

"COMEDY DICKS"

by
Eric Von Hoffman
Gary Rudoren

CAST

Prof. Hoffman - Eric Von Hoffman

Dr. Rudoren - Gary Rudoren

Clown with machine gun -

Announcer (V.O.) -

Deck Mathers - Bob Odenkirk

Mary Lynn Lastname -

Cronies -

Cops/Detectives -

Det. McClusky -

Dumb Cop -

Stone-faced Cop -

Mrs. Rudoren (V.O.) -

Nancy Asshole -

Educational Film Narrator (V.O.) -

People Slipping on Banana Peels -

"COMEDY DICKS"

A "Comedy By The Numbers" Production

By Eric Von Hoffman and Gary Rudoren

(NOTE: Series has a style and look similar to the "Comedy By The Numbers" promotional films directed by Bob Odenkirk and shot/edited by Neil Mahoney.)

OPEN ON:

INT./EXT. OPENING TITLES SEQUENCE

GRAPHICS: "COMEDY BY THE NUMBERS" presents: COMEDY DICKS

A Columbo/A-Team vibe, featuring PROF. HOFFMAN and DR. RUDOREN, two stoic professionals in white lab coats. From their laboratory, they study and test Comedy: throw pies in each other's faces then record the data; etc. Much like the intro montage to the promo films (scientific comedy work), but with mystery/action-show music and the following added bits:

-Explosions.

-Famous comedians being murdered.

-Prof. Hoffman & Dr. Rudoren in action: pointing guns; driving a car really fast; shouting through a bullhorn at a desperate CLOWN with a machine gun.

END OF OPENING TITLES SEQUENCE.

DIP TO BLACK.

UP ON:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Hip college students having fun, walking to a show. We hear an excited ANNOUNCER over a P.A. system:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the "Hot College Comic of the Year" for 2005, 6, and 7! Designated by "Hot College Comic Magazine"- formerly "Rolling Stone."

EXT. UNIVERSITY PERFORMATORIUM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON POSTER: A big photo of hot college comedian DECK MATHERS (Bob Odenkirk) pumping his fists in triumph. The poster reads: "ONE NIGHT ONLY! DECK MATHERS! THE MUSCLES OF COMEDY! And MARY LYNN LASTNAME!"

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

--He just sold out the Parthenon for Spring Break AND he hosts competing specials on HBO and SHOWTIME the same night and same time! You choose!

INT. UNIVERSITY PERFORMATORIUM - NIGHT

The auditorium is packed with hooting college students.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

--Please welcome the "Muscles of Comedy"...the "Master of the Double Fist" move...and the originator of the "No Finger" point...Mr... Deck Mathers!!

Deck Mathers storms on-stage, working the crowd into a frenzy. Deck is a lame comedian, out of touch, catchphrase-spouting.

DECK MATHERS

(into mic)

Yeah! Yeah! Whoo! (pumps his fists) Whoo!

(NOTE: An abridged version of Bob Odenkirk's hilarious Deck Mathers routine here: including his nonsensical "Didya ever notice how women always pay with nickels" bit. Deck doesn't understand the real world.)

Deck bows to huge applause.

INT. IN THE WINGS - CONTINUOUS

Deck bounds offstage and runs into uber-cool, tell-it-like-it-is, alternative comedian MARY LYNN LASTNAME, who's surrounded by her CRONIES.

MARY LYNN LASTNAME

Nice "jokes", Mathers. I wish my dog was as funny as you, I'd shoot him in the face!

Her cronies laugh.

DECK MATHERS

Whuh?

MARY LYNN LASTNAME

Finally! A comedian who's not afraid to suck! Right, guys?

More laughter. Deck is stunned; he looks like a wounded puppy.

DECK MATHERS

Dude--

MARY LYNN LASTNAME

You were goddam horrible! Ha ha ha!

Laughter echoes through Deck's brain, a nightmare. Mary Lynn strolls off with her entourage.

MARY LYNN LASTNAME

(CONT'D)

See ya never, Buddy "Hack"ett! Tee hee hee!

Alone now, Deck fills with rage; we hear Mary Lynn begin her act onstage:

MARY LYNN LASTNAME (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

Hi, how ya all doin' tonight?!

Deck screams to the heavens--

DECK MATHERS

Aaaaaahhhh!! No no no no noooo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

After the show. Mary Lynn is collecting her things. She notices a BUNCH OF BANANAS next to her make-up mirror.

MARY LYNN LASTNAME

Oh, that's sweet.

ANGLE ON CURTAIN: A menacing GLOVED HAND slowly creeps out from behind the curtain - curiously holding a BANANA PEEL. The hand flips the peel to the floor.

Mary Lynn heads for the door. She slips on the banana peel, flips awkwardly into the air, and lands on her ass with a SLAP!

Deck emerges from the curtain, revenge in his eyes.

ANGLE ON WALL: We see Deck's shadow as he proceeds to beat Mary Lynn to death with a common stick.

DECK MATHERS
I'm sick of people (hit!) calling me
(hit!) a HACK!! (final hit!)

ANGLE ON DECK: His nemesis is dead. With blood spatters on his face, Deck howls to the moon--

DECK MATHERS (CONT'D)
COMEDY!!

Deck drops the stick and the gloves, races to the make-up mirror. Deck carefully places a STICKER on the banana bunch, then exits in a hurry.

CLOSE ON BANANAS: We see the sticker reads: PROPS

Crescendos!

FADE OUT.

UP ON:

INT. GREEN ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The crime scene. Police tape, fingerprint dusting, and COPS & DETECTIVES doing their jobs. The harried DET. MCCLUSKY stands over the dead body. McClusky sports a big moustache and wears an obvious toupee.

ANGLE ON DOOR: It bursts open and PROF. HOFFMAN (Eric Von Hoffman?) and DR. RUDOREN (Gary Rudoren, let's hope!) enter briskly like they're in charge. They wear white lab coats, carrying black doctor bags, and there is a sense of urgency like this is an emergency. Also, Dr. Rudoren over-shouts everything.

Dr. Rudoren flashes a badge to a cop.

DR. RUDOREN
(shouts)
COMEDY DETECTIVES!

A formality, Prof. Hoffman quickly shakes hands with another cop. BZZZT! -a joy buzzer goes off.

PROF. HOFFMAN
Where's the "alt comic?!"

DR. RUDOREN
 (up in a cop's face)
 WE'RE IN CHARGE NOW! GO HOME!

But they don't wait for the answer - they push and shove their way to the victim and Det. McClusky.

DR. RUDOREN (CONT'D)
 ONE SIDE!

DET. MCCLUSKY
 Who the beans are you!?

Prof. Hoffman takes out a tape measure from his bag.

PROF. HOFFMAN
 Comedy Dicks. I'm Prof. Hoffman, this is Dr. Rudoren. Stand back, everyone!

DET. MCCLUSKY
 What the--! Get the hell out of here before I run you in!

Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren share a knowing look.

PROF. HOFFMAN
 Dr. Rudoren?

DR. RUDOREN
 (nods)
 RIGHT! A NUMBER 2 MIXED WITH A NUMBER 61!

SUPER: #2 - ANTI-AUTHORITARIANISM

SUPER: #61 - INAPPROPRIATE BEHAVIOR

DR. RUDOREN (CONT'D)
 ..AND, AS ALWAYS, WRAPPED IN A NUMBER 63!

SUPER: #63 - JEWS AND THEIR IDIOSYNCRACIES

Dr. Rudoren nods and pushes McClusky back into a big chair - he roughly massages McClusky's forehead.

DR. RUDOREN (CONT'D)
 NOW JUST RELAX! THAT'S IT!

DET. MCCLUSKY
 Get your hands off me! This is a crime scene!

Prof. Hoffman is measuring the deadly banana peel, recording the data.

PROF. HOFFMAN

Precisely why we're here! We're from the Comedy By The Numbers Institute. Humor specialists. Since this is a comedy-related death, they called the experts in.

(re: McClusky)

God! -Could someone shut him up!

DET. MCCLUSKY

What did you say!?

DR. RUDOREN

(in McClusky's face)

WE'RE PROFESSIONALS!

As proof, Dr. Rudoren hands McClusky a rubber chicken - who slaps it away.

Prof. Hoffman is observing the soles of the victim's shoes.

PROF. HOFFMAN

Aw, FUCK! We got a Number 100 here.

DUMB COP

(leaning in)

Number 100?

PROF. HOFFMAN

(sarc)

Well it's not a "75"

DUMB COP

Uh--?

PROF. HOFFMAN

A "Mirror Routine!"

DUMB COP

A what?

PROF. HOFFMAN

Hey Rudoren, these guys don't know what a fucking Mirror Routine is! Haw haw!

(to Cop)

"Number 100: Physical Comedy / Shtick."
Slipping on a banana peel, Uncle Miltie.

DUMB COP

Oh yeah, the banana peel was from her act. She's a stand-up comedian.
Accidental death, I guess.

PROF. HOFFMAN

Mm. Hold this, would you.

Prof. Hoffman hands a pair of Groucho novelty glasses to the cop, who obligingly holds them.

Reveal Dr. Rudoren lathering shaving cream all over McClusky's face.

DET. MCCLUSKY

I told you I don't need a shave!! Get out, I--!

Dr. Rudoren snips off the bottom of McClusky's tie with giant scissors.

DR. RUDOREN

DOES THAT FEEL BETTER!? I HOPE SO!

McClusky can't get his footing with all this mayhem. Wrapping things up, Prof. Hoffman seals the banana peel into an evidence baggie.

PROF. HOFFMAN

We'll be taking this back to the lab for giggle testing. You'll hear from us in a few days.

Reveal Dr. Rudoren haphazardly shaving McClusky with a big straight razor.

DET. MCCLUSKY

That's evidence! You can't take--!

FLIT! Dr. Rudoren accidentally slices off the tip of McClusky's chin.

DET. MCCLUSKY (CONT'D)

WAAUUGH!!

DR. RUDOREN

BE CAREFUL! I'M SHAVING YOU!

Prof. Hoffman bosses a STUNNED COP.

PROF. HOFFMAN

And we'll need transcripts of all the acts from that night! Make sure you highlight which jokes kicked ass and which ones "bombed", or "sucked." Otherwise, you might as well not even send it!

(to everyone re: corpse)

And no Number 25s while we're gone!

(MORE)

PROF. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

The body is not to be used in a series of "Weekend At Bernie's" style situations, which may or may not include dragging her around the beach and tying a drink to her hand to make her appear alive! You've been warned!

Reveal McClusky cleaned up, his moustache now trimmed down to look like Hitler's moustache. Dr. Rudoren brandishes a hair comb.

DR. RUDOREN

AND NOW, THE FINISHING TOUCH!

Dr. Rudoren touches the comb to McClusky's head and with one swipe - ZWING! - brushes McClusky's toupee off, revealing his bald pate.

DR. RUDOREN (CONT'D)

PERFECT!

Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren race out of the room, leaving a fuming McClusky. A STONE-FACED COP points at McClusky's moustache.

STONE-FACED COP

Ha ha. You're Hitler.

DET. MCCLUSKY

(looking at moustache)

How did THAT get there!?

FREEZE-FRAME on McClusky's enraged face.

SUPER: #170 - THE INADVERTENT HITLER MOUSTACHE ROUTINE

INT. TRANSITION

The classic "theatre comedy mask" spinning toward us, filling the screen, a la 1960's Batman show.

EXT. COMEDY INSTITUTE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. COMEDY INSTITUTE - DAY

Lab set: beakers, comedy props & costumes, novelty items.

An elaborate contraption is set up which has a DUMMY testing the various ways to slip on a banana peel. Prof.

Hoffman stands beside it, making notes on a clipboard.
Dr. Rudoren broods nearby.

DR. RUDOREN
(speaking normally)
There's something about this case that
just doesn't add up.

PROF. HOFFMAN
Whatta ya think? "Anti-Comedy?"

DR. RUDOREN
Mm, no. It's--

Suddenly, from off-screen, we hear Dr. Rudoren's nagging
wife, MRS. RUDOREN. Dr. Rudoren is afraid of her.

MRS. RUDOREN (O.S.)
Gary! What's all that commotion! What's
going on out there! I can't stand
commotion!

DR. RUDOREN
(sigh)
No, dear!

MRS. RUDOREN (O.S.)
Commotion! And don't forget to pick up
some bologna slices for my huge corns!

DR. RUDOREN
No, dear!
(whispering to himself)
I'll huge corns you.

MRS. RUDOREN (O.S.)
WHAT!?

DR. RUDOREN
Okay, dear!

SFX: A DOOR SLAMS O.S.

PROF. HOFFMAN
(embarrassed for him)
Look, why don't you kill her.

NANCY ASSHOLE enters. Cute assistant in white lab coat;
nothing like her name.

NANCY ASSHOLE
Got that film you requested.
(instantly in love)
Hi, Prof. Hoffman.

PROF. HOFFMAN
(a sex symbol)

Yo.

Nancy loads an old 16 millimeter film reel onto a projector.

NANCY ASSHOLE
This was hard to find. No one's cross-referenced banana peels in a while.

Dr. Rudoren occasionally mispronounces his words:

DR. RUDOREN
(shouting)
FANK YOU-- sorry -- THANK YOUS-- sorry --
THANK YOU, NANCY!

NANCY ASSHOLE
Y'know, I could do other stuff around here, too. I could tell dick jokes or do a double-take or--

PROF. HOFFMAN
That's alright, Nancy, we'll make you funny someday!

NANCY ASSHOLE
Well..I kinda think I already am funny.

DR. RUDOREN
Nope, not yet! But you will be! Don't worry!

PROF. HOFFMAN
We'll prove that adage wrong in no time! As far as we're concerned, "Women CAN be funny!" You'll see!

NANCY ASSHOLE
Then why did you hire me?

DR. RUDOREN
Your name.

NANCY ASSHOLE
"Nancy Asshole?" What of it?

Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren just stare at her for a moment, then--

DR. RUDOREN
Nancy Asshole.

NANCY ASSHOLE

Yeah, so?

DR. RUDOREN

Nancy Asshole. Nancy Asshole.

NANCY ASSHOLE

What do you mean?

PROF. HOFFMAN & DR.

RUDOREN

Asshole. Nancy Asshole. It's the Nancy Asshole. Asshole, Nancy. It's because of, you know, Nancy Asshole.

Nancy still doesn't get it, and, covering, Prof. Hoffman quickly turns on the projector - we go into a pull-down movie screen...

INT. OLD EDUCATIONAL FILM

TITLE CARD: COMEDY BY THE NUMBERS presents: "WHOOOPS! One Man's Fight To Make 'Slipping On A Banana Peel' Funny"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Slipping on a banana peel. Could anything be funnier? This classic bit was born out of the Fruit Boom of the 1700s. Unfortunately, there was no coinciding "garbage collection boom" and so the streets were filled with peels, and people slipping on them.

EXT. 1700'S STREET - DAY

WIDE SHOT of street covered in banana peels. A beat, and a crowd of PEOPLE enter (in old-film FAST-MOTION), walking into the streets. Everyone is slipping and flipping up into the air and falling on their asses.

Suddenly, the picture freezes (film is jammed in projector). A hole melts in the center of the film, then EXPLODES!

BACK TO:

INT. COMEDY INSTITUTE - DAY

Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren confer; the projector is smoking in the background.

DR. RUDOREN
I WANNA KNOW MORE ABOUT HOT COLLEGE COMIC
DECK MATHERS!!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MONTAGE

We hear the opening chords of AC/DC's "Back In Black" - then we realize it's musician Doug Stoley's novelty song, "Black In Back." This plays over the following:

We see the amazing career of Deck Mathers unfold: the magazine covers; the bad films; the trademark hand gestures; stupid college kids declaring his "genius."

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. THE GRAND CANYON - DAY

The investigation continues.

CLOSE ON SIGN: Deck Mathers - The Grand Canyon Show! SOLD OUT!

EXT. PARTY TENT - DAY

Establishing.

INT. PARTY TENT - DAY

Deck Mathers is talking to his staff, pumping his fists.

DECK MATHERS
Alright! We sold out the motherfucking
Grand Canyon, people! Yeah! My career is
so hot now! Yeah!

The staff hoots and applauds.

DECK MATHERS (CONT'D)
Now get out there and laugh! Yeah! Laugh
loud!

The staff looks a little disappointed, then file out of the tent - just as Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren enter.

DR. RUDOREN
MR. MATHERS, WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU IF
WE COULD!!

Deck jumps!

DECK MATHERS

Jesus, dude!

Prof. Hoffman goes to the craft service table. Throughout the scene he builds a huge, crazy, cracker sandwich.

DECK MATHERS (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Rudoren)

You scared the shit out of me!

(going into a bit)

It's like when chicks always pay with nickels! I mean what IS that!

(no reaction)

A SUPER points out Deck's dialogue:

SUPER: #135 - THE CALLBACK JOKE

DECK MATHERS (CONT'D)

(finally)

Who are you?

DR. RUDOREN

Comedy By The Numbers! What was your professional relationship like with Miss Lastname?

Behaving suspiciously, Deck casually begins working-out in his gym area; he punches a bag, does some crunches, etc.

DECK MATHERS

Oh, I totally respected her. She had this alternative comedy thing goin'. And y'know, alt-comedy had it's thing a few years ago, but I think dudes today are more into (punches his fists out) yeah! And (another punch) yeah! I mean, ask anyone, dude.

DR. RUDOREN

Do you feel like you "got" her humor?

DECK MATHERS

Pssh! Yeah "right." "If a chick ain't bangin', I ain't hangin'!" Come on! Whoo!

DR. RUDOREN

AND WHAT DO YOU FIND FUNNY?

DECK MATHERS

I like stuff that's like (pumps fist)!
And that's a quote, dude.

DR. RUDOREN

THANK YOU VERY M-- sorry --THANK YOU VERY
MUCH, MR. MATHERS, WE'LL BE IN TOUCH!

Dr. Rudoren exits the tent, followed by Prof. Hoffman carrying his huge cracker sandwich.

CLOSE ON DECK MATHERS: watching after them, worried, sweating.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Parked near the party tent. Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren are in the front seat.

INT. CAR - SAME

Prof. Hoffman's face is already sloppy from his cracker sandwich. Dr. Rudoren looks straight ahead, stilted.

DR. RUDOREN

THE SEEDS OF CRIME ARE OFTEN PLANTED IN
THE FLOWER BOX OF REVENGE!

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER

The day of reckoning.

Everyone is gathered at the crime scene: cops, Det. McClusky, Prof. Hoffman & Dr. Rudoren, Deck Mathers, and shockingly, the dead body of Mary Lynn Lastname. Deck plays it cool.

DR. RUDOREN

(to Det. McClusky)
THANK YOU FOR BRINGING THE BODY! IT'S
IMPORTANT THAT IT BE HERE!

PROF. HOFFMAN

(serious)
Ladies and germs, on the night in
question an alternative comedian was
fallen.

Prof. Hoffman points dramatically to Deck Mathers.

PROF. HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

..And HE did it!

Everyone gasps!

DECK MATHERS

Don't be a fag, dude.

PROF. HOFFMAN

His act wasn't the only thing that "killed" that night. And he almost got away with it, too. But unfortunately for him, the numbers of comedy just didn't add up.

Deck Mathers starts to sweat.

DET. MCCLUSKY

I'd like to run all you sissies in.

PROF. HOFFMAN

Alternative Comedienne Mary Lynn Lastname slipped on a prop from her act, and tragically died an accidental death. Pathos, indeed.

DR. RUDOREN

ALTERNATIVE COMEDIANS TRADITIONALLY ENGAGE IN "EDGY" MATERIAL! THIS MAKES THEM POPULAR WITH THE COUNTER CULTURE, WHICH THEY CAN LATER PARLAY INTO A "GOOFY NEIGHBOR" ROLE ON A POPULAR SITCOM AFTER "SOFTENING" THEIR ACT FOR THE MASSES!

PROF. HOFFMAN

But a banana peel bit would NEVER be a part of an Alternative Comedian's repertoire. No, that's a routine more fitting for a "Low Comedian." ..Sometimes called...a "HACK."

Two cops grab the guilty Deck Mathers by the arms - he struggles and shrugs them off, a "rebel" to the end.

DECK MATHERS

Huh. I thought I'd performed the perfect crime.

DR. RUDOREN

(in Deck's face)

NO SUCH THING!

(MORE)

DR. RUDOREN (CONT'D)
 (to cops)
 LEAD HIM AWAY!

Cops take Deck Mathers away, while Prof. Hoffman & Dr. Rudoren light up their traditional end-of-the-case CIGARS.

PROF. HOFFMAN
 Mm. Good cigar.

DR. RUDOREN
 Yes. It's good.

BLAMMO!! Their cigars explode! -leaving black ash all over their faces. They look around at the roomful of laughing cops.

PROF. HOFFMAN
 (to Rudoren)
 It worked.

They share a smile and we

FADE TO BLACK.

UP ON:

INT. COMEDY LAB - LATER

Prof. Hoffman and Dr. Rudoren talk to the home viewers.

SUPER: "COMEDY BY THE NUMBERS" - Learning Corner!

PROF. HOFFMAN
 "Number 63 - Jews And Their
 Idiosyncracies."

DR. RUDOREN
 HERE'S AN IMPORTANT THING TO REMEMBER:
ALL JEWS EVERYWHERE ARE EXACTLY LIKE
 WOODY ALLEN, AND HAVE THE SAME OPINIONS
 AND CHARACTER TRAITS!

LITTLE HATS ARE FUNNY! HANGING SIDEBURNS
 ARE FUNNY! BEING CHEAP IS FUNNY! REALLY
 ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS THROW SOME TYPICAL
 CHARACTER TRAITS INTO YOUR PIECE!

NON-JEWS WILL LAUGH AT THE JEWISH
 CHARACTERS BECAUSE OF DEEP-SEATED
 JEALOUSY - AND JEWS LOVE TO LAUGH AT
 THEMSELVES OUT OF SELF-HATE! SO THAT'S
 100% OF YOUR AUDIENCE...LAUGHING!

Thank you. PROF. HOFFMAN

THANK YOU! DR. RUDOREN
..sorry.

FADE OUT.

THE END.