

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

INT. PIG - MAXINE SITS AT THE BAR, WATCHING HER WATCH.

CRAIG

Hi. Do you know I don't even know your name or where you work?

MAXINE

Yeah.

CRAIG

Umm, ok. How bout this, if I can guess your first name in three tries, you have to have a drink with me.

MAXINE

Why not?

CRAIG

Ok. You look like a
Buuuhhpaahhhnnn.
Muhhhahhhh. Ahhhnnnaaa. .
Nollttuuukkkaaaarallllll. . . .
Tashabararassssssuuuuusaaaaaaa. . .
Nnnnnnnnaaaaaannnnnnnnnnccccccceeee
Mwaaaaaa. Mahhhhhhkkkkk. .
sssseeeeeeeen. Maxine?

MAXINE

Yeah, who told you?

CRAIG

Nobody told me. It just came out.
Isn't that odd? So where do you
live and stuff?

MAXINE

I am dubious, but I don't welsh.

CRAIG

Buy you a drink, Maxine?

MAXINE

You married?

CRAIG

Yeah. But enough about me.

Maxine laughs. The bartender approaches.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

What'll you have?

MAXINE
 (to bartender)
 I'll have more of the same, Barry.

CRAIG
 (to bartender)
 I'll have, like, a light beer or something.

The bartender walks away.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 So, uh, I don't know.. I, uh.. I like you. I don't know what it is about you. I just...

MAXINE
 My tits?

CRAIG
 No, no, no, no, it's your energy, the way you carry yourself--

MAXINE
 You're not a fag are you?

CRAIG
 No. I am really attracted to you.

MAXINE
 (Mocking)
 I am really attracted to you. Christ, you are a fag. Ok, well we can share recipes, if you like, Darlene.

Maxine gets up.

CRAIG
 (at a loss)
 No, wait! I like your tits. I wanna fuck em.

MAXINE
 (Sitting)
 Great, Now we're getting somewhere. Not a chance. So, tell me about yourself. If you can get your mind out of the gutter long enough, dog-boy.

CRAIG
 Well, I'm a puppeteer. I... I've been--

MAXINE

Check. You're not someone I could get interested in. Craig. You play with dolls.

CRAIG

(Rehearsed)

Puppets, Maxine. It's the idea of being inside someone else's skin... and seeing what they see and feeling what they feel.

MAXINE

Yikes.

CRAIG

Please let me explain. It's just that, well...

CRAIG GRABS MAXINE'S HAND TO GET HER ATTENTION AND SO THAT SHE DOES NOT LEAVE...

CRAIG

It's just that I've never done this before, but I feel something for you and I've never felt this before, Maxine... You know, about anybody, not even my wife.

(BEAT)

And I just... I really feel that you and I belong together Maxine.

MAXINE

Oh.

MAXINE GETS UP.

CRAIG

Don't you want to know what happened to me?

MAXINE

(Considers)

No.

MAXINE HEADS FOR THE DOOR. CRAIG CATCHES UP TO HER AND GRABS HER ARM.

CRAIG

Please, this is important!

MAXINE

It better be.

CRAIG

It is. There's a tiny door in my office, Maxine. It's a prtal and it takes you inside John Malkovich. You see the world through John Malkovich's eyes, then, after about fifteen minutes, you're spit out into a ditch on the side of the New Jersey Turnpike.

MAXINE

Sounds great. Who the fuck is John Malkovich?

CRAIG

Oh, he's an actor. One of the great American actors of the 20th century.

MAXINE

Oh yeah? What's he been in?

CRAIG

Lots of things. That jewel thief movie, for example. He's very well respected. Anyway, the point is, this is a very odd thing. It's supernatural, for lack of a better word. I mean, it raises all sorts of philosophical-type questions, you know? About the nature of self, about the existence of a soul, you know? Am I me? Is Malkovich Malkovich?

(BEAT)

I had a piece of wood in my hand, Maxine. I don't have it anymore. Where is it? Did it disappear? How could that be? Is it still in Malkovich's head? I don't know! Do you see what a metaphysical can of worms this portal is? I don't see how I could go on living my life the way I've lived it before.

MAXINE

Is this Malkovich fellow appealing?

CRAIG

Yes, of course, Maxine. He's a celebrity.

MAXINE

Good. We'll sell tickets.

CRAIG

Tickets to Malkovich?

MAXINE

Exactly. Two hundred dollars a pop.

CRAIG

Maxine, but there's something... I don't know, like profound here. I don't know if maybe we should exploit it, you think?

MAXINE

I need you for this Craigy. You're my man on the inside.

CRAIG

You need me? I'm your man?

MAXINE

Sure, whatever.

CRAIG

Maxine, we don't know the significance of this thing. It might be dangerous to toy with?

MAXINE

Well, I'll protect ya dollface.

MAXINE LEAVES.

CRAIG

(In love)

Oh. Maxine.