

Brian's Path, Episode 4

by Alan Holman

BRIAN'S PATH

Episode 4: "Brian's Path"

INT. MONKEYBOY'S APARTMENT

PARAMEDICS work on BRIAN.

PARAMEDIC

I can't find a pulse. He's definitely been dead for a while.

PARAMEDIC 2

Yeah, he's more frigid than the woman who taught me that the more love you feel for a woman, the more unspeakably cruel she is to you.

They put BRIAN into a body bag.

PARAMEDIC

There's no hurry; he's already dead.

PARAMEDIC 2

So?

PARAMEDIC

So, let's sit here for a while, catch up on each-other's lives, and stuff. Take a break.

PARAMEDIC 2

Yeah, we've been too busy today.

They sit on a couch.

PARAMEDIC

How can Brian die on episode four of a series called Brian's Path?

PARAMEDIC 2

Are we allowed to meta?

PARAMEDIC 1

We have to waste time.

PARAMEDIC 2

Why?

PARAMEDIC 1

We're just here to fill up a few pages of TV script.

PARAMEDIC 2

Why is the series called Brian's Path?

PARAMEDIC 1

It's not my job to know, Joe.

PARAMEDIC 2

Thanks for using my name. The scriptwriter just calls us Paramedic 1 and Paramedic 2.

PARAMEDIC

And your name is Ivan.

PARAMEDIC 2

It's unimportant.

PARAMEDIC 1

Not true. I love my name.

PARAMEDIC 2

I think I understand what's going on in this series.

PARAMEDIC

I don't. Can you explain it to me, perhaps?

PARAMEDIC 2

I'd rather talk about cute kittens.

PARAMEDIC

This is an interesting set-up.

PARAMEDIC 2

What do you mean?

PARAMEDIC

Two high-school kids live in this apartment, alone, with no parents. There's porn and video games scattered around the room.

PARAMEDIC 2

Snack remnants, computers, ads.

PARAMEDIC

You think this series is some sort of catharsis by a writer who didn't enjoy his teen years?

PARAMEDIC 2

It's not sexy enough to be a teenage masturbation fantasy ... like most animes out there.

PARAMEDIC

If it's not a catharsis or a masturbation fantasy, then what's the point? I don't like to be in shows that are pointless.

PARAMEDIC 2

I think it's pointless, dude.

PARAMEDIC

Brian died ... maybe the point is drama.

PARAMEDIC 2

I wonder who'll tell his parents.

PARAMEDIC

Or if he even has parents.

PARAMEDIC 2

If he doesn't, then that's kind of a relief. I mean, I hate when parents have to find out that one of their kids died.

PARAMEDIC

And I hate when I'm the one who has to bring them the bad news.

PARAMEDIC 2

Someone's gotta do it, and we're the pawns who are those someones.

PARAMEDIC

Have you ever read The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy?

PARAMEDIC 2

Yeah; it's good.

PARAMEDIC

This story isn't as good as that.

PARAMEDIC 2

Not so far, no. Not by a long shot. At least that story made sense. This Brian's Path story makes very little sense. I mean, what's

the deal with killing Brian on episode four?

A heat-vent turns on, making a whistling noise.

PARAMEDIC

It sounds like something's lodged behind that heat-vent.

PARAMEDIC 2 sniffs the air.

PARAMEDIC 2

Interesting. It's marijuana. Let's get out of here before we get high from the fumes.

PARAMEDIC

You go. I'll stay awhile.

PARAMEDIC sniffs at the air, a huge lungful.

PARAMEDIC 2 shoots a judgmental stare at PARAMEDIC.

PARAMEDIC

Oh alright. Let's go. Spoilsport.

They put BRIAN in a body-bag, and exit.

INT. BRIGHTLY LIT HALLWAY, OPEN DOORWAYS ON BOTH SIDES

BRIAN is laying on the ground. Two shadowy men are standing above BRIAN.

SHADOW MAN #1

Hey Brian! Come with us!

BRIAN

Huh!

SHADOW MAN #2

Come on, Brian!

BRIAN stands up.

BRIAN

Why do I feel so alive?

SHADOW MAN #1

Let's go, Brian!

SHADOW MAN #2

Come on, Brian!

BRIAN
Yeah. Alright.

BRIAN follows them through the bright hallway, walking past many open doorways on both sides.

BRIAN
Where are we going?

SHADOW MAN #1
Shut up, Brian.

SHADOW MAN #2
Put a lid on it, Brian!

BRIAN stops walking.

BRIAN
I don't think I should follow you guys.

Thirty shadow men appear.

BRIAN
F'wah?

The shadow men surround Brian.

BRIAN
F'wah?

The shadow men scratch, kick, and twist Brian, until he's a mess of disjointed body parts on the ground.

BRIAN
I'm lost.

A MYSTERIOUS VOICE
Pray.

The shadow men cover BRIAN's mouth, and pull out all of his hair.

BRIAN'S THOUGHTS
Please, God, save me!

At the sound of the word "God", the shadow men burn, until they are immobile, organic stumps.

BRIAN is just a mess of disjointed body parts on the ground.

BRIAN
Why did you save me, God? Do I even have a
soul to save?

INT. CAP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRIAN's laying on a bed, unscathed.

CAP and TRENT are also here.

BRIAN
Am I dead?

TRENT
No.

TRENT
Your scripts hit close to home -- way too
close for comfort.

BRIAN
You know about my scripts?

CAP
He arrested Cheryl and Monkeyboy, then he
re-activated you with the remote, and now
we're hiding you.

BRIAN has a sudden realization.

BRIAN
That means I'm ... a robot.

A tear rolls down Brian's face.

TRENT
I silenced two paramedics before they could
report your death.

BRIAN
I always wondered why I don't have any
fingerprints.

ANTON and DARLA enter.

BRIAN
I'm a robot. Ain't that cool?

ANTON and DARLA nod.

BRIAN

If this is a mirror of my scripts, then I'm a robot, and Monkeyboy and Cheryl control two, maybe three nuclear weapons.

Suddenly, Brian appears to be alarmed.

BRIAN

Oh my God! What am I gonna do when the Greys take me to the ...?

TRENT

Greys, also known as Pleadians, were invented by the CIA.

BRIAN

Well, even if that's the case, they're gonna ask for a report about ...

TRENT

What you don't know is that your report is for CIA intel. Don't do your report.

BRIAN

But it's for the CIA, and I love my country.

TRENT

The current head of the CIA does not love this country and its people.

BRIAN

What's going on?

TRENT

This world is a combination of the delusions of a few very powerful imaginations, and the many are slaves to those very few delusions.

DARLA

Prove you're a robot.

BRIAN

Huh?

DARLA

We have no REAL proof.

TRENT

I saw his circuitry -- plus, the remote!

DARLA

I saw nothing yet.

BRIAN transforms into a giant white fighter-jet, with impressive wing-span, and one exhaust-pipe, toppling CAP'S house from the inside.

Now, CAP's bedroom is outside, and the group is staring at the white fighter jet which Brian turned into.

GABE approaches, on his bike.

GABE

This makes perfect sense...NOT!

BRIAN'S VOICE

Hop in, everyone!

A staircase appears, leading to the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT, GIANT ROBOT FIGHTER JET

There are no controls, just windows, and chairs with seatbelts.

DARLA, CAP, GABE, TRENT, and ANTON, are sitting in the cockpit of the Giant Robot Fighter Jet, which is flying high above North America.

BRIAN'S VOICE

How do you like me now?

GABE

Brian, I'm amazed...

DARLA

I'm breathless, Brian.

BRIAN

But do you like me?

DARLA

Does it matter?

BRIAN

Yes. That's all that matters, really.

DARLA

Why does it matter what I think about what you've become? -- it's you, so the only opinion that matters should be your own.

BRIAN

Well, it doesn't. I don't care what I think. I only care what you think.

DARLA

That's stupid.

BRIAN

Well, that's life. So what do you think about me?

DARLA

I'm not a slave to your ego.

BRIAN

Then just enjoy the ride -- that's all I ask.

CAP

You're a humanoid robot which can turn into a giant white jet with a large wing span, and amazing seating capacity; it's really cool!

TRENT

Why aren't we scared? Wouldn't normal people be frightened by something like this?

GABE

Are you suggesting that we're not normal people?

TRENT

Yes.

BRIAN'S VOICE

I wonder what would happen if I turned back into my humanoid self with you guys still in the cockpit....

GABE

We'd get squished.

DARLA

You're already my main squeeze, Brian!

BRIAN'S VOICE

Really?

DARLA
Yeah.

BRIAN'S VOICE
Oh. Well, in that case, where should we go?

DARLA
Let's just fly around for a while. Like you said,
let's just enjoy the ride!

Everyone agrees, applauding.

BRIAN
Okay. Hmm, I wonder if I even CAN turn back
into my humanoid form...

EXT. NIGHT SKY

The Giant Robot Fighter Jet flies around the world, doing
some amazing maneuvers.

INT. HIGH SECURITY PRISON.

MONKEYBOY is watching TV with other inmates.

The inmates wear orange uniforms.

On the television, JARED KLASS' voice is over video footage
of the Giant Robot Fighter Jet.

JARED'S VOICE
This UFO was videotaped over much of the
world ...

MONKEYBOY'S THOUGHTS
Brian has entered into his full power. If I can't
get Brian to Boris, before Brian flies to the
Greys, Boris won't let me use his Y2K shelter.

MONKEYBOY cries...hysterically.

INT. FRENCH BISTRO, NOON

DARLA, ANTON, GABE, BRIAN, TRENT, and CAP are sitting in
Paris, eating cookies, and drinking varied exotic beverages.

ANTON
Hey Brian. Did I ever tell you that I love you,
buddy?

BRIAN
I love you too, Anton -- as friends.

ANTON
Friends are forever.

BRIAN
This might be difficult to comprehend now, Anton, but one day, in the future -- like ten years from now -- you'll think that your frequent fun with various girlfriends, doing imaginative, amazing things in bed, will ... well, you'll think that it means you're more mature than me. And that'll really piss me off, because maturity doesn't come from that type of experience. That type of experience is good and positive, but maturity's about the connectivity between the heart and the mind.

ANTON
Maturity is little curly hairs.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

WIPE TO:

INT. FRENCH BISTRO, NOON

DARLA, ANTON, GABE, BRIAN, TRENT, and CAP are sitting in Paris, eating, and drinking.

BRIAN
Since I'm a corny robot, perhaps I should smoke, for the head rush; besides, it won't kill me!

ANTON
Smoking kills.

BRIAN picks up a knife from the table, and he slashes his wrist with it.

Everyone in the group watches in awe as the wound heals.

CAP
Brian is a bolting hutch of beastliness!

ANTON
Titty-fuck!

BRIAN
I can get addicted to anything if I want to. I'm
invincible!!!

DARLA
You think you're God, just kidding.

BRIAN
Shut up, sugartits -- I am God!

INT. HIGH SECURITY PRISON.

MONKEYBOY watches TV with the other inmates.

The prisoners are in bright orange uniforms.

SAILOR MOON, an anime television show, is on the t.v.

MONKEYBOY
How can anyone stand this jap-animation
crap?

BIG GUY
One word: jail-bait in short skirts.

MONKEYBOY
Then why do so many girls like it?

BIG GUY
One word: energetic male characters.

MONKEYBOY
Huh?

ALEX WRIGHTEN, a suited man, enters; he is carrying a brief-
case.

ALEX
Okay, which one of you convicts is
Monkeyboy Curtis?

MONKEYBOY
What's it to ya?

ALEX
Why do they call you Monkeyboy?

MONKEYBOY
It's my real name.

ALEX punches MONKEYBOY in the face.

ALEX
Don't lie to me.

INT. MONITORED VISITING ROOM, HIGH SECURITY PRISON.

A guard watches, as ALEX sits at a table with MONKEYBOY; they're at opposite sides of the table.

ALEX
If you help us find Boris, you're off the hook.

MONKEYBOY
I'm not on a hook.

ALEX punches MONKEYBOY across the face.

MONKEYBOY
Did anyone teach you manners?

ALEX punches MONKEYBOY across the face.

ALEX
Not applicable. Tell me about Boris.

MONKEYBOY
Boris Karlott is a thirty-something nerd, whose hacking skills can't be beat, and...let me go, and I'll tell you more.

ALEX
What happened to your ears?

MONKEYBOY
Huh?

ALEX punches MONKEYBOY across the face.

ALEX
What happened to your ears?

MONKEYBOY
Stop hitting me!

ALEX
Okay.

ALEX punches MONKEYBOY across the face.

ALEX
Just kidding. Tell me about Boris.

MONKEYBOY
Boris is not planning to use his nuclear weapons at Y2K.

ALEX
What's a Y2K?

CUT TO:

INT. HAWAIIAN BEACH - EVENING

DARLA, ANTON, GABE, BRIAN, TRENT, and CAP watch the sunset, while drinking tea.

BRIAN
I'm a robot; it's amazing. It blows myself!
Speaking of blowing me: Darla, are you free tonight?

DARLA
I'm at your beck and call, my captain.

BRIAN
It's like a dream!

CAP
I never thought I'd see Hawaii! Not even in my wildest dreams!

DARLA
Your dreams must really suck then.

BRIAN laughs.

ANTON
We don't need to make a cartoon series in the future: our lives are one anyway!

BRIAN
I would still like to make a cartoon. It's my dream, and I won't stop until I've accomplished it -- who's with me?

EVERYONE
We all are!

BRIAN
In ten years, I'll know how many of you were
liars on this day.

ANTON
Yeah right.

BRIAN
Betcha five bucks.

ANTON
You're on.

They shake hands.

BRIAN
Jay owes Alan five bucks.

ANTON
Who's Jay.

BRIAN
A guy who avoids the writer of this series
in the future, even though he may or may
not remember the bet he lost wherein he owes
our scriptwriter five bucks.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM, HOTEL

BRIAN and DARLA sleep in each-other's arms.

BRIAN wakes up, and walks into the bathroom.

BRIAN closes the door, turns on the light, and is confronted
by a mirror which contains the visage of a young brunette
woman, hanging by a rope, with a bloody face (BLOODY MARY);
this gives BRIAN quite a start.

BLOODY MARY
Help me.

BRIAN
This is not happening...

BLOODY MARY'S VOICE
You are trying to forge your own, personal
path, through this cruel, judgmental world.

She disappears.

BRIAN stands there, stiff as a statue, looking as if he just saw a ghost.

BRIAN'S THOUGHTS

This experience will haunt me. Her cryptic message will play in my head sometimes, until I can make sense out of the words she spoke. On second thought, it made perfect sense, so never-mind.

EXT. BALCONY, HAWAIIAN HOTEL - MORNING

On a clear morning, DARLA, ANTON, GABE, BRIAN, TRENT, and CAP sit around a table.

BRIAN

Which member of our writing team would like to be first to read their piece?

TRENT

I'll get the ball rolling. I'll read my short story first.

BRIAN

Thanks a load.

TRENT reads: "I'm the monster under your bed. I only come out when night arises, or when I need a kind word, because I get lonely sometimes. Life is tough as a person who believes he's a vampire, but has enough common sense to know that he isn't, even though he stays away from sunlight just to be on the safe side, even though he knows he's being preposterous, but then is not so sure either way. Help me. I'm a tortured soul who needs somebody. Help me. I need forgiveness from the folks whose blood I've sipped in my dreams, for I wouldn't actually sip blood, but I think of it a lot, because I think I'm a vampire. I'm crazy. The rats have already scratched out my eyes. Just kidding. Okay, don't call the cops. I'll get out of your room."

BRIAN

You passed the audition.

TRENT

Good.

CAP

I wanna read mine now.

BRIAN nods.

CAP reads: "If I were here right this minute, I think I'd say something right to your face. I'd probably tell you exactly how I feel about you, right up to your face. If I like you, I'd say it. If I hate you, I'd say it. If you're rich, I'd lie about liking you, even though I hate you. If you're a woman, I'm automatically attracted to you, and everything I say to you is just so that I can cop a feel...unless you're ugly. All I think about is what I'd say to you if you were here. Do you wish you were here, or would you rather be where you are? Do you wish you were where you are, or would you rather remain here? Are you alive? Oh my god, you've gone into cardiac arrest! We need to check your blood pressure! You've gone into CODE RED!!!"

BRIAN

Cap, I hate you -- you're annoying, and you're the bane of my existence; however, you're ON THE TEAM!!!

CAP

What kind of cartoon do we wanna do anyway?

BRIAN

I'm leaning towards something kind of like SAILOR MOON ... but more of a soap opera, but smarter than a soap opera. Your turn Anton.

ANTON

YES!

ANTON reads: "Once upon a time, in the Tired Trees, lived a monkey named Sir Locelot; however, from hence, in our tale, he shall be called Slick. Slick enjoyed catapulting himself from tree to tree, using his mother's catapult. One day, his mother introduced him to his three brothers. Slick's brothers names were Orsie, Blueth, and Pion. Orsie enjoyed the color orange. Blueth enjoyed, you guessed it, green. And Pion was partial to the color yellow. Blueth died in a catapulting accident, but the next day Orsie, Pion, and you guessed it, Slick, found a pile of gold. The gold could not be evenly divided among the three, because it was an even number of gold coins, so they decided that one of them had to die. Unanimously, the three brothers could not choose the method of death for the odd man out; be it a catapult, a hanging, a be-heading, or a betrothal. The mother stepped

in, and said, "You three, what are you doing?" The boys had to come up with a lie, fast! "We're brushing our teeth!" Said Pion."

CAP

I used to read a lot -- very long books, because it was like having friends.

DARLA

I'll read mine!

BRIAN

Great!

DARLA reads: "It is times like these I understand the world. You know. I don't like you staring at me like that, during this moment, but it's okay. Look, Mister's my toy; I sometimes bring him with me. When times are tough, and rough, Mister is good enough to get me through the long, boring day, when there's nothing else to do. "Do you want to play with me?" says Mister. It's okay, just come closer. "Don't be shy, Darla; you're especially welcome here, so ladies first. If you come over here, I'll interview you, for everyone to see. Come on. What are ya, chicken? Oh that? I think that was spinach -- not any more!"

DARLA

You like it, Brian?

BRIAN

Yup. That blew my mind. You're on the team. Who's next?

GABE

That would be I.

BRIAN

No, Gabe. It'll be I. I, Robot. I shall recite a tale ... but I already am. Who's next?

CAP

Let's play cards! Who likes go-fish?

TRENT

They ignore the little one.

GABE

Twitch...Hey, let's all go to my story now!

GABE reads: "If life were a lava lamp, and lava lamps were

tomatoes, imagine how different the world would be. Maybe we're in that world! - how would we know?" Those were my uncle's dying words, then he died. That's how those sort of things go, because when people say their dying words, they die right after they say them. For instance, I'm holding this gun to your sister's head. Anything she says is "dying words". "Help me!" Did you hear her scream? Well, I'll let her go for now, but I'll be back - in another dream."

ANTON

Gabe, you've got issues.

CAP

I ALSO HAVE ISSUES!

BRIAN

Find meaning in randomness.

BRIAN jumps off of the balcony, turns into the jet, and flies away.

A mysterious ball-lightning floats over the table, capturing their attention.

TRENT

Because?

The ball-lightning flies into TRENT's chest, snaps; an instant cremation.

TRENT has been reduced to a pile of ash on a chair.

EXT. SKY, HIGH OVER EUROPE - MORNING

Brian is a Robo-Jet, flying high above european landmarks.

BRIAN'S THOUGHTS

Was that a robotic turbo-fart?

BLOODY MARY'S VOICE

You are trying to forge your own, personal path, through this cruel, judgmental world.

BRIAN'S THOUGHTS

What does it all mean?

INT. HOTEL ROOM, HAWAIIAN HOTEL

GABE, ANTON, and CAP, talk around a table.

ANTON

What the CIA made Brian to report about is a thing called The Human Global Pathology. They want to use that information to manipulate the world population to be in constant fear and division, to the point of self-destruction, so that they may create a New World Order out of that chaos.

CAP

That's consistent with my studies.

ANTON

I wonder what will happen on Y2K.

CAP

So the question: do we tell Brian that he's a macrochip, a catalyst for the destruction of humankind as we know it?

ANTON

Regardless of what we tell him, Brian's our friend. We should be honest with him.

GABE

I think he'd appreciate that.

CAP

Their plot is one of slow, surgical manipulation. Are we ... the final generation? Let's be honest with Brian.

ANTON

Wow. I expected at least one of you to disagree with me about being honest with Brian.

BLANK SCREEN

WORDS ON SCREEN

"You are trying to forge your own, personal path, through this cruel, judgmental world."

INT. AMBULANCE - EVENING

PARAMEDIC 1 and PARAMEDIC 2 (wearing sunglasses) sit in the front of an ambulance that drives slowly into the sunset.

PARAMEDIC 1

I still don't get what this series is about.

PARAMEDIC 2

Maybe there's nothing to get.

PARAMEDIC 1

No, I mean: There's something to it, obviously. Umm ... that whole "You are trying to forge your own, personal path, through this cruel, judgmental world" thing is obviously a point, but I want to take it one step farther.

PARAMEDIC 2

How so?

PARAMEDIC 1

I want to say that yeah the world can be cruel.

PARAMEDIC 2

We know that, as paramedics. We've seen the victims of the cruel world.

PARAMEDIC 1

The judgmental aspect, however ... that's something that doesn't matter. People should live their lives the way they want to, without giving a shit how others judge them.

PARAMEDIC 2

What about the judgments of the people who matter the most to you?

PARAMEDIC 1

Be yourself, and if they judge you cruelly, then you don't matter as much to them as they matter to you. People you matter to want you to be yourself. So be yourself until you're surrounded by people you matter to, and then continue to be yourself.

They ride into the sunset.

FADE OUT