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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A HOMEROOM TEACHER stands in the front of the room, taking attendance.

TEACHER

Lipshitz?

Everyone CHUCKLES. Lipshitz is a funny name. No response.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Lipshitz?

Again, nothing. The teacher looks frustrated.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Adam Lipshitz, I see you sitting in the back.

LIPSHITZ (O.S.)

Then why do you keep calling my name you fucking moron?

The teacher goes red-faced.

TEACHER

Get out.

Everyone turns around. A CHAIR SCREECHES as our unseen hero stands.

ON ADAM LIPSHITZ (17).

Skinny. Glasses. Acne. Odd. He won't get laid till he's married... and even then, maybe bi-weekly.

LIPSHITZ

You think I care? I'll go to the principal's office and maybe he'll suspend me. The principal is not my pal, no matter we spell principal. And you know why I don't care? Because I have principles, spelled p-r-i-n-c-i-p-l-e-s. I don't let--

He stops at a DESK, looks at a PRETTY GIRL.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

-- Mark Sherman have sex with me at a party while he sits on a toilet taking a dump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRETTY GIRL

That's not true.

Lipshitz GRABS her, plants a big KISS on her lips. She struggles for a moment, then falls into it. Suddenly, he pushes her away, leaving her breathless.

LIPSHITZ

There's more where that came from  
you little skank.

A big jock, MARK SHERMAN, stands up next to him, gets in his face.

MARK SHERMAN

You son of a--

BAP! Lipshitz floors the bigger kid with a left. He stands over him.

LIPSHITZ

That shot will leave you with a  
black eye. You get up, I break  
your nose. Then a rib.

The kid stays down. The teacher runs at Lipshitz, grabs him.

TEACHER

Adam, what has come over you--

LIPSHITZ

You have two seconds to take your  
hand off of me before I knock you  
back to the below average  
community college where you got  
your B.A.

The teacher removes his hand. Adam steps up to the front of the classroom.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

None of you matter to me. Not you  
incompetent teachers with your  
pathetic paychecks, not you  
steroid-riddled football players  
with your shrunken testes, not  
even you perky little cheerleaders  
two years away from your first  
abortion. I fly above you, in a  
stratosphere all my own: I am  
meant for greatness. I've known  
it since childhood. I am Adam--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEACHER (O.S.)

Lipshitz.

Lipshitz looks up from his desk, breaking from his FANTASY. None of this has been real. He raises his hand, sadly.

LIPSHITZ

Here.

END COLD OPEN.

INT. THE LIPSHITZ HOME - LATER

Lipshitz ENTERS. On the couch sits his heavy-set MOTHER, watching JERRY SPRINGER.

LIPSHITZ  
Hello, Mother.

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
I'm watching Springer.

LIPSHITZ  
I forgot my shin guards.

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
Those things smell like shit.

LIPSHITZ  
If you let me play football  
instead of stupid soccer I  
wouldn't have smelly shin guards.

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
Ha ha.

LIPSHITZ  
Ha ha back at you.

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
I'm watching Springer.

LIPSHITZ  
I love you.

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
There are bagel dogs in the  
fridge.

LIPSHITZ  
Sweet.

INT. LIPSHITZ'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lipshitz eats a BAGEL-DOG as he puts on his shin guards.  
He smells one and cringes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lipshitz comes back down the stairs. His mother sits on the couch. In the RECLINER CHAIR next to her sits a yet unseen WHITE-HAIRED MAN. They're watching Springer.

MAMA LIPSHITZ

(re: Springer)

She's gonna call him a nigger now,  
then they're going to fight.

WHITE HAIRED MAN (O.S.)

Interesting.

He addresses Lipshitz without turning.

WHITE HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

Are you ready to go, Adam  
Lipshitz?

LIPSHITZ

Who are you?

The man stands up and turns toward Lipshitz, revealing that he's...

LESLIE NIELSON

Hello, I'm Leslie Nielson.

LIPSHITZ

Leslie Nielson! This can't be  
happening.

LESLIE NIELSON

It is happening, and don't call me  
Shirley.

LIPSHITZ

I didn't.

LESLIE NIELSON

You didn't?

LIPSHITZ

No.

LESLIE NIELSON

Normally that's the first thing  
people say to me.

LIPSHITZ

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE NIELSON  
Surely you're not serious.

LIPSHITZ  
About what?

LESLIE NIELSON  
This is confusing.

LIPSHITZ  
Yes, it is.

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
I'm trying to watch Springer.

LESLIE NIELSON  
We should go. There is much to discuss.

LIPSHITZ  
Okay.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lipshitz and Leslie Nielson walk down the street.  
Lipshitz is wearing his soccer uniform.

LIPSHITZ  
This isn't real is it? This is one of my dreams, right?

LESLIE NIELSON  
If this was a dream, then let me ask you: why aren't you sleeping?

LIPSHITZ  
Maybe I am and I'm just dreaming.

Leslie Nielson think about this, continues walking.

LESLIE NIELSON  
You're very wise. Everything they've said about you is true. You are he.

LIPSHITZ  
Who's he?

LESLIE NIELSON  
You.

LIPSHITZ  
Me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE NIELSON  
Yes.

LIPSHITZ  
I'm him?

LESLIE NIELSON  
(correcting)  
He.

LIPSHITZ  
Who?

LESLIE NIELSON  
You.

LIPSHITZ  
Seriously?

LESLIE NIELSON  
Don't call me, Shirley.

LIPSHITZ  
I didn't.

Silent confusion. They walk down the street for a moment.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

LESLIE NIELSON  
My father got drunk and had a one night stand with my mother and they didn't use protection.

LIPSHITZ  
No, I mean what do you want from me?

Leslie Nielson stops. Looks Lipshitz in the eye.

LESLIE NIELSON  
Because you are he, Adam Lipshitz. And they've sent me to guide you.

LIPSHITZ  
Who's they?

LESLIE NIELSON  
You will learn in time. For now, all you need to know is that they have decided that you are he.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIPSHITZ

I have a soccer game.

LESLIE NIELSON

Let me ask you, Adam Lipshitz: are you content with your meaningless existence? Have you ever felt that you were meant for something more? Something greater?

Lipshitz freezes, shocked.

LIPSHITZ

Yes.

LESLIE NIELSON

"Yes" you're content with the meaningless life or "yes" you're meant for something greater?

LIPSHITZ

Something greater.

LESLIE NIELSON

Thank God. That could have screwed everything up.

(a beat, then)

You don't know it yet, young Lipshitz, but the fate of the world rests in your hands. You are the savior. Be wary of The Man in Red and await further instructions.

LIPSHITZ

I don't understand.

LESLIE NIELSON

This is all I'm at liberty to discuss. I received my instructions at the Scary Movie 4 junket.

LIPSHITZ

You were very funny in that.

LESLIE NIELSON

Thank you. The Wayans have been very good to me. They're pulling for you, Adam Lipshitz.

LIPSHITZ

The Wayans brother know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Leslie Nielson smiles. Suddenly, a HUGE BLACK LIMOUSINE pulls up to the curb.

LESLIE NIELSON  
We all know who you are, Adam  
Lipshitz.

Leslie Nielson hops in the car. It speeds away.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Lipshitz floats through the game in a haze. ON THE SIDELINES, a coach SCREAMS.

COACH  
C'mon! One minute left! We need  
that goal!

Lipshitz scans the sidelines. A group of cheerleaders do a cheer. Lipshitz hones in on the prettiest of all of them. A perfect smile, a perfect body.

LIPSHITZ  
(to himself)  
Rebecca Fellini.

And then, behind her...

THE MAN IN RED. A red suit. Red shirt. Red tie. Lipshitz freezes.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
The Man in Red.

Suddenly, the soccer ball stops at Lipshitz's foot. He's feet in front of the goal, only the goalie stands in front of him.

But Lipshitz is too focused on the man. He doesn't even notice.

A player SLIDES in, knocking him down and kicking the ball away.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. Game over. Lipshitz lies on the ground. Moments later, the Coach and the rest of the team stand over him.

COACH  
Lipshitz, you retard! You  
complete dingleberry! We had it!  
We had the game!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A player SPITS on Lipshitz. But he doesn't care. He gets up, looks toward the Man in Red. But he's gone. Lipshitz gets up and runs off the field.

ON LIPSHITZ

Running, frantic, past angry, screaming teammates and spectators.

Lipshitz looks back over his shoulder. There's activity back on the sidelines, but the Man in Red is nowhere to be found... until:

SMACK. Lipshitz runs into an immovable object. Lipshitz looks up and GASPS.

THE MAN IN RED. They stand face to face. The Man in Red is tall, handsome even. The only thing that mars his appearance is a long, deep SCAR that runs from the corner of his left eye to the corner of his mouth.

MAN IN RED

Hello, Adam Lipshitz.

Adam tries to run. Before he can take a step, the Man in Red grabs his arm.

MAN IN RED (CONT'D)

Perhaps it is time for us to get better acquainted.

Adam NODS, weakly.

CUT TO:

INT. TGIF'S - LATER

Lipshitz and the Man in Red sit at a booth.

MAN IN RED

Love this place. Just love it. Everyday is Friday here, ya know?

LIPSHITZ

Uh huh.

The Man in Red flags down a PRETTY WAITRESS.

MAN IN RED

Excuse me... Miss?

The waitress, stops, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

What can I do for you boys?

MAN IN RED

My Lord you have a wonderful smile. Adam Lipshitz, doesn't...  
 (reading her nametag)  
 Virginia here just have the loveliest smile you've ever seen?

LIPSHITZ

She has a very pretty smile.

VIRGINIA

(re: Man in Red)  
 You're cute.

MAN IN RED

Isn't he?

The waitress LAUGHS. Awkward flirtation. Lipshitz can't help but be freaked out and impressed at the same time. The Man in Red grabs her hand.

MAN IN RED (CONT'D)

I have yet another question for you, Pretty Virginia.

VIRGINIA

You ask, I'll answer.

MAN IN RED

I'm in the mood to get swept into a chocolate-laced avalanche of Kahlua, vodka, Baileys Irish Cream and ice cream. Can you recommend anything?

She LAUGHS again, continues holding his hand.

VIRGINIA

Clearly you seek a TGIF Ultimate Mudslide.

MAN IN RED

Clearly. And one for the boy. Extra mud, easy on the slide.

LIPSHITZ

I don't drink. I'm only seventeen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Man in Red and the waitress share a ROLL OF THE EYES. He holds up two fingers ("bring two anyways"). She NODS and turns to go.

MAN IN RED

And Virginia? Later on in our meal, perhaps after the loaded potato skins as we eagerly await our Friday's Cheesy Bacon Cheeseburgers, I am going to ask you for your phone number and you are going to give it to me. Later this weekend I will call you and you will come over my place and let me do horrible things to you.

VIRGINIA

(entranced)

Okay.

She GIGGLES and walks away. The Man in Red turns back to Lipshitz and WINKS.

MAN IN RED

You see, Adam Lipshitz, I'm not such a bad guy. I don't know what you've heard but--

LIPSHITZ

Leslie Nielson told me to be wary of you.

At the mention of the name Leslie Nielson, The Man in Red instinctively touches his SCAR. He looks at Adam, serious.

MAN IN RED

Leslie Nielson is not what he seems, young Lipshitz.

LIPSHITZ

This is all very confusing for me.

MAN IN RED

As it should be. That is why you must trust me. This is very important: have they told you about your first mission?

LESLIE NIELSON steps into frame, SLIDES into the booth next to Adam, opposite the Man in Red.

LESLIE NIELSON

We hadn't gotten to that yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Man in Red stands.

MAN IN RED

Leslie Nielson, we meet again.

Leslie Nielson stands.

LESLIE NIELSON

Hello, Man in Red.

They stand there, facing off for an awkward moment.

MAN IN RED

We should sit back down.

LESLIE NIELSON

I agree.

They continue standing, facing-off.

MAN IN RED

You first.

LESLIE NIELSON

I sat down first the last time.

MAN IN RED

I don't understand why you always have to make things so difficult, Leslie Nielson.

LESLIE NIELSON

I can stand all day.

MAN IN RED

As can I.

LESLIE NIELSON

What about when your food comes?

MAN IN RED

I will eat standing up.

LESLIE NIELSON

That may be very uncomfortable.

MAN IN RED

I recognize that.

They stand there, awkward. Lipshitz tries...

LIPSHITZ

I can count to three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LESLIE NIELSON

Good for you, Adam Lipshitz. The public school system has served you well.

LIPSHITZ

I mean, I can count to three out loud, and then you can both sit down at the same time.

Leslie Nielson and The Man in Red look at each other, taking this in, as if they've just discovered genius.

MAN IN RED

He's everything I've heard.

LESLIE NIELSON

He is he.

MAN IN RED

He is.

Lipshitz is getting frustrated. He BLURTS out...

LIPSHITZ

One, two, three.

Both men sit down instantly. They sit there in silence. Finally...

LESLIE NIELSON

The boy will not tell you of his first mission. I specifically kept that information from him because I knew you would approach him and try and extricate the information from him.

LIPSHITZ

And I had to get to my soccer game.

LESLIE NIELSON

And that.

MAN IN RED

Well clearly we can't both sit with him.

LESLIE NIELSON

There are rules.

LIPSHITZ

What rules?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LESLIE NIELSON

Rules are prescribed directions  
for conduct, especially one of the  
regulations governing procedure in  
a legislative body.

Lipshitz looks at him confused.

MAN IN RED

He didn't ask "what are rules?"  
He asked, "what rules?"

LESLIE NIELSON

Yes, I know. It was a stretch.

Virginia (the waitress) approaches. She puts TWO  
MUDSLIDES down on the table.

VIRGINIA

Here you go, Gentlemen.  
(then, noticing)  
Holy shit! Leslie Nielson! I  
love you!

Leslie Nielson does a kingly FLOURISH.

LESLIE NIELSON

Perhaps we should let this fair  
young maiden decide who should  
stay and who should go.

The Man in Red smiles.

MAN IN RED

A fabulous idea. Virginia, there  
are three patrons at your table  
yet only two Friday's Ultimate  
Mudslides. If you had to choose  
someone to leave this table and  
not partake, who would it be?

Virginia thinks.

VIRGINIA

Why don't I just go get you guys a  
third Mudslide?

MAN IN RED

Because that's the not the game  
we're playing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

VIRGINIA

I could be back with it in like a minute when I bring the potato skins.

MAN IN RED

Just... you can't... that's not how this works. You have to pick someone to leave.

She looks the table over.

VIRGINIA

Well, I hate doing it, but I guess I'd pick the kid over there.

MAN IN RED

You can't pick him.

VIRGINIA

Why not?

MAN IN RED

Because that's not what I asked.

LESLIE NIELSON

In fairness, you did just ask her to pick someone at the table to leave.

MAN IN RED

Shut up, Leslie Nielson. You can't pick the boy. It has to be one of us.

Virginia looks back and forth. The Man in Red smiles at her, charming. Leslie Nielson smiles as well...

LESLIE NIELSON

I'll sign autographs.

Virginia frowns. Finally...

VIRGINIA

I guess I'd pick Leslie Nielson to stay. *Scary Movie 4* really made me laugh.

MAN IN RED

I can't believe this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

LESLIE NIELSON

Used to shock me, too. But younger kids don't really know *Airplane* and *The Naked Gun* trilogy like you'd think. It's the *Scary Movie* franchise that really put me on the map with the under twenty crowd.

The Man in Red STANDS.

MAN IN RED

You haven't heard the last of me, Leslie Nielson.

LESLIE NIELSON

Be gone, Man in Red.

MAN IN RED

Leslie Nielson is not what he seems, Adam Lipshitz.

(to Virginia)

I would have made you scream like an unhappy toddler.

He EXITS. Virginia SHRUGS and walks away. Leslie Nielson takes his place in the booth opposite Lipshitz.

LESLIE NIELSON

I'm sorry you had to see that. It must have been very frightening for you.

LIPSHITZ

It was more just weird.

(a beat, then)

Listen, Leslie Nielson. I'm a big fan of yours and I think it's really exciting and kind of odd that I'm meeting you like this. But I think you all have the wrong guy here. I'm nothing. I mean--

Leslie Nielson holds up his hand.

LESLIE NIELSON

You are he. You know it as well as we do. Think back, Adam. Do you remember your seventh birthday?

Lipshitz thinks.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

A seven year old Lipshitz stands in front of a birthday cake. One candle burns. His mother sits on the couch watching Springer, paying no attention.

SEVEN YEAR OLD LIPSHITZ  
I wish I could fly.

Young Adam blows out the candle. Suddenly, he begins FLOATING IN THE AIR!

SEVEN YEAR OLD LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)  
Mom! Mom!

MAMA LIPSHITZ  
Shut up. The Nazi's about to call him a Hebe, then they're gonna fight.

BACK TO:

INT. TGIF'S - CONTINUOUS

Adam breaks from it. Leslie Nielson smiles at him.

LESLIE NIELSON  
And that wasn't a sign to you?

LIPSHITZ  
I thought I dreamed it.

LESLIE NIELSON  
You dreamt it.

LIPSHITZ  
I did?

LESLIE NIELSON  
No, I was just correcting your grammar. The past tense of dream is dreamt, not dreamed. The flying stuff really happened.

LIPSHITZ  
Wow.

LESLIE NIELSON  
You are he.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIPSHITZ

(realizing)

I'm him.

LESLIE NIELSON

He.

LIPSHITZ

Let's not do this again.

LESLIE NIELSON

Very well. Would you like to learn your first mission, Adam? It will need to be accomplished tonight. The world is in danger.

Lipshitz looks up, slowly buying in.

LIPSHITZ

What do I have to do?

LESLIE NIELSON

Tonight, there is a party at Mark Sherman's house. You must attend the party, get Rebecca Fellini alone, obtain her bra, feel her right booby, and bring the brassiere to me. She does not know, but her bra holds the first key. This has already been arranged.

LIPSHITZ

How?

LESLIE NIELSON

People on our side planted it weeks ago when she was at school and her parents were working.

LIPSHITZ

No, I mean, Rebecca Fellini's like the hottest girl in school. How am I going to get her bra and feel her right boob?

LESLIE NIELSON

You will figure it out. It has been written.

Lipshitz shakes his head.

LIPSHITZ

This is all too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE NIELSON

Oh, this is just the beginning,  
Adam. This is nothing.

LIPSHITZ

Nothing? I'm at TGIF's with  
Leslie Nielson. I'm supposed to  
save the world by getting the bra  
off the hottest girl in school--

LESLIE NIELSON

And touching her right booby.

LIPSHITZ

And that's saying nothing of the  
creepy yet strangely charismatic  
Man in Red.

Leslie Nielson FREEZES.

LESLIE NIELSON

Oh, about him. I don't know if  
I'm supposed to tell you this but--

LIPSHITZ

What?

LESLIE NIELSON

He's your father.

Lipshitz looks up, stunned. Leslie Nielson smiles  
gently.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

Or a very close cousin. We don't  
have all the details yet.

As Lipshitz dives back into his Mudslide, we...

**END ACT ONE.**

CONTINUED: (3)

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING

Adam Lipshitz stands on the curb with Leslie Nielson. Across a grass lawn is a crowded front porch. HIP HOP blares from inside the house. It's a huge party.

LESLIE NIELSON

You know what you have to do?

LIPSHITZ

Get Rebecca Fellini's bra and bring it to you.

LESLIE NIELSON

And?

LIPSHITZ

Feel her right boob.

LESLIE NIELSON

And?

LIPSHITZ

That was all you told me I had to do.

LESLIE NIELSON

And?

LIPSHITZ

I'm not sure what else you want me to say.

LESLIE NIELSON

Fair enough, let's go.

Leslie Nielson starts walking toward the house. Lipshitz takes a stand, grabs his arm.

LIPSHITZ

I'm not taking one more step until you answer a few questions.

LESLIE NIELSON

I am permitted to answer three questions. I already gave you The "Man in Red might be your father" thing, but we won't count that.

LIPSHITZ

Three questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE NIELSON

Yes. That's one.

LIPSHITZ

Wait, you're counting that as my first question?

LESLIE NIELSON

That's two. For the boy who is he you're clearly not very good at this.

Lipshitz starts to react but catches himself. He thinks about what he wants to ask, then...

LIPSHITZ

Are you really Leslie Nielson or are you some other-worldly spirit in disguise as Leslie Nielson?

LESLIE NIELSON

Ah! Good question. Normally people ask me about working with O.J.

Leslie Nielson pulls Lipshitz in close.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

I am really Leslie Nielson, Adam. I work for a higher power who you will come to know in time. All celebrities do, in fact. Surely you've noticed the world's fascination with celebrity?

LIPSHITZ

Of course, but--

LESLIE NIELSON

Modern celebrity has been carefully manufactured over the course of hundreds of years to help open doors for the boy who is he. That's you. Every famous person in the world is currently working toward helping you in your mission. No one 'becomes' famous, we are 'made' famous by She.

LIPSHITZ

Who's She?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE NIELSON

Ah, this is why you shouldn't have  
wasted those first two questions.  
Worry not: in due time, you will  
learn all. Now: to the boobies.

Lipshitz nods, SIGHS. He approaches the house.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

Adam?

Lipshitz stops.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

When in doubt, the number three  
will serve you well.

LIPSHITZ

What the hell does that mean?

LESLIE NIELSON

I honestly have no idea. I'm just  
the messenger.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lipshitz walks toward the open front door. Suddenly,  
MARK SHERMAN (the guy Lipshitz punched out in the fantasy  
opening) blocks his path.

MARK HARMON

Sorry, Lipshitz. This is an  
invite only party.

LIPSHITZ

Mark, listen. It's important that  
I get inside. I know it sounds  
crazy, but the fate of the world  
depends on it.

MARK HARMON

Really? That's what you're going  
with?

Suddenly, Leslie Nielson steps into the doorway going for  
a dramatic entrance.

LESLIE NIELSON

(loudly)

He is serious, and please stop  
calling him Shirley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. Mark and those around him look at Leslie Nielson blankly.

MARK

Who the fuck are you?

LESLIE NIELSON

I'm Leslie Nielson.

Nothing.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

Have none of you children seen  
*Airplane?*

They look at him blankly. He SIGHS.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

I did the George W Bush thing in  
*Scary Movie 4.*

The kids around the door start mumbling, slowly recognizing him.

MARK

Holy shit! It's the guy from  
*Scary Movie 4!*

Everyone is suddenly all over Leslie Nielson. As they clamor about, Leslie motions toward Lipshitz. Lipshitz nods, and uses the opportunity to enter the party.

INT. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

An all-time high school kegger. Lipshitz wanders about, searching. He stops a kid.

LIPSHITZ

Have you seen Rebecca Fellini?

KID

Screw you.

The kid moves away. Lipshitz approaches a girl.

LIPSHITZ

Have you seen Rebecca Fellini?

GIRL

Loser.

She walks off. Lipshitz SIGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIPSHITZ

Where is she?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, a group of about twenty girls and boys sit around a bed drinking. In the center of the bed sits the ultra-perfect REBECCA FELLINI - a complete knockout.

A BOY takes center stage.

BOY

Alright, here's how this is going to work. A dude pairs up with a chick and they go into the closet for two minutes.

Three girls stand up.

GIRL #1

This is so eighth grade.

GIRL #2

So.

GIRL #3

Totally eighth grade.

REBECCA FELLINI

I think it sounds funny.

The girls instantly change their opinion to fit with that of the Queen Bee.

GIRL #1

Yeah, it could be funny.

GIRL #2

Like, retro-funny.

GIRL #3

Totally retro.

Rebecca Fellini rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

I'll go first. Who wants to go in the closet with me?

The boys all raise their hands and clamor toward her. She smiles, above it all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
I'm thinking of a number one to  
one hundred. Closest to it wins.

Boys start shouting out numbers.

BOY #1  
Fifty-five.

BOY#2  
Seventy-one.

LIPSHITZ (O.S.)  
Three.

Everyone turns. Lipshitz stands at the door. Rebecca  
Fellini looks at him, shocked.

REBECCA  
It was three.

The guys GROAN. Lipshitz GULPS and steps toward her.

LIPSHITZ  
(to himself)  
Holy shit.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

The kitchen is full of alcohol laced teenagers, chanting:

GROUP  
Chug! Chug! Chug!

In the center of the pack, Leslie Nielson is in the midst  
of a CHUGGING CONTEST with Mark Sherman. Leslie Nielson  
finishes his BOTTLE of beer and CHUCKS it out the front  
door. The kids go crazy.

As the cheers fade, we hear slow APPLAUSE. Everyone  
turns.

In the back of the kitchen stands The Man in Red.

LESLIE NIELSON  
How did you find us?

MAN IN RED  
There is nowhere you can take him  
that I will not find him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE NIELSON

What if I take him to a different dimension that you cannot enter?

MAN IN RED

I would find him.

LESLIE NIELSON

How? I said you couldn't enter the dimension.

MAN IN RED

Yes, but there's no such thing.

LESLIE NIELSON

It's a hypothetical question, Man in Red. You said there's nowhere I could take him that you wouldn't find him so I named a place that defeated your theory.

The Man in Red is getting frustrated.

MAN IN RED

Fine! There's nowhere you can take him on EARTH that I will not find him. Is that better?

LESLIE NIELSON

Yes, but it's a little late. You should really try and avoid hyperbole.

MAN IN RED

You're such an ass.

LESLIE NIELSON

I know you are, but what am I?

MAN IN RED

I just told you: you're an ass.

LESLIE NIELSON

I know you are but--

CRASH. The Man in Red throws an empty BOTTLE at Leslie Nielson. It just misses him, smashing against the wall. The crowd GASPS, sensing eminent combat.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

You should not have done that.

MAN IN RED

What are you going to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE NIELSON

Would you like to step outside?

The CROWD CHEERS.

MARK

Fight! The guy from *Scary Movie 4*  
is gonna fight the guy with the  
scar!

Self-consciously the Man in Red touches his scar. He  
grabs Mark's arm.

MAN IN RED

That was very hurtful. There are  
many ways you could have described  
me that didn't involve my physical  
deformity. I'm in all red for  
God's sake! He just called me The  
Man in Red! Is it that hard?!

MARK

Sorry, Dude.

MAN IN RED

It's a little late for an apology.

The Man in Red quickly grabs Mark by the back of his head  
and puts his hand on his forehead. He begins CHANTING in  
a strange foreign tongue. Finally, he releases.

MARK

What was that?

MAN IN RED

You might want to look in your  
pants, Son. Your genitalia may  
have changed dramatically.

Mark looks in his pants. The Man in Red smiles. Mark  
looks back up, confused.

MARK

Everything looks okay to me.

Now the Man in Red looks confused.

MAN IN RED

Really? That's odd.

He turns to the kid standing next to Mark.

MAN IN RED (CONT'D)

What about you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The kid looks in his pants. He SCREAMS.

KID

Oh my God! I have a vagina!

The Man in Red pats him on the back.

MAN IN RED

Sorry about that. I'm a bit rusty.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - MEANWHILE

It's a small closet, lit by one singular light bulb. Lipshitz stands face to face with Rebecca Fellini. Awkward.

LIPSHITZ

So...

REBECCA

You're Adam Lipshitz, right?

LIPSHITZ

Adam, yeah.

REBECCA

We're in trig together.

LIPSHITZ

And study hall. And we were in the same penmanship class in fourth grade. You borrowed a pen from me once.

Lipshitz pauses, awkward. Too much info. But Rebecca smiles, lets him off the hook.

REBECCA

You always know all the answers in trig. And I've seen you playing soccer.

LIPSHITZ

Oh, I hate soccer. Always wanted to play football but I'm too skinny and... yeah. I just hate soccer, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Awkward silence. Suddenly - in the least smooth fashion possible - Lipshitz lunges in for a KISS. Rebecca quickly back away, SLAPS him across the face, hard.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Owww!

REBECCA

What the hell are you doing?

LIPSHITZ

I don't know. I thought that's what we're supposed to do in here. You know, mess around?

REBECCA

I'm not messing around with anyone. Why do you think I picked you?

LIPSHITZ

Because I chose the number three.

REBECCA

My number was sixty-four.

LIPSHITZ

(desperate)

No, you picked me because of the number three. The number three served me well. That's how it was supposed to work.

REBECCA

I picked you because you seem sweet in trig class. I figured you wouldn't try and grope me.

LIPSHITZ

Oh.

Rebecca turns to leave the closet. Lipshitz grabs her arm.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Rebecca, wait.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MEANWHILE

A crowd has gathered on the front lawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWD

Fight! Fight! Fight!

ON THE GROUND

Leslie Nielson and The Man in Red have taken high-school WRESTLING POSITIONS on the grass. The Man in Red is on all fours. Leslie Nielson is on his back.

It is, needless to say, the strangest thing you've ever seen.

MAN IN RED

You have the favorable starting position.

LESLIE NIELSON

You had position when we last met. Or have you blocked that out completely?

The Man in Red touches his scar.

MAN IN RED

Oh, I remember it every time I look in the mirror.  
(a beat, then)  
Go!

They start struggling against one another. As usually happens in this type of wrestling, nothing really exciting happens. As the men GROAN, they continue their war of words.

MAN IN RED (CONT'D)

The boy is mine by right.

LESLIE NIELSON

You will not get your hands on him. He's meant for good.

MAN IN RED

He is not.

LESLIE NIELSON

Is too.

MAN IN RED

Is not.

LESLIE NIELSON

Is too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN IN RED

Is not.

LESLIE NIELSON

Is not.

MAN IN RED

Is too.

Leslie Nielson LAUGHS, gleeful.

LESLIE NIELSON

Oldest trick in the book, Man in Red. And you fall for it every time.

MAN IN RED

Damn you, Leslie Nielson!

As the battle wages on we cut...

BACK TO:

INT. CLOSET - MEANWHILE

Lipshitz has Rebecca stopped at the door to the closet.

LIPSHITZ

Listen, I'm really sorry. Trust me when I tell you I don't normally grope girls. Hell, I'm too timid to grope myself. I mean I've groped myself before... not a lot, but enough so you don't think there's something wrong with me. I'm not asexual, I'm just extremely shy.

She's getting freaked out. He tries a different tact.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

I have something to tell you that's going to sound kind of weird.

REBECCA

You have one minute.

Lipshitz nods. He takes a DEEP BREATH and gathers himself. This is it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIPSHITZ

The thing is... you're born with the last name Lipshitz, it's an uphill battle from the start. And frankly I've never had enough positive qualities to overcome that. Girls don't look at me, guys don't want to hang out with me. I'm unathletic, unattractive, and relatively unexceptional.

REBECCA

Adam--

Lipshitz puts up his hand, he's not done.

ADAM

But despite all of that, my entire life I've always felt like there was something more waiting for me. Like I was meant for something bigger, something greater. And today, well, it happened. And it's too hard to explain, and it involves Leslie Nielson and a guy who may or may not be my father and/or the devil... but that's not important right now. What is important is this: in the next minute, I need to convince you to take off your bra, give it to me, and let me feel your right boob. And since it's probably too hard for you to believe that the fate of the world depends on it, maybe it's easier to believe this:

Lipshitz steps close to her. He takes off his glasses.

LIPSHITZ

You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. And normally a guy like me would have no chance of getting a girl like you. But today hasn't been a normal day, and I'm tired of feeling unathletic and unattractive and relatively unexceptional. So right now, in this closet, I'm starting over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

I'm not going to cower in shame when someone says my funny last name and I'm not going to look at the greatest girl on the planet and automatically assume I have no chance. In this closet, right now, I'm asking you to help me start over.

Lipshitz backs away, holds out his hand.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Adam Lipshitz. And I need your bra.

As Rebecca takes this in we...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FRONT LAWN - MEANWHILE

Where Leslie Nielson and The Man in Red continue wrestling.

MAN IN RED

Tell me what She wants with him.

LESLIE NIELSON

You know I won't tell you that.

MAN IN RED

You think you're so superior.

LESLIE NIELSON

I don't. I'm actually in awe of you. I mean: how on Earth did you get the TGIF waitress over there to come to a high school kegger?

MAN IN RED

Virginia came?

As the Man in Red TURNS, Leslie Nielson uses the advantage to take out his front arm and drop him to the ground. The Man in Red's face CRASHES to the ground against Leslie Nielson's previously discarded BEER BOTTLE which SHATTERS.

MAN IN RED (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh!

Leslie Nielson FLIPS him over and PINS him onto his back. The Man in Red is bleeding: a CUT running from his other eye to the other corner of his mouth has been formed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leslie Nielson SLAMS his hand on the ground like a referee. It's over. He stands.

LESLIE NIELSON

I'll be seeing you, Man in Red.

The Man in Red wipes the blood from his face, furious. Suddenly, he stands and WHIPS a large BAZOOKA type gun from inside his jacket. Kids SCREAM and SCATTER. Leslie Nielson freezes.

MAN IN RED

You think you're so smart. Who's smart now?

LESLIE NIELSON

If you're so smart, why didn't you just use the bazooka gun to begin with?

The Man in Red thinks about this. He's got a point. Screw it. He points the gun at Leslie Nielson.

MAN IN RED

I will weep when they memorialize you at next year's Oscars.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - MEANWHILE

Lipshitz ENTERS the KITCHEN, sees kids screaming and looking out the window.

MARK

Someone call the police!

Lipshitz looks out the window, sees The Man in Red taking aim at Leslie Nielson. Lipshitz thinks, desperate. He looks toward the door.

And there it is, hanging on a coat rack next to the doorway:

Mark Sherman's FOOTBALL UNIFORM: shoulder pads, helmet, and all. Lipshitz goes to it, turns the jersey around.

LESLIE NIELSON (V.O.)

When in doubt the number three will serve you well.

The back of the jersey reads "3." Lipshitz smiles.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Man in Red takes close aim.

MAN IN RED

No more talk. Say goodbye, Leslie Nielson.

LESLIE NIELSON

No. I won't say it.

MAN IN RED

Just say it. Say goodbye.

LESLIE NIELSON

I'm not saying it.

MAN IN RED

Can't you ever make things easy for me!?

And just then, charging in like a bull, Adam Lipshitz comes flying into frame in full FOOTBALL GEAR. He knocks the Man in the Red to the ground, his gun goes flying. Lipshitz stands over him.

LIPSHITZ

That's for leaving me and mom when I was a baby you son of a bitch.

MAN IN RED

But we're not sure I'm actually your father.

LIPSHITZ

Well, if it turns out you're not my father it's for trying to shoot Leslie Nielson.

LESLIE NIELSON

Lipshitz, RUN!!!

Lipshitz and Leslie Nielson go running down the street. The Man in Red goes for his gun. He begins giving chase, firing recklessly.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Leslie Nielson and Lipshitz run down the street as The Man in Red gives chase, shooting. House lights blink on.

ON AN OLDER COUPLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Who look out a window.

OLD WOMAN  
Is someone shooting?

OLD MAN  
I think so.  
(then)  
Is that Leslie Nielson?

BACK TO SCENE

They talk as they run.

LESLIE NIELSON  
Did you get it?

LIPSHITZ  
She didn't want me to touch her.

Leslie Nielson stops. His face drops. Adam stops.

LIPSHITZ (CONT'D)  
At first.

Lipshitz pulls out the bra from inside the football uniform. Leslie Nielson breaks into a huge smile.

LESLIE NIELSON  
I knew it. You are he.

LIPSHITZ  
Yes. I believe I am.

Leslie Nielson tears open a cup from the bra. He pulls out A KEY!

LESLIE NIELSON  
I can't tell you what it is for.  
Not yet.

LIPSHITZ  
I know. But just tell me this:  
why did I have to feel her right  
boob?

LESLIE NIELSON  
You didn't. I just figured you  
were going to be busy saving the  
world for a while, you better get  
to second base while you had the  
time.

Lipshitz smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIPSHITZ

Good looking out, Leslie Nielson.

LESLIE NIELSON

You're welcome, Adam Lipshitz.

SHOTS! It breaks the moment. The Man in Red approaches in the distance, shooting.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

Quickly. To the park.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the park, out of breath. In the middle of the field sits a BLACK HELICOPTER. The propellers are already moving. As Lipshitz heads to it, Leslie Nielson grabs him.

LESLIE NIELSON

Adam, if you enter this helicopter, you will be embarking on a quest to save the world. You will often find yourself frustrated, and many times you will not have all the answers. Do you understand?

LIPSHITZ

You're first asking me this now? After everything I've been through? Surely you can't be serious.

Leslie Nielson smiles, touched.

LESLIE NIELSON

Ah, you're good to me, Adam Lipshitz. It's going to be a pleasure working with you.

(a beat, then)

I am serious, and please don't call me Shirley.

LIPSHITZ

Probably would have been better if you'd reversed the order there.

LESLIE NIELSON

Yes. I realize this now.

Leslie Nielson opens the door to the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

She's waiting for you.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Lipshitz and Leslie Nielson ENTER. And there, sitting in the co-pilot seat next to an empty pilot seat sits...

LIPSHITZ

Roseanne Barr!

ROSEANNE BARR

Hello, Adam Lipshitz.

LIPSHITZ

My mom absolutely loves you.

ROSEANNE BARR

You must have many questions.

LIPSHITZ

I do.

ROSEANNE BARR

I really did love Tom Arnold at one point in time. I don't know why. The rest of your questions will be answered in due time.

Suddenly, GUNFIRE. The Man in Red is closing in on the helicopter.

LESLIE NIELSON

We must go!

Lipshitz buckles in, in the back of the chopper. Roseanne Barr turns around.

ROSEANNE BARR

What do you think you're doing?  
You're driving!

Lipshitz turns toward Leslie Nielson. He nods.

LESLIE NIELSON

Don't worry. You know how.

Lipshitz NODS, smiles. He believes.

LESLIE NIELSON (CONT'D)

Unless of course we've made a gigantic mistake and you're not he. Guess we'll find out shortly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Man in Red approaches, firing at the front windshield of the chopper. Lipshitz takes the controls and pulls back. The chopper flies off into the night sky, smooth as silk.

The Man in Red stands there. Looking up. Bloody and beaten. After a moment, he hears a RUSTLING in the woods. He quickly turns around, revealing...

REBECCA FELLINI. She approaches him.

MAN IN RED

You still have the original key?

REBECCA

Yes, he took the decoy.

(a beat, then)

I feel bad. He was actually sweet. And cute. I've never fooled around with such a sweet, gentle guy.

MAN IN RED

Yes, I know. But you can't--

REBECCA

I know. He's "he" and we have to destroy him.

MAN IN RED

Yes, that. And also: there's a slight chance that he might be your brother.

She freezes, instantly nauseous.

MAN IN RED (CONT'D)

Okay, relax. You just kissed him. It's not like you let him feel you up.

As Rebecca GAGS, the Man in Red looks up at the helicopter, retreating into the blackness. And we...

END SHOW.