

ESCALATORGATE

by

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INT. PEASY'S HOUSE - DAY

PEASY LADEN, wearing a "This is What a Femtheist Looks Like" t-shirt stretched over his chubby, fifty-something frame, PACKS clothes into a suitcase, while talking on a cell phone.

PEASY

Yeah, the "Sexy men of Skepticism" calendar turned out great! I had a nip slip, but it's still "artistic." We've been selling them to raise money for the conference. Gotta supplement the pittance the university's paying me.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

BARRY MCGRAW CHECKS his ticket, holding a cell phone to his ear, his luggage nearby.

BARRY

(into the phone)

How's your speech coming along?

CUT TO:

INT. PEASY'S HOUSE - DAY

Peasy continues PACKING.

PEASY

I've been working on it all week. It's my best one yet, it's gonna knock their socks off. Hey, I've gotta skedaddle. How does an octopus go to war? Well-armed! See you in the South Pacific!

BARRY (O.S.)

Give my best to your Trophy Wife.

PEASY

Alright, bye.

He PUTS down the phone on his desk, then speaks to a foot-high bronze trophy of a woman, on a shelf.

PEASY (CONT'D)
Barry says Hi.

CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - DAY

The late sixty-something, baby-faced DICK RAWKINS and his wife ROMANA stand in the entrance of their home, as Dick PUTS ON his overcoat and gloves.

DICK
It's "Feminists in Atheism," I think. Sounds like a good cause, at any rate.

ROMANA
Who else is going to be there?

DICK
Gretel Bensonhurst is organizing. And Peasy. He'll be doing the lead-up to my keynote.

ROMANA
Oh? Do you think that's a good idea? He did seem to be all over god's green Earth last time, thematically.

DICK
Not to worry, my love. I'll look his notes over beforehand.

ROMANA
Alright, then. Have fun in Hawaii.

DICK
I'll have no fun at all without you.

He PULLS her closer.

ROMANA
Oh, Dick. My Horseman.

DICK
Goodbye, Romana.

He KISSES her on the cheek, then separates from her and OPENS the door.

ROMANA

Bye.

DICK

See you soon.

ROMANA

Love you.

DICK

Love you too.

He SHUTS the door softly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A shuttle bus PULLS UP outside the Hawaii Marriott Hotel, and Peasy GETS OFF, carrying his luggage, wearing a tacky Hawaiian shirt.

A taxicab PULLS UP, and Barry GETS OUT, with his suitcase, wearing a lei.

BARRY

Squidman! How was the flight?

PEASY

I had to sit next to a Rethuglican. He tried to take away my health insurance.

BARRY

Whoa! Let's get some beer into you. Calm those liberal nerves.

They WALK toward the hotel front entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (LOBBY) - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Peasy and Barry ENTER, WALKING toward the front desk.

GRETEL and STEPHANIE talk nearby.

GRETEL

You've heard about the "list," right?

STEPHANIE

What list?

Peasy and Barry reach the front desk and put their luggage DOWN, to register.

Dick ENTERS through the front doors, with his luggage.

GRETEL

I'll tell you later.

(to Dick)

Dick! Thanks for coming! I don't have time to chat now, but I'll talk to you later.

She PULLS Stephanie away, by the arm.

DICK

(to Peasy)

Hail fellow, well met!

PEASY

Dick, I'd like you to meet my friend, Barry. He runs a popular blog too.

Dick PUTS his suitcase down, and SHAKES Barry's hand.

BARRY

Website. It's not a blog.

DICK

I see. And what is your popular website about?

BARRY

Cats.

DICK

Cats.

BARRY

And evolution. Some theology. But mostly cats and food. And music I like.

DICK

I see. Well, I'll be sure to check that out sometime.

BARRY

If you do, leave a comment.

DICK
On your ... website.

BARRY
Yeah.

DICK
Jolly good. We should probably make
for the conference room: It looks
like Gretel's already started her
commencement address.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY

Gretel speaks at the podium.

Peasy, Dick, and Barry ENTER and sit down together in the
back row, in an audience of more women than men.

GRETEL
Guess what we're supposed to think--
the kittens with pink bows are
girls. So why are there only four
girls then? Why seventeen boy
kittens and just four flirtatious,
coy, bow-behind-the-ear fuck-me
girl kitties? And when the fuck do
kittens ever wear bows behind their
ears?! How would you even attach
it? And why would you try when you
know the kitten would yank it off
in two seconds flat?

BARRY
(to Peasy)
That's true.

GRETEL
I'll tell you why: It's the
SpongeBob Principle. It's the Bugs
Bunny principle, the Quicksdraw
principle, the Flintstones
principle. It's the every-cartoon-
character-and-atheist-conference-
speaker-is-a-boy-except-for-kittens-
with-pink-bows-behind-their-ears
principle.

The audience APPLAUDS loudly.

GRETEL (CONT'D)
And why are they kittens, rather
than puppies? I'll tell you why:
It's because they want you to think
of pussy!

BARRY
I hadn't thought of that.

GRETEL
Except you're not allowed to say
"pussy"! It's making fun of weak
men by comparing them to vaginas!
Vaginas aren't weak!

The audience APPLAUDS.

GRETEL (CONT'D)
It's fine to call someone a
"douchebag" or "ass-hat":
Douchebagging and ass-hattery are
what they're doing. It's not what
they are. A "pussy" is what a woman
is.

More APPLAUSE.

GRETEL (CONT'D)
There's only one thing you can do
with people who use bad words:
shame them in public, until they
grovel in the mud begging for
forgiveness like the filthy sexist
pigs they are!

Wild APPLAUSE.

GRETEL (CONT'D)
Thank you. I've got my latest co-
written book for sale at the merch
table:
(she HOLDS UP a copy)
"The Man Delusion: How Semen
Poisons Everything."

The audience APPLAUDS some more.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Peasy and Barry file OUT of the conference room surrounded by
other attendees, talking enthusiastically amongst themselves.

Peasy clutches a copy of Gretel's "Man Delusion" book, skimming the back cover as he WALKS.

PEASY
Wow, she's right: We're all woman-hating sexists.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - DUSK

Dick sits on a park bench nearby the hotel, reading Ayaan Hirsi Ali's "The Caged Virgin," as the sun sets.

He CLOSES the book in the dimming light, and RISES.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (BAR) - NIGHT

Peasy holds a beer, with Barry close by, surrounded by acolytes.

PEASY
Okay, what did the boy octopus say to the girl octopus? "I wanna hold your hand, hand, hand, hand, hand, hand!"

BARRY
That's only six.

PEASY
I know. The other two are legs.

ACOLYTE
You sure know a lot about cephalopods and metazoans, Dr. Laden. Oh, you dropped something.

PEASY
My room key!

He BENDS DOWN to pick it up.

PEASY (CONT'D)
Holes in my pockets. You'd think the university would pay me enough that I could afford new pants! Alright, I've had enough, guys.
(MORE)

PEASY (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted, going to bed. Got a big speech tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (ESCALATOR) - NIGHT

Peasy WALKS (room key in hand) toward the escalator up to the first floor.

Dick CATCHES UP with him from behind, a sheaf of papers in his hand.

DICK

Ah, Peasy!

They STEP together onto the escalator.

DICK (CONT'D)

Don't take this the wrong way, but I've been looking over your speech for tomorrow, and I have a few suggestions. Would you like to come to my hotel room for coffee, and discuss them?

Peasy's eyes dart around, looking for a means of escape.

PEASY

I'm ... flattered, Dick. But I have a Trophy Wife at home.

DICK

Ah yes, of course. I'd best call Romana too, before I turn in.

He CHECKS his watch.

They arrive at the top of the escalator, and STEP off it.

PEASY

This is my floor.

DICK

Mine too.

Peasy WALKS down the hallway, followed by Dick.

PEASY

I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

DICK

Indeed.

Peasy WALKS FASTER, glancing back over his shoulder, then
TURNS AROUND to face Dick.

PEASY
Why are you following me?

DICK
We have adjacent rooms, remember?

He indicates their doors.

PEASY
Oh, right.
(under his breath)
Wasn't that convenient?

Dick UNLOCKS and OPENS the door to his room.

DICK
Sleep well.

He ENTERS the room and CLOSES the door behind him.

PEASY
I wish I could.

He shakily OPENS his room door, ENTERS, and CLOSES the door
behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (PEASY'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Peasy sits in his darkened room on the edge of his bed, sweat
pouring down his face.

The sound of bedsprings CREAKING comes through the wall, from
the next room.

PEASY
What the hell is he doing in there?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (DICK'S ROOM) - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Dick does SIT-UPS on his bed.

DICK
Ninety-nine, one-hundred.

He STRETCHES OUT on the bed.

DICK (CONT'D)
I feel like I'm eighteen again!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (PEASY'S ROOM) - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING
Peasy sits, still on the edge of his bed.

DICK (O.S.)
Whoo!

Peasy SHUDDERS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (DINING ROOM) - DAY
Dick ENTERS, holding a sheaf of papers.
Peasy EATS breakfast, alone at a table.
Dick STOPS at Peasy's table.

DICK
Ah, Peasy. I went over your speech
again this morning, and corrected
some of the more egregious
grammatical errors and
misstatements of fact.

He PICKS the printed speech off the top of his sheaf, and
PUTS it down in front of Peasy.

DICK (CONT'D)
Oh, and I think it might be best if
you excise the bit about baboons.
It doesn't really fit with the
overall narrative.

He smiles, and WALKS away.

Peasy sneers, PUSHES his plate away, and PICKS the red-pen-
marked papers up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY

A BLACK WOMAN (SARAN) stands at the podium, speaking
animatedly.

Barry and Peasy sit, listening.

SARAN

Uppity Negress see dem o.g.
gangstas speechifyin'. Uppity
Negress gon' smack dem o.g.
gangstas down, yo!

BARRY

What?

PEASY

Old white male atheists. Smackdown.

SARAN

Dem o.g.'s, dey bein' upset 'bout
dis Negress' wack attack on deyah
white affumative action an' deyah
raciss sci-entism an' deyah
edjookayshional a-partheid. Dey
bein' upset, dat a black beeyotch
be callin' dem out fo' deyah white
privilege in deyah Kumbaya fem-tee-
ist nation, hu-ah! Well, dey beddah
get use tu dat. 'Cause Uppity
Negress not goin' take yo white
supremaciss atheiss KKK bullshit no
mo', honkeys! Fo' Trayvon!

The Audience ERUPTS in APPLAUSE.

PEASY

Wow, she's right: We're all white
supremacists.

Barry raises his eyebrows.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (DICK'S ROOM) - DAY

Dick sits at his hotel-room desk, revising his speech.

DICK

(mumbles, reading)
... increased opportunities for
women in the
(he strokes out a word)
secular community.

He RISES, WALKS over to the mini-bar, and OPENS it.

DICK (CONT'D)
Hmm, What Would Hitchens Do?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (BAR) - DAY

Peasy sits at a table in the quiet bar, working on his laptop computer.

Barry ENTERS, and WALKS up to the bar and its bartender, CARL.

BARRY
Guinness.

He WALKS OVER to Peasy.

BARRY (CONT'D)
What are you up to?

PEASY
Meme Generator.

Barry LEANS over Peasy's shoulder, and reads from the computer screen:

BARRY
"When I Said Coffee, I Meant: I
Want to Fuck You Like an Enema"
(to Peasy)
I don't know. Maybe he really did
just want to help you with your
speech.

Peasy's jaw drops.

PEASY
You can't tell me what I'm supposed
to feel! You ... anti-femtheist!

BARRY
I wasn't tell--

PEASY
You need to shut up and listen,
when femtheists tell you what they
want!

BARRY
But--

PEASY
Shut up and listen!

Carl DELIVERS Barry's beer.

BARRY
Can I just ask a question?

PEASY
No! Shut up and listen!

Pause.

BARRY
If--

PEASY
Shut. Up. And. Listen!

Long pause.

CARL
(to Barry)
That's six bucks.

PEASY
Shut up!

CARL
(over his shoulder)
Jimbo!

JIMBO the bouncer ENTERS the room, WALKING over to Peasy, towering over him.

JIMBO
Is there a problem here?

PEASY
No, Sir.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY

Gretel stands at the podium.

In the audience, Dick reads over his notes.

GRETEL
And now, it's my pleasure to
introduce to you, all the way from
Minnesota, Dr. Peasy Laden.

The audience APPLAUDS politely.

Peasy WALKS up to the podium.

PEASY

Before I get to my main content
(to Dick)
on the contributions of baboons to
femtheist ideology
(to Audience)
I want to address sexism in the
secular movement, which I think is
a rampant problem.

He PICKS UP the remote control for the projector.

PEASY (CONT'D)

What's worse, there are people in
our own community who won't stand
up for other femtheists when
they've been the victims of sexual
harassment.

He CLICKS the remote control.

The screen shows a screencap of a post from Barry's blog,
titled: "Fursdays wif Barry: Peasy an da Femtheist Cat-
echism, LOLZ!" The blog posting has a picture of a cat in a
bikini, with the caption: "Oh noes! I haz a
sekshoowaleyeyashun!")

PEASY (CONT'D)

They don't understand what sexual
objectification means. They're just
plain anti-femtheist.

The Audience APPLAUDS.

BARRY

That's not true.

PEASY

I was sexually assaulted last
night, right after I had said,
publicly, that I was tired, and was
going to bed. By someone I used to
admire. I don't want to name names
... let's just call him ...
EscalatorGuy. I'm not calling him
out to embarrass him, but ...
seriously, guys, don't do that.
It's creepy.

APPLAUSE.

PEASY (CONT'D)

I used to buy his books for gifts, but I won't ever buy a book by him or attend any of his lectures. I'm definitely not calling for a boycott. I just choose not to buy his gelato. I mean, his books. And if you're any kind of femtheist, you will too. Or won't either. Isn't that right, Dick?

Dick looks up from his papers.

DICK

Hmm?

PEASY

(to Audience)

I had been told that there was a "list," of famous, married conference speakers who like to prey on attractive, young associate professors. Of biology. Who have popular blogs. I didn't believe it. But now I know it's true. There are some real dicks around here.

(he glances at Dick)

Men who deserve to be named and shamed for behaving like a dick, Dick.

DICK

Pardon?

PEASY

If you and Romana have an open relationship, or if you're gay and your marriage is just a sham, that's none of my business. I don't even care. But being gay doesn't give you the right to sexualize me, just because I showed my nipple in an artistic "Sexy men of Skepdick" calendar.

DICK

What on Earth are you talking about, Peasy?

PEASY

Last night? On the escalator? "Come back to my room for coffee"? Coffee, wink, wink.

DICK
Sweet Mitzi Gaynor, is that what
this is about?

PEASY
Don't think I don't know what
"coffee" means! I'm an associate
professor of biology! I eat coffee
for breakfast.

DICK
Bloody hell! Have you gone
completely off?

PEASY
Typical privileged white
heterosexual ... or homosexual ...
man: A femtheist speaks out against
sexual harassment, and you call her
crazy!

DICK
Peasy, you're making a big
production ... out of nothing.

The audience HISSES.

PEASY
Big production? Big production?
I'll show you a big production.

He grabs a shower cap from the podium; and sings, to the tune
of "I'm Gonna Wash That Man (Right Out of My Hair)":

PEASY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna shame that douchebag for
being a dick
I'm gonna shame that douchebag for
being a dick
I'm gonna shame that douchebag for
being a dick
I don't care if he's gay

DICK
I'm not gay.

PEASY
(singing)
I'm gonna make that douchebag
regret he's alive

ALL (EXCEPT DICK)
(singing)
I'm gonna make that douchebag
regret he's alive
I'm gonna make that douchebag
regret he's alive
We don't care if he's gay

PEASY
(singing)
Don't be too skeptical

ALL (EXCEPT DICK)
(singing)
Sexist mis-ogynist

PEASY
(singing)
A white intellectual

ALL (EXCEPT DICK)
(singing)
Racist su-premacist

PEASY
(singing)
Rape him with a porcupine
Fem-Sisters!

ALL (EXCEPT DICK)
(singing)
I'm gonna shame that douchebag for
being a dick
I'm gonna shame that douchebag for
being a dick
I'm gonna shame that douchebag for
being a dick
We don't care if he's gay

PEASY
(singing)
If a Horseman tries to rape you
If his dick swings in your face
Smack it down, make him wait
Never let it escalate
Don't you drink his hot coffee
And never swallow his cream

GRETEL
(singing)
If you swear at men and women
Or at butterflies and wheels
"Douchebag"'s fine, "ass" is rich
Never call her "cunt" or "bitch"
(MORE)

GRETEL (CONT'D)
Criticize what she's doing
But don't insult what she is

ALL
(singing)
A ho! A ho!

GRETEL
No! Stop! We're not ho's! The
Madonna/whore complex is just what
the patriarchy wants you to--

DICK
Oh, sod the lot of you!

He RISES, and WALKS briskly out.

PEASY
(singing)
I went and shamed that douchebag
for being a dick
I went and shamed that douchebag
for being a dick
I went and shamed that douchebag
for being a dick
I don't care if he's gay

ALL
(singing)
He went and shamed that douchebag
for being a dick
He went and shamed that douchebag
for being a dick
He went and shamed that douchebag
for being a dick
We don't care if he's gay!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (DICK'S ROOM) - DAY

Dick THROWS his clothes back into the suitcase on his bed,
while holding a cellphone to his ear.

DICK
(into the phone)
I'm leaving early. These
"femtheists" are out of their
minds. Barking mad. I'd sooner try
to reason with a hotel full of
Scientologists!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY

Gretel stands at the podium, with Peasy nearby.

Barry sits in the audience.

GRETEL

This was going to be the time for our keynote speech by the-man-who-shall-not-be-named, but since he scurried off to his slime-pit....

The Audience CHEERS.

GRETEL (CONT'D)

In his place is our white-knight hero, and new president of the Femtheist Association of America, Peasy Laden.

The Audience CHEERS WILDLY.

GRETEL (CONT'D)

Peasy, before you grace us with your words of femtheist wisdom, I've got a little surprise. On behalf of the Femtheist Association of America, I'd like to present you with the first annual Honorary Golden Labia award, for your efforts in creating a "safe space" for femtheists, even though you've got a penis.

She HANDS OVER the trophy to Peasy.

BARRY

Hmpf! Extraordinary claims.

PEASY

Thank you, Gretel. These are what I've always wanted. I can't wait 'til my Trophy ... uh, I mean my co-equal life partner, sees this. If there's one thing I've learned over the past couple days, it's that we don't need leaders like Dick.

The Audience CHEERS.

PEASY (CONT'D)

We don't need anyone to lead us!

The Audience CHEERS WILDLY.

PEASY (CONT'D)
We are all Horsemen now!

The Audience falls silent.

Crickets CHIRP.

GRETEL
Horse-people.

PEASY
Uh, of course! A woman can be a
Horseman ... Horse-person, as good
as any man. But that's a Horse of a
different color. Ha-ha.

From the front row, Saran glares at him, and CLEARS her
throat.

PEASY (CONT'D)
Oh! No, not you! Obviously, a woman
of color can be just as good of a
Horse-person ... of color....

(pause)

Uh, I'm proud to say, there have
been no reports of escalator
harassment filed since I became
president of the F-A-A.

GRETEL
What do you mean? I got groped on
that escalator ten minutes ago!

PEASY
You did?

GRETEL
I've been groped, grabbed, told I'm
a whore, a slut, a bitch, a prude,
a dyke, a cunt, a twat, told I
should be raped, told I'm too ugly
to be raped--

BARRY
(to the WOMAN sitting next
to him)
That's true.

GRETEL
All on that escalator. Constantly.

PEASY
Wow, I'm awfully sorry. If you'll
just fill out a report the next
time it happens--

GRETEL
You're blaming the victim!

PEASY
What? No, of course n--

GRETEL
You can't ask a victim to fill out
a report, after she's just been
almost raped! On an escalator! When
she's afraid of retaliation!

PEASY
But ... how can we know harassment
is occurring, if you don't report
it?

GRETEL
You just have to be able to tell!

PEASY
Oh. Okay. I suppose we could hire a
... psychic? Paul the Octopus,
maybe? Ha-ha. Or Sylvia Browne?

Cold silence.

GRETEL
(chants)
We're gonna shame that douchebag
for being a dick.

The Audience joins her in the chant:

ALL (EXCEPT PEASY)
We're gonna shame that douchebag
for being a dick. We're gonna shame
that douchebag for being a dick.

They continue CHANTING.

PEASY
I wish James Randi was here.

He SLIDES nervously off the stage.

The audience members RISE and follow him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Peasy LUMBERS out of the conference room (still holding his trophy), pursued by Gretel and the audience of femtheists.

They CHASE him through the bar, UP the escalator, and DOWN the hotel hallways, toward his room.

Peasy turns a corner, and DUCKS into a dark broom closet, gasping for breath, grasping his chest.

Outside, the horde THUNDERS by.

Peasy OPENS the door and POKES his head out, clutching his chest and breathing heavily, COUGHING from the dust.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (HALLWAY) - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Peasy STUMBLES up to his room door, still breathing heavily and clutching his chest.

PEASY

Oh, my ... heart ... surgery. Ugh!

He SWAYS on his feet, and LEANS against the wall for support.

The GHOST OF CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS appears before him.

PEASY (CONT'D)

Hitchens!

HITCHENS

And you want to be a Horseman.
Pussy.

PEASY

That's "Peasy."

HITCHENS

Pussy!

Hitchens' Ghost disappears.

Peasy recovers, and REACHES into his (empty) pocket.

PEASY

My room key. Arrrgh!

He turns the pocket inside-out, then searches in his other pockets, coming up empty.

He KNOCKS frantically on Dick's door.

Dicks OPENS the door a crack.

PEASY (CONT'D)
Dick! Let me in! The Horse-people
of color ... they want blood! And
Hitchens won't help me! I'm not
going back in that closet!

DICK
What the Devil?

Peasy looks down the hallway.

Gretel and the horde appear at the end of it.

GRETEL
There he is!

They RUSH toward Peasy.

PEASY
Arrrrggh!
(to Dick)
I take it all back! "Coffee" means
coffee! Just let me in!

Dick rolls his eyes, and OPENS the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (DICK'S ROOM) - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Peasy STUMBLES in.

Dick CLOSES and LOCKS the door quickly behind him.

He sees the Labia trophy in Peasy's hand.

DICK
What in blazes is that?

PEASY
My award.

Femtheists POUND on the door.

PEASY (CONT'D)
How long do you think we can hold
out in here? A week? What's in the
mini-bar?

He PUTS the trophy down on top of the mini-bar, and OPENS the mini-bar door.

The Ghost of Hitchens appears again.

HITCHENS
Don't touch my scotch, Pussy!

PEASY
Sorry ... Hitch.

He CLOSES the mini-bar door.

HITCHENS
Don't call me "Hitch"! You haven't
earned the right.

The Ghost disappears, again.

Femtheists continue POUNDING on the door.

DICK
There's only one way out, now.

He OPENS the window.

PEASY
No, Dick! Don't do it!

Dick JUMPS out the window.

Peasy RUSHES over to the open window.

DICK (O.S.)
I feel like I'm eighteen again!

Peasy pokes his head out the window, to see the canopy of a gelato shop beneath the first-story window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Dick stands, unharmed, on the sidewalk outside the gelato shop.

DICK
What are you waiting for ...
Muslima?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL (DICK'S ROOM) - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Femtheists BREAK DOWN the door, and FLOOD into the room.

Peasy SHRIEKS, and SQUEEZES out through the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Peasy PLOPS down on the center of the canopy, COLLAPSING it, and falling down HARD onto the pavement on top of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Peasy lies on the ground, the crumpled canopy beneath him.

DICK

Peasy? Are you alright?

Peasy PICKS himself up.

PEASY

I think so. I feel like I'm forty-nine again.

He takes a STEP forward.

PEASY (CONT'D)

Ow! You want to get some gelato? They won't even look for us in there.

DICK

I just want to get back to a civilized country.

They WALK away from the hotel.

DICK (CONT'D)

You know, Peasy, if I said something that bothered you, all you needed to do was tell me.

Peasy STOPS.

PEASY

You're blaming the victim!

Dick STOPS walking.

DICK

No I'm not.

PEASY

Oh. It worked when they said it to
me.

They WALK on again.

DICK

I know it did. Pussy.