

CARTOON CHARACTERS



GREATER FOOL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS "CARTOON CHARACTERS" A FILM BY CAREY KIGHT STARRING SPENCER STRONG SMITH SHELLEY
 REGNER ANTHONY FANELLI WITH NINA SHAMLOO FEATURING ROSANNE LIMERES AS "DIANA"
 PRODUCTION DESIGNER ABBY MARIAMA MAKE-UP ARTIST TRICIA HEAL ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS SPENCER STRONG SMITH BERNARDO VELASQUEZ EDITED BY ALEX ZINGARO
 DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ILIJA GAVRAN PRODUCED BY NIKHIL SHUKLA CAREY KIGHT WITH MUSIC FROM THE GETBYE WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CAREY KIGHT

1 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 1
A quiet, suburban street basks in the California sun.

2 EXT. NICK AND AUBREY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 2
One house in particular enjoys the sun.

3 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 3
Beer cans, wine and liquor bottles, and half-empty glassware litter an island in the kitchen of an otherwise very clean home.

4 INT. NICK AND AUBREY'S BEDROOM - DAY 4
NICK, 28, sleeps in a large bed next to AUBREY, 28, upright and awake, leaning against the headboard, scrolling through her phone.
She puts her phone down, gets up, and runs into the bathroom.
Nick sleeps through her RETCHING. After a few retches, a toilet FLUSHES.
Nick continues to sleep through a THUD, a CLANK, and water RUSHING out of a faucet.
Nick doesn't move while Aubrey BRUSHES her teeth, GARGLES, RINSES, and SPITS water into the sink. After another THUD and CLANK followed by still silence, Nick still sleeps.
Aubrey shuffles back into the room, wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, and climbs back into bed next to Nick.
She settles in, grabs her phone, and scrolls through it.
A second phone on the nightstand RINGS.

5 INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 5
BRAD, 23, sits up in bed and watches OLIVIA, 20, sleep. He holds an iPhone and has earbuds in his ears.

6 INT. NICK AND AUBREY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 6
The phone continues to RING. Aubrey glances at the night stand and nudges Nick.

AUBREY
It's your brother.

Nick reaches over her and grabs it.

NICK
Waddoyouwant?

7 INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 7
Brad animates.

BRAD
Good morning! How are you?

8 INT. NICK AND AUBREY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 8
Nick rolls over, lays on his back, and rubs his forehead.

NICK
We drank far too much last night
for you to be calling me this
early. What time is it?

9 INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

BRAD
I don't know. Early. You hungry? I
thought we could all go get some
breakfast.

10 INT. NICK AND AUBREY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 10
Nick presses the mute button and puts the phone down. He
looks up at Aubrey, rises a bit, and kisses her soundly.

AUBREY
I forgot how much energy he has in
the mornings.

NICK
It's a superpower, I think; drives
me nuts. I can never get a good
sleep-in in. Sleep-in in? Whatever,
you know what I mean.

Aubrey smiles and continues to fiddle with her phone.

BRAD (V.O.)
 (from the phone)
 Nick! Nick! Nick!

Nick sits up, unmutes the phone, and brings it to his ear.

NICK
 Yeah.

11 INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

11

Olivia stirs, rolls over, and looks up at Brad. She smiles.

BRAD
 I gotta go. Sleepyhead's awake.

Brad ends the call. He tosses the phone to the foot of the bed and kisses Olivia.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Good morning.

OLIVIA
 Hi.

Brad smiles.

BRAD
 You look familiar. Do I know you
 from somewhere?

Olivia feigns innocence.

OLIVIA
 I don't know.

Brad furrows his brow and snaps his fingers.

BRAD
 Got it. The bar. I met you at the
 bar last night, didn't I?

OLIVIA
 Bingo.

Olivia giggles as Brad rolls over and kisses her.

The door SLAMS open. Brad and Olivia turn.

Olivia pulls the sheets up above her breasts.

Nick, clad only in boxer briefs, stands in the doorway.

BRAD
What the fuck, man?!

Nick points his finger at Brad.

NICK
You interrupt my sleep, I interrupt
your sex.

Nick moves his finger over to Olivia.

NICK (CONT'D)
Olivia, right?

Olivia nods. Nick drops his finger.

NICK (CONT'D)
It's nice to see you again.

Olivia drops the covers ever so slightly.

OLIVIA
Um. You, too.

Aubrey enters the room wearing a bra and panties.

AUBREY
Ignore my husband, sweetie. He gets
a little cranky in the mornings.

She turns to Nick and pinches his cheek.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Isn't that right?

BRAD
Jesus, people. We have a guest! Do
either of you ever wear clothes?

NICK
No, because this is our house, and
we can do whatever we want.

Brad glances at Olivia and then back at Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)
You're paying for breakfast because
I'm awake, and I shouldn't be.

Nick turns around, slaps his wife on the ass, and exits.

NICK (CONT'D)
We're leaving in twenty minutes!

Aubrey rolls her eyes, smiles at Olivia, and exits.

12 INT. BATHROOM - LATER

12

Nick showers.

Brad walks in, picks up his toothbrush, and brushes his teeth.

NICK

By the way, I totally forgot. We can't go to breakfast.

Brad stops brushing and, brush in mouth, picks at his face.

BRAD

Why not?

NICK

Ma texted me, said she's bringing bagels and O.J. over this morning.

Brad spits the paste out of his mouth.

BRAD

Ma's coming here?!

Brad quickly rinses his mouth out.

NICK

Yeah.

BRAD

Right now?

NICK

I mean, however long it takes her to get over here so, what, five minutes?

BRAD

You couldn't have warned me?

NICK

Warned you about what?

Brad grabs a pair of sweats off of the counter and puts them on, hopping on each foot across the tile floor.

BRAD

Fuck you, man. This is not cool.

NICK
Oh, you mean Olivia? You'll be fine. Mom'll love her.

BRAD
Yeah, that's the problem.

Brad rushes across the bathroom and out the door.

Nick laughs and turns the shower off.

13

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

13

Olivia and Aubrey sit at the kitchen's island, drink coffee, and chat.

Aubrey wears sweats and a tank top. Olivia's hair and makeup are a bit of a mess, and she wears her clothes from the night before.

Brad slides downstairs, panicked.

AUBREY
I was just telling Olivia about the time that we --

BRAD
Yeah, yeah. That's nice. Olivia, we gotta go.

He waves his arm in small circles.

OLIVIA
I'm not finished with my coffee.

BRAD
I think we have paper cups in the cabinet. I'll grab you one.

OLIVIA
Okay ...

Olivia gets up, but Aubrey reaches out and grabs her arm.

AUBREY
Brad, don't be rude. Olivia, honey, sit down. Finish your coffee.

Olivia sits back down.

Nick walks downstairs and into the kitchen wearing nothing but a towel.

NICK

Hey, dickhead. Those are my sweats.

DIANA, 55, walks in from the garage and sets a large paper bag down on the kitchen counter next to Aubrey.

DIANA

Morning, everyone! I brought bag--
 (looks at Nick)
 Oh for God's sake, Nick. Will you
 put some fuckin' pants on, please?

Olivia glares at Brad.

OLIVIA

You wanted me to leave because you
 didn't want your mom to meet me.

BRAD

I just met you last night. What do
 you want from me?

Diana sets the bag on the counter. Nick walks around the island and kisses his mother on the cheek.

He walks back upstairs.

Aubrey turns around and kisses Diana on the cheek.

AUBREY

Morning, Di. You want some coffee?

DIANA

I would love some.

Aubrey opens a cupboard, grabs a cup, and pours Diana coffee.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Brad, what's wrong? You can't kiss
 your mother good morning?

Brad trudges over and kisses her on the cheek.

BRAD

Morning, Ma.

Olivia turns around and shakes Diana's hand.

OLIVIA

My name is Olivia.

Diana looks at Brad while she shakes Olivia's hand.

DIANA

It's a pleasure to meet you,
Olivia. I've never met any of
Brad's girlfriends before. I was
starting to think he might be gay.

BRAD

Ma!

14 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - KITCHEN - LATER

14

Everyone but Nick sits around the island eating bagels.

Nick shuffles in while he puts a T-shirt on. He smacks the
back of Brad's head, kisses Diana on the head, and stands at
the end of the island.

Diana looks between Olivia and Brad.

DIANA

So how long have you two known each
other?

OLIVIA

We met last night.

Brad coughs into his orange juice.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's a rather cute story, actually.
Brad here is quite the Casanova.

DIANA

Is he now?

Olivia laughs.

OLIVIA

Not really. He was shy at first,
but once I pumped a few drinks into
him, he loosened up.

Diana rolls her eyes.

DIANA

Just like his father.

Brad waves.

BRAD

Um, excuse me? Right here!

Nick pours some orange juice and looks at Aubrey.

NICK
 What a delightful morning. Don't
 you agree, honey?

AUBREY
 I certainly do, lovebug.

Brad looks at both of them.

BRAD
 Oh, shutup.

Nick feigns sadness.

NICK
 Well, that was rude.

Aubrey looks at him, they both laugh, and smile at Brad.

Diana turns to Olivia.

DIANA
 You know, this reminds me -- Nick,
 you've heard this before, but I
 don't think you have, Aubrey --
 this reminds of the night their
 father and I conceived Nick.

Nick laughs.

NICK
 I love this story!

BRAD
 Ma! I don't think you should b--

AUBREY
 (dismissive)
 Brad, shut the fuck up for a
 second. I want to hear this.

Brad scoffs.

BRAD
 I will not --

Aubrey smiles and holds out her plate.

AUBREY
 Pass me an everything please.

Brad glares at her, but he puts the bagel on her plate.

She continues to hold the plate out.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
And some cream cheese please.

Brad puts a ramekin of cream cheese on the plate.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Thank you. Diana, please continue.

DIANA
Bill and I were at a strip club
with some friends --

Brad looks across the table at Nick.

BRAD
Ma, we have a guest! You can't tell
this story.

OLIVIA
Brad. Please. Shush.

Brad looks around the table and then at the heavens.

BRAD
Did she just shush me?

DIANA
We were with some friends, I think
for Aunt Alice's birthday --

BRAD
Ma!

Diana glares at Brad. He stops talking.

DIANA
And I told Bill that I needed him
to escort me to the bathroom. He
walked me over and stood outside
the door. I went inside.

BRAD
This is outrageous!

DIANA
(to Brad)
Have you ever been to a strip club?

BRAD
That's beside the point.

DIANA
Answer the question.

BRAD
Of course I have.

DIANA
Well, so have I. Deal with it.

Nick grins like an idiot across the table.

Diana garnishes a bagel with cream cheese while she speaks.

DIANA (CONT'D)
I went inside the bathroom, peeked around for a second, saw that it was rather empty -- I think we were there on a like a Tuesday night or something like that, real classy, I know -- and went back out, grabbed Bill, and dragged him inside.

BRAD
Ma!

DIANA
Brad, interrupt me one more time, and I'm going to tell her about the time I did L.S.D. with Robert Downey, Jr.

Brad furrows his brow and shuts his mouth.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Don't get your panties in a bunch. I'll spare her the dirty details. We got kicked out, but we had enough time to conceive Nick here.

Diana points at Nick but looks at Aubrey and Olivia.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Not that their father needed much time.

Aubrey laughs.

NICK
The fuck you laughing at?

Aubrey doesn't answer. She simply pats Nick's arm.

BRAD
Ma, you can't tell a complete stranger that you got kicked out of a boobie bungalow for banging Dad in a bathroom stall.

DIANA

Brad, this poor girl just had a one-night-stand with you. I think she can handle it.

Diana looks at Olivia.

DIANA (CONT'D)

No offense, honey.

Olivia looks at Brad.

OLIVIA

Oh, none taken. I was planning on hitting it and quitting it, to be honest with you, but you might be a game changer, Di. I think I might stick around for awhile.

Brad looks horrified.

15

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

15

Brad leans against the counter, watching Diana, Olivia, and Aubrey engage in conversation in the living room.

Olivia smiles at Brad. He turns back around.

BRAD

Why does she always do that?

Nick throws Brad a towel and washes dishes.

NICK

Who?

BRAD

Ma.

NICK

What?

BRAD

Tell those stories!

NICK

For Chrissake, Brad, you have a girl, who I'm almost certain isn't old enough to drink, over for breakfast and she's wearing her little black dress from last night.

BRAD
It's different.

NICK
How?

Nick hands Brad a wet plate.

BRAD
She's our Ma, and Alice changed our
diapers.

Brad dries the plate and stacks it.

NICK
You're going to change my kid's
diapers, aren't you?

Nick hands Brad a wet plate, and he dries it, contemplating.

BRAD
It's different.

Aubrey, Diana, and Olivia LAUGH from the dining room.

NICK
Admit it, Ma's pretty fuckin' cool.
Who do you think we got it from?

Brad chuckles. Nick hands him a wet plate, and he dries it.

BRAD
It's just, I don't know, icky.

NICK
It's not, though.

Nick hands Brad a wet plate. He dries it and stacks it.

NICK (CONT'D)
It's her way of remembering Dad.
They were crazy about each other.

Nick and Brad put the dried dishes away in cabinets. Nick turns around and leans back against the counter.

NICK (CONT'D)
Look. One day, Aubrey and I are
gonna have kids, and you're gonna
be an uncle.

Nick nods to the living room.

NICK (CONT'D)

A damn good one, too. I know you are, but that's not gonna stop you from chasing and banging hot ass, is it?

BRAD

It's different.

Nick grabs Brad's face with both hands.

NICK

It's not! That's what I'm telling you.

BRAD

She's just so embarrassing.

Nick laughs, kisses Brad's cheek, and let's go of his face.

NICK

Well, in that case, I hope we get the chance to embarrass the ever loving shit out of my kid one day.

Nick looks at Aubrey through the doorway.

She leans back in her chair, palms her belly, and smiles.