no I didn't. I just didn't shower for eighteen days.

(pause)

And don't think you're getting out of the two fifty I put down on you.

MURPHY

I knew you enjoyed that threesome a bit much.

SKYLER

You wanna walk home?

MURPHY

Oh yeah, what was with you teaming up with Andrea to boot my ass out of the office?

Skyler looks straight ahead.

SKYLER

I just couldn't face you everyday.

MURPHY

Then why the hell'd you bail me out?

SKYLER

Karma.

MURPHY

I'm gonna keep that two fifty.

SKYLER

Fine. Here's your fucking apartment. Don't be asking me for any more favors.

MURPHY

Fine.

EXT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Murphy steps out of the car and his head is nearly taken off as Skyler speeds away. Murphy makes the dreadful climb up the stairs to his second story apartment and when he arrives at the door, he finds a massive, like the size of a large ant hill, pile of steaming dog shit. If you look close, steam is actually still rising from the fresh poo.

At the sight of this wonderful present, Murphy kicks it and in this action, he ends up getting most of it on his shoe and a large splatter on his front door. Calmly, he slips off his shoe and then hurls it into the concrete parking lot. In this futile effort to get rid of the shoe, some of the shit slings off the shoe and onto Murphy's face.

INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door nearly comes off of the hinges as Murphy flings the door open. From the mail slot that's in the door, a small stack of mail is flung across the room leaving one lone piece, a MAXIM magazine. He flops down on his crappy couch and stares at the cover of the magazine. He runs the back of his hand across his face and smears shit across his cheek.

The articles that stand out on the cover are "How to Win Her Back Without Acting Like a Whiny Bitch," and "Deus Ex Machina - How Not to Write the Next Great Hollywood Movie." Of course there is also a smokin' hot chick on the cover wearing just tape across her nipples and a bandage over her bonch.

Murphy goes straight for the "How to Win Her Back" pages.

ANGLE ON: ARTICLE

Summarizing the type: "You've fallen for the one girl you never thought you could end up with. She is the love of your life. She gives your pathetic excuse for a life meaning. Yet, you are male; therefore, you either fucked some other chick because your woman's pussy wasn't available at a crucial time, (ie at any given moment in the day when you get a boner and need to get rid of it by banging any piece of meat that will take your dick) you said something way inappropriate (see "Come on baby, she's hot, you're hot, why not put that hotness together and let me have you both at the same time.") or you slapped her one too many times (even when she deserves it ninety-nine percent of the time). Follow the steps in the following pages and you're either likely to have her falling back in your arms or be served with a lovely restraining order. Good luck!"

Like the first Maxim article that got Murphy into so much trouble, this one is very similar, showing the steps and panels with elaborate illustrations.

#1: GET RID OF THAT BLACK BOOK

A few panels with a guy taking out his black book, looking at the numbers and thinking about the girls (bubble above his head with the different women he had sex with) and then setting the book on fire. This becomes live action with Murphy going through these motions.

#2: SEVER TIES TO ALL OTHER WOMEN YOU OCCASIONALLY GET ASS FROM

These panels depict a woman coming to his door and he is waving for her to go away, seeing his fuck buddy at the gym and turning her down, etc. With Murphy, a girl comes to the door in a teddy and Murphy waves her away, but stops her. Next panel, Murphy is escorting her out the door and her hair is a mess and teddy is on sideways and Murphy is in his famous robe.

#3: MAKE IT ALL ABOUT HER

Panel has a guy building a shrine around an 8 x 10 picture of his girl. A BIG RED X is marked through that panel. The "correct" panel shows him getting lots of flowers and stuffed animals. He is tossing out all his porno mags and movies. He gets rid of panties from dates past. Murphy starts throwing away porn, and he has several boxes loaded up. He takes a Maxim magazine out, shows it to camera and sets it aside for safe keeping. Murphy sets the boxes by the door, Skyler comes by and takes them away. Murphy bags all the panties and bras as well. Skyler comes by once again and takes those away. Murphy is throwing away his coveted "pocket pussy." Again, Skyler takes that into his possession.

#4: SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO HER

Panel depicts a naked guy on his knees in a pentagram drawn on the floor, candles surrounding it and he holds up a dagger that he is soon going to plunge into his chest. BIG RED X marked through that panel. The guy is in full suit, flowers are set before his woman and her hands are pressed together at her shoulder and her eyelashes are batting. The next panel shows him still on his knees and he holds up an engagement ring with a massive diamond in it.

INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Murphy is wide-eyed looking at the magazine. The lamp beside him starts to FLICKER and then the bulb goes out. Murphy looks at the bulb. He then looks back at the magazine. GET RID OF THE BLACK BOOK stands out to him. He looks at the light. He looks at the Maxim. Light. Magazine.

Murphy removes the lamp shade and then unscrews the light bulb.

He sets the bulb and shade down and grabs hold of the magazine. He rolls it up and holds it in one hand. With his free hand, he wets up his forefinger good and sloppily, closes his eyes and sticks his finger in the light socket.

ZAP! He ends up slouched against a wall a few feet away. He CRACKLES and SIZZLES a bit. He shakes it off and runs outside.

EXT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Murphy spots a BEAUTY walking to her car.

MURPHY

Hold up!

She looks up at Murphy, shading her eyes from the sun. He runs up to her.

COMIC STRIP: He imagines bending her over the back of her car, flipping her skirt up and bangs away.

She slaps him hard across the face.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

In his kitchen, Murphy flings open the silverware drawer and snatches a fork. He unplugs his toaster, holds the Maxim to his chest and jabs the fork into the empty electrical socket.

EXT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tremendous surge of electricity, like fifty flash bulbs going off at once, can be seen emitting from his apartment window. Murphy emerges from the apartment. His hair is ridiculously exploded, like he went crazy with hair gel and there are some bald patches that are blackened from electricity. His shirt has large holes in it with singed edges and the shirt reads, "Who farted?" He runs down the apartment corridor holding a blackened fork and a rolled up magazine.

Murphy eyes a woman heading into her apartment. He runs to her.

COMIC STRIP: Murphy's eyes widen as he looks at her huge breasts. He grabs them and squeezes them together. There is an audible HONK (old car horn).

In reality, she maces him in the face.

Murphy SCREAMS bloody murder.

MURPHY

Bloody murder! You coulda just kicked
me in the balls!

She obliges wholeheartedly and rams her foot straight up
into his dick and balls right nice.

INT. MURPHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Murphy collapses through the door and ends up in the fetal
position behind his couch. He SUCKS his thumb with the hand
that still holds the blackened fork, seems like it's charred
into his fist. From under the couch peaks a magazine. Murphy
turns his head sideways at the magazine and slides it out.
It's the very issue that started all the trouble for him
with the cover article, "SEE HOW THE KING OF DORKS BAGGED
100 CHICKS - DETAILS INSIDE!" Murphy lights up at the sight
of the magazine.

INT. MURPHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Murphy dives into the pile of dirty clothes that literally
surround his bed and are stacked up to his knees. He
resurfaces with THE SHIRT, the very button-up shirt that has
a Maxim magazine seared into it.

INT. MURPHY'S KITCHEN - DAY

He SWIPES the toaster off of the counter.

INT. MURPHY'S CLOSET - DAY

He fumbles through the closet and emerges with a neatly coiled
up bright orange extension cord.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

With an extension cord draped over his shoulder like Indiana
Jones' whip and the toaster tucked under his arm, Murphy
digs his car keys out of his pocket and finds that his car
is not in his designated parking spot.

MURPHY

Fuck.

A LITTLE GIRL sits on a nearby curb playing with some Barbie
dolls. Standing upright next to her is a shiny pink bike,
complete with a pink banana seat and tassels hanging from
the handlebars. A pink bicycle helmet also hangs from the
handlebars.

Impetuously, Murphy runs to the bike, hops on and peddles
his chubby ass away from the girl.

LITTLE GIRL
 (standing up and
 stomping her feet)
 My bike! I want my bike!
 (homage to Goonies)

Murphy SCREECHES to a halt and rides back to the girl.

MURPHY
 I'll bring it back. Boy Scout
 promise.

She folds her arms and pouts. Murphy takes out his wallet
 and hands her a twenty.

LITTLE GIRL
 Fifty!

Murphy looks in his wallet.

MURPHY
 I only have two twenties left.

She hurriedly nabs them.

LITTLE GIRL
 I've also got Lo-Jac on that bike
 and Mom says I gotta wear my helmet,
 so wear it!

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Cars speed past and honk their horns as they pass fat-ass
 Murphy peddling his heart out on the little pink bike that
 could. The pink bicycle helmet sits on his head like a beanie
 and he still struggles with the toaster under one arm. People
 yell out their car windows as they pass.

CAR #1
 Nice ride faggot!

CAR #2
 Training wheels are for pussies!

CAR #3
 Get off the fucking road Strawberry
 Fat-ass!

A YELLOW CAB zooms by with the VACANCY sign lit up. Murphy
 hails the cab. The cab pulls over. The DRIVER gets out and
 assists Murphy getting the bike into the trunk. It almost
 fits but a pink tasseled handlebar sticks out and the trunk
 flops against it.

INT. CAB - DAY

Murphy and Driver get in. Murphy retains the pink helmet.

DRIVER

That is one sweet helmet and ride
might I add.

Murphy eyeballs the helmet peaking above his forehead. He leaves it on.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Where to?

MURPHY

Downtown, and quick if you don't
mind.

DRIVER

It's a chick right?

MURPHY

I'm probably about to go down as
doing the most stupidest, craziest,
insane-ist thing for love.

DRIVER

I hear you man. I'm Charlie.

Murphy reaches up to shake his hand, but there is that danged plexi-glass divider. Charlie drives down the feeder road and keeps looking in the rearview mirror waiting on Murphy.

MURPHY

Murphy.

Charlie smiles and continues driving. Then something dawns on him and SLAMS the brakes. Murphy's helmeted head CLACKS against the plexi-glass barrier. Charlie puts it in PARK. He turns in his seat facing Murphy eye to eye.

CHARLIE

How many Murphys you reckon are in
all of Austin?

Murphy adjusts his stylish helmet.

MURPHY

I can't imagine many.

CHARLIE

I'm gonna take a stab and say you
are Murphy Grayson.

Murphy smiles and nods.

MURPHY

Yes, I do the Ungirlfriendable strip.
You want an autograph or something?

CHARLIE

Au contraire, I'd like your balls on
a stick!

MURPHY

A little bit extreme for a memento.

CHARLIE

You know a girl named Veronica?

MURPHY

Veronica? Yeah, we did it... Why?

CHARLIE

She's my sister.

MURPHY

Ha ha ha, oh.

CHARLIE

She kept telling me about Murphy
Grayson and how gentlemanly he was
and she was thinking of marriage and
you never called her!

MURPHY

There was an express emphasis that
we should part ways amicably. No
calls. No emails. Clean getaway...I
mean break. Clean break.

Charlie's visibly angry now.

CHARLIE

I'm gonna be very generous and give
you to the count of ten to get out
of my cab and start running before I
get my Dirty Harry special from under
my seat and start filling you with
holes. One.....Two.....

MURPHY

C'mon, is all this really necessary?

CHARLIE

Three....

Murphy quickly vacates the cab and runs. He actually stops,
turns around and runs back to the cab! He wrestles the pink
bike from the trunk, sets it down, hops on and coasts straight
into a small forest.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ten!

Charlie emerges from his cab holding a massive handgun which dwarfs his hands and looks like the emission from the gun could drop an elephant. He positions his elbows on the roof of the car to steady himself for an accurate shot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(yelling after Murphy)

I'm gonna shoot your balls off and shove them in my carburetor.

Charlie looks down the barrel, gets Murphy in his sights and BLAM!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Murphy SCREAMS when the gun goes off and the pink helmet EXPLODES as a bullet strikes it. Murphy jiggles profusely as he bounces over humps and branches and careens into a large rapidly flowing river.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Murphy clings to the bike as he is taken downstream. Murphy does his best to hide behind the banana seat. The rough stream finally dies down and he paddles his way to the river bank.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Murphy still clings to the toaster, extension cord and fishes the bike out of the water. He takes a breather by leaning on the bike and takes off the helmet. He examines the massive hole in it by sticking his fist through it.

MURPHY

Oh...wow!

He straightens up and turns the toaster upside-down to let the water drain from it. Suddenly, he searches his clothes over for something and then pulls out his cell-phone. It's douched! He skips it across the river like a stone.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - DAY

Murphy dodges traffic on his awesome wheels.

EXT. FISH STICKS NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Fish Sticks is a large nightclub on Riverside and Congress (the actual name of the place is Sidekicks). Murphy peddles his pink passion to the club and hides it in some bushes along with the toaster and cord.

INT. FISH STICKS NIGHTCLUB - DAY

It being day, not many patrons inhabit the place. A FEW GUESTS are at dark corner tables. They make no bones about touching and caressing one another. Murphy bellies up to the bar and spots TWO MORE GUESTS at the end of the bar. They make out heavily. Upon closer inspection of the couple, we notice they are both women.

FLASHBACK: Couples in corners closer in frame. They are all very masculine looking females of the butch, bull dyke variety.

PRESENT: A Mexican Bartender Chick (JUANITA) SLAMS a bar towel down on the bar in front of Murphy. She wears the requisite red bandanna.

JUANITA

We don't serve your kind.

Murphy audibly SWALLOWS. He's frightened.

COMIC STRIP: Murphy pisses his pants.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with ya. What'll it be? A towel?

The other guests LAUGH.

MURPHY

Can I use your phone?

JUANITA

If you buy a drink.

Murphy pulls out his wallet and in the process SLINGS water in Juanita's face.

MURPHY

(off drink)

Sorry. I'll have a Colorado Bulldog.

Juanita LAUGHS.

JUANITA

(yelling)

This pussy wants a Colorado Bulldog!

All the women in the bar laugh, almost on cue. It gets Twilight Zone freaky, like a bad Hunter Thompson acid trip. Juanita raises her hands high like an orchestra conductor and makes a gesture with her hands for the orchestra to stop.

Silence.

Everyone goes back to business. Juanita SLAMS an old, blocky phone from the late eighties down on the bar. This is one of those boxy phones with the large handset that is connected to the base by a coiled up cord. Murphy DIALS.

INT. SKYLER'S CAR/ FISH STICKS NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Skyler is listening to some very gay disco music and his phone RINGS with an equally gay ring-tone.

SKYLER

Yessir.

MURPHY

I'm about to make things up to you.

SKYLER

You're calling from Fish Sticks.

MURPHY

Aren't you on your cell?

SKYLER

I got it programmed... What you got for me?

MURPHY

There's some mad, sloppy gash down here aching to give you a proper threesome.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Skyler SPINS into a U-turn in an intersection and actually creates smoke by PEELING out his tires.

INT. FISH STICKS NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The lesbians lean in at "sloppy gash" and GRUNT and GROAN like rough bikers moving in for the kill.

MURPHY

(line goes dead)

Hello?

Juanita POUNDS a drink on the bar.

JUANITA

That'll be sixteen dollars.

MURPHY

Sixteen!?

JUANITA

Wanna go for twenty? Let me see
your ID.

Murphy hands it over. Juanita doesn't even look at it and
CRUMBLES it in her hand like it's a wad of paper.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

A few of the guests here and myself
would like me to take you to the
dance floor and pulverize you.

Murphy SLAPS a soggy twenty dollar bill on the bar and backs
away. Juanita transports from behind the bar to cut Murphy
off on a small wooden dance floor.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

(yelling)
Hit it Lucy!

TECHNO MUSIC starts up and Juanita starts getting her groove
on. It's a well choreographed dance routine. She's looking
for a dance-off. Juanita finishes. The lesbians gather
around and CLAP for Juanita.

MURPHY

Look. I just paid twenty bucks for
a pussy drink I didn't even drink
and I don't dance.

TWO LOVELY LADIES approach Murphy.

1ST GIRL

Remember us?

COMIC STRIP: Murphy is in bed and these two ladies are oil
wrestling above him.

2ND GIRL

I was engaged to a wealthy VP of
Finance until he found us
(the two girls)
Together and went into a jealous
rage.

MURPHY

Finding two naked girls in his bed?

2ND GIRL

You left a used condom on the
nightstand.

COMIC STRIP: A used condom resting on a nightstand.

1ST GIRL

Word spread of our sexcapade and
we're outcasts.

2nd Girl grabs a beer bottle, breaks it on a table and SLASHES
Murphy's arm, shredding his shirt-sleeve and creating a stream
of blood gushing down his arm.

1ST GIRL (CONT'D)

You better dance like Danny Terrio
on Dance Fever.

MURPHY

Danny Terrio was actually the host
of the show.

2nd Girl throws the bottle at his feet.

Murphy quickly goes into the standard white man's overbite,
moving from side to side while staring at the floor.

COMIC STRIP: Disco lighting and a disco ball are now present.
A beam of light highlights Murphy on the dance floor. He's
wearing white, pressed slacks, a long-sleeve, black shirt
and a white vest. He's Saturday Night Fever. He does the
finger shooting straight into the air. Several women swoon
and faint.

Record needle SCRATCHES to a halt.

Skyler swings in on a vine like Tarzan but he's dressed up
like Liza Minnelli, super drag queen. A mic stand rises
from the floor. The spotlight is now on Skyler Minnelli.

The lesbians are enthralled. Skyler starts his well
choreographed routine, lip synching and putting on the
ultimate show stopper.

REALITY: Skyler is actually standing there in full drag and
doing a number. The lesbians are in a trance and WHOOPING
and HOLLERING.

Skyler makes eye contact with Murphy and tells him it's his
cue to get the hell out of Dodge. Murphy runs to the door
and looks back at the show, "Who knew?"

EXT. FISH STICKS NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Murphy gathers up his toaster, cord and bike and begins to
peddle away. A yellow cab passes by with VACANCY lit up.
Murphy hails it. Cab SCREECHES to a halt just inches from
running over Murphy.

Inside the cab, we see Charlie. He looks at Murphy. Murphy
stares back.

It's a tense second as Charlie fumbles with his seatbelt and searching under his seat for his gun. Charlie jumps from his car, hand cannon at the ready.

Murphy is gone.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Murphy WHIPS by and cruises straight into some revolving doors.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Murphy rides the bike to the front desk and DINGS the bell.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I'll be out there in one minute.

MURPHY

I need someone to call the police.
A crazy taxi driver is shooting at me.

A very attractive dark-haired woman emerges from the back. It's VERONICA.

VERONICA

Good for him.

MURPHY

(backing up)
You said. No calls. Nothing. Go our separate ways.

VERONICA

And you bought that? I'm a woman.
I have needs. And I'm pregnant.

MURPHY

Oh my fuck!

VERONICA

You either agree to marry me right now or I'll have guards carry you outside to your execution.

MURPHY

I can't do that. I love Andrea. I can send you money.

Veronica picks up a phone and punches a number.

VERONICA

I have a code eighty-six thirteen here at the front desk.

*

Murphy keeps creeping away from the desk. Out of nowhere, TWO LARGE GUARDS impede Murphy from moving any further. GUARD #1 picks up the bike like it was a paper clip. GUARD #2 picks up Murphy like he was a rag doll.

Veronica follows this entourage out to the front of the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Guard #1 tosses the bike to the ground. Guard #2 props Murphy against a wall and jams his night stick straight into Murphy's crotch.

MURPHY

Look, fellas. Just hear me out. I'm twenty five years old and up until last week, I hadn't had sex in seven years.

Guard #2 lowers Murphy to the ground but keeps the night stick in the balls.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

And seven years ago was pity sex. She was only with me to get with my roommate. I was just catching up on all the high school tail I missed. All that college experimentation I didn't get to experience. And all this time Andy has loved me. And I love her. It just took a ceiling caving in on me, twenty five years of repressed sexual tension released, getting shot at, a lesbian dance-off and now my balls being separated by a very cold club.

Guard #2 back away and holsters his night club. Charlie appears before Murphy, stands in front of Veronica and raises his gun and aims it at Murphy's junk.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I had no idea my testicles were such a threat. Let me pull them out so you can get a clear shot.

Murphy starts unzipping his pants. Veronica lowers the barrel of the gun.

VERONICA

I don't think anyone here benefits from seeing your balls.

Too late, Murphy's balls are swinging in the wind. Charlie and the guards shield their eyes but peak at the massive goat balls that Murphy possesses.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Put them away! The balls and the gun! I'm not pregnant.

The guards hold up their hands and walk away.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I was angry. We had some great sex.

COMIC STRIP: Murphy has Veronica bent over a bathroom sink and they are banging away.

Veronica hugs Murphy. She hands him her card.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Go to her. Anyone having to go through all of this. You deserve her. But if it doesn't work out, give me a call.

Murphy picks up the bike and hops on.

CHARLIE

I'll give you a ride.

MURPHY

I'll take my chances on the pink passion.

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Murphy peddles the last leg of his journey to Andrea's front door. Murphy tosses the bike into some shrubbery. Murphy adjusts the toaster under his arm and tries to straighten his hair. He rings the DOORBELL.

The door slowly opens. SMACK! Murphy stops a fist with his face. He drops everything and holds his nose. Blood squirts through his fingers and onto...

BERTHA, a curly, dark-haired woman standing before him, arms crossed. She goes away for a second and comes back with a roll of paper towels. She rolls off a few and wipes off her face. She tosses the remaining roll to Murphy.

He puts the whole thing under his nose. He leaves bloody handprints on the towels as well as blood spreading across the white surface of the towels from his nose.

BERTHA

That felt good.

MURPHY
(now sitting in the
front door frame)
Hi Bertha. Long time. Nice to see
you too.

BERTHA
Andy has stepped out.

MURPHY
Mind if I sit here a second? Why
the nose?

BERTHA
You look like shit.

MURPHY
And you look great.

COMIC STRIP: Bertha towers over him, but she wears a nappy
buffalo fur caveman toga, sports a bushy uni-brow, her hair
is unwashed and unkempt and she rests on a huge club.

She kicks him in the ass while he's down.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
I fucking hate you.

Bertha kneels down to his level.

BERTHA
Ditto, Pal. You are a selfish, cum
chordling dick swinger.

MURPHY
Thank you?

BERTHA
I actually liked you Murphy, and I
thought you might pull your head out
of your ass one day and finally see
my sister for who she is.

MURPHY
I have.

Andrea steps into the doorframe of her room, out of Murphy's
line of sight.

BERTHA
It's about five years too late.

Murphy sees Andrea's feet.

MURPHY

Bertha. For once, you're right.

He stands up and straightens himself out. The paper towel rod is glued to his upper lip from all the dried blood. He RIPS it from his face and hands it to Bertha who promptly drops it to the floor.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I've got one last gesture to show
Andrea that I love her and only her.
And then I'll leave, forever. Can I
borrow an outlet?

BERTHA

I've gotta see this.

Bertha gestures to an open electrical outlet. Murphy plugs in the extension cord.

EXT. BACKYARD - POOL SIDE -- NIGHT

With a few feet of slack left, Murphy plugs the toaster into the extension cord. He holds the toaster tight to his chest.

MURPHY

(yells to house)

I know you're home Andrea! I'm an
asshole! I'm gonna give you old
Murphy back!

Andrea peaks through the curtains of the sliding glass door. Murphy makes eye contact with her.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I would never share you with anyone
Andy. Maybe I am selfish that way.
If this works, no female should find
me attractive ever again. Just like
old times. This one's for you
Buttercup.

Murphy dangles his leg over the pool and hops in.

The pool EXPLODES with electricity, a bright flash of blue light and a mushroom cloud of smoke. Then nothing. The lights in the pool and in the house have died.

Darkness.

The lights come back on and Andrea stands at the sliding glass door holding the end plug of the extension cord.

Murphy floats in the pool face down. The toaster BUBBLES up from below and floats beside him.

Andrea dives in and drags his fat, soggy body from the water. She lies him on his back by the pool. She pumps his chest and puts her mouth on his to perform CPR.

He wraps his arm around her. She jumps back and SLAPS him across his cheek.

ANDREA

You stupid motherfucker! That was the most retarded thing I've seen an intelligent grown man do.

Murphy rubs his cheek. He then hauls off and SLAPS Andrea in the face.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I take it back about the pool. That was the most retard...

Murphy pulls Andrea towards him and they kiss. She kisses back.

MURPHY

I'm sorry Andy. I was thinking in my head that if someone else slaps, punches, shoots at me or threatens my balls, I would do the opposite of what Jesus would do.

ANDREA

So you've found religion?

MURPHY

Did you just hear me woman!? The opposite of Jesus. Christ!

ANDREA

Wait. I didn't see you thinking at all.

MURPHY

You caught onto to that did you?

ANDREA

You know, I really don't know why I turned on you so quickly and threw away our friendship in a matter of seconds.

(pause)

And what's this I hear about you rubbing balls with Skyler?

We move up and away from them in a big Hollywood-like crane shot as they continue their conversation.

MURPHY

You left me and my only other friend left was Skyler. And since the sex with you was so phenomenal, maybe some dick action with my best male friend would rock my world.

ANDREA

I told you you were a faggot!

FADE OUT:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Murphy approaches his desk, the cubicle that is, fixed up back to normal. To top it off, a big red bow has been affixed to a new drawing table. The ceiling is intact. Finius approaches with the Suits. Murphy gives a little wave to Suit Woman. She keeps her composure and stern face.

FINIUS

Welcome back Grayson. The whole misunderstanding, charges, etcetera, have been cleared up, I hope. And we can look forward to many more bitter years of Ungirlfriendable. Just don't stick your dick in the company ink.

MURPHY

It's dip your pen in the...

FINIUS

Formalities. Don't care. Sign this.

Suit woman hands over paper. Murphy signs, hands it back to Suit Man, who takes it, stamps it, tears off a yellow copy and hands it back to Murphy.

FINIUS (CONT'D)

Keep it in the pants Grayson. My wife keeps mine in her purse next to the check book with my name on it.

MURPHY

I appreciate getting to come back...

FINIUS

I'd listen, but I don't care.

He walks off with the Suits trailing behind him. They don't look back.

Paula approaches. She looks as fabulous as ever. A wind machine seems to blow her hair back.

MURPHY

Morning Paula.

She stops and looks him up and down.

PAULA

Why in the world did I have sex with you?

MURPHY

(lost in thought)

Because, uh, I have a penis?

PAULA

I fucking hate you.

Andrea and Skyler walk up and Paula breezes by. Andrea is hot. Stylish clothes. Cleavage is showing and it's impressive. Hairstyle of the moment. Hot! Skyler is in his suit and tie, per usual, but some very sparkly earrings dangle from his ears.

MURPHY

Thanks for the save at Fish Sticks. How'd you know all those moves? And the costume...

SKYLER

Let's drop it. Favors owed.
(points back and forth,
then, disgusted w/
himself)
I have issues.

Murphy points to ears signaling to Skyler he's wearing earrings.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Hot last night last night. Forgot I tried on her earrings. Wanted to see how heavy they were.

MURPHY

You like dresses and show tunes. You like rubbing balls. Face it, you're a faggot.

SKYLER

(muttering under his
breath)

You're a faggot.
(pause)
I do like balls.

ANDREA

Yes, we all like balls here. I got you some coffee.

She hands Murphy a cup.

MURPHY

Back to normal. Every woman I see scorns me. Sludge coffee. Back in my cubicle.

SKYLER

(to Murphy)

Are you still talking? I used up all my caring and faux listening last night. I'm gonna go pretend to work.

(to Andy)

And I have to say, damn you look good today Andrea.

She SMACKS him in the back of the head as he walks away.

Andrea and Murphy kiss very passionately in front of the entire office.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(walking away and not even looking back)

No fraternizing in the office!

ANDREA

I got you something.

MURPHY

What? Why?

She hands over a flat box. Murphy opens it up and pulls out a picture frame.

ANGLE ON PICTURE:

It's a neatly placed shrine for a page from Murphy's drawing pad from long ago. It depicts Murphy asking why would she (Andrea) want to lose her virginity to Toby when Murphy would be her best bet.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

No way.

ANDREA

You thought you were the only one that was sentimental?

MURPHY

This very page has been the elephant
in the room for years.

ANDREA

And I held on to my virginity all
this time, for you.

Murphy stares at her. His mouth slowly drops open.

MURPHY

Uh...

ANDREA

I'm just fucking with you. Like
your dick is the be all end all of
all dicks? It's a hunk of meat
attached to a man. I wasn't gonna
wait around for you to jump in my
pool with a toaster.

MURPHY

Oh...wow!

ANDREA

I probably should've left it plugged
in longer.

MURPHY

I could've died. And you'd be
sad...for like, at least a few hours.

ANDREA

You give yourself way too much credit.

MURPHY

Looks like my comic strip alter ego
has finally met his match.

ANDREA

Bitterman is no match for Bitterwoman.
That should give you plenty of fuel
for your strip today.

They kiss again and her hand lingers on his chest for a second
as they look into each other's eyes. She walks away, high
on the wings of love (song: "On the wings of love, only the
two of us, together flying high, flying high up on the wings
of love...").

Murphy sets the picture down to display on his desk and
unwraps the drawing table. Murphy draws an accurate rendering
of Andrea's pool and apartments. He then draws Chuck, holding
a toaster. Chuck comes alive again.

CHUCK

I better not be jumping in a fucking pool, with a fucking toaster.

MURPHY

I'm gonna.

CHUCK

Fuck you then!

MURPHY

It's not gonna hurt me.

Chuck flips off Murphy. Murphy draws the panel depicting Chuck jumping in, electricity shooting everywhere. Then there is a black panel. Next panel depicts a rendering of Andrea, MISS BITTERWOMAN. She is holding a frayed electrical cord. Still in the pool, Chuck hangs onto the side of the pool, "You saved my life. How 'bout I pay you back with some sex?" Miss B, "I just brought this cord over here to find a new outlet. You shorted out have the complex. I wanna make sure you have enough juice to finish the job."

Chuck turns to Murphy.

CHUCK

Alright! I dig this chick. You're not so bad Murphy.

Murphy then starts drawing more. Miss Bitterwoman plugs in the cord. Electricity starts up in the pool again. Black panel with word bubble, "You might have a defective toaster, let me go get you mine."

Murphy takes a sip of his coffee. He sets it down.

BLOOP! Murphy sees plaster in his coffee. He looks up. A new hole is being chewed away at. More ceiling falls into his hair and coffee. Murphy smiles.

FADE OUT: