

Brian's Path, Episode 11

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BRIAN'S PATH

Episode 11: "Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast"

INT. BOARD ROOM, AGARTHA ANIMATED PRODUCTIONS - DAY

ANTON, GABE, DARLA, BRIAN, and CAP, have a meeting!

DARLA

I called this meeting to address important things.
Are we still Agarthia Animated Productions?

BRIAN

Sure. That's what the web-site's about, isn't it?
If we have a web- site...do we?

Pause.

BRIAN

After all this...office... we don't have a web-
site?

Pause.

BRIAN

THAT'S HIL FREAKING HAIRY ASS!

Everyone laughs hysterically.

DARLA

Ahem. After I subvert the natural and thus
necessary hierarchy, by spitting on a wall, I'll
read the schedule, and then we'll address our first
order of business.

DARLA spits on a wall, and everyone nods.

BRIAN

What's the schedule?

DARLA

Nine to eleven forty. Twelve forty to two. And three to five.

BRIAN

Cool!

DARLA

The first order of business, if I may?

BRIAN

Sure.

DARLA

(in a weird voice)

You're back. You've seen this place in visions. You can touch it; it's all around you. You know where you are, why you're here, and what you must do. Can you get it done? You look at that which must be seen, and manipulate that which isn't there.

Everyone laughs hysterically.

DARLA

(in a weird voice)

That's all I have to say for now. Thank you for your time.

She receives a standing ovation.

DARLA

Thanks.

BRIAN

Ahem.

Pause.

BRIAN

Looking outside the box, I see a big picture which includes Agartha Animated Productions. Picasso drew

this picture, it's freakin' awesome!

Everyone laughs hysterically.

BRIAN

So Anton, how was your trip?

ANTON

What trip?

BRIAN

I tripped you.

ANTON

Oh, that trip. It was awesome! So Brian, how was your weekend?

BRIAN

Same old junk. I saw new movies, listened to talk-radio, public radio, news-radio, while sleeping. Then I typed fast, with good spelling, threw away some old writings, meditated, visualized music, watched some educational television, wrote a play, a novel, a screenplay, and an essay; submitted them all to a publisher. I'm still waiting for the rejection. Anyhow, Cap, what do you think about this weather, eh?

CAP

Can't complain.

BRIAN

Complain, damn you!

CAP

(laughing)
It sucks!

BRIAN

Thanks. Darla, raise a concern.

DARLA

I have none to raise at this present moment, sir.

BRIAN

That's great, ma'am.

Everyone laughs.

BRIAN

With that said, this meeting is adjourned until a later date. Unless anyone has a final thought.

Pause.

BRIAN

I love you all. Thank you for staying together, even if this saga makes no sense at all.

DARLA

Motion passed, and carried.

ANTON

Successful companies benefit from hiring divisions of creative personnel called "think tanks". Other options for cultivating ideas are hiring Market Researchers to conduct surveys or recruit focus-groups.

BRIAN

I must add something to this.

BRIAN farts.

Everyone laughs.

BRIAN

But seriously, folks, by standing within a light year of me, you agree that I'm not harassing you, violating tort laws, or being libelous, defamatory, etc.

Everyone laughs.

BRIAN
I wanna sleep.

ANTON
I love what we appear to stand for.

CAP
Let's change our name to Catch-22 Productions!

BRIAN
No.

Long pause.

DARLA
Who wants to waste more time?

BRIAN
Today's meeting is over, actually.

Everyone exits.

BLANK SCREEN

YEAR ON SCREEN: Still 2005

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE, AGARTHA ANIMATED PRODUCTIONS -

MORNING

BRIAN and ANTON discuss important matters.

BRIAN
This is it.

ANTON
What do you mean?

BRIAN

The past has caught up with us. No matter how well I write, it seems everyone I love either won't get behind me, or they don't want me to succeed. I mean, why else don't they show up at premieres or book-signings for my anthologies of scripts? Writing is my life, and they give my writing inspiration, therefore they give my life meaning. The more they avoid me, the less fuel I'll have, and I'll have to give it up ... my life. I mean, my life's work.

ANTON

No! Brian, write outside yourself!

BRIAN

That's what I do -- I observe!

ANTON

Observe farther, reach out!

BRIAN

You can only write about what you know.

ANTON

That's a load of crap. Google something you know nothing about, and you'll learn about it, then you can write about it!

BRIAN

But I'll know about it when I write about it. And I'd only be repeating. Is it too much to ask for, for everyone in the whole wide freaking world to appreciate me, Anton?

ANTON

You'll always have detractors.

BRIAN

But why are other people assholes like that?

INT. BOARD ROOM, AGARTHA ANIMATED PRODUCTIONS - DAY

ANTON, GABE, DARLA, BRIAN, and CAP, have a meeting!

BRIAN

Gang, I can't keep up this stuff. The final episode of our saga is next time.

ANTON

He means it this time, guys.

BRIAN

Everything after this TV series is simply no more than other shows.

DARLA

But Brian. The world is a terrible place!

BRIAN

How would we know? We've never lived in it.

Pause

BRIAN

I took advantage of you, Gabe, on several occasions.

GABE

I will always pity you, Brian.

BRIAN

And I will always envy you, Gabe.

GABE

Brian, step out of your brain, look around, and participate in the world!

BRIAN

How?

GABE

Get to sleep, wake up early. Be somewhere. Get

some friends, quit alienating those friends you've found.

BRIAN
I've found you guys.

ANTON
We're in your mind, Brian. Gabe wants you to find real people.

BRIAN
You ARE real...to me!

GABE
We've grown differently, Brian, than the people who inspired you to write us.

BRIAN
I know.

ANTON
Brian. You've never given us a choice.

BRIAN
I know.

GABE
(angry)
DO YOU!?!

BRIAN
No.

DARLA
(calm)
Brian. If you don't go out into the world, you will never find it.

BRIAN
Find what?

DARLA
Anything.

BRIAN
I'm un-motivated. It's futile.

DARLA
Why?

BRIAN
(sighs)
Because I don't know why.

DARLA
Suck it up, and work at a job that sucks.

GABE
Get an edu-ma-cation.

DARLA
Cap, you've been quiet. What's on your mind?

CAP
I love you guys.

BRIAN
I hate you, Cap.

CAP
Why'd you create an imaginary friend, just to hate?

BRIAN
So that I can exhaust my hatred here, and pretend to like the real Cap when I'm awake. Just because I can't get over my hatred of him, doesn't mean that he ever has to know that I still hate him; he's got too many problems already. If everyone who hates anyone can express their hatred to people in their heads, rather than to people in the world, then one day a generation will be born full of children who will live entire lives without knowing any

expressions of hate, at all.

Pause.

BRIAN

We had a big plot planned; it included robots, and everything! But in the end, it all just lead right up to this, our final film together. I wanted to maybe go out in a bang -- a comet hitting us all from above, or an airplane falling on us, or something gruesomely unpredictable like that, or a big battle where we each have our own SqueeGiMon, and we're fighting against reptilian aliens. That's how I wanted it to end. But now that sort of thing scares me in ways that I've never been frightened yet. This is spooky to know that it's over, and there's nothing big and tragic about yet, yet there's nothing all that bad about it either.

ANTON

I know what you mean.

GABE

I'm officially confused.

INT. ALAN HOLMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALAN HOLMAN, the writer of this series, sleeps peacefully.

CUT TO:

INT. JAZZ CLUB - ALAN'S DREAM

ALAN, and the twenty-four year old version of BRIAN, talk while a jazz band plays music in the background.

ALAN

Guess what! I wrote a poem, without your help!

BRIAN

Oh?

ALAN

Yeah! Darla "helped", and I'm hoarding all the credit for myself!

BRIAN

So tell me the poem.

ALAN

Okay. It goes like this:

(pause)

"I haven't seen your smile since those days when your green eyes entered my heart/ I want it to begin again/ If you could see my dreams, we'd fly."

BRIAN

Who's it for?

ALAN

Someone real ... unlike you.

BRIAN

I don't like to be reminded of the fact that I'm not real.

ALAN

I wouldn't either.

Pause.

BRIAN

Why'd you cut my favorite character out of Banana Chan?

ALAN

Because King Octopussy Hentai was a pervert.

BRIAN

Why'd you change Ryone's last name?

ALAN

Because Hazuki works better than Chowmonkey.

Pause.

ALAN

Brian. Your writing sucks. I've moved beyond your childish level.

BRIAN

Shut up! My ideas aren't childish!

ALAN

Never will Banana's favorite food be flies, got that?

BRIAN

I think it made her interesting.

ALAN

She's already interesting.

CUT TO:

BLANK SCREEN

WORDS ON SCREEN: A few weeks earlier...

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD-ROOM, AGARTHA ANIMATED PRODUCTIONS - DAY

BRIAN, DARLA, ANTON, and CAP, sit around a table.

BRIAN

I've thought about this long and hard, and I've decided that our live action division will now be all about us; it'll be a sqewn reality show.

DARLA

Us?

BRIAN

Yup. It'll be called Agarthan Animated Productions; on it, we can finally expose our ties to outer-space and the viewers will be none- the- wiser.

ANTON

We'll need a director.

BRIAN

I've got just the person lined up.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE-SHOP, ALIEN WORLD

A lot of reptilian-humanoid aliens drink coffee in this shop; plus, BRIAN NOLASTNAME and ALAN HOLMAN sit at a table.

ALAN is the best looking man you've ever seen.

BRIAN

So prove to me that you can direct.

ALAN

You're my fictional creation, Brian. I've written you for years. If I decide to direct within these writings, I can damn well do it.

BRIAN

How do you write everything I say?

ALAN

I never come up with any of my stories. My stories are formed because of those influences that guide my writing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIG PEN - DAY

BRIAN stands inside a pig-pen, among pigs.

BRIAN

In the wake of recent local news-footage of pig castrations, we're putting our continuing storyline on hold for this very special, extra- preachy, first episode of AGARTHA ANIMATED PRODUCTIONS.

ANTON enters, cradling a piglet in his arms, which he is also petting.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ANTON

Recently de-classified intelligence files corroborate what the State Department has been telling us for years: it's unsafe for a pig to be born in this country.

BRIAN

Local pigs are under constant terror.

A terrified police officer runs across the screen.

ANTON

They constantly fear castration.

The terrified police officer runs across the screen again; this time being chased by a woman with scissors.

BRIAN

That innocent pig which Anton is cradling in his arms - much the way a mother would cradle her precious child - it's destined to be castrated in this vary farm, unless you the viewers tell the government to STOP THE TERROR!

CHERYL enters, wearing brightly colored hippy clothes.

CHERYL

Peace, man.

BRIAN

Peace.

ANTON

This pig's pieces will be chopped off if you don't urge the government to decriminalize pig castration.

CHERYL

And de-decriminalize marijuana, man.

The police-officer re-enters, slaps cuffs on CHERYL, and drags her out.

BRIAN

And if, for some unimaginable reason, pig castration is somewhat necessary for something or other, though I don't see that ever happening, but in that case: design a less painful method of cutting off their giblets.

ANTON

Pigs emit a high pitched noise when they're castrated; it's because they're in pain.

BRIAN

Most pig farmers don't apply local anesthetics before nipping their...

BRIAN breaks out into insane laughter.

ALAN HOLMAN enters the scene, holding a script.

ALAN

CUT! YOU ALL SUCKED WORSE THAN CRAP!!!

BRIAN

I'm sorry, Alan. I just couldn't keep a straight face.

ALAN

Hey, whatever. Don't sweat it.

ANTON

That's the spirit.

ALAN

Yeah, but the real stars are you -- not the characters, but you: the fans of the characters.

ALAN gets on his cell phone, dials eleven numbers.

When Alan's not looking, they all shrug in confusion.

ALAN

(to his phone)

Jay, meet me at Ryly's Bar and Grill tonight; it's a matter of life and death. I'll explain there.

Pause.

ALAN

(to his phone)

Yes, I'll hold while you get Jay...

INT. RYLY'S BAR AND GRILL, SASKATOON

Very loud music plays as people dance on the dance floor while BRIAN, ALAN, DARLA, and JAY BARON sit at a table, yelling over the music while eating pizza.

JAY BARON is a brilliant young professional web-designer.

ALAN

Brian, Darla, meet Jay.

BRIAN

What? I can't hear you over the loud music!

ALAN

I said, meet Jay.

BRIAN

Huh? Who's gay?

ALAN

What?

BRIAN

I distinctly heard you say that someone's gay!

ALAN

No, I'd never say that, because I'm homophobic!

BRIAN

Who's ... what?

ALAN

I can't hear you anymore. Speak louder.

JAY

Who are these people, and why am I among them?

ALAN

Huh? I can't hear you over the music.

JAY

I said, "who are these people, and why am I among them?"

ALAN

You're welcome.

DARLA

Why are you looking at my breasts?

ALAN

Yes, they are nice, aren't they?

DARLA

No, I don't need any ice, but thanks.

INT. TIM HORTON'S DOUGHNUT SHOP - NIGHT

BRIAN, ALAN, DARLA, and JAY sit around a table, eating DOUGHNUTS.

BRIAN

It was too loud in there.

ALAN

Yeah, I keep forgetting not to invite people to those pizza parties which they keep throwing for me.

They laugh.

DARLA

Why do they keep giving you pizza parties?

ALAN

I never told anyone this, but I ...

A loud airplane flies overhead, and Alan keeps talking for a minute, but we can't hear him, because the airplane is too loud.

Then, when the plane is far enough away that we can hear Alan again, he's finishing his explanation.

ALAN

... and she thought it was an orgasm!

ALAN laughs hysterically while DARLA, BRIAN, and JAY look confused.

ALAN

Anyhow, I don't think we should open on the pig-castration episode, because it's too touchy a subject right now.

JAY

Alan.

ALAN

Please call me Silent Bob.

JAY

Please properly introduce me to your friends before we go any further in this conversation.

ALAN

Oh, of course, Jay. This is Brian and Darla.

JAY shakes hands with BRIAN and DARLA.

ALAN

You're welcome.

JAY

What was that matter of life and death which you told me about on the phone earlier today?

ALAN

I want you to design their web-site.

JAY looks annoyed.

BRIAN

We're actors.

JAY

I haven't seen you in anything.

BRIAN

We'll pay you.

JAY smiles.

JAY

That changes everything.

BRIAN

We own a company called Agatha Animated Productions, and we...

JAY

Alan, is this your idea of a joke?

ALAN

No...I don't think so. Maybe. Is it funny?

BRIAN and DARLA look confused.

JAY

I'm talking about your stories, Alan.

ALAN

Jay, exnay on the ories-stay.

JAY

...

BRIAN

What stories?

ALAN looks nervous.

JAY

Alan, if this is actually Brian and Darla from your scripts?

ALAN

Shhhh.

BRIAN

From his what?

ALAN confesses...

ALAN

Well, I've written extensively about your gang.

BRIAN

No prob. I've written a lot about you two.

ALAN

I know.

DARLA
What's going on?

ALAN
Brian is a creative expression.

BRIAN looks very excited.

DARLA
What?

BRIAN
Awesome! I'm a creative expression!

BRIAN and ALAN shake hands.

INT./EXT. BAG

A cat jumps out of the bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, AGARTHA ANIMATED

PRODUCTIONS - MORNING

ALAN, BRIAN, ANTON, DARLA, and GABE, sit around a large table.

DARLA
Where's Cap?

ALAN
I'm don't need him in this series anymore, so I
wrote him out.

DARLA
THAT'S HORRIBLE!!!

ALAN
No it's not. He was only in here so that I could be
rude to him here, so that I could stay nice to the

really annoying person he's based on. But now I don't need Cap in the show anymore, because I no longer hate the guy who inspired Cap. I created Agatha Animated Productions for one purpose, and one purpose only: to develop my BANANA CHAN idea into the perfect anime! So how's it going? Making progress?

DARLA

In BANANA CHAN, a world-controlling corporation called Megalith, creates a sexually-selective plague which made all women infertile. So if anyone wants to reproduce, they must depend on genetically-altered sperm that's manufactured by the Megalith Corporation.

BRIAN

There's a demon, named Baka, who's discriminated against because he's good.

ALAN

What's Baka's plot?

BRIAN

He's often misunderstood; however, he's actually trying to strengthen angels so that they have a fighting chance against demons in the Armageddon.

ALAN

What if Baka can't strengthen the angels in time?

BRIAN

Baka is the only person in the entire universe who can control time- travel, and so he'll transport the entire side of good to one year after the Armageddon!

ALAN

That's complicated. It might take forever to wrap a dramatic story around it. I like it. It's beautiful!

CUT TO:

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

BRIAN and ANTON talk while listening to a jazz band.

BRIAN

I saw Cara today.

ANTON

How's she doing?

BRIAN

I don't know. I didn't even say hello.

ANTON

Why not?

BRIAN

I can't. I can't even approach her.

ANTON

Why not?

BRIAN

Because I can't bring myself to talk to her until I know the reason why she hasn't answered any of the e-mails I've sent to her in the last ... long time. Please find her, and ask her, for me, why she hasn't answered any of my e-mails.

ANTON

Maybe you sent them to the wrong address, or maybe your e-mails to her went straight into her spam filter.

BRIAN

Just find out, okay?

ANTON

Don't worry, I'll talk to her.

BRIAN

Thanks. One more thing: please don't fall in love with her.

ANTON

(laughs)

Okay, buddy.

Pause.

ANTON

When did you see her last?

BRIAN

I saw her this afternoon. I was at a picnic, with some friends in a park, when she walked by. I couldn't go to her, so I just looked at her, and kept watching as she walked past.

ANTON

Did she see you?

BRIAN

Yes. She looked right at me. In fact, she watched me watching her. Do you think she thinks I'm weird?

ANTON

I have it on good authority that she's always found you strange.

BRIAN

Is that a bad thing?

ANTON

Everyone's strange.

BRIAN

Please talk to her for me.

ANTON

You should ask Cap to do it. He's better at this sort of thing.

BRIAN

She was wearing orange pants -- the same color of her hair. It was an amazing sight. And she had on one of her trademark gray sweaters.

ANTON

Now, you're freaking me out.

BRIAN

Every time I see her, I'm inspired to write completely unrelated stories.

ANTON

Why?

BRIAN

I think it's because I've always wanted my writings to make me famous enough to impress chicks, and so simply seeing a chick I like is motivation for me to develop those skills with which I'll eventually attract my permanent mate.

ANTON

That's very interesting. And you know what: Cara's a friend, and this gives me a reason to talk to her. I'll ask her why she hasn't replied to your e-mails.

BRIAN

Thanks. And tell me her answer -- verbatim -- okay?

ANTON

I'll try.

ALAN enters, and joins BRIAN and ANTON.

ALAN

Hi, Brian. I over-heard your entire conversation.

BRIAN

Any suggestions?

ALAN

I was about to ask you the same thing.

They laugh.

ANTON

I'm leavin'. Bye!

ANTON exits.

BRIAN

Don't mind Anton; he's an asshole.

ALAN

Yeah. In my universe, there's a guy named Jay; he's a bit like Anton.

BRIAN

I know. I've met him. Remember? He's designing the web-site!

ALAN

Yeah. Anyway, Jay wrote a book called The Jackals when we were in High School; it was about a band that we were all in. That entire group of friends that I was in with him, were in a band together. The story took place when we were all quite older than we were in high school. He doesn't know it, but I still love his book, because the idea of hanging out peacefully with the group who that book was about, in this day in age, is a great idea. But they have unjustified issues against me, and I haven't seen any of them in-person, in an amiable meeting, in such a long time. We've all grown apart in so many ways, and I just sit alone most nights knowing in my heart things which I don't think they can even grasp.

BRIAN

Grow up, Alan.

ALAN

Most of this series was written before my own mental illness was diagnosed. I took joy in types of head-trips that allowed for types of writing that it's difficult to do now that I'm on psychiatric drugs against my will. Brian, you and your gang are parts of the mind of the younger me who wrote most of this series. There was so much I didn't know when I wrote most of the words that are spoken in the first twelve episodes of this series. At the moment, twelve episodes are all that exist. But I'd love to revisit you guys, and write more. It all depends on if readers see value in this, and ask me to continue writing you guys. If not, the ending of the next episode is where this story ends. I'm sure that whatever points the twelve episode version of this ultimately makes are ill-advised, but such is the nature of the type of art which is this particular work of literature.

TO BE CONTINUED ...