

Grandmama Mama's Baby Food Proudly Presents:

*The Legend
of 9/11*

By: Mason Arsenault

Characters

Audrey Sittle - a bright yet amateur actress working in Hollywood to find purpose, starring in her first film as the perfect and responsible protagonist Mary Sue in “Legend of 9/11”.

Brittany Deep - an attractive actress with connections who is both smarter and more cunning than she often presents herself, starring in “Legend of 9/11” as Mary’s friend Alison Bi.

Dwayne Dunhem - a thin and egotistical actor working on the film to be famous, desperately trying to be like his character in “Legend of 9/11”; the dim yet muscle-bound Steel Hunter.

Herb Fauxfeld - The scummy and manipulative producer behind “Legend of 9/11”, addicted to drugs as well as unflinching and insensitive in his determination to have the film be profitable.

Rick Mooney/Osama Benjamin Laden - A method actor and internet celebrity starring as “Legend of 9/11”’s villain: a multiverse version of Osama Bin Laden named Osama Benjamin Laden who is an Oklahoma-born Caucasian who causes 9/11 out of greed.

Albert Heim/Fritz Lang - An uninformed and critical German film director who is secretly Officer Fritz Lang, undercover to build a case against the drug use on the film set.

Setting

A soundstage in Alberta with a green screen and props emulating an office space in the World Trade Center as well as a catering table and a makeup setup off to the sides. 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, Audrey is referred to as Audrey. But in moments depicting the film, Audrey is referred to as Mary. Additionally, the production crew will be part of the show as film crew. They will be acting as though they are performing routine tasks on a film set (checking lights, checking makeup, checking sound, etc.). Their involvement will be primarily improvised but with the occasional script direction. They are encouraged to remain somewhat active and occasionally interact with the actors at random instances. The actors are encouraged to interact with them back as well, especially when they're not in central focus yet must still be engaged in the world.

It's a film set. No one should ever stand in one place doing nothing for too long.

The actor portraying HERB comes out in formal wear as himself. A spotlight shines on him as he performs 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. Truth. Sex. Purpose. 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 off as lights fade up on a large green screen in the centre; an office desk affixed with various supplies sits in front of it. MARY SUE enters in wearing a formal business suit and high heels. She takes a seat at the desk and begins doing work as her VO plays; the VO should sound slightly stilted to convey a lack of emotionality.

MARY (V.O): September 11th 2001. A day like any other. It's not easy being a woman in the workplace. And as always, the problem is with the white male hierarchy that runs it. I have what it takes to bring this company to the modern age, but no one will listen to my ideas. I'll save them from their ignorance. Once I show them my plan to shield the World Trade Center from possible plane attacks, they'll see I'm a woman who can get it done and shatter gender roles by doing so.

ALISON walks in.

ALISON: Good Morning Mary! I was wondering if today you'd fall in love with a man.

MARY: No can do. If I were to, it'd be with a woman. As you know, being a lesbian breaks conventional sex roles. But I won't be shackled by my emotions. Being physically and intellectually qualified for everything is what makes me the ideal woman.

ALISON: Oh Mary. You're so great at not being objectified by your biology or cultural expectations. It must be so much work to be you.

MARY: Haha it's no work at all. It's nothing a woman can't handle.

MARY smiles, turns to the audience, and winks. STEEL walks in unprompted. He is wearing a fake muscle chest piece, jean shorts, and fake long flowing blonde hair.

STEEL: Contain yourselves, ladies. Steel Hunter is here to save the day! I've been working my body out for years to reach...

HERB (*offstage*): Dwayne, get out of the goddamn shot! You're blocking feminism at work!

DWAYNE: Wuh...okay so I know I'm not in this scene. But I was thinking like, maybe we can cut down on the ladies chattering and start the movie on me showing off some karate moves to get the action going. I'll have you know, I was an extra on Cobra Kai. And they showed us how to do a back kick I think I co...

HERB (*offstage*): Just get the hell off-set! We'll tell you when to come in!

DWAYNE awkwardly looks around before slowly wandering back offstage

HERB (*offstage*): Okay ladies, let's just go back to the top of scene two. Brittany, pick up on "It must be so much work...". We're rolling. Action!

ALISON: It must be so much work to be you.

MARY: Haha it's no work at all. It's nothing a woman can't handle.

MARY smiles, turns to the audience, and winks.

ALISON: What's this idea I hear about stopping our buildings from plane attacks?

MARY: Well it's quite simple. Any man...

ALISON: Or woman.

MARY: Haha, right Alison. Or woman can follow it. There are all these male terrorist groups coming up, looking for opportunities to cause more oppression. And since we women know a thing or two about oppression, I figured the World Trade Center would be an obvious spot where someone would say, hijack a plane and fly it into it. I've devised an advanced security system that could prevent the plane from damaging the building. My only concern is telling the men who...

As MARY is talking, DWAYNE slowly and awkwardly shifts behind her and ALISON to get into frame. He thinks he's being subtle when it's very obvious.

HERB (offstage): Dwayne!

DWAYNE: Well since I have you, I had another idea of like, what if Steel is the one who came up with the...what is it? Like a satellite or something? I think we can all agree that I'm, I mean he's really the heart of this movie and he should have more chances to show how I, I mean he has...

HERB (offstage): You're not supposed to offer ideas! You're just supposed to agree with whatever the women say and smile with your mouth open whenever they do something!

BRITTANY: Herbie, I need to fix my makeup. Maybe we should cut and break for a half ho...

DWAYNE: (interrupting) Yeah! Cut! See, I had that idea first. Brittany was just agreeing with me. Everyone saw it.

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 wander around the set for checks. To the right of the green screen is a catering table affixed with drinks and snacks. To the left of the green screen is a makeup chair sitting in front of a mirror with different makeup products. BRITTANY shrugs and wanders over to the makeup chair.

While HERB and DWAYNE are talking, BRITTANY takes a powder jar from the makeup, empties it, takes a bag of green powder from her jacket, and starts adding that into the powder jar.

HERB: Goddammit! You actors aren't 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: Listen, I can't help if I'm a take-charge kind of guy. That's what happens when you're an Alpha male. I'm just concerned I'm not being used to my full potential. How am I supposed to be the dashing and handsome Steel Hunter if I'm being treated as some side character?

HERB: ...because you are a side character! This is a strong feminist story for a new generation. And we can't do that if you keep coming in and...penising everything up!

DWAYNE: But I think we can both agree I'M the most important person here. So why am I then if you were barely going to use me?

HERB: Times are changing Dwayne. Ten years ago we could sell a movie on just enough boob to tighten the loins. But this damn PC culture had to come in and now you better be porn to even acknowledge boobs exist or else you'll be risking career suicide. I'm talking judge and straight-to-execution shit here Dwayne!

HERB slaps DWAYNE, unprompted

HERB: Dwayne, shut the hell up cause I'm not done talking! It's all about the female gaze now. You show boobs and you're a sexist pig. You show full frontal, rock-hard male pecs jiggling with beads of sweat and you're having your beefcake and eating it too.

DWAYNE: You can't show boobs at all? What about context?

HERB: Context is written by the ones with the gun. I'm talking X, Dwayne! Doesn't matter to me either way. I don't see gender. Only money.

DWAYNE: Hmm. Sounds Based...I like it...But couldn't you have given me more time to get into shape? I feel ridiculous wearing this thing. People are going to tell it's fake.

HERB: Do you know how much time I'd waste getting those muscles real? I can save a fortune by slapping one of our ratty wigs and a chest piece on a cheap schmoe. Unless...(pulls out a syringe from his pocket)...you're willing to take a little something to get those muscles nice and taut.

DWAYNE: I'm not taking steroids! Nothing loses respect for a celebrity faster than finding out they're into drugs. Nothing at all! And I don't have the time it will take me to get addicted and become sober so I can become a redemption story.

HERB, disappointed, throws the syringe aside

HERB: Well you're just gonna have to pull up your big boy jorts and wear the chest piece then.

DWAYNE: Well hold on now. What if I worked out in between filming? Just give me a couple days and I can get to that physicality. I mean, I'm basically there already.

HERB: A couple days? There are babies fresh from the womb that could bench you. We don't have time for this.

DWAYNE: No, I can do it! People need to see me for the Alpha that's within me. I'm a resilient force of nature. I don't know when to quit! And I won't do another second of this movie until you let me!

HERB: ...fine, then you're fired.

HERB begins to walk away, but DWAYNE collapses to the ground and starts grovelling

DWAYNE: No, please don't fire me! I'll do whatever you want, just please don't make me leave this movie! I haven't felt admiration in years! I'm living in a car with my cat! I haven't eaten human food in weeks! I need to be loved!

HERB: Christ, you really don't know when to quit. Are you crying?

DWAYNE is so emotionally distraught that he can't even form comprehensive words. Only comedically exaggerated noises.

HERB: *(sigh)* Fine, my tasty tart. We'll push your scenes a few days ahead. But that means I want you working out every minute of every day! I need those quadriceps so beefy that theatres will need mandatory mops and buckets. Because if we need to start filming your scenes and you're not there, I'll buy your likeness and sue you for copyright infringement.

DWAYNE stands back up, elated

DWAYNE: You won't regret this, Mr. Fauxfeld! I'll get started right now!

DWAYNE takes off the chest piece and runs off. At every available second, DWAYNE is either carbing or doing some kind of workout in a desperate attempt to bulk up; sometimes at the same time.

HERB: *(letting out a satisfied sigh)* I might be the greatest feminist who ever lived. Just imagine the clunge I'm going to get with this too.

HERB wanders off, leaving AUDREY still sitting at the desk. Once BRITTANY has gotten the container filled and cleaned any evidence of tampering, she enters back into the filming space.

BRITTANY: Hey you! There's the woman of the hour. Are you liking your first day on set?

AUDREY: It's been...interesting for sure. Definitely not what I thought it would be.

BRITTANY: Trust me, you ain't see nothing yet. But so far, it's "more than you thought" in a good way, right?

AUDREY: I guess...I'm still just getting used to it all. I've never done a movie before this and...I really want to make sure I do it right, you know?

BRITTANY: The first day is always like that. And sometimes, all the days after it too. But hey, you got this! After all, you don't get to be the lead in a movie without being able to take a little pushback.

BRITTANY gives AUDREY a playful shove

BRITTANY: You're never gonna forget your first. That's the film that will show you everything you need to know about this business.

AUDREY: Really? What was your first movie?

BRITTANY: I did a zombie film four or five years ago. It was a real low-budget schlock film. I spent half the shoot covered in fake blood made from this awful dye and corn syrup mix. It was so sticky and sweet, we'd wrap the day and I'd have about a dozen flies stuck to my skin.

AUDREY: *(giggles)* Oh gross

BRITTANY: Flies I can handle. The guys playing grab ass were another story. Joke was on them though. I had the syrup all over my pants too and when I brought it up, we'd get the producer to look at everyone's hands at the end of shoot to see which were all red.

The pair giggle

BRITTANY: *(reminiscing)* Yeah...wasn't easy work. But I don't know if I'd trade it for another. It just...taught me too much.

The pair share a moment of mutual silence. BRITTANY notices something on AUDREY's forehead.

BRITTANY: Say, I see you have a small spot there on your forehead you didn't quite get the foundation to.

BRITTANY stands up and gestures to a small spot on her forehead

BRITTANY: Just a teeny spot right about there

AUDREY: (*panicked*) Oh no. Do you think Mr. Fauxfeld noticed?

BRITTANY: Hey, don't you worry about him. Now that he's Mr. FauxFeminist, he'd probably just make some speech about how "makeup is a prison for a woman's true beauty". Come on. I'll help you.

The pair stand up and wander over to the makeup chair. AUDREY takes a seat. BRITTANY grabs some foundation to fix the spot.

AUDREY: Thanks, Brittany. You're a lifesaver. I didn't really wear makeup where I'm from. That's something I'm going to need to get better at.

BRITTANY: Hey, it's no trouble. Us gals got to stick together, right? While I work my magic, why don't you tell me a little bit about yourself?

AUDREY: Oh...there's not much to say. I'm nothing that special.

BRITTANY: Nothing that special? Any girl who survives an audition process this size must have something going for her. C'mon, you don't have to be shy with me. What brings a girl who doesn't wear makeup out to Hollywood?

AUDREY: Well...I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life, but this seemed to be the place people went to discover that for themselves. Some friends were heading this way on a trip to see the country. So I decided to hop in with them.

BRITTANY: Ah. Well, good for you. You can't find yourself if you don't start looking. Your foundation looks good now, but I'm going to add some setting powder to help cover up any shine.

AUDREY: Alright

BRITTANY opens the green powder jar and starts applying it around AUDREY's face

AUDREY: Oh gosh, is it supposed to be that green?

BRITTANY: Unfortunately yeah. See, it's a little film trick when you're in center lighting to use a setting powder that's a vibrant colour. The light against your face won't reflect quite as strong and it will help the camera darken around your face. It looks green now, but trust me, you won't even notice it in the film.

While they're talking, a crew member responsible for makeup comes around. They see BRITTANY applying the green powder and initially go to say something. Before they can, BRITTANY sneaks a twenty-dollar bill from her pocket and discreetly hands it to the makeup person. The makeup person looks around, takes the bill, slips it in their pocket and gives AUDREY a thumbs-up before walking elsewhere.

AUDREY: I never knew that. Everyone's makeup in movies always looks so natural. Do you want me to put some on you too?

BRITTANY: Oh don't worry about me. This stuff is only really for actors in centre lighting. But listen, it'll be good for you to show these people you know your stuff. So if anyone asks, it was your own idea to put it on.

AUDREY: Are you sure? That's so humble of you, Brittany. You're the best for looking out for me like this.

BRITTANY: So, back to you. I know how you wound up in the movies. But how did you come to be in this one?

AUDREY: Well, I went on a website for casting calls and I saw this one was happening. I thought I wouldn't stand a chance, but I sent in a self-tape. And just a couple of weeks later...here I am.

BRITTANY: That's all? Geez, that must've felt like quite the lucky break.

AUDREY: I know, right? I couldn't believe it. It must've been of dozens of other women I'd beaten out for it.

BRITTANY: Try 227. I had to beat a few of them myself to get here too...

AUDREY: That's why I have to make sure I do this right. The last thing I want is for everyone to think I'm an amateur at this and be someone they regret choosing.

BRITTANY: Well...just take in and practice as much advice as your brain can carry and you'll do fine. And take some risks. If there's anything that kills a career faster, it's showing you're not willing to play in the big leagues.

BRITTANY puts down the green powder.

BRITTANY: There. All ready for your close-up, Ms. Sittle. Now come on. Let's grab a quick bite before they start filming again.

AUDREY stands back up and the pair wander over to the catering table. They continue their discussion, grabbing a plate of snacks and beverages that they take back to the centre filming space.

AUDREY: Hey, can I ask you something?

BRITTANY: Of course

AUDREY: I've always struggled with feeling self-conscious. Like...there's always a pair of eyes judging me wherever I go. But ever since I came here, I feel like it's only gotten worse. To the point where I'm scared there might be people out to get me. Is that...normal for an actress to feel?

BRITTANY: More often than you think. You need to have tough skin and a sharp mind to survive this industry. Hollywood likes to present itself as belonging to women, but it's just as much a boys' club as it's ever been.

You might be the lead, but I promise everyone here accepted you as a means to an end the moment you walked in. Now that's not easy to hear, but the sooner you do, then the sooner you can use that to your advantage.

AUDREY: How do you mean?

They should both be at the centre filming space again no later than this. They should occasionally have a bite of their snacks or take a sip of their drinks.

BRITTANY: When I started, I was a bikini girl running away from zombies. A couple of weeks later, an extra as a murdered prostitute in some crime drama. A year after that, I was a model for a plastic surgeon's new line of breast implants. "2 for the price of 1". A good deal if you ask me, but do you know what all of those have in common?

AUDREY: Cameras?

BRITTANY: My body. It was the call of the industry at the time for new girls like me. Before long, my body was all people could think of me as. I even started convincing myself that was the only thing that mattered.

AUDREY: That must've been so hard for you.

BRITTANY: Well...I've come a long way since then and movies like this are a chance to give me a new image. But sometimes it means still playing into my body. These producers and studio heads are just as power-hungry as they've always been. They'd never let a woman have more control than them. But give them a false sense of security and just maybe they become more naive to what we can do. You see what I'm saying?

AUDREY: But...isn't it dishonest to manipulate people like that? Can't we just be actresses as ourselves?

BRITTANY: Not for a second. That's what acting is, Audrey. There's never a moment you're not playing a role for somebody. And I mean, on AND off camera. Here, watch this.

BRITTANY unbuttons the top buttons of her dress shirt so there is cleavage showing. She also slyly grabs a sandwich bag of cocaine from her jacket but keeps it hidden by her side.

BRITTANY: *(to HERB; acting slightly more ditzy)* Hey Herbie?

HERB enters back into the film space. He is drinking Mountain Dew out of a clear glass with a silly straw. There is white powder floating on the top.

HERB: Ah, there's my bopping bombshells! How's everything going over here? Listen, you guys are doing beautiful work so far and...

HERB notices the green around AUDREY's face and is thrown off, deeply confused by it

HERB: What's with the green? You're not supposed to turn green until the second act.

AUDREY: Oh, it's to help with the lighting. A little makeup trick I learned. Don't worry, it won't be noticeable in the film.

HERB: Hmm. Well, make-up is a prison for women's true beauty, but it would be patriarchal of me to tell you what to look like. And I've already done enough damage by mansplaining this to you. I'll allow it.

BRITTANY: *(interjecting; still feigning ditzyness)* Whatcha drinking?

HERB: Oh, just doing some Dew as the kids say. Caffeine-free. Listen to Herb. Addiction is a dangerous thing. Caffeine is a slippery slope that leads to rehab. Don't get fixed on getting hooked on something if it's going to interfere with your work.

AUDREY: What's all that stuff floating at the top?

HERB: PCP. Just a little something I take five or six times a day to help me focus. It's the powder that holds Herbivore Productions together.

HERB takes a big, slow sip. AUTHOR'S NOTE: HERB is a drug addict and routinely takes something. HERB should never have a sober moment. If he doesn't have drugs on him, he'll find them, even if that means searching the set or asking the audience. BRITTANY fake laughs.

BRITTANY: Oh Herbie! You have the best ideas. *(talking seductively)* And you know how a good idea can get me feeling...hot...

HERB's eyes widen and he does a cartoonishly large gulp of Dew. Maybe even verbally exclaiming gulp.

BRITTANY: *(talking seductively)* Maybe I wouldn't feel so hot if I didn't have to sit in this warm building...can I have the rest of the day off?

HERB: *(quickly setting his drink on the desk and runs over to Brittany; talking fast and excited like a puppy dog)* Of course! Do you want to go outside? Does Brittany want to go outside? Or did you want to maybe join me in my trailer? I have a big trailer! It has an air conditioner! If we get there and we're still too warm, we could always take off all our clothes and...

BRITTANY: *(interjecting; seductively)* Actually...I was hoping I could have your credit card...I thought I might stay in a five-star hotel tonight and rewrite some of the script.

HERB immediately reverts back to his old self upon hearing this.

HERB: Rewrite some of the script? Now Brittany, baby, I think you're starting to overst...

BRITTANY: Pwease, Herbie?

BRITTANY sticks her finger in her mouth and suggestively moves it in and out.

HERB: Well...I suppose a woman's touch could really help it...

BRITTANY: Thanks Herbie!

BRITTANY hugs HERB. As HERB has a moment of sexual ecstasy from the hug, BRITTANY sneaks the sandwich bag of cocaine into his pants pocket without him realizing.

HERB: Does this mean you'll come to my trailer afterwards?

BRITTANY releases from the hug to reveal the front of HERB's pants are all wet. He liked that hug a little too much.

BRITTANY: *(seductively)* No

HERB: Well it's like they always say. A woman's no is just a drive away to a maybe!

AUDREY: I...I don't think anybody says that.

HERB ignores AUDREY and excitedly gives his wallet to BRITTANY

HERB: Oof, I have a fire in my pants that needs cooling off.

HERB grabs his Mountain Dew and takes a sip. He takes off the lid and tries licking up some of the PCP floating at the top. HERB is focused on that while AUDREY and BRITTANY set something up.

BRITTANY: *(whispering to AUDREY)* Okay...now you...

AUDREY: *(whispering)* What? Brittany, I don't know if I can do that.

BRITTANY: *(whispering)* C'mon, you've seen how easy it is. You want to be a real actress, don't you? You need to be ready for times like this.

AUDREY thinks for a moment, takes a few deep breaths, and stands up

BRITTANY: *(whispering)* Don't forget to show off your goods to help seal the deal.

AUDREY thinks for a moment, looks around her body, and decides to unbutton her pants and pull down her zipper to show off a bit of her underwear. She takes one final deep breath before stepping towards HERB who is still focussed on licking up PCP. She awkwardly tries to strike a sexy pose.

AUDREY: *(awkwardly seductive)* Hey...Herbert...

HERB stops dead and slowly turns his head towards AUDREY

HERB: What did you call me?

AUDREY: *(ignoring him; still awkwardly feigning seductiveness)* I um...I was hoping you could get me a...a breakfast sandwich. Yeah, a...a hot one with plenty of meat on it. Cause I'm a girl who loves her meat. Especially when, when it's...between my legs.

HERB is deeply confused and slightly disturbed

HERB: Umm...I think there's some...over at catering...Are you okay? Did you have any of the ice cubes from the red bowl? Because those are made from ecstasy and I specifically told the crew only I was allowed to have them.

AUDREY laughs way too loud, scaring HERB

AUDREY: Oh Herbert. You're so funny. And I'm such a...such a bad dog. Yeah, I bite strangers and I'm gonna have to be put down by the pound. Yeah, the pound in my, my...*(awkwardly; only quietly getting half the word out)* vagina.

AUDREY tries to do BRITTANY's finger in and out of mouth trick. But instead, she puts all her fingers in her mouth at once, causing her to gag and spit.

HERB: Alright, that is enough! Ms. Sittle, in all my years as a producer, I've never seen behaviour so repulsive. What you're doing is sexual harassment and I don't have to take it!

AUDREY: (*scrambling to pull her zipper back up*) What?! No, no, no! I'm sorry Mr. Fauxfeld. I was only trying to be an actress...

HERB: You're supposed to be bringing a grounded realism to the working woman and you think etiquette like this is acceptable? There are little girls who will see this film and look up to you. How do you think they would feel if they knew this is what you were doing on-set?

AUDREY: (*deeply embarrassed*) I'm...I'm so sorry Mr. Fauxfeld.

HERB: We take sexual abuse here very seriously. Since you're new, I'll give you one warning. But I will be filing a report with human resources and you are to take mandatory sexual harassment prevention courses. Is that understood?

AUDREY: Ye...yes Mr. Fauxfeld...

HERB: Who joins a feminist masterpiece like this and then has the testicles to set women back decades with this shocking display?

BRITTANY: (*seductively; rubbing a nipple*) Ah Herbie, leave her be. She's learned her lesson and all this yelling is making my nipples soft.

HERB: (*to BRITTANY*) Okay, pumpkin! Whatever you want! (*to AUDREY*) Look, why don't we just try to move past this and get back to shooting the film?

AUDREY: (*still embarrassed*) O...Okay...

HERB: I'm still happy with the work you're doing, my dear. Your behaviour on set aside, you're playing an important part in showing the world that women are more than just their bodies...

HERB takes a moment to examine her outfit

HERB: Damn, I can still see the curvature of your breasts in that outfit. Some people might see that as sexual in nature. (*to the crew*) Can we get a coat on Audrey to cover her puppies up?!

A crew member runs in and helps put a coat on AUDREY

HERB: Good talk everybody. I'll be back!

While AUDREY and BRITTANY are talking, HERB runs off in the background to change his pants. He takes off his pants and the bag of cocaine falls out. He excitedly picks it up and proceeds to take a bump of it. Once he's good and high, he silently gets a crew member to bring him a pair of white pants, which he puts on.

AUDREY: That was horrible. I've never been so embarrassed in my life.

BRITTANY: You just need to flaunt your goods around town a few more times and it will come naturally. You saw how well it went when I did it. You'll get that eventually. This industry and these people will murder you if you don't.

AUDREY: Oh my god. I guess I wasn't quite as ready to be an actress as I thought. I didn't realize it would be so...vicious...

BRITTANY: It doesn't have to be. I'm sure you'll find it's amazing what someone will do when they think you're giving them what they want. Sometimes it does mean playing the long game. But once you start, you can have just about anything. Speaking of the devil, I'm off.

AUDREY: Wait, you're leaving? Please stay Brittany. You're the only friend I have here.

BRITTANY: You're fine. You got your make-up right and a little homework on your hustling. But if it'll make you feel better, I can drop in later to make sure everything is going accordingly.

AUDREY: *(feeling slightly more comforted)* Okay...thanks Brittany...

BRITTANY stands up to leave

BRITTANY: You've been doing your character work, right? Herb will see right through you if you're not on the same page as him.

AUDREY: Well, to be honest...I've been having some trouble understanding her with some of the changes Mr. Fauxfeld made since casting.

BRITTANY: Talk to him about it. He practically wrote the character himself at this point.

AUDREY: Do you think he'd be mad I'm not prepared?

BRITTANY: Just make yourself more appealing to him. Be someone he can trust and show you're on the same level as him. Especially if he offers you something. Try and take it no questions asked and he won't be the slightest bit shy in answering any question you have.

AUDREY: You're the best Brittany. You're the one who should be playing Mary.

BRITTANY: I wouldn't dream of taking this role from you, sugar. Don't worry. I'll have my chance in the spotlight when the time comes. Ciao!

BRITTANY takes her plate of food, throws it away, and exits the building. HERB enters back into the filming space, still with white powder around his nose.

AUDREY: Listen, Mr. Fauxfeld, I... *(noticing the powder around his nose and gesturing to it)* Oh...you got a little something...

HERB: What? Do I have a booger?

HERB swipes around his nostril, getting powder on his fingers and clothes

HERB: Did I get it?

AUDREY: Uhh...yeah, you're good...

HERB: Thanks. So embarrassing. I'm disgusted by the thought of being seen with snot around my nose.

HERB spots the powder on his fingers and quickly licks them up.

AUDREY: Mr Fauxfeld, before we move on...

HERB: Please Audrey. Mr. Fauxfeld is my father. Call me Daddy Fauxfeld. I also accept Mommy Fauxfeld if that's more femininely satisfying.

AUDREY: oh...is just Herb okay?

HERB: ...a little informal, but I guess...what's on your mind, my child?

AUDREY: Well...Herb, I...

HERB: Oh I'm forgetting my manners...

HERB pulls out a sandwich bag of cocaine

HERB: Did you want a bump?

AUDREY: Oh. Umm...a bump of what?

HERB: What? Are you telling me you've never had blow before? Crack? Snowflake? Angel dust? Any of these ring a bell? The Big C? Nose Candy? Sniff N' Sneeze? Honestly, Audrey, what kind of rock have you been living under to have never tried this before? Clearly not the white rock!

AUDREY: Well...I guess as long as it's safe...

HERB: Well, of course, it's safe! Do you think a clear-minded, cautious guy like me would be taking this stuff if it wasn't safe?

HERB notices a fly buzzing around that lands on the desk.

HERB: Oh look. A fly.

He pulls out a large knife from his pocket and quickly stabs it on the desk. He lifts the knife with the fly stuck to the end of it and he eats it.

HERB: *(letting out a moan of satisfaction)* There's no high like feeding on an inferior creature to preserve my dominance over it. Now...about that bump?

AUDREY: Well...alright. I mean as long as it's what all the other actors are doing. I don't want to miss out.

HERB gets a bump of cocaine ready on his hand for AUDREY.

HERB: That should get you tall enough to ride the roller coaster.

HERB holds out his hand for AUDREY to snort it. She stares at it for a moment before sticking her tongue out to eat it.

HERB: What are you? A fucking cat? You snort it. Snort it like you've just seen a homeless man and he's asked you for money.

AUDREY stares at HERB for a moment before giving the cocaine a smell. She then fully commits to the snort, causing her eyes to widen and her head to be quickly thrown back. She lets it sit for a moment before sneezing, causing a poof of white powder to blow from her nose.

AUDREY: *(coughing, barely getting the words out)* Wow....that's quite the...burning sensation in my sinuses...

AUDREY coughs it out and recovers herself. She shows few signs of cocaine high at first but gradually becomes more jittery, energetic, and unpredictable in her actions. While HERB and AUDREY are talking, BRITTANY discreetly enters back into the space, disguised as one of the crew. In the background, she heads over to ALBERT, who is working on a Rubix cube given to him by HERB. She helps him finish it. Once finished, they have a private discussion until ALBERT approaches HERB.

AUDREY: Now...I was really hoping I could ask you some questions about Mary. I've been trying to get a deeper grasp of her since you se...

HERB: What?! You're not ready?! You had four minutes since I gave you that rewrite to prepare! How much time did you need?

AUDREY: No no no. I'm ready! I was just...wanting to talk to you about her to make sure we're both on the same page. You know, just so there's no confusion.

HERB: Hmm. Infuriating, but reasonable. Alright, what did you want to go over?

AUDREY: Like...what would you say are some of Mary's characteristics?

HERB: That's easy enough. You're a woman and you're perfect.

AUDREY: I see. And what else?

HERB: Well, that's it. You're supposed to be the ideal woman, remember? What other characteristics do you need?

AUDREY: What about her flaws? You know like, what are Mary's weaknesses?

HERB: Well, you couldn't very well be perfect if you had weaknesses, right?

This is when AUDREY's cocaine high should really be settling in

AUDREY: I suppose. But wouldn't it make sense to have some weaknesses? After all, I don't think anyone really knows what it is to be per...wow, I feel really good all of a sudden. What's in that stuff you gave me?

HERB: I don't follow. You think she should be perfect AND have weaknesses? That doesn't sound very feminist.

AUDREY stands up and wanders, energetic from the cocaine

AUDREY: No, I'm just saying, we don't know WHY Mary is perfect. Isn't there a way we can show people what she had to do to achieve th...Gosh, you know Herb. I don't know if I've felt this great in my entire life! I feel like I could go out and run a marathon without taking a breath! That bump is some great stuff.

HERB: She didn't have to do anything to achieve it. She was already born that way.

AUDREY: Huh? Oh, sure, but if she's perfect, then what more does she want from life? We all have personal conflicts we need to overcome to show how much we grow over time. I mean, not me. I can't think of a single thing that could ruin this perfect moment between us. We're bonding Herb! (*gasps*) Do you want to start a bobsledding team? I've always wanted to bobsled! Do you think we could get more bump at the Winter Olympics?

HERB: She has a conflict! It's to have everyone else see how perfect she is! I swear to Vishnu God of Preservation, you're making this more complicated than it is. To be a feminist in 2024, you just have to keep hammering in how women are already perfect and don't require change because it's everyone else that has to change for THEM. (*out to the crew*) And will someone get another goddamn coat on Audrey! Those mammories are poking out like groundhogs in February.

A crew member runs in and helps put another coat on AUDREY. AUDREY becomes fixated on the coat and is in euphoria feeling the sleeves while HERB takes another bump of cocaine. HERB is practically bouncing off the walls on his cocaine high getting his excitement out

HERB: Just picture with me the box office we're going to make on this! Women who have spent their lives living in imperfection, coming to see someone who's great at everything so their daughters can develop unrealistic expectations to achieve! Didn't you see the Barbie movie?! A doll that's literal perfection and it was a total feminist masterpiece! I fell asleep after the first ten minutes, but what the fuck else could it have been about? I'm almost positive the rest of it was just about how women have to be perfect and nothing else. That baby nuked the competition more than the literal father of the nuke did!

AUDREY: Aww, I love the Barbie movie. I hope I get to meet Margot. I want to give her this jacket and have some bump with her.

HERB: Trust me. When you stop that plane from hitting the building with your bare hands, you'll be the new poster child for feminism that rivals that of...who's an important feminist?

AUDREY: Susan B. Anthony

HERB: Never heard of her. Do you think we'll make more money if we name-drop her?

AUDREY's cocaine high slowly starts to wear off, gradually causing her to become more irritated when she can't have more.

AUDREY: Wait, why did you make 9/11 the backdrop? Doesn't that distract from the feminist themes? Gosh, you know, all this thinking is starting to give me a bit of a headache. Could I get another bump, Herb? Maybe two or three more just to be safe?

HERB: Why 9/11? Because Cameron made bucket loads on Titanic and he just stuck a chick and her simp on some ship. Just imagine the cash we'll bring in when we stick a strong, powerful woman in twice the tragedy and something people today actually remember! They said to never forget and our pockets will be thankful they didn't

HERB leans away and takes another bump of cocaine

HERB: Woo! You'll see. This money maker is gonna capture all that good American spirit and weight of tragedy. Perfectly complimenting our powerful feminine overtones like piss and asparagus! Goddamn, it feels so good to be king!

ALBERT enters the filming space, holding a solved Rubix cube.

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

HERB: Goddamit Albert! You were supposed to spend the next six weeks working on this! Now I actually have to give you work to do! *(sigh)* Fine. I guess as long as you're free, I might as well give you a job involved with the movie now...

ALBERT: That would be most desirable. I have taken the creative endeavour of slowly developing storyboar...

HERB takes a rag out of his pockets and hands it to ALBERT

HERB: Here. Shine my shoes.

ALBERT: But...I thought my new task was to be involved with the film...

HERB: Yes. This is a film set. I'm walking on the set. And my shoes are getting dirty. Be sure to use your elbows. I think something got smeared on them while I was changing my pants earlier.

ALBERT gets down on the ground and starts cleaning HERB's shoes. DWAYNE enters into the filming space. He is covered in sweat, clearly tired, and sick from working out yet still trying to hold himself together.

DWAYNE: I think it's working Mr. Fauxfeld. I've been throwing up my protein powder, but it's getting the food out of my stomach. I...*(noticing ALBERT)* Oh my god! It's Albert Heim!

AUDREY: Who's Albert Heim?

DWAYNE: Who's Albert Heim, Audrey?! He's only the greatest cat food commercial director in all of Germany! Gosh, I feel like a school boy again! I just about burst when I found out he was going to be directing our film!

AUDREY: ...wait...he's the director? But...I thought Herb was the director?

HERB: Me? Oh lord below who burns the cussers, no! I'm just the producer. And a damn fine one at that. He's the one I put in control. I just get to supersede every decision he makes if I decide I don't like it. That's what tossing all the money gets ya! But it's still his film.

ALBERT: (*peering up at AUDREY*) See, when I was hired to this film, I found the premise to be rather obtuse. But I was curious about the potential to...

HERB: (*interrupting*) Ah! Less talking, more scrubbing! I want those shoes so clean I can eat off of them! And I mean that too! I'm serving a twelve-ounce filet on those shoes tonight! So get back to work!

ALBERT quickly returns to scrubbing

DWAYNE: (*to AUDREY*) Gosh...isn't it so great to see a master director at work?

DWAYNE slowly saunters and bends down to speak to ALBERT.

DWAYNE: Mr. Heim. I'm a huge fan of your work. My cat and I have been eating Fancy Feast for the last six months because of you. It's a dollar more than the Purina, but your commercials just make it taste so much better. It's true what you say. "A moist and delicious meal in every can". (*pulls out phone*) Can I get a selfie?

ALBERT: (*while scrubbing*) Your smell of sweat and vomit appalls me. My olfactory nerves give the smell a taste sensation that makes me want to be sick myself. The mere sight of you is depressing, your voice leaves a ring in my ears, and you have not touched me, but you seem a person who's hands would be very unpleasant to feel. You are an affront to all senses.

DWAYNE: Ugh, I know. This body did not come in camera-ready. But I promise you, I'm getting it there Mr. Heim. I want this to be something everyone remembers just as much as you do.

ALBERT: (*while scrubbing*) I don't care.

HERB: Will you two stop chattering? You're assaulting my buzz. And for god sake Albert, why did you bother getting a master's in film studies if you couldn't use those skills to clean a damn shoe right? Forget the scrubbing. Go...make me a peach cobbler or something.

ALBERT stands back up

ALBERT: Then may I film something?

HERB: Cobbler first. Camera later.

ALBERT wanders over to catering to fix a cobbler with DWAYNE following him like an excited puppy dog. HERB pulls out a bag of Fun Dip, pours out all the sugar, pours in the bag of cocaine, and eats it using the white candy stick. AUDREY is half paying attention to HERB; hyperfixated on the cocaine. Off to the side, BRITTANY has pulled out her phone and is discreetly recording AUDREY.

AUDREY: So umm...Albert...

HERB: The cheapest name on the pitch sheet. Most of the people here were. Genius, isn't it? I give the little frankfurter a drill with no bit in it, make him think he's helping, and I get the movie made my way.

AUDREY: Yeah...yeah...say Herb, I'm not feeling too well. I don't know if I'm going to be able to film this next scene unless I take something for this headache. If I could just...

AUDREY reaches for the cocaine, but HERB pulls it back

HERB: Audrey...I think you might have a problem...

AUDREY: What? I don't have a problem. No, no, no, no, no. See, I was just wanting another small bump to help clear my head. That's all. It's not that I think I need more. I just want some more. You understand that, right?

HERB: What did I tell you about getting addicted? I'm concerned this stuff is going to affect you, your work, and most importantly, my money. Why can't you just take drugs responsibly? Like me?

HERB pours some cocaine right into his mouth

AUDREY: Think about my responsibilities to this show. Doesn't it matter to you that everyone here has put their confidence in me? I can't perform if this headache is distracting me. Breaking my concentration. I just want a little more...

AUDREY starts slowly stepping towards HERB, causing him to back up.

HERB: What are you doing? Get away from me!

AUDREY: Herb, I'm not gonna hurt ya. I'm just going to snort your bumps in.

HERB: No! This stuff is messing with your mind.

AUDREY: You have no idea what it's doing to my mind. I have to act. Act the scene. I need my head straight. I just have to have a little more! You're just saying all this because you want it to yourself! You give me a crumb and then eat all the cake?! You're a cruel man.

HERB: I'm a responsible user! At least I have the ability to tell if it was a probl...

While HERB is talking, he reaches around in his pockets for something but pauses when he can't find it. He turns out to the crew.

HERB: Alright! Which one of you piss spills took the pound of mescaline from my coat? One of you better fess up because I'm about to pop the fuck off and set fire to this building if it's not in my hand in the next thirty sec...

While HERB is yelling, AUDREY walks over and tries to rip the drug-fused Fun Dip from HERB's hands while he holds onto it for dear life, causing a scuffle between the two.

If any spills on the ground, they both race and push each other over to get to it. ALBERT walks back over, holding an unrealistically quickly completed peach cobbler, with DWAYNE following behind him.

ALBERT: That is enough you two! This behaviour is most meaningless if you forgive my saying so. Enough of this boorish exchange. We must return to some civility and advance our art.

AUDREY: *(still agitated from cocaine withdrawals)* Oh shut up, you frankfurter!

The entire room gasps, going still and silent over what AUDREY has said. The cobbler slowly falls out of ALBERT's hands and splats on the floor. AUDREY looks around the room, unsure of what happened. The only other person moving is BRITTANY, who quietly stops filming and sneaks off elsewhere to post her video.

AUDREY: ...what? What did I say?

ALBERT: What did you just call me?! Do you have a problem with me being German? Are you racist!?

AUDREY: Wha...I mean German isn't a ra-...

DWAYNE: *(interjecting)* Don't listen to her Albert! She doesn't understand you like we do. She is a grain of sand to your planet! The rest of us know you have what it takes to make me, I mean US, look good!

ALBERT: *(ignoring DWAYNE; to AUDREY)* I've never once met someone so repulsive enough to call me...that word. YOU are the most racially insensitive actress in all of Hollywood!

AUDREY: What?! No no no! I'm sorry! I didn't mean it to sound like that! I was only trying to...

HERB: *(to AUDREY)* Stargazer! I cannot believe you! This is a set of equal opportunity for all kinds of people. And I will not tolerate such triggering behaviour!

AUDREY: What?! No, but you said...

HERB: *(to ALBERT)* Alby, on behalf of Herbivore Productions, I am deeply sorry for her aggressive attitude. She does not reflect the thoughts and views of the rest of us. Personally, I love German people. I would've seen "The Zone of Interest" a third time if I had seen it two other times before. I'll speak to her about this matter.

ALBERT *(shooting a death glare at AUDREY)* You'd better. If it were up to me, she'd be leaving here today in handcuffs.

ALBERT storms off

AUDREY: *(stumbling over her words)* Herb, I'm so sorry. I don't know why I said that. My mind was somewhere else...

HERB: You have to get this attitude of yours under control. I've had to write you up today for sexual harassment. Now I have to write you up on racial insensitivity AND drug addiction. I don't know where this is coming from, but I assure you NONE of it is acceptable Hollywood etiquette.

AUDREY: I just...I didn't realize that term was so offensive. You said it earlier and I assumed...

HERB: You should never assume! At least I have the decency to say those things behind his back like a responsible person should! Just be thankful you said it on a closed set where no one else will know...

Several dings are heard. HERB pulls out his phone and looks at it. His eyes widen as he head shifts around the room.

HERB: Someone leaked the video! They're calling for the film's cancellation!

Mumbles are heard around the room as AUDREY sinks into further embarrassment.

HERB: Oh my god. This. is...GREAT. I couldn't have made the better of a bad situation if I filmed it myself! We let this ride out, let the memes give us some exposure, and then claim it was all a deep fake, and we have ourselves free publicity without responsibility! And if it doesn't work, I have an out to finish the film, cancel it, and call this whole thing a tax write-off! Someone get me a new pair of pants because I'm about to shit in mine!

The entire room except for AUDREY looks at each other confused before giving light applause.

HERB: But we can't let another incident like this slip out. One is excusable, but two and we'll be boycotted by the liberals and cancelled by the conservatives for sure. I'm officially imposing a phone ban on set! Anyone caught with a phone will be released from the film without pay!

The entire room groans

HERB: (to AUDREY) And as for you, my diamond in the rough. You're just enough of a problem that you worked your way around to being a solution. Consider yourself lucky all press is good press. But I don't want you to attract any more controversy. I will not have controversy associated with "Legend of 9/11". Are we clear?

AUDREY: (defeated) Yes...Mr. Fauxfeld. It won't happen again.

HERB: Good. (sighs) Oof, now that we've gotten that cleared up and the director is gone, we can get back to making the movie. First, I need something I can smoke until my lungs are black but my mind is numb. (to DWAYNE) Dwayne, I can still see more bone on that steak than meat. Get back to it!

DWAYNE quickly clambers to pull out a skipping rope and starts jumping with it while HERB runs off elsewhere. All the crew members give angry glances to AUDREY before moving on to their work matters. For the rest of the show, the crew members are turned against AUDREY. A crew member walks around with a box and collects everyone's phones; many of them should be resistant or even put up a fight.

DWAYNE: Audrey, how could you? Don't you think about anyone other than yourself? There's no I in us. Only U and S. And you can't make US if you only focus on U!

AUDREY: I...I didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. I just got talking to Herb and I guess I got too caught up in the moment...

DWAYNE: I'm talking about me! You totally embarrassed me in front of Albert. I was making such a great first impression with him. Five more minutes and I was going to ask him if he wanted to have a goon sesh with me in my car. But you had to come in and blow it with your racism. I must've looked like such a fool. And that's not something that comes naturally to me!

DWAYNE stops jumping, pulls a chicken breast from his back pocket and starts eating it

DWAYNE: How can I go back and face my cat knowing I blew my chance to goon with THE Albert Heim?

AUDREY: Dwayne...I'm starting to worry maybe I'm not cut out for this. Every time I try to fit in, I make things worse. I don't want to see anyone else get hurt because of me. I don't know if I like the person this place is turning me into. But...I also don't know where else to go...

DWAYNE: Hey...We're still us. We're just growing into better versions of us. Look at me. I came here as a gorgeous, smart, humble guy. I'm still all of that. Except now I'll have a body that supports it.

DWAYNE sticks the chicken breast on the ground and starts doing push-ups, taking a bite of the chicken each time he goes down. While they're talking, BRITTANY slips a pillow underneath the catering table for HERB later. She then goes to the phone box, takes out RICK's and discreetly slips it back into RICK's pocket.

AUDREY: Maybe you should take it easy on the exercise. It doesn't seem very healthy.

DWAYNE: What? It's exercise. How can exercise be unhealthy? Besides, I have an image to keep up now.

AUDREY: Maybe you'd be more comfortable wearing the chest piece. I think it looked real enough...

DWAYNE: Sure for the movie. But what about afterwards? The press. The premiere. The Oscars. God's sake Audrey, Hot Ones! The hottest show where the hottest stars eat the hottest wings and talk about the hottest films. That could be me schmoozing Sean Evans for a goon sesh! But people see I don't actually have that body and not one of them will take me seriously. I'm only just starting to make my fans and it would be suicide to red pill them on this now!

AUDREY: Well...I guess if you're okay with it. Just...don't overwork yourself, okay?

DWAYNE stands up and slowly saunters over to AUDREY

DWAYNE: Are you coming on to me?

AUDREY: No!

DWAYNE: Hey, it's okay. I heard from Herb you have a reputation for trying to sleep around with the guys on set. And I think we can both agree I'm the real lip licker of the bunch. But I shouldn't. Not while I'm still in my Beta form. But I'll be full Alpha in a couple days at my rate. My Alpha pheromones will kick in and it will be like they say. "A woman's no is just a drive away to a maybe".

AUDREY: Okay seriously, is that something people say and I just never knew about it?

A bell is rung. A crew member comes in and addresses everyone.

CREW: Lunch! Everyone back on set in 10!

DWAYNE: *(to AUDREY)* I'm going to skip lunch. If anyone asks, I'm running around the stage property line until it doesn't hurt to breathe anymore.

DWAYNE and AUDREY both get up and leave the stage with DWAYNE wheezing and slowly trying to run.

10 MINUTE INTERMISSION

Intermission wraps with AUDREY sat alone at the desk. HERB enters back in, high on marijuana. He should be disoriented yet relaxed.

AUDREY: Hey, Herb. Listen, about earlier, I just wanted to sa...

HERB: *(whispering)* Shh. You're too loud. It's a closed set, remember?

AUDREY, confused, complies

AUDREY: *(whispering)* Umm...okay. I just wanted to say I'm sorry for stepping out of line earlier. I promise it won't happen again.

HERB: *(speaking back in a normal tone)* Audrey...you have to try these cakes someone left in the bathroom...

HERB pulls out a urinal cake from his pocket

HERB: They're slimy yet satisfying.

HERB goes to take a bite, but AUDREY quickly runs up and grabs it from him. There can be a struggle over it. She gets it and tosses it off to the side.

AUDREY: Are you okay, Herb? You seem out of it...well...more than usual.

HERB: Yeah I'm good, babe. Straight as an arrow. Just had some puffs before I came to set to clear my mind. Can I have my snack back now?

AUDREY: Are you sure you're okay to direct while you're like this?

HERB: I told you, I'm not directing. I'm suggesting what should happen while the cameras are rolling. So get your fingers out of my face. God I love my job. Do you know if we have any ribs at catering? I want to see how they'd taste with my bathroom cakes. *(yawns)* You know what? A nap would kick my ass right now. Maybe I'll get Rick to fill in for me in the next scene. Hey Rick! Where are you?

OSAMA: That's Osama to you!

RICK playing OSAMA BENJAMIN LADEN enters the film space. He is wearing a formal suit and has an eyepatch.

OSAMA: You were warned against referring to me by such terminology. Disrespect like that was cause for death where I'm from. You would be wise to not forget whom you are in the presence of.

HERB starts laughing super hard

HERB: *(turning to AUDREY; barely able to contain himself through his laughter)* This guy's crazy! We found him on TikTok doing floss videos!

HERB composes himself and turns back to OSAMA

HERB: Listen...I'm just going to lie down for a while. Have the crew send some of those bathroom treats to my trailer. You're me while I'm gone.

OSAMA: Very well. I shall command them with the stern but fair authority as I have commanded my fellow milit...

HERB: *(interjecting)* Yeah, methods and that. Sweetie, come give daddy a kiss.

HERB kisses OSAMA on the cheek, crawls under the catering table, and starts napping. AUDREY is still stunned in confusion for a moment before bringing her attention to OSAMA.

AUDREY: Umm...Hi. I'm sorry, I don't believe we've met yet. I'm Audrey.

OSAMA: Ah, my worthy opponent. I am your antagonist. Your adversary. A challenger to the West. I am Osama B. Laden.

AUDREY is confused for a second and then starts nervously laughing

AUDREY: I'm sorry, that bump must've messed with my hearing. Because I swear you just said you were Osama Bin Laden.

OSAMA: Ha! That was not who I spoke of at all. That would cause great shame upon our film.

AUDREY: Oh thank goodness. You know, for a second there, I thought maybe they were crazy enough to have a real-life terrorist as a villa...

OSAMA: *(interjecting)* This is a multiverse story after all. I am Osama BENJAMIN Laden. I am from a different realm where I was born of the great nation Tulsa, Oklahoma, cast into yours after a great dimensional shift, yet still with the pure determination to rid your city of its formidable towers and your feminine wiles!

AUDREY is at a complete lack of words.

OSAMA: Have you not read the script? Or the transcript as I call it.

AUDREY walks off to the side, panicking. Eventually, she calms herself down, takes a few deep breaths, and returns to the filming space.

AUDREY: Okay...I think perhaps we need to start from the top again...what did Herb say your name was? Rick? Rick, I think w...

OSAMA: Do not speak the name of Rick in my presence!

AUDREY: *(panicked)* I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I thought that was your name!

OSAMA: *(sigh)* You were not made aware, were you? “Rick” is an incredibly talented method actor. With every role, he is dedicated to becoming his characters to deliver a performance of utmost accuracy. He is a true master of his craft...which I’m guessing. After all, I’M Osama Benjamin Laden and have not met this sensational “Rick” in person.

AUDREY: Wait...I’m not sure I quite understand. So right now, you’re in character as this...Osama person?

OSAMA: No I am not “in character”! I AM Osama Benjamin Laden.

AUDREY: Okay, okay. But...why?

OSAMA: Why? Because only the finest actors know to have an authentic character, you must LIVE as that character. Rick poured hours studying every bead of sweat to Osama until he could seamlessly slip into every step himself. Since then, he has not broken from the character once and will not until the film has been finished.

AUDREY: Wow, that’s impressive. That must take yo...I mean him, a lot of dedication.

OSAMA: That’s why only the truly mentally advanced are capable of it. Actors of a more standard approach find it too intense. But it’s a sacrifice Rick is willing to make for the sake of the film. *(sigh)* It’s only too bad they can’t give the tortuous months he lost devoting his sense of self to hi...

In the middle of OSAMA talking, a crew member comes in and hands him a latte. He takes a sip, spits it out, takes off the lid, and tosses it on the crew member. NOTE: Latte’s are typically served hot, but the actual beverage should not be. However, the crew member should act as though it’s hot and they run off.

AUDREY: Oh my god! Why did you do that!?

OSAMA: Oh, there was nothing wrong with it. It’s just good to make sure everyone remembers their place. It’s what the character would do, so Rick is excused of wrongdoing.

AUDREY: What if they're seriously hurt?

OSAMA: But it made Rick's performance richer. Someone else's well-being can always be put to risk if it benefits us. I wouldn't expect a commoner like yourself to understand that.

AUDREY thinks for a moment, peering over at the catering table to see if HERB is still asleep

AUDREY: So...this method acting...it's something that can make you into a better actor?

OSAMA: The BEST actor. Method actors are always the most respected in the industry.

AUDREY: Well...I have been trying to figure out ways to improve my acting. Maybe I should give it a try and see if it helps.

OSAMA: Hahaha. No, I'm afraid you cannot do that.

AUDREY: Why not?

OSAMA: Well because, if you were to method act, it would take all the attention away from RICK's method acting, which could damage his entire process. And besides, Rick has spent years perfecting the art. It's not something you simply..."try".

AUDREY: Doesn't seem that difficult. Just looks like you're pretending to be your character.

OSAMA: I've told you, I am not "pretending" to be anybody! Rick is carefully and meticulously...

An alarm goes off on OSAMA's phone

OSAMA: Oh hold on, one moment...

OSAMA grabs his phone, turns it on, and points it at himself, doing an Instagram Live.

OSAMA: Hey there Rickle Clan! It's your boy Rick420 on the set of L to the 9 getting turned to 11! Don't forget to use promo code "rickinmypants" on redbubble.com/rickhole to get my new hoodie! Remember, that coupon will get you one for the price of two! Just looking out for my loyal viewers! And don't forget to SMASH that follow button to see mor...

AUDREY: Rick? What are you doing? You're not supposed to be on you...

OSAMA: *(Still filming, but shifting focus to AUDREY)* I told you, your insolence! I am not Rick!

AUDREY: But, I thought you said...

OSAMA: Rick hasn't broken character! On set, I'm Rick Mooney as Rick420 as Osama Benjamin Laden. When I'm doing my Insta lives, I'm Rick Mooney as Rick420 as Osama Benjamin Laden as Rick Mooney as Rick420! I don't know why you're making this so complicated, Audrey.

AUDREY is now "method acting" as MARY SUE

AUDREY: Audrey? Who is this, Audrey? I am Mary Sue!

OSAMA: What?! No, you're not. YOU are Audrey Sittle! This isn't method acting! As a real method actor, I demand you stop this at once!

AUDREY: Oh ho, another man who can't handle a smart, confident woman, huh?

OSAMA turns to his live viewers

OSAMA: Pay no attention to the crazy woman behind me. She has a severe cocaine addiction and is clearly not thinking right.

AUDREY: *(as herself)* This is kinda fun. *(as MARY)* Alright, you terrorist! Get ready to feel my Femi-Fist!

AUDREY approaches OSAMA and lightly taps him on the cheek. OSAMA is completely taken aback, slowly turning to her

OSAMA: You...you struck me...

AUDREY: That's right! And there's plenty more where that came from!

OSAMA is completely stunned. He slowly turns his phone off and puts it away. He speaks to AUDREY in a grave, solemn manner.

OSAMA: Audrey, that was not okay...

AUDREY: *(still acting like MARY)* I told you. I am not Audrey. I am Mary Su...

OSAMA: No, you need to take this seriously. What you did there was physical abuse. I will not accept this nor allow anyone else to get hurt by your hand.

AUDREY is starting to realize he's being serious and drops the method-acting

AUDREY: Wait, no, I was just...doing the same thing you were doing. How is it diff...

OSAMA: Do not abuse me and call yourself my equal! Rick has to be brave to become a villain for the sake of the movie. What you did was harmful and selfish. I told you you weren't mentally prepared for it and you did it anyway. You are sickening.

AUDREY: Rick, I hardly touched you! Don't you think you're making this out to be so much worse than it was?

OSAMA: You have no right to dictate the abuse to the abused!

AUDREY peers around the room. No one is coming to her side. She is initially hesitant but gradually finds the confidence to defend herself.

AUDREY: *(almost mumbling)* Well...you're one to talk...

OSAMA: I beg your pardon?

AUDREY: Well...I don't mean to be rude or discredit the work you had to put into your role. But...I don't think it's fair you should be allowed to abuse other people just to play a character either...

OSAMA: It's not playing the character! I AM the character!

AUDREY: You keep saying that, but...no one is going to want to work with you if they have to be worried you're going to hurt them. It doesn't help either that you're playing Osama Bin Laden...

OSAMA: *(interjecting)* Ah! Not Osama Bin Laden. Osama BENJAMIN Laden.

AUDREY: What the hell is the difference? Why does he have to be based on Bin Laden at all!? You're some white guy wearing a suit and an eyepatch! No one's going to be able to tell that's who it's even based on.

OSAMA: Well it cannot be changed now! Do you know how many people would complain if we aren't sticking to the source material AND how tasteless it would be to feature a real terrorist as a villain? It would tarnish all the goodwill this film is trying to build up!

OSAMA and AUDREY continue to argue and yell at each other. As they're arguing, HERB wakes up from his nap. He crawls out from under the table, stands up, and stretches himself. He calmly walks over to the arguing pair, stands centre of them, grabs them both by their ear lobes and pulls on them, causing the pair to stop arguing.

HERB: You know...I was having this dream where I was alone in the middle of the desert. There was nothing or no one for millions of miles. The only thing with me were these stacks of billions upon billions of dollars. I had all that money, but nothing to spend it on and no one to show it to. It was...the most beautiful dream I've ever had. And I had to be ripped out of it because you two maroons couldn't stop from acting like children for five seconds!

AUDREY: It's not my fault, Herb. He started it!

OSAMA: No, she did!

AUDREY and OSAMA try smacking each other, causing HERB to pull on their lobes a little harder.

HERB: Osama. Cover your ears.

OSAMA puts his fingers in his ears

AUDREY: Herb, he was using his phone! You said you'd fire anyone who used their phone on set!

HERB: He's an influencer, Audrey. He's had to work hard to film himself playing Overwatch. That's the kind of success you don't just fall ass-backwards into. I don't know how he got it back, but if anyone deserves to have their phone, it's him. And frankly, I am deeply discouraged you believe he shouldn't be able to earn his keep in the world.

AUDREY: What?! That's not what I was saying at all. He's not even calling himself Rick! You can't say that's fair if he's not even acting as himself.

HERB: Listen, method acting is total bullshit. It's attention-seeking from people who don't know how to act. But his popularity doesn't lie. And I can assure you the only thing worse than having to keep one method actor behaving is having to keep TWO method actors behaving. Just let him do his thing and you just show up and say the lines. That's all we really want from you.

AUDREY But I...

HERB: I thought you said you wouldn't cause any more trouble. You're not having a change of heart on that, are you? Because it might just mean a change of heart about you...

AUDREY: *(sighs)* No...

HERB: Good. Now, cover your ears.

AUDREY begrudgingly puts her fingers in her ears. OSAMA takes his fingers out of his.

HERB: (to OSAMA) Osama, baby, you and I know method acting is the only true form of acting. But many of our actors are newcomers and might not be ready for such a tense introduction to the craft. Keep being yourself, but maybe tone down the physical stuff so we can finish getting this thing shot with everyone in one piece.

OSAMA: I...don't know if I can. Rick no longer knows where he starts and I end anymore. I can only act as my villainous nature demands me, which means not always controlling when a...

HERB: Okay, let me try it this way. If you assault anyone else, you can tell Rick he's not getting his hot tub.

OSAMA: (thinking for a moment) Rick will accept these terms.

AUDREY takes her fingers out of her ears. HERB lets go of their ear lobes and puts his arms around their shoulders.

HERB: Look at us. See this is why we're a team. Maybe even a family. There's nothing we can't overcome with just a little problem-solving. I feel like we've accomplished so much already and our first day isn't even over yet!

HERB lets go of the both of them and wanders off

HERB: Alright, everybody! Places! Daddy Fauxfeld has slept off his high and he's ready for another! Get those two ready for top of scene 16!

A crew member comes in and helps tie AUDREY to the desk chair. Other crew members also make final adjustments and checks to costumes and props, leaving once satisfied. The pair remain quiet and still as they wait for their call.

HERB: Quiet on set! Camera rolling. And...Action!

OSAMA: Mwahaha! Now Mary Sue, with you “all tied up”, no one can stop me from stealing your building protector. My masculine ignorance tells me I’ve got you this time! I shall use your building protector to make millions! And the cis white male will have control over America’s economy once more! Mwahaha!

MARY: You’ll never get away with this, you ignorant creep! Your male superiority complex will be your downfall while my natural feminine superiority will stop you!

OSAMA: Oh I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear your vagina over the sound of my much better penis. But no matter! You will be taken care of soon enough. For you have a flight to catch! Mwahaha! But first, I think it’s time for a little...lunch.

MARY: You want some lunch? How about a chop?

MARY springs up from the chair as the rope just naturally falls to the floor. MARY strikes a fight pose.

MARY: A JUDO chop!

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

OSAMA: Actually, I was talking about Grandmama Mama’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. Grandmama Mama’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 AUDREY is deeply confused and concerned.

AUDREY: ...wh-...what?

HERB: CUT!

The bell rings as HERB enters the filming space. HERB has a needle of GHB (or liquid ecstasy) sticking out of his neck. He should be a little disoriented and nauseous, but trying to hold himself together.

HERB: Audrey, that's not your line! You're supposed to say "Oh that looks good! Can I get some of that?" He sticks his finger in the jar, you eat it off his finger and 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 you?

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

HERB: They're the movie's sponsor.

AUDREY: They're the WHAT?

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

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

HERB: Well, you don't have to sound so slight about it. After all, it's not JUST about 9/11. This is a movie about women who get it done, right? And what's one thing women have an easier time getting done than men? Pumping some udder suckers out. And everyone in Hollywood knows that plot and character can always be put on hold if we do our due to sell something. Why I think that th...

A crew member holding a laptop comes over and interrupts HERB, whispering something in HERB's ear.

HERB: WHAT?!

HERB grabs the laptop in a frenzy. He stares at it for a few moments before he starts trembling out of anger. Before he can release all his anger, HERB grabs the needle in his neck and presses down on the syringe, putting more GHB in his system. His trembling stops as he takes a deep breath, calm yet holding in anger.

HERB: Osama. Run along, little one. I need to have a word with Audrey.

OSAMA complies and walks off. HERB wanders closer to AUDREY who is starting to grow concerned.

AUDREY: What is it, Herb? Is everything okay?

HERB: You know...you've put me through so many things today. Sexual harassment. Sexism. Racism. Drug addiction. Nothing I wouldn't expect from a film set. Things I've made a career by being able to handle. But the one...ONE thing that you NEVER mess with is the money!

AUDREY: Herb, I don't know what you're talking about...

HERB pushes the laptop on AUDREY and hits play. A silent video is projected on the green screen as the lights fade down. It shows completed film footage of OSAMA with a city backdrop for a few seconds. It then cuts to AUDREY. It turns out all the green powder on AUDREY's face has blended with the green screen, causing most of MARY's face to be keyed out and blended with the city background.

AUDREY: No...No Herb, I swear I had no idea that was going to happen!

HERB: I spent \$4 million on a shot that's now completely unusable! Don't you think if I wanted to waste my money I would've done something stupid like donate it to a charity?!

AUDREY: *(more panicked)* Look Herb, I'm so sorry. I never meant to ruin anything. Brittany gave me this stuff and said it was...

HERB: Brittany? Brittany?! Brittany is an angel on earth! Do not go blaming her for YOUR mistake!

AUDREY is on the verge of tears, struggling to get the words out to explain herself. HERB takes a deep inhalation, calming himself down a little more...

HERB: If you were walking on a tightrope before, you are walking on dental floss now. This conversation is not finished. But right now, I need enough LSD in my system to stop the heart of a whale. Get that green shit off your face NOW and you might, MIGHT still have a job after today.

HERB storms off. AUDREY has a moment taking in the anguish before running over to the makeup chair. She grabs the makeup wipes and desperately tries to get the green powder off before breaking down and crying into her arms.

BRITTANY: Hi honey. Tough day at work?

BRITTANY walks out from behind the green screen. AUDREY turns to look at her, stares at her for a moment, but then stands up quickly and starts aggressively walking towards her in a charge to confront her.

BRITTANY: Ah. I'd choose your next steps carefully. After all, one physical abuse claim is excusable, but two can start pressing charges.

AUDREY slows down and stops for a moment, thinking and letting the emotions sink in.

AUDREY: You set me up...you knew what was going to happen...

BRITTANY: Well...I guess there's no reason to play dumb anymore. Though lord knows you've been doing it beautifully all day.

BRITTANY pulls out the green powder and looks at it.

BRITTANY: Remarkable how an \$8 bag of green powder can cost a man millions if you use it right. You know, when I was shooting my zombie film, they would toss a little white powder on our clothes to simulate dust from the debris. Same brand as this. Guess you could say they've always been with me.

AUDREY: I'm going to get Herb. You're going to tell him everything.

AUDREY starts to leave, but BRITTANY continues talking, which stops her

BRITTANY: You know what else has been with me since that film? A feeling. A feeling for a girl barely over eighteen who wanted nothing more than to act and spent her first film sharing a house with the same drunken men she got harassed and catcalled by all day. That feeling is fear.

AUDREY: Well...I'm sorry she had to go through that...but then maybe she should've just left...

BRITTANY: Oh come now. You don't think she thought of that? She didn't want to. Acting was what gave her purpose. It's what she left everything for. It wasn't pride. She could've quit, but then what? Become stuck in a life that didn't satisfy her? She needed to be smarter. More aware of what everyone expected of her. Play any person producers and casting calls needed her to be and push them back when it wasn't enough. It was all building to this. The chance to be a real Hollywood actress in a real Hollywood film. A film like this and an actress could have any project she's ever wanted. It was all so perfect. Until...it wasn't.

AUDREY: But you're in the film! Isn't that what you wanted? You've won. You made it.

BRITTANY: As what? The forgettable best friend that lives in your shadow? I NEEDED to be Mary. She's the role women have craved to become!

AUDREY: And you didn't get it! But you're not the only one. There were hundreds of other women who had to be turned away. It happens.

BRITTANY: Hundreds of other women didn't have the commitment I had to this! I'd come too far to risk this role being murdered by some bimbo. I wouldn't let them take her away from me. So I found my competition and I killed them. One. By. One.

Poisoned them. Drowned them. Tied them to the railroad tracks! My hands are dirty with the blood of almost every murder a person can make.

AUDREY: Jesus Christ...you're bluffing...no one is crazy enough to kill for a role...

BRITTANY: And I would've got them all too. But I'd made an oversight. You. You had the cheapest price tag on the call sheet. And in the end, that was the one thing you had no one else did. I should've known better than to kill chronologically instead of by price.

AUDREY: Stay back! I'm calling the police!

AUDREY reaches for her phone but stops when she remembers it was taken away

BRITTANY: You won't be calling anybody.

AUDREY: What're you going to do? Are you going to kill me too?

BRITTANY: Oh sweetheart...you don't give me enough credit. I could've and trust me, I wanted to. But killing is easy and frankly quite messy. It's good for competition, but not for an enemy. An enemy needs special treatment.

AUDREY: I've done nothing to you! Look, it's not my fault they picked me over you! I'm sorry you hate it, but I earned it!

BRITTANY: You haven't earned anything! And that day you were cast, I knew I'd make sure you would live to never forget that.

AUDREY: By what? You've murdered people and all you had planned for me was to put some green powder on my face? Look, you may have won that, but you have nothing else against me. And I will have you arrested before you can make another move.

BRITTANY: Oh Audrey. Do you think I would be telling you all this if there was a chance you could stop me? I've already made my moves. In fact, I've called checkmate before you even realized we were playing chess.

AUDREY: What are you talking about?

BRITTANY: Haven't you been feeling the sensation that nothing has been going your way today? As though everything has been working against you? After you were cast, I introduced myself to "Herbie" as dear, sweet, horny "Bwittney". The only thing he's more addicted to than his drugs. He's none the wiser to any of this, and as long as I push up my breasts and keep pumping him drugs, it will stay that way. He'll give me a ladle of whatever I want as long as I give him a teaspoon of me. So then, I deci...

HERB charges in, holding a couple of posters tied up with rubber bands. He is also eating a sheet of acid the size of A4 printer paper.

HERB: Brittany! Darling! Light of my life! Lips on my loins! You're a goddamn genius! These...

BRITTANY: Herb! Get the fuck out! I'm not done monologuing!

HERB: Okay, pumpkin!

HERB immediately turns back around, still content.

BRITTANY: *(sighs)* Okay where was I? Sensation...Bwittney...addict...Did I mention the moth yet?

AUDREY: No.

BRITTANY: Ah! I knew as a new actress, you would be desperate to please. So I pushed Herb to select just about the worst of what Hollywood has to offer. So like a moth to a light, you would follow in their every footstep. All you needed was *(slowly while giving AUDREY as playful shove)* just a little push. From your new friend and co-star, Brittany!

AUDREY: Wait a minute...the bump...

BRITTANY: “Be someone he can trust...especially if he offers you something”

AUDREY: The sex stuff...

BRITTANY: “Don’t forget to show off your goods to help seal the deal”

AUDREY: The green powder!

BRITTANY: “If anyone asks, it was your own idea to put it on”. I set the dominoes in place. And I toppled them over.

AUDREY: All of this. You controlled this entire morning...just to make me leave. If you didn’t want me here...why didn’t you just ask me? Why go through all of this just to torment me?

BRITTANY: Once someone gets a taste of fame, they spend their whole lives trying to hold onto it. Maybe you would’ve walked out that door and never came back. But I’ve come too far and buried too many bodies to take that chance. I had to be sure you would stay out.

AUDREY: ...I thought we were friends...

BRITTANY: Why? Because I’m a woman, you think that makes me your support? Your peer? You’re not the first woman who challenged me, thinking they could get ahead in life by making an easy cheque out of playing pretend. People like you are the tumours of this craft. And if no one else will be the scalpel to cut you out, then I will.

AUDREY takes a seat in the chair, having trouble comprehending this

BRITTANY: You’ve seen what it takes to get ahead in this business and I don’t believe it’s something you have the nerve for. But it can all be over. Just have to sign Mary over to me, walk out that door, and promise never to come back. And you can put this whole world behind you.

AUDREY thinks for a moment

AUDREY: ...no...

BRITTANY: What? Don't be a fool, Sittle.

AUDREY: I was chosen to do this movie. That means I have some value in being here. There's nothing for me out there, but this is a place where I can come and feel like I'm doing something with my life. Maybe you don't like that, but that's no longer your decision to make. I'll prove you wrong by outlasting you and showing you that I can't be bullied out of this. And if you don't like that, you're just going to have to find a way to live with it. Because there's nothing else you can do or say that can make me leave.

The two stare at each other for a moment of silence before BRITTANY slowly grins

BRITTANY: Good. And here I was worried you'd leave before meeting your new co-star.

AUDREY: ...what new co-star?

HERB timidly chimes in, still holding the posters tied up with rubber bands and the sheet of acid.

HERB: Can I come in now?

BRITTANY: *(talking seductively)* Of course Herbie. She's all yours.

HERB: Great! Audrey! My fleshy friend! You've got to come take a look at some of these new plans Brittany has drawn up for me!

AUDREY is carefully approaching HERB, trying to stay vigilant of what BRITTANY has planned and that HERB may still be angry over the green screen. BRITTANY takes a seat at the desk and makes herself comfortable. After all, she's just here to watch the show play out.

AUDREY: Herb. I just wanted to apologize again about the green screen. I should've been more responsible and I promise I'll be more careful not to cause trouble for the rest of the shoot. I'll do whatever you ask of me from here on out.

HERB: What? Oh, don't worry about that. We'll take the money we wasted out of your paycheck. So listen, what's the one thing this movie is missing?

AUDREY: *(sincere yet in a joking tone)* Oh...umm...a sincere portrayal of women?

HERB: Hahaha! And here I was thinking you didn't have a good sense of humour.

HERB starts taking off the rubber bands on one of the posters while he talks

HERB: I'm talking about a new character. Someone to offset the perfection of Mary with grounded character flaws. Someone to go on a journey of self-discovery where they learn to appreciate what's most important. Someone we can portray all the physical and mental weight of what it means to witness the 9/11 disaster and yet hold onto hope everything will be okay.

AUDREY: Wow...that sounds amazing. So, who is it?

HERB unravels the poster to reveal a cartoon plane with the name Planey the Talking Plane above it

HERB: Ta-da! Meet Planey the Talking Plane!

AUDREY is speechless

HERB: Pretty great, huh? See, they collapse the towers by hugging them too hard, but then they help to put them back together, allowing everyone to survive! It's the perfect happy ending 9/11 deserves!

AUDREY: Wow...Herb. That's...that's really...wow.

HERB: C'mon, admit it. Is there any cherry juicer to put on top than a cute, colourful sidekick that we can slap onto every product we get our hands on?

AUDREY starts acting slightly frantic, laughing while trying to hold herself together yet clearly being overwhelmed by this idea

AUDREY: Well...it's just...it's so...wow...so then, they're for...

HERB: The kids, of course!

AUDREY: Oh! Yes! Yes, the kids! Of course!

HERB: See, you get it! Kids don't want to see movies anymore. They want to see characters. The little nut-gnashers will flock to see whatever we put out if it has something cute they can quote. And think of the possibilities! Sequels, spin-offs, toys. Heck, maybe even a stage musical! The literal and figurative sky is the limit!

AUDREY: Oh! Oh, Spin-offs?! You mean...you mean you're doing more than one of these?

HERB: Well of course, silly! And after all, this is just Part 1!

AUDREY: Oh! Oh! Part..1? Part 1 of, of what exactly?

HERB drops the Planey poster, takes off the rubber bands of the other poster, and opens it to reveal a timeline of projects for...

HERB: Of the Humanitarian Crisis Cinematic Universe!

AUDREY is completely stunned again, holding herself together by just a thread

HERB: Why should we limit ourselves to 9/11 when there's a whole history of threats we can profit from? Think about it. Dictatorships. Wars. Pandemics. Earthquakes. All told with that Herb Fauxfeld stamp of entertainment under one great big umbrella of continuity! We get a streaming service running this kind of content 24/7 and if we start running out, then we put money into making new ones happen so we always have material to work off of. This thing is an endless perpetual motion machine of money!

AUDREY is now full-on laughing, completely broken

AUDREY: *(stifling through the laughter)* So...So...we have a feminist exploration...of 9/11...that's a multiverse story...with an American Osama as the villain...a talking plane that causes the towers to fall...everyone survives at the end...and it's all one big advertisement for not just other movies, but for baby food too...He...Hey Herb?

HERB: Yeah?

AUDREY: *(still feigning laughter)* Shut up.

HERB: ...excuse me?

AUDREY is initially still laughing at first and saying the 'shut ups' slowly but gradually becomes angrier and faster with them the more she says it.

AUDREY: Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up! Shut Up! Shut Up! Shut Up! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! What the hell is wrong with everyone?! You're all fucking nuts!

HERB: Hey! That's the kind of talk that gets you a trip to HR for some anger management courses...

AUDREY: Fuck your anger management courses! Everyone here is indulging the insanity of a brain-dead junkie!

HERB: Excuse me, I am NOT a junkie. I take a little something now and then to refocus, but I know when to quit. Unlike some people...

AUDREY: You're eating fucking paper, Herb!

HERB: This isn't paper. It's a huge sheet of LS...

HERB thinks for a moment, crumbles it up, and tosses it aside

HERB: That doesn't prove anything.

AUDREY: All you've spouted off all day is the female experience and what it is to be a woman. You wouldn't have an iota of what it is to be a woman even if you were born one! Women aren't perfect! We make mistakes. We gain weight. We take drugs. We have health problems. We get depressed. And we sure as shit get pissed off! THAT'S what it is to be a woman.

HERB: That's where you're wrong. I'm as true a feminist as any woman and I think I would know if I was undermining them. Now, stop whining about this silly shit. You're probably just...on the rag or something.

AUDREY: Oh my god. You are the most ignorant person who has ever lived. And the fact that you try so hard to tie it to something as awful and tragic as 9/11 is utter nonsense! These two stories have nothing to do with each other!

DWAYNE wanders next to HERB to support him. DWAYNE appears even more exhausted and dishevelled than before.

DWAYNE: Hey come on, Audrey. I think you're overreacting. Herb is a delicate artist and he only wants what's best for...

HERB: (*interjecting; to DWAYNE*) Christ Dunhem, you think my grandmother would come out of cryostasis to see this movie if she knew you still had an ass that fat? Get back to it!

AUDREY: Dwayne, don't listen to him! You're so desperate to please Herb and become famous that you're going to end up killing yourself for it.

HERB: What? The kid is doing this because he wants to. Isn't that right, Dwayne?

DWAYNE: I think my heart might've stopped...

OSAMA walks next to HERB and DWAYNE to support them

OSAMA: (to AUDREY) You selfish actors always feel they can come in and say what's right. A true professional such as Rick would never dream of making such a scene! Unless of course, it made his performance more rich and complex...

AUDREY: Oh shut up Rick! You're just an asshole with an identity crisis who wants to be praised for finding a way to beat people up and get away with it.

OSAMA: Do not call me that! I have told you I am Rick playing Osama playing Rick playing Osama playing...Rick...playing Osama...playing...wait guys, I don't think I remember who I am anymore. Does anyone remember what the last name we said was?

HERB: (to AUDREY) But, dragon's breath, everything was going so well. I know there's been some roughness and aggression from one of us, but I'm sure eventually we would've found the strength to put up with you. After all, you seemed so perfect for your price range.

AUDREY: ...wait a minute...so you did just hire me...for my price?...

HERB: What, are you nuts? Of course, we did! Why do you think we've been putting up with all these problems? Your audition was awful! No casting director would ever hire you if your "talent" was all you were bringing to the table. Your audition was just worth its weight in pennies. Personally, I wanted Scar Jo, but she said no. I thought she might've called back by now. After all, it's like they say, "A woman's no is just a drive away to a..."

Before HERB can finish, AUDREY screams and sucker punches HERB, starting a fight between them.

DWAYNE: Wait. I want to fight too. This will be a great way to build my muscle mass.

DWAYNE pathetically punches OSAMA. OSAMA hits him back once, causing DWAYNE to fall down for the count. OSAMA keeps kicking DWAYNE while AUDREY and HERB keep fighting. This goes on for a few moments before ALBERT enters the filming space. He blows a whistle, causing everyone to stop.

ALBERT: *(now speaking in an American accent)* Alright, that's enough! Everyone, up off the ground now!

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: Oh for god sake, there is no Albert Heim! I'm...

ALBERT tears the wig off and pulls out a badge to reveal he is actually...

FRITZ: Officer Fritz Lang with the LAPD.

EVERYONE gasps. OSAMA starts grovelling; panicked.

OSAMA: No, please don't arrest Rick! He can't go back to jail! Listen, he swore he didn't know the smoke bomb was going to cause a grass fire! He just saw gender reveal parties were trending and...

FRITZ: I'm not here for you!

OSAMA pauses for a second before standing up; feigning self-assurance

OSAMA: I mean...I have no idea why this man is here...

HERB: Me neither for that matter. Name ONE thing we've done today that's illegal.

FRITZ: We received an anonymous tip a few months back of a major drug trafficking ring somewhere in Herbivore Productions. The court wouldn't grant us a search warrant, so we planted someone who could look for evidence without anyone giving a second thought. Who better than the least important person on any Herbivore Production film set...

HERB: The director. Of course! I should've known. So there is no "greatest cat food commercial director" after all?

FRITZ: No, that part was real. If I was going to shadow as a director, I had to have some experience under my belt or everyone was sure to know I was a fake. (to RICK) THAT's how you method act.

AUDREY: Oh officer, I'm so glad to have you here! You don't know the hell it's been working with these psychopaths. Please, let me help you. Whatever you need to make the arrest.

FRITZ: That won't be necessary, ma'am. There's one person here who has been showing all the obvious symptoms of drug use. Irritable, hostile, paranoiac. There's just one last thing to check...

AUDREY: Oh thank god! I was starting to lose my mind thinking no one else could see it. I'm just so relieved that this can be done and I can just put this behind...

As AUDREY is talking, FRITZ starts to wander. It initially seems like he's going for HERB, but then it's revealed he is actually going to AUDREY. FRITZ sticks his finger up her nose.

AUDREY: Wait! What're you...

FRITZ takes his finger out, examines it, and takes a tongue wipe.

FRITZ: Yep...that's cocaine alright...

FRITZ takes out a pair of handcuffs

FRITZ: Audrey Sittle, you are under arrest for possession of illegal substances.

AUDREY: What?! No, it's Herb! He's been taking a thousand different things all day! Check his nostrils! You'll see!

FRITZ: Herb? He has no criminal record. He isn't exhibiting a single symptom of drug use. And most people know him to be a frank and honest man. The arrest stands and I am personally shocked you would be desperate enough to make him out to be an accomplice. You have the right to remain silen...

FRITZ starts to put the handcuffs on AUDREY, but she takes a step back to avoid it.

AUDREY: No! No! This is insane. It wasn't my fault! Herb gave me that bump! I am the only sane one here! I swear! I shouldn't be arrested! I didn't do anything wrong! I was just trying to be an actress! I was only doing what everyone else here was doing! It was Brittany's powder! It was Herb's bumping! And his frankfurter! And Osama's latte! And the talking plane! And the baby food! And the...and the...

AUDREY stops talking. It finally occurs to her how insane she sounds. She is backed into a corner. There is nothing she can say to prove her innocence and not a single person in the room has her side. HERB approaches AUDREY.

HERB: Oh Audrey...we're all so disappointed in you. I'm going to be reporting this little incident to HR. I expect a full psych evaluation before you complete all your courses. And this arrest better not interfere with our shooting schedule either. I expect you back here tomorrow, cleaned up, and ready to work.

HERB starts to turn away

AUDREY: *(quietly)* ...I quit...

HERB stops and turns around

HERB: What?

AUDREY: *(louder)* I said...

AUDREY rips the coats off her body as she talks

AUDREY: I. GOD. DAMN. QUIT.

HERB: You can't quit! We have you under contract! We've already filmed like...a minute of footage with you! We're too deep into this now to bring in someone new! You quit and I sue!

AUDREY: Do whatever the hell you want. I don't care if I have to spend the rest of my life in a court or a jailcell. I'm not going to spend one more minute working for you or this film as long as I breathe.

HERB: Wow. So we have done nothing but support you in all your outbursts and assaults and this is how you repay us?

AUDREY: You know what? Think of me however you want. Knowing I'm getting away from you and that you actually have to pay an actress now to play Mary is all I need to be happy.

HERB: Well, hey! Let's not make any rash decisions yet. Sure we've had our ups and downs, but it's nothing we can't sort out on our own. How are you supposed to ever become a real actress if you can't get through the first day on set without trying to quit? Is this the example you want to set for the working woman? To just quit when things get hard?

AUDREY: Herb, that's enough! If it means having to tear myself apart trying to please everyone while living under the thumbs of people like you, then maybe I don't want to be a "real" actress. Because you and every other braindead employee of yours are not worth my time, my health, and my sanity. But you're right about one thing. I am setting an example for the working woman. I know my self-worth and I'm not going to stay where it's not respected.

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 special, but like any actor, you're replaceable. And I don't care if finding a new actress for Mary takes us hours. Or days. Or weeks! Or months! Or-...(quickly turns his attention to BRITTANY) Hey Brittany, do you want a promotion?

BRITTANY: K

HERB: Woohoo! Herb, you magnificent bastard. You still got it!

HERB starts smelling around. HERB looks at DWAYNE who's been dead since the fight.

HERB: Oh god, Dwayne is stinking up the place. Just like the lazy bastard to fall asleep on the job and then shit himself. Hey Dunhem! Wake up!

HERB waits a moment for something to happen, but nothing does

HERB: Well, we're not going to get our deposit back if we don't get him out of here and we can't air that smell out. *(out to everyone)* Alright, everyone! That's a wrap for the day! Be back here 9am sharp!

The bell rings. Crew start to tidy the space up to prep for tomorrow and gradually make their way out of the space in the background as the play continues.

HERB: Osama, help me get Dwayne out of here. We'll let him sleep it off outside if he's not going to take his job seriously.

OSAMA picks up DWAYNE by the legs while HERB lifts the head

OSAMA: Hey Herb? I don't know if he's sleeping. I don't think I've seen him breathe the last five minutes.

HERB: What? What're you talking about? He's fine. Watch. Hey Dwayne! If you're okay, make a sound!

DWAYNE lets out a weak moan, which is just the sound of air leaving his body

HERB: See? He's fine. Now get a move on. I got fifty ccs of chilled propofol in my trailer and I don't plan to take it room temperature.

HERB and OSAMA carry DWAYNE out of the space. It's encouraged they bump him into stuff (though not too aggressively as to hurt the actor) and they bicker over the best way to carry him. FRITZ puts the handcuffs on AUDREY.

FRITZ: It's time to go. Do you need me to finish reading you your Miranda rights?

AUDREY: *(sighs)* No, that's okay. There's no escaping this now.

FRITZ starts to lead AUDREY out. As they walk past BRITTANY, AUDREY turns to look at her. BRITTANY gives her a smug goodbye wave. AUDREY thinks for a moment and stops.

AUDREY: Wait! Officer Lang, before we go...could I have five minutes alone to say goodbye to Brittany?

FRITZ: Hmm...well you've shown to be a hostile individual...and you could take this as a chance to try and escape...if you did get away, it could mean months of being undercover and building evidence were wasted...But I guess just five minutes won't hurt anybody...

FRITZ starts to leave without AUDREY but turns back

FRITZ: I'm going to be right outside that door. A minute longer and I'm coming back in.

FRITZ leaves the space. Once he's gone, BRITTANY starts applauding.

BRITTANY: Now THAT was a truly astounding performance. I mean, I can't give you all the credit, I had the fortune of giving you such wonderful material. But you exceeded all my expectations! That couldn't have gone better if I played you myself. And getting arrested at the end? THAT is the true cherry on top.

AUDREY: Let me guess...the anonymous tip?...

BRITTANY: Call it an insurance policy. Doesn't hurt to carry more than one kind of protection.

BRITTANY stands up and wanders over to AUDREY

BRITTANY: Well, I suppose now you'll be wanting to take your five minutes to call me out as "the evil manipulative bitch who ruined your life", right? Well, go ahead. I'd say you've more than earned it. But we both have places to be, so try not to use too much filler.

AUDREY: ...that wasn't what I had in mind...

BRITTANY: Oh? Then...I suppose you want to try and attack me then? Put up one last fight? Take those handcuffs and try to choke me with them? While that is very effective I can assure you, I have scenes to film tomorrow and I'd prefer not get my knuckles bruised. So can we keep this somewhat professional?

AUDREY: That wasn't what I was thinking either. I guess I just wanted to say...thank you.

BRITTANY is taken aback; confused by this

BRITTANY: You're clearly suffering from some kind of concussion. Maybe you should ask Mr. Lang to see a medic on your way.

AUDREY: Before I came here, I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. This last year, I've felt so lost. As if I didn't know who I was anymore and I didn't know where I was going. I never thought of myself as an actor. But after a while, I settled because I was afraid if I didn't become something soon, then I'd just...be nothing for the rest of my life. And I was so desperate to make it work and feel complete from it that I let myself stray so far from who I am by just trying to be like all of you. This world was turning me into someone I'm not. But now I see no one should have to be someone they're not just to feel fulfill...

BRITTANY: *(interrupting)* Oh my god, I didn't think your naivety could get any more sickening. That's what you wasted your five minutes telling me? Do me a favour and spare me any more before I throw up. *(sitting back down at the desk)* Your time is almost up. I'd suggest not leaving Mr. Lang waiting much longer.

AUDREY: Okay...but I have just one more thing to say...

BRITTANY: *(sighs)* What now?

AUDREY: You mentioned before I was your only oversight. But you actually made another...

BRITTANY: *(confused)* What? No, I didn't! I've been planning this for months now. I combed this studio and these people for every hair on their head. And I got exactly what I wanted from it. What could I have possibly missed that you see and I didn't?

AUDREY: Did you ever stop to think while digging for gold that you'd still need to climb out of the hole once you found it? You want Mary? You got her...and everything that comes with her.

AUDREY manically grins and winks at BRITTANY

AUDREY: See you in the movies.

AUDREY turns around to face the door and knocks on it. FRITZ opens the door and she steps out of the sound stage, leaving Hollywood behind her. BRITTANY is now all alone, still confused by what AUDREY meant. She thinks about it deeply in silence. Suddenly, her eyes widen in a moment of realization. She was so focused on making the movie bad to keep AUDREY out that she never stopped to think she'd have to be in the horrible movie when she did.

BRITTANY: Oh fuck

The lights start to fade and a video is projected onto the green screen. It is the ending to the film, featuring BRITTANY as MARY, RICK as OSAMA and a PNG of "PLANEY" flying in the sky. The more purposefully cheap PLANEY looks, the better. BRITTANY's acting is clearly uncomfortable to be performing this scene. OSAMA has bruised makeup and is lying on the ground.

OSAMA: *(weakly)* Well Mary Sue...you may have proven women are better than men this day. But I'll get you next time! The natural patriarchy will be restored!

OSAMA passes out

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

MARY *(begrudgingly with a forced grin)* No Planey. WE saved New York. With our powers of...gender nonconformity, it looks like everyone is going to be okay.

PLANEY: Gosh Mary, I guess we all learned an important lesson today.

MARY: Oh we sure did Planey. It's one I'm going to carry for the rest of my life.

PLANEY: Feminism isn't about being seen as equals. It's about repeatedly calling attention to breaking gender roles to show those who undermine us that we're better because we're an exception rather than a status quo. And that everyone should eat more Grandmama Mama's Baby Food. Now with Peaches and Cream flavour!

BRITTANY is silent; she doesn't want to say her next line. Someone offscreen pokes her with a stick.

MARY: *(sighs)* Did you say...Peaches and Cream?

PLANEY: That's right! Peaches and Cream! And everyone knows I'm a little plane who loves Peaches and Cream!

MARY: Wow Planey, you're such a...character. I can't wait to see all the new adventures you get into...

BRITTANY pulls up a piece of paper clearly reading off of it

MARY: Umm...preferably next summer in movie theatres or Saturdays at 10am ES...*(breaking character; out to HERB)* Herb, I don't want to say thi...

The film jumpcuts to PLANEY

PLANEY: Preferably next summer in movie theatres or Saturdays at 10am EST or 7am PST; check your local listings! Well, I don't know about you Mary. But I think this calls for saying my iconic catchphrase!

MARY: Oh, you mean...

In sync, PLANEY says with excitement and delight while MARY says very lacklustre and depressed...

PLANEY/MARY: A woman's no is just a drive away to a maybe!

The film freeze frames. Triumphant music plays as a THE END title card appears over the film. The film holds for a few moments as both the video and music fade out. A quote fades in saying "Legends aren't born. They're dead" followed by "Dwayne Dunhem (2000 - 2024)". As the quotes fade out, the credits are projected similar to that of a movie. During the credits, the actors will come out and take their bows as their names come up. The credits should read the real actors' names as the characters. If an actor played an in-universe film role, it will feature their in-universe credit too. (IE: John Smith as Dwayne Dunhem as Steel Hunter OR Dick Dastardly as Herb Fauxfeld etc.). Once the the credits are done rolling, there is a few moments of silence before another video is projected. It's a post-credit scene. The clip portrays OSAMA sitting in a jail cell, reading a Disney Pixar's Cars book. A knock is heard and OSAMA looks over at the source.

GUARD (offscreen): Hey Laden! You have a visitor.

OSAMA: (confused) What? Who is it?

GUARD (offscreen): Didn't say. Just said he's here on some business.

The clip cuts to a pair of war boots walking down the hall as they enter OSAMA's cell. The mysterious figure's face is kept out of view, but they are German and are wearing a soldier's uniform.

STRANGER: Guten Tag, Mr. Laden. I must say, that was quite a show you put on in New York. Consider me a fan of your work.

OSAMA doesn't know who the STRANGER is but plays along

OSAMA: That show you're talking about was a disaster. I failed.

STRANGER: Shh. It's alright, my little Kab Kik. You did very well for your first performance. But now, I'm here to discuss with you your encore.

The stranger pulls out a brown envelope and hands it to OSAMA.

OSAMA: What's this?

STRANGER: Why...you didn't think you were the only oppressor in the world, did you? Consider this a job offer. A chance to use your power to be part of something...bigger...stronger...Purer...

OSAMA opens the envelope, not showing what's inside of it. OSAMA reads it for a few moments before his eyes widen and he peers back up at the STRANGER.

OSAMA: What did you say your name was?

STRANGER: Oh, I've gone by many names. Call me Nick Fuhrer. A new friend from an old age.

OSAMA looks back into the folder before he grins and peers back at NICK.

OSAMA: Well Mr. Fuhrer. Perhaps we can help each other out after all. So tell me...where do we start?

The film cuts to NICK's mouth, revealing he is HITLER or at least a version of HITLER, with a toothbrush mustache. His mouth slowly smiles before cutting to black. Text appears saying "OSAMA will return in Simon Sow's Dazzling Drapes Present The Fairy Tale of World War II".