

STORYTELLING

by

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Final draft

TITLE CARD: Fiction

INT. MARCUS'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The time is circa 1985.

Vi and Marcus finish making love. Marcus has cerebral palsy.

MARCUS

Hey, you want to hear my short  
story now?

VI

Huh?

MARCUS

(lifts a MS from a shelf by his bed)  
I can read it to you.

VI

You mean, again?

MARCUS

Well, I changed the ending a  
little.

VI

Oh. What happens now?

MARCUS

Well, actually, it's the same, but  
longer. I think it's better.  
More...raw.

VI

Well then, maybe you should just  
read the ending.

MARCUS

But it won't make any sense if you  
hear it out of context.

VI

I think you should leave it the  
way it was. It was good.

Pause.

MARCUS

So you don't want to hear my new  
ending?

VI

You'll read it in class tomorrow.  
Surprise me.

(beat)

Anyway, I have to go. I promised  
Melinda I'd help her with her  
oral.

She rises, starts dressing.

MARCUS

You're tired of me. I can tell.

VI

Marcus, I'm tired. That's all.

MARCUS

You've lost interest...You hardly  
even sweat any more when we  
have sex.

VI

I was never much of a sweater. You  
know that.

MARCUS

Look, Vi, I don't blame you. You  
feel You feel pity now. The  
pleasure isn't there any more. The  
kinkiness has gone...You've  
become kind.

EXT. CAMPUS GREEN - DAY

It is bright and sunny.

INT. MR SCOTT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr Scott, who is black, presides over his class. Marcus is  
reading from his story, Vi at his side. Catherine, a stunning  
intellectual, sits near the teacher. The rest of the students  
(Amy, Elli, etc.) listen closely and take notes.

MARCUS

"...but when he saw her...it was as if he could walk like a normal person. His legs didn't swing, his arms didn't spaz away...He wasn't a freak any more, for she made him forget his affliction. No more cerebral palsy! From now on "CP" stood for...cerebral person. He was a cerebral person.

Pause. Marcus and Vi exchange looks.

AMY

I thought it was really good, Marcus...Really moving and emotional.

ELLI

Yeah, I thought it was really emotional, too.

AMY

And I mean, really good word choices. It kind of reminded me a little of Faulkner, but East Coast and disabled.

LUCY

Or Flannery O'Connor. She had multiple sclerosis.

JOYCE

And Borges. He was blind.

Pause.

ETHAN

Updike has psoriasis.

Pause.

CATHERINE

Um...Maybe I'm wrong, but, um, I'm afraid I found the whole thing to be a little trite. Its earnestness is, well...it's a little embarrassing. And those adjectives, they're a little flatfooted. And redundant. I'm sorry, but...Anyway, what do I know? Don't even listen to what I say. I mean...

Pause.

MR SCOTT

Anyone else?

No response.

MR SCOTT

Catherine is right. The story's a piece of shit. You express nothing but banalities and, formally speaking, are unable to construct a single compelling sentence. You ride on a wave of clichés so worn, in fact, it actually approaches a level of grotesquerie. Ad your subtitle, 'the rawness of truth' is that supposed to be a joke of some sort? Or are you just being pretentious?

(beat; then checking his class book)

OK. Who's next?

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - DAY

Marcus, upset, rushes outside, Vi in pursuit, desperately trying to console.

VI

Marcus, wait up!

Marcus stops.

MARCUS

What do you want?

VI

Don't be so upset. It's OK...

MARCUS

What the fuck are you talking about? What's OK?

VI

(beat)

You know he hated my story also.

MARCUS

Your story was terrible!

He moves on, she keeps up with him.

VI

Marcus...You'll write something better next time!

MARCUS

Patronizing fuck! If you had just been honest with me in the first

place I wouldn't have read it. I knew it was shit. But - idiot! - I believed you!

VI

That's not fair! I was honest! Just because I wasn't sucking up like that bitch Catherine.

MARCUS

Well, I sure didn't hear you voice your opinion in there when it mattered.

VI

I admit it - I was scared! I was shocked, in fact, by what he said. And he's so...convincing. I'm sorry if I let you down, but really, I still say he's just one opinion. I don't even like his books that much. They're all so aggressively confrontational. I don't care if he's won the Pulitzer Prize.

Catherine and Mr Scott walk by together in the distance.

MARCUS

You just want to fuck him. Like Catherine and every other white cunt on campus.

He leaves her.

INT. VI AND MELINDA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Melinda lies on her bed with some homework, watching Vi.

VI (O.S)

(on phone)

...But Marcus! You can't just unilaterally decide to end things. This is a relationship we're talking about! A friendship! You don't just...Fuck you!

She hangs up and enters her bedroom, in tears.

VI (cont'd)

Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him...

MELINDA

Vi? Are you OK?

VI

Yes. I'm OK. I'm totally OK.

Melinda rises, puts a hand on her shoulder.

MELINDA

You did the right thing.

VI

I know that. Fucking cripple. Why do I waste my time with undergrads? They're all so...juvenile! Uch! I just thought Marcus would be different. I mean he's got CP!

Pause.

MELINDA

What are you gonna do now?

VI

I dunno...go to a bar...get laid...whatever...Don't worry about me. I'll be fine...

She starts changing into a new outfit.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Students hang around outside. Vi goes inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Vi walks up to the bar.

VI

Can I have a beer?

After getting her beer, Vi turns around and suddenly notices Mr Scott, who is sitting alone. She goes over to him.

VI (cont'd)

Hi.

MR SCOTT

Hello, Vi.

VI

What are you doing here?

MR SCOTT

What are you doing here?

VI

I'm sorry. I didn't mean, I just didn't expect to run into you here, that's all.

MR SCOTT

Well, now you have.

Vi laughs, sort of, ten blushes.

VI

Yeah, um, then...are you alone?

MR SCOTT

Uh huh.

VI

Can I join you?

Mr Scott gestures for her to sit down with him.

VI (cont'd)

Gee, thanks. Well, um...I just wanted to say that I'm really happy with the class and, um...I know you must here this all the time, but I'm also a great admirer of your work. A Sunday Lynching, especially...really, um spoke to me. God, I hope I'm not embarrassing you...

MR SCOTT

You're not.

VI

Good.

(beat)

'Cause I...um...I really agreed with everything you had to say last week about how bad my story was...

MR SCOTT

That's good.

VI

And I also agreed with what you said today about Marcus's story. It is a piece of shit.

Pause.

MR SCOTT

You have beautiful skin.

VI

Thank you.

(beat)

So Catherine seems like she might

become a really good writer.

MR SCOTT

Maybe. She's OK.

Pause.

VI

Aren't you going out with  
Catherine?

(beat)

I'm sorry. It's none of my  
business. I didn't mean...

MR SCOTT

I'm not 'going out' with  
Catherine.

VI

Oh.

(beat)

Do you think I have a potential as  
a writer?

MR SCOTT

No.

VI

Thank you for being honest.

Mr Scott leans over and touches her hand.

VI

I have so much respect for you.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mr Scott and Vi walk together in silence.

INT. MR SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vi and Mr Scott enter. He turns around and looks at her. Pause.

VI

Can I just freshen up for a  
second?

He indicates the direction of the bathroom.

MR SCOTT

It's over there.

VI

Thanks.

INT. MR SCOTT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vi enters, locks the door behind her. She looks at herself in the mirror, then notices a snapshot of Catherine: she is naked, legs open wide. Other erotic photographs lie beneath Catherine's.

VI

(to herself, almost chanting)

Don't be a racist. Don't be a  
racist. Don't be a racist...

INT. MR SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vi emerges from the bathroom to find Mr Scott lounging on the bed.

VI

It's a really nice place you have.  
Is the rent high?

MR SCOTT

Take off your top.

She obliges.

MR SCOTT

Now...take off the rest.

She does, and he looks hard at her. Finally he rises.

MR SCOTT

Turn around.

She does.

MR SCOTT

Bend over.

He starts making love to her, from behind.

MR SCOTT (cont'd)

(whispers)

Say, 'nigger, fuck me.'

VI

Oh, bu...uh...I can't say that.

MR SCOTT

Say, Ni...

VI

Ni...

MR SCOTT

...gger.

VI

...gger.

MR SCOTT

Say, 'Nigger.'

VI

Nigger.

MR SCOTT

'Fuck me hard!'

VI

Fuck me hard!

MR SCOTT

Say, 'Nigger, fuck me hard!'

VI

Nigger, fuck me hard!

MR SCOTT

Again!

VI

Nigger, fuck me hard!!...

MR SCOTT

Again!!

VI

NIGGER, FUCK ME HARD!!!...

EXT. MARCUS'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Lights are out.

INT. MARCUS'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus looks in the mirror, ponders his reflection.

MARCUS

Freak.

There is a soft knock at the door. He turns away from the mirror and opens it. Vi is there, teary-eyed, disheveled.

VI

Can I come in?

They embrace.

MARCUS

You're all...sweaty!

INT. MR SCOTT'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Vi finishes reading her story to the class.

VI

'...So John flipped her around and

slammed her against the wall. Jane braced herself: she thought about her mother. She thought about Peter. She thought about God...and rape. 'Say, 'Fuck me, nigger. Fuck me hard.' 'John's flesh abraded her soft skin. There would be marks. She acquiesced, and said what he asked her to say, and did what he asked her to do. She had entered college with hope, with dignity, but she would graduate as a whore.'

Silence.

AMY

Why do people have to be so ugly...write about such ugly characters? It's perverted. I know you all think I'm being prissy, but I don't care. I was brought up in a certain way. And this is...mean-spirited!

Pause.

JOYCE

Yeah, well, it did seem a little affected. Like by using taboo language you were trying to shock us about the hollowness of your characters.

ETHAN

I think it was a little bit racist.

ELLI

It was completely racist, and beyond that I felt deeply offended as a woman. As if a woman can only operate from experiences of objectification.

SUE

Totally phallogentric.

ELLI

And so weirdly misogynistic. I mean, why does Jane go through with this? Is she stupid?

ETHAN

Hey, But wasn't this a rape? Or ...did I miss something? Because I - I'm confused. Because if this

was a rape, then why would she be a whore?

CATHERINE

(beat)

It was confessional, yet dishonest. Jane pretends to be horrified by the sexuality that she in fact fetishizes. She subsumes herself to the myth of black male potency, but then doesn't follow through. She thinks she 'respects Afro-Americans,' she thinks they're 'cool,' 'exotic,' what a notch he 'd make in her belt, but, of course, it all comes down to mandingo cliché, and he calls her on it. In classic racist tradition she demonizes, then runs for cover. But then, how could she behave otherwise? She's just a spoiled suburban white girl with a Benneton rainbow complex. It's just my opinion, and what do I know...but I think it's a callow piece of writing.

MR SCOTT

Callow and coy. Jane wants more, but isn't honest enough to admit it. In the end, she returns to the safety of her crippled (translation: sexually impotent) boyfriend.

MARCUS

This is bullshit! Her story was the truth!

JOYCE

Right.

SUE

It's unbelievable!

ELLI

It's clichéd!

AMY

It's disgusting!

VI

But it happened!

Silence.

MR SCOTT

I don't know about 'what happened,' Vi, because once you start writing, it all becomes fiction. Still, it certainly is an improvement over your last story: There is now at least a beginning, a middle, and an end.

TITLE CARD: 'NONFICTION'

INT. TOBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A Lower East Side tenement apartment. A dogma '95 poster hangs above the bed.

Toby, down and out and in his thirties, leafs through his high-school yearbook. He reads an inscription: 'Toby, I just know you're going to become a movie star! Please don't forget me when you make it to the top! I will always love you - Pam'.

He picks up his phone and dials.

PAM (V.O.)

Hello?

TOBY

Hello, is this Pam?

PAM (V.O.)

Who is this?

TOBY

Toby Oxman.

PAM (V.O.)

Toby -? Oh, hi! How are you?

TOBY

Oh, fine. How are you?

PAM (V.O.)

Great!

TOBY

Great!

PAM (V.O.)

So what's going on?

TOBY

That's what I was gonna ask you.

PAM (V.O.)

But...you called.

TOBY

Oh, yeah, well...um...I was just

calling because, well, I was wondering if you still remembered me, which I guess you do...

PAM (V.O.)

Yeah.

Pause.

TOBY

So. Look at where we are: the year 2000! Can you believe it? I mean, did you ever think we would actually make it?

PAM (V.O.)

Um, well, yeah.

(beat)

So are you still acting?

TOBY

Oh, no, not any more. No, um, I kind of came to terms with myself, I realized I had done what I had to do. And it was time to move on.

PAM (V.O.)

Oh. So what did you do after you gave up on acting?

TOBY

Well, I went to law school, if you can believe that.

Mike, Toby's roommate and cameraman, enters looking for a towel, then goes to take a shower.

PAM (V.O.)

I believe it.

TOBY

Yeah, well, it was really all kind of a joke - and a rip-off, so, uh...so I dropped out.

PAM (V.O.)

Oh, that's too bad.

TOBY

Yeah, well, then it got me writing, so that was a good thing.

PAM (V.O.)

Anything I might know about?

TOBY

Well, um, I kind of let things go

on this novel I'd been really into  
- I mean, the whole publishing  
industry is totally corrupt. I  
mean, really, it's finished.

PAM (V.O.)

That's too bad.

TOBY

I worked over at a homeless  
shelter for a while, drove a cab  
to pay the rent, but, I mean, that  
was like - I mean, I have some  
dignity.

PAM (V.O.)

That's good. So then what do you  
do now?

TOBY

I'm a documentary filmmaker.

PAM (V.O.)

Oh? Anything I might have seen?

TOBY

N-not yet. I'm hoping to get a  
grant for this one project on  
teenagers. Geez, remember when we  
were teenagers?

PAM (V.O.)

Yeah. You didn't wanna take me to  
the prom.

TOBY

Oh, I don't remember that...

PAM (V.O.)

I do.

TOBY

Well, but it was so long ago. We  
were so different back then...

No response.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Uh, well, anyway, so I'm looking  
for subjects for this documentary  
on teenage life in suburbia. Kind  
of an exploration of the mental  
psyche of its mythology. I wrote  
to Derrida to see if he'd like to  
do the narration. But everything's  
still kind of in development at  
this point.

PAM (V.O.)

Hunh.

TOBY (beat)

I work in a shoe store right now. But it's cool. I'm not ashamed. I mean, really, I have a much stronger sense of self now. And, uh, anyways, it's really very temporary.

PAM (V.O.)

That's good.

TOBY

Yeah...um...so anyway, tell me. What about you? I'd heard through the grapevine you were producing movies.

PAM (V.O.)

Yeah. But not any more.

TOBY

Oh. Tired of 'life in the fast lane'?

No response.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Yeah...So you're um...you're married?

PAM (V.O.)

Yeah.

TOBY

Huh. Kids?

PAM (V.O.)

Yeah.

TOBY

How many?

PAM (V.O.)

Three.

TOBY

Great. How old are they?

PAM (V.O.)

Eight, six, and four.

TOBY

Wow, that really is great. In a

few years, who knows, maybe  
they'll want to be in my  
documentary!

Pause.

PAM (V.O.)  
Listen, Toby, I can't really talk  
right now. Do you mind if I call  
you back?

TOBY  
Yeah, sure.

PAM (V.O.)  
OK. Bye.

TOBY  
(to himself, after pause)  
Maybe she has caller ID.

EXT. FAIRFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It is bright and shiny.

MR. DEMARCO (V.O.)  
Do you have any hobbies?

INT. MR. DEMARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Scooby, seventeen, and Mr DeMarco, the guidance counselor, sit  
opposite  
each other.

SCOOBY  
No, not really.

MR. DEMARCO  
Any books you like to read for  
fun?

SCOOBY  
No.

MR. DEMARCO  
None at all? How about those  
'underground' comics?

SCOOBY  
I hate reading.

MR. DEMARCO  
(beat)  
All right, Scooby, let's not beat  
around the bush. With your  
attitude, you're not going to get  
in anywhere.

SCOOBY

OK.

MR. DEMARCO

'OK.' So you just don't care.

(beat)

Let me ask you, not as your guidance counselor, but...as a friend: what do you want to do with your life? I mean, what kind of long-term goals can you possibly have?

SCOOBY

I dunno...

MR. DEMARCO

C'mon. Talk to me. Tell me what you're thinking.

SCOOBY

Well, I mean...I wanna be on TV. Maybe have a talk show or something. Like Conan. Or early Letterman.

MR. DEMARCO

Ah-hah. And how is it you hope to achieve this goal?

SCOOBY

I dunno. See if I have any connections.

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - EVENING

The sprinkler system is still on.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The family is sitting waiting at the table: FERN, Scooby's attractive mother; MARTY, his bullish father; BRADY, sixteen, his handsome jock brother; and MIKEY, ten his smart youngest brother.

CONSUELO, the maid, brings some bread to the table.

FERN

Did you knock on his door?

MICKEY

Yes, but he just shouted at me and used the f-word.

MARTY

Scooby! Dinner!

No response. Pause.

MICKEY

Would anyone be interested in  
being hypnotized after dinner?

FERN/MARTY/BRADY

No.

Pause.

FERN

Let's just start.

They eat.

MARTY

I don't know what's wrong with  
that kid.

BRADY

Maybe he's gay.

MARTY

Don't ever say that.

BRADY

What if he is?

MARTY

He isn't.

FERN

Marty, ignore him.

BRADY

He's vegetarian, doesn't do  
sports...

MARTY

Brady!

Pause.

FERN

And even if he is...

Pause.

MIKEY

Gay people are people too, you  
know. You're just being  
prejudiced.

BRADY

I don't care if he's gay. I'm  
cool. I mean, it's not like I have

to share his room or anything.

MARTY

I just want to know what the hell he's doing in his room that's so interesting he doesn't come down for dinner.

MIKEY

Maybe he's building a bomb...just like-!

FERN

Don't even joke about that!

MIKEY

I'm serious! What happens if he blows up the school?

A tense pause, followed by a distant crushing sound.

SCOOBY (O.S.)

Fuck!

MARTY

I'm going in there.

Scooby appears.

SCOOBY

Was anyone in my room today?

FERN

Is everything OK?

SCOOBY

My CD case like totally collapsed. I'm gonna have to recatalogue all weekend.

(sitting down)

Hey. Can you pass the salad over.

MARTY

(beat)

Steak's really good tonight.

SCOOBY

(beat)

Good.

FERN

Got a lot of homework?

SCOOBY

I dunno.

MARTY

Whaddya mean you don't know? You

either got a lot or you don't.  
What's not to know?

FERN

Marty...

MARTY

(beat)  
You started filling out your  
college applications yet?

SCOOBY

I'm not going to college.

Pause.

FERN

What are you going to do?

SCOOBY

I dunno.

MARTY

What DO you know?

SCOOBY

Dad, I'm trying to figure things  
out right now, OK? It's like,  
really hard, and I'm just  
listening to some old Elton John  
and...

Brady mouths: 'Gay!'

MARTY

Out! Leave the table!

BRADY

What?

MARTY

You heard me: leave the table!

BRADY

(rising)  
Man, I am out of here! This family  
is so fucked!

Brady leaves.

MIKEY

Mom, it's not fair if Brady can  
say the f-word and I can't.

MARTY

Yeah, well, Mikey, listen up.  
Cause here's a lesson: life's not

fair.

EXT. LIVINSTON HOME - DAY

A red sports car drives up front. Esposito, Brady's buddy, drops off Brady and Cheryl, Brady's cheerleader girlfriend.

A cleaning woman walks along the sidewalk on her way to the bus stop.

BRADY

I'll talk to you later, man!

ESPOSITO

Yo, dude!

CHERYL

Thanks, Esposito!

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Brady, still in his football outfit, tracks in some dirt. Cheryl follows him to his room, giggling.

Mikey sits on the sofa while Consuelo continues her housework.

MIKEY

Consuelo?

CONSUELO

Yes, Mikey?

MIKEY

Do you have any brothers or sisters?

CONSUELO

Yes.

MIKEY

Really? How many?

CONSUELO

Four brothers and five sisters.

MIKEY

Wow.

(beat)

Why did your parents have so many children? I mean, if they were poor, wouldn't it be better to have just one or two?

CONSUELO

It was God's will.

MIKEY

But do you really believe in God?

And heaven, hell and angels and  
all kind of stuff?

CONSUELO

(beat)

No.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The Livingstons are eating dinner.

MARTY

So? How was school today?

SCOOBY

The same.

MARTY

The same. Same as what?

SCOOBY

Just the same.

A tense pause.

BRADY

We're studying the Holocaust in  
Social Studies.

MARTY

Oh, yeah?

SCOOBY

We did the same thing last year  
also.

FERN

How was the class?

BRADY

Well, I'm supposed to watch  
Schindler's List for homework. The  
movie's like almost four hours.  
And then I'm supposed to write a  
report on survivors.

(to Marty)

You know any survivors, Dad?

MARTY

Hmmm...Do I know  
any...personally...?

FERN

Well, technically your Zeda is a  
survivor.

BRADY

He was in a concentration camp?

FERN

Well, no. But he had to escape the Nazis.

BRADY

But I thought he came over to America before the war.

FERN

Well, he did. With his family. But his cousins, they had to stay and they were all killed. And if he'd stayed, he would have been killed. So in my book he's a survivor.

BRADY

Even though it was only his cousins that were killed?

FERN

But that could've happened to him. Or to me, if I'd been alive. Or you.

MIKEY

Or me?

SCOOBY

You mean, then, we're all survivors?

FERN

Well...yes. If it hadn't been for Hitler, he wouldn't have had to leave Europe. We would have been...European.

SCOOBY

But then, in a sense, since you would never have met Dad if your family had stayed in Europe...if it weren't for Hitler, none of us would have been born.

A long pause.

MARTY

Get the hell outta here!

SCOOBY

(rising)

Man, it's just, like, conversation.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Toby sits across from Mr Kirk.

MR KIRK

Tell me: you make a living at this?

TOBY

Well, sir...uh...I'm actually not doing this for the money. When you make a documentary, you do it for many reasons, but money is certainly not one of them.

MR KIRK

I don't get it.

TOBY

Well, sir, a lot has happened to the landscape of the suburban high school since I was a student, and I feel it would be a valuable, perhaps even enlightening endeavor, to chronicle the changes, to get intimate with the realities kids and parents face in American schools today.

MR KIRK

Yeah, well, whatever. I'll let you know if there's interest.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Toby pauses by the receptionist before leaving.

TOBY

Excuse me, where's the bathroom?

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

Toby rushes to the urinal. Scooby is sitting in a corner, smoking a joint, observing him. Toby smells the pot, turns and smiles at him.

SCOOBY

You a pervert?

TOBY

No...Actually, I'm a documentary filmmaker?

SCOOBY

Oh. You mean, like, Blair Witch Project?

TOBY

Well, no. I'm doing one on high

school students, in fact.

SCOOBY

What for?

TOBY

Well...it's kind of a sociological study in the aftermath of Columbine.

SCOOBY

Is this to like get into Sundance?

TOBY

Yeah, well, it's possible they would be interested in it.

SCOOBY

Doubt it.

TOBY

Actually, there is some interest from the Sundance Channel.

SCOOBY

Whoopee.

TOBY

HBO and MTV have also shown some interest.

Pause.

SCOOBY

So you have connections...

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - NIGHT

The lights are on.

TOBY (V.O.)

You see, we're trying to do a film on suburban lifestyles...

INT. LIVINGSTON HOME - NIGHT

Toby sits in the living room surrounded by the Livingston family.

Marty fingers a card that reads: TOBY OXMAN, DOCUMENTARIAN. His address and phone number are printed below.

TOBY

...kind of An American Family for the new millennium...

FERN

I thought this was about kids getting into college.

TOBY

Oh, it is. I mean -

MARTY

Which is it? You gotta keep your focus straight.

TOBY

You're absolutely right. The focus is on the college admissions process today.

Pause.

MARTY

And you want Scooby to be the focus of all this?

TOBY

Scooby and a few other students of different socioeconomic backgrounds.

MARTY

Oh, well, I don't have them yet, but -

MARTY

Either Scooby is the focus, or forget it.

SCOOBY

Yeah, I thought I was the focus.

MIKEY

I wanna be the focus.

Brady slaps him.

FERN

Toby, we need this to be a positive experience.

TOBY

Well, I suppose I could reconceive...

MARTY

Reconceive.

TOBY

'Cause Scooby does have a quality that I've been looking for, a quality that is emblematic of

American today. It's part  
disillusionment, part hope...

Consuelo comes in with tea and Twinkies.

MIKEY

Twinkies!

FERN

Boys, take napkins...Napkins...

MARTY

Not to be crass, but what do we  
get out of this?

FERN

(laughs)

Don't worry, he doesn't mean  
money.

TOBY

Oh, I know, I know that. Well,  
sharing your story, your ups and  
downs, and so  
forth, can I hope, be an  
illuminating experience.

MARTY

Yeah...How do we know we won't be  
exploited?

FERN

No, it's true.

TOBY

Mr Livingston, I fully understand  
and I share your concerns. You  
fell vulnerable. And I know that  
this is a very difficult question,  
but what it comes down to is: can  
you make a leap of faith in me, in  
the same way that I have to make a  
leap of faith in you?

ON VIDEO: INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Big Esposito, in football attire, surrounded by Brady and other  
athletes, talks to Toby. Kids whip towels at each other in the  
background.

ESPOSITO

This is a great school. I don't  
care what anybody says. I mean,  
it's not perfect, but like the  
people are really cool, like the  
teachers and kids...they really  
care and all. And I know that they

make fun of New Jersey all the time, but I don't care. 'Cause they're just snobs. 'Cause Jersey is where America's at!

ON VIDEO: INT. EMPTY SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

TOBY (V.O.)

Walking down these hallways just like the ones I once walked down as a teenager, I couldn't help thinking back to a time when every day I woke up depressed, suicidal, consumed by despair. Had things changed? Was the competition to get into the most prestigious schools still a requisite rite of passage? Beneath these masks of courtesy and friendliness I knew that there were darker forces at work...and I knew that Scooby was the key to revealing the truth...

VARIOUS SHOTS OF SCOOPY

...looking pensive.

TOBY (V.O.)

Scooby, Scooby, Scooby...What are you thinking? College, SATs, your parents, your brothers, your friends...How is it you deal with all this stress?

ON VIDEO: INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A school psychologist sits at her desk.

ELIZABETH ST. CLAIR

The pressure to get into the college of your choice is incredible. You know, they did a study recently of the youth in Bosnia during the bombing, and they found that the stress the young people experienced there was less than what American high-school students go through when applying to college.

TOBY (O.S.)

Is that right?

ELIZABETH ST. CLAIR

Yes.

TOBY (O.S.)

Oh, my God...

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Toby and his editor examine the footage on an AVID.

TOBY

So whaddya think?

EDITOR

Well, I'm not really sure what you're trying to say. It's funny, I suppose. But it seems glib and facile to just make fun of how idiotic these people are.

TOBY

I'm not making fun. I'm showing it as it really is.

EDITOR

You're showing how superior you are to your subject.

TOBY

No, but I like my subject. I like these people.

EDITOR

No, you don't.

TOBY

Yes, I do. I love them!

Pause.

EDITOR

The camerawork's nice.

TOBY

Thanks. I'll tell Mike.

(beat)

Well, it's still just a beginning. I know I can...dig deeper.

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

It is bright and sunny.

INT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

Fern is in the kitchen talking on the phone. She has a list of names and notes in front of her. Consuelo dusts in the background.

Toby and Mike stand nearby with a video camera, recording everything.

FERN

...but Marj - may I call you Marj?

- what it really boils down to is...what does it mean to be a Jew?...Exactly. Tzedakah. Charity. And the new wing at Beth Israel is...Well, actually, last year you gave \$500. But this year \$1,000 would not only be a mitzvah, it would bring you to a new level...Yes, of course. Your gift would also give you a Chagall menorah and two tickets to the dinner dance this spring...Because it's true: Israel needs us now. If not now, when?...Well, that's wonderful...I'll speak to you next week...You too! Take care!

She hangs up just as Scooby walks inside, fresh from school.

FERN

Hi, Scooby! How was school today?

SCOOBY

Fine.

FERN

Ready for tomorrow?

SCOOBY

What's tomorrow?

FERN

The SATs, knucklehead.

SCOOBY

I'm not taking them.

He walks off.

ON VIDEO: INT. DINNER ROOM - EVENING

The family is eating dinner. There is a tense silence, finally broken by Mikey.

MIKEY

Mom?

FERN

Yes, Mikey?

MIKEY

I was looking through Scooby's SATs practice books this afternoon and I took one of the practice tests. Guess what score I got?

FERN

What?

MIKEY

550 verbal, 520 math. And I'm only  
in fifth grade!

Everyone turns to glare at him.

INT. CHILDREN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Scooby is brushing his teeth when Marty enters.

MARTY

Scooby?

SCOOBY

Yeah?

MARTY

We have to talk.

Pause.

SCOOBY

Whaddya wanna talk about?

MARTY

Don't screw around with me. You  
know what I'm talking about.

(beat)

You're taking those SATs. You're  
taking those SATs or your CD  
collection is history. You're  
taking those SATs and you're going  
to college. You're taking those  
SATs if I have to strap your ass  
to a chair, but buddy your taking  
them.

Pause.

SCOOBY

OK.

MARTY

(under his breath as he starts walking away)  
Tired of this shit...

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Toby and Mike shoot footage of the students as they take their SATs.

Scooby is filling out his SAT in such a way that he creates a pattern  
of filled blanks that spells: FUCK THIS SHIT.

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

to Toby and Mike are interviewing Brady and Cheryl in the driveway. Off the side, Mikey tries hypnotizing a cat.

TOBY

So are you surprised that Scooby took the SATs after all?

BRADY

Not really. He's kind of a wuss.

TOBY

OK. How about you, Cheryl? Were you surprised?

CHERYL

I dunno. Whatever.

TOBY

Hmm.

BRADY

Hey, how come you drive such a shitty car?

CHERYL

Yeah.

TOBY

(joins their laughter)

I don't know...That's interesting, though. A cool car. Is that something that's real important to you, Brady?

BRADY

Yeah.

CHERYL

Uh duh.

INT. SCOOBY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Scooby handles a gun his friend Stanley has given him.

SCOOBY

Pretty cool, Stanley.

STANLEY

Thanks.

SCOOBY

How'd you get it?

STANLEY

It's my Dad's He hides it under some old TV Guides in his closet.

SCOOPY  
Gee, your Dad's smart.

STANLEY  
I know.

SCOOPY  
Is it loaded?

STANLEY  
No, I don't think so...

Scooby points it at his head.

STANLEY  
Scooby, don't! Be careful!

SCOOPY  
I'm not an idiot, man. I watch TV.

STANLEY  
I know. I'm sorry. I'm just...a  
little nervous, I don't know why.

SCOOPY  
You should be.

Scooby points it at Stanley, gets a terrified reaction, then tosses  
the  
gun aside.

SCOOPY  
Here. You can keep it.

He lies down. Pause.

STANLEY  
Scooby?

SCOOPY  
Yeah?

STANLEY  
You know...I like you.

SCOOPY  
Yeah. I know.

STANLEY  
I mean...

STANLEY  
I know. Everyone knows.

STANLEY  
Oh.

(beat)  
Do you think that you'd let  
me...um...

Pause.

SCOOBY  
OK. If you feel like it. Just give  
me a second.

He pulls a bag of mushrooms out from beneath his night table, takes  
some and offers to Stanley.

SCOOBY  
You want some?

STANLEY  
No, thanks.

Scooby flicks on a CD, then lies down.

DREAM SEQUENCE - EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

While Stanley goes down on Scooby, the camera pans away from Scooby to  
reveal Marty and Fern being burned at the stake in the front yard,  
writhing and screaming in agony.

MARTY  
I'm so sorry! I should never have  
made you take the SATs!

The camera then pans to reveal Conan O'Brien approaching.

CONAN  
Hey, Scooby! How's it going?

SCOOBY  
Conan O'Brien? Whoa! What are you  
doing here?

CONAN  
I'm looking for a last-minute  
guest for my show. Any  
suggestions?

SCOOBY  
I'll be your guest!

CONAN  
Really? Well, all right! Let's  
take a look at the television and  
see how we look.

The camera pans to reveal a TV standing on the lawn.

SCOOBY  
Cool!

Conan turns on the TV and we move inside it to see Conan and Scooby sharing some talk-show patter and repartee.

CONAN

Welcome to the show, Scooby.

SCOOBY

Thank you.

CONAN

Nice to have you here.

SCOOBY

Great to be here.

CONAN

And thank you for dressing up for us. This is very classy. Tell us. What kind of professional plans do you have? What's in your future?

SCOOBY

Well, I was thinking...I might work for you.

CONAN

Ahh...tell me. What do you want to do for me? What's your idea?

SCOOBY

Be your sidekick, you know, and maybe eventually become a TV talk-show host.

CONAN

TV talk-show host, OK. You were at sidekick eight seconds ago, then TV talk-show host. You'll be a Latin dictator in a bout a minute.

Audience laughter.

CONAN

Let's see what they think of the first idea. I'm curious what the audience thinks. Folks, what do you think: should Scooby be my new sidekick?

Audience cheers.

CONAN

Scooby, new sidekick, everybody!

Bigger round of applause.

RETURN TO REALITY: INT. CHILDREN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Scooby has spaced out while flossing. There is a knock at the door.

SCOOBY

Yeah?

Brady enters.

BRADY

Hey.

SCOOBY

Hey. What's up?

BRADY

There's something I need to talk about with you.

SCOOBY

What?

BRADY

There are some rumors...

SCOOBY

Like what?

BRADY

You know...Stanley...

SCOOBY

Oh.

BRADY

And like, don't take this the wrong way...I mean, I'm cool...but...you know...I've got a good reputation at school and, well...I really don't want it ruined.

He is visibly upset. Pause.

SCOOBY

No prob. I'm cool.

BRADY

Thanks, Scoob.

EXT. HIGH-SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD - DAY

A football scrimmage is in progress. A play ends, and the Coach comes on to the field, barking:

COACH

Esposito, What the fuck do you

think you're doing? You're  
tackling like a bitch  
on my football team, son! You  
gotta bend your ass over and hit  
somebody! You understand me?

ESPOSITO

Yes, sir!

COACH

You understand me?

ESPOSITO

Yes, sir!

COACH

Then do it!...Livingston! That's  
the way to hit that hole, son!

Brady waves a Cheryl in the stands.

COACH

We're gonna become a football team  
today, guys! Let's move the ball!  
Move! Move! Move! I wanna see you  
hit those holes! Defense, fill  
those goddam gaps! Let's go, guys!  
Let's do it!...

On the next play Brady runs to catch a pass, but is moved down by  
Esposito  
shouting, 'KILL HIM!!!'

Cheryl jumps up, alarmed.

O.S. cheerleaders finish their 'Go Bucks!' cheer, but Brady doesn't  
rise.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - EVENING

Brady lies unconscious in bed, hooked up to machines. Marty, Fern,  
Scooby, and Cheryl stand around him.

INT. LIVINGSTON HOME - NIGHT

Mikey sits at the kitchen table with Consuelo. He is eating ice cream.

MIKEY

When I'm in high school I'm not  
going to play any football. I'm  
just going to concentrate on class  
rank.

(beat)

What did you do in high school?

CONSUELO

I did not go to high school.

MIKEY

Weren't there high schools in El Salvador?

CONSUELO

We had to work. My family was poor.

MIKEY

Must've been hard being poor.

CONSUELO

I'm still poor.

MIKEY

Hmmm.

(beat)

But, Consuelo, even though your poor, don't you have any hobbies or interests or anything?

CONSUELO

No, Mikey.

MIKEY

But like, what do you like to do when you're not working?

CONSUELO

I'm always working.

MIKEY

But when you're not. Like now. What do you like to do?

CONSUELO

This is work.

MIKEY

But it's not like real work. This is just babysitting.

Consuelo stares hard at him in silence.

MIKEY

You know, your job's really not so bad, if you think about it. You should smile more often.

ON VIDEO: DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE OF:

(1) Driving-along-the-neighborhood shots; a lam post; a sign; a floating straw wrapper.

TOBY (V.O.)

When the sky is clear and the sun

is warm, you're reminded of how beautiful things can be: a lamp post, a sign, a straw wrapper blowing in the wind...But when that dark cloud appears, you realize how fragile the balance of life is.

(2) The neurologist Dr Barry Jordan discussing Brady's condition:

DR JORDAN

When Brady first arrived at the hospital he was unresponsive to verbal stimuli. We performed a CT scan which demonstrated a large subdural hemotoma with mass effect. Since the removal of the subdural he's been in coma.

(3) A psychologist discussing the effect of the Brady crisis on his family:

DR GOODMAN

When I first met the Livingstons it was in the first twenty four hours of Brady coming in after his tragic football accident and they were acting in a fairly typical way...

(4) The Livingstons consulting with Dr Goodman in a hospital waiting room:

MARTY

We're not the ones who need the help. My son needs help.

DR GOODMAN

And you-

MARTY

My son's in there! He can't even feed himself, he can't eat - I don't even know if he's going to be a vegetable or not, for Chrissake!

The picture freezes and then zooms into a close up on Scooby.

TOBY (V.O.)

But what about Scooby? How would this effect him? What meaning is to be found in this?

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY

Toby and his editor finish watching this latest footage.

EDITOR

This is definitely better.

TOBY

You think so? You don't think that this might not be a little dry?

EDITOR

This is entertainment you're making, Toby. This story about a kid in the suburbs and the state of the college admissions process has, with this Brady crisis, evolved into something much richer and more provocative.

TOBY

Yes, I know...But still, it should be somewhat entertaining.

EDITOR

I mean, without this footage, without this rigorous documentation, it would feel like exploitation.

TOBY

No, no, no. No exploitation. This is serious...But don't you find it a little funny too, at the same time?

EDITOR

You've got a family tragedy on your hands. Will you tell me what's funny about that? About a kid in a coma?

TOBY

Nothing, I guess...

EDITOR

I mean, why are you making this documentary if you can't treat your subject with appropriate gravity?

TOBY

OK, you're right, you're right...  
(beat)

You know, we need to screen what we've got...invite some regular people, just some random off-the-street types...and see what real people think of this.

EDITOR

I dunno, Toby. We really have a long way to go. You still need a lot more footage, and it's probably a little premature to start screening...

TOBY

OK, then we can invite serious intellectual types.

EDITOR

We're not ready.

TOBY

Hip alternative types who will understand the process better...

EDITOR

We're not ready!

TOBY

Well, I need to see this with an audience!

EDITOR

What's an audience going to tell you?

TOBY

I don't know. Maybe they'll like it.

INT. LIVINGSTON HOME - NIGHT

Mikey opens the refrigerator, takes out a bottle of grape juice, pours a cup for himself, then accidentally spills it all on the floor.

MIKEY

Consuelo! I spilled some grape juice on the floor!...Consuelo?!

INT. BASEMENT RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mikey goes downstairs, finds her alone in her bedroom. She appears to be upset.

MIKEY

Consuelo?

No response.

MIKEY

Consuelo. Are you crying?

CONSUELO

No.

MIKEY

Yes, you are. I can tell. What's the matter?

CONSUELO

Mi Jesus...mi jesus...

MIKEY

Speak English.

CONSUELO

Mi Jesus esta muerto!

MIKEY

Consuelo, I'm sorry, but you know if you don't speak English I can't understand you.

CONSUELO

My Jesus...

MIKEY

Who is Jesus?

CONSUELO

My baby.

MIKEY

You have a bay?

CONSUELO

My grandchild-baby.

MIKEY

Gee, I didn't even know you had any children. But why are you so upset about Jesus?

CONSUELO

He's dead.

MIKEY

Oh. How did it happen?

CONSUELO

He was executed. He was on Death Row and then he was executed.

MIKEY

How did they execute him?

CONSUELO

Poison gas.

MIKEY

(beat)

Maybe it's for the best...I mean, if he was guilty of doing something wrong...People who are bad should be killed. Don't you think so?

CONSUELO

Jesus was not bad.

MIKEY

Maybe he was and you just didn't know it.

CONSUELO

He wasn't.

MIKEY

But still, you can't be sure.

CONSUELO

I am sure.

MIKEY

But really, you never know.

CONSUELO

I know!

MIKEY

(beat)

Why was he on Death Row?

CONSUELO

For rape and murder.

Pause.

MIKEY

Consuelo, what is rape exactly?

CONSUELO

(beat)

It is when you love someone, and they don't love you. And then you do something about it.

Pause.

MIKEY

Sometimes I feel like my parents don't love me.

CONSUELO

Well then, when you get older you can do something about it.

A long pause.

MIKEY

Consuelo? I spilled some grape juice upstairs. Do you think you could clean up the floor now?

INT. BRADY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Marty and Mikey sit by the comatose Brady, who lies now in his own bed.

MIKEY

Dad?...Do you think that Brady will ever get better?

MARTY

One in a million recover.

MIKEY

Maybe he's that one in a million!

MARTY

Mikey, there's optimism, and then there's stupidity. It's a very fine line.

Pause.

MIKEY

I don't think there's any hope, either. I was just trying to make you feel better.

MARTY

Thanks.

MIKEY

You're welcome.

(beat)

Dad?...Would you let me try hypnotizing you now?

MARTY

Yeah. Sure Go ahead. Hypnotize me.

MIKEY

OK. Stay there. I'll be right back.

Mikey hurries off to fetch his hypnotizing apparatus. Marty sits and waits.

MIKEY

Just a sec!...Be right there!

Mikey returns, sets himself up across from Marty and takes out a shiny object.

MIKEY

Dad, can you turn around a bit,  
please?

Marty obliges.

MIKEY

Thanks. All right. Now you must  
look at this shiny object and  
concentrate. Relax your legs.  
Relax your arms. Relax your  
shoulders. Now keep your eyes on  
the shiny object...Your eyelids  
are getting heavy...heavier...You're  
getting sleepy...sleepier...Now let  
your eyes close shut...and you  
are asleep.

Marty's head drops.

MIKEY

Now you are completely under my  
power. I am the only voice you can  
hear, the only voice you will  
listen to. Now. When you wake up  
you will be in a good mood. You  
won't worry so much about Brady.  
And I will be your favorite from  
now on. If Brady dies, you can be  
sad for a little bit, but I will  
still be the most important person  
in your life. You will never be  
mean to me, and always give me  
whatever I want. Also, you should  
fire Consuelo. She's lazy. Now  
when I snap my fingers, you will  
remember nothing, but you will do  
everything I have asked. One. Two.  
Three.

Mikey snaps his fingers and Marty wakes up.

MARTY

Hey, Mikey. You wanna get some ice  
cream?

MIKEY

OK!

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

A couple of maids are walking by with white babies in strollers.

ON VIDEO: INT. SCOOPY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SCOOPY

So like, yeah...I caved in. I mean,



MIKE

Damn, Toby...This thing won't open again.

TOBY

Let me try it, let me try it.  
(takes camera from Mike)  
It's um...The button is just stuck.

SCOOBY

Hey, um, Toby? I was wondering...Is the documentary almost finished?

TOBY

Uh, yeah, we're getting there.

SCOOBY

Can I see what you have so far?

TOBY

Sure...um...yeah, as soon as I have a screening I'll let you know.

SCOOBY

Thanks man.

INT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

Mikey and Consuelo are playing cards.

MIKEY

Gin! I win! Let's play again!

He starts dealing another round when Marty suddenly appears, back from work.

MARTY

Hey, Mikey!

MIKEY

Hi, Dad!

MARTY

Come here, give me a hug!

MIKEY

Gee, you're home early!

MARTY

Yeah, uh, listen. Why don't you go upstairs and keep your Mom and Brady company for a bit? I need to speak alone with Consuelo for a moment.

MIKEY

Sure, Dad.

He runs up the stairs, pretends to disappear, but stays to observe.

MARTY

Consuelo. Mrs. Livingston and I have discussed this, and we've come to the conclusion that we are not very happy with your work lately, so we're going to let you go.

CONSUELO

I-I don't understand.

MARTY

We've been happy with you in the past, but now we think maybe it's time for a change...uh...I know you've had trouble at home and maybe, you know, some of that is reflected in your work...

CONSUELO

But, Mr Livingston, I work very hard for you and your family!

MARTY

I understand, I understand that, and I'm sorry it had to end this way.

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

all

Consuelo exits the house and trudges towards the bus stop, carrying her belongings. Other cleaning women are waiting for the bus as well.

INT. SCOOPY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Scooby is looking at the address on Toby's 'documentarian' calling card. He picks up the phone and dials.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

Dave, the store manager, leaves a customer for a moment to pick up the phone.

DAVE

Florsheim. Can I help you?

SCOOPY (V.O.)

Hi. I...uh...I'm trying to reach Toby Oxman?

DAVE

Sorry, he's off today.

BACK TO SCOOPY

...on the phone.

SCOOBY

OK...um...Thanks.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Scooby drives his Mom's shiny new SUV to New York.

EXT. A RUN-DOWN TENEMENT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Scooby pulls into a spot.

INT. TOBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Scooby climbs a stairwell, rings a bell. Mike opens the door.

SCOOBY

Hey, uh, Mike. Is Toby here?

MIKE

Uh, no, he's not.

SCOOBY

Oh. Do you have any idea where he might be?

MIKE

I think he's at a test screening.

EXT. TOBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Scooby hurries outside only to find his car stolen.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Scooby rides a train.

INT. SCREENING-ROOM FACILITY - DAY

Scooby sees a sign that reads: 'American Scooby: test screening.' He goes into the screening room.

SCOOBY'S POV

...of the documentary being screened.

ON VIDEO: EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME BACKYARD - DAY

Marty talks to Toby poolside as he prepares a barbecue.

MARTY

I think Scooby's like a lot of kids. He just hit a...a speed bump. Now he's gonna find his way, his path is gonna be cleared, and I think he's gonna continue his education at a good college. And

everybody else is gonna be happy.

TOBY (O.S.)

...But Mr Livingston, aren't you a bit fearful that Scooby will be confronted with hollow values and systemic conformism?

Pause.

MARTY

I don't know why this is so hard for you to comprehend. I had a terrific time in college. I've got a terrific job, a comfortable salary, terrific wife, three terrific kids...and every year I give to the alumni fund. Now why are you trying to make college out to be a bad thing, a negative experience? You were unhappy? Well, to bad! Get over it! Stop trying to impose your misery on others by going around saying, 'Life is bad, life is horrible.' Life is tough on you? Well, boo hoo!

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

...laughing.

ON VIDEO: EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - DAY

Scooby talks to Toby in the Backyard, Marty seen in the distant background.

SCOOBY

...Well, yeah, my Dad is kind of a goofball. I just have to pretend to go along with his ideas. 'Cause he really doesn't get it: like I could be the next Oprah, for all he knows, but he's never even seen the show.

ANGLE ON SCOOBY

...watching himself on screen

ON VIDEO: NEW ANGLE ON SCOOBY

...as he continues talking to Toby.

TOBY (O.S.)

What is most important to you?

SCOOBY

I dunno. I'd like to be good at something. It doesn't have to be TV. I mean, it could be movies...Anything. I'd be willing to direct.

The audience laughs.

SCOOBY

But I'd like to be, you know...famous. Not necessarily a superstar, just famous. Be recognized. Get fan Mail. Things...

ON VIDEO: TIGHTER ON SCOOBY

...still talking to Toby.

TOBY (O.S.)

Uh, Scooby, now I understand how you want to be a TV talk-show host and all, like Conan O'Brien, but did you know even he went to college?

SCOOBY

He did?

TOBY (O.S.)

Yeah. He went to Harward.

SCOOBY

(beat)

Oh.

ANGLE ON SCOOBY

out ...watching the film and listening to the audience. The laughter is of control. He is devastated.

INT. LIVINGSTON HOME - NIGHT

Marty and Fern are in bed watching the news.

Mikey appears in the doorway.

MIKEY

Mom? Dad? Can I sleep with you?  
I'm scared.

They flick off the TV.

MARTY

Sure!...

FERN

Of course, honey. Come in bed with us. Come on.

Mikey gets in bed with them.

MARTY

Snug as a bug in a rug. Yeah, here you go, pal. All righty...You're monster-proofed!

EXT. LIVINGSTONE HOME - NIGHT

Consuelo approaches the house stealthily.

ANGLE ON FINGERS

...opening the back of the house;  
stuffing towels under bedroom doors;  
turning on the kitchen stove's gas;  
switching on the main gas valve in the boiler room.

EXT. LIVINGSTON HOME - NIGHT

Consuelo flees.

A very long pause.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. STREET NEAR LIVINGSTON HOME - EARLY MORNING

Scooby gets off the bus with a few cleaning women. He walks homewards.

EXT. LIVINGSTONE HOME -DAY

Scooby sees reporters, policemen, firemen, ambulances, gas company vehicles, and neighbors surrounding his house.

Toby and Mike suddenly appear with their camera trained on him.

ON VIDEO

TOBY (O.S.)

Oh, my God, Scooby! I'm so sorry...I'm so, so sorry...

SCOOBY

Don't be. Your movie's a hit.

[THE END]