

JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK

Screenplay by  
Kevin Smith

OVER BLACK WE SEE:

CHYRON

A long time ago, in front of a convenience store far, far away--

EXT. QUICK STOP YEARS AGO--DAY

We FADE IN on the block of stores (Quick Stop/RST), from sometime ago, In fact, RST isn't RST; it's THE RECORD RACK -- a 45's store with head shop paraphernalia in the window. A white-trash MOTHER (maybe seventeen) wearing a baseball cap comes into frame carrying a chubby BABY. The Baby wears an oversized t-shirt under what looks like a little bathrobe, and messily eats a CHOCOLATE BAR. There are food stamps in the Mother's hands.

MOTHER

Bobby-Boy stay here while mommy picks up the free cheese, 'kay?

She looks up at the bright sun, shielding her eyes slightly, then looks back at the baby on the ground. She takes off her baseball cap and places it on the baby.

MOTHER

This'll keep the sun out of your eyes. You be good now.

She walks away, leaving the baby sitting against the wall. With the backwards baseball cap and the chocolate around his mouth forming something that resembles a beard, the kid looks kind of familiar.

Then, another MOTHER (also very young) decked out in a KISS concert shirt from years gone by and huge, feathered hair enters, with a black skullcap wearing BABY slung at her hip. She sees the first Baby, sitting against the wall and sets her Baby down beside him.

MOTHER

Don't fucking move, you little shit-machine. Mommy's gonna try to score.

A PASSERBY enters, heading toward the convenience store. He takes note of the Babies and the Mother heading into the record store, and then stops and addresses her, disgusted.

PASSERBY

Excuse me--who's watching these babies?

MOTHER

The fat one's watching the little one.

PASSERBY

Oh, nice parenting.

(walking away)

Leave'em out here like that and see what happens.

The Passerby walks away. The Mother flips him the bird.

MOTHER

FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING SQUARE!

PASSERBY

(waving her off)

Ah, keep on truckin'.

MOTHER

(to baby)

D'jou hear the crazy fuck tellin' me how to fuckin' raise you? Motherfucker, man! Who's he fucking think he is? What's the worse fuckin' thing could happen to you sitting outside the fuckin' stores? Fuck!

The door closes, and the Babies sit there quietly for a beat. Then, they look at each other. The larger one says nothing. The smaller one says--

BABY

Fuck, fuck, fuck,,,

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PRESENT

JAY and SILENT BOB stand where the Babies sat. The Record Rack is now RST VIDEO. Jay is mid-chant.

JAY

(as a chant)

--fuck, fuck, fuck, mother-mother fuck, mother-mother fuck-fuck! Mother fuck-, mother-fuck, mother-fuck, noinch-noinch, noinch, smoking weed, smoking weed, doing coke, drinking beers! Drinking beers, beers, beers, rolling fatties, smoking blunts! Who smokes the blunts? We smoke the blunts!

A pair of TEENS approach them.

TEEN 1

Lemme get a nickel bag.

JAY

Fifteen bucks, little man. Put the money in my hand. If the money does not show, then you owe-me-owe-me-owe.

(changing up to Morris Day)

My Jungle Love! Yes, Oh-we-oh-we-oh! I think I want to know ya', know ya'--

TEEN 1

(digging in pockets)

What the hell are you singing?

JAY

You don't know "Jungle Love"? That shit is the mad notes. Written by God Herself and handed down to the world's greatest band--the motherfucking Time.

TEEN 2

The guys in that Prince movie?

TEEN 1

Purple Rain.

TEEN 2

Man, that shit was so gay--fucking eighties style.

Jay suddenly grabs the kid by the throat, throwing him against the wall.

JAY

Bitch, don't you NEVER say an unkind word about The Time! Me and Silent Bob modeled our whole fucking lives after Morris Day and Jerome! I'm a smooth pimp who loves the pussy, and Tubby here's my black manservant!

Just then, RANDAL exits the video store, locking the door behind him.

RANDAL

What'd I tell you two about dealing in front of the store? Drop the kid and peddle your wares someplace else, burn-boy.

(walking away)

And for the record, The Time sucked ass.

He exits. Jay, Silent Bob, and the Teens watch him go. After a beat--

JAY

Yo-youse guys wanna hear something fucked up about him and the Quick Stop guy?

INT. QUICK STOP-DAY

Randal joins Dante behind the counter. Dante rings up a customer, a half-eaten submarine sandwich sitting on the counter. Randal grabs it, takes a bite, and starts reading a newspaper.

RANDAL

Hey, can't we do something about those two stoners hanging around outside all the time?

DANTE

Why? What'd they do now?

RANDAL

I'm trying to watch Clash of the Titans, and all I can hear is the two of them screaming about Morris Day at the top of their lungs.

DANTE

I thought the fat one didn't really talk much.

RANDAL

What, am I producing an A&E Biography about 'em? I'm just saying they shouldn't be loitering around the stores like they do.

DANTE

Neither should you, but we let you stay.

RANDAL

See, man--if you were funnier than that, ABC never would've cancelled us.

DANTE

What?

RANDAL

Nothing.

Enter Teen 1 and Teen 2, chuckling.

TEEN 1

Two packs of Wraps.

(beat)

Yo--how was the service?

RANDAL

What service?

TEEN 2

The one at the Unitarian church where you two got married to each other last week.

RANDAL

What the hell are you talking about?

TEEN 1

Jay said you had a Star-Wars--themed wedding and you guys tied the knot dressed like storm troopers.

TEEN 2

Yeah. And he said you're the bitch and you're the butch. Oh, sorry-- the Leia and the Luke.

DANTE

I'm the bitch?!

RANDAL

Well if we were gay, that's how I'd see it.

DANTE

Would you shut up?!

TEEN 1

(to TEEN 2)

Holy shit, dude. The honeymoon's over.

DANTE

We're not married to each other.

TEEN 1

Well, sure. Not in the eyes of the state or any real church, Skywalker.

RANDAL

(heading for the phone)

That does it. I'm gonna do something about those two. I shoulda done a long time ago

TEEN 2

In a galaxy far, far away!

TEEN 1

(exiting)

May the Foreskin be with you. Hand Jabba the Hutt.

RANDAL

(into phone)

Yeah, I want to report a couple of drug dealers out in front of the Quick Stop.

EXT. QUICK STOP--DAY

Jay and Silent Bob are thrown against the wall outside by a COP, who frisks them.

JAY

What the Fuck, Serpico? What'd we do?

COP

We got a report that two guys were hanging around outside the stores, selling pot?

JAY

We don't smoke pot, yo.

Teen 1 enters and hands Jay rolling papers.

TEEN 1

Here're the rolling papers you wanted for your pot. And your change. Thanks.

(getting in Jay's face)

And The Time sucks ass!

Teen 1 races off. Jay and Bob move to follow, but the Cop stops them, grabbing the rolling papers out of Jay's hand. He eyeballs the pair.

COP

No put, hunh? What do you need this for?

JAY

What? I got a wiping problem. I stick these little pieces of paper over my brown-eye, and bam--no shit stains in my undies.

(unbuttoning pants)

You don't believe me? Lemme show you.

Jay drops his pants and leans against the wall, looking back over his shoulder.

JAY

Just spread my cheeks a little and you can see the fucking stink nuggets--

COP

Pull up your pants up sir, Now!

Jay bends down to pull up his pants and FARTS. Silent Bob cracks up. The Cop grabs them both, leading them toward the car.

COP

Let's take a ride down to the station.

JAY

What? It's suddenly a crime to fart, motherfucker?!

EXT. BRODIE BRUCE'S SECRET STASH COMIC BOOK STORE--DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of Brodie's store in the heart of Red Bank.

BRODIE (O.C.)

No fucking way!

WE GO TIGHT on the huge, cartoon sign of BRODIE outside to--

INT. BRODIE BRUCE'S SECRET STASH COMIC BOOK STORE--LATER

BRODIE himself, holding a stack of comics in one hand and a Dixie cup in the other, Jay and Silent Bob follow him as he puts new books in the racks.

BRODIE

Dante and Randal slapped you with a restraining order?!

JAY

Judge said if we go within a hundred feet of the stores, we get thrown into County.

BRODIE

So you gonna abide by the court's ruling or you gonna go Bandit--Reynolds style?

JAY

Fuck yeah! You know what they make you do in county? Toss the fucking salad! I don't like this fuck's asshole; I'm gonna do it for some stranger?

BRODIE

I guess if you really wanted to hang out in front of a convenience store, you could just buy your own now--what with all that money you guys made.

JAY

Hell yeah, bitch.

(beat)

Wait a second--what money?

BRODIE

The money from the movie, dumb-ass.

JAY

What the fuck are you babbling about?

BRODIE

(pulling a bagged-and-boarded issue down from the wall)  
The Bluntman and Chronic movie.

(dawns on him)

Oh my God--don't tell me you have no idea there's a movie being made of the comic you two were the basis for.

JAY

What?! Since when?

BRODIE

Goddamit, man--

(taps his wrist)

Here's the pulse, alright. And here's your finger--

(shoves his hand down the back of his pants)

--far from the pulse, jammed straight up your ass.

(extracts hand and extends it to Jay)

Say--would you like a chocolate covered pretzel?

Brodie leads them back to the counter.

BRODIE

You see, kids, if you read Wizard, you'd know it's the top story this month. Check it out.

Brodie hands Jay and Silent Bob a copy of Wizard, opened to the headline: Snootchie Bootchies! Bluntman and Chronic Get Big Screen Treatment! There are pictures of HOLDEN MCNEIL AND BANKY EDWARDS, as well as drawings of Bluntman and Chronic.

JAY

When the fuck did this happen?!

BRODIE

Well, after X-Men hit at the box office, all the studios started buying up every comic property they could get their hands on. Miramax optioned Bluntman and Chronic.

JAY

Miramax? I thought they only made classy flicks like The Piano and The Crying Game?

BRODIE

Yeah, well once they made She's All That, everything went to hell. So you're saying you haven't gotten a cut of the movie? Didn't Holden McNeil and Banky Edwards used to pay you likeness rights for the comic book?

JAY

We haven't seen a fucking dime for no movie!

BRODIE

Well boys, I'm no lawyer, but I think Holden and Banky owe you some of the proverbial phat cash. I mean they're making a movie based on characters that are based on you and Quiet Robert.

JAY

It ain't me and Quiet Robert. It's a pair of stupid-ass superheroes that run around saying "Snitchy-Nitchies" or something.

BRODIE

I believe it "Snootchie Boochies." Regardless--you're getting screwed. If I was you guys, I'd confront Holden McNeil and ask him for my movie check.

JAY

Shit yeah. We gotsa get paid.

BRODIE

And on that note, we cue the music.

Jay lays down a House bass beat. Brodie complements it with his own beat.

EXT. POTZER'S INC--DAY

Jay and Silent Bob mosey past the front door of the building and knock.

INT. POTZER'S INC--DAY

Holden McNeil, opens the door and smiles.

HOLDEN

Well! I have been waiting years to do this.

(smiles)

Look at these morose motherfuckers right here. Smells like someone shit in their cereal. Bunnngg!

Jay and Silent Bob enter. Holden closes the door, following them.

JAY

What the fuck took you so long answering your damn door? You trying to talk another girlfriend of yours into some of that gay-ass three-way action with your buddy?

HOLDEN

No, I was just showering your mother's stink off me after I gave her a quick jump and sent her home. But now that you mention it--

(to Bob)

Thanks, you know. You could've made the moral of that story you told me a bit more clear.

Silent Bob shrugs.

HOLDEN

So what brings you two dirt merchants to my neck of the woods?

JAY

Oh, I'll tell you what our necks are doing in your woods--

Silent Bob holds up the Wizard article.

JAY

Where's our motherfucking movie check?

HOLDEN

You heard about that too, Hunh? Well, I've got nothing to do with it. That's Banky's deal. He owns the property now. I signed my half of the Bluntman and Chronic right over to him years ago.

JAY

Why the fuck would you do a thing like that?

HOLDEN

Because I'm almost thirty, for God's sake--why on earth would I want to keep writing about characters whose central preoccupations are weed and dick and fart jokes? You gotta grow, man. Don't you ever want more for yourself?

(off Silent Bob)

I know this poor, hapless sonovabitch does. I look in his doe eyes and I see a man crying out, "When, Lord? When the fuck can your servant ditch this foul-mouthed little chucklehead to whom I am a constant victim of his folly, and who bombards me and those around us with grade-A foolishness that prevents me from even getting to kiss a girl? Fuck! When?!"

Silent Bob nod like he's finally understood. Jay looks at him, hurt, and Bob tried to downplay the comment's truth.

JAY

I'm the chucklehead? Fuck you--you're the dumb-ass who gave away his comic, and now you ain't got no fat movie check neither.

HOLDEN

When you're right, you're right. I wish I'd broken off a little piece for myself. Because if the buzz is any indication, the movie's gonna make some huge bank.

JAY

What buzz?

HOLDEN

The Internet buzz.

JAY

What the fuck is the Internet?

INT. OFFICE OF POTZER'S INC--LATER

Holden's at a computer terminal. Jay and Silent bob look over his shoulder.

HOLDEN

The Internet is a communication device that allows people the world over to bitch about movies and share pornography with one another.

(off monitor)

Here's what we're looking for: "Movie PoopShoot.com"

JAY

(to Bob)

"PoopChute." Yeaahhh.

HOLDEN

This is a site full of militant movie buffs: sad bastards who live in their parents' basements, downloading scripts and trading what they believe to be inside info about movies and actors they despise yet can't stop discussing. This is where you go if you wanna hear frustrated would-be filmmakers mouth off with their two-bit, arm-chair-director's opinions on how they all could've made a better Episode One.

On the computer monitor, we see the site mainpage load up. Holden begins navigating the site.

HOLDEN

Here. This is about the Bluntman movie.

(reading)

"Inside sources tell me Miramax is starting production this Friday on their adaption of underground comic fave Bluntman and Chronic."

JAY

Friday?! Shit. Does it say who's playing us in the movie?

HOLDEN

No, but if it's Miramax, I'm sure it'll be Ben Affleck and Matt Damon. They put'em in a bunch of movies.

JAY

Who?

HOLDEN

You know--the guys from Good Will Hunting.

JAY

You mean the fucking movie with Mork from Ork in it?

HOLDEN

Yeah, I'm not too big a fan either. Though Affleck was the bomb in Phantoms.

JAY

Word, bitch. Phantoms like a motherfucker. Holden and Jay slap hands. Holden points at the monitor again.

HOLDEN

Now down here is where you can gauge the buzz. This is the Shoot Back area. It's where people who read the news get to chime in with their two cents. Here's what a guy who goes by the chick-magnet Net handle of "Wampa-One" thinks about Bluntman and Chronic.

(reading)

"Bluntman and Chronic and their stupid alter egos Jay and Silent Bob only work in small doses, if at all. They don't deserve their own movie."

(to Jay)

He's got a point.

JAY

Fuck him. What's the next one say?

HOLDEN

(reading)

"Bluntman and Chronic is the worst comic I ever read. Jay and Silent Bob are stupid characters. A couple of stoners who spout dumb-ass catchphrases like a third-rate Cheech and Chong or Bill and Ted. Fuck Jay and Silent Bob. Fuck them up their stupid asses."

JAY

Who the fuck said that shit?!

HOLDEN

A guy who calls himself "Magnolia-Fan." Check out what the guy after him said: "Jay and Silent Bob are terrible, one-note jokes that only stoners laugh at. They're fucking clown shoes. If they were real, I'd beat the shit out of them for being so stupid. I can't believe Miramax would have anything to do with this shit. I, for one, will be boycotting this movie. Who's with me?"

(leans back)

And then there are about fifty more posts from people who agree to join Spartacus-here's boycott of the flick.

JAY

(grimly)

I'm gonna kill all these fucks--

HOLDEN

Ah, let it go. Number one, they're a bunch of jealous little dicks who use the anonymity of the Net to insult people who're doing what they wish they were doing, and number two, they're not really talking about you guys--they talking about Bluntman and Chronic.

JAY

But they said Jay and Silent Bob! They used our real names. It doesn't matter that there's a comic book version of us and a real version, 'cause nobody knows we're real in real life.

HOLDEN

Really.

JAY

Yeah! And all these people who read that shit think the real Jay and Silent Bob are a couple of faggots 'cause of that all these dicks are writing about the comic book Jay and Silent Bob! And maybe one night, me and Lunchbox'll be macking some bitch, and she'll be like "Oooo! I want to suck youse guys dicks off. What's your names?" And I'll be like, "Jay and Silent Bob." And she'll be like, "Oh--I read on the Internet that youse guys were little fucking jerkoffs." And then she goes and sucks two other guys's dicks off instead! Well fuck that! We gotta put a stop to these hateful sonsa-bitches before they ruin our good names!

HOLDEN

First off, I don't know how good your names really are. Secondly, there's not much you can do about stopping this bile. The Internet's given everyone in America a voice, and everyone in American has chosen to use that voice to bitch about movies. As long as there's a Bluntman and Chronic movie, the Net-nerds are gonna have something negative to say about it.

Jay steams, thinking. Then, a light dawns on him.

JAY

But wait a second--if there wasn't a Bluntman and Chronic movie, then no one would be saying shit about Jay and Silent Bob, right?

HOLDEN

They're not saying anything about you now--they're talking about fictional characters!

JAY

(oblivious to Holden; to Bob)

So all we gotta do is stop 'em from making the movie!

HOLDEN

Yeah, and kiss-off the hundreds of thousands of dollars in royalties you're due in the process. Are you fucking retarded? Look, I'm probably not alone in the opinion that this flick is the worst idea since Greedo shooting first. I mean, a Jay and Silent Bob movie? Who would pay to see that?

Holden, Jay and Silent Bob pause and look at the camera for a beat. Then--

HOLDEN

But since it is happening, you might as well just ignore the idiots on the Internet, go find Banky, and get your "motherfucking movie check." As you so succinctly put it. That's what's important here.

JAY

No, Holden McNeil--what's important here is that there's a bunch of motherfuckers we don't even know calling us assholes on the Internet to a bunch of teenagers and guys who can't even get laid. Putting a stop to that is the most important thing we could ever do.

(off monitor)

When did it say they're making that movie?

HOLDEN

They start this Friday.

JAY

So if today's Tuesday, that gives us --

(counts)

Eight days.

HOLDEN

It's more like three days.

JAY

Right. Three days to stop that stupid fucking movie from getting made! C'mon, Silent Bob--

Jay and Bob stand and look at each other, filled with purpose.

JAY

We're going to Hollywood.

They stride off. Holden shakes his head.

HOLDEN

Now that's what I call the Blunt leading the Blunt.

EXT. BUS STATION--DAY

Jay and Silent Bob approach a bus that's labeled " Los Angeles." They nod at each other and then climb aboard. After a beat, they re-emerge.

JAY

Tickets? Since when did they start charging for the bus?

They head toward the depot.

JAY

Didn't we used to ride that shit to school every day for free?

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

The bus roars past a sign that read: Leaving New Jersey.

INT. BUS--SAME

Jay makes his way up to the DRIVER.

JAY

We in Hollywood yet?

DRIVER

It's a three--day ride to Los Angeles, sir. We left twenty minutes ago.

JAY

I didn't ask you about Los Angeles. I asked you about Hollywood.

DRIVER

Hollywood's in Los Angeles, sir.

JAY

Don't change the subject! Are we in Hollywood yet or not?

DRIVER

Please sit down, sir.

Jay glares at the Driver and heads back to his seat.

JAY

Why don't you take your seat Ralph Kramden--

Jay slumps into the seat beside Silent Bob.

JAY

I'm fucking bored, man. There ain't shit to so on this bus.

Silent Bob mimes jerking off.

JAY

I already did that. Twice.

Silent Bob shrugs, looking out the window, Jay looks across the aisle and spots a CHILD IN A HELMET playing a handheld video game. He leans over to him.

JAY

Yo, Gretzky--lemme get a turn.

CHILD

Leave me alone, little kid.

The Child gives him the finger. Jay goes wide-eyed, turning to Silent Bob.

JAY

That fuck called me a little kid and gave me the finger! Go kick his ass!

Silent Bob offers an incredulous look, as if to say, "He's ten years old."

JAY

You're my muscle, ain'tcha?

Silent Bob kind of nods.

JAY

So go open a can of whup-ass on that little fuck, and get me his game!

Silent Bob sighs and stands. He climbs over Jay into the aisle and stands in front of the child. He looks at him and registers doubt. He looks back to Jay, who waves him on. Silent Bob steels himself, looks back to the kid and reaches for his game. The Child emits a high-pitched scream and starts punching himself in the head. Silent Bob dives back into his seat, trying to look nonchalant. The Child stops crying. Jay looks at Silent Bob.

JAY

You're one tough motherfucker, you know that?

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

The bus pulls over by the side of the road.

INT. BUS--DAY

The Bus Driver heads down the aisle toward the back of the bus, followed by pissed-off PASSENGERS.

PASSENGER

They been in there going on half an hour now! Two of them! Doing God knows what!

The Bus Driver bangs on the bathroom door and shouts.

DRIVER

This bus isn't moving another inch unless you clear out of there right now!

No answer. The Bus Driver bangs on the door harder.

DRIVER

DO YOU HEAR ME?! OPEN THIS DOOR! NOW!!

The door handle turns, the door swings wide, and massive amounts of smoke suddenly billow through the back of the bus. The smoke clears to reveal Jay and Silent Bob squeezed into the bathroom, holding a massive joint.

JAY

Um--I think something's burning back here.

EXT. ROADSIDE--LATER

As the bus pulls away, Jay and Silent Bob are revealed, left behind.

JAY

The whole fucking world's against us, dude. I swear to God.

Silent Bob nods. Jay sticks out his thumb and starts hitching.

EXT. ROADSIDE--LATER

Jay and Bob are walking backwards, hitching still.

JAY

This sucks balls, man. How come we ain't getting no rides?

VOICE

'Cause you're doing it all wrong.

Jay and Bob look behind them. There's a GUY hitching as well.

GUY

You gotta induce the drivers a little.

JAY

Like how?

GUY

Like this.

The GUY holds out his sign to them. It reads: Will Give Head For Ride.

JAY

Yeah, but what happens when you get in the car, and you don't make with the head? Don't they kick your ass to the curb?

GUY

Sure--if you don't make with the head.

Jay and Bob look at him for a long beat. Then--

JAY

Eww! You eat the cock?!?

GUY

Yeah. If it'll get me a few hundred miles across country. I'll take a shot in the mouth.

JAY

Yeah, but we ain't gay.

GUY

Well, neither am I. But have you seen the price of bus tickets lately? Shit--I don't wanna cough up two hundred bucks just to get to Chicago.

JAY

Well, I don't wanna cough up some dude's sperm!

GUY

Don't be so suburban--this is the new millenium. Gay, straight--it's all the same now. There're no more lines.

Jay draws a line on the ground with his foot.

JAY

There's one. On this side of it, we ain't gay.

GUY

All hitchers do this. Why do you think people pick us up? If you get a ride, it's expected--I don't care who the driver is. It's the first rule in the Book.

JAY

What book?

GUY

The unwritten Book of the Road.

A TRUCK starts to pull over to the side of the road. The Guy points to it, as if to say "See?" The passenger-side door opens. The Guy climbs into the truck and closes the door. He looks out the window at Jay and Bob.

GUY

Follow the rules of the Book, and you'll get where you're going in no time. Excuse me.

Through the windshield, Jay and Silent Bob see the Guy go face-first into the TRUCK DRIVER'S lap. The Truck Drivers smiles, and the truck takes off, roaring down the road.

Jay and Silent Bob watch the truck disappear. Then, a CAR pulls up. The NUN driving rolls down the passenger side window and leans toward them.

NUN

You two boys need a ride?

INT. CAR--LATER

The NUN drives, smiling. Jay and Silent Bob sit in the back seat, huddled close together, their eyes glued on the Nun.

NUN

You both don't have to sit back there. One of you can sit up here with me.

Silent Bob shakes his head "no" to Jay. Jay shrugs and climbs up front.

NUN

So where are you boys from?

JAY

New Jersey.

NUN

What brings you to Indiana?

JAY

We're going to Hollywood.

NUN

Hollywood, hunh? That's a long ways away.

JAY

Yeah--we're lucky you picked us up.

NUN

Well, do unto others. That's what the Book says.

JAY

(misinterpreting completely)

Wait a minute--you follow the Book, too?

NUN

I live my life by it.

JAY

Really? You?

NUN

Of course. You know how lonely it gets on the road? Thanks to the Book, I'm never alone--if you know what I mean.

JAY

I guess. This guy back there explained it to us. But I didn't think you'd be into that.

NUN

Are you kidding? I've dedicated my life to it. Every hour of every day.

JAY

Shit--you nuns are alright.

NUN

You live by the Book, too?

JAY

You picked us up, didn't you? I gotta.

NUN

That's good to hear. But it takes deed, not words. It's a lot easier to say you live by the Book than to actually do it.

(looks at him)

Can you do it?

JAY

You want me to do it right now?

NUN

No time like the present, right?

Jay looks back at Silent Bob. Silent Bob shakes his head "no." Jay shrugs then flips his hair over his shoulder, and starts to bend down.

JAY

Alright.

(he suddenly stops)

You hear that? She's not a Catholic. She's a Presbyterian.

Jay disappears below the dash, The Nun goes wide-eyed.

EXT. ROADSIDE--DAY

The Nun's car screeched to the side of the road. Jay gets kicked out of the front seat by the screaming Nun. Silent Bob rushes out too, and the car races off. Jay's wipes his mouth. He pulls a long curly hair from between his teeth.

JAY

Dude--she had seventies bush.

EXT. HIGHWAY--NIGHT

Jay and Bob continue hitching.

JAY

I can't believe this shit. Five hours and not a single ride. Every day, millions of people hitch to Hollywood and stop studios from making movies about 'em. But when you and me try it, it's like we're trapped in a fucking cartoon!

A familiar-looking VAN pulls up in the other side of the road, The horn beeps. Jay and Bob look at each other, shrug, and race across the street, get in. The van pulls off.

INT. VAN--NIGHT

Jay and Bob sit in the back of the van and stare at--

A clean-cut GUY, a Bookish woman in glasses, a red headed Beauty, a stoner DUDE, and a GREAT DANE.

Jay looks at Silent Bob.

JAY

Zoinks, yo

GUY

And now we can finally solve the mystery of the Hitchhiking Ghouls! Pull off their masks and let's see who they really are!

BOOKISH

I don't think they are masks.

BEAUTY

I don't think they're Hitchhiking Girls either.

BOOKISH

Ghouls, you fucking moron. Not Girls.

(to herself)

Though I wish they were hitchhiking girls. Sexy, skimpily clad hitchhiking girls--

GUY

Let's kick them out. We've got a mystery to solve.

DUDE

The only mystery here is why we take our cues from a dick in a neckerchief!

GUY

Keep it up, Beatnik! I'll feed you to the fucking dog!

BEAUTY

(covering her ears; shrieking)

I CAN'T TAKE ALL THIS FIGHTING!

JAY

YO!

The Gang look to Jay and Bob.

JAY

Youse guys need to turn those frowns upside down! And we got just the thing for that.

(pulls out a bag of joints)

We call them Doobie Snax.

INT. VAN--WEED VISION

As Jay and Bob take up, we go all SLO-MO and 70's freaky ( with the image seeming to SWIM). Through their stoned haze, we see old-school witches, skeletons, and ghouls swirling about their heads--the latter of which gets his mask taken off to reveal a man inside a costume.

Jay and Bob look at the gang, then take a hit off their joint and look back. Suddenly, the gang's engaged in total debauchery: the Dude rides the windshield while the Guy cackles insanely, blindfolded by his neckerchief. Bookish and Beauty are in their underwear, making out with each other. The Great Dane looks at Jay and Bob and says--

GREAT DANE

Ri, Ray and Rirent Rob

The Great Dane rolls over, revealing its RED THING sticking way out of its sheath. It's monstrous. Jay and Bob go wide-eyed.

JAY

Look at his fuckin' lipstick!!! He's got a stoner-boner!!!

Jay and Bob smile and pass out.

We cut back to the gang, who now appear as they did prior to Weed-Vision. They stare at the O.C. Jay and Bob.

BEAUTY

I think they passed out.

GUY

Great. What do we do with them now?

DUDE

Let's cut out their kidneys to sell on the black market and leave them in a seedy motel bathtub full of ice.

BOOKISH

Oh God, not again?

INT. SEEDY MOTEL BATHROOM--NIGHT

Jay lies in a bathtub full of ice, screaming. There's a scar on his back.

EXT. KANSAS CITY PARK--DAY

Jay wakes up suddenly, screaming. He startles Bob awake as well, as he clutched at this back lifting his shirt to see the scar. It's not there.

JAY

Holy shit, I had a horrible dream.

(looks around)

Yo, I'm hungry. Where can we get some breakfast?

Bob looks around, and then locks on something O.C. He points, and Jay looks, smiles widely, and nods.

EXT. MOOBY'S FAST FOOD JOINT--DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the fast food eatery, as Jay and Bob enter.

INT. MOOBY'S FAST FOOD JOINT--SAME

As the pair head for the counter, Jay notices a public INTERNET TERMINAL. He tugs at Silent Bob's arm.

JAY

Yo--check that shit out: the Internet. Let's see if those fucks said something new about us and that stupid flick.

Bob shrugs, heading for the terminal. He inserts a dollar and types, following it up with a mouse click. The pair look at the screen and go wide-eyed.

JAY

"Any movie based on Jay and Silent Bob is gonna lick balls, because they both, in fact, lick balls. Namely each other's."

Jay and Silent Bob look at each other, wide-eyed.

JAY

Eww.

(reading further)

"Yes--they are real people. Real stupid people. Signed, Darth Randal."

(to Bob)

Motherfucker! It's time we wrote something back! Type this shit down.

Silent Bob starts typing as Jay dictates.

JAY

All you motherfuckers are gonna pay. You are the ones who are the ball-lickers. We're gonna fuck your mothers whole you watch and cry like little bitches. Once we get to

Hollywood and find those Miramax fucks who are making the movie, we're gonna make 'em eat our shit, then shit our shit, then eat their shit which is made of our shot that we made 'em eat. Then all you motherfuckers are next. Love, Jay and Silent Bob.

Silent Bob finishes typing and presses "Return". He and Jay nod at each other, then head over to the counter line, looking up at the menu board.

JAY

That'll fucking show 'em. Now we eat our Egga-Mooby-Muffins, then get back on the road, get to Hollywood, and stop that fucking movie from getting made. No more hairy-bush nuns, no more dogs. We keep our eye on the prize, and not let nothing--and I mean NOTHING--distract me.

As Jay finishes speaking, he looks to the O.C. doors and freezes.

A gorgeous GIRL walks through the front doors, all in SLO-MO to the tune of Prince's The Most Beautiful Girl in the World. She's bathed in light, glowing. She bats her eyelashes, gliding toward us.

Jay is mouth-agape wide eyed. Silent Bob looks at him, then at the O.C. Girl. He slowly waves his hand in front of Jay's eyes, getting zero response.

JAY'S POV: The Girl smiles at us. His POV goes from her face, down to her breasts, then down to her crotch.

Jay moves past Silent Bob and meets the Girl in the middle of the floor. He embraces her and lands a long, sweet kiss on her mouth. After a beat, he starts fumbling like a teenager to get to second base under her shirt, totally incongruous with the music. The Girl kindly tries to deter him.

But it's just a fantasy. Jay's still standing there next to Silent Bob, but he is sporting a huge BONER. Silent Bob rolls his eyes. He grabs a soda cup off the counter and sticks it over Jay's boner, just as the Girl joins them in line. She smiles at the zombified Jay.

GIRL

(off cup)

Oh my God. Do you get free refills with that?

JAY

Oh, what--this? I just wear this for protection. You know--so no guys try to grab my shit.

GIRL

Hi. I'm Justice.

JAY

(dreamily)

And I am so fucking yours--

Silent Bob pokes Jay, who shakes of his daze.

JAY

I mean hi. I'm Jay. And this is my hereto life-mate, Silent Bob.

JUSTICE

It's nice to meet you.

JAY

Justice, hunh? That's a nice name.

(under his breath, to Bob)

Jay'n'Justice, sitting in a tree. F-U-C-K-I-N-G--

(back to Justice)

So you come here often?

JUSTICE

Oh, I'm not from around here. My friends and I are taking a road trip, and we just stopped to grab something to eat.

JAY

Your friends, hunh? Where they at?

JUSTICE

(pointing)

Out there. By that van.

Jay and Bob look past Justice to see a VAN with three other gorgeous GIRLS stretching outside of it, throwing their hair around, looking incredibly sexy. Without looking at Silent Bob, Jay quietly says to him--

JAY

Dude--I think I just filled the cup.

INT. VAN--DAY

Jay and Bob climb into the can, getting odd looks from the other Girls, Justice follows them in, tossing the fast food to her friends.

JAY

Ladies, ladies, ladies! Jay and Silent Bob are in the Hizz-ouse!!!

SISSY

Who the fuck are these guys?

JUSTICE

This is Jay and Silent Bob.

(to Jay and Bob)

Guys, this is Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy.

CHRISSY

Where the fuck did they come from?

JUSTICE

I met 'em inside. They're gonna hitch a ride.

SISSY

I don't know if that's such a great idea. Jussy.

JAY

Sure it is, Juggs.

MISSY

Oh my god--he just called Sissy "Juggs"!

CHRISSY

I'm on it.

Chrissy lunges toward Jay, pulling a knife.

JUSTICE

Chrissy, no!

Sissy stops Chrissy, shoving a burger into her hands.

SISSY

We're in the middle of suburbia, Chrissy. Let's try to act like it.

CHRISSY

And what-stupid ass little foul-mouthed bitch-boys don't get their balls cut off in suburbia?

JAY

(oblivious)

What's with the knife? We having cake or something?

CHRISSY

Holy shit--he's retarded, to boot.

JAY

(to Silent Bob)

Yo--she called you retarded.

SISSY

(to Justice)

What's wrong with you, Justice? You do remember where we're going, don't you?

MISSY

That we do have a job to do?

JUSTICE

They're just gonna tag along for a few miles. They won't get in the way, I promise.

(cutesy)

Please?

SISSY

Fine--they can ride with us. But they're so out of here before we get to Boulder.

JUSTICE

Honest Injun.

CHRISSY

"Honest Injun"?

(to Sissy)

I can't believe what a pushover you are.

JAY

And I can't believe fine-ass bitches like yourselves eat that shit. Don't you know fast food makes girls fart?

Suddenly, Jay and Bob are parted by BRENT, who's getting into the van.

BRENT

Say--what's all this talk about farting?

Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy immediately go from disgusted to sweet and airy, totally switching characters.

SISSY/

CHRISSY/

MISSY

Hi Brent!

SISSY

This is Brent. He's with us, too.

CHRISSY

Brent, tell these sillies that girls don't fart.

BRENT

Of course they don't! Only skeevy stoners fart.

The very white Brent puts his hand out to be slapped by Jay and Silent Bob.

BRENT

What up, homies?

(off the Girls)

Wow, Three guys, four girls--

(to Jay and Bob)

What's the count boys?

Jay and Bob look at each other and roll their eyes.

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

The van drives down the road. We hear singing from inside.

INT. VAN--DAY

Brent strums a guitar and sings, as the Girls and Jay and Bob listen, rolling eyes.

BRENT

Hey there mister science-guy

Don't spray that aerosol in my eye

For I don't really want to die

I'm a noble rabbit!

JAY

What're you guys, like a cover band or something?

SISSY

We're the Kansas State chapter of S.A.A.C.--Students Against Animal Cruelty.

CHRISSY

And we're on our way to Colorado to give Provasik a piece of our minds!

Everyone lets out a whoop, except Jay and Bob.

JAY

What the fuck are you bitches babbling about?

BRENT

Hey! Watch the language little boy. There are females present.

Jay and Silent Bob eyeball Brent, until Justice distracts them.

JUSTICE

Provasik Pharmaceuticals is a medical lab where they perform gross experiments on animals.

JAY

So, what kind of animals are we talking about here--like bears and rhinos?

BRENT

No--more like rabbits, dogs, cats..heck, even monkeys, If we don't speak for them, who will?

(touches Justice's arm)

Right, Jussy?

Jay sees this and his eyes flare over the competition. Afer a beat, he relaxes.

JAY

Hey, uh--Brent? Can I talk to you over here for a second?

Brent joins Jay, strumming his guitar. Jay addresses him confidentially.

JAY

Be honest, yo--you're down with this for the fine-ass pussy, right?

BRENT

I'm down with this because I love animals, stupid.

JAY

Even sheep?

BRENT

Of course. Sheep are beautiful creatures.

JAY

They are beautiful, aren't they?

BRENT

Oh God, yes.

JAY

So then you'd fuck a sheep?

BRENT

What is your damage little boy? You've got a sick and twisted world perspective.

JAY

No, you misunderstand me, Prince Valiant. I mean if you were another sheep. Would you fuck a sheep if you were another sheep?

BRENT

I--suppose so.

JAY

That's what I thought.

(suddenly loudly, to all)

YO! THIS MOTHERFUCKER AIN'T ONE OF US! HE JUST SAID HE'D FUCK A SHEEP!

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

The side door of the van slides open and Brent gets hurled out of the moving vehicle. Jay throws his guitar at him as well, yelling and flipping the bird as the van drives off.

JAY

YA DIRTY SHEEP FUCKER!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY--LATER

The van drives down the road.

INT. VAN--SAME

Missy drives. Sissy sits in the passenger seat. Chrissy kneels between them.

CHRISSY

What the fuck are we gonna do now?

SISSY

Shut up, I'm thinking.

In the back, Justice studies some blueprints. Jay joins her, and she quickly folds them up.

JAY

Is Hollywood near where we're going?

JUSTICE

Is that where you guys are from?

JAY

Ch'yeah, right. Jersey represent!

JUSTICE

Oh, a Jersey Boy. What brings you all the way out here?

JAY

Well, we couldn't hang in front of the Quick Stop no more, 'cause of the strainen-en order, which sucks ass 'cause it's been like our home since we were kids. Silent Bob even busted his cherry there.

JUSTICE

(to Bob)

You did? I'll bet she was a lucky girl.

Bob blushes, Jay doesn't like that Justice's attention has strayed.

JAY

Look, fuck that fat fuck--I'm trying to tell a story here.

JUSTICE

Sorry.

JAY

Anyway, we were talking to Brodie and he said there's gonna be a Bluntman and Chronic movie. So we went to see Holden McNeil, and he showed us the Internet, and that's where we found all these fucking little jerkoffs were saying shit about us. So we decided to go to Hollywood and stop the movie from getting made. And now we're here.

JUSTICE

Wow. I have no idea what you just said.

JAY

Yeah, I get that a lot. So you like animals, huh?

JUSTICE

Sure.

JAY

That's cool. Even snakes?

JUSTICE

You can't exclude an animal just because it's not cuddly. Of course I like snakes.

JAY

How about trouser snakes?

JUSTICE

What's a trouser snake?

Just then, a little JAY DEVIL appears on Jay's left shoulder.

JAY DEVIL

(to Jay)

What the fuck are you waiting for? She went for the setup! Reach in your fucking pants, and pull yer cock out, bitch! That's the kinda shit girls like!

Suddenly another little JAY DEVIL appears in Jay's right shoulder.

JAY DEVIL 2

Right about here's where the angel's supposed to show up and tell you not to pull your dick out. But we bitch-slapped that little fuck and sent him packing, so it's smooth sailing. Let 'er rip, boy!

They disappear in little puffs of smoke and Jay shoves his hand down his pants, getting ready to whip out his dick, when suddenly a little JAY ANGEL appears on his shoulder, rubbing a swollen jaw.

JAY ANGEL

Sorry I'm late. So what's the deal here?

(looks down)

Oh, shit--you're not thinking of whipping your dick out at this fine piece of woman, are you?

Jay thinks, then nods "Yes." The Jay Angel rolls his eyes, and slaps him.

JAY ANGEL

Tell you what: look at Silent Bob. See if he thinks it's a good idea to whip your dick out.

Jay looks to Silent Bob. Silent Bob looks from Jay's hand in his pants to Jay and shakes his head "no," sternly. Jay withdraws his hand from his pants. The Jay Angel nods, satisfied.

JAY ANGEL

That's it, boy--put the dick down. You gotta go from the heart, yo. No little perv bullshit will do for this one. Be smooth. Be Don Juan de la Nootch. Now I gotta go beat the shit out of two suckerpunching little bitches. Remember--don't pull your dick out until she asks you to.

(beat)

Or until she sleeping. Bunnnggg!

The Jay Angel blinks away. Justice looks at Jay, a bit confused.

JAY

Don't ask.

(beat)

So, uh--what can a pimp-daddy like me do to help the animals?

JUSTICE

You really don't want to help us--

JAY

What the fuck are you talking about? Sure I do. I'd do anything for you.

Justice smiles. Jay tries to recover.

JAY

I mean, youse guys! I'd do anything for youse guys. For the lift and shit.

JUSTICE

You sure?

JAY

Sure, I'm sure. I said it, didn't I. Fuck

JUSTICE

Well--okay. Let me talk it over with the other girls and get back to you.

JAY

You do that.

Jay takes Justice's hand and kisses it.

JAY

I'll be right here.

He winks at her, smiles and moves to the other side of the can, near Silent Bob. He's still smiling at Justice and winking when he looks to Silent Bob who stares at him blankly, then imitates Jay's hand-kissing back at him, Jay scowls.

JAY

Fuck you. Fatty.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORY--DAY

The van pulls up and all pile out, stretching. The Girls head toward the store. Justice calls over to Jay and Silent Bob.

JUSTICE

You guys want anything from inside?

JAY

No, we're cool, thanks hon.

Justice smiles and heads inside. Jay and Silent Bob study the front of the foreign convenience store. They look for a place to lean, try a few spots out, then settle into one. After a beat--

JAY

It just ain't the same, is it? This place licks balls compared to Quick Stop.

Silent Bob shakes his head "Yeah."

JAY

And speaking of licking balls--how 'bout that Justice chick? She is too fine. And she smells so fucking pretty. She's got a nice voice, too. And that body? Smoking. You know, she never once said "fuck off," when I was talking to her, or pulled out the pepper spray, or nothing. I tell ya, Lunchbox--she could be the one.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

Justice is at the microwave when she's suddenly surrounded by the other girls.

MISSY

Smooth move, Justice.

CHRISSY

(slapping Justice upside the head)

Nice going, Four Eyes!

JUSTICE

Ow!

SISSY

Why the fuck did you let that little stoner throw Brent out of the van?!

JUSTICE

Oh please--if I had to listen to one more of those stupid songs, I was going to throw him out myself.

SISSY

We needed Brent, Justice! He was our patsy!

JUSTICE

We'll find someone else. Besides, I didn't see you trying to stop Jay from throwing him out.

SISSY

Because I didn't want to blow our cover!

JUSTICE

Cover, shmover--you all hated his songs, too.

CHRISSY

Not as much as I hate you.

Justice offers Chrissy a cold glance,

CHRISSY

Fuck, if I don't get to kill someone soon, I'm gonna--fucking kill someone!

SISSY

(rubbing Chrissy's shoulders)

Don't mind Chrissy. She's just a little too wound for sound.

CHRISSY

Then how about you help me take the edge off?

Chrissy grabs Missy forcefully and the pair make out, hot and heavy in the middle of the convenience store. Other customers regard them wide-eyed.

JUSTICE

(to Customers)

They're really good friends.

SISSY

(TO CHRISSY AND MISSY)

Would you two knock it off? We're in the fucking heartland here! Try to blend!

JUSTICE

They already do--she's the milkmaid, and she's the cow.

CHRISSY

Oh, I'm a cow, am I? I'm a mad cow, bitch. And now I'm gonna rip your head off and fuck your spine stump.

SISSY

Enough!

(calm to Justice)

We have a very simple gang here, Justice. I'm the brains, Chrissy's the brawn, and Missy's the tech-girl. But lately, I'm having a hard time figuring out what you're doing here.

JUSTICE

That makes two of us.

CHRISSY

Shit--your name doesn't even fit the rhyme scheme.

JUSTICE

That's because very few names rhyme with "douchebag."

CHRISSY

(getting in her face)

You're dancing on my last nerve, Strawberry Shortcake.

(to Sissy)

You deal with the weak link. I'm gonna take Missy into the dirty convenience store bathroom and hate-fuck the shit out of her.

Chrissy drags Missy off. Justice and Sissy watch them go.

JUSTICE

And you said letting them read all that Anais Nin wouldn't amount to anything.

SISSY

Don't change the subject. You know what you have to do now, right? Since you let our patsy slip away, you've gotta convince the little kid and that fat guy to take his place. They've gotta break into Provasik now.

JUSTICE

Uh-uh!

SISSY

Uh-huh. You'll do it; or you're out of this gang. Just use the little one's crush to convince him, since he's so fucking in love with you.

JUSTICE

Jay? No he's not.

SISSY

What--am I blind? He wasn't kissing your hand back in the van like he was fucking Lord Byron?

JUSTICE

Well, maybe he was just raised with manners.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

A GIRL walks past Jay and Bob, heading out of the store.

JAY

(to exited Girl)

YO, BABY! YOU EVER HAVE YOUR ASSHOLE LICKED BY A FAT MAN IN AN OVERCOAT?!

(to Bob) Yeah.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

Sissy continues to confront Justice.

SISSY

You're the one that brought the kid in, Jussy. So you've gotta make amends.

JUSTICE

Jay is not taking Brent's place as the patsy.

SISSY

That kid and his quite friend are our only options at this point. Now we got about two hours before we get to Boulder. That gives you plenty of of time to work on him.

JUSTICE

I'm not gonna do it.

SISSY

Why the fuck not?

JUSTICE

Because he's just to so innocent!

Justice looks out the window and smiles, seeing Jay dancing alongside Bob.

JUSTICE

Look at him--

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE-SAME

Jay's dancing still, but now we hear what he's SINGING to Silent Bob.

JAY

I'm gonna finger-fuck her tight little asshole! Finger-bang and tea-bang my balls--in her mouth! Where? Where? In her mouth--balls-a-plenty in her mouth! Balls, balls, sweaty balls--

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--SAME

Sissy eyeballs Justice, who's still looking out at Jay.

SISSY

Who's it going to be, Jussy--him or us?

Justice looks at Sissy. Sissy nods at her. Justice looks back out at Jay.

INT. VAN--DAY

Justice talks to Jay and Silent Bob.

JAY

Steal a monkey? Shit--no problem.

JUSTICE

It's not really stealing--it's liberating it, and--

(finally hears him)

Wait a second--did you say, "No problem"?

JAY

Yeah, Fuck--we steal monkeys all the time.

(to Bob)

Right, Lunchbox?

Silent Bob glares at Jay.

JUSTICE

It's not like it's a bad thing. It's for a good cause.

JAY

Oh, it for the best cause, mon cheri--

(takes her hand)

The cause of love.

(kisses her hand, then releases)

Snoogans--

JUSTICE

What the heck is that?

JAY

What's what?

JUSTICE

"Snoogans," I believe it was.

JAY

What the fuck do you think it means? It means "I'm kidding."

JUSTICE

Ohhh. Well, that's too bad.

She smiles at Jay, touches his chin and heads to the front of the van. Jay plays it cool until she's out of sight, then humps silent Bob's leg like a dog.

JAY

(singing)

I can't believe I'm gonna get some pussy for stealing a monkey!

(speaking)

If I'd known it was that easy, I'd've been stealing monkeys since I was like seven and shit.

Jay looks at Silent Bob, who clearly disapproves.

JAY

Don't, motherfucker. Don't you ruin this for me. Me and Justice are gonna get married one day, so don't be giving me that "we-ain't-stealing-no-monkey" look. I'm Morris Day; you're Jerome, bitch. Don't forget that. That girl? That girl's in love with me.

Up front, Justice talks to Sissy, while Missy drives.

JUSTICE

They're gonna do it.

SISSY

Good. They do their part--

(pats a video camera)

And we'll do ours.

Justice eyes Sissy, then slumps in her seat.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

The Van rolls up across the street from the Provasik Labs, parking in front of another large building.

INT. VAN--SAME

Jay and Silent bob get out, along with Justice. They wear Ninja masks. Missy and Chrissy follow.

JUSTICE

Remember--we meet back here when you're done. You sure you're okay with this?

JAY

As sure as I am that you're the hottest bitch I ever seen.

Chrissy lunges at Jay, Missy holds her back, dragging Chrissy away.

JAY

What's twisting that bitch's tits?

JUSTICE

Maybe it's because women don't like to be called "bitches," Jay.

JAY

They don't? Well how 'bout "piece of ass"?

JUSTICE

How about not.

JAY

Well, what the fuck am I supposed to call you, then?

JUSTICE

Something sweet, you big goof. Something nice.

JAY

(thinks; then)

Boo-Boo Kitty fuck

JUSTICE

(laughing)

Okay. That's a start.

Sissy jumps out of the van, holding the video camera, aiming it at Jay and Bob.

SISSY

Jay, before you go, could you say something into the camera about the clitoris.

JAY

What?

JUSTICE

(to Sissy)

Man you are such a bitch--

SISSY

(off Justice; to Jay)

She's just a little embarrassed. See, Jussy and I are putting together this documentary for our Human Sexuality class, and we need a male perspective on the clitoris.

JAY

The female clitoris?

SISSY

Uh--yeah.

JUSTICE

Jay, you don't have to do this.

She elbows Sissy.

JAY

Nah, it's cool, hon. There's a few things I can say about the clit that I's like you to hear.

(clears throat; into camera)

I am the master of the clit! I make that shit work! It does what ever the fuck I tell it to do!

No one rules the clit like me!

(off Silent Bob)

Not this little fuck! None of you little fucks out there! I am the clit commander!!!

Remember that--commander of all clits!

Jay proceeds to make some pussy-eating faces. Justice shakes her head at Sissy, who snaps the camera closed and smiles.

SISSY

Awesome. Knock 'em dead, Tiger.

Sissy climbs back into the van.

JAY

(to Justice)

So --can I get a little kiss for good luck?

Justice smiles at Jay, then kisses him sweetly on the lips.

JAY

So --can I get a little blow job for good luck?

Justice smiles and pulls Jay's mask down. He heads off, revealing Silent Bob behind him, lips puckered, hanging in midair. Jay reached back into the frame, pulling Bob out. Justice watches them go.

SISSY

Jussy. C'mon.

Justice climbs back into the van.

INT.VAN--SAME

Justice sits, glaring at Sissy.

SISSY

Hey, Lover-girl. You cock-block my authority again, you lose your fucking fronts, you got that?

JUSTICE

Yes, sir.

Sissy takes the tape out of the camera and hands it off to Missy, beside whom is a bag full of high-tech equipment.

SISSY

Phase One, down. While we're executing Phase Two, you edit that tape and grab a new car.

MISSY

No sweat.

SISSY

Let's suit up.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

Jay and Silent Bob tuck-and roll- across the front lawn, stopping at the building. Silent Bob pulls a GRAPPLING GUN out of his coat. He fires it into the air as Jay quickly gives the "metal" sign, and the pair are lifted out-of-frame.

INT.PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

It's dead quiet and still. Then, the pair smash through a window, landing in the floor in a ball. They lift their Ninja hoods. Jay glares at Silent Bob.

JAY

You fat fuck--

INT.VAN--NIGHT

Missy peers through binoculars out the window.

SISSY

They in?

MISSY

You can say that.

SISSY

Time to shine. Let's go.

EXT. VAN--NIGHT

The quartet piles out of the van, and we get our first look at them: sexily geared up for action, wearing all black. They head for a SEPARATE BUILDING. Stopping at the front door.

Sissy gestures elaborately to Missy, and Missy gestures elaborately back, racing away into the night. Justice offers Sissy a look.

JUSTICE

You are so gay.

Chrissy sticks a box on the door and presses a button. On a digital readout, numbers roll until they stop on four different digits. The door lock CLICKS open.

SISSY

Once we're inside, I want complete silence.

(holding up high-tech device)

Missy whipped this up. It counts our decibel level. If it goes into the red--alarm, we're dead. So not even the slightest noise, got it?

Justice blows her off. Sissy enters the building, followed closely by Chrissy. Justice lingers at the door, taking one last look back at the Provasik Building, fretting for Jay and Bob.

SISSY

(pokes her head back out)

Justice! Move your ass!

Justice heads inside. We PAN up to reveal a sign that reads: BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE.

INT. PROVASIK TESTING ROOM--NIGHT

Jay and Bob stand there, looking around the room.

It's lined with cages, all of which contain sad-looking ANIMALS.

A tear forms in silent Bob's eye. Jay rolls his eyes and hits him.

JAY

Stay frosty, you big fucking softie. We've got a job to do.

Silent Bob nods and clicks on a flashlight. The pair wade through the cages. Jay stops at an EMERGENCY BOX hanging on the wall. Inside it, there's a pistol.

JAY

Check this out, Lunchbox. Animal tranquilizer. This shit fucks you up like Percocets!

Jay elbows the glass, breaking it. He takes the gun out and tosses it to Bob.

JAY

Hold this. Later, me and Justice can shoot each other with it and fuck like stoned test bunnies. Bunnggg.

Silent Bob rolls he eyes and sticks the gun in his coat. The pair look through the cages, until HEAR the distinct SOUND OF A MONKEY. Jay directs Silent Bob's flashlight to the cage from where the sound emitted. He smiles.

JAY

(reading)

"Suzanne." Boo-yah.

INT. BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE--NIGHT

The three Girls stand at the end of a large hallway. At the other end is a glass case, full of DIAMONDS.

Sissy pulls and aerosol can from her utility belt and sprays the air in the hallway. She watches the decibel monitor, which rises only slightly at the sound of the spray. Suddenly, within the mist, laser beams become apparent.

Sissy hands the decibel monitor to Chrissy and takes a few steps back, shaking her hands to limber up. She then runs forward and does an impressive series of flips down the hallway, not touching a single laser beam.

Chrissy checks the decibel monitor, which rises only slightly.

Once Sissy's flipping comes to a stop at the other end of the hallway near the Diamond case, she makes a hand gesture to Justice. Justice nods, and proceeds to do the same series of flips down the hallway, not tripping the alarm.

Chrissy checks the decibel monitor, which rises only slightly.

Justice lands beside Sissy, and then Sissy gestures to Chrissy.

Chrissy tosses the decibel monitor over the laser beams, Sissy catches it, and the monitor rises only slightly.

Then, Chrissy proceeds with her series of flips, which are even more impressive than the other two, including running up walls and pushing into handstand flips. When she passes the last laser beam, she lands between Sissy and Justice, arms in the air like a gymnast. Then, she lets out a loud, manly FART.

The decibel monitor goes red and an alarm starts RINGING through the building.

CHRISSY

Holy fuck--the little stoner was right--

Sissy shatters the glass surrounding the Diamonds. She puts them into a bag, and races back down the hallway, followed by Justice and Chrissy.

EXT. BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE--NIGHT

The Girls emerge from the Diamond Exchange, just as Missy pulls up in a CONVERTIBLE.

CHRISSY

Boom Box!

Missy tosses a metal box to Chrissy, who catches it and races toward the van, while Sissy and Justice pile into the convertible.

SISSY

I can't believe it. Months of planning and it's all blown by a fucking fart.

JUSTICE

We can't just leave them like this! That alarm's gonna bring the cops here any minute!

SISSY

That was always the plan, Justice! They take the heat off of us long enough until we can get out of town!

Chrissy attaches the metal box to the side of the van.

CHRISSY

Kaboom, you little stoner fucks.

The girls pull up in the convertible and Chrissy jumps into the car with them.

CHRISSY

It's set. Let's roll.

The convertible screeches away, leaving the can sitting there. The metal has magnetically attached to the side is counting down from two minutes.

INT. PROVASIK TESTING LAB--NIGHT

Jay and Bob carry a large canvas bag between them. Something seems to move inside it. The head for the exit, but Silent bob hesitates, offering a sad look to the animals in all the cages. Jay hits him.

JAY

What the fuck are you looking at? There ain't no snacks here, man! Now we got what we came for, so let's get the fuck out!

Silent Bob half-gestures to the cages, forlorn. Jay shakes his head frustrated.

JAY

Yeah, it's sad! But what the fuck are we supposed to do about it?

Silent bob offers Jay a look.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

The front doors burst open, spilling out Jay, Silent Bob (carrying their bag), and HUNDREDS OF ANIMALS--cats, dogs, birds, rabbits. All race off into the night.

Jay and Bob race toward the van. Jay screams at it.

JUSTICE

JUSTICE! OPEN THE DOORS!

Suddenly, Jay and Bob stop dead in their tracks.

JAY

Oh shit--

Three COP CARS screech up, the van between them and Jay and Bob. The COPS leap out of their cruisers, guns drawn. Jay looks to Bob, pissed

COP

DROP THE BAG! BEFORE THIS THING TURNS EXPLOSIVE!

The counter on the device attached to the van hits "0," and the van BLOWS UP. Jay and Bob get thrown backwards in one direction, the Cops in the other.

On all fours, Jay looks at the burning shell of the van, a tear forming in his eye.

JAY

Justice--

We crane up from him as he bellows--

JAY

JUUUSSSTTTTIIICCCCEEEE!!!!!!

Silent Bob grabs Jay and drags him out of frame, still carrying the bag.

EXT. FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--DAY

We start on a sign on the door that reads: Federal Wildlife Marshal, Colorado Field Office, then pull back to see a DEPUTY opening the door and heading inside.

INT. FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--DAY

The Deputy enters just as a FAX is coming through at an operations board. He rips it off, reading it. His eyes go wide.

DEPUTY

Oh, fudge . . . . .

(calling off)

Marshal Willenholly!

INT.BATHROOM--SAME

MARSHAL WILLENHOLLY sits on the bowl, staring at Four Legged Law-Man magazine, eyeing it lustily. Below frame, he jerks off.

WILLENHOLLY

Yeah, you chug that ass-cock baby--It takes two hands to hold doesn't it--? Uhhh--

As he climaxes, a ganging at the door disrupts him.

WILLENHOLLY

WHAT?! WHAT?! I'M READING!

DEPUTY (O.C.)

Sir, we got a report of a break-in at Provasik Pharmaceuticals' testing lab.

Willenholly emerges from the bathroom, holding the magazine. There's a massive wet spot on the front of his pants.

WILLENHOLLY

Have you read this article on the mule-suckers in Tijuana? Good God, I wish that was in our jurisdiction--I's shut down every last one of those ass-cock chuggers, personally.

The Deputy looks at the stain on Willenholly's pants, then at Willenholly.

WILLENHOLLY

What? "Ass" means "donkey."

DEPUTY

Yes, sir.

(hands him a fax)

WILLENHOLLY

(looks at fax)

Boulder, hunh? Well, gas up the jet.

DEPUTY

We don't have a jet, sir. And Boulder's only ten minutes away.

WILLENHOLLY

Then gas up the next best thing.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--DAY

There are FIRE TRUCKS all over the place now. The burned out van is being poured over by Cops. Just then, Willenholly pulls up on a MOPED. He parks it and surveys the wreckage.

WILLENHOLLY

My, oh my, oh my. Who let the cats out?

(thinks)

Wait--is that right?

COP 1 (O.C.)

Excuse me--who the hell are you?

Willenholly rips down the Velcro patch on his jacket, revealing a badge.

WILLENHOLLY

Federal Wildlife Marshal. This investigation is now under my jurisdiction.

COP 1

Oh really? And why is that?

WILLENHOLLY

Because someone let a whole mess of animals out of their cages, sir.

COP 1

Well, we believe that was just a diversionary tactic used to call attention away from the real heist over here at the Diamond Exchange.

WILLENHOLLY

Yeah, right. That's a believable scenario. It sounds more like something out of a bad movie.

Willenholly and the Cop look at the camera. Then, another COP joins them.

COP 2

Sir, the Provasik people say they've rounded all their animals up, except for one: an orangutan.

WILLENHOLLY

Listen up, ladies and gentlemen! Our fugitive has been on the run for 6 hours! Average simian foot speed over uneven ground--barring injuries or preoccupation with tire tubes, mites or bananas--is four miles an hour. That gives us a radius of twenty miles.

COP 3

(calling out from crowd)

Twenty-four, sir!

WILLENHOLLY

What?

COP 3

Six hours times four miles an hour is twenty-four.

WILLENHOLLY

(doing the math in his head)

Yes. Yes, you're right. My bad. Twenty-four miles. Now what I want out of all of you is a hard target search.

COP 4

Excuse me, sir?

WILLENHOLLY

Yeah?

COP 4

What does that mean, exactly--a "hard target search"? What's a "hard target"?

WILLENHOLLY

Well. It's--a target--that's--hard. Anyway--

COP 4

So are you referring to the search's level of difficulty? Or is the hard target the monkey?

COP 3

Or the people who stole the monkey?

The COPS now chatter amongst themselves, to the effect of "Yeah--It could mean that too--He's got a point--,"etc. Willenholly rubs his temples.

WILLENHOLLY

Okay, how about this? What I want out of all of you is a thorough search of every gas station, residence, warehouse, farmhouse, henhouse, outhouse, and doghouse in that area! Checkpoints go up at fifteen miles!

COP 1

Wouldn't it make sense to put them up at every twenty-four miles--seeing as that's how far they'd have gotten in the last six hours?

They begin chattering amongst themselves again. Willenholly looks at them all, defeated. He starts to cry.

WILLENHOLLY

This is so frustrating. It's just so hard sometimes--

(yelling)

YOUR FUGITIVE'S NAME IS SUZANNE! GO FIND HER!

Another COP joins Willenholly, carrying a large, fat envelope.

COP 5

Sir, this was just delivered to the station.

WILLENHOLLY

What is it?

COP 5

It's a tape from the terrorists who're claiming credit for the break-in.

WILLENHOLLY

Is it VHS or Beta? You know what--never mind. Do you have a VCR?

INT. OFFICE--DAY

Willenholly and the Cops stare at the O.C. TV, shocked, as the video ends.

WILLENHOLLY

Oh my God--

(without looking up)

Have the jet gassed up and ready to go at a moment's notice.

COP

Sir, we don't have a jet; just a helicopter.

WILLENHOLLY

(dialing his cell phone)

Doesn't anybody have a jet anymore?

(into cell phone)

Plafsky? It is Willenholly. You gotta get me on the national news, pronto. Why?!

Because we may very well be dealing with the two most dangerous men on the planet!

EXT. UTAH ROADSIDE--DAY

Jay and Silent Bob sit close to each other, staring at--

SUZANNE (the ORANGUTAN)--who sits on a log across from them, staring back.

JAY

This is Jussy's monkey

(to Suzanne, angrily)

JUSTICE DIED FOR YOU, YOU MONKEY FUCK!

Suzanne covers her eyes with her hands suddenly. Jay and Silent Bob, startle, with Jay leaping behind Silent Bob and pulling back as if he's going to strike.

JAY

(to Silent Bob)

Do something. Tons of Fun!

Silent Bob offers the ape a weak wave. Suzanne drops her hands from her face and waves back. Jay cranes his neck to see over silent Bob.

JAY

Is that fucking thing waving at us?

Suzanne nods. Jay steps out from behind Bob. They stare at the ape.

JAY

Holy shit? That monkey understood us! Maybe it's some sort of super-monkey!

Suzanne offers them a "raspberry." Spitting as if the comment was ridiculous. Jay and Silent Bob react with surprise at this.

JAY

What the fuck was that for? It's not a stupid idea! I seen it in Congo?

Suzanne holds her nose, as if to say, "Congo stunk." Silent Bob smiles in agreement and amusement. Jay looks at him, stung.

JAY

You're my bitch. You get my back. Don't go joining this chimp's side.

Jay looks around the woods, formulating a thought. Silent Bob moves toward the ape, extending his hand to shake hers.

JAY

Yo--what if there's more super monkeys up in the lab? Maybe they're making an army of 'em up there! Holy shit! Maybe it's a conspiracy--like on the X-Files Roswell--style!

JAY'S DELUSION: We enter into JAY'S HEAD and see--

INT. LAB--DAY

We PAN over from a chimp in a chemist's coat measuring liquids in a pair of beakers to a chimp at a drafting table sketching blueprints for an insidious war machine. An orangutan shakes hands with a group of five well-dressed men, one of which looks like the Cigarette Smoking Man from the X-Files.

JAY (V.O.)

Working in secret with a crew of double-dealing, nicotine-fiending fucks that're selling out the human race, these supermonkeys will use simian science and their genius IQ's to make man and monkey alike believe that they're the superior species!

EXT. BALCONY--DAY

A monkey dressed like Mussolini addresses a huge crowd of apes, who wave fists in the air.

JAY (V.O.)

Then all it'll take is one little monkey in a spiffy suit to whip the dumber chimps into a frenzy, until they go all ape-shit and start demanding more bananas, better pay, and human flesh!

EXT. FIELD--DAY

Randal leads a pack of humans racing through a cornfield, and is shot in the neck. He collapses, revealing a GORILLA on horseback holding a rifle. Two other Gorillas throw a net over him.

JAY (V.O.)

You'll have to be faster than Walt Flanagan's Dog to outrun the warrior gorillas, who hunt humans for sport, profit, and the occasional inter-species blow-job. And if you don't wind up with a monkey hog in your mouth, you'll be captured, killed or worse..

INT. LAB--DAY

Cornelius and Zera-looking chimps dissect the brain of a living, screaming, Dante.

JAY (V.O.)

Eaten alive!

EXT. QUICK STOP--DAY

The Quick Stop is overrun by vines in a jungle like atmosphere. Monkeys exit the store carrying bunches of bananas. The sign now reads: Ape Stop

JAY (V.O.)

Then these monkey fucks'll start wearing our clothes and rebuilding the world in their image.

EXT.BEACH--DAY

We start on a FULL SHOT of Jay on the beach, looking up, then SNAP ZOOM OUT to REVEAL Jay kneeling before the beach buried Statue of Liberty, screaming, his arms raised.

JAY (V.O.)

And only those who outwit those damn dirty apes'll ever remember that it was MAN who once ruled the earth!

JAY

(at statue)

YOU MANIACS! DAMN YOUSE!!! GODDAMN YOUSE ALL TO HELL!!!

We DISSOLVE from this image to:

EXT. UTAH ROADSIDE--DAY

Another close-up of Jay's painted face. Behind him, Suzanne and Silent Bob are playing patty-cake. Jay eyes Suzanne angrily.

JAY

Not on my watch, motherfucker!

Jay turns and rushes Suzanne, ferociously.

JAY

DIE, YOU SUPER-MONKEY FUCK! DIE!!!

Jay trips on a root poking out of the ground and hits the dirt. Suzanne then goes over to Jay, pulls his face to hers, and kisses him on the lips.

JAY

Alright--you can live. For now.

Silent Bob helps Jay to his feet.

JAY

You see that? Bitches love me.

(heading off)

Besides--we're in the fucking clear, yo. It's not like anyone knows we stole the monkey.

INT.TV NEWS STATION--DAY

An ANCHORMAN addresses the camera.

## ANCHORMAN

I'm Reg Hartner and this is a News Now bulletin. A Provasik animal testing facility in boulder was the focus of an attack by a terroristic primate rescue syndicate calling themselves the Coalition for Liberation of Itinerant Tree-Dwellers. Or simply, C.L.I.T.

A graphic of the C.L.I.T. logo appears beside him, nailing home the joke.

## ANCHORMAN

In a videotape sent to authorities this morning, credit for the liberation of an orangutan from the lab last night is taken by these men--

A VIDEO CAPTURE of JAY and SILENT BOB from pre break--in appears on screen.

## ANCHORMAN

--identified in literature that accompanies the tape as Jay and Silent Bob. In this chilling clip, they make it very clear that they are in control of the C.L.I.T.

On screen is the C.L.I.T. Logo. A digitized voice narrates.

## DIGITIZED VOICE

We are the C.L.I.T. None of you are safe. Now tremble before the might of our merciless leader.

The logo gives way to the video of Jay and Bob that Sissy shot before the Provasik break-in. Jay's yelling into the camera.

## JAY

I AM THE CLIT COMMANDER!!!

Coming out of the video footage, the Anchorman shakes his head, chilled.

ANCHORMAN

Terrifying. Here to help us understand this footage is Federal Wildlife Marshal Willenholly.

PULL OUT to reveal Willenholly beside the Anchorman.

ANCHORMAN

Marshal, what can you tell us about the C.L.I.T.?

WILLENHOLLY

From the intelligence we've been able to gather, we've discovered that the C.L.I.T. is a tiny offshoot of the L.A.B.I.A.

ANCHORMAN

The Liberate Apes Before Imprisoning Apes movement.

WILLENHOLLY

Exactly. The men you saw in the video are believed to be the masterminds responsible for the frenzied C.L.I.T. activity last night. They go by the obvious code names "Jay" and "Silent Bob."

(to camera)

If you should come across them or any other C.L.I.T.-ies, please--exercise extreme caution.

INT. POTZEK'S INC. OFFICE--NIGHT

On the TV screen is Willenholly and the video capture of Jay and Silent Bob. Holden looks up from his drawing table, shocked.

ANCHORMAN (O.C.)

(from TV)

Marshal, how do you respond to allegations that Federal Wildlife Marshal's Office allowed the C.L.I.T. to slip through their fingers?

WILLENHOLLY (O.C.)

Nonsense. We're all over the C.L.I.T., Reg.

HOLDEN

(shakes his head)

Nights like this, I miss dating a lesbian.

INT. QUICK STOP--NIGHT

From behind the register, Dante and Randal stare at the TV, slack-jawed.

ANCHORMAN (O.C.)

(from TV)

Is there also speculation that Jay and Silent bob may be responsible for the Diamond Exchange jewel heist that occurred in the same vicinity of downtown Boulder last night?

WILLENHOLLY (O.C.)

There's nothing to suggest that, no. But these men are still to be considered very dangerous.

RANDAL

(to Dante)

I told you that restraining order was a good idea.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOMS--SAME

On the second-floor terrace of a run-down, roadside motel, Sissy, Missy and Chrissy dance in their undies and drink champagne. On the first floor terrace below, Justice leans against the open sliding glass door, watching the news report on a TV inside the room with the volume turned way up.

ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

Is that your cell phone?

WILLENHOLLY

(on TV)

Yes, Excuse me.

(on TV, into cell phone)

Federal Wildlife Marshal. I'm on my way!

(shuts phone; to anchorman)

We got 'em. They're in Utah.

(to camera)

Citizens of Utah--steer clear of the C.L.I.T. Stimulation of the C.L.I.T. is not recommended.

Justice turns the TV off and yells up to Sissy.

JUSTICE

Your tape worked. The news is all about Jay and Silent Bob's Provasik break-in, with almost no mention of the Diamond heist.

SISSY

(yelling down to Justice)

I told you those two were the perfect patsies. Now we lay low for awhile--just in case--and start planning the next job.

JUSTICE

Don't you feel any regret? Jay and Bob don't deserve this. They were really sweet.

CHRISSY

The only thing I regret is not gutting that little trout-mouthed prick like a fish and playing Twister with his vitals.

MISSY

You are so nasty.

CHRISSY

I'll show you nasty, you little slut.

SISSY

Would you two get a room?

CHRISSY

Fine--we'll take yours.

(getting up in Sissy's face)

I am gonna stain your sheets, bi-otch.

Chrissy dances away with Missy, heading inside. Sissy rolls her eyes.

SISSY

Sarah Lawrence girls. Go figure.

JUSTICE

They're your gang.

SISSY

Oh and not yours? You know, I don't get you, Justice. You used to be all about the girl stuff: stealing, boning, blowing shit up. Now you're like this little priss with a conscience. It's really a fucking drag.

JUSTICE

We all gotta grow up some time.

SISSY

If moping around over some little boy you're crushing on is being grown-up, then pass me my Wonder Woman underoos.

JUSTICE

Don't you feel the least bit of guilt for what we did to those guys?

SISSY

Awww. Does Jussy-wussy feel all dirty about setting up her boyfriend? Then how about taking a shower?

Sissy dumps the bag of diamonds over the side of the terrace. They rain down on Justice below. Just then a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY approaches the lower terrace, carrying a stack of pizzas.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

You the gals that ordered the pizzas?

SISSY

This dopey bitch ordered the large plain, but I could go for some hot, thick, Sicilian.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

No charge, lady.

He rushes into the motel, Justice sighs, looking up at the stars.

JUSTICE

(quietly)

I'm sorry, Jay.

INT. DINER--DAY

Jay, Silent Bob, and Suzanne sit at a booth, eating. Jay chews a burger while Silent Bob eats pancakes and Suzanne digs into a banana split.

JAY

You know, Justice died trying to save this monkey, so maybe we should keep her around. That way, we can honor her memory.

Silent bob and Suzanne are oblivious, digging into their food.

JAY

Look at you Tubby Bitches. I'm waxing all sentimental, and you're all about a fucking meal and shit. Now ain't you glad we stopped to eat? And you were all piss-scared the cops'd bust us or something. You know what I say?

(singing, a la NWA)

VOICE (O.C.)

(via bullhorn)

THIS IS THE UTAH STATE POLICE! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR, AND SURRENDER THE ORANGUTAN!

Jay and Bob freeze and go wild-eyed for a beat. Then--

JAY

You think they're talking to us?

EXT. DINER--DAY

There's a few COP CARS outside, and the SHERIFF is yelling at the diner through his bullhorn. Beside him are the other COPS.

SHERIFF

YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS TO COMPLY.

(to other COPS)

Fuck it, Let's give 'em thirty.

Suddenly Willenholly rushes up, dramatically ducking behind the car, gun drawn.

SHERIFF

The ape.

WILLENHOLLY

What?

SHERIFF

An orangutan's a member of the great ape family. It's not a monkey.

WILLENHOLLY

Look, who's the Federal Wildlife Marshal here?

(into bullhorn)

JAY AND SILENT BOB, THIS IS FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL WILLENHOLLY! YOUR C.L.I.T. DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE. SURRENDER THE MONKEY IMMEDIATELY, AND YOU WON'T GET SHOT!

INT. DINER--DAY

Jay, Suzanne, and Silent Bob peer over the top of their booth, like scared rats.

JAY

What the fuck are you waiting for? Go out there and give 'em the monkey.

Silent Bob looks to Jay, shocked.

JAY

Oh, what, man? I said that shit before I knew they were gonna shoot us! Yes--Jussy was a hottie, but I ain't takin' no bullet for no monkey!

Bob pulls Suzanne close to him, welling up with tears. Jay rolls his eyes.

JAY

Oh, brother--this is like something out of fucking Benji! Look man, maybe it's not that bad back at the lab! Maybe they experiment on 'em by, like making 'em fuck a bunch of different, good-looking monkeys. We don't know! Maybe they got it real sweet!

Suzanne shakes her head "no." Bob points to her, as if she's strengthening his point.

JAY

(to Suzanne)

You stay out of this, you weepy little chimp!

(looks around thinking)

Fuck man, I ain't no strategist! You're the guy that makes the blueprints! I don't even have the fucking smarts of a little--

Jay's eyes fall on a scared FAMILY in a nearby booth. There's a little kid (around five or so), and he's wearing a hooded sweatshirt and a baseball cap.

JAY

--kid

EXT. DINER--DAY

Willenholly's on the bullhorn, yelling at the diner. The Sheriff looks on.

WILLENHOLLY

ANYONE NOT HARBORING A FUGITIVE MONKEY BETTER HIT THE DECK!  
WE'RE GOING TO OPEN FIRE!

(to cops)

Everyone has bullets in their guns, right?

Jay and Silent Bob emerge from the diner, with Suzanne between them (they're holding her raised hands). She's now dressed up in the sweatshirt and jeans the kid was wearing in the diner, with the baseball cap pulled down over her face. It's a pretty piss-poor disguise.

JAY

Don't shoot! We're just trying to take our son out of this hostile environment!

From behind the cop car, the Sheriff looks to Willenholly.

SHERIFF

Their "son"?

WILLENHOLLY

Maybe they're one of those gay couples?

Jay seizes on the idea. Silent Bob nods fervently.

JAY

Yeah! We're gay! And this is our adopted love child! We're not from around here! Don't make us go back to our liberal city home with a tales of prejudice and bigotry in the heart of Utah!

(whispers to Bob)

You see the shit I gotta put up with for you! Now I got this guy thinking I'm gay!

WILLENHOLLY

Oh God, this is the last thing I need---a bunch of uppity homosexuals shooting their mouth off in the liberal press that the Federal Wildlife Marshal's Office persecutes gays.

SHERIFF

ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY! THOSE TWO MAY BE GAY, BUT THAT AIN'T THEIR SON! THAT'S THE APE!

WILLENHOLLY

You see this badge? I think I'd recognize an ape if I saw one. And the only thing I do recognize here is a political fiasco I'm, going to avoid by letting this butt-fucking Brady Bunch go!

Jay is whispering to Silent Bob, still vexed by--

JAY

And I'll tell you another thing: what if that guy shows up around the stores one day and starts telling everybody you and me are poo-gilists? How are we gonna get any pussy then, hunh?

WILLENHOLLY (V.O.)

YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE, SIRS!

Jay and Silent Bob look at each other, shocked. They look back out at Willenholly, who's yards away. Jay points at himself, as if to say, "Me?"

WILLENHOLLY

(via bullhorn)

YES, YOU, SIRS.

JAY

(calling over)

So we can just go?

WILLENHOLLY

(via bullhorn)

Yes, sir-- or ma'am. Please accept my apologies for detaining you and your unorthodox-but-constitutionally-protected-family unit.

SHERIFF

(amazed)

Un-fucking believable.

JAY

I'd like to offer a big gay thank-you, sir. We'll tell all our gay friends that Utah is Gay friendly country for gays who are gay.

WILLENHOLLY

I'm sure Utah appreciates that. You might also want to make it clear that the Federal Wildlife Marshal's Office is also pro-'mo as well.

(winks at the sheriff)

And might I add, that's one fine-looking boy you're raising.

JAY

Well, that's 'cuz he's from my sperm. See, I knocked up a hot woman friend of ours who I also fuck on the side. So as not to be all-the-way-gay. But my tubby husband here is one hundred percent queer. He loves the cock.

WILLENHOLLY

He certainly looks insatiable.

JAY

'Bye

WILLENHOLLY

'Bye

Jay, silent Bob and Suzanne head off down the road. Willenholly and all watch them go. The Sheriff is livid.

WILLENHOLLY

Well, it's not my way--but damned if there doesn't go one happy family.

(balloon two)

Now, we just shoot some tear gas into that diner, and when the two guys run out with the monkey, we'll--

Willenholly suddenly freezes, thinking. He looks to the Sheriff.

WILLENHOLLY

That was the them, wasn't it?

EXT.ROAD--DAY

Jay, Silent Bob and Suzanne are laughing.

JAY

I said you "love the cock"! I gotta be the craftiest motherfucker alive!

GUNSHOTS RING OUT, and bullets whiz by the trio, who are now in full panic mode.

Willenholly and the Cops race after them, firing.

Jay, Bob and Suzanne race away, ducking bullets.

JAY

FLEE, FAT-ASS, FLEE!!!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

The trio race across what looks like a bridge (but isn't), shots still ringing out. Jay spots a manhole. He points at it, screaming.

JAY

HEAD FOR THE SEWERS!

Silent Bob pops the cover off, With bullets ricocheting all around them, Jay leaps into the manhole.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Jay lands in a sewer tunnel (like in *The Fugitive*). Suzanne lands on top of him.

JAY

Take your stinking paws off me, you damn dirty ape!

(yelling up)

YO LUNCHBOX! HURRY UP!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

Bullets hitting the pavement around him, Silent bob dives into the sewer grate as well, but--

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Silent Bob gets stuck. Jay rolls his eyes.

JAY

You fat fuck.

Silent Bob struggles while Jay and Suzanne try to pull him through the hole.

JAY

You just --had to--order pancakes--didn't ya?

EXT. DAM ROAD--SAME

CLOSER on the running Willenholly and Sheriff.

WILLENHOLLY

Fire a warning shot into that bulbous ass!

SHERIFF

One rectal breach, coming up!

INT.SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

Jay and Suzanne pull with all their might. Bob strains.

JAY

SUCK IT IN! THINK THIN! THINK THIN!!!

EXT.DAM ROAD--SAME

TIGHT on the Sheriff, as he squints to aim.

SHERIFF

Open up and say "ahhhhh," you stoner sumbitch--

INT.SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

TIGHT on Silent Bob bellowing.

SILENT BOB

AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

The Sheriff's gun fires.

INT.SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

Jay and Suzanne fall backwards, as Silent Bob pops through.

JAY

INCOMING!!!

SILENT BOB

AAAIIGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

SUZANNE

OOOOOOOOO!!!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

The bullet ricochets off the curb, as Silent Bob's feet slip through.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

Jay, Silent Bob, and Suzanne are in various states of collapse. Jay and Bob look up at the hole.

JAY

Just like Winnie-the-Pooh.

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

Willenholly and the Sheriff arrive at the manhole.

WILLENHOLLY

Wow! That was an incredibly daring escape!

(to Sheriff)

You must see that a lot, hunh?

SHERIFF

Shut up!

WILLENHOLLY

Sire, you're very taciturn.

Willenholly starts rolling up his sleeves as the sheriff looks on.

WILLENHOLLY

You and your men stay up here. When I corner them, I'll call you for back-up.

SHERIFF

What're you doing? They're trapped. The only way they can get out of there is right here.

WILLENHOLLY

A Federal Wildlife Marshal doesn't wait for his prey to come to him. He comes to it. Or goes to it. Is it "comes to it" or "goes to it"?

(shakes it off)

I'm going in there. I'm counting on you Sheriff.

Willenholly embraces the Sheriff.

WILLENHOLLY

You've taught me so much.

Willenholly then climbs into the sewer, disappearing. The Cops look at the Sheriff for a beat, who heads O.C. saying--

SHERIFF

Fuck this asshole. Let's go back to the station and get some donuts.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL--DAY

TIGHT on Jay, Bob, and Suzanne, looking into the distance, bathed by natural light. We HEAR the loud sounds of water rushing.

JAY

This reminds me of the night I fucked your mom, yo. One big-wet, smelly, gaping hole, and me wishing I had a board tied to my ass--

PULL BACK to reveal Jay, Silent Bob and Suzanne standing at the precipice of the sewer tunnel that pokes out of a DAM. Water rushed below.

JAY

--to keep from falling in.

WILLENHOLLY

PUT THE MONKEY DOWN AND YOUR HANDS UP!

Willenholly aims his gun at the trio's backs.

WILLENHOLLY

MISTERS, DO YOU WANNA GET SHOT?!?

Our heroes comply, but Jay speaks.

JAY

LOOK MAN--SHE DOESN'T WANT TO GO BACK! THEY'RE EXPERIMENTING ON HER!

(beat)

AND FOR THE RECORD, I AIN'T REALLY GAY!

WILLENHOLLY

I DON'T CARE!

(beat)

AND FOR THE RECORD, I KNEW THAT WASN'T REALLY A LITTLE BOY.

JAY

SURE, FOR ONE MORE RECORD--

(pointing to Silent Bob)

HE LOVES COCK!

WILLENHOLLY

ON YOUR KNEES!

Jay and Silent Bob face Willenholly and kneel. But Suzanne's still looking out of the dam.

JAY

See, man?! He's lining us up like fucking circus seals! Well, I'm going first--I don't want no mouthful of monkey-spit when I gotta blow this fucking G-Man.

TIGHT on Suzanne, who's looking down at the raging water below. Her brow hardens with purpose.

TIGHT on Suzanne's right hand grabbing Jay's right hand.

TIGHT on Suzanne's left hand grabbing Bob's left hand.

Suzanne leaps forward at us, pulling Jay and Silent Bob backwards.

JAY

GET OFFA ME!!! GET OFFA ME!!!

EXT. DAM--DAY

Suzanne leaps from the mouth of the tunnel, dragging Jay and Bob with her.

JAY AND BOB

AAAAIIIGGGGGHHHHH!!!

INT.SEWER TUNNEL--DAY

Willenholly goes wide-eyed, holstering his gun.

WILLENHOLLY

Oh, no--think you can pull a Peter Pan on me?!

He races toward the mouth of the tunnel and leaps out as well.

WILLENHOLLY

AAAAIIIGGGGGHHHHH!!!

EXT. DAM--DAY

As Willenholly plummets, he passes Suzanne hanging by her feet off a pipe that pokes out from beneath the mouth of the tunnel. She's hanging upside down, holding Jay and Silent Bob's hands.

JAY

HEY LAW-DOG! SEE YOU IN HELL, COCK --SMOKER!!!

EXT. DAM BOTTOM--DAY

Willenholly plummets toward the water below and ker-splashes into the drink.

EXT. DAM--DAY

Suzanne has pulled Jay and Silent Bob back into the mouth of the tunnel.

JAY

You see that shit? Damn--remind me not to get on the monkey's bad side. Yo--boost her up. So we can talk, so we can get the fuck out of here.

Silent Bob lifts Suzanne over the tunnel onto the--

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

--pavement near the manhole. She sits there, looking down.

EXT.DAM--DAY

Silent Bob lifts Jay over the top of the tunnel toward the road,

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

Suzanne sits by the side of the road. A car pulls into the shot.

Jay and Silent Bob climb over the cliff onto the highway just in time to see--

The passenger door slamming on a TRUCK with Los Angeles plates and a sign that reads CRITTERS OF HOLLYWOOD. Suzanne is looking out the back window waving.

Jay and Bob leap to their feet, chasing after the truck.

JAY

HEY! GET THE FUCK OFF HER, MAN! THAT'S MY EX-GIRLFRIEND'S MONKEY?!

The truck speeds away in the distance. Jay and Silent Bob stand there, panting.

JAY

Man! Who the fuck just steals a monkey?!

Silent Bob indicates themselves.

JAY

Oh yeah.

(pissed)

Well this fucking blows! We got one more day to stop those fucks from making that movie, and someone goes and takes the only thing I had left from the one woman I ever loved enough NOT to try to stick my hand down her pants!

Silent Bob mimes that they should go after Suzanne.

JAY

Go after the monkey? How the fuck are we supposed to know where that thing's going?

Silent Bob mimes in the direction the car went. Jay stares at him.

JAY

What? What is that supposed to mean?! Don't just fucking point like--

(imitates him)

You ain't the broad in the Children of a Lesser God. Use you fucking mouth for more than eating, ya tubby bitch!

Bob starts an elaborate pantomime. Jay tries to guess what he's saying.

JAY

You gotta take a shit? No--you gotta take a salad? Take a salad? What the fuck are you trying to say?

Bob's on the verge of tears, trying to mime out his message.

JAY

JUST FUCKING SAY IT ALREADY?!?

Silent Bob grabs Jay and screams into his face.

SILENT BOB

THE SIGN ON THE BACK OF THE CAR SAID CRITTERS OF HOLLYWOOD, YOU DUMB FUCK!!!

Bob releases Jay, breathing heavily and storms off in the direction of the car went. Jay watched him go for a beat, then follows, muttering under his breath--

JAY

Say it, don't spray it, bitch.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE--DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT.

SHERIFF (O.C.)

"And might I add, that's one fine-looking boy you're raising."

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE--DAY

The Sheriff and his men stand around, eating donuts, laughing. The Station doors slam open, and Willenholly enters, soaking wet. All the Cops stare at him.

SHERIFF

Well, if it isn't the wildlife experts. Did you come to it or go to it?

WILLENHOLLY

Do you have a microwave here, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

We have a toaster oven. Why?

WILLENHOLLY

Because I need to dry my gun out so I can SHOOT YOU WITH IT ! TWICE!

SHERIFF

This might cheer you up.

(hands him paper)

Your office just faxed this over. Guy there say it's a post from an Internet chat board, signed by a "Jay and Silent Bob." Your man thinks it's a lead as to where those fellas are taking the ape.

WILLENHOLLY

(reading)

"All you motherfuckers are gonna pay. You are the ones who are ball-lickers. We're gonna fuck your mothers while you watch and cry like little bitches. Once we get to Hollywood--"

(looks up)

They're going to Hollywood.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD--MONTAGE

We take a quick visual tour of the city, including the sign, the line of front of Krispy Kreme, the line in front of Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf, the Simpson star in the Walk- of- Fame, the Rocky and Bullwinkle statue, the Beverly Center, Jerry's Famous Deli, the Hollywood and Vine sign, Mann's Chinese Theatre, the Star Wars footprints outside of Mann's, the Chateau Marmont, people on cell phones, Trashy Lingerie. HOOKERS propositioning a potential JOHN, and finally--

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--DAY

We start on the street sign, and PAN DOWN to a JEEP WRANGLER that pulls up. A gorgeous woman in sunglasses drives, with Silent Bob sitting in the back seat. After a beat, Jay pops up from under the dash, wiping his mouth, looking around. The Woman sighs, and zips up her pants. Jay and Bob hop out and wave to the Woman as the car pulls away. Bob offers Jay a look.

JAY

What? It's not like it's cheating. Justice blew up.

Two HOOKERS approach them.

HOOKER 1

Hey, little man. You want some of this?

HOOKER 2

How about you, Big Boy?

HOOKER 1

If you've got fifty bucks we can get nasty.

JAY

Oh yeah? How nasty?

HOOKER 2

As nasty as you wanna be, poppie.

JAY

Alright--first, I'll want to tongue your bung while you juggle my balls in one hand and play with my asshole with the other. But don't stick you finger in. Then. I'll wanna pinky you and put it in your friend's brown, while Silent Bob spans into a Dixie cup. After that, I'll wanna smell your titties, for a while, and you can pull my nutsack up over my dick, so it looks like a Bullfrog. Then I want you to flick at my nuts while your friend spans me into the same Dixie cup Silent Bob jizzed in. Then we throw the Dixie cup out.

The Hookers look at him, dumbfounded, Then--

HOOKER 1

Oh, that's it honey. I quit.

(walking away)

This job just passed the point of no return.

HOOKER 2

(to Jay)

You one fucked up puppy, poppie.

JAY

(watching them go)

What?! You said 'nasty'?

(shakes his head; to Bob)

Man, chicks in Hollywood are so stuck up.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD.--LATER

Jay and Silent Bob walk.

JAY

Alright, here's the plan: first, we find out where they're shooting that movie at. After we shut that shit down, we can start looking for the monkey. But before we do any of that shit, we gotta find a motherfucker in the know. Someone who's like, the mayor of Hollywood.

They pass a DEALER leaning against a wall, trying to make a sale.

DEALER

(subtly)

Crack? You want some crack? Sweet-ass rock. Get you high.

JAY

No man, but you want some weed?

DEALER

(beat)

You on the job?

JAY

(pulling out a card)

Yeah, boy. Jersey Local 408.

CLOSE ON THE CARD. It reads: UNITED JERSEY BROTHERHOOD OF DEALERS, LOCAL 408. There's a graphic of a stoner beside it.

DEALER

I'm Los Angeles Local 305!

They shake hands, slapping each other on the back like Union brothers.

DEALER

You guys got medical in Jersey yet?

JAY

Shit, no, we might have to strike in September.

DEALER

Norma Rae like a motherfucker. You gotta get your benefits, you know what I'm saying?

JAY

I hear that. Yo--maybe you can help us out. You know where they're shooting a movie around here.

DEALER

You in this town and you gonna ask that question? Be a little more specific.

JAY

It's a Miramax flick. We gotta bust it up so people stop calling us names on the Internet, even though they're not really talking about us but these characters based on us, and at the same time, find my ex-girlfriend-who-got-killed-in-a-car-explosion's monkey.

Jay exhales. The Dealer stares at him for a beat.

DEALER

I don't know that the fuck you just said, little kid. But you touched a brother's heart, so I'm gonna help you out with some directions to the studio.

JAY

You know where Miramax is at?

DEALER

Fuck, yes. Miramax accounts for seventy-eight percent of my business.

INT. E! ENTERTAINMENT NEWS--DAY

After E! news logo plays. CUT TO STEVE KMETKO in studio.

STEVE KMETKO

Is Hollywood ready for Jay and Silent Bob? A source at the Federal Wildlife Marshal's Office tells us a posting was pulled off an Internet movie chat board that was allegedly written by the two domestic terrorists themselves. It's sending a shockwave through Hollywood. Jules Asner's on the scene at Miramax Studios, Jules?

Jules Asner is in front of the Miramax Studios main gate.

JULES ASNER

Steve, the tenor of Tinseltown is one of terror today, after the Federal Wildlife Marshal's Office learned that hot, new terrorists Jay and Silent Bob are targeting Miramax Studios for their next campaign of blood, violence and monkey-theft. In the posting, pulled off Movie Poop Shoot.com, the gruesome twosome threatened, quote--

(reading)

"Once we get to Hollywood and find those Miramax Expletive-Deleted who are making the Bluntman and Chronic movie, we're gonna make 'em eat our Expletive-Deleted, then Expletive-Deleted, which is made up of our Expletive-Deleted, then eat their Expletive-Deleted, which is made up of our Expletive-Deleted that we made 'em eat. Unquote. So far, we haven't been able to get a statement from anyone here are the studio.

BACK TO STEVE in the E! Studio.

STEVE

Jules, word has it that Ben Affleck and Matt Damon are on the lot, shooting a super-secret project. Have you seen them roaming around?

BACK TO JULES at Miramax Studios.

JULES

No, Steve. But I did see Casey Affleck buying a soda at a concession stand earlier.

STEVE

But no sign of Jay and Silent Bob?

JULES

None whatsoever. However, to be fair, all the feds have to work with is murky videotape, so no one's even a hundred percent sure what Jay and Silent Bob look like, exactly. For all we know, they could already be on the lot.

As Jules speaks, Jay and Bob walk into the frame behind her, looking up at the studio sign. They then notice the camera and start waving behind Jules.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM--DAY

Justice goes wide-eyed, seeing Jay and Bob on E! She hops out of her seat.

JUSTICE

Oh my God! Jay! No!

Justice looks around , panicky. Her eyes fall on--

The diamonds, sitting atop the satchel on the table.

Justice looks at the diamonds, then the TV screen. She thinks for a beat, then--

JUSTICE

Fuck it.

She pours the diamonds into the satchel, and shoves it in her pocket.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL BEDROOM--DAY

The door slowly opens in the dark bedroom, and Justice crawls to the bedside table, reaching for a set of keys. In the bed, Missy and Chrissy make out under the sheets, moaning. Sissy's banging the Pizza Delivery Guy against the vanity. Justice grabs the keys, leaving a note in their place. As she crawls back out, we PUSH IN on the note, which reads: SORRY,

GUYS--BUT I LOVE HIM.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL PARKING LOT--DAY

The convertible skids out, taking off.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL HALLWAY--DAY

There's a loud scream, then Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy rush down the stairs ( in varied states of undress and sheet-wrap). Wiping their mouths. Sissy holds Justice's note.

SISSY

That bitch! That fucking, fucking bitch!!!

(to girls)

Get dressed. We're going after her.

CHRISSY

Fuck that, I didn't get to cum yet.

SISSY

Which is more important to you: a fortune in diamonds or busting a nut?

Sissy and Missy race back up the stairs. Chrissy stands there still, shrugs, then digs her hand into her panties.

SISSY (O.C.)

Chrissy! Now!

CHRISSY

Fuck--

Chrissy races back up the stairs.

EXT. MIRAMAX STUDIOS-DAY

The E! NEWS CREW packs up. Jay and Silent Bob study the main gate. They watch the SECURITY GUARD approach a car that's just pulled up. The Guard checks the driver's pass, then lifts the gate to let the car through. Jay looks to Bob.

JAY

We gotta play this right.

Bob nods, After a beat, the pair tear-ass past the guard booth. The GUARD leaps out of the booth, blowing a whistle and giving chase.

EXT. STUDIO LOT--DAY

Jay and Bob race around the building toward what looks like an open alley then smash into it, falling down. The open alley is a background painting that's being moved by some SCENICS. Jay and Bob get up, shaking off the impact.

JAY

I hate how fake Hollywood is.

The SECURITY GUARD catches up to them now, grabbing them by their shoulders, spinning them around.

SECURITY GUARD

Where do you think you're going?

JAY

GET OFFA ME! RAAAAAPE!!!

SECURITY GUARD

This is L.A., sir. We don't rape our suspects in custody. We just beat them.

(into walkie-talkie)

Echo Base, I've got a ten-o-seven here: two unauthorizeds on the lot. Request back-up.

VOICE

(from walkie-talkie)

I thought that was a ten-eighty-two.

SECURITY GUARD

No, sir--a ten-eight-two is the code for vanishing a dead hooker from Ben Affleck's trailer.

VOICE

(from walkie-talkie)

Oh, that Affleck. Backup on the way.

JAY

Hey! I make you a deal: this guy'll suck your dick off if you let us go!

SECURITY GUARD

Contrary to what you believe, not everyone in the movie business is gay.

JAY

Well, how about this deal: he sucks my dick while you watch and jerk off.

The Security Guard stops, looks around, then releases them, reaching into his pants.

SECURITY GUARD

Alright. But make it fast. And sexy.

Silent Bob looks at Jay, wide-eyed and scared.

JAY

Dude, it's either this or jail. And you know what they make you do in jail.

Silent Bob wells up with tears, slowly dropping to his knees, reaching for Jay's pants. The Security guard bends down low to watch at crotch- level. Suddenly, Jay hammers his two fists into the Security Guard's neck, knocking him out. Silent Bob falls into a sitting position on the ground, relieved. Jay looks at him.

JAY

Well what are you waiting for, bitch? Start sucking. Bunnggg!

(looking around)

Alright--where they shooting this movie at?

Silent Bob points behind Jay, at the SOUNDSTAGE they're in front of. There's a LINE OF PEOPLE waiting at the door.

JAY

Worth a shot. Like a shot in the mouth, you gay bitch. Eww, dude--you were really gonna suck my dick.

Silent Bob shakes his head "no," wide-eyed as Jay heads off. When Jay's out of frame, Silent bob shrugs like, "Yeah--I guess I was."

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

Jay and Bob approach the line, as an A.D. calls out to the crowd.

A.D.

Alright--bar extras. Follow me.

The A.D. starts leading the crowd in. Jay and Bob blend in and follow inside.

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

An official-looking car tears down the road.

INT. CAR--SAME

Willenholly drives, dialing his cell phone.

PHONE VOICE

Federal Bureau of Investigation

WILLENHOLLY

Yes, this is Federal Wildlife Marshal Willenholly. Can I speak with Agent Sid Enmarty, please?

PHONE VOICE

One moment, please.

INT. AGENT ENMARTY'S OFFICE--SAME

AGENT SID ENMARTY works at his desk.

SPEAKER VOICE

Agent Enmarty? A Marshal Willenholly calling.

AGENT SID

(perking up)

Holy shit! Yeah, put him through.

(calling off)

YO! INCOMING BITCH BOY PHONER!

Two other AGENTS rush in, chuckling. All gather around the phone as Sid presses the speaker button.

AGENT SID

Willenholly?

BEGIN CROSS-CUTTING WITH WILLENHOLLY.

WILLENHOLLY

Sid? Hey, buddy. I'm calling because I could really use your help on this killer case I'm working.

AGENT SID

I'll bet, Will. What's it this time/ Beaver trouble? Some kind of unauthorized marsupial trafficking?

The agents crack up, stifling their laughter.

WILLENHOLLY

(taking it in stride)

No, no--nothing like that. Say--there aren't other people listening in, are there?

AGENT SID

No way, man. It's just me and you talking here.

WILLENHOLLY

Good. I'm tracking a monkey down that's on it's way to Los Angeles, and I could use some bureau backup.

AGENT SID

Los Angeles, hunh? Maybe we should stake out Clint Eastwood's place. Didn't he used to drive around with a monkey that'd punch people and drink beer?

The Agents crack up. Willenholly's catching on.

WILLENHOLLY

Am, uh -- Am I on speaker phone?

AGENT SID

No way--Dunston!

WILLENHOLLY

Alright, now that's not fair. I know I didn't make it as high up as you guys, but my job's just as important.

AGENT SID

Calm down, Will. Don't go all . . bananas on us!

The Agents crack up even more, Willenholly's pissed.

WILLENHOLLY

I come to you as a friend--as a fellow professional--and this is the shit I get?!

AGENT SID

You're right, Will. Tell you what--we'll get our best man on your case right away. You might've heard of him. He's a doctor.

WILLENHOLLY

(excited)

Oh, a doctor?

AGENT SID

His name's Doctor Zaius!

The Agents laugh hysterically, pounding the desk, Willenholly tears up, enraged.

WILLENHOLLY

SCREW YOU GUYS!

Willenholly throws his cell phone across the car, the mocking laughter still emitting from it. Willenholly cries.

EXT.MIRAMAX STUDIOS LOT--DAY

The Red Light FLASHES outside the soundstage.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME

Jay and silent Bob stand amidst a line of EXTRAS. Silent Bob looks O.C. goes wide-eyed, and pokes Jay, pointing O.C. Jay looks and sees--

A COLLEGE BAR set that looks like the College Bar from Good Will Hunting, complete with CLARK (the stuffy college jerk). MATT DAMON stands off to the side, loosening up for the scene. BEN AFFLECK calls to the O.C. DIRECTOR.

BEN

Where are we taking it from, Gus?

Gus Van Sant sits off to the side, counting a stack of money. He just shrugs.

GUS

I'm busy.

BEN

You're a true artist, Gus

MATT

Just take it from "It's a good course."

BEN

Oh, now you're the director.

MATT

Hey, shove it. Bounce-boy. Let's remember who talked who into doing this shit in the first place. Talking me into Dogma was one thing, but this--

BEN

I'm sorry this is taking you away from whatever-gay-killers-on-horses-who-like-to-play-golf-touchy-feely-flick you're supposed to be doing this week.

MATT

Oh--I'm touchy-feely? I take it you never saw Forces of Nature?

BEN

You're like a child. What've I been telling you? Sometimes you've gotta do the safe picture. Sometimes, you do it for art. Sometimes, it's the payback picture your friend says you owe him--

They take a beat and look at the camera. Then--

BEN

And sometimes, you go back to the well.

MATT

And sometimes, you do Reindeer Games.

BEN

Now that's just mean.

Jay turns excitedly to Bob.

JAY

This has gotta be the Bluntman Flick, 'cause that's those two fucks from that Mork movie! Now all we gotta do is figure out a way to get close to them--

The A.D. grabs Jay and Bob by the arms and drags them onto the set, placing them near Ben and Matt in the scene.

A.D.

Just stand there and react. Don't say anything.

Bob goes a little wide-eyed. Jay smiles at him.

JAY

(off A.D.'s comment)

That's pretty funny.

A.D.

(calling out)

Alright, people. Lock it up. Let's go for picture.

Jay and Bob eye Ben and Matt fiercely, Ben and Matt are oblivious.

JAY

On the count of three, we rush those fucks and beat the shit out of 'em. 'Cause if they're all fucked up, they can't make the move, right? Alright, then. One--two--

CLAPPER/LOADER O.C.

Good Will Hunting Two: Hunting Season.

Jay and Bob freeze and look at each other, then O.C.

The Clapper/Loader holds a clapboard in front of Ben's face. It does indeed, read: Good Will Hunting 2: Hunting Season.

CLAPPER/LOADER

Scene sixteen, take five.

The Clapper/Loader claps the board closed and races off. Ben looks to Gus.

BEN

Action, Gus?

Gus looks up from counting his money.

GUS

Jesus, Ben--I said I'm busy.

Ben shakes his head and then starts the scene with CLARK.

BEN/CHUCKIE

You should check it out, it's a good course. But, you know, frankly, I found the class rather elementary.

CLARK

You know, I don't doubt that it was. I remember that class. It was just between recess and lunch.

BEN/CHUCKIE

Are we gonna have a problem, again?

CLARK

There's no problem. I was still just hoping you might give me some insight into the evolution of the market economy in the Southern Colonies. See, Wood says--

MATT/WILL

(stepping in)

What'd I say? Didn't I say you'd be back here regurgitating Gordon Wood. But you forgot about Vickers--

CLARK

No, I just read Vickers, so I'm up on inherited wealth, Hunting. But you're not the angry, brilliant young mind you once were, just itching to vent your frustrations.

In the background, Jay and Silent Bob get bored and head out of the shot. After a beat, they get pushed back in by the A.D.

CLARK

Once Sean told you it wasn't your fault, you lost the edge, William. You stopped hitting the books with a vengeance, and now I've read shit you haven't even heard about yet. Face facts, my friend--love made you a soft little pussy boy, unable to stand up to an academic showdown, like you used to. You're just no longer that good--Will Hunting.

(gets in his face)

Now how do you like them apples?

Matt/Will turns away angrily, facing Ben/Chuckie, looking downwards, steaming.

BEN/CHUCKIE

I don't like the sound of them apples. Will, what're we gonna do now?

MATT/WILL

Chuckie--

(snarling)

It's Hunting season.

Matt/Will spins to face Clark with two huge guns in his hands. He blows Clark away, Jay and Bob hit the deck. Matt/Will stands there, guns smoking.

BEN/CHUCKIE

Apple sauce, bitch.

Suddenly the door to the soundstage swings open, and the Security guard Jay knocked out rushes in, followed by other SECURITY GUARDS who comb the place.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry to interrupt, sirs, but have a ten-oh-seven on our hands.

BEN

Wait a second! I wasn't with any hookers today!

The Security Guard sees Jay and Bob crouched behind Ben, He points, screaming.

SECURITY GUARD

THERE THEY ARE!

Ben and Matt turn to Jay and Bob, Jay smiles.

JAY

Affleck, you're the bomb in Phantoms, yo.

Jay and Bob then race out-of-frame, closely followed by the Security guards. Matt head off, arms thrown in the air.

MATT

If anyone's looking for me, I'll be in my trailer trying to figure out how I got here from an Academy Award.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

Jay and Bob rush out, pulling a bench in front of the door, blocking it. They race ten feet to another soundstage across from them and head inside a door.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME

Jay and Silent Bob rush in to see--

Wes Craven getting ready to direct a scene with a familiar-looking GHOSTFACE KILLER and SHANNEN DOHERTY. The Clapper/Loader's clapboard reads: Scream 4

CLAPPER/LOADER

Scream four, scene thirty-seven, take one.

(claps it and rushes off)

WES CRAVEN

Action!

The Killer chases Shannen around the room, falling over stuff, until she hits him with a lamp, knocking him out.

SHANNEN DOHERTY

Alright, you bastard! Let's see who you really are!

Shannen pulls the mask off the short performer to reveal SUZANNE.

Jay and Silent Bob go wide-eyed.

SHANNEN DOHERTY

Fucking Miramax--

(getting up)

CUT!

Shannen heads over to Wes, holding the mask.

WES CRAVEN

Shannen, usually I say "cut."

SHANNEN DOHERTY

A monkey? Jesus, you guys aren't even trying anymore, are you?

WES CRAVEN

The market research suggest that people love monkeys.

Jay and Silent Bob rush in, grab Suzanne.

JAY

WE LOVE THIS MONKEY!

They rush out. West shrugs to Shannen.

WES CRAVEN

See?

Security Guards race through, chasing after the exited pair.

EXT. LOT--DAY

Jay and Bob race through the lot, with Bob carrying Suzanne. On a fake New York city street, another movie is shooting. The trio, bob and weave through the shoot, until--

At the end of the alley, a set GOLF CART pulls up, and four Security Guards pile out, forming a human wall, blocking their path. Jay and Bob stop dead, looking back to see the other Security Guards gaining.

JAY

What the fuck are we gonna do?

Just then, a P.A. on a bike pulls up nearby. He ditches the bike and grabs papers from the large hanging basket in front.

Jay and Bob look at each other, race over to the bike, and jump on, putting Suzanne in the basket. They start pedaling away furiously, closely followed by the Security Guard posse. Silent Bob peddles like mad, racing toward the Golf Cart.

JAY

PUNCH IT!!!

Bob pops a wheelie and the Bike races up the front of the vehicle, taking flight,

Below, the Security Guards stare in awe as--

Jay and Silent Bob atop the bike--with Suzanne in the front basket--go past a moon (on a billboard, on the side of a soundstage) a la E.T.

Jay and Bob look down, then at each other. They smile. Then they look ahead and let out a scream.

The bike crashes through a window in the side of a Soundstage Building.

INT.DRESSING ROOM--DAY

The Bike lands, and Jay and Bob, and Suzanne go tumbling onto the floor covered in glass. They look up to see.

JAMES VAN DER BEEK AND JASON BIGGS dressed as Jay and Silent Bob, looking down at them.

JAMES

Holy shit--that looked like it hurt.

JASON

Are you guys alright?

(off Suzanne)

Hey! They've got a monkey!

Jay and Bob look at their twins, then at each other.

JAY

Yo, I think that shit just kicked in.

JAMES

Let's get you guys on your feet.

James and Jason help Jay and Silent Bob to their feet. All stare at one another, perplexed, Then--

JAY

(to James)

See man? Its never, "Hey--you were in Loser, or, "Dude--you rocked in Boys and Girls." It always comes back to that fucking pie! I'm haunted by it.!

JAMES

Well, you put your dick in a pie, dude--

JASON

Enough!

(to Jay)

Jason Biggs.

JAY

Yo-you really get to third base with the Russian chick like you did in the movies?

JASON

You mean Shannon? Sadly, no.

JAY

She's fucking hot, man. If I was you, I'd been like--

Jay mimes a series of sexual maneuvers. Jason and James look on, bewildered.

JAY

(off James's-look)

What, man? You never did one of these?

Jay starts miming again, and suddenly stops, staring at James, blown away.

JAY

Holy shit? You're the Dawson!

JAMES

It's James, actually. James Van Der Beek.

JAY

Yo, what's up with Pacey stealing Joey away from you? If I was you, I would've drowned his ass in your Creek and shit!

JAMES

I know, Because what--is Josh better looking than me? Fuck, no. I mean, who on earth is better looking than me? I ask you.

JAY

Joey, man! She's too fine! Yo--did you ever get to third base with her?

JAMES

Well, there was this one time--

(catching himself)

Wait a second--who are you guys?!

JASON

They're our stunt doubles, dumbass.

(to Jay)

Right?

JAY

Stunt doubles for what?

JAMES

The movie we start shooting in a few minutes--Bluntman and Chronic Strike Back.

JASON

(to Bob)

You're doubling me. I'm playing Bluntman, AKA Silent Bill.

JAMES

Bob

JASON

Right. And he's playing Chronic. AKA Ray.

JAMES

Jay! Shit, did you even read the script?

JASON

There's a script?

Jay and Bob stare at them, blankly. Then Jay puts up his finger, indicating they should wait a minute. He gets into a huddle with Silent Bob and Suzanne.

JAY

These are the guys who are playing us, yo. We take them out, and bickety-bam! No movie.

Silent Bob nods at Jay, then Suzanne. Suzanne heads off, leaving Jay and Bob to huddle.

JASON

(off Jay and Bob, to James)

What's with the weird, gay huddle going on over there?

JAMES

What's gay about it? It's two guys talking in a corner. Man--why are you such a homophobe.

JASON

I'm not a homophobe.

JAMES

You are. You're always calling things gay. "Ooo--look at the gay huddle, dude!"

Suzanne approaches them.

JASON

Hey--look at the monkey.

JAMES

Next you're going to tell me the monkey's gay.

JASON

He's so cute--

(to Suzanne)

C'mere. Monkey. C'mere--

Suzanne pulls Jason and James out of the frame.

While Jay and Silent Bob continue to huddle, the sounds of a beating are heard, O.C.

JAY

Alright, here's what we do: start swinging, and don't stop until those young Hollywood fucks are out of commission. Ready? Break!

Jay and Bob spin to face Jason and James--only to go wide-eyed. Suzanne stands atop the fallen actors, who are bloodied and beaten and knocked out cold. She holds her hands skyward, clasped like a champion.

JAY

That's one funky monkey.

Suddenly there's a banging at the door of the dressing room.

VOICE (O.C.)

Mister Biggs? Mister Van..Der--Beek? This is Security. We've got a pair of intruders at large, and they crashed through a window we thought might be yours.

JAY

(to door; deepening voice)

Uh--yeah. They're in here.

SECURITY GUARD

Do they have you hostage? Should we call your publicists?

JAY

NO! I mean, we kicked those guys' asses bad. They're--knocked out.

EXT. DRESSING ROOM--SAME

The Security Guards stand outside a door marked James.

SECURITY GUARD

Great work, sirs! If you let us in, we'll take over--

JAY (O.C.)

(through door)

NO! Me and Jason Biggs are naked in here! Together!

The Security guard look at one another.

SECURITY GUARD

Uh--okay. We'll just be --outside the door, sirs.

The Security Guards stifle a laugh, as one makes a blow job face to the rest.

INT. DRESSING ROOM--DAY

Bob opens an AIR VENT in the wall. He puts Suzanne into it and hands her the tranquilizer gun, miming to her. She nods, and starts crawling through the ductwork, Bob closes the vent again, and starts rifling through a nearby closet.

JAY

What the fuck are we gonna do?! How are we gonna get out of here without them seeing us?

Silent Bob pulls a pair of hangered COSTUMES from the closet, smiling.

EXT. LOT--DAY

The Security Guards push a cuffed Jason and James into a waiting Cop Car. The pair are still dressed like Jay and Silent Bob.

JAMES

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUYS!

JASON

HEY! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?! I'M THE PIE-FUCKER.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Cops)

He'll be the pie--in prison.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE HALLWAY--DAY

Jay and Bob creep toward a door (we don't see the outfits).

JAY

This was a good idea, Lunchbox. In these outfits we're totally incognito.

Suddenly, and A.D. appears, grabbing them by the shoulders.

A.D.

Mister Biggs? Mister Van Der Beek? Great--you've changed costumes already. Let's get you to set.

(pulling them off)

The director doesn't like to be kept waiting.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--BLUNTCAVE SET

It looks like the Batcave, but it's not. Off to the side, near the monitor and chair setup, a black DIRECTOR eyeballs the hustling, white crew.

DIRECTOR

Look at all these crackers, Seventy million dollars and I can't even get a black grip?

A white P.A. brings a cup of latte to the Director.

P.A.

Here's your coffee, sir.

DIRECTOR

(eyes the coffee)

You spit in this? Because I know all you white folks are pissed off that the studio'd entrust a multi-million dollar to a brother.

P.A.

I didn't spit in it, sir.

DIRECTOR

Then taste it! Go on!

The P.A. takes the cup and sips from it. He tries to hand it back to the Director.

P.A.

It's all good, sir.

DIRECTOR

No it ain't all good. Oh, you think I want it now, after your lips touched the cup? Get the fuck off my set!

P.A.

You the man, sir.

DIRECTOR

No you the Man! And that's the problem!

The Director glares at the scared P.A., as he cautiously skulks off. BANKY EDWARDS approaches.

BANKY

Uh, Chaka? Yeah, hi--I'm Banky Edwards, the creator of Bluntman and Chronic. We met a few weeks back. I'm the executive producer.

DIRECTOR/CHAKA

Oh--you're the executive producer, hunh? Well go "produce" me a latte no white folks spit in--okay Fucky?

BANKY

Banky. I just wanted you to know that I respect your work as an artist. I'm something of an artist myself. I was the inker on the comic book.

CHAKA

An inker? What, like you trace?

Banky's face drops as the A.D. joins them.

A.D.

Biggs and Van Der Beek are on the set, Chaka.

CHAKA

I don't see 'em. Where are they?

(into bullhorn)

WHERE THE FUCK ARE THE STARS OF THIS PIECE OF SHIT?!

On the Bluntcave set, two massive doors open in the fake rock. Smoke pours in, and Jay and Silent Bob--now dressed as BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC--step from the darkness. Jay and Bob survey the set, amazed.

JAY

This must've set 'em back a couple hundred bucks.

CHAKA

Look at this shit.

(off their outfits)

A gay hood ornament, and the color Purple.

JAY

Who the fuck are you?

CHAKA

Who the fuck am I? I'm the fucking director, is how I am. Chaka Luther King. The creator of all of this.

JAY

Wait a sec--I thought Holden and Banky created this shit.

CHAKA

And I'm stealing it. I'm taking it back for all the shit you people have stolen from us! Did you know, I came up with the idea for Sesame Street before PBS? I was going to call it N.W.P.--Niggaz with Puppets.

(beat)

Alright--enough small talk. Let's shoot it.

Chaka heads back toward his monitor. Jay and Bob are confused.

JAY

Wait, wait, wait!! Aren't you gonna direct us?

CHAKA

I'll be directing you to the food stamps line after I fire your ass, if you talk back like that to me again!

JAY

But we don't know what we're supposed to do here. We didn't even read the script.

CHAKA

So? Neither did I. Shit, neither did the studio.

(pointing O.C.)

Look man, it's not hard. In this scene, the bad guy breaks into the Bluntcave. You make up some shit, fight him for a while, I film it, I yell "cut," and then head back to my trailer, where I got more white women waiting for me there than the first lifeboat off the Titanic!

(confidentially)

They all want a part of the movie, and I got just the part for 'em.

Jay and Silent Bob go wide-eyed, as Chaka heads off.

CHAKA

LET'S ROLL WITH THE NEW!

A.D. (O.C.)

QUIET ON THE SET! THIS IS A TAKE!

Chaka climbs behind his monitor. The P.A. is waiting for him with another cup of coffee.

P.A.

I got you another cup of coffee, sir. Spit free.

Chaka smacks the coffee out of his hand and sits down.

The Clapper/Loader jumps in front of the startled Jay and Bob, getting ready. After a beat, he turns to Silent Bob.

CLAPPER/LOADER

I just wanna say that I loved when fucked that pie.

(calling off)

BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC STRIKE BACK, SCENE THIRTY-SEVEN, TAKE ONE!

The clapper/Loader shuts the clapboard and races off. From behind the monitor, Chaka calls out--

CHAKA

ACTION!

Jay and Bob (as Bluntman and Chronic) look at each other for a beat. Then--

JAY/CHRONIC

Uh--Snootchie Bootchies.

Suddenly, the wall to their left explodes. Jay and Bob hit the deck. Through the smoking rubble steps COCK-KNOCKER--the arch --nemesis of Bluntman and Chronic. He's a normal-looking man with huge, overgrown FISTS.

JAY/CHRONIC

What the fuck?

COCK-KNOCKER

You thought I'd never find your precious Bluntcave, did you, Hemp Knight? But now you and your sidekick are finally in the grasp of Cock-Knocker!

JAY/CHRONIC

Why do they call you "Cock-Knocker"?

Cock-Knocker slams one of his huge fists into Jay's balls. Jay drops to his knees, wailing. Cock-Knocker then pulls a vibrator-looking device from his cape. He presses a button on it and a laser beam rises out of the vibrator, like a light saber.

COCK-KNOCKER

Any last words before I bust your balls, Bluntman?

Silent Bob quickly looks right, then left. His eyes fall on--

A wall of armaments, on which hangs a SILVER BONG, under the placard: BONG SABER--EXTREMELY EXPERIMENTAL. DO NOT USE. It's out of his reach.

Silent Bob closes his eyes, concentrating. He reached his hand out to the Bong Saber, attempting the Jedi Mind Trick.

Suddenly, the Bong snaps from the armory into Bob's grip. The Bong Saber blasts to life and Bob strikes a defensive pose. Bob rushes the astonished Cock-Knocker and the pair start light saber dueling.

CHAKA

(from behind monitor)

Damn! Now that was one special effect! This picture's gonna make House Party look like House Party Two!

A.D.

Or House Party Three?

CHAKA

Shut the fuck up!

Cock-Knocker battles Bob back. He vogues some impressive blade handling, prompting Bob to make a run for it--up the ladder of the Bong Reactor and over Cock-Knocker's head. He lands behind Cock-Knocker, striking another pose. Cock-Knocker then high-kicks Bob in the face, knocking him on his ass across the floor. Cock-Knocker rushes over to deliver a saber kill-shot, when we hear--

JAY (O.C.)

YO-BITCH-FISTS!

Cock-Knocker turns to see--

Jay, standing on the rotating monitor station, holding a double-sided saber. He clicks it and TWO beams emit ( a la the Darth Maul light saber in Episode One).

JAY

Call me Darth Balls. Bunngg.

Jay leaps at Cock-Knocker, wielding the double-beamed Bong Saber.

CHAKA

(from behind the monitor)

I think George Lucas is going to sue somebody--

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

Willenholly's car screeches up, and Willenholly jumps with a shotgun. He slides across the hood of the car and lands beside the flashing red light.

WILLENHOLLY

(looking around)

So, this is Hollywood?

(suddenly full of purpose)

Lights, camera, action, Jay and Silent Bob.

Willenholly cocks his shotgun and heads for the door.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

The door bursts open, and Willenholly charges in, firing two shots, O.C.

WILLENHOLLY

FREEZE YOU TERRORIST SONSABITCHES!!!

Willenholly goes wide-eyed.

It's not Bluntcave. We're on a different soundstage, where a kid's movie's being shot: Mooby's Grand Adventure. There's a Barney-sized MOOBY surrounded by little KIDS. The Kids stare back at Willenholly terrified. The Mooby suit has smoking bullet holes in it. Mooby collapses.

WILLENHOLLY

Oh my God--

(to kids)

Um--sorry. That was supposed to be a warning shot. Uh--it looks like I'm on the wrong, uh--wrong set.

The Kids look at the fallen Mooby. On looks angrily at the O.C. Willenholly.

KID

You killed Mooby--

(to Kids)

LET'S GET HIM!!!

The Kids charge Willenholly, who screams like a woman as he's attacked.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME

Jay attacks Cock-Knocker with his Bong Saber, full throttle.

COCK-KNOCKER

(breaking character)

You are not upstaging me, Van Der Beek!

Jay whacks away happily at the actor playing Cock-Knocker, hacking him up onto the ladder of the Bluntcave's nuclear reactor. Cock-Knocker climbs the ladder slightly to evade the attack, dueling Jay back with the saber in his other hand.

COCK-KNOCKER

(to O.C. Chaka)

CHAKA--CALL OFF DAWSON! GIVE ME A "CUT"!

On cue, Jay delivers a kill-shot to one of Cock-Knocker's huge fists, cutting it off ( a la Empire).

Silent Bob joins Jay, as Jay turns off this double-Bong Saber, Jay grins at Cock-Knocker.

JAY

Now whose balls have been busted,bitch?

Suddenly, a gun shot rings out.

All turn to see a roughed-up Willenholly, training his gun first on Jay, then Bob.

WILLENHOLLY

The C.L.I.T. stops here, Jay and Silent Bob!

(revealing badge: calling out)

Everyone stay calm. I'm a Federal Wildlife Marshal. These men are the leaders of a terrorist organization wanted for the abduction of a monkey.

VOICE (O.C.)

They didn't really steal that monkey.

All turn to see Justice approaching from the shadows. Willenholly trains his gun on her. Jay's mouth drops.

JUSTICE

It was just a diversion so we could steal these.

Justice pulls the bag of diamonds from her jacket, revealing them.

JUSTICE

And they're not the leaders of C.L.I.T. The C.L.I.T. is not real.

WILLENHOLLY

No--the clit's real. The female orgasm is a myth.

JUSTICE

(to Jay)

Are you guys alright?

JAY

I thought you blew up, Boo Boo Kitty Fuck.

JUSTICE

(smiling)

You remembered.

(back to business)

It was a frame-up, Jay. Sissy. Missy, Chrissy, and I are international jewel thieves. We were setting you up as a patsy, but I couldn't go through with it, because I ..because I love you.

JAY

Yeah? So that means you'll fuck me, right?

VOICE (O.C.)

If she does, it'll be considered necrophilia.

All turn to see Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy slinking from the shadows, guns drawn.

SISSY

Because she's gonna be one dead bitch.

(to Justice)

Hi, Jussy. We catch you at a bad time?

MISSY

You should've just let these guys go down, Jussy.

JAY

Hey, I wanted to go down, but I was waiting until I got to know her a little better. See, there was this little angel on my shoulder, and he said--

CHRISSY

Shut the fuck up before I shoot you where you stand in your pansy red booties.

JAY

(looking down)

Holy shit, I am wearing pansy red booties!

(to Bob)

Man--why the fuck didn't you tell me?

SISSY

Let's have those diamonds, Jussy.

JUSTICE

I can't do that, Sissy

SISSY

(points her gun at Jay)

Then lover --boy gets one in the brain.

CHAKA

YO!

All turn to look at CHAKA

CHAKA

Would any of you lovely ladies like a private audition to be in my movie?

Justice high-kicks the gun out of Sissy's hand. It lands on the ground discharging. Then everyone starts shooting and running for cover.

Jay and Silent Bob hurl themselves over the Bluntmobile.

Missy and Chrissy flip over a lavish, exquisitely-packed craft service table labeled. CAST. They pop back up and start firing at Willenholly. Willenholly leaps behind a barren craft service table that holds a bag of Smarties and a dented can of RC Cola. He pops up and returns fire. When both are out of bullets, they drop back down behind the table and reload. From behind his table, Willenholly yells--

WILLENHOLLY

WHY ARE YOU SHOOTING AT ME?!?! I'M JUST A FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL!!!

CHRISSY

TWO REASONS: ONE--WE'RE WALKING, TALKING BAD GIRLS, CLICHES!

MISSY

AND TWO: BECAUSE YOU'RE A MAN.

WILLENHOLLY

ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE!

The Girls and Willenholly both pop back up and open fire again. Chaka ducks behind the monitor.

CHAKA

A shitload of white people with guns? Time to get my black ass out of here!

He races off, passing Justice and Sissy, who circle each other defensively, striking kung fu poses.

SISSY

You really let me down, Justice. Throwing it all away for a little stoner with bad pronunciation.

JAY (O.C.)

HEY!

JUSTICE

(ignoring him)

What's it gonna be, Sissy? Which fighting style do you want me to kick your ass in?

SISSY

Are you kidding me? I taught you all all your moves myself. There's not a style you can bust that I can't defend against.

JUSTICE

You're no match for my "Shaolin Monk."

SISSY

Yeah, but I can bury you with my "Crouching Tiger."

JUSTICE

A little "Venus's--flytrap"?

SISSY

I'll counter with "Dragon Crane."

JUSTICE

How about a little "Bitch, My Man Ain't Yo Baby's Daddy"?

SISSY

(beat; smiles)

Bring it on.

Justice rushes Sissy and instead of sleek kung fu, they launch into a down-and-dirty, girl's cat-fight; hair pulling and screaming.

Behind the Bluntmobile, Jay and Bob watch all the action.

JAY

Yo--I hope one of 'em rips the other one's shirt off and we see some tit.

Both Bob and Jay smile at each other, nodding. Banky joins them, crawling in on his belly, covering his head.

BANKY

Mister Biggs? Mister Van Der Beek? I just wanted to say hi. I'm--

JAY

Banky fucking Edwards! Just the motherfucker we came to see!

BANKY

(shocked)

Holy shit! What the fuck are you guys doing here?!

Sissy has Justice on her belly, banging her face into the floor, screeching.

Jay, Bob, and Banky continue.

BANKY

Stop the movie?! Are you crazy?!

JAY

All these assholes are calling us names on the Internet, 'cause of this stupid movie!

BANKY

I feel for you boys--I really do. Those Net snipers can be really cruel. But Miramax paid me a shitload of money for Bluntman and Chronic, so it occurs to me that people bad-mouthing you on some web-site is none of my FUCKING CONCERN!

SILENT BOB

Oh--but I think it is.

Banky stares at Silent Bob, agog, Jay rolls his eyes.

JAY

Here we go again--

SILENT BOB

Shut the fuck up.

(to Banky)

We had a deal with you on the comics for likeness rights. And as we're not only the artistic basis but also the character basis for your intellectual property, Bluntman and Chronic, when we said property was optioned by Miramax Films you were legally obliged to secure our permission to transfer the concept to another medium. As you failed to do that, you're in breach of the original contract--ergo, you find yourself in a very actionable position.

Banky stares at Bob, even more agog, joined by Jay. After a beat, Jay adds--

JAY

Yeah.

Justice now has the advantage over Sissy, holding her head and kicking her in the face, repeatedly, screaming.

BANKY

So, what do you guys want, to go away and take your lady friends with you?

JAY

Shitcan this movie so we don't get called names on the Internet anymore.

BANKY

Even if there's no movie, people are still free to talk shit about you on the Internet. That's what the Internet's for: slandering others anonymously. Stopping the flick isn't going to stop that!

In the background, we see Justice high-kick Sissy into the air.

JAY

Well this isn't fair! We went to Hollywood, I fell in love, we stole a monkey, we got shot at, and got punched in the motherfucking nuts! We ain't leaving empty-handed!

On cue, Sissy drops from above, landing in Jay's lap.

JAY

What's up baby? You look good!

BANKY

Isn't that your girlfriend's enemy?

JAY

Oh yeah.

(pushing Sissy off him)

Get the fuck offa me, pig!

Sissy races at Justice, leaping atop her, pulling her hair.

Jay, Bob, and Banky continue.

BANKY

You guys are gonna ruin my movie career.

JAY

Well, we want something for our mental anguish.

BANKY

Tell you what: we'll settle this monetarily. I'll give you half of what I made.

JAY

Half?!?

BANKY

Half's not good enough? Fine --I'll give you two-thirds of what I made!

JAY

Fuck-you--you already said half? You can't take it back!

Silent Bob rolls his eyes, Banky shakes Jay's hand.

BANKY

Done

Justice throws Sissy off, onto the floor. Both get up, facing each other.

SISSY

Your shit is so tired, Justice!

JUSTICE

Call me Boo-Boo Kitty Fuck--.BITCH!

Justice high-kicks Sissy and she goes flying across the stage.

Sissy sails toward the craft service table, landing atop Missy and Chrissy, knocking them out.

Willenholly stands to see why the girls stopped shooting.

WILLENHOLLY

Hello? Truce?

(beat)

I think I killed both of them.

Suddenly, he lets out a shriek and falls forward, revealing a tranquilizer dart in his ass, and SUZANNE standing behind him, holding the gun up in the air.

Justice surveys her handiwork for a beat, then calls off toward the Bluntmobile.

JUSTICE

C'mon guys. It's over.

Jay, Bob, and Blanky pop up from behind the car and join her.

JAY

Yo, I was just about to jump in there and get your back.

Then, the SOUND of SIRENS rings out in the distance.

JAY

Holy shit, the cops! We gotta get out of here!

JUSTICE

No. I'm tired of running.

Justice lifts Willenholly into a sitting position and taps his face.

JUSTICE

You awake, Marshal? Marshal?

WILLENHOLLY

(tries to move but can't)

Oh my God, I'm paralyzed. The monkey shot me in the ass and paralyzed me! Oh the irony!

JUSTICE

(off Suzanne's gun)

You're not paralyzed. It was just a tranquilizer.

WILLENHOLLY

Jesus! Tranqued by a little monkey! My friends in the Bureau are never gonna let me live this down!

JUSTICE

You have friends in the F.B.I.?

WILLENHOLLY

(crying)

They all made it in, but I failed the exam. Why the hell else do you think I became a Federal Wildlife Marshal? 'Cause I'm a joke!

Justice looks toward the direction of the sirens, thinking. Then--

JUSTICE

Maybe not. I can make you a deal that'll get you into the F.B.I., regardless of test scores.

WILLENHOLLY

What kind of deal?

JUSTICE

You drop the charges against Jay and Silent Bob and say you never found the ape. Make sure the world knows they're not in control of any C.L.I.T.

JAY

Now wait a second--

JUSTICE

I'll explain later, Jay

(to Willenholly)

In exchange, I'll give you the diamonds I stole, and turn in Sissy, Missy, Chrissy, and myself. But I want a reduced sentence.

WILLENHOLLY

You'd be willing to do that?

JUSTICE

(off Jay)

For him? I'd be willing to do anything.

Justice stands and takes Jay by the hands.

JUSTICE

I'm an international jewel thief who's facing a jail sentence.

JAY

That's alright. I'm a junkie with a monkey.

JUSTICE

If I go to prison, will you wait for me?

JAY

I don't know. Will we fuck when you get out?

Justice smiles and kisses Jay Passionately. The kiss should say it all, but--

JAY

Don't change the subject. Will we fuck when you get out?

JUSTICE

Snoogans.

Justice and Jay kiss again.

Suzanne reached up to Silent Bob, who picks her up. She grabs his face and kisses him.

Willenholly looks to Banky.

WILLENHOLLY

Wow. There's a lot of love in the room.

BANKY

Regardless of what you may have heard. I do not kiss guys.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--LATER

Justice and Jay are still kissing, until Willenholly pulls her away and loads her into the waiting Cop Car.

WILLENHOLLY

Sorry, Justice. We've gotta go.

(to Jay: friendly)

Hey--stop stealing monkeys.

JAY

Fuck you.

WILLENHOLLY

Fair enough.

Willenholly closes the door behind Justice and gets in the car.

JUSTICE

(to Jay)

Wait for me.

JAY

What--here?

Jay looks at Justice, confused, as the Cruiser pulls away, leaving Jay, Bob, Suzanne, and Banky. They start walking down the lot.

BANKY

Well, boys--you're rich in love--

(indicating Jay)

Well, you're in love. And to top that off, you've got your own monkey. What more could two guys from Jersey possibly want?

JAY

All those fucks to stop talking shit about us on the Internet, for starters.

BANKY

What do I keep telling you? There's not much you can do to stop that. Well, short of showing up at all their houses and beating the shit out of them, I guess.

Jay and Bob suddenly freeze. They look at each other and smile.

JAY

(to Bob)

You know--with all that money we're gonna make we can buy a lotta plane tickets.

START THE JAY AND BOB KICKASS MONTAGE

EXT. SKY--DAY

A passenger JET flies through the sky.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET--DAY

Jay and Bob stand across the street from a house. They check the address on the big ream of paper they're carrying, nod at each other, and cross the street.

INT. HOUSE--DAY

The doorbell rings. A MOTHER answers it to see Jay and Silent Bob standing in the doorway.

MOTHER

Can I help you?

JAY

Yes. Ma'am, Does--

(reading of paper)

William Dusky live here?

MOTHER

Yes. He's my son.

JAY

May we talk to him, please.

MOTHER

One moment.

She walks away. After a beat, a fifteen- year-old KID comes to the door.

KID

Yeah?

JAY

Yo--do you post as--

(reading off paper)

Magnolia-Fan on Movie Poop Shoot.com?

KID

Yeah.

JAY

And did you write "Fuck Jay and Silent Bob. Fuck them up their stupid asses?"

KID

Yeah, a while ago. So?

Jay and Bob nod at each other, then grab the KID, pull him outside, and start beating the shit out of him on his front lawn.

EXT. SKY--DAY

The passenger jet flies again, this time in the opposite direction.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE--DAY

Jay and Bob knocking at another door. Another MOTHER answers. They speak, she heads inside, and another KID comes to the door.

JAY

On Movie Poop Shoot.com. did you say Jay and Silent Bob--

(reading off paper)

--are fucking clown shoes. If they were real, I'd beat the shit out of them for being so stupid."

KID

(chuckling)

Yeah.

JAY

Really--

Again, Jay and Bob pull the Kid outside and beat the shit out of him.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a CLERK.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a WOMAN.

EXT. RECTORY--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a PRIEST.

INT. OFFICE--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a BUSINESSMAN.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE--NIGHT

The marquee reads: JASON BIGGS AND JAMES VAN DER BEEK ARE  
BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC! WORLD PREMIERE!

The front doors open and the CROWD lets out. First we see DANTE and RANDAL.

RANDAL

Now that was worse then Clash of the Titans.

DANTE

I still can't believe Judy Dench played me.

RANDAL

Hey--remind me to renew that restraining order.

DANTE

Why?

RANDAL

Because I'm gonna blast the flick on the Internet tonight.

STEVE-DAVE and WALT exit.

STEVE-DAVE

Why can't Hollywood ever make a decent comic book movie?

WALT

Tell'em Steve-Dave!

STEVE-DAVE

Would you stop saying that?

ALYSSA and TRISH come out.

TRISH

Well, that was just another paean to male adolescence and its refusal to grow up.

ALYSSA

Yeah, sis--but it was better than Mallrats. At least Holden had the good sense to keep his name off of it.

TRISH

Why wouldn't Miramax option his other comic instead? You know--the one he drew about you and him and your relationship?

ALYSSA

You mean Chasing Amy? That would never work as a movie.

BANKY and HOOPER exit.

BANKY

I'm so fucking embarrassed--

HOOPER

Honey, you should be. They took your characters and reduced them to one ninety-minute-long-gay joke. It was like watching Batman and Robin again.

BANKY

Thanks. That means a lot coming from the guy who pretends to be Shaft as opposed to the guy who takes shaft.

HOOPER

I don't hear you complaining nightly. In fact, the only thing I do hear you say is "Yes, Hooper! Cradle the balls and work the shaft!"

BANKY

(looking around)

Hey! Hey! What'd we say? Not in public!

A guy behind them calls out to Banks.

GUY

Nice movie, you fucking Tracer!

BANKY

(recognizing him)

You--!

GUY

That's right, you sonovabitch! I'm back for round two!

Banky grabs the guy by the throat and starts choking him, while Hooper tries to break them up.

WILLENHOLLY exits with Justice in hand-and leg cuffs and a prison uniform. They're flanked by two ARMED PRISON GUARDS.

WILLENHOLLY

You know, I don't get out to the movies much. But I'd have to say Bluntman and Chronic was Blunt-tastic!

JUSTICE

Are these leg cuffs really necessary?

WILLENHOLLY

Don't make me shoot you, Justice.

And finally, Jay and Silent Bob come out.

JAY

YO! THE PARTY'S ACROSS THE STREET, FEATURING THE GREATEST BAND  
IN THE WORLD: MORRIS DAY AND THE TIME!!!

WHIP PAN to Morris day and The Time on stage, performing "The Bird." During the  
song, Morris points to--

Jay and Bob, who are dancing with Suzanne and Justice (who's still in cuffs, flanked by  
the Guards). Jay looks to Bob, they nod at each other and--

Jay and Silent Bob, join Morris Day and the TIME onstage, and dance us out to the coda,  
which reads--

CODA

Bluntman and Chronic Strike Back went on to make a mere 2.3 million at the box office.  
It was the biggest commercial failure in the history of Miramax films.

The film was roundly drubbed as a bad idea by the denizens of the Internet chat boards,  
and over the course of the next year, while they waited for the Quick Stop restraining  
order to expire, Jay and Silent Bob tracked them all down and beat the shit out of them.

CREDITS. THEN--

INT. NOWHERE

A familiar WOMAN closes a book that's marked: THE VIEW ASKEWNIVERSE. She  
puts the book down, smiles at us and skips off.

THE END