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"WHY - WHY YOU YOUNG HOODLUM, I'LL...  
I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLACK OFF"  
(John L. Sullivan 1900)  
"WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU APART!"

# The Untimely Demise of that Awful David Schwartzman

EXIT REPORT

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Original Teleplay by Rudi O'Meara

RAMPHAST

THE UNTIMELY DEMISE OF THAT AWFUL DAVID SCHWARTZMAN

Episode 1: "Where the \*%#@# is Phil?"

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FADE IN:

**EXT. SCHWARTZMAN COMPOUND, AVIARY - NIGHT**

We open on the figure of a MIDDLE-AGED MAN floating face-down in a wooden hot tub - seen from below.

His face is placid and calm. His eyes are open, curious. Staring at us like he's got a million questions.

Clinging to his shoulders, a dark red silk kimono bobs and weaves - obscuring what looks very much like blood.

CLAY (V.O.)

So, yeah. Basically, we're screwed.

A tiny silver bubble hovers at the corner of the man's mouth and then darts quickly up to the glassy surface.

CLAY (CONT'D)

If you'd asked me two months ago if this is where I thought things were headed - that David would bite the big one and we'd be the ones trying to figure out who did it - well, I would've told you you were out of your frigging mind.

Just beyond the kimono, we can barely make out the figure of what appears to be an animal of some sort - a BULLDOG - gazing down into the water.

Still, the man stares directly at us - beatific.

CLAY (CONT'D)

And, no. He's definitely not normally this... calm.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. SCHWARTZMAN COMPOUND, PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY**

The same man - DAVID SCHWARTZMAN (mid-50s, long, thinning gray hair, wire rim glasses, an infamous independent producer with a checkered past) - charges in toward us through a pair of glass doors.

DAVID

(at the top of his lungs)  
What THE FUCK did I fucking tell you?!

Behind him, at the center of the lushly landscaped aviary that spans the space between his house and the production office, sits the wooden hot tub - now empty.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What, are you trying to do get me killed?! Whatever your name is, whenever Martin calls, I'm NOT FUCKING HERE!!!

The image FREEZES. Veins in both of David's temples are bulging. Spittle flies from his bulbous lips.

It's only now that we notice - he's wearing the same kimono and he's got two lit joints, one in each hand.

CLAY (V.O.)

That's David. Schwartzman. On one of his, uh, better days.

Suddenly David REANIMATES:

DAVID

And another fucking thing...

He cuts himself off, spying the lit joint in his right hand. He shoves it between his teeth like Patton and takes an impossibly long draw.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(blowing smoke)

...where the fuck is Phil?

The camera WHEELS AROUND to reveal our narrator - CLAY WILCOX (early 20s, a fresh-faced former English major and aspiring screenwriter then unaccustomed to David's fury).

He sits, stunned mute, at a sleek black marble desk trying his best to make sense of what appears to be a heap of convoluted hand-written accounting ledgers.

Behind him, we can barely make out a who's-who treasure trove of mid-century furniture and oversized vintage French movie posters. Exotic Amazonian artifacts dot every surface.

CLAY

I dunno. He was supposed to be back on the 7:30...

David LUNGES at him. The Kimono flaring.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(covering his eyes)

Dude. C'mon!

Slamming what's left of his joint into the teeming ashtray at the far side of the Clay's desk, David GROWLS:

DAVID

If I find out Phil is lying to me -  
to us, all of us - I will have your  
fucking head! And Paul's!

(beat)

Do I make myself CLEAR?!

David FREEZES again. Clay calmly turns to us and speaks:

CLAY

(direct-to-camera)

It's sad really. He's fluent in at  
least eight languages - French,  
Italian, Yiddish, German, Spanish,  
Portuguese, Russian, Castellano -  
and every third word is fuck.

Clay calmly reaches over, snatches the joint out of David's frozen fingers, and snuffs it out properly.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Plus, somewhere in this place  
there's at least one Academy Award.

Reaching across himself in front of the still frozen David - his boss - Clay grabs a pack of Dunhill reds, shakes one out, and lights it with a small vintage lighter.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Back in the day, he was a mensch.  
An indie badass. Like, Saul Zaentz  
level. Coppola level.

(beat)

But I digress.

Clay points to David. David UNFREEZES - picking back up at grinding out his roach. Instead, his empty fingers send ashes flying. He barely notices.

DAVID

Go to Canter's. Pick me up a  
chicken. A double order of latkes -  
six not three - and a poppy seed  
strudel.

He thrusts a hand into a pocket in his kimono and tosses a damp wad of bills onto the desk.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A la fucking MODE!