

Brother, can you spare a million...

... or less? I intend to make this film in Bulgaria, where I am well connected. of a million should do it. Factor in “over-budget” and multiple bribes and it still will be under a million.

The movie will be in English.

Who is eligible to give me a million? Anybody who is out of his mind!

The movie should pay halfway for itself through sales in Bulgaria alone.

It is a dark comedy. The screenplay is an amalgam of Eugene Ionesco, Boris Vian and Kafka. Two themes emerge: anti-religious fanaticism (no particular religion is targeted) and anti-social doctrines (Communism, Nazism, etc...) in the context of a world build on a “solid” or otherwise foundation. And, in order to be “politically correct”, there is not a single positive character. It is “Cinema of the Absurd” at its best.

Available online at <http://www.TheBulgarianProphet.com>
(Signed “Release Form” is included)

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THE BULGARIAN PROPHET

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**Only the Spirit, if it breathes
upon Shit, can create Man¹**

¹ Antoine de Saint-Exupery: “Only the Spirit, if it breathes upon Clay, can create Man”.

EXT.- SKIES OVER LOS ANGELES - DAY

(1)

A distant NOISE of approaching helicopter.

The opening sequence is a take on Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. Instead of a helicopter carrying the STATUE of Christ over Rome, a helicopter carries a PORTA-POTTY² over Los Angeles. (MUSIC: NINO ROTA, or a similar type).

MOVING SHOT on approaching helicopter. HELICOPTER and PORTA-POTTY enter into the frame.

ANGLE on HELICOPTER with PORTA-POTTY flying over LOS ANGELES.

CLOSE-UP on the PILOT. The PILOT is the actual FILM DIRECTOR.

PILOT'S POV (series of aerial views) of recognizable LOS ANGELES LANDMARKS. EMPHASIS on the last AERIAL VIEW of the sign "*HOLLYWOOD*" in Hollywood Hills.

ANGLE on DESCENDING HELICOPTER. A SIGN in the BACKGROUND reads "VILLAGE STUDIOS". (Continuous, but not overpowering NOISE of the copter).

CLOSE on the PILOT as he moves a lever to land the PORTA-POTTY.

FRAME on HELICOPTER placing a GOLD-PLATED PORTA-POTTY on the GROUND.

ANGLE on departing HELICOPTER. A SIGN on the SIDE of the copter reveals the company name: "CATERING TO THE STARS".

(2)

FRAME on the PORTA-POTTY.

VO (MAD VOICE from the PORTA-POTTY):

Shit!

The PORTA-POTTY DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY, and IVAN, a BUM in his late twenties, COMES OUT, PULLING UP his pants in front of the CAMERA, swearing with his Bulgarian accent:

Shit! I fell asleep while taking a shit, and suddenly I wake up in the air... They scared the shit out of me! Can't they fly their shitty helicopters some other place than in the air?!

WE FOLLOW IVAN as he walks away from the PORTA-POTTY. IVAN continues to MUMBLE, shaking his head angrily:

² Portable toilet.

I am telling you... shit! Shit! I am telling you! Honest bums can't take a shit anymore without having their shit disturbed by helicopters!

IVAN SITS on a nearby BENCH, calming down little by little.

MED. SHOT on IVAN:

There is enough shit in my life as it is. Although, there were times when I never had enough shit. I was always eager for more. Shit was everything to me: my religion, my philosophy, my perception of the Universe..., my inner being.

IVAN, no longer annoyed, self confident, faces the CAMERA:

I wasn't always a bum. Let me tell you something about me (LOOKS BOLDLY, PROUDLY, and DECLARES SOLEMNLY...):

Ever since I was a sperm, I was the chosen one!

PART ONE:
THE IMMIGRANT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4. (IVAN narrating):

I escaped from communist Bulgaria with only one thing in mind – to find freedom in America. After a few months in a refugee camp in Italy, I found sponsors, and I was on my way to the country of my dreams. I arrived in America in the early seventies:

(3)

INSERTS (Archives) of the early seventies (SCREEN DIVIDES BY FOUR): Violent antiwar demonstrations; “carpet” bombing in Vietnam; gathering of marijuana-smoking hippies; burning of the recruiting offices; dancing Hare Krishnas; Kent State shootings; burning of the American flag...

INSERT on the cover of a BOOK:

Fun in Vietnam
by
Richard M. Nixon

INSERT from the animation film “OPERA”. NIXON flying a plane releasing BOMBS, over Vietnam. (SOUNDS of EXPLODING BOMBS).

INSERT again on the book **Fun in Vietnam**. The book is in FLAMES. The FLAMES fill up the SCREEN.

(4)

MED. SHOT on IVAN still NARRATING:

On my arrival at L.A. airport, I was met by my sponsors – Jim and Tammy Shaker from the Church Of The Eternal Profit.

(5)

TWO SHOT on JIM and TAMMY inspecting the crowd of ARRIVING PASSENGERS. SHOT on PASSENGERS from JIM & TAMMY POV.

ZOOM to the MIDDLE of the LINE of passengers FAVORING IVAN.

VO JIM:

You see that idiot, the one with the cardboard suitcase over there? It’s got to be our protégée... he looks the stupidest of all...

VO TAMMY (interrupting):

The stupider the better; isn’t that how we like our followers?

SHOT on JIM & TAMMY APPROACHING IVAN.

JIM (to IVAN):

Eh you, aren't you Ivan?

IVAN:

Yes, I am...

TAMMY (to JIM, acting surprised):

He is not that stupid! He knows his name!

JIM to IVAN (shaking hands with him):

Welcome! America needs idiots like you.

IVAN EXTENDS his HAND to TAMMY but TAMMY REACHES BEYOND his HAND and PATS his DICK:

Oh my! Oh my! You've got everything to succeed in America!

JIM (to IVAN):

First thing we'll have to do is to take you to the Social Security office. Regardless of how stupid you are, you must have a social security number. Isn't that stupid or what? Everybody has to be branded.

FADE OUT
(6)

FADE IN

INT. - DAY: THE WAITING ROOM IN THE OVERCROWDED SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE.

LONG SHOT on the THREE FLOOR WAITING ROOM.

SERIES of SHOTS on OLD FACES, ETHNIC FACES, BUMS - WELFARE PEOPLE. EVERYBODY is HOLDING his CALL NUMBER.

THREE SHOT on IVAN, TAMMY and JIM, SITTING in the MIDDLE of the FRONT ROW on the THIRD FLOOR. (7)

FAVORING IVAN who is holding his number in one hand and with the other is SCRATCHING his BALLS.

FAVORING TAMMY, who is putting on an extra layer of MAKE-UP.

FAVORING JIM who is reading “The Times of L.A.” The front page HEADLINE reads:

“L.A. Pollution Kills 600 People Every 30 Seconds”

(8)

SHOT on RETARDED-LOOKING SOCIAL SECURITY EMPLOYEE announcing:

Number 10,831

(9)

THREE SHOT on JIM, TAMMY and IVAN.

JIM to TAMMY (still applying thick MAKE-UP):

It goes fast this time. Remember last time when we brought in the Rumanian, we had to wait three days and six nights.

TAMMY to IVAN (still SCRATCHING his BALLS):

You’re next.

(10)

SHOT on the SOCIAL SECURITY EMPLOYEE, looking more RETARDED than before, SALIVA is coming out of his MOUTH:

Number 10,832

(11)

THREE SHOT on JIM, TAMMY and IVAN - CLOSING on TAMMY and IVAN. TAMMY PATS his DICK again.

TAMMY:

Good Luck! Try to look intelligent.

SHOT on IVAN getting up and walking toward the end of the ROW (to his LEFT). HE GOES DOWN a LADDER, and walks toward the RETARDED SS EMPLOYEE.

(12)

MED. SHOT on SS EMPLOYEE. IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME.

SS EMPLOYEE (stares brainlessly at IVAN’S face):

You are retarded, aren’t you?

REVERSE ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

I don't know.

REVERSE ANGLE on SS EMPLOYEE.

SS EMPLOYEE:

It takes a minimum of intelligence to know that. Follow me.

TWO SHOT follows them from the BACK. They stop in front of an OFFICE DOOR.

SS EMPLOYEE:

Here, imbecile!

IVAN opens the DOOR.

CUT TO
(13)

POV IVAN. The SS CLERK (in his fifties) LOOKING through the WINDOW, his BACK to the CAMERA.

SS CLERK:

You are an imbecile, aren't you?

VO IVAN:

I don't know, sir.

SS CLERK:

You don't know... Do you know, by any chance, which country are you from?

VO IVAN:

From Bulgaria.

SHOT on SS CLERK turning around and STEPPING MENACINGLY TOWARD IVAN, RAISING his VOICE PROGRESSIVELY.

SS CLERK:

From Bulgaria? They make yogurt in Bulgaria, don't they?

IVAN:

They make the best, sir.

PSYCHO SS CLERK starts JUMPING in the air, LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

PSYCHO SS CLERK:

I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!

IVAN (naively):

You knew what, sir?

PSYCHO SS CLERK:

That you are an imbecile! (HE GRABS IVAN by the NECK and almost strangles him). Don't you know that I hate yogurt?!?! (HE LETS IVAN GO, CALMING DOWN little by little). But how could you know that? You are too stupid to know anything! You are a foreigner. Foreigners can't tell yogurt from their shit. It's all to the same to them. Not to me. I'd rather have shit a thousand times more than yogurt and that is what I order when I go to a fine restaurant! (SUDDENLY HE STARTS CRYING and PETTING IVAN on the HEAD). Promise me never to work for the government! You'll turn into a psycho in no time. Look at me...

IVAN NODS reassuringly.

PSYCHO SS CLERK:

I am in a good mood today, regardless that I hate yogurt. I will assign you a Social Security number. (HE SITS at his DESK and WRITES DOWN the number on a slip of PAPER). I won't issue you a card, because you'll lose it immediately. Instead, I'll have your Social Security number tattooed on your dick. And when a government employee asks you for it, just show it to her. (PSYCHO SS CLERK PASSES the SLIP to IVAN and POINTS to a DOOR ACROSS from his DESK). Here is your number. Go through this door, and they know what to do. ... And another thing: don't ever forget what I did for you!

IVAN:

I'll be eternally grateful. (IVAN GOES THROUGH the DOOR and CLOSES it behind him).

DISSOLVE TO
(14)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. WAITING ROOM AT SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE – DAY

TWO SHOT on JIM and TAMMY WAITING for IVAN. JIM is reading “The Times of L.A.” and TAMMY is putting on MAKE-UP.

JIM to TAMMY (about what he is reading in the NEWSPAPER):

Nixon’s dog is going to be neutered on prime time T.V.

TAMMY (applying MAKE-UP and looking BORED):

Nixon is going to be neutered on prime time T.V.?

JIM:

Not Nixon, his dog. They don’t neuter politicians, because they lose their aggressiveness.

(15)

SHOT on IVAN as he COMES out of the OFFICE DOOR.

TWO SHOT on TAMMY and JIM. THEY GET UP and WALK DOWN the AISLE (to their RIGHT). JIM CONTUNUES READING, TAMMY KEEPS PUTTING ON her MAKE-UP.

ANGLE on JIM GOING DOWN the LADDER. TAMMY FOLLOWS.

(16)

SHOT on BUM, SITTING in the SECOND ROW, LOOKING UP UNDER TAMMY’S SKIRT. THE BUM skillfully PULLS DOWN TAMMY’S PANTIES, and STICKS them in the NOSE of the BUM sitting next to him. THEN HE PUTS THEM in the HANDKERCHIEF POCKET of his JACKET, with a SMILE.

(17)

SHOT on IVAN. TAMMY and JIM enter into the FRAME. TAMMY TAPS him on the DICK.

TAMMY:

Did they tattoo your dick? (IVAN NODS approvingly).
On the basis of your dick, you’ll be given a green card soon.

JIM:

Make sure that you carry your social security number with you all the time. Don’t

leave home without it.

(19)

THREE SHOTS - AS THEY LEAVE the WAITING ROOM, the RETARDED S.S. EMPLOYEE ENTERS into the FRAME and STICKS OUT his TONGUE at them.

FADE OUT

(20)

FADE IN

EXT. - MOVING CAR – DAY

SHOT on JIM and IVAN SITTING in the FRONT SEATS INSIDE a CAR. TAMMY in the BACK SEAT is PUTTING on her MAKE-UP.

JIM to IVAN:

We'll take you home now.

IVAN:

Where is that?

JIM:

At the Zoo.

CAMERA CLOSES in on TAMMY.

TAMMY to IVAN:

The Zoo's director is a member of the "Church of the Eternal Profit". He'll let you stay for free in a den in the old section of the Zoo. The health officials found it unhealthy for animals and closed it down.

MOVING SHOT on JIM'S CAR. TRAFFIC SLOWLY STOPS.

(21)

MULTIPLE ANGLES on animated FIREFIGHTERS, POLICEMEN, FIRE ENGINES, POLICE CARS, FUNERAL CARS (from two competing companies), and a large CROWD...

(22)

SHOT on JIM ROLLING DOWN the WINDOW near a passing COP.

JIM (to the COP):

What's going on?

ANGLE on the COP.

COP:

Nothing. Suicide attempt.

THREE SHOTS as they GET out of the CAR.

SHOT on SUICIDE SUBJECT on TOP of HIGH-RISE BUILDING. THE MAN is HOLDING a GUN to his HEAD. HE SCREAMS: (23)

If you don't let me commit suicide, I'll shoot myself!

ANGLE on a POLICEMAN holding a MEGAPHONE.

POLICEMAN:

Don't shoot yourself! Don't shoot yourself! Here is your wife. She wants to talk to you. (THE POLICEMAN PASSES the MEGAPHONE to the WIFE).

CLOSE-UP on the WIFE:

Honey, don't kill yourself! I'll give you a blow job!

ANGLE on the MAN on the ROOF:

I don't believe you!

He JUMPS. While FALLING he SHOOTS himself. The CROWD APPLAUDS.

WIDE ANGLE. On the GROUND, MEN from the two competing companies run with COFFINS toward the "Impact Point".

THREE SHOT on JIM, IVAN and TAMMY. (24)

IVAN:

He really killed himself.

JIM:

What do you think? This is America. People commit suicide at least twice in their lifetime.

TAMMY (to JIM):

Honey, you're not going to commit suicide. I give you plenty of blow jobs.

JIM (to TAMMY):

I am not interested in blow jobs, I am interested in money.

ALL THREE GET in the CAR and SLOWLY DEPART.

(25)

SHOT on a COP DIRECTING the TRAFFIC.

FADE OUT

(26)

FADE IN

EXT. - THE OLD SECTION of the ZOO – DAY

THREE SHOT on TAMMY, JIM and IVAN. JIM OPENS the trunk of the CAR and PASSES the CARDBOARD SUITCASE to IVAN. A DEN with bars is in the BACKGROUND with a SIGN "LIONS". ATTILA³, the ZOO DIRECTOR, enters into the FRAME. TAMMY makes the PRESENTIONS.

TAMMY:

This is Attila, the Zoo director. He is Hungarian, but intelligent. He turned this place into a real Zoo.

TAMMY (to ATTILA):

This is your new tenant, Ivan. He just had his social security number tattooed on his dick. Can you tell your wife to check it, to make sure that it doesn't get infected?

ATTILA (nods approvingly):

I'll tell her.

ALL FOUR MOVE toward the "LIONS" DEN.

QUICK PAN INSIDE the DEN. A TOILET SEAT and PALLET are AGAINST the WALL. There is CIMENT FLOOR. IRON BARS to the RIGHT, FRONT and LEFT of the DEN.

³ Common Hungarian name.

JIM to IVAN (pointing at the entrance to the den):

Tiger, jump into the lions den! (IVAN LITERALLY JUMPS into the DEN, CARRYING his SUITCASE. ATTILA, TAMMY and JIM FOLLOW him).

TAMMY (to IVAN):

This is your home. (IVAN LEAVES his SUITECASE on the TOILET).

ATTILA (to IVAN):

You're lucky. When I came here, they put me in the skunks' den. Things have greatly improved since then. (HE KNOCKS DOWN the PALLET). This is your bed. I had to sleep on cement... (HE POINTS DOWN to the FLOOR). Compared to what I had, this is "the presidential suite". I also have a job for you, part time. In addition to your regular job, you are going to masturbate the gorillas. You'll have to get up early in the morning before the zoo opens. I don't want any "monkey business" during working hours. What are the world dignitaries visiting the zoo going to think?! It is of great concern to me.

OVER the SHOULDER SHOT on IVAN, LISTENING.

ATTILA:

You'll have to share your wages with the "Church of the Eternal Profit" - 10% for you and 90% for the church. Being a non profit organization, the church pays no taxes. As for you, you'll be paying 90% on the remaining 10%, like everybody else.

OVER the SHOULDER SHOT on ATTILA.

ATTILA (continuing):

That'll leave you with a full 1% of your wages and you could spend it any way you wish. I suggest that you give it to the "Church of the Eternal Profit" for finding you this important job.

MED. SHOT on IVAN and ATTILA.

IVAN (animated):

How soon can I begin?

ATTILA:

Tomorrow morning.

JIM and TAMMY ENTER into the FRAME.

JIM (to ATTILA):

Let's take Ivan to his other job.

FADE OUT
(27)

FADE IN

EXT. – DAY

MOVING SHOT on JIM'S CAR.

THREE SHOT of JIM (driving), IVAN (sitting on the passenger's side), TAMMY (in the back of the CAR, putting on her MAKE-UP).

TAMMY:

We have arrived.

POV IVAN (THROUGH the CAR window). TALL WALLS with BARBED WIRE on TOP. LARGE SIGN on TOP of the WALL READS:

RECONDITIONED RUBBERS

(28)

THE CAR STOPS at the GATE. REVERSE ANGLE on JIM talking to the GUARD. JIM SHOWS him his PASS:

We are here to see Mr. Capote.

REVERSE on the GUARD. AFTER CAREFUL EXAMINATION of his PASS, the GUARD WRITES JIM'S name down on a clipboard and GIVES him BACK the PASS. The GUARD OPENS the GATE.

THE GUARD:

Go ahead.

(29)

MOVING SHOT on the CAR. JIM PARKS. They ALL GET OUT of the CAR.

WIDER ANGLE. RIGHT ACROSS from the PARKING LOT is a WAREHOUSE with a DOCK in FRONT. At the DOCK, THREE TANKER TRUCKS ARE WAITING to be LOADED.

DISOLVE TO:
(30)

INT. - OFFICE of Mr. CAPOTE - DAY
ANGLE on Mr. Capote (the DOOR is OPEN). Mr. Capote (in his fifties) is SITTING at his DESK. JIM, IVAN and TAMMY ENTER into the FRAME. Mr. Capote GETS UP to GREET them.

ANOTHER ANGLE on them.

JIM (to IVAN):

I want you to meet Mr. Capote. Mr. Capote is a living example of what is still good in America. He is a member of our church since 1950. (Mr. CAPOTE and IVAN SHAKE HANDS).

TAMMY (interrupting):

Ivan just had his social security number tattooed on his dick.

Mr. CAPOTE:

Congratulations! Let me introduce you to your new job. We are in the business of reconditioning used rubbers. I'll show you around. (THEY ALL LEAVE the OFFICE).

CUT TO
(31)

MED. SHOT on Mr. CAPOTE and IVAN (JIM and TAMMY in the BACKGROUND. TAMMY is still putting on her MAKE-UP).

Mr. CAPOTE (to IVAN):

This is our receiving room.

MOVING SHOT showing two FORKLIFTS UNLOADING a TRUCK FULL of EXTRA LARGE BOXES of USED RUBBERS (the boxes are marked "USED RUBBERS").

(32)

THEY MOVE to ANOTHER ROOM.

ANGLE on BUSY EMPLOYEES.

VO Mr. CAPOTE:

In this room, the rubbers are put into pushcarts, and taken to the “vacuum room”.
(33)

THEY MOVE to the “VACUUM ROOM”.

FAVORING Mr. CAPOTE.

Mr. CAPOTE:

The operation is very simple. You need zero intelligence to do it, which I hope, you have. HE GRABS a RUBBER, PUTS it AROUND a KNOB ATTACHED to a LARGE PIPE (WE HEAR a slight SOUND). Then he takes it and PUTS it onto a CONVEYER BELT in FRONT of him).

Mr. CAPOTE:

The contents of the rubber are sucked into this pipe. We call it the “sperm line”. I’ll come back to it later. From here the rubbers are taken to our flavoring room.
(34)

THEY PASS into the “FLAVORING ROOM”.

ANOTHER ANGLE on BUSY EMPLOYEES.

VO Mr. CAPOTE:

Here the rubbers are flavored. We offer mint, strawberries and vanilla flavors. The rubbers are dried and put into packages of two and half rubbers each. They are ready for “safe sex”, primarily oral sex or, if you prefer “safe masturbation”.
(35)

THEY MOVE toward the WINDOWS.

POV IVAN. THROUGH the WINDOW IVAN SEES ONE of the THREE TANKER TRUCKS LEAVING, ACCOMPANIED by THREE HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS on MOTORCYCLES – ONE in FRONT of the TRUCK and TWO BEHIND.

VO Mr. CAPOTE:

The sperm line is fed into a tanker and the tanker is loaded with sperm. The sperm is shipped to China and used for artificial insemination. We have a long term contract with the Chinese government. We ship three to four tanker trucks a day. (PAUSE) I don’t understand... there is a total embargo on China and yet the CIA allows sperm exports...

WIDER ANGLE on the TANKER PASSING through the GATE.

(36)

BACK in the VACUUM ROOM.

SHOT on MARIA-MAGDALENA - a PRETTY MEXICAN GIRL. IVAN and Mr. CAPOTE enter into the FRAME.

Mr. CAPOTE (to IVAN):

This is your work place, and this is Maria-Magdalena. She is going to teach you the intricacies of the profession. You can test the “finished” product on her, provided that she is not going to bite off your social security number. (PAUSE) It’s a fiercely competitive business; that is why we hire only foreigners. Foreigners are so stupid, that they don’t even realize that they work for nothing. Right, Maria-Magdalena?

MARIA-MAGDALENA:

No comprendo, Senor Capote.⁴

Mr. CAPOTE THROWS a JACKET to IVAN:

You can begin immediately. Time is money... in my pocket.

IVAN GRABS the JACKET, PUTS it ON, TURNS his BACK to the CAMERA, and begins WORKING.

(37)

THREE SHOTS on JIM, Mr. CAPOTE and TAMMY.

JIM:

Speaking of money, don’t forget to sign his check “payable to the Church of The Eternal Profit”.

Mr. CAPOTE:

I won’t.

TAMMY (her MAKE-UP is STARTING to CRACK and PEEL OFF):

Keep up the good job! (SHE GIVES Mr. CAPOTE a HUG).

JIM (to Mr. CAPOTE):

The whole nation is proud of you! (THEY SHAKE HANDS).

FADE OUT
(38)

⁴ I don’t understand, Mr. Capote (Spanish)

FADE IN

EXT. - BACK to IVAN NARRATING – DAY

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

So, in one day I got my social security number, a place to live in, a part-time job and a full-time job. How is that for American efficiency!

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN NARRATING:

In those times I was a very busy man. I got up at the crack-of-dawn to masturbate the gorillas. After that, I walked two hours to my other job, for a twelve hour shift reconditioning rubbers, and finally, a two hour walk back home. My hard work didn't go unnoticed. At the zoo, I was chosen to be "employee of the month", with a picture of me masturbating two gorillas at a time. At "Reconditioned Rubbers", although Mr. Capote reduced my salary in half, he made me a supervisor of his two hundred employees, because I was the only one who spoke English.

NEW ANGLE on IVAN NARRATING:

Mr. Capote was a profoundly religious man, and that is why he gave us the Sundays off. Of course, I still had to masturbate the gorillas at the zoo, but that wasn't a challenge for me. It took me no more than two hours. The rest of the day I had off. In those days I used to stop at "The Sprout Factory", not because I liked sprouts, but because I liked the girl there. Her name was Sunshine. Sunshine Flower.

DISOLVE TO
(39)

DISSOLVE INTO

EXT. - THE SPROUT FACTORY – DAY

LONG SHOT on the SPROUT FACTORY. The ROOF, and the OUTSIDE WALLS are ALL OVERGROWN with SPROUTS.

MED. SHOT on HIPPY-EMPLOYEE on a LADDER, CLEANING the "THE SPROUT FACTORY" sign which is OVERGROWN with SPROUTS. IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME.

HIPPY (to IVAN, complaining):

Doesn't matter how long I clean this sign, the sprouts come back. It's a full-time job for me.

IVAN (to the HIPPY):

You work too much.

HIPPY:

I do. We are going to join the "Sprouts Union". With them every hour you get a 45 minutes "joint break". One has to defend his rights.

IVAN:

Don't work too hard!

(40)

SHOT on IVAN ENTERING "THE SPROUTS FACTORY".

POV IVAN: The WALLS, the CEILING the COUNTERS, are ALL OVERGROWN with SPROUTS... IVAN LITERALLY WALKS on SPROUTS. TWO HIPPY-EMPLOYEES ARE HAVING a "joint break"

HIPPY No. 1 to IVAN:

Peace, brother...

HE PASSES the joint to HIPPY No. 2. HIPPY No. 2, INHALES and, with SMOKE COMING out of his MOUTH, says to IVAN:

Groovy man, groovy...

(41)

SHOT on SUNSHINE, a PRETTY BLOND GIRL in her LATE TEENS, TASTEFULLY DRESSED, with a HIPPY STYLE HAIRDO.

POV IVAN: SUNSHINE is WATERING the SPROUTS over a LOW COUNTER with a WATERING CAN. IVAN IMAGINES her NAKED, BENDING over the COUNTER with her breasts HANGING while WATERING the SPROUTS.

CLOSE-UP on IVAN GULPING.

FRAME on some TALLER SPROUTS on the COUNTER.

(42)

ANGLE on TWO STONE-FACED TIBETAN MONKS who ENTER and START PISSING on the "TALLER SPROUTS".

REVERSE ANGLE on IVAN, who COMES CLOSER to SUNSHINE.

IVAN:

What are those men doing over there?

REVERSE on SUNSHINE:

The best sprouts are grown with the piss of Tibetan monks. They are popular among dieting movie stars. At 99 cents a pound, who else can afford them?

TWO SHOT on the TIBETAN MONKS as they CONTINUE PEEING.

VO SUNSHINE:

They can pee for hours... non stop. Yesterday, one of them collapsed from exhaustion on the sprouts. Undisturbed, the other one continued peeing over him. It's cultural...

(43)

ANOTHER ANGLE on SUNSHINE WATERING the SPROUTS with her WATERING CAN.

POV IVAN. IVAN IMAGINES SUNSHINE NAKED AGAIN with her BREASTS HANGING while she WATERS the SPROUTS.

CLOSE-UP on IVAN GULPING.

DISSOLVE TO
(44)

DISSOLVE INTO

EXT. - IVAN'S DEN – DAY

SHOT on IVAN with his DEN in the BACKGROUND.

MOVING SHOT on a STATION WAGON TRAILING TWO PORTA-POTTIES. On the ROOF of the STATION WAGON are HUGE BOXES of TOILET PAPER. THE CAR STOPS. It's ATTILA and his FAMILY.

ANGLE on IVAN, ATTILA and his WIFE.

ATTILA (to IVAN):

We are going to Mexico for a couple of days. Make sure that the gorillas are properly masturbated.

ATTILA (with threatening voice):

Do you know how many people are waiting for your job?

ATTILA'S WIFE (to ATTILA, looking at IVAN):

Honey, Ivan realizes that. He is not ungrateful.

ATTILA, (calming down, looking at IVAN):

I should hope so... (WHILE they're LEAVING, ATTILA'S TWO BOYS STICK their TONGUES out at IVAN).

NEW ANGLE on IVAN GOING to his DEN. IVAN JUMPS into it.

FADE OUT
(45)

FADE IN

PAN from OUTSIDE the DEN as IVAN PACES rapidly BEHIND the BARS - BACK and FORTH (THREE TIMES).

TWO SHOT on IVAN and SUNSHINE. IVAN IMAGINES SUNSHINE and HIMSELF NAKED.

THEY MAKE LOVE PASSIONATELY on the PALLET, "MISSIONARY POSITION" and "DOGGY STYLE" with IVAN CARESSING her BREASTS. SUNSHINE MAKES LOVE like a TIGRESS, and GROWLS. WILD LOVE!

ANGLE on IVAN PACING. He GOES to the TOILET BOWL and STARTS MASTURBATING, his BACK to the CAMERA.

TWO SHOT on IVAN and SUNSHINE MAKING LOVE over the SPROUTS.

NEW ANGLE on IVAN, his BACK to the CAMERA MASTURBATING FASTER!

ANOTHER ANGLE on SUNSHINE and IVAN MAKING WILD LOVE on the PALLET.

SHOT on IVAN with his BACK to the CAMERA, MASTURBATING FASTER and FASTER.

IVAN (screaming with relief):

HE TURNS his FACE toward the CAMERA with an EXPRESSION of UTMOST RELIEF and SLOWLY ZIPS up his PANTS. He MAKES a few STEPS FORWARD,

then GOES BACK to the TOILET, and GRABS a ROLL of TOILET PAPER HANGING on a NAIL. HE UNBUTTONS his BELT, GLUES the TOILET PAPER ROLL closed with SALIVA, SLIDES it ON his BELT and BUCKLES the BELT.

VO IVAN:

As it is the custom in my country, I went to take a shit in the mountains.

FADE OUT
(46)

FADE IN

AERIAL SHOT of the "HOLLYWOOD" SIGN.

ZOOM IN on the LETTER where IVAN is TAKING a SHIT, with his back to the CAMERA.

VO IVAN (wiping his ass):

While relieving myself, I received my revelations...

WE HEAR THUNDER. OUT of FAST MOVING CLOUDS, MICHELANGELO'S GOD LOOK-ALIKE (Sistine chapel ceiling) POINTS at IVAN and SAYS with a RESOUNDING VOICE:

GOD:

Ivan, this is the God of Shit speaking to you.

ANGLE on IVAN STANDING UP, PANTS DOWN with a piece of TOILET PAPER CAUGHT between his BUTTOCKS (GOING ALL the WAY to the GROUND).

CLOSE UP on GOD.

GOD:

I have chosen you to lead the human species into self-destruction.

SAME ANGLE on IVAN (STANDING UP).

IVAN:

That wouldn't be hard, my Lord.

CLOSE on GOD (still POINTING at IVAN).

GOD:

Carry on with what you usually do on Sunday, and I will send a message from the sky to you. After you receive my message, build me a temple. (WE HEAR THUNDER and the GOD of SHIT DISAPPEARS).

FADE OUT
(47)

FADE IN

TWO SHOT on IVAN and the HIPPIE in FRONT of the "SPROUTS FACTORY". The SAME HIPPIE is on a LADDER CLEANING the SIGN.

HIPPIE (complaining):

I work too hard, brother...

IVAN:

They'll give you a medal.

HIPPIE:

I barely find time to smoke a joint...

IVAN:

They'll give you two medals.

(48)

SHOT on IVAN as he ENTERS the "SPROUT FACTORY".

(49)

POV IVAN. HIPPIE No. 1 and HIPPIE No. 2, COMPLETELY STONED, EXCHANGE a JOINT SILENTLY.

(50)

FAVORING SUNSHINE, STANDING by the CASH REGISTER COMPLAINING to IVAN, POINTING in the DIRECTION of the TWO HIPPIES. (IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME).

SUNSHINE:

Those jerks are permanently stoned. Nobody here is going to help me. (IVAN RUNS toward SUNSHINE).

IVAN:

I can't wait to help you...

SUNSHINE (pointing to the two hippies):

I am the manager, and they get paid twice as much as me, simply because they're males... Look at this... everything is overgrown with sprouts!
You can begin by helping me to find room for this sign. (SHE WAVE S some kind of SIGN).

IVAN:

I suggest that you put the sign on the cash register; that way nobody is going to miss it.

SUNSHINE:

Good idea.

IVAN GOES QUICKLY to the CASH REGISTER and STARTS PULLING out the SPROUTS, and THROWING them on the GROUND. SUNSHINE PASSES him the SIGN and SCOTCH TAPE. IVAN PUTS the SIGN UP, his BACK to the CAMERA, and then MAKES TWO STEPS SIDEWAYS.

INSERT on the SIGN:

**SHOPLIFTERS
WILL BE
SODOMIZED**

REVERSE ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN (pointing to the sign):

Who will be the sodomites?

REVERSE on SUNSHINE:

Some Turkish wrestlers will do it for free.

REVERSE on IVAN:

Don't you think that'll have some negative effect on your business,...
homosexuals from around the world stealing your sprouts in order to get sodomized?

REVERSE on SUNSHINE:

That's the idea. We'll sell tickets for the entertainment. We have sprouts to last

us for while. Besides, I don't like sprouts – they grow in your stomach.

REVERSE on IVAN.

VO IVAN (to himself):

She has character... and big tits. Rejecting the hippies' greatest invention – the sprouts, that takes some guts.

IVAN:

Can I help you with something else?

REVERSE on SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE:

Not for the moment, thank you.

(51)

SHOT on IVAN LEAVING. HE RUNS into ONE of the TWO TIBETAN MONKS ENTERING the "SPROUTS FACTORY", ALMOST KNOCKING him DOWN.

(52)

TWO SHOT on IVAN and the HIPPIY on the LADDER, CLEANING the SIGN.

(53)

WIDER ANGLE on "HARE KRISHNA" DANCERS.

(54)

HIPPY (to IVAN):

Watch out!

(55)

ZOOM IN on IVAN, ONE of the DANCERS RUNS into IVAN almost KNOCKING him DOWN.

(56)

HIPPY:

They're going to the L.A. airport to dance, collecting money for their guru...

IVAN:

At that pace how long is it going to take them?

HIPPY:

Ten days and fifteen nights. (SUDDENLY he JUMPS OFF the LADDER).

(57)

I've had it! My ass is full of hard work! I am going to join 'em! (HE RUNS TOWARD the DANCING "HARE KRISHNAS" and STARTS DANCING with THEM).

VO IVAN:

He quit such a lucrative job... If he had to go to the airport so badly, why didn't he take a taxi?

FADE OUT
(58)

FADE IN

SHOT on IVAN as he CONTINUES his STROLL on the SIDEWALK.

POV IVAN

SITTING on the SIDEWALK a HIPPIE, VAGUELY WAVES a SIGN which READS:

WILL WORK FOR GRASS

(59)

ANGLE on IVAN, CONTINUING his WALK.

POV IVAN. EMPHASIS on a RESTAURANT. ZOOM IN on the SIGN:

TAMALES UBER ALLES
Mexican-German Restaurant

(60)

NEW ANGLE on IVAN CONTINUING his STROLL.

POV IVAN:

GROUP of OLD WOMEN, MANY of them using WALKERS, FEEBLY WAVING PLACARDS:

NO on Prop 69

ZOOM IN: ACROSS the STREET from THEM, a GROUP of NOISY, YOUNG WOMEN in BIKINIS, JUMPING from JOY, WAVING PLACARDS:

YES on Prop 69

VO IVAN:

Elections are approaching.

(61)

SHOT on IVAN CONTINUING his WALK.

ANOTHER HIPPIE ENTERS into the FRAME.

HIPPIE:

Brother, can you spare a nickel?

IVAN:

I don't have a nickel, but I can give you a rubber. (HE PULLS OUT a RUBBER from his SHIRT POCKET and GIVES it to the HIPPY).

HIPPY:

Groovy man, groovy! I can keep my grass in it.

(62)

ANGLE on IVAN CONTINUING his LEISURELY STROLL. He spots another RESTAURANT.

POV IVAN: RESTAURANT SIGN READS:

CHEZ PIPETTE⁵
French Restaurant

(63)

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN at nearby small PARK. IVAN GETS HIT by METEORITE (40"x 30" large) on the HEAD. HE FALLS UNCONSCIOUS to the GROUND, on his BELLY.

(64)

MED. SHOT on THIEF (bum) BENDING over IVAN. The THIEF FINDS only RUBBERS in his BACK POCKET, MAKES a GRIMACE and TAKES the RUBBERS. HE QUICKLY TURNS IVAN on his BACK, SEARCHES his PANT POCKETS and his SHIRT POCKET, FINDS ONLY RUBBERS in each POCKET, MAKES a GRIMACE, TAKES the RUBBERS and RUNS.

FADE OUT
(65)

FADE IN

MOVING SHOT on POLICE CAR APPROACHING IVAN.

ROOKIE (to COP):

Eh! Somebody's dead over there!

COP:

Every year there are more dead than alive in L.A. Most of 'em die in order to avoid taxes...

ANGLE on COP and ROOKIE as they GET OUT of the CAR, GETTING NEAR to IVAN. THEY STARE at his BLOODY HEAD, then STARE at the METEORITE NEARBY.

⁵ Chez Pipette: The one who gives blow jobs.

COP (to ROOKIE):

Apparently he got hit by a meteorite...

ROOKIE:

How can you tell?

COP:

Each meteorite is numbered and its galaxy of origin given. For instance this one... (HE TOUCHES the METEORITE) Ouch! This one is from the constellation "Beta Clitoris". There are only two meteorites left in the entire universe. This one traveled billions of light years to land (HE POINTS to IVAN) on his shitty head. What a waste of a meteorite!

VO (WALKY-TALKY):

Attention all units! Bestiality in progress. The suspect is Caucasian, in his sixties. The dog is a Dalmatian-albino, male. The address is 12027 Califa Street. Proceed with caution. The suspect has a hard-on.

COP (to ROOKIE):

We have to prioritize. Dead or not (POINTING at IVAN), "Shit Head" will get a \$50 fine for "interfering with the trajectory of a falling meteorite".

ANOTHER ANGLE on ROOKIE and COP. THEY RUN to the POLICE CAR and DEPART at FULL SPEED.

FADE OUT
(66)

FADE IN

TWO SHOT on TWO PROSTITUTES (in their twenties) – a BLACK ONE, CALLED MEPHISTA (with a Black-American accent) and LATINO ONE, CALLED MARIA DE JESUS (with a Spanish accent). THEY SEE IVAN LYING on the GROUND.

MARIA DE JESUS (philosophically):

Another dead! This is no more the city of the angels but the city of the dead. It's bad for business. How do you fuck a dead man? Most of the time, they can't even have an erection!

MEPHISTA SITS DOWN on the GROUND and PUTS IVAN'S HEAD onto her LAP. (ALMOST LIKE in MICHELANGELO'S *PIETA*)

MEPHISTA:

Maria De Jesus, hurry! We still have a chance to save him. What are you waiting for?! Give him mouth to cock resuscitation!

MARIA DE JESUS GOES DOWN on her KNEES, UNZIPS IVAN'S PANTS and LOWERS her HEAD.

CLOSE on IVAN'S FACE and MEPHISTA. SHE PULLS OUT some WET TISSUES from her PURSE and CLEANS the BLOOD OFF of IVAN'S FACE. After that she GETS a TAMPON from a BOX and STICKS IT into the HOLE in IVAN'S HEAD.

SUDDENLY, IVAN WAKES UP with EROTIC SCREAMS, NOT REALIZING what HAS HAPPENED to him.

IVAN (to himself):

I had a wet dream...

MEPHISTA:

It's not a dream. It's for real.

IVAN LOOKS at MEPHISTA, and then HE LIFTS his HEAD and SEES MARIA DE JESUS ZIPPING UP his PANTS. MEPHISTA POINTS to MARIA DE JESUS who GETS UP from her KNEELING POSITION.

She saved your life. She gives miracle blow jobs. No wonder her name is Maria De Jesus. What is your name?

IVAN:

Ivan.

MEPHISTA:

My name is Mephista.

THREE SHOT on them as IVAN and MEPHISTA GET UP. IVAN still has the TAMPON STICKING OUT of his HEAD, SLIGHTLY BENT because of the BLOOD.

MARIA DE JESUS:

Let's take him to Dr. Gold.

MEPHISTA:

Let's take him to Attorney Goldstein, instead. He can get him "disability" on the account of the hole in his head. Besides, he owes me for a few blow jobs.

THEY ALL LOOK at the METEORITE.

DIFFERENT ANGLE on IVAN LOOKING at the METEORITE.

VO IVAN:

So, that was the message from the God of Shit...

DISSOLVE TO
(67)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. THE OFFICE OF ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN – DAY
SHOT on ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN (man is in his FIFTIES), SMOKING a CIGAR at his DESK. MEPHISTA, IVAN and MARIA DE JESUS ENTER into the FRAME. ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN LEAVES his DESK and MAKES a FEWS STEPS toward THEM.

ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN to MEPHISTA
(pointing at IVAN):

Does he have money?

MEPHISTA:

I don't believe he does.

ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN:

Then, why did you bring him here? This is not an orphanage!

ANOTHER ANGLE on THEM.

ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN:

Do you realize how much I charge per minute? A lot! Anyhow what happen to him?

MEPHISTA:

He got hit by a meteorite, straight in the head. Maria De Jesus gave him mouth to cock resuscitation...

ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN:

A miracle, eh? I also make miracles. I give my clients mouth to wallet
resuscitation...

HE STEPS toward IVAN, PULLS the TAMPON OUT of his HEAD and THROWS it on
the CARPET. Then, he STICKS his CIGAR in the HOLE.

ATTORNEY GOLDSTEIN:

I'll tell you what: I am going to sue the city of L.A. for allowing meteorites to fly
over its air space. 99% for me and 1% for him (POINTS at IVAN)... and don't
forget, ten free blow jobs from Maria De Jesus. This is my final offer.

THREE SHOT on MEPHISTA, IVAN and MARIA DE JESUS. THEY ALL NOD
APPROVINGLY (IVAN with the CIGAR STICKING OUT of his HEAD).

FADE OUT
(68)

FADE IN

EXT. IVAN SITING on a BENCH - DAY

SHOT on IVAN NARRATING:

After all, I didn't need the help of Attorney Goldstein. The God of Shit kept his
word. Because I was hit by a meteorite, I promptly developed extraterrestrial,
supernatural powers – I became psychic. With the help of some liberal
organizations I founded the "Temple Of Holy Shit".

DISSOLVE TO
(69)

DISSOLVE INTO

EXT. THE TEMPLE OF HOLY SHIT - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

FRAME on "THE TEMPLE OF HOLY SHIT" - THE ENTIRE BUILDING FIRST, then
ZOOM IN to the CUPOLA of the TEMPLE: a GIANT, GOLDEN, CURLY
SHIT (that will become the LOGO of the "TEMPLE"). The CAMERA SLOWLY GOES
DOWN, BELOW the CUPOLA and REVEALS the INSCRIPTION:

IN EXCREMENTO VERITAS⁶

SERIES of ANGLES SHOWING the DAILY LIFE of the TEMPLE, MOSTLY POT-
SMOKING HIPPIES. HERE and THERE WE SEE MUSLIMS, JEWS and HINDUS
WEARING their TRADITIONAL CLOTHING.

⁶ The truth is in shit. (Latin)

VO IVAN (narrating):

To my constituency I offered a sort of unifying religion where Christians, Muslims, Jews and Hindus alike, could shit side by side, I mean live side by side in perfect harmony. My congregation consisted mainly of conscientious objectors who preferred to believe in shit rather than in their government.

NEW ANGLE on IVAN NARRATING:

To be accepted as a prophet, the crowd needed proof of miracles. With that goal in mind, we filled an Olympic size swimming pool with shit.

(70)

ANGLE on SEPTIC TANK TRUCK FILLING the POOL with a SHIT. (NOISE of the TRUCK):

THE COMPANY'S NAME was:

**STAFF OF LIFE
Septic Tank System**

ANGLE on another COMPANY TRUCK on the OTHER SIDE of the POOL (FACING the OPPOSITE DIRECTION) FILLING the POOL. THE COMPANY NAME reads:

**ORGANIC EXCREMENT
Septic Tank System**

SHOT on BOTH TRUCKS FILLING the POOL with SHIT. (NOISE of the TRUCKS).

VO IVAN:

The next day, we invited the media.

DISSOLVE TO
(71)

DISSOLVE INTO

SERIES of LONG SHOTS:
NUMEROUS T.V. CREWS;
CAMERA SHOWS the PRESS;
IMPATIENT PAPARAZZI WALKING NERVOUSLY AROUND the POOL;
THE POLICE TRYING to CONTAIN the EXCITED CROWD (BEHIND a CROWD CONTROL BARRIER).

VO IVAN:

I was very nervous, but I tried to hide it.

SHOT on IVAN STANDING BARE FOOTED at the EDGE of the POOL FULL of SHIT.

VO IVAN:

I was about to take the walk of my life! The walk to prophecy and fame.

ANGLE on IVAN WALKING into the POOL of SHIT. (THIS SCENE is an EXACT TAKE on PASOLINI'S "*THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW*") - "JESUS WALKING ON WATER".

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN WALKING on SHIT, his HAIR STREAMING in the WIND, CITING the TEN COMMANDMENTS.

IVAN (with a RESOUNDING GOD-LIKE VOICE):

He who lives by the dick, will die by the dick!

(72)

ANGLE on a FEW PAPARAZZI JUMPING into the POOL of SHIT, TRYING DESPERATELY to GET a PICTURE and AVOID DROWNING, some of them UNSUCCESSFULLY.

(73)

MED. SHOT on IVAN WALKING out of the POOL.

(74)

WIDER ANGLE on COPS HAVING a HARD TIME CONTAINING the CROWD. THREE INDIVIDUALS ESCAPE by JUMPING OVER the BARRIER. THEY RUN toward IVAN, FALL on their KNEES and START KISSING IVAN'S SHITTY FEET. THE THIRD ONE SHOVES the others ASIDE and STARTS KISSING IVAN'S FOOT.

THEY SCREAM:

The prophet! The prophet!
The prophet! The prophet!

(75)

SHOT on TWO ORTHODOX JEWS BEHIND the BARRIER. WHILE BOWING they HIT their HEADS on the BARRIER before them (ONE AFTER THE OTHER). They SCREECH from PAIN, MAKE a STEP BACKWARD, and CONTINUE to BOW and HIT themselves.

THEY SCREAM:

The new messiah is born! The new messiah is born!

(76)

SHOT on TWO MUSLIMS JUMPING OVER the BARRIER. THEY KNEEL in

FRONT of IVAN and START BEATING their HEADS on the CEMENT. BLOOD is POURING from their HEADS.

THEY SCREAM:

Ivan akbar⁷! Ivan akbar! Ivan akbar!
Ivan akbar! Ivan akbar! (CARRY OVER into the NEXT SHOT).

CUT TO
(77)

INSERT on “The Times of New York” (AS IT ROLLS OFF THE PRESS).
THE FRONT PAGE with the PICTURE of IVAN WALKING on SHIT is ENTITLED:

THE BULGARIAN PROPHET WALKS ON SHIT

SAME INSERT on “Le Monde a L’Envers”:

LE PROPHETE BULGARE MARCHE SUR LA MERDE⁸

SAME INSERT on “Corriere della Mattina”:

IL PROFETA BULGARO CAMMINA SULLA MERDA⁹

SAME INSERT on “El Pais Loco”:

EL PROFETA BULGARO CAMINA SOBRE LA MIERDA¹⁰

VO IVAN:

In a few minutes, I had become a legend..., and I was the man behind the legend.

FADE OUT
(78)

FADE IN

INT. - IVAN’S OFFICE - DAY

ESTABLISHING PAN - WE SEE IVAN’S DESK with TWO TELEPHONES;
a BLACK BOARD (with a HANGING TELEPHONE NEXT to IT), BOOK SHELVES,
a SMALL TABLE with a GAME of CHESS on IT, and SOME PAINTINGS on the
WALL.

⁷ Ivan is Great! (Arabic)

⁸ French

⁹ Italian

¹⁰ Spanish

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN to SUNSHINE'S DESK. SHE is INTENSELY TYPING.

VO IVAN:

By now, you know Sunshine, my loyal secretary. She moved with me, because she wanted to be closer to the prophet... some times very close.

PAN on IVAN as HE LEAVES his OFFICE.

VO IVAN

Let me introduce you to my apostles of the "Temple of Holy Shit".

IVAN'S APOSTOLES' OFFICES - DAY

CUT TO
(79)

ANGLE on IVAN in FRONT of the NEAREST OPEN OFFICE DOOR.

POV IVAN:

MED. SHOT on VIRIDIANA, a TRANSVESTITE in his LATE TWENTIES, SITTING at the EDGE of "her" DESK, PAINTING "her" LONG FINGERNAILS.

VO IVAN:

Meet Viridiana. Viridiana is our lobbyist for the Senate Ethics Committee.

VIRIDIANA FILES her FINGER NAILS and SINGS:

"I left my ass in San Francisco..." (SHE LOOKS at her WATCH)
Whoops! It's prayer time...

SHE JUMPS DOWN from her DESK, POSITIONS herself, REAR IN THE AIR on a PRAYER RUG (in direction of the "Holy Places"), in FRONT of SCULPTED, GOLD EXCREMENT (on a PEDESTAL), BACK to the CAMERA with her PANTIES SHOWING. VIRIDIANA MOVES her ASS.

(80)

NEW ANGLE on IVAN MOVING to the NEXT OPEN OFFICE DOOR.

POV IVAN.

A MAN in his LATE THIRTIES PRAYING MUSLIM STYLE on a RUG (in direction of the "Holy Places) in FRONT of an EXCREMENT SCULPTURE on a PEDESTAL, WEARING his TRADITIONAL MUSLIM CLOTHES, his BACK to the CAMERA.

VO IVAN:

Next door to Viridiana is her lover, Sheik Sultani. Sheik Sultani will be our oil minister, provided they discover oil on our property. This way, we will be instantly ready to join OPEC.

SHEIK SULTANI, WHILE PRAYING MAKES SOME EXPLICIT SEXUAL MOVEMENTS (3 TIMES). AFTER that he GETS UP and TURNS his FACE to the CAMERA. (THE ACTOR is a SPITTING IMAGE of sheik AHMED ZAKI YAMANI, the FORMER SAUDI OIL MINISTER).

(81)

SHOT on IVAN GOING NEXT DOOR.

POV IVAN.

VO IVAN:

This is Cuju-Guju. Cuju-Guju, a witch doctor, is our Surgeon General. He is in the middle of making voodoo to some government official, so that they'll get permanent diarrhea.

CLOSE-UP on CUJU-GUJU. IN FRONT of him is a PORTRAIT of J. EDGAR HOOVER.

CUJU-GUJU:

Aka, aka – kaka, kaka,
kaka, kaka – aka, aka... (FOLLOWED by some SWEARING in his NATIVE TONGUE).
Aka, aka – kaka, kaka...

(82)

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN GOING NEXT DOOR.

POV IVAN.

THE DOOR IS CLOSED. A SIGN on the DOOR READS:

Minister of Propaganda

A SIGN on the DOOR'S HANDLE READS:

Do Not Disturb

VO IVAN:

Anytime you see this sign, that means my apostles are either sleeping, masturbating... or both.

SHOT on IVAN GOING NEXT DOOR.

(83)

POV IVAN.

THE DOOR is CLOSED:

Minister without Portfolio

ON the HANDLE the SIGN READS:

Do Not Disturb

VO IVAN:

What I did tell you? Another one “missing in action”.

(84)

ANGLE on IVAN GOING to the NEXT OPEN DOOR.

POV IVAN.

VO IVAN:

This is our Minister of Culture.

ANGLE on POT-SMOKING HIPPY, WEARINNG DREADLOCKS, TIE DYED JEANS, SHIRT, and SANDALS. The MINISTER of CULTURE, STONED and ARMED with a FLY SWATTER is TRYING VAGUELY to KILL a FLY.

MINISTER OF CULTURE:

This fly is immortal! One can only achieve immortality by being a fly...

(85)

NEW ANGLE on IVAN MOVING NEXT DOOR.

POV IVAN.

SIGN at the DOOR:

Secretary of Education & Fornication

SIGN HANGING on the HANDLE:

Do Not Disturb

(86)

SHOT on IVAN MOVING to the NEXT OPEN DOOR.

POV IVAN.

VO IVAN:

This is our finance minister – Allan Redspan. He is charge of creating our own currency, the Shitaroo. One Shitaroo equals \$3.14.

INSERT: A SHITAROO the SIZE of a NEWSPAPER PAGE. A PICTURE of IVAN is on the SHITAROO.

VO IVAN:

This the actual size of the shitaroo. Our finance minister is afraid to reduce the size of the shitaroo, because that will reduce the value of our currency.

FRONT of the SHITAROO:¹¹

BACK of the SHITAROO:¹²

(87)

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN MOVING NEXT DOOR.

POV IVAN: A MAN (in his thirties) in FRONT of a BLACK BOARD WRITING some EQUATIONS.

VO IVAN:

¹¹ Eiaculor ergo sum: I ejaculate, therefore I am. (Latin)

¹² Sic transit gloria mundi: Thus passes the glory of the world. (Latin)

This is our Minister of Industry. His ambition is to win the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, by inventing a formula for “artificial plastic”.
(88)

SHOT on IVAN MOVING NEXT DOOR.

POV IVAN: There is a MAN, “HITLER” LOOK-ALIKE, DRESSED in GESTAPO UNIFORM. INSTEAD of a SWASTIKA on his ARM, HE is WEARING the “TEMPLE LOGO” (curly shit).

VO IVAN:

This is our security chief.
(89)

ANGLE on IVAN MOVING NEXT DOOR. THE DOOR is CLOSED.

POV IVAN: a SIGN READS:

John Doe
Dr. Honoris Pausa

SIGN HANGING on the HANDLE of the DOOR:

Do Not Disturb

VO IVAN:

These are my apostles. Due to masturbation, some of them are “unaccounted for”.

FADE OUT

PART TWO:
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PROPHET

(90)

FADE IN

INT. - IVAN'S RESTROOM – DAY

INSERT on DOOR (from outside). A SIGN READS:

**NO ADMITTANCE
Violators Will Be Microwaved**

VO IVAN:

Don't buy, don't sell, don't sell, don't buy...

(91)

MED. SHOT on IVAN TAKING a SHIT, sitting on a TOILET BOWL in his private restroom, wearing only the top of his pajamas. He has a TELEPHONE RECEIVER in EACH HAND.

IVAN:

Don't buy, don't sell, don't sell, don't buy...
Don't buy, don't sell, don't sell, don't buy...

IVAN WIPES his ASS with the TWO telephone RECEIVERS, THROWS them in the TOILET (one by one) and GETS UP.

VO IVAN:

Having spoken to my stock broker, it was time to talk to the God of Shit.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Ivan to his PRAYER RUG. He takes the Moslem prayer position in the DIRECTION of the "Holy Places", in front of the CURLY GOLD-PLATED SHIT SCULPTURE (on a PEDESTAL).

IVAN:

Oh, my Lord, give me the strength to become rich...

He STAYS a few more moments and GETS UP.

VO IVAN:

This how I started my mornings...

DISSOLVE TO
(92)

DISSOLVE INTO
ESTABLISHING PAN on IVAN'S OFFICE LEADS to SUNSHINE. IVAN ENTERS
into the FRAME.

SUNSHINE:

You have a busy schedule today... (The TELEPHONE is RINGING).
Speaking of busy schedules, the Secretary of State, Henry Schlissinger is on the
line.

IVAN MOVES a few STEPS toward a WALL TELEPHONE (between a BLACK
BOARD and a SMALL TABLE with a CHESS BOARD and PAINTING SUPPLIES).
(93)

IVAN:

I'll take him on this line. (To HENRY SCHLISSINGER):
What's up?

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER (the same
INTONATION and the SAME ACCENT like HENRY
KISSINGER):

My dick is up, don't sit on it! The reason I am calling is to get the blessing of the
Prophet of Shit...

IVAN (interrupting):

What for?

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

I am going on a secret mission to China.

IVAN:

Does Nixon know that?

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

He knows, but he has already forgotten. He is too busy drinking Chateau
Margaux. (PAUSE) King to F8.

IVAN (moves Schlissinger's chess piece):

Queen to F7. IVAN (moves his own chess piece).

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

I guess I have nowhere to go...

IVAN:

But weren't you going to China?

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

I was referring to the chess game.

IVAN:

I was referring to China.

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

Let's call a referendum then.

IVAN:

In China?

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

There is a "one man" referendum in China. By the way, I forgot what I was about to say... ah, about my secret mission. I'll be parachuted over China and then I'll take the 3,000 mile march to the Forbidden City...

IVAN (interrupting):

Lucky you! If you see Mao, don't forget to say "Ciao Mao!" for me.

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

I won't.

IVAN:

Are you familiar with Chinese etiquette? At the state dinner, you burp to say "Thank you", and Mao farts to say "You are welcome". Follow the protocol. You'll have to limit your conversation to that: you burp, Mao farts... you have my blessing...

VO HENRY SCHLISSINGER:

Thank you, Your Holiness.

IVAN:

You are welcome, my son.

(94)

IVAN HANGS up the RECEIVER and makes TWO STEPS toward an unidentified PAINTING on the WALL. He takes a BRUSH and a PALLET off of the CHESS TABLE and starts PAINTING. His BACK is to the CAMERA.

FAVORING SUNSHINE, always TYPING.

VO IVAN:

Don't let anybody disturb me. I'll be putting the final touches on the painting. I have to concentrate.

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT on IVAN. WE SEE that he is putting some IRREGULAR DASHES on TOP of the PAINTING.

IVAN (sings):

C'est la fete de la lavande et on y bande et on y bande...¹³ (TO SUNSHINE):
I finished it. Come and see.

ANGLE on SUNSHINE going to SEE the PAINTING. IVAN moves two steps AWAY.

INSERT on the PAINTING. CAMERA SLOWLY REVEALS the PAINTING (from TOP to BOTTOM with a TITLE):

LEGENDS OF THE WEST

CLOSE-UP on IVAN'S HAND as he is signing his NAME on the PAINTING:

PROPHET IVAN

CLOSE-UP on SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE:

So, this is how the West was won?

(95)

ANGLE on IVAN SITTING at his DESK and TYPING unbelievably FAST.

¹³ It's a lavender holiday and we have a hard on...

VO IVAN:

In those times, I was a very prolific and much diversified author. I was writing at the rate of three books a day: from “Neopaleontology” to “Ancient Scatology”, from “Oral Necrophilia” to “Platonic Pedophilia” from “Maoism and Barbarism” to “Nazism and Sadism”...

IVAN (sings while TYPING):

“Ciao, ciao bambina...”

IVAN FINISHES the BOOK. He TYPES “END”, TAKES the SHEET out of the TYPEWRITER and PUTS it on a PILE of SHEETS. IVAN TURNS the PILE AROUND.

INSERT on the PILE. The TITLE of the BOOK READS:

Excremental Rituals Among Some Polynesian Tribes

By Prophet Ivan

NEW ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

Take the book to the printer.

SUNSHINE COMES to IVAN’S DESK, and PUTS a RUBBER BAND around the MANUSCRIPT.

IVAN:

While here, take this one, too.

IVAN PUTS a RUBBER BAND on another MANUSCRIPT and HANDS it over to SUNSHINE.

INSERT on the TITLE of the BOOK:

Indiscretions About Human Secretions

By Prophet Ivan

VO IVAN:

I consider this book a masterpiece.

SUNSHINE LEAVES the FRAME.

(96)

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN to the BLACK BOARD.

IVAN (to HIMSELF):

I am going to jot down the laws of the universe.

SHOT on IVAN WRITING a QUICK EQUATION.

ANGLE on SUNSHINE at her DESK. TELEPHONE RINGS. SUNSHINE ANSWERS it.

SUNSHINE (to IVAN):

Remember, you have an important press conference. The journalists are arriving in the Excrementorium.

DISSOLVE TO
(97)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. - THE EXCREMENTORIUM - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT on the EXCREMENTORIUM.

WIDER ANGLE (from the STAGE) on the ARRIVING JOURNALISTS, TAKING SEATS on ROWS of TOILET BOWLS.

ANOTHER WIDE ANGLE from the GALLERY (audience POV). We SEE a PODIUM with a MICROPHONE, and TWO LONG FLAGS on the WALL with a CURLY SHIT for a LOGO. VAPOR is EMINATING from the SHIT.

CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY on the FLAGS and ENDS on a THREE-HEADED EAGLE STANDING on a PILE of SHIT.

(98)

ANGLE on TWO FEMALE MCs COMING from EACH SIDE of the STAGE. THEY MEET in front of the PODIUM. They WEAR TRANSPARENT CLOTHES: ONE of them has her LEFT BREAST OUT and the OTHER ONE her RIGHT BREAST OUT.

FIRST MC:

Welcome to the Excrementorium.

SECOND MC:

I have to remind you that the Prophet does not take hostile questions.

(99)

INT. BACK TO IVAN'S OFFICE – DAY

SHOT on IVAN still WRITING his EQUATION. (The BLACKBOARD is almost FULL of FORMULAS).

IVAN (sings):

“Mit dir, Lili Marlen, mit dir Lili Marlen (PAUSE)
Wie einst, Lili Marlen, wie einst, Lili Marlen¹⁴ ...”

SHOT on SUNSHINE. TELEPHONE RINGS.

SUNSHINE (to IVAN):

Hurry-up! They are all gathered in the Excrementorium.

ANGLE on IVAN from the FLOOR shifting QUICKLY from FOOT to FOOT, his DICK and his BALLS SWINGING RAPIDLY in the AIR, as he WRITES “The laws of the universe”.

IVAN:

What is more important? The lawless press or the laws of the universe?

DIFFERENT ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN (to SUNSHINE):

Here! I finished...

IVAN MOVES a STEP ASIDE, POINTING to the EQUATION.

IVAN (to HIMSELF):

M=Shit_ Where “M” stands for the meaningless of the universe equals shit_.

HE WALKS in a REFLECTIVE MOOD toward the DOOR.

IVAN (to HIMSELF):

Matter or antimatter does it really matter? (IVAN MOVES close to the DOOR).

¹⁴ Lili Marlen (in German).

IVAN (to SUNSHINE):

I can go now...

SHOT on SUNSHINE sitting at her DESK.

SUNSHINE:

You can't go like that... half way dressed...

SHOT on IVAN.

You mean, half way undressed...

HE GOES to the CLOSET, PULL OUT his long "PROPHET'S ROBE",
TAKES OFF his PAJAMA TOP and PUTS ON the ROBE.

VO IVAN:

Being hit by a meteorite had some side effects on me: I became half-exhibitionist,
from the waist down, and a sometime dyslexic.

ANGLE on SUNSHINE still TYPING. IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME, turns to
SUNSHINE and asks...

IVAN:

How is that? I've got to go now.

SUNSHINE:

Just a minute! (SHE GETS UP from her CHAIR, GOES OVER to IVAN and
STICKS a FLAG PIN on his "PROPHET'S ROBE").

ECU (Extreme Close-Up), on the FLAG PIN, REVEALS a curly SHIT (the logo of the
"Temple").

SUNSHINE:

After the press conference, go to the confessional. Some people have been
waiting for days to confess their sins.

SHOT on IVAN LEAVING his OFFICE.

FADE OUT
(100)

FADE IN

INT. - THE HALLWAY WHERE IVAN'S APOSTLES' OFFICES ARE LOCATED
-DAY

ANGLE on VIRIDIANA and SHEIK SULTANI FUCKING in front of their OFFICES.

VIRIDIANA:

Shake me, my Sheik, shake me!

SHEIK SULTANI:

I am going to fuck the shit out of you!

VIRIDIANA:

Literally? Do it!

IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME.

VO IVAN:

Let's don't disturb the romance... One of those days, I will beatify Viridiana ...

IVAN LEAVES the FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO
(101)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. - THE EXCREMENTORIUM - DAY

WE FOLLOW IVAN as he ENTERS the EXCREMENTORIUM, WALKING toward the PODIUM.

MC No. 1 (announcing):

Ladies and gentlemen, the Bulgarian Prophet! The one and only Prophet!

MC No. 2:

There is no God but God of Shit and Ivan is his Prophet!

THE MC No. 1 and MC No. 2 STEP ASIDE. THEY LEAVE the FRAME GOING to DIFFERENT CORNERS.

MED. SHOT on IVAN. HE STEPS up to the PODIUM.

IVAN:

I hardly can contain my excrement, that is, my excitement, to see you all gathered in the Excrementorium. First of all, let me give you some food for thought, that is, some shit for food. (PAUSE) La merde precede l'essence. (PAUSE) Shit is larger than life. (PAUSE). Man is referred to be the perfect machine; a machine which produces fifteen metric tons of shit during his average lifetime. At that rate of production, man is no longer a perfect machine, but a giant shit factory. And all these functions are controlled by the human brain. It is amazing what three pounds of brain can do! As a matter of curiosity, in his lifetime man produces sperms 220 times the size of his brain; but for that, you have to refer to spermologists. I am a scatologist.

NEW ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

So, what do you make of a man whose sole purpose in life is to produce 15 tons of shit? Would you call that man "homo sapiens"? No, you would call him "homo excrementicus". (BRIEF PAUSE)

More statistics: a healthy shit is considered a cone with 3 inches diameter at the base and 4 inches high. That means, pieced together, during his lifetime man produces almost 2 miles of shit. Multiply that by the current population of 4 billion people, and that gives you 7.5 billion miles, which represents more than 1,600 times the distance to the moon and back. All that in one generation! One generation also produces 60 billion metric tons of shit. Generation after generation, there will be enough shit, the weight of which deposited on Earth will eventually cause the planet to go out of orbit.

WIDER ANGLE on the AUDIENCE.

VO IVAN:

You could find these valuable statistics in my book entitled: Structural Scatology. (PAUSE) Shit is the only common thing which links us together regardless of race, religion or ideology. With 15 tons of shit per person, we all deserve an Oscar for "lifetime achievement".

MED. SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

Linguistically speaking, the word "shit" is the most used word in the whole world. Even in this very moment, American soldiers in Vietnam are dying with the word "Oh, shit!" in their mouths. Why is that? Because shit is worth dying for.

(PAUSE) Given the eternal silence of the Gods, think of your shit as your best friend: always available, always present when you need it. (PAUSE)
Humanity must be still in its infancy if it still believes in Gods, with their schizophrenic prophets.
There is no God but God of Shit, and I am his Prophet. (PAUSE)
With this, I will take your questions.

WIDER ANGLE on the AUDIENCE. THE JOURNALISTS ALL JUMP UP at once and START ASKING QUESTIONS.

ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN (yelling):

Quiet! quiet!... You are really a pack of wolves, aren't you? One at a time, unless you have the same question.

IVAN POINTING to a FEMALE JOURNALIST.

ANGLE on the JOURNALIST (female).

JOURNALIST (female):

What kind of impact did the meteorite have on you?

BRIEF SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

It had a meteoric impact...

SHOT on a MALE JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (Male):

Can you describe what you felt when you got "impacted"?

NEW ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

It's indescribable! Like somebody broke a Stradivarius on your head...

VO SAME JOURNALIST:

How often have you had a Stradivarius broken on your head?

IVAN:

Three time a day... before meals.

ANGLE on HOMOSEXUAL JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST:

Were you born in a stable?

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

I was born in a pigpen.

SHOT on a JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (female):

Were you created by Immaculate Conception?

VO IVAN:

I was created by Immaculate Misconception.

ANGLE on a JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

Do you compare yourself to Nostradamus?

FAVORING IVAN.

IVAN (suddenly angry):

Not at all! I am a Prophet, he was a profiteer. I predicted that none of his predictions would take place. He should be exhumed and sodomized posthumously.

ANGLE on another JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

It is rumored that you have a sexual relationship with your male porcupine.

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

No comment. I don't discuss my intimate life with the press.

VO SAME JOURNALST:

But isn't it true?

IVAN:

Why ask me? Ask the porcupine... I could arrange a press conference (POINTING to the AUDIENCE) between you and the porcupine.

SHOT on JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

Are you a republican or a democrat?

NEW ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

Neither one... Those hypocrites, the republicans, they also shit, but in private. As for the democrats, they tend to be shit-friendly.

ANGLE on another JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

How do you stand on the issue of the "death penalty"?

FAVORING IVAN.

IVAN:

As a prophet, I teach peace, but in the case of the "death penalty", I preach: "an eye for two eyes, and a tooth for a denture".

VO ANOTHER JOURNALIST (male):

Where do you stand on the issue of "pro-abortion"?

IVAN:

Without anti-abortionists, pro-abortionists would be inconceivable.

SHOT on a JOURNALIST:

JOURNALIST (male):

Where do you stand on the “right to die” issue?

FAVORING IVAN. HE LEANS on the PODIUM.

IVAN (with declamatory voice):

Give me euthanasia, or give me death! (HE RETURNS to his PREVIOUS POSITION).

SHOT on JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

In your major work **Mein Kampf, My Shit** you talk about Aryan and non-Aryan shit, how do you tell the difference?

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

I can smell an Aryan shit for miles.

ANGLE on JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

You start the **Super New Testament** with, and I quote, “At the beginning was darkness and it became even darker”; what do you mean by that?

VO IVAN:

Darker as in an asshole.

FAVORING a JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (female):

Don't you think that your unorthodox ideas will be found heretical and that you'll

be hanged by the balls?

VO IVAN:

Frankly, my dear, I don't give a shit.

SHOT on ANOTHER JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

You don't like the media; why is that?

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

This is an unarguably arguable question. (PAUSE)
I like film critics. They are the only ones who can tell a real shit from a fake one.

VO JOURNALIST:

Anybody else you like?

IVAN:

No! (PAUSE) Only yesterday, (HE POINTS to the AUDIENCE) you were lamenting the lack of value of human life... somebody was killed for one pizza. Imagine that he was killed for half a pizza, or a slice of pizza! What would have happened to the value of his life then? You weren't precise. Was it a large pizza, was it a medium, was it a small pizza? This is very important! The value of human life is relative to the size of a pizza. Did you ask yourself how many pizzas that man had had during his lifetime? Perhaps his life was fulfilled... with pizza! This is what I call "investigative journalism".
Next!

ANGLE on JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

What does "The Temple of Holy Shit" have in common with other religions?

FAVORING IVAN.

IVAN:

Everything! "The Temple of Holy Shit" is a synthesis of all religions; animistic,

polytheistic, monotheistic. In this world, everybody believes in some kind of shit. We believe in real shit; the final results of all human knowledge. People from all over the world come to me for spiritual guidance. I give them hope, I give them shit.

ANGLE on ANOTHER JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

Do you have the notion of “hell” in your religion?

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

Yes, we do. The infidels shall perish in hell with eternal constipation.

SHOT on JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

In your rituals, do you use human sacrifices?

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

Not exactly human; we use lawyers. We also use legislators, but they have to be more than two terms in office.

SHOT on an OLD JOURNALIST.

VO IVAN:

You are next.

THE OLD JOURNALIST:

Your prophecy is phenomenal... (THE LADY SITTING NEXT to him GETS UP and SUDDENLY SHAKES her LARGE BOOBS).

BRIEF ANGLE on IVAN and IMMEDIATELY a SHOT UNDER the DESK with IVAN PETTING his DICK.

VO IVAN:

Not you, I meant the lady...

ANGLE on the LADY.

THE LADY:

Besides being a prophet, you are said to be a stock market guru. Can you recommend a particular stock?

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

I recommend “Cocks Incorporated”. Get hold of their stock and watch your investment grow.

ANGLE on JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST (male):

You don’t like the media, but you hate humorists the most. Why is that?

FAVORING IVAN.

IVAN:

Humorists are parasites; they thrive on human stupidity.

VO SAME JOURNALIST:

What do you recommend?

IVAN:

The final solution.

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN as he LEAVES the EXCREMENTORIUM, his HAIR STREAMING in the WIND.

(102)

ANGLE on the TWO MCs WALKING toward the PODIUM.

MC No. 1:

Please kindly flush after you... (WE HEAR SPORATIC FLUSHES).
The prophet, regardless of how much he worships shit, says “no media shit here!”

WIDE ANGLE from the BACK of the TWO MCs. WE SEE the JOURNALISTS LEAVING the EXCREMENTORIUM.

MC No. 2:

You are welcome to visit our museum where you can find petrified shit from early humanoids to daily fresh shit from Richard Nixon and his cabinet.

MC No. 1:

And don't forget to visit our gift shop, "Excrements of Distinction"...

MC No. 2:

By the way, today is "Boss's Day", and in our gift shop you will find the most appropriate present for your boss.

AS the PRESS LEAVES, there is a MED. SHOT on the TWO MCs. THEY WAVE to the PRESS and SING (to the tune of "See you later alligator").

MC No. 1 (sings):

See you later masturbators...

MC No. 2 (sings):

After awhile necrophiles...

(103)

SLOW PAN on the EMPTY EXCREMENTORIUM which ZOOMS IN on IVAN'S PODIUM.

WE SEE a PICTURE of a LION LYING DOWN with ONE PAW on a PILE of SHIT READY to SQUISH it. (This scene is a close take on Orson Wells' "The Trial". We hear the very same music of Adagio by Albinoni).

FADE OUT
(104)

FADE IN

INT. – SEMI-DARK, SMALL ROOM of the CONFSSIONAL.

REVEALING PAN of the CONFSSIONAL. IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME. HE SITS DOWN. ACROSS from him is a VERY TINY WINDOW. HE LOOKS THROUGH the WINDOW.

(105)

IVAN:

What would you like to confess, my son?

VO of MIDDLE AGED MAN:

I am a politician... I take too many bribes. Nevertheless, I want to go to Paradise.

IVAN:

For the salvation of your soul, bribe your way to Paradise. There are many poor angels. Bribe 'em, and they will carry you on their wings, straight to Paradise. But before that, you've got to give to the "Temple" 50% of your bribes. For the remaining 50%, it is very important that you buy our sin-pardoning indulgences available at the "Temple".

VO THE POLITICIAN:

Thank you, Padre.

IVAN:

De nada. And don't forget to take more bribes!
Next!

(106)

DIFFERENT SHOT on IVAN. HE LOOKS THROUGH the WINDOW.

IVAN:

What is your profession, my son?

VO of a MAN in his FORTIES:

I am a lawyer, but I'd like to go to Paradise.

IVAN:

Aie, aie, aie, aie! Your case is hopeless! There are no lawyers in Paradise. They don't want 'em, even in Hell.

VO LAWYER:

What is your advice?

IVAN:

Lawyers are perpetual liars. In order to be admitted to Hell, you must lie to Satan! Tell him that you are a plumber. I will recommend you personally to Satan. I'll send him a telex.

VO LAWYER:

How much do I owe you for the advice?

IVAN:

How much do you charge your clients?

VO LAWYER:

I charge \$10,000 per minute.

IVAN:

We've been talking over a minute now. I'll charge you the same: \$10,000 for the consultation, and \$10,000 for the letter of recommendation. Pay at the gate.

VO LAWYER:

Thank you, padre.

IVAN:

Don't mention it.
Next!

ANGLE on VERY PRETTY BLOND in her early TWENTIES, WEARING A BIKINI, LOOKING SAD.

(107)

ANOTHER SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

You look very sad...

ANGLE on the BLOND.

THE BLOND (trying to contain her tears):

This is because I want to go to Paradise...

VO IVAN :

In a bikini?

ANOTHER ANGLE on the BLOND.

THE BLOND:

I'll take it off... (SHE TAKES OFF her BIKINI).

VO IVAN:

Have you sinned, my child?

THE BLOND:

I have. I can't help it. I am a nymphomaniac...

VO IVAN:

Are you having withdrawals?

THE BLOND:

Yes, Padre... at this very moment!

SAME SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

It's an emergency... I understand. You see that hole in the wall? (HE STICKS his TWO FINGERS THROUGH a HOLE). I call it the holy hole. Look what is going to come through it... (IVAN GETS CLOSE to the HOLE and LIFT UP his PROPHET'S ROBE).

SHOT on the BLOND. SHE is all SMILES. SHE GOES on her KNEES in FRONT of the HOLE.

CLOSE-UP on IVAN'S FACE.

IVAN (screaming from pleasure):

Oh child! Oh child!

VO THE BLOND:

Mmm... Mmm... Mmm... (THE SOUNDS of a SUPERB BLOW JOB).

FADE OUT

(108)

FADE IN

ANGLE on IVAN WALKING toward his OFFICE (shooting him from the feet up to the head).

(109)

POV IVAN. HE SEES VIRIDIANA and SHEIK SULTANI, STILL FUCKING with their FACES SWEATING PROFUSELY.

IVAN:

Love is eternal! Stuck for eternity!
I gave a whole press conference in the Excrementorium, I got a whole blow job in the confessional, and you are still romancing...

VIRIDIANA:

He can't cum...! Order him to cum...!

CLOSE-UP on IVAN.

IVAN:

By the divine powers invested in me (in a RESOUNDING VOICE) I order you to cum (THE ECHO IS REPEATING: "to cum, to cum, to cum"...)

CLOSE-UP on SHEIK SULTANI. HE "TALKS DIRTY" in ARABIC.

SHEIK SULTANI:

Fucking bitch! I'll fuck the shit out of you! (HE SCREAMS) I'm cuming! I'm cuming!... SUDDENLY, WE SEE GREAT RELIEF on his FACE.

ANGLE on VIRIDIANA. SHE TURNS AROUND (She has HIGH HEELS, BLACK STOCKINGS with SEAMS and PINK PANTIES around her right FOOT) and SINGS: while SHAKING HANDS with SHEIK SULTANI.

VIRIDIANA:

Congratulations! For ejaculation! (SHE MAKES a CURTSY).

DISSOLVE TO
(110)

DISSOLVE INTO

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN as he GOES into his OFFICE. SUNSHINE ENTERS the FRAME.

SUNSHINE:

The Brazilian architects have arrived.

IVAN:

Show 'em in.

ANGLE on LUCIO COSTA and OSCAR NIEMEYER (LOOK-ALIKES), WALKING toward the CAMERA. IVAN ENTERS the FRAME. (111)

IVAN:

Hi, Lucio! Hi, comrade Oscar!

LUCIO:

Hi, your Holiness.

OSCAR:

Hi, your Holiness.

IVAN:

How far did you get with my pyramid?

OSCAR UNFOLDS a ROLL and HANGS it on a NAIL on the WALL. INSERT on SHIT-SHAPED PYRAMID with "THE PROPHET IVAN" INSCRIPTION in the MIDDLE.

THREE SHOT on LUCIO, OSCAR and IVAN.

OSCAR:

What do you say?

IVAN:

It looks like a regular pyramid... (IVAN GETS the DESIGN and TURNS it UPSIDE-DOWN). How is that? Originality Oscar! Originality is what makes the world go 'round. Originality is one step from madness... and vice versa.

LUCIO:

It won't stand structurally...

IVAN:

Use lighter building materials... like Styrofoam, for example...

OSCAR:

It won't withstand the wind factor; (HE GESTURES) "Gone with the Wind"...

IVAN:

My sprit will float over it. (HE SHOWS the PYRAMID) That's enough to withstand the most vicious hurricane.

(112)

SUNSHINE ENTERS into the FRAME.

SUNSHINE (to the ARCHITECTS):

Sorry to interrupt you, but I have an important message for the Prophet. (SHE TURNS toward IVAN) The countess Solange d'Enculette has a burning desire to be sodomized by you. She says that she needs some spiritual uplifting...

OVER the SHOLDER SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

Countless countesses want to be sodomized by me, for the same reason. My dick is not a pass key... tell her to wait in line. Does she have any money, your countess?

OVER the SHOULDER on SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE:

She does! She says that she'll sign all of her estate over to the "Temple of Holy Shit"...

OVER the SHOULDER on IVAN.

IVAN:

Then that's OK with me... I'll give her anal uplifting. Schedule her for 3:30 in the morning. (SUNSHINE LEAVES).

(113)

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

Where was I? Ah..., my spirit floating over the pyramid. Make provisions that in my burial chambers, there is enough room for a dozen American fashion models, a few "3 star" French chefs and a couple of sommeliers.

ANGLE on LUCIO and OSCAR.

OSCAR:

We'll keep it in mind.

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

Good-bye Lucio. Good-bye Comrade Oscar.

SAME ANGLE on the ARCHITECTS.

LUCIO:

Good-bye your Holiness.

OSCAR:

Good-bye your Holiness.

CUT TO
(114)

FAVORING SUNSHINE on the TELEPHONE.

SUNSHINE (announcing):

J. Edgar Hoover, the emperor of the FBI, is on the phone.

FAVORING IVAN.

IVAN:

I'll take it over here (HE WALKS to the TELEPHONE).
Hi, old transvestite. How the shit are you?

J. EDGAR:

I'll come straight to the point: your psychic services have been an invaluable source of information to the FBI. I appreciate that. But it is not the same with the Pentagon. They feel that you are taking the army recruiters away from them. Too many "conscientious objectors". They all pretend to believe in Shit, rather than to join the army and support our patriotic war in Vietnam.

IVAN:

This is against freedom of religion!

J. Edgar:

As you wish. Don't tell me that I didn't warn you. Good-bye your Holiness.

IVAN (Ivan hangs up the receiver and then says to himself):

Good-bye your "creepiness". I shouldn't associate with people like that...

PAN with IVAN WALKING toward SUNSHINE.

SHOT on SUNSHINE.

VO IVAN:

What's next on my agenda?

SUNSHINE:

You have a lesson with some "wanna be prophets".

VO IVAN:

Let 'em in. (SUNSHINE WALKS toward the DOOR).

CUT TO
(115)

ANGLE on the THREE "ASPIRING PROPHETS" (SUNSHINE LEAVES the FRAME).

THEY LINE UP against the WALL. THE FIRST ONE has a TICK on his RIGHT EYE. THE SECOND ONE has a TICK on his RIGHT HAND, like he is permanently MASTURBATING. THE THIRD ONE has a TICK on his LEFT EYE. IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME.

IVAN:

What's your diagnosis?

FIRST ONE:

Multiple personality disorder.

IVAN (to the second one):

And you?

THE SECOND ONE:

Acute masturbating tendency. For a while I was going to "Masturbators Anonymous", but I had a relapse...

IVAN (nods questioningly at the THIRD ONE).

THE THIRD ONE:

Paranoid schizophrenia.

IVAN:

On the basis of your diagnosis, you are all eligible to become prophets.

NEW ANGLE on IVAN TALKING to the SECOND "WANNA BE PROPHET".

IVAN:

Take your case, for example. Turn your handicap to your advantage. My advice to you is to masturbate in front of the White House. Make a statement! Immediately, paparazzi will arrive, followed by TV crews from the major broadcasting companies. Masturbate in silence. Don't answer any questions. Masturbate a second time. They will keep asking you: "Who are you?" Don't tell them anything. Keep them in suspense. Only while ejaculating for the second time, tell them: "I am Jesus, and this is my second cuming". And don't forget to ejaculate on a TV camera. It's important. Cinema verité¹⁵, n'est pas? (Pause)

¹⁵ Reality cinema (French)

DIFFERENT SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

After that, retreat to the Mojave Desert. Rent a cave. Become a hermit. And never quit masturbating. This is your “act of faith”. Pilgrims from all over the world will come to your cave to witness your “act of faith”. You may go blind in the process, but people will say: “He is a man of vision”. You can play some music in the cave (HE GRABS a TAPE and STICKS it in a nearby CASSETTE PLAYER. WE HEAR “RAVEL’S BOLERO”).

REVERSE SHOT on the MASTURBATOR. He STARTS VIRTUAL MASTURBATING with his HAND FOLLOWING the SLOW RHYTHM of “BOLERO”.

REVERSE SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

This is the wrong tape. This is for sodomy. I apologize. (HE GRABS ANOTHER TAPE and PUTS it into the CASSETTE PLAYER. WE HEAR KHACHATURIAN’S “SABRE DANCE”).

REVERSE on the MASTURBATOR. HE FOLLOWS the FAST RHYTHM of the “SABRE DANCE” with QUICK CHANGES of HANDS. HE IS ALL SMILES.

VO IVAN:

I like this quick change of hands. You’re jacking off like a real pro. I am impressed!

REVERSE on IVAN. HE STOPS the TAPE.

IVAN:

Also, you should write a “How to” book. For example, **Do it Yourself Masturbation : a Stroke by Stroke Explanation for a Successful Ejaculation.** You need a book to express your beliefs, and your ideals... Take Lenin, Mao... they wrote books in which they promised “paradise” on Earth for the masses. That was their fatal mistake. Don’t be so stupid. Be a traditional prophet. Promise ‘em heaven. Whoever doesn’t believe you, let ‘em check it. Also, you’ll need the concept of “Hell”. Stick and carrot. Let ‘em live in constant fear. Tell ‘em that all males will be castrated and that oxygen will turn into carbon dioxide. Threaten them with collisions of galaxies, even worst that (WITH a RESOUNDING VOICE) Political Correctness will descend upon the Earth!

MED. SHOT on the MASTURBATOR.

MASTURBATOR (interrupting):

You speak like God...

NEW ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

Anytime I pronounce (WITH RESOUNDING VOICE) “Political Correctness” the God of Shit speaks through me. Don’t ever promise ‘em something good. Good things happen only in heaven. If you permit ‘em, they’ll all want to achieve immortality on Earth. Thus they might be able to produce more than 15 tons of shit, say 30 tons of shit, 30 million tons of shit, 30 billion tons of shit... an endless amount of shit! Here, on earth, they’re allowed 15 tons of shit per person. Any additional shit must be deposited in heaven. This is what heaven is all about. If you wanna be a good prophet, predict the future! That’ll give you some credibility. It’s easy. People don’t read. Things which happened in the past, tell ‘em they will happen in the future. History repeats itself. You can’t go wrong. Personally, I’ve made my predictions ‘til the year 3,002,001 – all of ‘em apocalyptic.

FOUR SHOT (LATERAL).

IVAN:

The world needs prophets like you (POINTING at THEM). The crowd has no brain, no shape. You are the ones to shape it in your own way. (HE POINTS at the DICK of the MASTURBATOR). Your tool will be instrumental for reshaping the world. This is how social upheavals happen, social mutations; this is how history is made.

FOUR SHOT (LATERAL from the OPPOSITE SIDE).

IVAN:

From your cave, take the march to Washington. By buses, by covered wagons, by donkey carts, your followers will descend on the nation’s capital, claiming the right to free masturbation. And when you arrive in Washington, you will deliver your famous speech (IMITATING the MASTURBATOR with his TICK): “I have a dream, a wet dream”...Remember, it all started from one innocent masturbation in front of the White House, which led you to a “Triumph of the Will¹⁶”. (PAUSE) Class dismissed!

¹⁶ Leni Riefenstahl’s Nazi propaganda film.

ANGLE on the THREE WANNA BE PROPHETS as they head to the DOOR, each one with his own tick.

CUT TO
(116)

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN to SUNSHINE'S DESK. SUNSHINE ENTERS into the FRAME.

IVAN:

What's next?

SUNSHINE:

Urbi at Orbi.¹⁷ Your weekly blessing to the faithful.

REVERSE on IVAN.

IVAN:

I don't feel like it. Perhaps another time. For now, I have the urge to write a book.

REVERSE on SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE:

Science or fiction?

REVERSE on IVAN.

IVAN:

Neither one. I am going to surprise you.

REVERSE on SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE:

I have no doubt. What's the plot of your book?

REVERSE on IVAN.

IVAN:

I'm not going to tell you. (HE LOOKS his WATCH) I'll write my book in 29 minutes. After that, I'll give my "Urbi at Orbi" blessing. (WE FOLLOW him to

¹⁷ A blessing by the pope.

his DESK, where HE STARTS TYPING his BOOK with unusual SPEED).

FADE OUT
(117)

FADE IN

EXT – DAY

WIDE ANGLE on the CROWD WAITING for IVAN’S BLESSING.

ZOOM IN on the WINDOW from which IVAN is expected to give his BLESSING.
(IT LOOKS like the WINDOW from which the POPE gives his BLESSING).

WIDER ANGLE on the CROWD which ends in the MIDDLE of the FRONT ROW.

ANGLE on THREE INVALIDS SITTING in WHEELCHAIRS. INVALID No. 1 is MISSING his ARMS. INVALID No. 2 is MISSING his DICK. INVALID No. 3 is MISSING his LEGS.

CLOSE on INVALID No. 2 with his LEGS WIDE OPEN. WE SEE that his DICK has been CUT OFF to the ROOTS.

TWO SHOT on INVALID No. 1 and No. 2.

INVALID NO. 1:

What happened to your dick?

INVALID No. 2:

My wife cut it off and threw it out the window.

TWO SHOT on INVALID No. 3 and No. 2.

INVALID No. 3:

Didn’t they try to reattach your dick?

INVALID No. 2:

Well, after my wife threw it out the window, our dog chewed on it and swallowed it. They took the dog to Emergency, trying to extract my dick. During the operation, they found it, but it looked like a hamburger paddy, and it wasn’t attachable. It didn’t show any vital signs. Our dog didn’t show any vital signs as well and was pronounced dead at 3:47 AM. God be with him.

INVALID No. 3 (HE IS on the BRINK of TEARS):

Poor dog... What was his name?

INVALID No. 2:

Cabeza de Perro.¹⁸

SHOT on the THREE INVALIDS.

INVALID No. 1:

What a sad story. This is why we are here. The Prophet is known to do miracles... If you miss your appendix, he'll give you two appendixes. If you miss two tonsils he'll give you three tonsils. His generosity is beyond belief.

DISSOLVE TO
(118)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. - IVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

SHOT on IVAN TYPING FRANTICALLY. THERE is a PILE of SHEETS on his DESK.

IVAN:

I finished. Come and get it!

PAN with SUNSHINE, which FOLLOWS her to IVAN'S DESK.

SUNSHINE (takes the manuscript):

It has no title (SHE FANS the PAGES). It has no text, either.

REVERSE on IVAN.

IVAN:

But it delivers a message: the world will be a livable place without books. Knowledge kills. This is an honest book. I intend to start a whole new literary school, with many followers.

REVERSE on SUNSHINE.

¹⁸ Spanish for "Dog's Head"

SUNSHINE:

You deserve the Nobel Prize for Literature.

VO IVAN:

I do. Take it to the printer. Make sure that you don't mix up the pages.

SUNSHINE:

I'll be careful.

CUT TO
(119)

INT. - DAY

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN to the "BLESSING ROOM". HE STOPS in front of the WINDOW. (His back is to the CAMERA).

POV IVAN: WIDE ANGLE on the CROWD which ENDS with a ZOOM on the THREE INVALIDS.

ZOOM IN on IVAN in front of the WINDOW. HE MAKES THREE GESTURES: "UP YOURS" for his BLESSING.

IVAN (with a declamatory voice):

Omni recto penis erectus datur¹⁹! HE MAKES again "UP YOUR'S" three times and STEPS to his right out of sight.

FADE OUT
(120)

FADE IN

WIDE ANGLE on the CROWD.

ZOOM IN on the THREE INVALIDS.

THREE INVALIDS (screaming with joy):

Miracle! Miracle! Miracle! Miracle!

ANGLE on INVALID No. 1. HE HAS two ARMS; - one WHITE and one GREEN.

ANGLE on INVALID No. 2. HE has a LONG BLACK DICK.

¹⁹ For every ass an erected dick!

ANGLE on INVALID No. 3. HE has two LEGS, one WHITE and one RED.

SHOT on INVALID No. 2 which ends on a CLOSE-UP of his DICK.

INVALID No. 2 (fascinated):

I always wanted to have a black dick. Thanks to the Prophet my dream came true.

THREE SHOTS on the THREE INVALIDS as they JUMP out of their WHEELCHAIRS, SCREAMING:

Long live the Prophet! Long live the Prophet IVAN! Long live the Prophet!

CHOREOGRAPHY: (music: Beethoven's "SONG of JOY").

ANGLE on the THREE INVALIDS. INVALIDS No. 1 and No. 3 MAKE continuous CARTWHEELS back and forth (in front of each other and on either side of INVALID No. 2), while INVALID No. 2 (in the middle, facing the CAMERA) moves his DICK rapidly.

INVALID No. 2:

I got a dick! I got a dick! I got a dick! (to INVALIDS No. 1 and No. 3)
You want to touch it? (WE HEAR "SONG of JOY" in the background).

ANOTHER ANGLE on the THREE INVALIDS. (INVALID No. 2 is still in the MIDDLE).

INVALID No. 2:

I got a dick! I got a dick! I got a dick!

INVALID No. 1 and INVALID No. 3 STOP their CARTWHEELS and GET closer to INVALID No. 2.

INVALID No. 3:

Don't tell your wife!

INVALID No. 1:

She'll cut it off again.

INVALID No. 2:

I am not so stupid. (HE KISSIS his DICK) My darling! (HE RUNS toward a TABLE, which has a few WALNUTS on it. HE CRACKS them OPEN with his DICK).

Anyone for walnuts?

THREE SHOT on the INVALIDS. All THREE DANCE to the "SONG of JOY".
INVALID No. 3 HOLDS the HAND of INVALID No. 1 and INVALID No. 1 HOLDS
INVALID No. 2 by the DICK.

INVALID No. 2:

I got a dick! I got a dick! (OS carry on into the next scene).
I got a dick! I got a dick!

DISSOLVE TO
(121)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. - DAY

FAVORING IVAN as he WALKS toward the "TELETHON ROOM".

VO IVAN:

Most of our income came from selling indulgences to believers with guaranteed promises that the God of Shit would pardon their sins and welcome them to his Kingdom. We encouraged them to lead a sinful life.
Another source of income was predicting the exact day on which people would die. Needless to say, that nobody volunteered to die. They all felt that their mission on earth was not accomplished before they delivered 15 tons of shit, their lifetime allocation.

WIDER ANGLE on the "TELETHON ROOM". WE SEE two DOZEN OPERATORS TALKING on the PHONE.

ZOOM IN on ONE of the VOLUNTEERS.

VOLUNTEER No. 1 (female):

How old are you?

VO (an old man):

Seventy two.

VOLUNTEER No. 1

You'll die of senility on November 16, at 9:51 AM, less than a week from now.

VO (the old man starts crying):

I don't want to die. What should I do? I am desperate...

VOLUNTEER No. 1

In your case, the Prophet recommends that you take two tablets a day of "antiseniline". Make sure that you don't miss any dosage, otherwise you will die instantly. There is still time to buy your first dosage of "antiseniline", 200 tablets per container. Send a "cashier's check" for \$2,000 express mail, or give us the number of your bank account. Upon receipt of your check, we'll release your order. Send your check to:

"Temple of Holy Shit"
One Calle de la Mierda²⁰
Escremento, CA 96969

Don't forget to renew your prescription because if not, you will die immediately. And remember, the Prophet has such a big heart that, if he throws it in the ocean, the ocean will overflow.

ANGLE on ANOTHER TELETHON VOLUNTEER.

VOLUNTEER No. 2 (male):

How old are you?

VO (male):

I am thirty five years old and in perfect health.

VOLUNTEER No. 2:

In your case, the Prophet recommends two tablets of "virusine" at \$100 each. That'll ruin your immune system in no time. Then you will be eligible for our services. If you don't take the tablets, expect to die any moment from pollution, in an automobile accident or mid-air collision. And remember, the Prophet has such a big heart, that if he throws it the ocean, the ocean will overflow. Now, let me give you our address...

ANGLE on ANOTHER VOLUNTEER.

VOLUNTEER No. 3 (female):

How old are you?

²⁰ One Shit Street, Shit City, CA 96969 (Spanish)

VO (young girl):

I am nineteen?

VOLUNTEER No. 3:

You'll die from stupidity on November 17 at 8:14 PM. It's question of life or death that you take three tablets of "antistupidine" a day at \$15 each. Let me talk to your father.

VOLUNTEER No. 3:

Do you like your daughter?

THE FATHER:

She is my sweetheart. I'll do anything for her.

VOLUNTEER No. 3:

I am afraid that your daughter has been affected by genetic imbecilism. It's terminal. She is scheduled to die on November 17, at 8:14 PM, unless she takes "antistupidine" on a daily basis. She needs your help desperately.

VO (the father):

How soon I can get the prescription?

VOLUNTEER No. 3:

As soon as we receive a cashier check for \$450. This represents your first month's allocation. And remember, the Prophet has such a big heart that, if he throws it in the ocean, the ocean will overflow. Send your check to the following address...

CUT TO
(122)

INT. – DAY

SHOT on IVAN. HE WALKS toward his OFFICE.

VO IVAN:

For supplementary income, we used to age our first grade shit in French Oak. After additional bottle aging, it was sold to collectors. (PAUSE)
I needed all the money I could get to build a "supercollider" in order to prove to

the scientific community that the universe was created from the collision of two excrements.

FADE OUT
(123)

FADE IN

IVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

FAVORING IVAN STANDING UP in front of SUNSHINE'S DESK.

IVAN:

I have to concentrate before my sermon. Put the "No Disturb" sign on the door.

SUNSHINE:

I will.

DISSOLVE TO
(124)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT – THE EXCREMENTORIUM – NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE on the EXCREMENTORIUM.

MULTIPLE SHOTS of HIPPIES PASSING a JOINT to each other; WE SEE some JEWS, ARABS and BUDDHISTS. Some of them are SITTING on TOILET BOWLS, some of them are STANDING UP. Every member of the "Temple" is holding a BOOK in his hands (like the little red book of Mao Zedong).

ZOOM IN on a table where newcomers are LINING UP to GET their BOOKS.

INSERT on the BOOK COVER. There is a BACKGROUND of CURLY SHIT behind the PORTRAIT of IVAN. The TITLE reads: **The Thoughts of Prophet Ivan.** (125)

ANGLE on TWO marijuana-smoking HIPPIES, READING to each other **The Thoughts of Prophet Ivan.**

FIRST HIPPIY:

If you choose to live dangerously, there are not too many dangers ahead of you.

SECOND HIPPIY:

How profound, man, how profound! (FIRST HIPPIY PASSES the JOINT to him).

HE INHALES, HOLDS his BREATH, then READS with SMOKE coming out of his MOUTH:

Asking women why they are crying is like asking men why they are masturbating.
This is genius man..., genius!

(126)

TWO SHOT on a NEW GUINEA MAN (NAKED with PAINT on HIM) and MAN from SWEDEN (impeccably dressed).

NEW GUINEA MAN:

In New Guinea, a man who doesn't shit for two days is pronounced dead by the witch doctor and is buried alive. A week later he is exhumed and his shit is eaten first, to chase the bad spirits...

MAN FROM SWEDEN:

In Sweden, a man who doesn't shit for two days is given a medal by the prime minister. The government is trying to discourage people from shitting too much, so that they'll have more time to work overtime, which is 100% taxable.

TWO SHOTS on an AMERICAN-INDIAN (naked, with feathers) and a VIETNAMESE MAN (wearing traditional Vietnamese dress). THE AMERICAN-INDIAN PASSES the "PEACE PIPE" to the VIETNAMESE MAN.

AMERICAN-INDIAN (with a tribal accent):

When white man came, he brought shit with him. White man and shit look alike... You can't tell them one from another.

VIETNAMESE MAN:

The GI's are shitting in our rice fields. We used to eat white rice, now it has turned brown, because of the color of their shit. We can't fish anymore... the Mekong delta is full of brown shit. The fish can't swim in brown shit... it's too heavy.

AMERICAN-INDIAN (philosophically):

The shit of white man is very heavy...

(127)

TWO SHOT on a HIPPIY MAN and a HIPPIY GIRL. THEY READ selected sentences to each other from **The Thoughts of Prophet Ivan**. The HIPPIY GIRL is PASSING a JOINT to the HIPPIY MAN.

OVER THE SHOULDER on the HIPPIY GIRL.

HIPPY GIRL:

The devil is always portrayed as a male.
Feminists have yet to challenge that idea.

OVER THE SHOULDER on HIPPY MAN:

HIPPY MAN:

An artist is rarely in a good mood or a bad mood; he is rather in a creative mood
or procreative mood.

VO HIPPY GIRL:

Without pajamas man is an animal.

(128)

PAN with SUNSHINE who enters the EXCREMENTORIUM. The CAMERA follows
her to the TABLE where IVAN'S APOSTLES are SITTING. She sits in the MIDDLE of
the TABLE.

ANOTHER ANGLE on the HIPPY MAN and the HIPPY GIRL. THEY CONTINUE
READING to each other **The Thoughts of Prophet Ivan** while passing a JOINT.
REVERSE SHOT on the HIPPY MAN.

HIPPY MAN:

Desperate cannibals are known to eat even vegetarians. (HE FANS the BOOK).
Another great thought: if the oceans cover three quarters of our planet, might it
be somewhat diluted?

REVERSE on the HIPPY GIRL.

HIPPY GIRL:

If you hear voices, listen to them carefully: some of them could be sound. (SHE
FANS the BOOK). That "Ozone Hole" beneath Antarctica worries me; the Earth
could fall through.

HIPPY MAN:

It is more dignifying to get drunk on a plane than in a bar; they don't throw you
out.

HIPPY GIRL:

Only infinity is eternal.

(129)
TWO SHOT on the TWO MCs, WEARING the same OUTFITS. THEY COME from
OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, and they MEET at IVAN'S PODIUM.

MC No. 1:

Sh! The Prophet! (SHE LOOKS at the ENTRANCE of the
EXCREMNTORIUM).

MC's No. 2:

There is no God but God of Shit, and Ivan is his Prophet!
MULTIPLE BRIEF SHOTS on FACES in the AUDIENCE LOOKING at the
ENTRANCE of the HALL. THEY ALL SAY:

Sh! The Prophet!

SUDDENLY WE HEAR a loud BULGARIAN BAGPIPE.

(130)

PAN with IVAN CARRIED on a PLATFORM between two poles, SITTING on TOP of
a TOILET BOWL (facing the audience). HE is WEARING a POPE'S MITRE with the
LOGO of the "Temple" (on both sides of the mitre). HE is CARRIED by TWO
ENORMOUS TURKISH WRESTLERS. THEY TURN IVAN to FACE the STAIRS
and PUT the PLATFORM down. IVAN GETS UP and WALKS up a few STAIRS
LEADING to the PODIUM.

(131)

SHOT on IVAN at the PODIUM.

IVAN (preaching to the crowd):

Facing the eternal silence of the universe (POINTING in direction of MC No. 1).

BRIEF ANGLE on MC No.1 (STANDING UP by a WALL).

MC No. 1:

I scream...

BRIEF ANGLE on the MC No. 2. (STANDING UP by the OPPOSITE WALL).

MC No 2:

You scream... (POINTING to MC No.1).

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

We all scream..., for an excrement!

(132)

WIDE ANGLE on the CROWD. THE CROWD (WAVING the LITTLE BOOK, MOANS):

Excrement... Excrement... Excrement...

(133)

ANGLE BACK on IVAN.

IVAN:

You came from all over the world: from Copacabana to Popocatepetl, from Mindanao to Krakatau, from Dnepropetrovsk to Petropavlovsk... You all came here, with only one idea in mind: to worship shit. (BRIEF PAUSE). You are what you shit. Your shit is your identity. Your fingerprints are all over it. Your shits are the links to your future; brighter than the sun, brighter than all stars put together, because the God of Shit lives through you and you live through him. For the God of Shit, we are all born equally unequal. He created us in his image, one by one, regardless how long it took Him to come up with the perfect shit. And a perfect shit you are. (PAUSE). Through spirituality, we found our way to immortality.

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

Believing in the God of Shit, is like believing in yourself; it gives self-confidence, strength and power... power to give you strength and strength to give you self-confidence. (PAUSE) I am your Shepard and you are my shit..., that is sheep.

MULTIPLE BRIEF SHOTS on DIFFERENT FACES in the CROWD.

THEY ALL SAY:

Baaaaaa!

DIFFERENT ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

I'll take you over the mountains and through the valleys to His Kingdom, and I'll say to the Lord: "...here are my sheep. Take care of them, because I have to go back to Earth, to bring you more shits, that is sheep". And He'll say (with a RESOUNDING VOICE): "I need more sheep, my son. Start a shuttle between

Earth and Heaven and, with the last shipment of sheep, don't forget to put a "For Rent' sign on Earth" and I'll say: "I won't". (PAUSE) I bring you hope; hope for more shit. (WITH DISGUST) Those infidels, those unbelievers, limiting the people's right to shit!... Shit will backfire at them! Excernere humanum est²¹! (PAUSE) Your shit is your faith... and vice versa. You can not escape from it. It will follow everywhere you go. You are one and the same thing. Your shit is your destiny. Shit and death are the only invariable variables. (PAUSE)

(HE PULLS out a BOTTLE of CHAMPAGNE from underneath the PODIUM and a GLASS. He POURS the CHAMPAGNE and SAYS:

This is my blood. (HE DRINKS the CHAMPAGNE with apparent satisfaction and PUTS it back underneath the PODIUM).
(Next, he pulls out a small can of "PATE de FOIE GRAS" and a CRACKER, and spreads the PATE over the CRACKER).

IVAN:

This is my body. (HE EATS the CRACKER and PUTS the PATE back underneath the PODIUM).

Let us pray to the Lord: "Give us this day our daily shit".
(IVAN MAKES TWO STEPS BACKWARD from the PODIUM. Meanwhile the TWO MCs ENTER the FRAME, FACING the CROWD).

MC No. 1:

And now to reciprocate the God of Shit's generosity, here is Johnny Porcone (SHE POINTS in the direction of JOHNNY PORCONE).

CUT TO
(134)

ANGLE on JOHNNY PORCONE, a 600 POUND MAN, CROUCHING with his back to the CAMERA on a LITTLE PLATFORM with a NAKED ASS, PREPARING to SHIT in a LARGE AMPHORA.

TWO SHOT on MC No. 2 and MC No. 1.

MC No.2:

Three times winner of the simultaneous burping and farting "Concours d'Elegance". (THE TWO MC SPLIT and MOVE in OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. IVAN MAKES TWO STEPS toward the PODIUM).

²¹ To shit is human. (Latin)

ANOTHER ANGLE on JOHNNY PORCONE as he PREPARES to SHIT in the AMPHORA. WE HEAR LOUD MUSIC:

Go Johnny go! Go, Go, Johnny go! Go Johnny, go Johnny... (APPARENTLY HE is CONSTIPATED and HE CAN'T SHIT).

FAVORING IVAN (the music stops).

VO IVAN:

He can't shit... how embarrassing! I am going to issue a fatwa on him...

ANGLE BACK on JOHNNY PORCONE (music: "Go Johnny, go!"). ALL in SWEAT, HE is TRYING DESPERATELY to SHIT.

SHOT on IVAN STANDING by the PODIUM. THE SECURITY CHIEF ENTERS into the FRAME. HE WHISPERS something in IVAN'S EAR. IVAN NODS APPROVINGLY.

BRIEF CLOSE-UP on the SECURITY CHIEF.

POV SECURITY CHIEF: HE is LOOKING at the CROWD selectively. THE CAMERA STOPS on the "SHIT-TAG" MAN. HE is WEARING a UNIFORM, like a real "MAYTAG MAN".

BRIEF-CLOSE UP on the SECURITY CHIEF. HE NODS in the direction of the "SHIT-TAG" MAN.

FAVORING the "SHIT-TAG" MAN. HE NODS at the SECURITY CHIEF (as if saying: "I understand"). HE CARRIES a TOOL BOX with him.

PAN with the "SHIT-TAG" MAN. HE IS WALKING toward JOHNNY PORCONE, STOPS in front of his NAKED ASS, OPENS his TOOL BOX, PULLS OUT a LARGE MANUAL DRILL, STICKS it in JOHNNY PORCONE'S ASSHOLE and DRILLS RAPIDLY. HE LEAVES the FRAME.

CLOSE-UP on JOHNNY PORCONE'S FACE. HE is ALL SWEATY and is MAKING an ENORMOUS EFFORT to SHIT. (Music: "Go, Johnny go!").

ANGLE on TWO LUMBERJACKS CUTTING JOHNNY PORCONE'S SHIT (symbolically) with a FRAME-SAW over the AMPHORA. (Music: Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring", the part which sounds like a saw mill).

ANOTHER CLOSE-UP on JOHNNY PORCONE'S FACE. WE SEE a SIGN of RELIEF. (Music: "Go, Johnny go!").

ANOTHER ANGLE on the TWO LUMBERJACKS ARMED with a FRAME-SAW they CONTINUE CUTTING JOHNNY PORCONE'S SHIT, symbolically. (Music: "Rite of Spring", the same part which sounds like a saw mill). SHOT on IVAN at his PODIUM.

VO IVAN:

I am relieved that he has relieved himself.

IVAN (to the audience):

Let it be Shit!

SHOT on JOHNNY PORCONE as HE STANDS UP and TURNS around, FACING the CROWD.

WIDE ANGLE on the CROWD. JOHNNY PORCONE is MET with a STANDING OVATION. WE HEAR EXCLAMATIONS:

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

SAME SHOT on JOHNNY PORCONE. HE BOWS continuously to the CROWD.

CUT TO
(135)

WIDER ANGLE on the CROWD and then PAN on a YOUNG, ATHLETIC MAN, dressed as if he came from the ancient GREEK OLYMPIC GAMES. HE WALKS firmly toward the AMOPHORA, LIFTS it and RUNS up the staircase leading to IVAN. HE DEPOSITS the AMPHORA next to IVAN'S PODIUM, and then LEAVES the FRAME.

(136)

IVAN MAKES TWO STEPS away from his PODIUM. The TWO MCs ENTER the FRAME.

MC No. 1:

Today, we have two new members of "The Temple of Holy Shit".

MC No.2:

From the Soviet Republic of Russia.

ANGLE on the TWO RUSSIANS STANDING in front of the STAIRCASE.

VO MC No. 1:

Here are two young and talented acolytes both with promising futures in the “Temple of Holy Shit”.

VO MC No. 2:

Come forward and bow in front of the Prophet. He will perform the initiation rites.

WE FOLLOW the TWO RUSSIANS to IVAN’S PODIUM. The TWO MCs LEAVE the FRAME. IVAN MAKES TWO STEPS forward and STOPS to the LEFT of his PODIUM. THE TWO RUSSIANS get on their knees, and START KISSING IVAN’S FEET.

IVAN:

Stand up! (THEY GET UP).

IVAN (to the first Russian):

What is your name?

THE FIRST RUSSIAN:

Pavlik Morozov.²²

IVAN (to the second Russian):

And yours?

THE SECOND RUSSIAN:

Malyutka.²³

THE TWO RUSSIAN, GET again on their KNEES. THREE SHOT on IVAN, PAVLIK and MALYUTKA. IVAN PULLS a SWORD from underneath the PODIUM, IMMERSSES it in the AMPHORA full of shit and then dries it on Pavlik’s SHOULDER. IVAN REPEATS the same ritual on MALYUTKA.

IVAN:

I knight you to full membership in “The Temple of Holy Shit”.

²² Pavlik Morozov was made “Hero of the Soviet Union”, because he betrayed his father.

²³ A character in Sergei Eisenstein’s “Ivan the Terrible” in charge of murdering the “Boyars” (noblemen).

Welcome to our egalitarian society where you are entitled to an equal amount of shit and pursuit of happiness. And remember, if you are true believers in shit, put your mouth where your shit is.

PAVLIK (in Russian):

_____ ²⁴!

MALYUTKA (in Russian):

_____ ²⁵! (THE RUSSIANS TURN AROUND and GO DOWN the STAIRS). IVAN MAKES two STEPS BACK. THE TWO MCs ENTER the FRAME).

(137)

MC No. 1:

Follow the “Dance of Living Shit”.

MC No. 2:

Choreography: (the name of the choreographer).

Music: Milcho Leviev. (THE TWO MCs LEAVE the FRAME. IVAN MAKES two STEPS forward to his PODIUM).

(The “Dance of Living Shit” is performed by men and women in the nude. The ballet lasts 2-3 minutes. SERIES of ANGLES on the BALLET DANCERS).

At the END of the BALLET, the crowd APPLAUDS loudly. ANGLES on different FACES.

(138)

TWO SHOT on the TURKISH WRESTLERS. THEY STAND BY the CARRYING PLATFORM with the TOILET BOWL.

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN. HE DESCENDS the STAIRCASE and SITS on the TOILET BOWL, his back to the CROWD. HALFWAY to the EXIT FACING FORWARD, HE TURNS his MITRE AROUND.

WIDE ANGLE on the CROWD. THEY APPLAUD LOUDLY. WE FOLLOW IVAN to the EXIT.

FADE OUT
(139)

FADE IN

²⁴ Thank you very much!

²⁵ Thank you very much!

INT. – NIGHT

THIS SCENE is a take on LEONARDO da VINCI'S "THE LAST SUPPER".

MED. ANGLE on IVAN, SITTING in the MIDDLE of the TABLE. HE LOOKS unusually SAD.

ZOOM OUT on IVAN'S APOSTLES. SUNSHINE SITS at IVAN'S RIGHT. Next to her are VIRIDIANA and "her" lover Sheik SULTANI. To IVAN'S left sits the SECURITY CHIEF. Next to him is CUJU-GUJU, and next him sits MINISTER of CULTURE.

TWO SHOT on a COUPLE of WAITERS SERVING the TABLE with opulent DISHES and FINE WINE. SHEIK SULTANI GRABS one of the WAITERS by the ASS. VIRIDIANA NOTICES.

SHOT on VIRIDIANA.

VIRIDIANA (to Sheik Sultani):

How gross! (...THEN to SUNSHINE) I am against extramarital sex...

SUNSHINE:

Viridiana, you are an exemplary woman. Do I detect a certain jealousy?

VIRIDIANA:

Men! They are all the same. You can't live with them, and you can't live without them.

SUNSHINE:

You are a woman of high morals.

VIRIDIANA:

I am...

ANGLE from behind of CUJU-GUJU. HE is making VOODOO in front of a PICTURE of John Mitchell. Sitting next to him (to his left) is the Minister of Culture.

CUJU-GUJU:

Aka-aka, kaka-kaka, kaka-kaka, aka-aka (followed by some swearing in his tribal language). SUDDENLY HE TURNS the PICTURE around. It is a PORTRAIT of NIXON. He continues:

Kaka-kaka, aka-aka, aka-aka, kaka-kaka (followed by some swearing).

SHOT on the MINISTER of CULTURE. ARMED with his FLYSWATTER he is trying to KILL a FLY. HE MISSES the FLY.

MINISTER of CULTURE:

Fuck! They are all immortal. (HE LIGHTS a JOINT, INHALES and BLOWS the SMOKE on CUJU-GUJU'S PICTURE of Nixon).

FAVORING IVAN. HE LOOKS extremely SAD.

IVAN:

This night, one of you will betray me...

ANGLE on IVAN'S APOSTLES. THEY all JUMP UP in DISBELIEF.

BRIEF SHOT on VIRIDIANA and SHEIK SULTANI. VIRIDIANA GRABS SHEIK SULTANI by the DICK.

VIRIDIANA:

It won't be me! I am loyal, eh sheik?

FREEZE FRAME on IVAN and his APOSTLES.

FADE OUT
(140)

FADE IN

INT. NIGHT. THE OFFICE of IVAN. THE EXIT DOOR is OPEN.

TWO SHOT (lateral) on IVAN and SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE:

Time for a blow job. Remember, what the doctor prescribed: three blow jobs a day, after meals.

IVAN:

I don't believe in doctors, but I do believe in blow jobs. I am an independent thinker.

POV IVAN. SUNSHINE (braless), TAKES OFF her BLOUSE. WE SEE some kind of TATTOO on her left BREAST. SHE KNEELS in front of IVAN. IVAN NOTICES the TATTOO on her BREAST.

VO IVAN:

What's that?

TWO SHOT on IVAN and SUNSHINE (lateral, from opposite direction).

SUNSHINE:

A portrait of Che Guevara. (SHE SHAKES her BOOBS. IVAN LIFTS his PROPHET'S ROBE).

CLOSE-UP on IVAN'S FACE. HE LOOKS INTENSE but still SAD.

VO SUNSHINE:

Mmm, mmm, mmm... (the sounds of a good blow job).

SHOT from behind IVAN'S BACK. SUNSHINE MAKES a SIGN with her HANDS behind IVAN'S naked ASS, like she is saying: "Come on! Come on!"

PAN on PAVLIK and MALYUTKA FOLLOWS them from the DOOR as THEY STEALTHLY RUN STOOPED OVER toward IVAN.

VO SUNSHINE:

Mmm, mmm, mmm...

SAME PAN. ARMED with SYRINGES, they BOTH STICK the SYRINGES in IVAN'S BUTTOCKS.

PAVLIK (triumphant):

_____ ²⁶!...

MALYUTKA (jubilant):

_____ ²⁷!...

MED. SHOT on IVAN. HE IS FALLING gradually on his BACK.

IVAN:

I am falling asleep! My dick is falling asleep! Sing it a lullaby...

²⁶ For Lenin!... (Russian)

²⁷ For the motherland!... (Russian)

ANGLE on PAVLIK and MALYUTKA. THEY drag IVAN on the FLOOR toward the EXIT.

SHOT on SUNSHINE. SHE GRABS her BLOUSE, and FOLLOWS IVAN. SHE SINGS:

SUNSHINE:

Plaisirs d'amour ne durent qu'un moment...

DISSOLVE TO
(141)

DISSOLVE INTO

EXT. – NIGHT

THREE SHOT on PAVLIK, MALYUTKA and SUNSHINE. PAVLIK and MALYUTKA ATTACH IVAN'S DRUGGED BODY to the TOILET of his PRIVATE PORTA-POTTY.

INSERT on a LICENSE PLATE, which reads: "PROPHET".

ANGLE on a ROLLS-ROYCE. The PORTA-POTTY is PULLED by IVAN'S PRIVATE ROLLS-ROYCE. THEY ALL GET into the CAR. SUNSHINE is DRIVING.

MOVING SHOT on the ROLLS-ROYCE. THEY STOP at the GATE.

ANGLE on the SECURITY GUARD. HE COMES OUT of the CHECK POINT, DRESSED in a GESTAPO UNIFORM with an ARM BAND which has the logo of the "Temple". He is WAVING a FLASH LIGHT. THE ROLLS-ROYCE STOPS. SUNSHINE ROLLS DOWN the WINDOW.

SECURITY GUARD:

You are the Prophet's Secretary...

SUNSHINE:

Yes, I am (POINTING to PAVLIK and MALYUTKA), and these are Pavlik and Malyutka, our new members. They got their first assignment. The Prophet wants his private Porta-Potty gold-plated.

SECURITY GUARD:

It's sound like him. (HE GOES BACK to the CHECK POINT OFFICE, and

PRESSES the “open the gate” BUTTON).

MOVING SHOT. The ROLLS-ROYCE and PORTA-POTTY PASS through the GATE.

CUT TO
(142)

EXT. – NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE on the Consulate of the Soviet Union.
ZOOM IN on the SIGN “Consulate of the Soviet Union”.

MOVING SHOT on the ROLLS-ROYCE and the PORTA-POTTY. The CAR ENTERS the GATE.

FADE OUT
(143)

FADE IN

INT. - NIGHT

ANGLE on a ROOM in the Consulate of the Soviet Union.

WE SEE IVAN LYING in a LARGE WOODEN BOX. PAVLIK and MALYUTKA ENTER the FRAME. THEY CARRY the top of the BOX. THEY NAIL it down. MALUTKA GETS a LARGE MANUAL DRILL.

MALYUTKA:

Should I drill a hole in the side of his nose, in case he has to breathe?

PAVLIK:

No! Drill a hole on the side of his dick, in case he has an erection! (MALYUTKA obediently DRILLS a HOLE in the side near IVAN’S DICK).

THEY BOTH TURN the BOX on its EDGE and NAIL IN HANDLES on EACH END.

DISSOLVE TO
(144)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. – DAY

ZOOM OUT on the COUNTER of “Disunited Airlines”. PAVLIK and MALYUTKA ENTER the FRAME CARRYING the BOX by EACH END. THEY PUT IT on the SCALE.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE (female):

What's that?

PAVLIK:

This is a diplomatic briefcase.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE:

So big?

MALYUTKA:

In the Soviet Union everything is big.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE (looking at her female
colleague):

Oh! Really?

FADE OUT

PART THREE:
IN CAPTIVITY

FADE IN

(145)

EXT. – LENIN’S TOMB – DAY

WIDE ANGLE on LENIN’S TOMB. PROGRESSIVE ZOOM IN REVEALS the PARTY POLITBUREAU and its SECRETARY GENERAL LEONID BREZHNEV. (November 7, parade). WE HEAR LOUD MUSICAL LYRICS from a BROKEN RECORD:

“ _____ i _____, _____ i _____²⁸ ...”

MED. SHOT on SECRETARY BREZHNEV. HE is WAVING at the PARADE. (Lyrics of the broken record):

“ _____ i _____, _____ i _____...”

WIDE ANGLE on the PARADE. WE SEE LOTS of PLACARDS and PEOPLE THROWING FLOWERS at LENIN’S TOMB. WE SEE very HAPPY PEOPLE. (Lyrics of the broken record):

“ _____ i _____, _____ i _____...”

MED. SHOT on SECRETARY BREZHNEV. HE is WAVING at the PARADE. (Lyrics of the broken record):

“ _____ i _____, _____ i _____...”

INSERT (archives). SCENES of the GULAG (screen split by four). (Lyrics of the broken record):

“ _____ i _____, _____ i _____...”

MED. SHOT on SECRETARY BREZHNEV. HE continuously WAVES at the PARADE. (Lyrics of the broken record):

“ _____ i _____, _____ i _____...”

DISSOLVE TO
(146)

DISSOLVE INTO

EXT. – KGB HEADQUARTERS – DAY

ANGLE on a STATUE of FELIX DZERZHINSKY²⁹.

²⁸ “I don’t know of other country, where man can breathe so freely...”

²⁹ Felix Dzerzhinsky: the founder of KGB.

ESTABLISHING PAN on KGB HEADQUARTERS.

CUT TO
(147)

INT. - ONE of KGB'S ROOMS - DAY

MED. SHOT on a RUSSIAN GENERAL (in his fifties) SITTING in front of a DESK. BEHIND him, on the WALL, MULTIPLE PORTRAITS of LENIN. NEXT to him WE SEE a BUTCHER BLOCK with a LARGE BUTCHER KNIFE on it. On the DESK three BOTTLES of VODKA: TWO of them EMPTY, and a FULL ONE.

INSERT on the BOTTLES of VODKA. On the LABEL is a PORTRAIT of LENIN, below WE READ the brand name: **LENINSKAYA VODKA**

MED. SHOT on a young MAN and WOMAN looking exactly like the "MOSFILM" LOGO. The MAN is HOLDING a HAMMER in his HAND and the WOMAN is HOLDING a SICKLE in her HAND. In front of them, (ZOOM OUT) a BED with IVAN (on his back) SLEEPING. HE WAKES UP disoriented and RUBS his EYES.

POV IVAN. On the CEILING he SEES multiple PORTRAITS of LENIN.

CLOSE UP on IVAN'S FACE. HE RUBS his EYES again.

IVAN:

Where am I?

SHOT on the RUSSIAN GENERAL, SITTING by his DESK.

RUSSIAN GENERAL:

Where you are supposed to be. In the hands of KGB.

SHOT on IVAN. HE is TRYING to GET UP, with the MOSFILM COUPLE in the BACKGROUND. The WOMAN JUMPS OUT of her MOSFILM position and PUTS the SICKLE on IVAN'S THROAT. The MAN also JUMPS and gets ready to HIT the SICKLE with his HAMMER.

SAME ANGLE on the RUSSIAN GENERAL.

RUSSIAN GENERAL:

Not now. We'll kill him later.

ANGLE on MOSFILM COUPLE. THEY BOTH REGAIN their previous POSITION.

CLOSE-UP on IVAN.

VO RUSSIAN GENERAL:

Let me present myself.

POV IVAN. The RUSSIAN GENERAL OPENS a DRAWER in his DESK, GETS a LARGE PIECE of MEAT and THROWS it on the BUTCHER BLOCK. HE GRABS the BOTTLE of VODKA, then HE STANDS UP, GOES to the BUTCHER BLOCK and STARTS SLOWLY CHOPPING the PIECE of MEAT.

RUSSIAN GENERAL:

They call me the “The Chopper”. To my friends I am “General Chopperoo”. (HE INCREASES his SPEED of CHOPPING and his VOICE GETS LOUDER. HE DRINKS some VODKA).

I chop everything. Mainly people! I make my own ground meat. This is how I get my protein. The Soviet Union has many enemies. More enemies than friends. But I like the challenge. (HE SWALLOWS a few GULPS of VODKA, then HE SCREAMS). By reducing the number of your enemies by 100%, you increase your protein by 100%!!!!!!

BRIEF SHOT on IVAN (he looks scared).

VO GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

Those are simple mathematics.

SHOT on GENERAL CHOPPEROO.

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

I was diagnosed with “incontrollable sadistic impulses” and on the basis of my diagnosis, I’ve built my entire KGB career. KGB is my mother, and comrade Lenin is my father. (HE GULPS DOWN more VODKA and SCREAMS). Do you know why you are here?!!!

ANGLE on IVAN.

IVAN:

No sir, comrade General Chopper.

PAN with GENERAL CHOPPEROO. HE RUNS toward IVAN with his BUTCHER KNIFE.

GENERAL CHOPPERO_ :

Fatal mistake! Another mistake like that, and I am going to roast you on a spit. Slowly! I have decided against throwing you into the blast-furnace. This is too good for you. Here, I ask the questions, and I give the answers. You have the right to remain silent throughout your brief life. (HE GOES BACK to the BUTCHER BLOCK, TAKES a few more GULPS of VODKA and CONTINUES CHOPPING). We didn't bring you here for your beautiful eyes only. I'll prick 'em out anyway. (HE DRINKS some VODKA, POURS some on the CHOPPED MEAT and SCRAPES a TASTE on his BUTCHER KNIFE). Excellent! We brought here to use your psychic powers. Now to the point: General Secretary Comrade Brezhnev believes in psychics. Don't ask me why. Also, he is impotent. This is a state secret. It is up to you to predict when he is going to have an erection. Our doctors, under pretext of giving him a flu shot, will inject him with an extra dose of testosterone. Here is where you come in. Knock at the door of his office. He is going to take a note from his pocket and then read it and say: "Who is there?" You open the door and tell him: "I am a psychic. I have come here on my own to predict when you'll have an erection". He'll take another note from his pocket and read it: "When? I can't wait!" You tell him: "Within the next two hours". As simple as that!

NEW ANGLE on GENERAL CHOPPEROO. HE GULPS more VODKA.

GENERAL CHOPPERO_ :

If you succeed, you'll be given this country's highest reward "Hero of the Soviet Union". If you fail, you'll land on my chopping block. As simple as that!

SHOT on IVAN. HE is still LYING DOWN (on his back) and still LOOKING SCARED.

VO GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

By the way, you are not a prophet any longer. Comrade Lenin is the only prophet. Since you already have a Russian sounding name, you'll be addressed as Ivan Ivanovich Ivansky, with a KGB code name Profiry Mujikov.

ANOTHER ANGLE on GENERAL CHOPPEROO. HE DRINKS more VODKA.

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

Remember, you are not a prophet anymore but, an ordinary soldier in the service of KGB. Get up!

SHOT on IVAN. HE GETS UP. HE is in his PROPHET'S ROBE.

VO GENERAL CHOPERROO:

Aie! Aie! Aie!... What a ridiculous robe. Comrade Lenin never wore a robe. I'll tell you what: by the goodness of my heart, I'll let you go pee. (TO the MOSFILM couple): Take him to the shitter! Cut his hair and give him a uniform! Make him look like a human.

THREE SHOT on IVAN and the MOSFILM COUPLE with IVAN in the MIDDLE. They leave for the RESTROOM.

CUT TO
(148)

THREE SHOT again in the RESTROOM. IVAN LIFTS the LID on the TOILET BOWL.

INSERT: PICTURE of LENIN (Lenin's portrait is being framed by the lid with a slogan on the lid: "___ _____ ___ a _!") ("All Power to the Unions!")

TWO SHOT on IVAN and the MOSFILM WOMAN. IVAN LIFTS his ROBE and the MOSFILM WOMAN PUTS her SICKLE underneath IVAN'S DICK; SHE NOTICES IVAN'S Social Security number.

MOSFILM WOMAN:

What's that?

IVAN:

My Social Security number.

MOSFILM WOMAN:

Why do you need one?

IVAN:

For "food stamps".

MOSFILM WOMAN:

Make sure that you're not going to pee on comrade Lenin! I'll cut your dick off and general Chopper will boil you... without a dick. Understand?!

IVAN (scared):

I'll be very careful.

FADE OUT
(149)

FADE IN

INT. - ANOTHER ROOM INSIDE the KGB'S BUILDING - DAY

THREE SHOT on MOSFILM COUPLE and IVAN as they ENTER the ROOM.

MOSFILM MAN:

This is your room.

ESTABLISHING SHOT on the ROOM. (Very basic, with multiple portraits of Lenin on the walls and on the ceiling).

ANGLE on IVAN NAKED, BRUSHING his TEETH.

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN SITTING on a CHAIR (naked), GETTING a HAIR CUT from the MOSFILM MAN.

TWO SHOT on IVAN and the MOSFILM WOMAN, HELPING to PUT ON his KGB UNIFORM (breeches, boots and a hat).

MOSFILM WOMAN:

Now you look like real man. I am almost in love with you. But I am not allowed to give blow jobs to foreigners, because all foreigners are spies. I was nice to you. I didn't cut off your dick. But you didn't do anything wrong... You didn't pee on comrade Lenin...

ANGLE on the MOSFILM COUPLE. THEY ARE about to LEAVE the ROOM, CARRYING with them respectively the HAMMER and the SICKLE.

MOSFILM MAN:

Comrade General Chopper is in charge of your reeducation and will be in touch with you. Do yourself a favor; don't sit on his chopping block...

MOSFILM WOMAN (interrupting):

... or on his cock! (THEY LEAVE).

(150)

SHOT on IVAN. HE STARTS immediately TAKING OFF his BOOTS, then his BREECHES and then his UNDERPANTS.

IVAN (to himself):

I can't stand clothes on me from the waist down. I need to think, and I can't think with clothes on. How can I get out of this nightmarish situation? At least comrade General Chopper said that he is not going to throw me into the blast-furnace. What if he changes his mind? He has all the options open and I have only one: to survive. In his society, human life is not worth even a slice of pizza. While in America, you can trade your life for a slice of pizza, or sometimes two. But the comparison is inappropriate; in the Soviet Union there is no such thing as a pizza. It is considered a product of "bourgeois decadence". You can get executed simply by mentioning the word "pizza".

CLOSE-UP on IVAN. HE is on the BRINK of TEARS.

IVAN (to himself):

Sunshine, Sunshine... did KGB pay you 30 cents to betray me?

FADE OUT
(151)

FADE IN

INT. - IN THE CORRIDORS OF KGB - DAY

PAN with IVAN TAKING a STROLL in the KGB CORRIDORS, WEARING his KGB UNIFORM.

VO IVAN:

Under constant surveillance, comrade General Chopper allowed me to go pee-pee twice in the same week and a fifteen minute stroll every other week down the corridors of the KGB. (HE SITS on a BENCH). Little by little, I got used to my miserable condition: no Rolls-Royce, no foie gras, no champagne! The God of Shit gave it to me, and the God of Shit took it away. But one thing I missed the most: the blow jobs at the confessional. The God of Shit wanted me to suffer. How could he find time to punish me? He is constantly busy creating new galaxies with his bare hands, because there is big demand for galaxies and, nevertheless, he manages to find time to punish me. (SUDDENLY HE JUMPS UP from the BENCH).

IVAN (screaming):

Sunshine! Sunshine!

ANGLE on a WOMAN (from the back). SHE LOOKS like SUNSHINE, WEARING a KGB UNIFORM. THE WOMAN STARTS RUNNING AWAY from IVAN.

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN (to himself):

I am hallucinating... this is what blow job deprivation leads to, although later, I found out that Sunshine became a KGB lieutenant. Could it be she is running away from her guilty conscience? (IVAN SITS BACK on the BENCH).

VO IVAN:

I still love her. I still miss her. A day without my Sunshine is like a day without sunshine. If only I could see her..., first oral sex, next kisses, and then hugs... in that order. Like a modern day Romeo and Juliet. (PAUSE) Love is stronger than the KGB; even stronger than comrade General Chopper.

DISSOLVE TO
(152)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. - THE OFFICE OF GENERAL CHOPP_ROO - DAY

MED. SHOT on GENERAL CHOPPEROO, SITTING at his DESK. HE DRINKS some VODKA and DIALS IVAN'S ROOM.

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

Come here at once!

ANGLE on IVAN. HE is NAKED from the WAIST DOWN. IVAN ANSWERS the PHONE.

IVAN:

Yes, comrade General Chopper. Right away! (HE quickly PUTS ON his BREECHES BACKWARDS, then his BOOTS on the wrong feet, OPENS the DOOR and RUNS toward the OFFICE of GENERAL CHOPP_ROO).

MED. SHOT on GENERAL CHOPP_ROO, SITTING at his DESK. HE DRINKS few GULPS of LENINSKYA VODKA. IVAN ENTERS into the FRAME and GIVES a MILITARY SALUTE.

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

What took you so long? (IVAN TAKES a note out of his POCKET).

INSERT on the NOTE:

“I am not allowed to talk”.

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

Then, why did you answer the phone? We'll discuss that later! (GENERAL CHOPPEROO GULPS down some VODKA and takes the BOTTLE with him).
Hurry up!

CUT TO
(153)

EXT. - IN THE JEEP - DAY

MOVING SHOT on a JEEP shown at FULL SPEED. WE HEAR the LOUD SOUNDS of a SIREN.

CLOSE-UP on the JEEP.

MED. SHOT on GENERAL CHOPPEROO and IVAN, SITTING in the BACK SEAT.

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

Let's have a dress rehearsal: You knock on the door. Comrade Brezhnev takes a note from his pocket. He reads it: "Who is there?" You open the door and you say: "I am a psychic. I have come here on my own to predict when you'll have an erection". He'll take another note from his pocket and read it: "When? I can't wait". You tell him: "Within the next two hours". You give the military salute and you leave. (HE TAKES a BOTTLE of VODKA from his POCKET and DRINKS a few GULPS).

DISSOLVE TO
(154)

DISSOLVE INTO

EXT. – THE KREMLIN – DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT on the KREMLIN LEADS to a GATE.

MOVING SHOT on the JEEP. The JEEP ENTERS the GATE.

FADE OUT
(155)

FADE IN

PAN with GENERAL CHOPP_ROO and IVAN TAKES them from a CORRIDOR to a WAITING ROOM. GENERAL CHOPP_ROO GULPS some VODKA and POINTS to a DOOR.

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

That door over there. And remember, my promotion depends on you!
No erection, no promotion... and then we'll play "bang, bang, you're dead!"
(PAUSE) Break a leg!, or I am going to break both of your legs.

WE FOLLOW IVAN to the DOOR. HE KNOCKS and OPENS the DOOR.

MED. SHOT on GENRAL CHOPP_ROO, SITTING on a COUCH in the WAITING ROOM in front of a SMALL COFFEE TABLE. HE is very NERVOUS. He DRINKS some VODKA and TWISTS his BRASS KNUCKLES.

ANOTHER SHOT on GENREAL CHOPP_ROO. HE PACES nervously, STOPS and DRINKS more VODKA, TWISTS again his BRASS KNUCKLES, then GOES to the WINDOW, COMES BACK to the COFFEE TABLE, TWISTS his BRASS KNUCKLES...

INSERT on the DOOR to BREZHNEV'S OFFICE, then PAN. IVAN RUNS OUT in a PANIC. GENERAL CHOPP_ROO WALKS QUICKLY toward him.

GENERAL COPPEROO:

What happened? (IVAN SHOWS him the NOTE):

INSERT on the NOTE:

I am not allowed to talk.

TWO SHOT on GENERAL CHOPP_ROO and IVAN.

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

You piece of shit! Talk idiot!

IVAN:

When I entered the office, comrade Brezhnev already had an erection. He was fucking foreign minister, comrade Gromyko. He saw me and ran toward me with a hard on, to fuck me. I barely escaped...

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

Mother fucker! Next time be more cooperative! (HE PUNCHES IVAN in the FACE with his BRASS KNUCKLES, and KNOCKS him DOWN on the FLOOR unconscious, with his FACE COVERED in BLOOD).

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

Pick him up! (TWO SECURITY GUARDS ENTER the FRAME and DRAG IVAN OUT).

FADE OUT
(156)

FADE IN

INT. – IVAN’S KGB ROOM – DAY

WE FOLLOW IVAN, PACING his ROOM, half way NAKED (from the waist down).

VO IVAN:

After I spent several weeks in a KGB hospital, comrade General Chopper allowed me to come back to my room, but not for long...

CUT TO
(157)

ANGLE on GENERAL CHOPP_ROO, in front of IVAN’S DOOR. HE CARRIES a BOTTLE of VODKA, DRINKS a few GULPS and KICKS the DOOR OPEN.

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

Get your swimming suit! We’re going to Siberia. Hurry up! You’ll find me in my office.

SHOT on IVAN. HE GIVES a MILITARY SALUTE (half way naked). GENERAL CHOPPEROO LEAVES.

VO IVAN:

Swimming suit? In Siberia? In the middle of the winter?

DISSOLVE TO
(158)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. – KGB AIRPLANE – DAY

THREE SHOT on GENERAL CHOPP_ROO, IVAN (sitting in the middle) and GENERAL SADISTIKOV. The TWO GENERALS have their FOLDING TABLES OPEN. THERE is a BOOTLE of VODKA in each TABLE. (Noise of flying airplane).

GENERAL CHOPP_ROO:

If it wasn't for General Sadistikov (pointing to him), kiss your life good-bye. General Sadistikov is in charge of "Operation Siberian Heat". As such, he wants to use your psychic powers. I told him "He is a useless piece of shit!"... but he insisted. That explains your "longevity" in the hands of the KGB. You set a world record. Congratulations!

GENERAL SADISTIKOV (he offers a toast):

To the world record holder! (THEY DRINK VODKA straight from the BOTTLE while ELBOWING IVAN painfully). Now, I'll tell you the reason for your "longevity". For a while we've been suspecting the Americans are eavesdropping on our highly classified military conversations. They have attached a listening device on our undersea cable. We want to find that listening device. It is under the Bering Sea somewhere from Churkotski Peninsula to Kamchatka. The distance is 3,000 miles.

NEW ANGLE on the GENERALS and IVAN.

GENERAL SADISTIKOV:

Starting tomorrow, we will be inspecting inch by inch those 3,000 miles until we find the device. The sooner we find it, the sooner you will be killed. I promise you. (THE GENERALS GULP extra VODKA while ELBOWING IVAN painfully). Isn't this fun! (THE GENERALS LAUGH).

FADE OUT
(159)

FADE IN

INT. - KGB HOUSE, SOMEWHERE IN SIBERIA - POLAR NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT on the ROOM. TWO BEDS and a TABLE with the TWO GENERALS SITTING at IT. THERE is a FIREPLACE.

WE FOLLOW IVAN to the WINDOW.

POV IVAN. HE SEES TWO POLAR BEARS MATING in the middle of a SNOW STORM. (Vicious wind).

ANGLE on IVAN. HE is PUTTING FIREWOOD in the FIREPLACE.

CLOSE-UP on the FIRE.

DISSOLVE FIRE to an ANGLE on the TWO GENERALS SITTING at a TABLE across from each other. THEY are completely DRUNK and SING:

“ _____, _____e_ix _____, _____i _____³⁰” ...

CLOSE-UP on the TABLE. WE SEE many EMPTY BOTTLES of LENINSKYA VODKA, together with some FULL ones.

TWO SHOT on the GENERALS. THEY GULP more “LENINSKYA”.

GENERAL SADISTIKOV:

_____, _____³¹!
(HE LEANS over the TABLE toward GENERAL CHOPPEROO and says with CONSPIRATORIAL voice): Shhhh!... Things were better under comrade Stalin. Nobody asked you how many people you killed and what for. The more people you killed, the bigger bonus you got. I remember, like it was yesterday. I was a young lieutenant in charge of the pogroms in the Caucasus Mountains when comrade Lavrenti Beria noticed my enthusiasm and summoned me to Moscow. From here on, my career was unstoppable. Until the death of comrade Stalin...

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

Shhhh!... I miss him, too. I made my career during his purges. But things have changed... (HE is on the BRINK of TEARS)... Shhhh!...

ANOTHER ANGLE on the TWO GENERALS.

GENERAL SADISTIKOV:

Keep a low profile. Don't make waves, because we'll be drowned by them. Survival time... _____, ____!

GENERAL CHOPPEROO (Looking at IVAN) to
GENERAL SADISTIKOV (POINTING at IVAN):

Look at that piece of shit. He is dumb, but not so stupid to try to escape. (Sarcastically): “Escape from Siberia” featuring Prophet Ivan. The movie is less than a minute long. Before the prophet freezes to death, polar bears eat him at “room temperature”.

SHOT on IVAN GOING to the WINDOW.

³⁰ Three tankers, three gay friends... (Russian)

³¹ Cunt, cock! (Russian)

POV IVAN. WE SEE the TWO POLAR BEARS still FUCKING in the SNOW STORM. (WE HEAR vicious WIND).

VO GENERAL SADISTIKOV:

The shortest movie on Earth. What an interesting plot!

SHOT on IVAN. HE is PUTTING more WOOD in the FIREPLACE.

INSERT on the FIREPLACE.

DISSOLVE TO: NEW ANGLE on the TWO GENERALS. THEY DRINK more VODKA. THEY have a TOAST.

GENERAL SADISTIKOV:

_____, ____!... ____o____^{32!}

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

_____, ____!... ____o____!

(LOOKING at IVAN) As soon as he finds the device, we'll have to put him asleep. But for that we'll need a "death certificate". Those are the new rules. We'll need a cause of death...

GENERAL SADISTIKOV:

For the communist, nothing is impossible! What about, "sun stroke"?

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

Excellent idea! Only a dead capitalist is a good capitalist. It's getting late. What about we go to bed? TO IVAN: Say thank you to General Sadistikov for letting you live one extra day. He is a very generous and compassionate person. A noble heart...

SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN:

Thank you, comrade General Sadistikov! (IVAN GIVES a MILITARY SALUTE).

SHOT on the TWO GENERALS. THEY GET UP and DRINK more VODKA. WE FOLLOW them to BED. THEY LIE on their BACKS in their UNIFORMS (boots and

³² Cheers! (Russian)

hats, included). ON TOP of the BEDS WE SEE some HOSPITAL EQUIPMENT (attached tubes).

GENERAL CHOPPEROO (he yells):

Nurse!

(160)

ANGLE on an OPENING DOOR. THE NURSE ENTERS and GOES to GENERAL COPPAEROO'S BED.

GENERAL CHOPPEROO:

You know your job...

SHE GOES to the TABLE, GETS a full BOTTLE of VODKA, GOES BACK to the BED and ATTACHES the BOTTLE to the TUBES, then SHE GETS a NEEDLE and STICKS IT into GENERAL CHOPPEROO'S VEIN.

INSERT on the "TUBES". WE SEE the VODKA DROP by DROP FLOWING into GENERAL CHOPPEROO'S VEIN. ZOOM OUT on the GENERAL. HE immediately STARTS SNORING.

PAN with the NURSE. SHE REPEATS the same ROUTINE with GENERAL SADISTIKOV. HE immediately STARTS SNORING. The NURSE LEAVES.

(161)

SHOT on IVAN, WALKING nervously in front of the FIREPLACE.

VO IVAN:

They're taking vodka intravenously...

SHOT on GENERAL CHOPPEROO. HE is SNORING, then on GENERAL SADISTIKOV. HE is SNORING too.

ANGLE on the TWO BEDS with (stereo) SNORING GENERALS.

SHOT on IVAN, WALKING nervously, back and forth in front of the WINDOW. In the BACKGROUND through the WINDOW, WE SEE the same BEARS still FUCKING.

VO IVAN:

I am going to take my chances... depriving them from vodka is like depriving them from oxygen. They are going to die instantly.

³³

³³ Nothing ventured, nothing gained. (Russian)

WE FOLLOW IVAN as HE MOVES toward GENERAL CHOPPEROO. HE TURNS OFF the "VODKA" SWITCH.

CLOSE UP on GENERAL CHOPPEROO'S HEAD. His HEAD FLOPS to the SIDE and HE DIES instantly.

SHOT on IVAN GOING to GENERAL SADISTIKOV'S BED and REPEATING the same OPERATION. GENERAL SADISTIKOV DIES instantly.

IVAN:

So many generals, so little time... (IVAN GETS GENERAL SADISTIKOV'S GUN BELT and PUTS IT around his WAIST. Then HE GOES to GENERAL CHOPPEROU'S BED and GETS the GENERAL'S BRASS KNUCKLES, PUTS them on his FINGERS and PUNCHES GENERAL CHOPPEROO in the FACE with all his STRENGTH).

Mother fucker! Ouch! You piece of shit! Ouch! Ouch! Even dead you are dangerous!

CLOSE-UP on GENERAL CHOPPEROO FACE, all COVERED with BLOOD.

IVAN:

Without creeps like you, the world would be a very boring place to live in. Can you imagine "paradise on Earth". Yuck! (HE PLACES GENERAL CHOPPEROO'S ARM like HE is GIVING a MILITARY SALUTE).

PAN FOLLOWS IVAN. HE GOES to a RECORD-PLAYER and PUTS ON the SOVIET NATIONAL ANTHEM. Then HE WALKS to the HAT and COAT RACK, TAKES GENERAL CHOPPEROO'S COAT, PUTS it ON, TAKES GENERAL SADISTIKOV'S COAT and GOES through the DOOR.

MED. SHOT on GENERAL CHOPPEROU, GIVING his LAST MILITARY SALUTE. The SOVIET ANTHEM BECOMES LOUDER and LOUDER.

DISSOLVE TO
(162)

DISSOLVE INTO

ANGLE on IVAN, SITTING on a BENCH back in HOLLYWOOD, NARRATING.

IVAN:

At that time of the year, the polar bears had "spring fever". Even animals prefer sex to food. Besides, I was armed. After a few days walking, I ran into some friendly Chukchi People. Of Mongolian descent, they are said to be the forbearers of the American Indians which populated this continent almost 20,000

years ago. They knew their way around Siberia. I was given food, and they let me sleep in an igloo. We had a common goal: - to reach Alaska. Being Soviet citizens they were entitled to “political refugee” status and therefore eligible for food stamps. That was their goal, and mine was to go back to the “Temple of Holy Shit”, where I belonged.

ANOTHER ANGLE on IVAN, NARRATING.

That polar night, the Bering Strait was frozen, and we had no problem crossing to Alaska. The Chukchi people got their food stamps and immediately began their decadent life. As for me, I was summoned to the CIA local office and given forms to apply for a medal. The CIA agent told me that they knew everything that went on at the KGB. I have no doubt that the KGB knows everything that goes on at the CIA. This is like playing poker with open cards. Caught in their deadly game, is there any place for the simple individual? But, of course, I am not your everyday “simple individual”. I am the Prophet, the enlightened one. And as such, I can ask my Father, the God of Shit, to descend wrath upon the Earth. (IVAN GETS UP, RAISES his VOICE and POINTS his FINGER) Deluge of shit! Deluge of shit!! This is what lies ahead for mankind!!! (HE CALMES DOWN and SITS on the BENCH). I was used by the CIA and misused by the KGB. (PAUSE) An important point: the CIA agent told me that a “person” was reporting on my behavior. He didn’t say a “man”. That “person” ..., could it be Sunshine? As soon as I mentioned her name, I had a hard on, but I didn’t show it to the CIA agent. Besides, he didn’t ask me for my social security number. On my return to the “Temple”, I was given a hero’s welcome.

DISSOLVE TO
(163)

DISSOLVE INTO

INT. – THE EXCREMENTORIUM - DAY

WIDE ANGLE on the EXCREMENTORIUM.

MULTIPLE SHOTS on HAPPY FACES; mainly marijuana-smoking HIPPIES.

ANGLE on the TABLE where IVAN’S APOSTLES are SITTING. ZOOM IN on the VACANT CHAIR where SUNSHINE USED to SIT.

(164)

PAN with IVAN as HE ENTERS the EXCREMENTORIUM, WEARING his PROPHET’S ROBE. WE HEAR LOUD APPLAUSE and SHOUTING:

Speech! Speech! Speech!

IVAN STEPS UP to his PODIUM and FACES the CROWD. (Continuous APPLAUSE with SHOUTS):

Speech! Speech! Speech!

IVAN:

You leave me speechless...

THE SAME PAN TAKES IVAN to the EXIT of the EXREMENTORIUM.

FADE OUT
(165)

FADE IN

SHOT on IVAN in his private BATHROOM, PRAYING in front of a gold-plated SHIT, set on a pedestal.

VO IVAN:

I came back a changed man. I withdrew from all social activities, except for frequent visits to the confessional. Like a true prophet, I lived on only prayer, water and blow jobs. I had my reasons. After my traumatic experience with the KGB, I started losing my healing powers. To a man who was missing his arms, I was able to give him back his arms, but without hands. To a man who was missing his dick, I was able to give him back his dick, but without the head. And, to a man who was partially missing his brains, I reduced his brains to zero. (IVAN LIFTS his HEAD and DRINKS some WATER, and then HE GOES BACK to his PRAYING).

FADE OUT

PART FOUR:
UNHAPPY ENDING

FADE IN

(166)

EXT. - SOMEWHERE IN INDIA - DAY

WE HEAR INDIAN RELIGIOUS MUSIC.

MED. SHOT on IVAN, SITTING CROSS-LEGGED LOOKING like a GURU. On the GROUND is a “real” PILE of SHIT (made out of plasticine).

POV IVAN. WIDE ANGLE on his INDIAN FOLLOWERS.

VO IVAN:

I was among my Indian followers...

AGAIN MED. SHOT on IVAN.

IVAN (pointing to the pile of shit):

This is the Universal Harmony, your state of Nirvana, which can be achieved through self-discipline, meditation, acts of love and compassion. You should not fear death because, after death there is rebirth. The best of you will return as holy cows, but for that to happen, you should abstain from sex... Sex is evil! Only by abstaining from sex can you achieve spiritual enlightenment. You have to look beyond the horizon to see other horizons...

(167)

CLOSE-UP on the PILE of SHIT. WE SEE the SITAR PLAYER’S NAKED FEET RUNNING. ONE of them STEPS in the PILE of SHIT.

ANGLE on SITAR PLAYER. HE LOOKS like he is in a PANIC. HE LEANS toward IVAN’S EAR and GIVES him a BRIEF MESSAGE.

IVAN:

No shit?!...

SITAR PLAYER:

No shit...

DISSOLVE TO
(168)

DISSOLVE INTO

SHOT of IVAN SITTING on a BENCH in HOLLYWOOD, NARRATING.

IVAN:

As soon as he stepped on the “Universal Harmony”, I knew immediately that it was an ill omen. Suddenly, the sky opened, and it began to hail with stones the size of coconuts. That created a large stampede among my Indian followers, with many dead and wounded.

NEW SHOT on IVAN, NARRATING.

IVAN:

The sitar player told me that the “Temple of Holy Shit” was burned to the ground with men, women and children inside. We had been attacked by the “Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Premature Ejaculations”. Why? Because they had to justify their existence.

ANOTHER SHOT on IVAN, NARRATING.

IVAN:

On my arrival at L.A. Airport, I was arrested and given a “mental evaluation” test. They found nothing to evaluate, and I was released. But, left without my “Temple” and without my followers, I was as dead as it gets. Of the whole “Temple” the only thing left were five containers of first grade shit which the IRS confiscated for unpaid back taxes in spite of the “Temple of Holy Shit” being a nonprofit organization.

Meanwhile, Attorney Goldstein won the suit filed on my behalf against the City of Los Angeles for “allowing meteorites to cross its airspace”. Initially he promised me 1% of the award, but changed his mind. Instead, he gave me one tenth of 1%, which amounted to \$2,000. He kept the rest, which amounted to two million dollars. He told me not to be greedy. He did not charge me for the advice, because \$2,000 would not be enough to pay him. I thanked him and left. I put the \$2,000 under a brick, in a condemned building, with the idea that, when Sunshine comes back we could open a sprouts store together.

PAN with IVAN WALKING aimlessly in the same small PARK where HE HAD BEEN HIT by a METEORITE.

VO IVAN:

I was praying to the God of Shit to hit me with another meteorite, but my prayers remained unanswered; it was as if the entire universe ran out of meteorites.

BACK on IVAN NARRATING. HE GETS OFF of the BENCH and WALKS toward the PORTA-POTTY (We hear sounds of an approaching helicopter).

IVAN:

This is story of my life... but who gives a shit? (HE OPENS the DOOR of the PORTA-POTTY). I do!

IVAN is LOOKING at the CAMERA.

IVAN:

If I fall asleep, while taking a shit, be sure to wake me up!

ANGLE on the HELICOPTER, ATTACHING the PORT-POTTY. (Noise of departing helicopter).

CLOSE-UP on the PILOT (the pilot is the actual film director).

THE THEATER CURTAIN DROPS and ON the CURTAIN WE READ:

The End

