

The following is an abandoned version of “Legend of 9/11”.

This was the fourth draft of the script I wrote based on my initial story and characters for the premise. Now referred to as the “Mama Di” version, it was lacking in strong characterizations, stakes, physicalization for the actors, modernization for audiences, and certain controversial moments/ideas were pushing too far to the point of being distracting rather than complimenting.

This iteration wasn’t working out and it was decided to start the script over from scratch rather than continue forward with what I was writing thus far. The premise, many of the story beats, and characters would remain the same. But their personalities, relationships, actions, and dialogue received a major update with new themes and jokes fitting more modern sensibilities of the subject matter. That version, the “Grandmama Mama” version, has become the official script* and is set as the direction for all future developments of it.

However, to fully appreciate our successes, I believe it to be important and informative to know the process of how we get there. Therefore, I decided to make the “Mama Di” version available to read as well. With the exception of this introduction, it remains untouched from how it was left in mid-2024. It is my hope other writers/artists will be able to look at both versions and find some solace in the process of art and know it’s okay to start anew if something isn’t working out the way it needs to. After all, there are no bad ideas in storytelling. You just need to find the right way, the right context, or the right voice to tell them. And if you love that idea enough, don’t stop looking until you find it.

Mason

*The most recent version of that is also available to read via masonartsenault.com.

Mama Di's Baby Food Proudly Presents:

*The Legend
of 9/11*

By: Mason Arsenault

Characters

Dwayne Dunham - the ambitious and naive actor with an underlying ego playing Steel Hunter

Audrey Sittle - the strong and steadfast actress playing Priscilla Patience

Brittany Deep - a young attractive actress who is smarter and more cunning than she looks

Herb Fauxfeld - the scummy producer of the film, determined to have it be profitable

Albert Heim - a middle-aged uninformed film director from Germany with a secret identity

Rick Mooney - a famous acclaimed method actor playing Osama Bin Laden

Planey The Talking Plane - a cartoonish plane with a sleazy side

The Manicurist - Rick's personal nail care specialist (video only)

Voice 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 - Five voices in Dwayne's head that represent his self-doubts (VO only)

Jamal - He's black, he stands near Steel, and dies in the first ten minutes

Setting

A soundstage in Alberta with a green screen and props emulating an office space in the World Trade Center. Play begins in the morning and concludes at night.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The main plot of the play is about filming a movie and occasionally the narrative portrays moments from the in-universe film. In those instances, the script refers to the actor characters by their character names in the fictional movie. For example, in the main plot, Dwayne is referred to as Dwayne. But in moments depicting the film, Dwayne is referred to as Steel.

The actor portraying Herb comes out in formal wear. A spotlight shines on the actor as they perform a content warning that parodies the content warning at the beginning of Frankenstein (1931).

HERB ACTOR: How do you do? Mr. Arsenault feels it would be a little unkind to present this performance without just a friendly word of warning. We're about to unfold the legend of 9/11, a producer of film who sought to create a motion picture of tragedy without regard for accuracy. It is one of the strangest tales ever told. It deals with many of the great mysteries of life. I think it will thrill you. It may shock you. It might even horrify you. So if any of you feel that you do not care to subject your nerves to such a strain, now is your chance to, uh... well, we've warned you!

Herb's actor walks offstage as lights fade up on a large green screen in the centre; an office desk affixed with various supplies sits in front of it. An instrumental version of Hero by Enrique Iglesias plays overhead as STEEL HUNTER enters wearing a nice unbuttoned suit. He has long flowing blonde hair and large muscles. Most notably are his shaven, shiny pecs poking from his shirt. STEEL wanders to the desk and puts one of his legs up on it, striking a pose that resembles deep thought.

STEEL (V.O): September 11th 2001. A day that will be remembered in history for just one thing. The day I was supposed to be married. But I knew when I read my horoscope this morning she could never be the one for me. She had my mind, but she never had my heart. And it's to my heart that I must find the perfect woman for it. There's a whole world of women out there, but there's only one I will call my wife. Someone kind. Someone smart. Someone with a really nice body. But where could she be? Another country? Somewhere in the city? Perhaps she's on a plane on it's way to New York now. Well...all this romantic searching just flexes my muscles. I guess I'll do what I always do when I feel hopeless and need cheering up. Oil myself.

STEEL tears off his jacket and dress shirt. He pulls a bottle of massage oil from his back pocket and begins to pour it onto his body, slowly with exaggerated, sexually suggestive movements. PRISCILLA PATIENCE enters with a mop and bucket. She is wearing a janitor's uniform with the shirt in the form of a crop top and a large bra that suggests well-endowed breasts. She mops the floor for a few seconds before staring up in a bout of daydreaming.

PRISCILLA (V.O): Gosh, I can't believe I finally made it to the city. "The Big Apple". And I'm ready to take a bite. I was just a small-town girl and look at me now. Working for THE World Trade Center. Nothing could ruin this amazing day. I'm just like Cinderella. *(gasp)* Maybe I'll even find my Prince here. *(sigh)* But I guess I'd better get back to work. You never know when a mess might strike.

PRISCILLA goes back to mopping but accidentally knocks a container of pencils off STEEL's desk. PRISCILLA goes to the ground to pick them up with STEEL noticing shortly after, bending down to help. Their hands touch as they reach for the same pencil and they look up, making eye contact and being stunned by the other's appearance. As they talk, they stay focused on each other while romantic music plays.

STEEL: Hey.

PRISCILLA: Hey.

STEEL: I'm Steel. Steel Hunter. Tell me...do angels have names?

PRISCILLA giggles

PRISCILLA: I'm Priscilla. Priscilla Patience. Has anyone ever told you how...beautiful your eyes are?

STEEL: I was just thinking the same thing about yours. We have so much in common.

The pair continue to silently stare at each other before PRISCILLA breaks contact and stands up, shyly.

PRISCILLA: Well...thanks for your help. But I should get back to work.

PRISCILLA is about to leave before being stopped by STEEL.

STEEL: Wait! Priscilla...

PRISCILLA: Yes, Steel?

STEEL: I know we only met thirty seconds ago. And maybe it's the fumes from the oil dripping down my mighty pecs...

PRISCILLA: They are awfully mighty...

STEEL: But I...I...

PRISCILLA: Yes?

STEEL: I...I...

PRISCILLA: Yes?

Tensions comedically build as STEEL tries to get the words out and PRISCILLA grows more excited and passionate with each response. The music builds with them, getting louder and more cinematic as the pair slowly approach for a kiss. Right before their lips touch, the music suddenly comes to a stop as DWAYNE breaks character.

DWAYNE: I...think I need a break. Can we cut?

The lights turn on fully to reveal the space is a film set. A bell is rung as the actors relax and members of the crew start to wander around the set for checks. DWAYNE takes off his blonde hair to reveal he has short hair. He also takes off his now revealed to be fake muscle chest piece to reveal he is actually thin. HERB enters.

HERB: Dammit Dwayne, you're not allowed to say cut. I mean, as the producer, I'm technically not supposed to say it either. But that only means you're REALLY not allowed to say it.

DWAYNE: Geez, I'm sorry Mr. Fauxfeld. But that muscle suit was getting to be a little uncomfortable. Not that I mind, I'm so honoured to have this role and all. But why do I need to wear this stuff? If that's what you wanted from Steel, wouldn't it have been easier to hire someone with real muscles and blonde hair?

HERB: What, are you nuts? Do you know how much it is to pay for beautiful people in this town? We can save a fortune by slapping one of our ratty wigs, a chest piece, and some makeup on a cheap schmoe. And buddy...you're the perfect balance of talent and cheap.

DWAYNE: Oh...um...you're welcome?

AUDREY: Actually Herb, I'm starting to have second thoughts on my outfit too.

DWAYNE: I never said I was having second thoughts.

AUDREY: Well look, I know this isn't exactly meant to be "realistic". But my outfit seems very exploitive for a janitor. I mean, this bra is three times my size. I took this role because I thought men wouldn't be staring at me for it. How are people supposed to get into my character if they're so busy staring at my chest? How I am supposed to act Priscilla if I feel like I'm only here to satisfy some...male gaze?

HERB: Oh Audrey, my piece of peach pie. There's no such thing as the male gaze. You're still that rich and complex character. We just want to take the extra steps to highlight your features that heterosexual men find attractive.

AUDREY: ...Herb, that's exactly what the male gaze is.

HERB: Audrey, babe, we've all had to make sacrifices for the good of this production. Think of Dwayne. He has to look like a ripped, handsome, powerful man and have adult women see this and fall in love with him. That's his burden to bear. But you're both still equal in this production. It's just that you're rounding up the fourteen-year-old boys instead.

AUDREY: Okay Herb, I don't think there's enough time in the day to go over what's wrong with what you just said. But that's another thing I wanted to bring up. It's bad enough I'm expected to spend the whole film looking like this, but...is the whole cast just men? Is there a single other woman in this movie?

HERB: Well of course there is. We at Herbivore Productions pride ourselves on making sure all genders are fairly and realistically represented.

AUDREY: Really? So there's non-binary actors in this too?

HERB: Non what now?

BRITTANY walks onset in a scantily clad top and jean shorts

BRITTANY: Hey Herbie? Me and the other girls were wondering. For the mud wrestling scene, did you want glitter on our boobs, our butts, or on both?

AUDREY looks disapprovingly at HERB

HERB: Uhh listen, Brittany, darling. Why don't you go back to your trailer and I'll come get you when I need you? Okay?

BRITTANY: Okay Herbie.

BRITTANY hugs HERB

BRITTANY: Bye Dwight and Ashley!

BRITTANY wanders off

HERB: What a sweet kid.

AUDREY still appears disappointed in HERB

HERB: Fine, I'll level with you. We've been doing this long enough to know what our movies need to maximize our profits and that means being people not afraid to exploit it sometimes.

AUDREY: Well if you're going to be that obvious about it, I'm surprised you showed enough restraint to not have full frontal.

HERB: I'll have you know this is a very respectable production that doesn't resort to that kind of smut you're imposing. Plus, we can reach a much wider audience through the suggestion of breasts rather than breasts themselves. Now, why don't you two take a moment to rest while I gather up the extras for the next scene? *(starts walking off; out to the crew)* And who do I have to promise to read their screenplay and never do to get a goddamn latte around here?

DWAYNE: *(to AUDREY)* Well, this is exciting, right? Our first day on set! The two of us, working together for the next few weeks. Are you as excited as I am?

AUDREY rubs her armpit, uncomfortable from the bra

AUDREY: *(sarcastically)* Yeah, it's shaping to be something alright

DWAYNE: Which part are you most excited to get to?

AUDREY: When it's over and I can get out of this stripper outfit

DWAYNE: Oh come on Audrey, it's not so bad...

AUDREY: Okay, I'm going get a rash on my breasts from wearing this damn thing and it's just so teen boys can have something to rub their crotches to. So maybe don't say things aren't so bad...

DWAYNE: Oh...right...sorry...

A moment of awkward silence

AUDREY: I'm sorry too. I don't mean to take it out on you. I just...I get the feeling this is going to be a long shoot. You know, we get a new script yesterday that makes all these changes and...then we have to take this seven-hour red-eye flight because god forbid we film in the States. Who the hell makes a movie about 9/11 and doesn't film it in the country it happened?

DWAYNE: Well...Alberta is kinda nice. I mean, it's got some very pretty landscapes. Maybe Herb really saw something in it no other place could capture...

HERB pops in, on the phone

HERB: (to DWAYNE and AUDREY) Sorry, could you two keep it down? I'm on the phone. (to the phone; popping back offstage) What do you mean we're not getting our tax incentive?! That's the only reason we're filming in this shithole!

A moment of awkward silence

DWAYNE: Well...at least they chose a nice soundstage, right?

AUDREY: Yeah, it's fine...I guess I just wasn't ready for...THIS when I signed to it

DWAYNE: Yeah...I don't really know how to feel about some of these new directions Mr. Fauxfeld wants to take it in either...

AUDREY: Maybe you should say something to him, Dwayne

DWAYNE: Oh, I don't want to cause any trouble...

AUDREY: Well, if there's something you're not happy about, you have the right to speak your mind. And you're the only one between us he might actually take seriously. I'm sure Herb will understand...

HERB enters back in

HERB: Bad news, you two. The train carrying our extras is running late. So I bought all their likenesses, so I can sue them for copyright infringement when this is over. Everyone should know by now how misunderstanding I am when it comes to these things. So we're just going to have to move on to another scene.

DWAYNE and AUDREY look at each other

DWAYNE: Umm...actually Mr. Fauxfeld...

HERB: What's wrong, my child?

DWAYNE: Well it's just...Audrey is worried abo-...

AUDREY hits DWAYNE on the back

DWAYNE: I am...a little...tiny...teeny weeniest bit...worried about some of these changes to the script.

HERB: What do you mean, my sunflower seed?

DWAYNE: Well...it's just that the script we signed onto started as a drama on the survivors of 9/11. But now it's a...romantic, comedy, jukebox musical? I mean, I'm very grateful you wanted me to be a part of it. But...I just...don't know if that's what people are looking for in a story with this kind of subject matter.

HERB: Aww my sweet little puppy dog. So innocent and so inexperienced. Cameron made bucket loads on Titanic and that was just some ship. Just imagine the cash we'll bring in with twice the tragedy and something people are actually alive today to remember. They said to never forget and our pockets will be thankful they didn't. Okay, maybe we took a few artistic liberties along the way, but we're still telling that story. You'll see. This money maker will capture all that spirit and weight of tragedy you're looking for. And if our audience disagrees, then we'll just tell them it's satire and that will instantly excuse us. But I have the utmost faith in our director.

AUDREY: Wait...where is the director? I don't think I've seen him on set at all today.

HERB: Not to worry. We have him in his trailer getting some very important work done.

ALBERT enters in holding a solved Rubix cube

ALBERT: Here, I solved the colour cube. Can I shoot something now?

DWAYNE: Umm...that's another thing Mr. Fauxfeld. I'm not...entirely certain Mr. Heim is the best director for this.

ALBERT: What is that supposed to mean? Is this because I am German? Are you being racist?

DWAYNE: Wha-...German isn't a ra-...(refocusing) No! No. Mr. Heim, I am a big fan of your work. I think your dog food commercials are some of the best I've seen. But...I don't entirely know if that kind of experience applies here. And well...yeah, I do suppose being American might help approach this tragedy with more...personal perspective.

ALBERT: Oh I see. You don't think foreign filmmakers should be allowed to tell foreign stories. Well sorry to disappoint you, you fascist pig. I know what I'm doing, I've done my research, and I am more than qualified to direct a picture about the Hindenburg.

HERB leans over to ALBERT.

HERB: (whispering) 9/11

ALBERT: What do you mean "no eleven"?

Everyone excluding ALBERT groans

HERB: *(to DWAYNE)* Look, baby cakes, maybe there were better options. But better options cost more. And sure, maybe it wasn't the wisest to pick someone from a country where they've never had any kind of human tragedy. But please keep an open mind. He has a vision for this movie we believe in. He's not just some lackey we can push the blame on if this movie is a failure.

ALBERT: Wait...it sounds suspiciously like I'm that thing you said I wasn't.

HERB: *(to ALBERT)* Alby, sweetheart, I hear what you're saying and I'm going to put a pin in it so we can discuss it later. For now, why don't you return to your trailer where I've had an intern gather you some lager and bratwurst?

ALBERT: Lager and Bratwurst? I'm just a walking German stereotype to you people, aren't I? You better not let the fact that I happen to be hungry and am going to my trailer to indulge give credibility to your racism.

HERB: Duly noted.

ALBERT leaves

HERB: Oof, I thought he'd never leave. Now that the director is gone, we can get back to making the movie. Speaking of which, you'll be needing this for the next scene.

HERB reaches into his pocket, pulls out a folded piece of paper and hands it to AUDREY.

AUDREY: What's this?

HERB: Well, the government has mandated productions try to be more "inclusive" and "representative of racial minorities". I don't know, sounds like a fad to me. But I think the production team has figured out a way so everyone wins.

HERB gestures to the paper

HERB: Meet your new co-star. Jamal.

AUDREY and DWAYNE both peer at each other, confused. AUDREY opens the paper to reveal it's a printed photo of a black person's head.

DWAYNE: Um...is this...a headshot of someone who's joining us later?

HERB: Nope. That's him.

AUDREY: So your solution to a more inclusive cast is to...have a picture of a black person on set?

HERB: What? Of course not! That would be insensitive and irresponsible! The photo is just a reference for our digital effects team to computer-generate a black person in later.

AUDREY: What? Herb, that's awful. Do you know how many African-American actors there are out there who get ignored every day? And you want to disrespect them all by making a fake one in a computer?

HERB: ...What do you mean by "them", Audrey? Sounds like I have two racist actors on my set.

AUDREY: HERB!

HERB: Look Audrey, do you know how much it costs to buy black people to work for you?

The entire room goes silent as all eyes fall judgementally on Herb

HERB: (*awkwardly*)...in a way where they receive a wage and are free to leave or to not do anything they don't want to...

The entire room resumes as normal

HERB: Black actors are in high demand right now. It's a challenge to find someone who can work within our schedule and budget. This is the only way we could incorporate a black character on short notice. But I assure you, I am a man of equal opportunity. Jamal isn't just here for some civil mandate. He represents an honest look into the black community and is an integral part of this story.

DWAYNE: Oh wow...that's very admirable of you Mr. Fauxfeld. So, what does Jamal do in the story?

HERB: He stands near you to make you look good and then dies in the first ten minutes.

DWAYNE: Oh...well...what about his personality? What is his character like?

HERB: What do you mean? I just told you. He's black, stands near you, and dies in the first ten minutes.

AUDREY: That doesn't sound very integral to the story.

HERB: Well sure he is! Him standing near Steel will please white liberals concerned our movie isn't diverse enough, him dying in the first ten minutes will please white conservatives concerned the movie will be too "woke", and the black community will just be satisfied to see a black person in the film. That's three major combinations of ethnic and political moviegoers Jamal will win over! Like I said. Equal opportunity!

AUDREY: How is that supposed to be an honest look into the black community? You're so obviously just inserting him in the film to do nothing but be some token black character.

HERB: Token? Listen, Audrey, I do not know where you got the idea that this is Lord of the Rings. This is 9/11 and Jamal will only help give the film more grounded realism. Maybe you didn't realize this because you were too busy thinking of black people as "them", but there WERE black people who died during 9/11 too. (*trails off in self-thought*) ...hmm, 9/11 ?? I should write that down...

AUDREY: HERB!

HERB: (*refocuses*) Jamal is staying in the film. He's too important. And I promise if it comes down between you and him, I will not hesitate to bet it all on black. Now, why you don't two find a good spot to set Jamal that's near Dwayne, but...you know, maybe a couple feet behind and out of focus? And I'll run and round up our villain for the next scene. Proud of you both; this is why we're a team!

HERB leaves. AUDREY looks at JAMAL before crumpling him up and tossing him aside

DWAYNE: Uhh, Audrey...I don't know if Mr. Fauxfeld will like you crumpling Jamal...

AUDREY: Jamal? Dwayne, it's a piece of paper. That piece of paper is the bigotry that still runs this industry. (*sighs*) This isn't getting any better. None of this feels right to me. You know, how can they sign us onto something and then expect us to do it with the same energy and enthusiasm when they just change everything?

DWAYNE: Well sure it's not the most glamorous. And maybe it is...a little more exploitive than we thought it was going to be...

AUDREY: A little? Christ Dwayne, have you been paying attention at all to what's been happening?

DWAYNE: But I quite like my character. I think he's going to be a lot of fun to play and that he'll be an inspiration to all kinds of people.

AUDREY: Well of course YOU would feel that way...

DWAYNE: What? What does that mean?

AUDREY: ..nothing...just forget it...

DWAYNE: *(sighs)* Audrey...try to look at it this way. We're a part of Hollywood now. The place people go to make it big and have their names on billboards and blinking lights. And this is still a big picture from a big studio. This is the kind of break actors spend their lives trying to get. We're doing this today, but maybe tomorrow we're doing the next Oscar winner. This is an amazing title to have on our resumes. And Herb? He's one of the biggest names in the business. Who knows? This might just be the movie that will lead to even better things for us.

AUDREY: I guess, but...

DWAYNE: You'll see. I'm positive the worst of it has passed. And that filming will be smooth sailing for the both of us from here.

As DWAYNE is talking, HERB enters back in with RICK playing OSAMA BIN LADEN, but with an eyepatch. AUDREY and DWAYNE turn and notice OSAMA.

AUDREY: Oh dear god...

DWAYNE approaches OSAMA

DWAYNE: You must be Rick! I'm Dwayne. I've heard so many great things about your acting. I'm very excited to be working with yo-...

OSAMA hits DWAYNE to the floor.

OSAMA: How dare you approach me without permission! Do you forget I am the great and wise Osama Bin Laden?! You will be struck for your insolence!

HERB grabs his arm, stopping OSAMA from any further violence. HERB reaches into his coat pocket for a rolled newspaper that he starts to hit OSAMA with. As this is happening, a stunned AUDREY helps DWAYNE up.

AUDREY: Jesus. Dwayne, are you okay?

DWAYNE: What happened? Did I say something wrong?

HERB: Osama no! Bad Osama! That's a bad Osama! (*hitting OSAMA with the newspaper harder*) I will not have violence on my set!

HERB stops hitting OSAMA

HERB: I'm sorry I had to do that to you, my spicy lamb. But the studio will not pay for another lawsuit. If you assault anyone else, you can tell Rick he's not getting his hot tub!

OSAMA straightens himself out

OSAMA: Very well. Just do not let your actors forget whom they are in the presence of.

HERB: Of course, my Kab Kik. I will have a word with them. Now, why don't you head over to catering for some breakfast? Our chefs have put together some Hiniy and Gahwa just for you, your excellence.

OSAMA: Ah, very good.

OSAMA wanders off

DWAYNE: Umm...Mr. Fauxfeld?...

AUDREY: No No Dwayne. It's okay. I can handle this one.

AUDREY goes to HERB, grabs his newspaper, and starts hitting him with it.

AUDREY: What the hell is the matter with you!? Now you bring an abusive psychopath on set?

AUDREY stops hitting HERB

HERB: I'm sorry, I should've told you both ahead of time. You're going to have to ixnay on the ricks-nay for now. Rick Mooney is one of the most dedicated method actors of his generation. He's been in character for the last two months to prepare for this role. For the sake of this shoot, it'll make things so much easier if you both play along.

AUDREY: You're joking, right? There are actors that actually do this? That's got to be the most self-indulgent excuse to act like an asshole I've ever heard. So what? They become this character and suddenly feel they have the right to just abuse everyone? And YOU. You're fine just indulging in this? *(sigh)* How the hell does a person even...be Osama Bin Laden for two months anyways?

HERB: Well first he insisted we fly him out to Saudi Arabia to find the character in his roots. See, we put him up in Bin Laden's old hiding spot with nothing more than months of food and water, an expensive air-conditioned RV, and an enormous crew of cameramen, medics, and security watching him at all times. You see, he's very sacrificial like that. We actually recorded the whole experience and we're going to put it online to get buzz going on the film. Have a look:

HERB snaps his fingers and a crew member wheels a TV on set. The lights dim as HERB grabs a remote and turns it on, causing the image to appear on the TV and to be projected on the green screen. The image fizzles before revealing RICK, sitting in an RV in a bathrobe, receiving a manicure.

RICK: *(on TV; to the audience)* Hey there Rickle Clan! I just landed in Saudi Arabia yesterday and it is sizzling outside. I don't know what all these Arabic people are complaining about. I've been having a pretty easy time with it. I'm sure many of you know I'm getting ready for the biggest challenge of my career since I was MLK Jr. THE Osama Bin Laden. This is just the role I've been looking for. A chance to really test my mental limits and push my talents to the...*(to the manicurist)* HEY! I said I wanted my nails orchid pink, not salmon pink! Do you not know what an orchid looks like?! What do you not understand about orchid?! *(annunciating)* OR-CHID!

MANICURIST: *(on TV)* I'm sorry Mr. Mooney...

RICK: *(on TV)* That's Mr. Bin Laden to you!

MANICURIST: *(on TV)* I'm sorry Mr. Bin Laden. It's just...I have a hard time telling the difference. You have forty different pink polishes and they're all unlabelled. And...I thought you liked salmon pink?

RICK: *(on TV)* Oh, you THOUGHT I liked salmon pink?! What are you trying to say?! You saying I'm some kind of North American Brown Bear?! You think I just go around snatching my dinner from freshwater rivers?!

MANICURIST: *(on TV)* No Mr. Mooney...

RICK: *(on TV)* MR. BIN LADEN!

MANICURIST: *(on TV)* No Mr. Bin Laden...

RICK: *(on TV)* Here's an idea! Since you're such a thinking man, how about you use that power of thought to think up a new job while you're walking home!? That's right! You're walking back to the States! I have people who can enforce that!

HERB starts to fast-forward

AUDREY: Jesus, Herb...

HERB: Don't worry, our boys in editing will cut around those bits. It'll look better when it's just all the acting stuff put together.

HERB stops fast-forwarding to reveal sometime later when RICK has adopted OSAMA's clothing and mentality.

OSAMA: *(on TV; in a bad Indian accent)* Hello Osama Organization! It is your boy, the big B Laden here!

DWAYNE: Is...he doing an Indian accent?

HERB: Well, he never was the best at accents and...well, we've asked him to stop for the movie.

OSAMA (*on TV*): I am very excite to be starring in my first motion picture where I will get the chance to push the ideals of Al-Qeada. Al-Qeada is very nice!

AUDREY: Did he just make a Borat reference?

HERB: He did appear to be under the misconception Borat was Arabic, yes.

OSAMA: (*on TV*) Killing infidels, am I right? (*laughs to himself*) Alright, I must go to America now to help the Capitalist swines make their movie. Ciao!

OSAMA in the video stands up, chanting gibberish made to vaguely sound like Arabic singing, and the video ends. The lights come back up.

HERB: Okay, so the video needs a little work. But as you can see, he's very committed to his art. Want to see the video we took of him flying back to America in character? Man, were THOSE passengers in for a surprise...

AUDREY: No more videos! Herb, we have to talk about this...

Crew member comes in and wheels the TV off-set

HERB: What's troubling you now, my delightful daffodil?

AUDREY: What's troubling me? This isn't acting. This caricature is just pretentious attention-seeking from someone who doesn't know how to act.

HERB: No! Not at all! But in another sense...maybe a little...look, the point is critics are conditioned to believe method acting equals a good performance and they always give us a solid endorsement for it. So as long as we can keep him behaving, it evens out.

AUDREY: Well, that's not even my biggest problem. I can't even believe this is something I even have to say, but...why did you cast a white person to play Osama Bin Laden?!

DWAYNE: White? I thought Rick was Guaetemalen.

HERB: Half Caucasian and half Native American. You see, my lovelies, we put up with him because his mixed heritage makes him some of the most salivating words a producer can hear: Ethnically Ambiguous. Audiences around the world can't get enough of him, even if they couldn't point on a map what his heritage is. Having a white dad and a Native American mother have made him just white enough to play white roles and just foreign enough to play foreign roles. In his career, he's played a Brooklyn gangster, an Egyptian god, a Cuban politician, and an Israeli father. And no one even realized or cared he isn't any of those things. Isn't that great?

AUDREY: And so what? You're just not the slightest bit concerned how incredibly offensive that all is?

HERB: Hey, I know he's nowhere near the real deal. But I can assure you, my pudding pop, that we have taken every turn to make sure he is portrayed as authentically as possible.

DWAYNE: Then...why is he wearing an eyepatch?

HERB: That was the one condition we gave Rick. After all, we had to make sure audiences know he's the villain.

DWAYNE: You're worried people won't think of the notorious terrorist Osama Bin Laden as the villain? Look, Mr Fauxfeld, I'm with Audrey on this one. I...I don't think this is going to work. I think we should pause filming until we can hire an Arabic actor to play him...or maybe...leave him out of the film altogether.

HERB thinks for a moment

HERB: Audrey, darling, light of my life, can I have a moment with Dwayne? Why don't you grab a cronut or something? And while you're at it, swing by our legal team and hand out waivers for everyone to sign saying I'm not liable for any incidents on this production.

AUDREY: Sure. And when I've collected them all, how would you like them? Down your throat or shoved up your...

HERB: *(interrupting)* I just need a moment with the kid. Go somewhere that isn't here, my lion tamer.

AUDREY looks to DWAYNE who gives her a slight smile. She gives a slight nod of approval before walking off, giving HERB a threatening glance while walking past him.

DWAYNE: Did you call her a lion tamer? Is that a...common Hollywood term?

HERB: *(sigh)* Listen, muffin factory, I get it. It's tough subject matter and perhaps we're not showing it the strongest of lights...

DWAYNE: Wait, did you just call me muffin factory? Are you okay? Do you need me to call a medic?

HERB: *(ignoring)* ...but Rick is our ticket to put this movie in the big leagues. He's going to put butts in seats, earn credit from critics, and get this movie some gold come award season. You're a great guy and I love the work you're doing. But...I can't have JUST great guys working for me. I need risk-takers too. People willing to jump out of their comfort zone. People willing to take the dive with me. People willing to help me hide the body. People willing to help me toss the body over a bridge so the cops won't find out.

DWAYNE: Are we still talking about the movie?

HERB: All I'm saying is Rick? Over there? He's a risk-taker. So...what about you? Are you a risk-taker? Or do you just want to be...a great guy?

DWAYNE thinks for a moment

DWAYNE: Well...how many scenes do I have with him?

HERB: Just this one.

DWAYNE: *(sigh)* Okay, I'll...give it a try.

HERB: See that's why you're my guy! You're a team player. I love that and I'm going to kiss you in your sleep for it! *(out to everyone)* Alright everyone, top of scene 12.

HERB leaves

DWAYNE: This...sure isn't what I thought it would be...

Crew members come in and help put the muscle suit and wig back onto DWAYNE. They then get DWAYNE into a chair and tie him with a rope. OSAMA comes back in and stands by for his call. Everything is set.

HERB: *(offstage)* And...ACTION!

OSAMA: Mwahaha! Now Steel Hunter, with you "all tied up", no one can stop me from marrying dear sweet Priscilla Patience. And once her father falls into a deep sleep, I shall inherit his beloved cornfield and make millions ruling the corn industry!

STEEL: You'll never get away with this, you ignorant creep! Priscilla loves me!

OSAMA: For now. But I have a musk no woman can resist. In time, she too will succumb to it. Too bad you won't be here to witness it. For you have a flight to catch! Mwahaha! But first, I think it's time for a little lunch.

STEEL: You want some lunch? How about a knuckle sandwich?

OSAMA pulls out a jar of baby food from his pocket and turns to face the audience

OSAMA: Actually, I was talking about Mama Di's All Organic Baby Food. The only baby food to have no artificial preservatives or sweeteners. Made with only the freshest ingredients, there's never been a better way to get all those important nutrients to your baby. And with delicious flavours like Mashed Peas and Spinach, even mom and dad will have a hard time resisting the taste. (*OSAMA dips his finger in, and licks the baby food off his finger*). Oops, there I go again. Mama Di's All Organic Baby Food: the only time you'll be happy to say "here comes the airplane"!

OSAMA holds the baby food up to his face and smiles. There is a moment of silence as DWAYNE is deeply confused and concerned.

DWAYNE: ...wh-...what?

HERB: CUT!

The bell rings as HERB enters back onto set

HERB: Dwayne, that's not your line! You were supposed to say "Oh that looks good! Can I get some of that?" And then he feeds you a spoonful and you say "Nom nom nom nom nom nom. Mmm, now that's yum yum in my tum tum". Did you even bother to read the pages I forgot to send to you?

DWAYNE: Wh...why is he eating baby food?

HERB: They're the movie's sponsor.

DWAYNE: They're the WHAT?

HERB: Well you didn't think the studio covered the cost for their movies, did you? Oh, you just can't help but be my simple savoury soylent, can you? We reached out to Mama Di and had her chip in a few bucks to keep the lights running in this place. And in return, we drop her fine line of mashed munchies throughout the film. It can't help but be a win-win.

DWAYNE: Wh...A BABY FOOD company wanted to have their name associated with a movie about 9/11?

HERB: I think you underestimate the power of sexually unsatisfied moms who will flood the multiplexes to catch a glimpse of your juicy pecs and patriotic dads who will come just because they love their country so damn much. With Mama Di's baby food in the forefront, they won't be able to ignore it. You should see the ads we have planned. Every parent is going to open up their favourite magazine and see a perfectly preserved bottle of mashed carrots in front of the rubble of the fallen towers. Mama Di is going to make back what she gave us plus interest.

DWAYNE: Mr. Fau...Herb...this...this is low. How do those two things even remotely pair together? They pair about as well as using Schindler's List to sell Coca-Cola.

HERB: *(pondering in intrigued thought)* Hmm.

DWAYNE: Herb, do not use Schindler's List to sell Coca-Cola.

HERB: Look, rocky baby, I get it. It's maybe a little intrusive and manipulative. But look at it this way. When someone writes me a check for \$20 million dollars, it's part of my job to keep them happy. Dwayne...Mama Di? She hurts people. Did you hear about Disney's death?

DWAYNE: Disney? He...died of lung cancer, right?

HERB: Sure, that's what Mama Di wants you to think. Let's just say his body was found with ten less fingers and Mama Di was wearing a shiny new ring the next day. Putting their money to good use and promoting their products will keep them happy. In Hollywood, plot and character can always be put on hold if we can do our due to sell something...and live another day preferably.

DWAYNE: Rick, you have to help me out here. You don't believe this stuff too, do you?

OSAMA: Rick? Who is this Rick? Sounds like he would be a handsome talented man with a big penis. But I do not know of any Rick around here.

HERB and DWAYNE look at each other

DWAYNE: ...I'm going to have to call him Osama, aren't I?

HERB: The man acted like a cat for six months to prepare for a one-minute Meow Mix commercial. You think he would ever to stop for you?

DWAYNE (*sigh*)...Osama?

OSAMA: Yes?

DWAYNE: Well..IF you are the real Osama...you know, the one who hated America enough to help cause the whole thing this movie is about...then should you not be okay with selling our products, right? All this capitalism has to bother you, right? Tell Herb that it bothers you. He'll listen to you.

OSAMA: We have Mama Di in Arabia. We have moms who have kids who need to eat too. The better question is why are you so against the nourishment of infants? Do you hate babies? Albert told me you were racist.

DWAYNE: Does no one here know what that word actually means? Babies aren't a race!

HERB: Stop it you two! Look, my crab cakes, I understand it's been a long day and we're not even past noon. You've both been working very hard, but I can sense tension is starting to run a bit high. We've shot enough for this scene that we can get our boys in the special effects department to computer-generate the rest of it. So why don't we take five to move on and cool down?

DWAYNE and OSAMA mumble in agreement

HERB: Great! Why don't you two head back to your trailers for now and Dwayne, we'll call you back in when things are ready. Hey, can we get someone over here to cut out Dwayne!?

OSAMA leaves, snacking from the jar of baby food. A crew member comes over and helps DWAYNE out of the chair. DWAYNE stands up as HERB puts his arm around him.

HERB: *(talking fast while walking offstage with DWAYNE)* Great work kid. You're a natural-born performer. I knew I had good reason to pick you beyond your flammability. Speak of the devil, I've been dying to ask how you feel about being set on fire.

The set is bare for a moment before AUDREY wanders back on. She looks around to make sure it's empty. She is nervous. She wanders over to the desk and takes a seat. She has a moment of thought before taking her phone out of her pocket. She stares at the screen for a deep inhale and exhale before hitting the phone and putting it to her ear, clearly stressed over something.

AUDREY: *(feigning happiness)* Hey Dad! Yeah, it's...it's Audrey...yeah, listen, I'm on the set right now. We're on break and...yeah?...Oh it's just been...so much more than I thought it would be...yeah...yeah, I've met some...very...very interesting people...my costume? Oh it's just...super...yeah?...yeah I...can't wait for you to see it too, dad...the director? Oh he's...he's something else...very hands-off...no dad, that just means...he has a lot of faith in our work...what?...yeah, yeah it is a different time zone, but...no dad you're fine, this is a fine time...hey listen, how's mom? *(struggling to feign happiness)*...uh huh...ri...right...umm...no dad, that's...that's okay...I know she's umm...she's very busy and all and I don't want to bother her and uhh...*(takes a deep inhalation and races through the rest)* Okay, well I just wanted to tell you everything is good here and I can't wait for you to see the movie...I have to go. The director just came back in, so we're getting ready to start shooting again dad. So I'll talk to you later...okay dad..yeah I love you too...bye...

AUDREY hangs up the phone as the emotions build. She breaks down into tears. She cries, shielding her face. BRITTANY wanders on set, notices AUDREY, and wanders over to her.

BRITTANY: Oh my gosh, honey, what's wrong?

BRITTANY surprises AUDREY, who rushes to hide her sadness from BRITTANY

AUDREY: Brittany! I didn't know anyone else was here. I was just...doing some acting prep for the next scene.

BRITTANY: Wha...honey, I know acting tears from real tears. You don't have to be shy now. Tell Brittany what's wrong.

AUDREY: Oh it was...nothing I promise. Just...a long day I guess. But it's nothing to worry about.

BRITTANY: Oh Audrey (*placing her hand on AUDREY's shoulder; speaking fast*) We both know neuroscientific studies show that women who suffer from a desire to reject the open expression of negative feelings share either a history of emotional manipulation resulting in a fear of judgement or neglect resulting in a fear for the unreliability of others. However, as a woman, speaking to members of the same sex have statistically better chances of resolving the basis for negative feelings due to lower chances for internalized biases formed as a result of male-dominant cultural conditioning.

Moment of silence

AUDREY: ...wh...what?

BRITTANY: I'm saying you can tell me.

Moment of silence as AUDREY's confusion shifts into finding the right words

AUDREY: I umm...I wasn't supposed to be here. My parents...

BRITTANY: Ah, non-conformity brought on by parental conditions. Please, continue.

AUDREY...right...well, my parents own a diner back in the States. It's just...the best little restaurant. My mom could outmake any place's burger tenfold. And the plan was always that I would take over once I was old enough. For the longest time, I was fine with that. But then, over the last year, I got these...panicked feelings. I started thinking "What if there was something more for me and I...was missing out on it because I was staying here?". I started pushing away more and more and...eventually it led to a big fight with my mom. I was so...angry that day and I just wanted nothing more than to run. So I did. Even after I left...I had...no idea what that something more was I even wanted. I came here thinking maybe I could find it as an actor and...I'd become this big star and that...fame could fill me with what was missing. But...ever since I signed to this...it hasn't. All I feel is...pressure. Like all eyes are on me, judging me at all times. And this film? I don't want to be a part of this. Brittany...I want to go home. I want to hug my mom and tell her I'm sorry. But...I haven't spoken to her in months. The last thing I ever told her was that she wasn't as important as I was. What if she doesn't want my apology? What if I'm too late?

There is a moment of silence between the two

BRITTANY: Audrey, the notion of independence is only natural within a young woman as she enters adulthood as much as a parent's struggle to not accept that strive personally. In order to seek your mother's forgiveness, you must be willing to find forgiveness in yourself. Our moments of mistake make us reevaluate that which is most important to us. And if that is to return home, then the matter cannot be solved by accepting inactivity or hypotheticals as truth.

AUDREY: ...I know you're right but...it doesn't make it any less scary...

BRITTANY: Well I read in an article from last month's Journal of Personality and Social Psychology that statistically, parents, particularly mothers, have a stronger acceptance rate for forgiveness, particularly if they've become accustomed to a period of time in which they've received a satisfactory relationship with said child. I can show you the graphs if you'd like.

AUDREY: ...Okay Brittany, now you're starting to scare me...

BRITTANY: Gosh, you're right. I'm getting ahead of myself. Sorry, psychological enigmas excite me. Why don't we take a step back and procure sugar-based food to raise your dopamine, providing you with more comfort to speak about these matters? Say...over a cronut?

AUDREY: Umm...okay.

AUDREY stands up, getting ready to leave

AUDREY: You know Brittany, when I first met you, I really thought you were...

BRITTANY: A brainless inept bimbo whose sole contribution to society was her sexuality?

AUDREY: ...well...I don't know if I would've said inept...

BRITTANY: That's okay, inept is what I was going for. You see, men in positions of power feel their masculinity is threatened when a member of the opposite sex has intelligence equal or superior to theirs. If I maintain an identity of perceivable inferiority, it creates a false sense of security in male dominance, making them more naive and susceptible to manipulation. I project in two months, I'll have Herb willingly handing control of his company to me.

AUDREY: ...Damn, Brittany...

BRITTANY: I don't have a Harvard education for nothing. Shall we?

BRITTANY and AUDREY walk off as there is a moment of emptiness on set before DWAYNE enters back on, panicked

DWAYNE: *(to himself)* Okay so the movie is a little stupid...and racist...and a...big ad for baby food...but that doesn't mean it's bad, right? People like this kind of stuff, right? And Steel is a pretty great character, right? As long as I do a good job, that means everyone will still like me in this too, right? Someone will see this and give me more movies everyone will love, right? Then I know I made a good choice, right? I know I'm meant to be here, right? Everyone can see me do something I'm proud of, right? Right? RIGHT?

DWAYNE takes a few deep breaths before falling quiet

DWAYNE: Who am I kidding...this is a disaster...

OSAMA walks on the set

DWAYNE: Osama! I knew you were a good man at heart. You saw I was emotionally distressed and you came over to offer me some words of comfort or wisdom, right?

OSAMA: What? No. The interns are doing an ice cream run and they asked me to see what kind you wanted. But your patheticness embarrasses me. And just standing next to you makes me feel like less of a man. I'm going to tell them you don't want any and that you're lying if you say you do.

OSAMA starts to leave

DWAYNE: ...but I want ice cream...

OSAMA glances back

OSAMA: Fuck you

OSAMA leaves

DWAYNE: *(sigh)* None of this is what I signed up for. I can't be seen in this pandering, offensive, slapped-on-a-plastic lunch box trash. Even if my character is still solid, is this all Hollywood is? Promising art and reshaping it until it doesn't look anything like what it was meant to be? This thing has been rewritten so many times we're not even getting new pages anymore. They know they're just going to change it again tomorrow. *(sigh)* I'm gonna have nothing left after this.

Lights fade and a spotlight appears on DWAYNE as he overhears voices from his past.

VOICE 1: You're never going to be an actor!

VOICE 2: What a waste of time! You can't have a hobby as a career!

VOICE 3: Have fun starving on the street, loser!

VOICE 4: What a disappointment you must be to your parents!

VOICE 5: You'll never find One-Eyed Willy's buried treasure!

DWAYNE breaks his solace, confused

DWAYNE: Wait, what was that last one?

VOICE 5: Remember playing The Goonies game and you kept getting game over? You never did find Willy's treasure, did you?

DWAYNE: Umm...okay, but...what does that have to do with what's going on?

VOICE 5: Dude, we're just mental projections of your insecurities being expressed through voices of people you recognize. You tell us.

Lights come back up as DWAYNE remains in a state of both confusion and distraught.

AUDREY and BRITTANY enter on set, eating cronuts. AUDREY is now wearing more casual clothing such as a hoodie and some sweatpants; no longer wearing the exaggerated bra.

BRITTANY ...the trick I've found is to rotate one foot approximately 80 degrees upwards for maximum visibility and no more than 1 ml of visible saliva on it. The rise in internet pornography has subconsciously raised attraction for salivation as a form of degradation, but too much will alert the amygdala region of their brains and result in disassociation.

AUDREY: Wow...so that's how you monopolized the entire market of selling feet pictures?

BRITTANY: It's just basic psychology, economics, hedonics, trigonometry and chiropraxy. Really, anyone could've figured it out.

AUDREY: *(notices DWAYNE)* Hey Dwayne! You got to listen to Brittany. She has this really interesting theory on...

DWAYNE doesn't react, still in thought

AUDREY: Dwayne? You okay?

DWAYNE finally notices the pair

DWAYNE: Huh? Oh! Yes sorry, I didn't realize you were there. I guess I was just...in deep thought.

BRITTANY: Really? About what?

DWAYNE: ...something about One Eyed Willy, I think.

BRITTANY: *(to Audrey; under her breath)* Ah, his penis. No doubt a mentalization of his masculinity brought on by...

HERB enters back in

HERB: Alright my protruding petunias, are we ready to start filming?

BRITTANY: *(feigning ditzyness)* Herbie! I got cronut on my shirt! But I licked it all up, so I wouldn't have to change!

HERB: Aww, that's great honey. You're doing a really nice job.

HERB starts to walk towards DWAYNE but stops, glances back at BRITTANY, and gives a light chuckle

HERB: Pfft, women. What will they think of next?

HERB continues towards DWAYNE as BRITTANY gives a knowing glance to AUDREY

HERB: Alright my leather-bound love, we're moving on to the most important scene of the film. This is where I really want to see you giving your all and...

DWAYNE: *(interrupting)* Herb, listen...I've been doing some thinking and...I don't think this movie is working out. I really think you need to let this movie be the drama it once was. I'm so worried that this thing is going to ruin us with some of these outlandish choices.

HERB: Oh my dumpling diver. You know...I was just having that same thought. And you're absolutely right. We've lost the message a bit with some of these sillier scenes. But I want you to put those worries away in your pocket. Because I guarantee that you'll love this next scene we're shooting. We're introducing a new character. Someone who was impacted deeply by the tragedy. Someone who will really tug on the heartstrings. Someone who will help to capture all that poignant weight you feel has been missing.

DWAYNE: Oh wow. Herb, that sounds amazing! Who is it?

PLANEY THE TALKING PLANE enters in

PLANEY: *(in a goofy voice)* Hey kids! Your pal Planey is here! I sure love to hug buildings, but I'm not supposed to cause I'm too big. But I still love to give nice warm hugs to all my family and friends!

The room falls silent

DWAYNE/AUDREY: *(under their breath)*...you gotta be kidding me...

PLANEY: *(to DWAYNE)* You must be Dwayne! Now I've heard that you're the hero of this story, aren't ya? Then that makes you one of my new best friends! How about a hug?

DWAYNE: Don't touch me.

HERB: *(to DWAYNE)* So, what do you think, huh? Pretty great. He took most of our budget to put together, but it'll all be worth it. Nothing is a juicier cherry to put on top than a cute, colorful sidekick that we can slap onto every product we get our hands on. It warms me right up to think of audiences with one hand on their heart and the other on their wallet. So what do you say? Ready to film?

The room stays silent

DWAYNE: Herb...can I speak to you alone for a moment?

HERB: Sure thing, my white water wizard.

HERB and DWAYNE wander to the other side of the set. As they do, PLANEY, AUDREY, and BRITTANY interact.

AUDREY: I don't feel good about where this is heading.

PLANEY: Ahh, they'll be okay. It's like I always say, "Use your words when you're angry and your arms when you're hugging". Besides, while they're talking it out...*(PLANEY puts his wings around AUDREY and BRITTANY's shoulders)*...what do you say the three of us head to my trailer and get more acquainted?

AUDREY: Uhh...no...cartoon plane man...I think we're just fine staying here...

PLANEY: Aww come on baby. You know you want this...

AUDREY pushes his wing off of her

AUDREY: Okay, touch us again and I'll rip your wing off and shove it up your cargo hold.

PLANEY: Boy, who brought the buzzkill to the party? That's fine. I'll fly on back when you come around and want to join me in a red eye flight. They always do.

PLANEY wanders away from them as BRITTANY and AUDREY listen in as HERB and DWAYNE start conversing.

DWAYNE: Herb?

HERB: Yeah?

DWAYNE: Why is there a talking plane?

HERB: It's for the kids.

DWAYNE: For...the kids?

HERB: That's right, my fire flower. Kids don't want to see movies anymore. They want to see characters. They want an icon of fun and innocence to guide them through life. Think about it. Some people went to see Despicable Me, but EVERYONE went to see Minions. That's the kind of cash cow we can't sleep on. Children will flock to see the wacky adventures that Planey will get into. And think of the possibilities! Sequels. Tv shows. Toys. Heck, maybe even a stage musical! The literal and figurative sky is the limit! And as long as he can teach something resembling a lesson by the end, parents will be more than willing to put up with it.

DWAYNE: So...just to make sure I have this correctly...in your "obviously-geared-towards-adult erotic comedy drama about 9/11", you're trying to find ways...to appeal to kids?

HERB: See? I'm so glad we could reach an understanding over this. You and I are going to ride this cartoon plane all the way to the bank.

DWAYNE: Understanding? No. Tolerating? Barely.

HERB: Wuh...my lasagna launcher, I thought we were in agreement over this.

DWAYNE: Look, one or two small changes I can stomach, but there's a very fine line between good and bad taste in dealing with these kinds of things. And you just crashed a cartoon plane right into bad!

HERB: Well we're just trying to make a movie anybody can pick up and watch.

DWAYNE: There's a BIG difference between making a movie anyone can watch and trying to make a movie for everybody. These sexual jokes and the violence will be way too mature for kids, and the talking plane and morals are too stupid for adults. It doesn't appeal to anyone! Nobody is going to want to watch it!

HERB: Dwayne, we're Hollywood. We tell people what they want to watch.

DWAYNE: I can't do this anymore! It was a big mistake ever letting you get away with so much. Me and the other actors are going on strike!

HERB: What?! You can't go strike!

DWAYNE: Why not?

HERB: Because...I'm asking you politely not to!

DWAYNE: No. I'm speaking for everyone on set when I say we won't let this ridiculous project go any further until we see a rewrite!

HERB: You know what? Fine! Go ahead! You think we're scared of a little strike? You're the ones who should be afraid. You'll starve before we ever give in to you! We are the gods of this industry and you are nothing but ants beneath our boots! You will be smite down with lightning and thunder before you even know what hit you!

HERB laughs confidently to himself before leaning over to DWAYNE

HERB: *(whispering)* Please don't go on strike. Hollywood literally won't survive it. Why don't we forget this little spat, shoot this scene, and I'll go make some calls to get you a Netflix series? Okay, my Catalytic Converter?

DWAYNE pushes HERB away

DWAYNE: No! Listen, you can do this to your superhero movies. You can do this to your animated kid's movies. But this is a story that matters to people and that we still find ways to remember over twenty years later. It's a tragedy that shaped our country and made us think about what's really important. And I guarantee you that when this movie fails and people are still travelling to the World Trade Centre site to honour those who lost their lives, nobody is going to give any thought to your movie. Because true thoughtful art doesn't come from adhering to some trend or trying to please demographics. It comes from passionate people who want to share a story in a unique way that is still devoted to honouring the impact it deserves.

The room is completely silent for a few moments

HERB: Oh, I think I finally see what the problem is...This is all because you hate plane people too, isn't it? Does your racism know no bounds!?

DWAYNE: I'M NOT RACIST!

DWAYNE jumps onto HERB and the two of them start fighting each other

AUDREY: Oh my god! We need to get in there and stop them.

AUDREY steps forward, but BRITTANY holds her back

BRITTANY: No, better to stay out of it. When two males reach a peak moment of aggression and transcended verbal solutions...

PLANEY wanders back over to BRITTANY and AUDREY

PLANEY: Ah, just let them tire themselves out. (*putting one of his wings around BRITTANY's shoulder again*) Say, Brittany, I bet you've been inside an airplane. But has an airplane ever been inside you?

BRITTANY: (*to AUDREY*) Of course, on the other hand...

BRITTANY sucker punches PLANEY in the stomach who falls to the ground. AUDREY joins in and the two of them start beating up PLANEY. OSAMA runs in from off set.

OSAMA: Wait, Osama wants to fight too!

OSAMA jumps in and punches AUDREY, but she sucker punches and overpowers OSAMA instantly. The fight goes on for several moments before ALBERT steps in and loudly whistles, causing everyone to stop.

ALBERT: That is enough!

HERB: (*spitting out a tooth and some blood*) Get out of here, Albert! Can't you see we're trying to make a movie?

ALBERT: You Americans. So hot-headed and ignorant. I am not really Albert. I am...

ALBERT tears off his wig to reveal he is actually...

ALL (*except Oskar*): OSKAR SCHINDLER!

OSKAR: (*speaking in a semi-German, semi-Irish accent*) That's right. After MY movie was applauded for its historical accuracy, I was inducted into the "Accuracy Society in Storytelling". It's our job to observe film sets for movies based on true events. We mark them based on how much they adhere to the real story and then help make necessary changes if they stray too far.

DWAYNE: But wait...why would they induct you? You didn't have anything to do with the movie.

OSKAR (*modestly*) Oh, didn't I, Dwayne? Didn't I?

DWAYNE: N...No...you didn't. In fact, aren't you supposed to be dead?

OSKAR: Well I did, I'm not, and you can't prove me wrong.

AUDREY: How come we've never heard of this club? And...why were you disguised?

OSKAR: Well, needless to say, Herb here has a pretty notorious reputation over at A.S.S. And we knew if he found out someone was trying to make changes to his movie that he'd do everything in his power to shut us down. So I disguised myself as the one person he knew would never try and put any creative control into the movie...

HERB: The director. Of course!

OSKAR: Indeed. Now that I've had the chance to examine your movie, I think I'm ready to give it its mark.

HERB/DWAYNE: And?

OSKAR pulls out a clipboard and a stamp from their jacket

OSKAR: Well, it features almost none of the real people who were involved, all the people who are real are portrayed absurdly inaccurately, and it never once attempts to inform people of what actually happened and risks only to spread misinformation...

DWAYNE: Thank you! I'm so glad to know someone else sees it too! Now, I think we should get a new screenwriter to do some revisions and make it mo-...

OSKAR: ...but it's a comedy, so I'm still going to give it a pass of approval with no changes necessary.

OSKAR stamps the sheet while HERB lets out a noise of positive exclamation.

DWAYNE: Wh...What? Bu-...But what about everything you just said about accuracy and misinformation?

OSKAR: *(to DWAYNE)* Well sure, if it was a drama, those would all be issues we'd take care of immediately. But...it's a comedy...and I think audiences are smart enough to know not to take it too seriously. Now, you've all worked hard enough today. So what do you say I take you all out for some Coca-Cola? I just signed a sponsorship with them.

OSKAR pulls a bottle of Coca-Cola from his pocket and looks to the audience, holding the bottle to his face while smiling.

OSKAR: It's the most Holo-cost effective way to quench your thirst!

Everyone except DWAYNE and AUDREY gets up, but only OSAMA and PLANEY join OSKAR and all three leave the set.

DWAYNE: What just happened?

HERB: Well, my pucker-lipped person, you complained about the make-up, you had several negative allegations made about you, you constantly fought me on the script, and you actually fought me when I disagreed with you. And from it all, I still got my way...Congratulations, you're officially a Hollywood actor! Yep...looks like everything turned out A-OK!

AUDREY: I quit

HERB: ...what did you say?

AUDREY: I said...

AUDREY stands up

AUDREY: I god...damn...quit...

HERB: You can't quit! We have you under contract! I'll sue you!

AUDREY: Yeah? And I'll counter-sue you for negligence to sexual and physical abuse on your set...

HERB: ...well those are just things that come with working on a Hollywood film. That's no reason to quit! It's nothing we can't sort out on our own, my fleshy fun friend...

AUDREY: Enough with the stupid nicknames!

HERB: Oh come on, how are you supposed to ever become a real actress if you can't even get through the first day on set? Compared to some of my other films, I still consider this one of my better ones...

AUDREY: I don't want to be a real actress. If it means putting up with more people like you, then I will not spend my life living underneath your thumbs.

HERB: You know what? Fine. Leave. But I'm warning you Sittle. I'll make it so you never work in this town again. You think you're something special, but like any actor, you're replaceable. And I don't care if finding a new actress for Priscilla takes us hours. Or even days. Or weeks! Or months! Or-...(quickly turns his attention to BRITTANY) Hey Brittany, do you want a promotion?

BRITTANY: K

HERB: (to BRITTANY) Great! (to AUDREY) We're taking the damage to Jamal out of your severance. (to OSKAR) Oskar, wait up! I think we can help each other! What are your thoughts on baby food?

HERB runs offstage

AUDREY: God, what an ass.

AUDREY approaches BRITTANY and holds out her hand to her

AUDREY: Congratulations Brittany. You're a far more patient person than me.

BRITTANY reciprocates the handshake

BRITTANY: If it makes you feel any better, you held out longer than I thought. Commitment is a good quality, but so can be recognizing your self-worth.

AUDREY notices DWAYNE still on the ground, in stunned silence

AUDREY: Dwayne, you okay? Do you want me to get the medic?

DWAYNE: No, it's not that...I just...

DWAYNE gets up, still in shock

DWAYNE: I don't get it. I tried to take the high road and it backfired on me.

AUDREY: Dwayne, I'm sorry. It's an imperfect system. But I know now it won't change just because you don't agree with it. For what it's worth, it makes you a decent human being that you at least tried.

DWAYNE: I just...how can people be so willing to sit idly by while Herb pedals this...bullshit?

AUDREY: Dwayne, listen, it's not easy to admit, but your opinion is not going to be the only one which matters in a project...

DWAYNE: You have to tell Herb you changed your mind. We need to go on strike and we'll have more strength in numbers. I know you feel the same way about these problems. Maybe we can still change this, but I need you on my side...

AUDREY: Dwayne...I'm done...

DWAYNE: No no no no. Don't say that. I know it was a bad day and we got thrown some curve balls, but we can still fix this. We can change Herb's mind and...

AUDREY: I don't care what Herb thinks anymore. I don't care about this movie, I don't care about its problems, and I don't care about being an actress! There are things more important to me. And I am not going to let myself get caught up again in something that isn't.

DWAYNE: I don't believe this. You, YOU, of all people I thought would stay on my side. But no, things get a little hectic and suddenly you don't care if you wake up tomorrow and never act another day in your life.

AUDREY: Dwayne, you need to calm down. You can be upset, but don't take it out on me. You have no idea why I'm quitting.

DWAYNE: *(to BRITTANY)* And what about you, huh? I suppose you're taking Herb's side in this too? The musical numbers, Rick, the baby food, the plane. You just don't care about any of that, do you? You're perfectly fine being associated with trash when you could have Shakespeare? You know, maybe you're not as smart as you think you are because anyone with half a brain would look at this and say...

BRITTANY: Quit

Moment of silence

DWAYNE ...what?

BRITTANY: Quit. If it bothers you so much, then quit.

DWAYNE: ...that's it? That's your solution? We should all just quit?

BRITTANY: No, I'm not quitting. But maybe you should...

DWAYNE: So...what? You're just okay with all the pandering and manipulation...

BRITTANY: *(to AUDREY)* Classic male deflection tactics. *(to DWAYNE)* Maybe there are elements I don't particularly care for. But I have enough humility to say maybe there are people who do, so I don't complain about them.

DWAYNE: But...why?

BRITTANY: Because I enjoy my job. And when you enjoy something, you do it. If you don't enjoy it, then you shouldn't do it.

DWAYNE: ...that doesn't seem very deep.

BRITTANY: Exactly! Not everything has to be. But you had to make it so much more complicated because you're so caught up in how this movie will either inflate or tarnish your ego. You think you're combatting some great moralistic dilemma, but if it really bothered you that much, then you would've left already!

DWAYNE: ...I don't have an ego.

BRITTANY: You hate the idea of being associated with something you consider below you yet you're so adamant to stay attached to it. Why is that?

DWAYNE: Well because...because it's right! And because...I want this to be the best version it can be...I don't have an ego!

BRITTANY: You've complained about almost every fraction of the script except for your character. Why is Osama Bin Laden going too far, but the handsome, rich, strong hero who saves New York from 9/11 and marries a woman with large breasts not?

DWAYNE: Wuh...well...well even if I was defensive about my character, that doesn't excuse how bad the rest of these ideas are!

BRITTANY: So it is your summation that an actor will never do a film they aren't completely satisfied with or don't fully believe in?

DWAYNE: ...well...no, I'm not saying that...but, but 9/11!

BRITTANY: (*sarcastically*) I'm sure will never have another film made about it ever again.

DWAYNE: wha...but...he...I...

DWAYNE takes a seat in the chair

DWAYNE: So...what do I do?

BRITTANY: (*sigh*) Stay or leave. I assure you that it's no more complicated than that.

DWAYNE: But..what if I stay and then it fails?

BRITTANY: (*to AUDREY; under her breath*) Oh my god, this guy... (*to DWAYNE*) Dwayne, no one ever does anything in life without some failure. The difference is what you choose to do with it. People spend their lives developing ambitions and passions for what they love. But some never seek them out because they feel they don't have the opportunities or confidence to make them work. And they become stuck in jobs, relationships, or even just a life that doesn't satisfy them. But YOU have the choice not to fall in that cycle. You wanted to act, you applied yourself to it and now you're here. And if it means that much to you, it shouldn't matter if it's not perfect or that everyone doesn't love it. Because you've already succeeded. Now if you've tried it and found it isn't what you want from your life, then you have the rest of it to find something you do. But that life is still finite. So wouldn't you rather spend it doing something you love? You need to make a choice and you need to choose because it's where you'll feel the most fulfilled.

A moment of silence

DWAYNE: (*to AUDREY*) You're really leaving. Aren't you?

AUDREY: Yes

DWAYNE: Do you know where you're going?

AUDREY: Home. I...have some unfinished business there I need to take care of.

DWAYNE: *(sigh)* Well...

DWAYNE stands up and walks over to AUDREY, extending his hand out

DWAYNE: Thanks for everything. I...hope you find what you're looking for.

AUDREY reciprocates the handshake

AUDREY: Right now, I can't think of a place I'd rather be.

BRITTANY: Excuse me, are you just going to glance over the psychological evaluation and reflection of your purpose in life I just gave you?

DWAYNE: What? I mean that was great and all, but she's the one who's leaving and...well tell you the truth, I don't even really know you...in fact, have we met before this instance?...

BRITTANY: I should've known trying to solve insecurity in the male ego would give me a migraine. And I have to spend the next several weeks with him if he stays. I could use an ethanol depressant to induce intoxication.

AUDREY: ...Brittany, I love you, but can you try saying that again in English?

BRITTANY: ...let's find a bar and get drunk.

AUDREY: That, Brittany, might be the smartest thing you've said all day.

AUDREY and BRITTANY start to leave before AUDREY notices DWAYNE hanging behind

AUDREY: Dwayne, you coming?

DWAYNE: Yeah, you two go ahead. I'll catch up with you.

AUDREY and BRITTANY leave. DWAYNE is alone on the set as he takes a seat and sits in thought for a few moments, contemplating what to do next. Sound effects from the film start to play as DWAYNE thinks about the finished film. DWAYNE gives a little snicker to himself as the lights start to fade and a video is projected onto the green screen. It is the ending to the film, featuring DWAYNE as STEEL, BRITTANY as PRISCILLA, RICK as OSAMA, and PLANEY. The scene occurs in a green-screened version of the World Trade Centre office space. OSAMA has bruised makeup and is lying on the ground. An instrumental version of Leaving on a Jet Plane plays as the finale occurs.

OSAMA: *(weakly)* You may have won today Steel Hunter. But I'll get you next time! And your wife will be mine!

OSAMA passes out

PLANEY: You did it Steel! You saved New York!

STEEL: WE saved it, Planey. We couldn't have done this without you.

PLANEY: Aw, shucks. I'm just happy to help. Well...I have to be going now. My own adventures await.

PLANEY turns to the camera

PLANEY: And remember kids! Always brush your teeth after a delicious spoonful of Mama Di's Baby Food. Now with Peaches and Cream flavour!

STEEL and PRISCILLA laugh

PRISCILLA: Oh Planey. You're such a character.

PLANEY: Toodle-loo!

PLANEY “flies” off

STEEL: Well Priscilla, we did it. We stopped that no good Osama Bin Laden. It looks like everyone is going to be just fine. That terrorist wasn't expecting (*puts sunglasses on*) my terror-fist!

PRISCILLA: Oh Steel. You were so brave. I love you

STEEL: I love you too...Mrs. Hunter.

STEEL and PRISCILLA lean in and kiss each other. The film freeze frames as triumphant music plays. A THE END title card appears in the film. Suddenly, the camera pans down to OSAMA who opens one of his eyes and the film freeze frames again. A question mark appears at the end of THE END. Both the video and music fade out, bringing the story to a close.